

Chapter 1357

The live feed was broadcasted to the rest of the world simultaneously!

After the appearance of these two rows of black-suited bodyguards, Crawford Jensen was seen dressed in plain black followed by the rest of the Jensen family members. They all looked very solemn.

What Crawford held in his hands were Old Master Jensen's urn and memorial plaque!

This scene was seen by the audience and broadcasted in close-up shots, instantly appearing on the eight-screen display at the uppermost center!

At this moment, all the live broadcast platforms around the world were transmitting the scene live!

In an instant, most of the people in the audience stood up!

All of them looked at the Jensen family members who were entering the venue with solemn expressions. Everyone had a grave look on their faces.

The scene was extremely quiet.

As for the representatives of the participating regions, the reaction from the Fusha martial arts circle was the most obvious.

Rafael Lopez and the few accompanying Majors heaved a sigh of relief at this scene.

The enormous mountain that pressed down on their heads, the Fusha martial arts world, and the World Martial Arts Association had finally collapsed.

It was finally time for Fusha martial arts to take center stage!

Rafael and the few Majors exchanged a glance, showing faint sneers at the corners of their mouths.

“Father, Jacob Jensen is dead. It’s time for the Lopez family to shine!”

Javi’s face was full of triumph as he looked at the crowd of Jensen family members stepping up to the competition stage at the center of the venue.

It was a grand spectacle but the outcome was still undetermined.

Of course, every member of the Lopez family was full of confidence.

The national martial arts had gradually weakened over the years and produced very few outstanding inheritors.

Even in the various martial arts competitions around the world, the faces of such talents were rarely seen.

Rafael smiled faintly and said, "Javi, my son, you already possess the poise of a Major. Today is your chance to prove yourself. Lead the Lopez family and win this championship! Trample the respected national martial arts under your feet!"

"Yes, Father!" Javi nodded in response, looking very respectful.

Of course, this father and son pair was full of arrogance.

Looking at the participating delegations, the Lopez family was certainly the strongest contender!

Today, it must be the descendants of the Lopez family who would crush the national martial arts under their feet!

After giving a few words of encouragement, Rafael and the other Majors got up to go to the other side of the main guest area to take their seats.

In the main guest area of the venue, the leaders of each participating delegation and the heads of families were seated in their respective places.

Not only were the international delegations seated here but also the representatives of national martial arts families, as well as the spokespersons of various forces.

When they saw the appearance of the Jensen family on the stage, most of them showed looks of regret.

"I didn't expect that Old Master Jensen had passed away."

"The backbone of a generation of national martial arts has left just like this. I have to pay my respects to him."

"Well, let's go together after the competition."

These were the remarks of some people.

At the scene was also a small group of people watching indifferently.

Most of them were families and forces who had not made a mark in the national martial arts. When they saw that Old Master Jensen had passed, they all looked aloof and even gloated a little.

"This old man is finally dead. No one can control us now."

"Haha, the Jensen family is about to decline along with Jacob Jensen's passing. I'm afraid they won't even be able to keep their positions in the National Martial Arts Association and the World Martial Arts Association."

"This is inevitable. I heard that the outcast of the Jensen family, Wylan Jensen, has returned. We can look forward to a good show."

A group of people whispered with faces full of apathy.

This group of people was not concerned about national martial arts at all.

They only cared about their own interests!

Back on the competition stage.

The Jensen family stood under the solemn gazes of the audience with Old Master Jensen's urn and memorial plaque.

Immediately after, a group of people appeared again at the entrance and in front of the cameras.

It was a handsome figure with well-defined eyes and eyebrows. He was wearing a trench coat, leather shoes, and sunglasses with his hair parted in the middle. He entered the scene amid the astonishment of the crowd and screams of the women!