

Chapter 612 The Tiger

“What the f*ck did you just say? You got a death wish or something, punk?”

The men that Yosef brought with him got infuriated when they heard that.

Some of them even whipped out their cleavers that were tucked into their waistbands and waved them around menacingly.

Yosef motioned for his men to stand down and be quiet as he said, “You sure talk big for a young punk. If I can't handle you, then I suppose I'll have to summon the leader of the United Hearts Society. Question is, are you really worthy of the trouble?”

Yosef then turned toward Willard and asked, “Well? How do you want to go about this, Mr. Lambert?”

Willard glared daggers at Donald as he replied, “I want him dead!”

Yosef froze in surprise when he heard that.

Has this guy lost his mind? I understand he wants this punk dead, but he didn't have to say it so openly like that!

Having found out what Willard wanted, Yosef rubbed his chin and broke into a smile as he glanced at the scale models around them. “I hear Belle Residences sells some pretty good houses, Mr. Lambert. Are you planning on buying a mansion here?”

Willard was a little confused when he heard that. I called him to help me take care of this punk, so why is he talking about mansions all of a sudden?

It wasn't until he saw the look in Yosef's eyes that Willard finally understood what he meant.

“I'll buy you a house if you can take care of this punk for me, Mr. Zielinski.”

Willard was prepared to spend a fortune just to have Donald dead.

While he wouldn't be able to afford a mansion, he could at least get Yosef a penthouse unit.

Satisfied with Willard's offer, Yosef said with a chuckle, “Don't worry, buddy. We'll take care of him for you. Boys, bring him back!”

Since he had agreed to help Willard out, he figured he would get the job done properly.

Yosef couldn't exactly do much to Donald in a public area like the sales gallery, but things would be different if he brought Donald back to his territory. In doing so, he would be able to torture and kill Donald in any way he wanted without having to worry about witnesses.

Two of his men approached Donald menacingly with their knives drawn, but it didn't intimidate him in the slightest. With a swift punch and a kick, Donald had knocked the two men unconscious.

“Oh? Looks like he knows how to put up a fight! Attack together, boys!”

Yosef could make a name for himself in the city by having superiority in numbers.

So what if you've got some moves, punk? There's no way you can take down dozens of men attacking you with knives! I can already imagine how you'll look with your body all covered in blood and knife wounds!

To Yosef's surprise, however, Donald was able to snatch the knife from one of the men and slash at the guy's face, leaving a nasty gash where his mouth used to be.

What the f*ck? I can't believe this punk actually had the guts to fight back!

The rest of the thugs were petrified by the sight of the injured thug rolling around on the ground in pain. Donald charged at them like a bloodthirsty maniac before they could even recover from their stunned state.

Willard had never seen such a gory sight. Donald's actions shocked him to the core.

“Everything is going to be okay, right, Mr. Zielinski?”

The smile on Yosef's face was frozen in place.

What the f*ck, Willard? You told me that this punk was just a kept man with a pretty face! Did you see how he slashed that guy's mouth open? This is ridiculous!

Yosef was starting to lose his cool as he watched his men get taken down one after another.

Realizing that the situation was clearly out of his control, he quickly pulled out his phone and called for help. By the time he ended the call, Donald was already standing in front of him with a cleaver in his hand.

“I told you to call someone earlier, but you insisted on waiting for me to attack. This is such a waste of time!”

Yosef warned him solemnly, “You'd better not try anything funny, punk! People here call me 'The Tiger' for a reason! If you force my hand, I'll—”

Squelch!

Donald cut him off with a slash to the chest.