

Chapter 664 Get The Girl

The man's words were clearly a veiled threat.

Throwing him a glance, Donald asked, “What's your name?”

“Ezekiel Brown, what about it?”

“Ezekiel? Your faith is your business and has nothing to do with me. Also, I don't need your blessings or these scarves. So now, why don't you take this back and get out of my way? Either that or I'll step out of the car and send you to meet your god.”

Donald's words infuriated Ezekiel.

After running this con for many years, he had seen all sorts of characters, but it would always end with them groveling at his feet, begging for forgiveness.

Giving the car door a violent kick, Ezekiel pointed at Donald as he snapped, “Fine, kid. Since you want to test your hand against me, why don't you come down and I'll get my friends to say hi.”

At the sight of Ezekiel's kick, his companions knew that Donald wasn't paying up.

Thus, they proceeded to surround the car and kicked it en masse.

Since they were in the middle of nowhere, there were obviously no surveillance cameras around. Therefore, Donald had no way of proving that his car was damaged by them.

Just as Donald unbuckled himself and prepared to get down, Jennifer stopped him. “Darling, why don't we just give them the money? It isn't worth getting into a scuffle over such a small sum.”

Donald threw Jennifer a reassuring glance. “It's evident that this isn't their first rodeo. It's true that four hundred isn't much to us, but believe me, if we give them an inch, they'll definitely take a mile. We can never allow people like them to do whatever they please.”

With that, Donald opened the car door and got out.

Cracking an insidious smile at Donald, Ezekiel gave a signal with his right hand. Three burly men subsequently lunged forward to attack the former.

As these men were used to life in the mountains, the men had tanned skin and bulging muscles. They looked a lot more fearsome than an ordinary city dweller.

More importantly, it was obvious that getting into fights was a norm for them.

As a result, none of them showed any hesitation when they charged straight at Donald.

Faced with three ferocious attackers, anyone ordinary would be quaking in their pants.

However, in the eyes of Donald, the three seemed to be moving in slow motion.

Slap!

Donald slapped the first man, stunning him while his fist was still in the air.

Subsequently, he unleashed two kicks, kicking the heads of the other two men.

Amidst an agonized groan, the men collapsed onto the ground where they lay motionless as if they were robots who had their power source unplugged.

“You—”

Ezekiel had barely spoken when Donald surged forward and smashed a devastating punch into his abdomen.

When Ezekiel dropped to his knees holding his stomach, the rest of his companions didn't dare take another step forward.

Where did this guy come from? Is he a martial artist?

Yannick Lohan, one of the smarter ones, began to record the scene with his phone.

In the midst of doing so, he commented, “My friends, please take a look at this. All we were doing was just giving this man our blessing. Instead of being grateful, he ended up being all of us up.”

“Jensen, call the police at once and have them arrested!”

Ignoring Yannick and his companions, Donald walked up to the barrier and gave it a kick.

With that, the tremendously thick wooden barrier was thrown to the side.

“He's trying to flee! Guys, we can't let him escape. Get the girl in the car!” Yannick roared as the idea struck him just as he was feeling lost.