

Chapter 624 Switchblade

“A good man? This man just stole a wallet from this lady! He's a thief. How does that make him a good person?”

“Is it?” The bald man turned to look at the lady. “Did he steal your wallet?”

“N-No. I dropped my wallet. He was being nice by helping me pick it up.”

A smug smile bloomed on the bald man's face.

“Did you hear her? He was helping her, and yet you turned him into a thief. Let him go now.”

Donald did not expect the lady to be a turncoat just like that by siding with the pickpocket.

Fine. I shouldn't have been nosy and helped her in the first place.

Donald had no choice but to release the pickpocket. The next second, the latter started wailing while holding his arm.

“Ah! My arm! Something's wrong with my arm! I think it's crippled!”

Judging from the pickpocket's facial expression and body language, Donald could tell that it was not his first time doing that. He looked professional in his acting.

The bald man pretended to check on the thief. “How ruthless of you to hurt him! What are you going to do to settle this?”

Donald smirked.

The lady didn't appreciate my help. Now that I have no choice but to release the pickpocket, he's trying to extort money from me.

“What do you guys want me to do?”

“Since you hurt him, you have to pay for his medical fees for his examination at the hospital. The medical check-up cost about fifteen thousand. I'll let things slide if you can pay ten thousand to him now.”

“Wouldn't that be a huge loss if I only pay ten thousand? As you mentioned, the medical expenses are about fifteen thousand. What if there are other problems?” Donald sounded concerned as he continued, “How about I pay you guys twenty thousand as compensation instead? Go and get a proper check-up. Give me a call if there is any problem.”

“Sure! Sure!”

There was a deeper meaning in Donald's words. However, he failed to realize this and merely nodded desperately.

Meanwhile, the bald man was smart enough to understand the underlying meaning of Donald's words.

He's implying that we are allies. It seems that he's disgruntled.

Waving the switchblade, the bald man uttered, “Stop playing tricks with me. This will be over if you're willing to give ten thousand. Otherwise, things could be worse if my men make their moves on you.”

“Is that so? Make a move on me, then. Let's see how bad things could be.”

“Since you've said that, what's there to talk about between us? Get him! We need to teach him a lesson.”

The moment the bald man commanded, the two other subordinates dashed forward, preparing to stab Donald.

They had put their thoughts into choosing the type of weapon to use.

A switchblade of that size could easily injure a person. Most importantly, it was not dangerous to the extent that it could take someone's life.

Its cut was not deadly as long as they avoided stabbing it right on sensitive body parts, such as someone's neck or thigh. Under normal circumstances, the switchblade would merely injure the victim.

Anyone would be frightened to be injured or stabbed by such a weapon. One would give up resisting due to fear after being stabbed.

Nevertheless, Donald was not an ordinary person.

He made a move by taking a few steps backward. Swiftly, he took away the switchblades in their hands.

Then he grabbed their heads, knocking their heads into each other before giving the two of them a kick.

Within three seconds, the bald man witnessed two of his subordinates getting defeated by Donald. They appeared pretty wretched as they hung on the window.

Shit! I just shot myself in the foot!

Donald beckoned him to come closer with his finger and said, “Come over. Is the knife in your hand a display? Come and stab me.”