

WOONG.

Song Xiaoyu felt like his head just exploded.

Who was Zhou Fang talking about?

Whose legs did he want to break?

Jiang Ning's!

He actually said he wanted to break Jiang Ning's legs?!

He must be out of his mind!

If Song Xiaoyu was still that youngest child who put up with anything, he might have really knelt down to apologize to them. But now he wasn't just the head of the Song family and didn't just represent the family.

He was now one of Jiang Ning's, so he represented Jiang Ning as well!

He would rather have his legs chopped off than to kneel down.

He would definitely not let Zhou Fang and Wu Fan humiliate Jiang Ning.

"You're being too audacious!" Song Xiaoyu yelled harshly. "Zhou Fang, I've already been very kind to you. Did you think that I would be

afraid of you?”

“If you continue to spout nonsense like this, then don’t blame me for getting nasty!”

“Hoho, and how nasty can you get?” Wu Fan finally spoke up and his voice was icy. “You think just the three of you can do anything to us?”

“Let me say this in a way that you can understand,” he glanced disdainfully at Song Xiaoyu. “You’re not the rightful head of the Song family, and of course, your experience is negligible.”

Song Xiaoyu laughed from being too angry with what Wu Fan said.

“And why do I need your approval?”

“I don’t want to waste time talking to you,” said Wu Fan. “If you kneel down and his legs get broken, then that’s the end of things. Otherwise...we’re going to make you kneel down in front of everybody!”

“You...” Song Xiaoyu was furious.

He was about to dash over when Jiang Ning suddenly spoke up.

“You want him to kneel and you want to break

my legs?”

Jiang Ning narrowed his eyes and looked at Wu Fan and Zhou Fang nonchalantly. He didn't even bother to look at the highly skilled fighters behind them.

“Was that what you said just now?”

“Scared now?” Zhou Fang's eyes were filled with viciousness. “It's too late! Did you think Song Xiaoyu could protect you? He can't even protect himself!”

“If you want to be a dog, then you've got to choose whose dog you want to be! If you're a dog for Song Xiaoyu, you won't live long!”

Zhou Fang had lost all his patience already.

He wanted to break Jiang Ning's legs right now, then drag Song Xiaoyu to the main hall so that he could kneel down and apologize to them in front of everyone else.

He wanted the head of the Song family to kneel down and apologize to him, the young master of the Zhou family.

“Grab them!” Zhou Fang sent out the order.

Before the men behind him could move, Brother Gou reached them first.

Jiang Ning didn't even say anything.

SWOOSH.

Brother Gou had become like a wild tiger as he dashed across the room like a whirlwind with astonishing ferocity.

He couldn't stand it at all.

Bloody hell, who were these idiots who wanted to break Jiang Ning's legs?

Where did they get this confidence from? Did they think Brother Gou was dead or something?

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

He delivered three punches in a row. Each punch was powerful and seemed to weigh a ton as they landed on the thighs of Zhou Fang's men.

CRAAACK!

The sound of bones cracking made all their hair stand on end.

"AHH!"

Screams of pain filled the air.

“So noisy!” Brother Gou yelled angrily. He used the side of his palm to strike them on the neck and knocked them out.

If he decided to strike them more viciously, they would be dead by now.

Before Zhou Fang could even realize what was happening, all his men were already on the floor.

Meanwhile, Jiang Ning had returned to his seat and drank his tea leisurely.

“If you want to break my legs, you have to ask him if he’s alright with that first,” he said while pointing to Brother Gou.

“I really want to kill all of you now!” said Brother Gou nastily.

He immediately gave off a murderous air that filled the room instantly, and it was as if his blood was boiling.

Wu Fan and his men immediately tensed up like they were facing a terrible enemy.

That was a really murderous air.

They hadn’t noticed the man next to Jiang Ning

and didn't realize that he could be this terrifying.

"Wh-who are you?!" Zhou Fang began to panic.

He stared at Jiang Ning and there was a cowardly look in his eyes. All his men had been defeated in an instant and he no longer had any confidence.

He turned to look at Wu Fan to find that Wu Fan was also all pale.

It was clear that whatever Brother Gou had displayed earlier was way too shocking for them.

"You have no right to know," said Jiang Ning. "But you should know that this Song Xiaoyu, or rather, this Song family, is under my protection."

Song Xiaoyu felt like he had been given a new lease of life.

"If you want him to kneel down, then that's as good as asking me to kneel down." Jiang Ning pointed at Brother Gou again. "You have to ask him if he's agreeable with that."

Make Jiang Ning kneel down?

Jiang Ning was Brother Gou's idol!

He was Brother Gou's god!

Brother Gou would rather die than to agree.

"You're all asking for it!"

Brother Gou glared fiercely at them. He roared so loudly that the teacup on the table shook violently and he instantly made a dash towards Wu Fan and the rest...

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

.....

A few punches later, more men were lying on the floor with broken limbs and they were all knocked out cold.

Wu Fan and Zhou Fang were the only ones standing and they were so frightened they started shrieking.

No matter how hard Wu Fan tried to force himself to remain calm, his face was as white

as a sheet and even his breathing had quickened.

He and Zhou Fang had brought their men along to make trouble for Song Xiaoyu. But now all their men were unconscious on the floor and they couldn't even fight back.

Since when did such a powerful person work for the Song family?

Didn't their grandmaster level fighter already die in Shenghai?

The more shocking part was how Jiang Ning was seated while Song Xiaoyu was standing.

And Jiang Ning said that the Song family was under his protection?

"So, who was the one who wanted to break my Big Boss' legs?" Brother Gou yelled angrily. His voice boomed like thunder and Wu Fan and Zhou Fang felt like they were going to die from fright.

"You..." Zhou Fang wanted to say something but he really didn't know what he should say or what else he could say.

All the men he brought were highly skilled fighters and the core of the Zhou family. So how...how could they be so easily defeated?



“I asked, who was the one who said he wanted to break my Big Boss’ legs!!” Brother Gou’s voice became even louder now.

The chilly murderous air made Zhou Fang shudder and his legs instantly turned into jelly.

THUD!

He ended up kneeling on the floor and he even surprised himself.

He had actually fallen on his knees!

He wanted Song Xiaoyu to kneel down and apologize, but he ended up kneeling down first!

Zhou Fang struggled and tried to stand again, but Brother Gou suddenly appeared in front of him. He stared down at Zhou Fang and his voice was icy.

“You can try getting up.”

Zhou Fang didn’t dare to move anymore.

This was too terrifying.

He suddenly felt as if the air around him was frozen.

He didn’t even know who this person in front of him was but he was already terrified.

The even more terrifying part was how Jiang Ning was still sitting down and drinking his tea leisurely. It was as if he had no regard for the two of them at all.

“And you!” Brother Gou turned to look at Wu Fan. “Are you waiting for me to do something?”

THUD!

No matter how tough his pride was, it wasn't as tough as Brother Gou's fists.

Wu Fan didn't dare to say anything at all. He immediately fell to his knees with a thud. His face was all red and he didn't dare to look at Song Xiaoyu.

He and Zhou Fang had come here to teach Song Xiaoyu a lesson and wanted to step all over Song Xiaoyu so that he would never be able to walk with his head high.

But now?

Song Xiaoyu's breathing quickened a little.

He didn't think it was going to be so easy to make Zhou Fang and Wu Fan kneel down.

Just moments ago, the one who was supposed to be kneeling was himself and his family.

Song Xiaoyu turned to look at Jiang Ning.

“This is how to survive in the north,” said Jiang Ning calmly. “I didn’t care in the past, but now that you work for me, nobody can make you kneel down, you hear me?”

“Yes!” Song Xiaoyu replied excitedly.

Jiang Ning got up and walked over to Wu Fan and Zhou Fang. He looked down at the two of them.

“Break my legs, huh,” he narrowed his eyes. “Do you know how I wish someone was able to do that?”

He then walked out of the room and Song Xiaoyu followed behind him.

Wu Fan and Zhou Fang were still a little confused when they felt a terrible chill from behind that ran down their spines.

It was Brother Gou glaring at them.

“Kneel all the way out!”

Wu Fan and Zhou Fang remained on their knees for more than ten minutes as they made the journey back to the banquet hall.

When everyone saw Wu Fan and Zhou Fang

emerge from the VIP room on their knees, the entire banquet hall fell silent.

You could even hear a pin drop.

The music stopped and the talking stopped. Even the sound of walking had stopped.

Everyone was looking at Wu Fan and Zhou Fang with faces filled with disbelief. Nobody could believe what they were seeing.

What was happening now?

Wu Fan and Zhou Fang had gone in to teach Song Xiaoyu a lesson, so why did the two of them come out kneeling?



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