

## Journey to Happy Ending Chapter 173

"Let's see what you can do." Daisy saw them move to attack, and sneered disdainfully. She'd shed her uniform, allowing her to move more freely.

"Huh. You sound quite hot-tempered, pretty. I wonder if you're that hot in bed." There were several of them. There was no way they would have trouble dealing with a woman, he believed. If he was beaten by a woman, he would have no authority in the gang.

"I don't know if it'll be hot, but I will definitely make you scream." Daisy was becoming more vicious every minute. Her sneer shimmered on her face. Her eyes focused on the blowhard. Judging by the deference from the other thugs, he must be their boss.

"No way. You like SM, huh? Then why do we wait? Let's go enjoy ourselves." The lead thug tried to grab her waist, but she dodged, and with a beautiful suplex, she threw the man to the ground.

"You like that?" Daisy looked at him scornfully. The man needed to be taken down a few notches.

"Fuck! You know martial arts! Get her! I must have her in my bed tonight." The boss got up, spat on the floor hatefully, and charged Daisy again.

their threat as nothing at all. She didn't think they could be tougher than outlaws. After all,

you. I *will* have you." His mouth twisted in an evil

She was in no mood to get into a fight. There was too much work waiting for her at

about to get the girl walking. She could feel them swarming to her. They thought they'd take her by surprise attacking from

knocked them all to the floor. Frightened, they looked at Daisy. They were scared, she was not. Who the hell was this woman? She was able to

of the gang. Come on, bro. Let's get her." He was a boss. He never did things halfway. That's why he was the boss. He thought Daisy beat them

but you wouldn't leave. You brought this on yourselves. If you want to leave now, you can't." Daisy stood calmly, her arms crossed. She looked at them

out at Daisy. His minions followed suit, trying kicks and grabbing her. Daisy was hot, but also too strong. She was a whirlwind of stances, kicks, blocks and strikes.

they were defeated again. She, on the other hand, still looked so poised. After several scornful glances, she walked to the wasted girl again. Nothing

bent down and shook her shoulder, yet she only got some murmuring in return with