

Chapter 2307

Old Niner frowned. "I'm afraid things won't be that simple."

"Perhaps we should inform CEO York and Brother Tyson first."

"Not that simple?" George frowned as well. Having done intelligence and information gathering for a long time, he was quite experienced in this field.

"Old Niner, what do you mean?"

Old Niner held a glass of wine and said, "This is such a big bar, and the number of security guards here are close to three digits. Why would someone like Sister Thirteen come out to meet the guests just because they ordered a few bottles of wine?"

"Moreover..."

Bang!

A loud noise came out before Old Niner could finish his words. The door was kicked open.

In the next moment, dozens of burly men in suits walked in. Their faces were filled with cold wrath.

The man leading the was clad in a white suit, his face harsh and severe. There was an unspeakable murderous intent swimming in his eyes.

George immediately stood up and shouted, “Who are you?”

“What are you trying to do?”

“Go!”

The leading man, however, couldn't be bothered to explain anything and instantly gestured to his men to attack.

At his command, his subordinates rushed forward, filling the room with the intent to kill. They all held steel pipes in their hands, ready to crush their opponents.

Bang!

Someone kicked George in the stomach before he could stand. George was sent flying immediately, and crashed into the wall. "Pfftt!" He spewed out a mouthful of blood upon impact.

"George!"

Old Niner's expression changed dramatically at the sight of George being attacked. He subconsciously wanted to take out the dagger from his waist and retaliate. However, someone kicked him in the waist before he could do anything.

Bang!

Old Niner, who was about to kneel as he tried to stand, was then kicked on the forehead. He was thrown away in an instant.

The three men who followed them here were also beaten up. They couldn't fight back at all in this narrow space, and they were all wiped to the floor by the men in suits.

George clutched onto his chest as he got up with great difficulty. He demanded, "What the hell are you doing?!"

"What are we doing...?"

The leading man was indifferent to George's plight.

"This is your first time coming to Briewood Bar, yet you're already up to something against Sister Thirteen. If I don't kill you, I'll take up your surname..."

As soon as he finished his words, more than ten security guards rushed forward once more. They began to beat up George and his subordinates, punching and kicking violently.

George and the others resisted bravely, but the space around was much too small and their opponents outnumbered them greatly. They could barely retaliate, and were knocked down to the ground again and again.

Both George and Old Niner were aggrieved when they realized they could not fight back at all.

They no longer dared to bully men and women after they joined Harvey, but they had never suffered a bigger humiliation since then.

Never in their wildest dreams did they imagine that they would be beaten up so badly in Hong Kong.

Slap!

The leading man in the white suit grabbed George by his neck and lifted George up, before giving George another hard slap.

George's face stung from the pain, and his body flew in the air from the impact.

The miserable George climbed up against the wall, staggering. He gritted his teeth and growled, "Who the hell are you?"

"If you touch us, you'll regret it!"

Slap!

The man in the white suit slapped him again, uncaring of his threat.

"Regret?"

"Do you have the right to make us feel regret?"

"Don't you know that this is Hong Kong? That this is our turf?"

“How dare you meddle with Sister Thirteen in our territory?”

“You’re asking for it!”

George covered his face and yelled defiantly, “If you don’t stop, it’ll be too late to regret it!”

Meanwhile, Old Niner scurried to the back and quickly dialed Tyson’s number in secret.

“Regret?!”

The man in the suit repeated, his face frosty.

“I, Scar, have been in the streets for so long! I never feel regret!”

Right after he finished his words, he grabbed a wine bottle and smashed it on George’s forehead.

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Soon, George went completely limp on the ground, out cold.

Old Niner was kicked to the corner of the wall, beaten to an inch of his life. His face was completely swollen, and he looked extremely miserable.

He and George were considered the big bosses on the streets of Buckwood. Unexpectedly, they got beaten up badly in Hong Kong.

“So, tell me. Who are you?”

“You dare to inquire about Sister Thirteen despite this being your first time in Briewood Bar?”

“What the hell are you trying to do?”

Scar lit up a cigarette, took a long drag, and then

blew out a cloud of smoke. Then, he stepped on George's head with his foot.

“I'll give you three minutes to answer. If you don't make things clear, then I'll feed your corpse to the fish in the sea.”

George spewed out a mouthful of blood before replying in a solemn tone, “We're under Brother Tyson. Tyson Woods from Buckwood!”

“We've heard about Sister Thirteen for a long time.”

“We...we just wanted to meet her.”

Bang!

Scar kicked George again.

“You're one tough cookie.”

“Still holding out with your words!”

“Tyson Woods's men?”

“Tyson Woods is the King of the streets of Buckwood. If he’s here, even the Don of Briewood Gang will have to welcome him personally!”

“Why would his men come here to inquire about Sister Thirteen?”

“I’ll give you one last chance. If you don’t reveal your identity and state your purpose, I’ll destroy you and throw you to the sea!”

George gritted his teeth, frustrated. He never thought that he would die before he could finish his mission. Not only did he fail, but he was also close to being killed!

Crack!

When Scar saw that George remained silent, he stomped on George’s left wrist, instantly breaking George’s hand.

“Argh!”

George let out a shrill scream, and rolled on the ground in pain.

His face at that moment was dreadful, pale, and ghastly. He did not expect these people from the streets of Hong Kong to be so ruthless.

“Speak! If you don’t, I’ll break your right arm as well!”

Scar narrowed his eyes threateningly, and then stepped on George’s right hand with his right foot. He looked cold and indifferent.

He didn’t mind keeping up his ruthless act if George still insisted to remain quiet.

Bang!

At that moment, the door was suddenly kicked open.

Then, two figures appeared. The one in the lead took a step forward, striding casually.

Bang, bang, bang!

Several men in suits who were standing guard at the door had no time to dodge, and were knocked out in an instant. A few of them were smashed against the wall, blood gushing out from their mouths and noses.

The man responsible for those attacks was none other than Tyson.

Harvey, meanwhile, simply walked in without a care. As he entered, mournful screams continued to ring around him.

“Argh!”

Tyson was the one who made the moves, but everyone’s eyes were subconsciously drawn to Harvey. They gasped at the same time, shocked

and awed. It was plain to see that Harvey was the main character.

“B*stard! How dare you act boorishly in Briewood Gang’s territory?!”

Scar’s face changed slightly when he saw Harvey and Tyson. He sneered and commanded his men, “Do it!”

His men sprang out immediately, waving the steel pipes in their hands at the same time.

Harvey, however, acted as if he didn’t see any of them and simply walked toward George and Old Niner without hesitation.

Right then, thirty people surrounded him.

George and Old Niner subconsciously yelled, “CEO York, be careful!”

But Harvey remained indifferent, continuing to walk expressionlessly.

Tyson, who was beside him, kept fighting and confronting anyone who dared to fight back one by one, knocking all of them out.

No one could get close to Harvey the entire time.

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A trace of fear flickered through Scar's eyes when he saw that. He pointed at Harvey in the next instant and barked, "Ruin that guy!"

Two of his subordinates, who had been preparing for a long time, dodged Tyson's attacks and immediately leapt at Harvey.

Both of them had wishful thinking, wanting to get rid of the main character first.

Their skills were excellent, and they were extremely fast. It was too late for Tyson to intercept them.

The moment they approached Harvey, a triumphant sneer graced their lips.

Harvey remained indifferent. Impatient, he stuck out his left hand. Though his movement didn't seem fast, he managed to grab one of the

men by the neck.

Then, he swung his hand.

Boom!

There was a loud noise, and the man Harvey was lifting was flung away and smashed hard into his colleague.

The two figures flew out at the same time, crashing unceremoniously. When they landed, their bodies convulsed in pain and they wailed in agony.

Tyson's skills were terrifying, inciting fear in many.

However, Harvey's random moves exuded an invincible aura that oppressed everyone around him.

Scar's eyelids twitched. He subconsciously stepped back, and said solemnly, "You brat! Who

the hell are you guys?”

“Haven’t you thought about the consequences of causing troubles at Briewood?”

Scar had been on the streets of Hong Kong for many years, and had seen all kinds of people.

He had seen several big bosses while he was conquering the streets of Lan Kwai Fong to Tsim Sha Tsui with just a knife in the past.

Yet, this was the first time he had seen someone as terrifying as Harvey.

Slap!

Harvey didn’t respond. Instead, he took an indifferent step forward and swung his right hand.

Scar wanted to avoid it, but he suddenly went blank and his face hurt. His body flew out instantly, slamming into the wall. For a long

time, he was unable to get up.

His face was now red and swollen, and his whole body was shivering. He wanted to say something at this moment, but couldn't utter a single word.

It was too horrifying!

Harvey had only made two moves after he came in, but his every movement was beyond powerful.

The entire crowd instantly fell silent. Perhaps they were intimidated by Harvey's aura, but even their screams became softer.

Harvey approached George and Old Niner. He helped them get up and asked, "Are you alright?"

The corner of George's eyes twitched. "CEO York, I'm sorry that we've disgraced you."

Old Niner's face was also pale.

They didn't get the things done, and even

needed Harvey to rescue them. It was extremely embarrassing!

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of. After all, Hong Kong is Briewood Gang’s territory. There are a lot of people on the other side. It’s normal if you can’t fight them.”

Harvey smiled, nonchalant.

“But you don’t have to worry. I’ll certainly get justice for you.”

At the same time, Tyson dragged Scar forward and threw him in front of Harvey.

Harvey stepped on Scar’s forehead and said nonchalantly, “I’ll give you a minute. Let Sister Thirteen come out and meet me.”

After hearing the two words “Sister Thirteen”, Scar squinted slightly before giving a wry smile.

“Brat... I don’t know who you are, but if you make trouble in this place, you’re dead!”

Slap!

Harvey couldn't be bothered to say anything. He lifted Scar up and slapped him until he collapsed to the ground.

“Call her.”

Scar was trembling with anger. “I prefer death rather than humiliation...!”

Slap!

Harvey slapped him again, more ruthless than ever.

“Call her!”

Bang!

At this moment, the sound of footsteps came from outside and someone kicked the door open once again.

Chapter 2310

“You have guts! You dare to act boorishly in my place. You’re not showing me and Third Young Master any respect!”

As these words were said, more than ten people walked in, surrounding a man and a woman.

On the left was an old acquaintance, Third Young Master of the Hamiltons of Las Vegas, Denver Hamilton.

On the right was a beautiful woman who looked at most twenty-three or four years old.

There was a tattoo on her arms and legs, enough to let people know that she was a gangster at first glance.

The Madame of Briewood Bar, Sister Thirteen.

Sister Thirteen’s eyes swept around the place as

she studied the mess. She glanced at the injured security guards, and then at Scar, who was being held by Harvey. She chuckled angrily and hissed, “You got balls. Daring to hurt my people in my turf... Aren’t you a bold one?”

Her eyes were frosty, filled with murderous intent.

“I dare you to hurt him again in front of me!”

Slap!

Harvey slapped Scar again.

Bang!

He raised his leg and kicked Scar right after, sending Scar flying before smashing to the ground.

“I’ve done it. What are you going to do?”

“You b*stard! Son of a b*tch! You are presumptuous!”

Sister Thirteen was livid.

Who was she?

She was the famous big shot on the streets of Hong Kong, and twelve of her sworn brothers were big bosses on the streets of Hong Kong!

Even the four top families in Hong Kong had to show her some respect, let alone the people on the streets.

Yet right now, someone actually dared to beat her people up before her very eyes.

This was no longer a challenge, but an outright provocation.

Not only was Harvey provoking her, but he was also provoking the entirety of Briewood!

More than ten beautiful female companions that had followed Sister Thirteen shot Harvey glares of disdain, feeling that Harvey truly didn't know

his place.

After all, this was no rural area. This was Briewood Bar, Briewood Gang's territory.

“You...!”

Sister Thirteen was about to make a move, but she suddenly thought of something and turned to Denver behind her with an aggrieved expression. “Third Young Master Hamilton, someone bullied me!”

“I initially wanted to treat you well, but you see ...”

Denver, who was watching the fun, patted Sister Thirteen's face with a doting face before stepping forward.

He had always liked to interact with people from the streets. He even had a close relationship with those in Briewood.

He walked to the front, but was stunned for a moment when he recognized Harvey under the dim light. He said with a half-smile, “Hey, hey, I was wondering who it was. It turns out to be Young Master York, Harvey York!”

“How should I evaluate you? Don’t you know that I’ve been looking for you these two days?”

“You certainly didn’t know where you stand and yet, you’re so bold!”

“You just provoked the Hamiltons in Las Vegas, and now, you’re here trying to mess around with Briewood in Hong Kong?”

“York, you definitely have a death wish!”

Denver clapped his hands as he spoke. A male Islander in a karate suit emerged from behind him. The Islander’s temples were bulging high, and even at first glance, he looked like a powerful character.

After suffering a huge loss from Harvey two days ago, Denver came to Hong Kong specifically to hire a young master.

The Islander was a karate genius from Island Nation, Hiroshi Yasuda.

Harvey smiled indifferently, "Looking for me?"

"Did you perhaps want to grovel to me and admit your mistake?"

Several beautiful women sneered at the same time when they heard this.

This was the first time they had seen someone who dared to act pretentiously in front of the Hamiltons of Las Vegas.

The Hamiltons of Las Vegas were the kings of Las Vegas, and they could be compared with the four top families of Hong Kong.

Acting pretentiously with Denver around?

This stupid man was certainly trying to get himself killed!

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