

Chapter: 980

Then you... die!

Lin Fan's words were so cold and cold, as if they came from the sound of hell, and fell in the ears of Yang Mingyu and all the Yang family members, making their complexion greatly changed.

“No...”

Yang Mingyu's face was as ugly as dead gray, and he screamed:

“Lin Zuo, I... I was wrong, I really knew it was wrong, please let me go. I am willing to hold the whip for Lin Zuo. Falling into the stirrup, you will live forever!”

Yang Mingyu was crying with fright at this moment.

In his heart, he almost regretted his intestines.

Lin Fan is Lin Zuo!

This news is simply too shocking.

He couldn't even imagine that a little door-to-door son-in-law of the Bai family in Jiang City, who was called the first waste son-in-law of Jiang City, turned out to be Megatron China's Horror Forest.

This is really like a fairy tale.

It's not just him.

Yang Tianhao and all the Yang family members kept kowtowing at Lin Fan at this moment:

“Lin Zuo, Yang Mingyu offends Lin Zuo. He deserves a million to death. Please Master Lin Zuo have a lot and spare his life!”

“Lin Zuo, All these are Yang Mingyu's sins and have nothing to do with our Yang family. Please Lin Zuo not to implicate our Yang family!” Mobile phone terminal:

“...”

The voices of wailing sounded continuously in the Yang family courtyard.

At this moment, where the faces of these Yang family members were half arrogant and rampant, they were replaced by boundless panic and despair.

Scared!

All the Yang family felt that they would be ransacked by the clan at any time.

However, after seeing Yang Mingyu's desperate look, the smile on the corner of Lin Fan's mouth became colder and colder:

“Do you know that you are afraid now?”

“Then when you injured Tai Gong Shen, did you ever think about being afraid?”

“Then you forced Bai Yi to even want to take her as your own, but when you ever wanted to be afraid! ”

Lin Fan is not a Virgin.

He is the King of Blood Prison who walked out of the sea of blood in the Dead Mountain.

In his eyes.

Whether it's Yang Mingyu or the entire Yang family, it's just a group of ant crawlers, nothing more.

Finish saying this!

Lin Fan was too lazy to take a look at the Yang family, turned around and left straight away:

“Blood debt, you must pay with blood!”

Senran's words slowly drifted over.

At this moment, in the eyes of everyone in the Yang family, Lin Fan's voice was like the death knell of the god of death.

This is more than that.

After Lin Fan's words fell.

clatter!

The god of war, Long Shuai, suddenly took a step forward, his eyes sharp:

“Be careful, my king!”

What!

Hearing Long Shuai's words, the Yang family has not yet realized what “my king” means.

And then, they suddenly saw that the palm of the god of war, Long Shuai, flashed from his waist with a cold light.

Huh!

This cold light was almost to its extreme, and even people didn't even see clearly what the thing in Long Shuai's hand was.

Everyone just found out.

Yang Mingyu's body trembled and then froze completely.

“Name... Mingyu!”

Patriarch Yang Tianhao's eyes were staring at his son, and his body was trembling.

And just under his watch.

Puff...A scarlet blood spurted out of Yang Mingyu's neck.

A long blood line appeared in front of everyone.

“Ho ho ho...”

Yang Mingyu's eyes widened, his face was filled with endless despair and death, he wanted to cover the wound on his neck with his hand.

However, just when his palm touched his neck.

Suddenly, I felt that my head had slipped from my neck...slowly.