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some words. Everyone was puzzled, even Ye Shijun was at a loss at this time.

He didn't understand, and he didn't understand either, he had nothing to do with George Han, what else could he have anything to do with him?

Ye Shijun looked at George Han vigilantly, wondering what was going on in this guy's mind.

Zhu Yanshuo's head is also very big, because George Han's supplement is not what he is worried about, but looks at Ye Shijun, what is this for?

"You have a bad memory at such a young age? Then I'll remind you." George Han said with a smile:

"What did you say before

you fought me?" What do you mean?" Ye Shijun replied dissatisfiedly.

George Han smiled, and his eyes began to have a hint of ruthlessness: "You play dumb with me, right? You can, then I'll remind you." After the

words were finished, George Han suddenly stepped forward,

followed by He directly grabbed Ye Shijun who was lying on the ground. This guy was originally disdainful, but at this moment, a muffled sound suddenly came from his feet, and a pain that penetrated into the bone marrow suddenly went all the way from his feet. straight to the brain.

Then, because of his unstable center of gravity, he fell to one knee directly on the ground.

Looking down, he was shocked and angry. At this moment, the knee of his left leg was showing a terrifying twist. The foot he knelt down was not a normal kneeling, but a reverse bending.

With the calf facing outwards, there was a direct 180-degree reversal.

In this way, not to mention how painful it is for those who are light-hearted, even if they just look at it, many people feel that their hearts are trembling.

This is too fucking hard.

"George Han, you fucking..." Ye Shijun's eyes widened.

There is fear and there is anger.

Just now , George Han directly stepped out, went around his knees, and then returned to full feet , directly bending his legs in the opposite direction. This bastard is really hateful.

"Do you remember? If you can't remember, I'm helping you?" George Han said coldly, unmoved.

Seeing this, Futian was also in a hurry. He pointed to George Han and scolded angrily: "George Han, what the fuck do you mean? Are you going to go back on your word? We agreed to make a deal, but you don't want to make a deal anymore?"

George Han raised his eyes and glared at Futian, and abruptly stared at Futian, who was still angry, so he didn't dare to let out a breath.

Then, George Han opened his mouth and said, "From the beginning to the end, I'm talking about making a deal with you based on his life. He's not dead, what are you worried about?"

" , I remember you as a dog. Come here!" In

a word, Futian's heart was half cold, and at this time, he regretted his impulsive words just now.

However, seeing George Han's attitude and appearance towards Ye Shijun, Futian didn't dare to take a step forward, just looked at George Han tremblingly, pretending to be nothing on the surface, but his heart was already numb.

But in front of Ye Shijun, if Futian fails to pass, he will naturally lose Ye Shijun's trust, and at the same time, Zhu Yanshuo's group will be despised.

Gritting his teeth, Futian bit the bullet and walked over.

"Do you need me to remind you too?" George Han asked coldly, looking at Futian's feet.

Futian's knees were chilled by George Han's stare. He glanced at Ye Shijun. He found a good reason: "For Shijun, George Han, I will bear with you." After he finished

speaking, he bent his legs and slammed heavily. He knelt down on the ground, obviously afraid that he and Ye Shijun would end up together, but Futian took soft and hard food to the limit.

"Ye Shijun, Futian is already in place, shouldn't it be

time to think about the next step? Or, I'll come?" George Han said coldly.

Ye Shijun was furious, but he couldn't attack. Suddenly, at this moment, a picture flashed in his mind.

At that time, in the air, he told George Han that he would make George Han kneel on the ground and cry and beg him. George Han said that he was very interested in this proposal!

So, this guy... is this guy going to kneel down and beg him now?

Thinking of George Han smashing one of his knees and making himself half-kneeling, it seems that this guess is completely correct.

Thinking of this, Ye Shijun suddenly raised his eyes and looked at George Han viciously, but only half a second later, his other leg also bent heavily and knelt down.

"I...I...I was wrong." Ye Shijun gritted his teeth for a long time, and finally said it in order to survive.

But almost as soon as he opened his mouth, something unexpected happened...

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"Crack!" With a crisp

sound, Ye Shijun didn't even understand the situation, and a burning pain suddenly appeared on his left cheek. Han 3,001 slapped him firmly in the face, stunned everyone present.

Some people in the field even couldn't bear to look at Ye Shijun because George Han's fan was so violent that they turned their heads to one side.

Zhu Yan'er was completely stunned, completely dumbfounded.

Ye Shijun was furious, he was already servile enough, but George Han, the bastard, actually treated him like this, not to mention the pain, in front of this group of people, Ye Shijun was aloof and insulted like this, could he be? Shameless?

"George Han!"

He roared loudly, as if he wanted to frighten George Han with this angry roar.

But George Han didn't care at all, just

looked at Futian coldly: "Are you dumb?"

"You..." Futian knotted.

"Come again, be neater, louder, don't force me to do it again." When the words were finished, George Han raised his eyes, raised his head, and looked at the sky, not two people at all.

The two of them gritted their teeth and looked at each other. After they were fully prepared, they said in unison: "I... I was wrong." As

soon as the words fell, the two suddenly felt a dark shadow drifting by in front of them. When it was reflected, there were two loud bangs, and when the others turned their faces away again, Futian and Ye Shijun received a heavy slap on the face again.

This time, the two became even more angry, and Futian even insisted on standing up to talk to George Han, but just as his knees were raised, the black shadow in front of him had already wrapped around him at some point, and a big foot was straight. He stepped straight on his calf, causing his newly raised foot

to slam and kneel heavily on the ground again.

"What are you doing?" George Han asked coldly from behind, causing Futian's back to feel cold.

"George Han, don't push people too hard. You want us to kneel, and we kneel. You want us to admit our mistakes, and we also admit our mistakes. What do you want?" Futian's anger was extinguished a lot in coldness, but the mouth is still very tough.

"Ye Shijun, what are you missing in the step of kneeling on the ground to admit your mistake?" George Han looked at Ye Shijun.

Ye Shijun naturally understood that what George Han said was missing was the lack of a word for crying.

But he is a dignified seven-foot man, blood can flow, but tears can't flow, that should be something that women should do, how can he do it? !

Futian was puzzled, looked at Ye Shijun, and whispered, "Shijun, what's missing? You said it."

Futian

just wanted to quickly end this session. Although he was a dog in the Ye family, he was like this outside. In the face of many people, his old face can't hold up anymore.

Ye Shijun gritted his teeth and said in a cold voice: "Cry!"

"Cry?" Futian was stunned, obviously not expecting that such a link would be missing, but he and Ye Shijun maintained the same attitude and couldn't help rushing to George Han: "A manly man, you can bleed but not cry, George Han, you're not a strong man? How... how can you cry?"

"Think about your dead mother and your father, maybe you will come out. Of course, I don't mind getting my hands dirty, I will continue to help you and beat you until you cry." George Han chuckled lightly.

Hearing this, Futian really wanted to yell, but it was not necessary. After all, although it was just a slap in the face, in terms of George Han's hand strength, this slap was

really not light.

Moreover, not only the pain, the key is shame.

Being slapped by others like this is like hitting a grandson, how can they hang on their faces?

Futian glanced at Ye Shijun, and although he was speechless, he obviously hinted to Ye Shijun through his eyes that the so-called gentleman is able to advance and retreat, to endure a moment of calm.

Naturally, Ye Shijun didn't want to be beaten, so he nodded, and almost at the same time, the two of them pretended to be crying, although crying was more ugly than smiling, but at least it looked like that...

"I... I was wrong. "The

two wept at the same time. There was no heartbreak in the picture, but there was only a sense of humiliation.

But suddenly, at this moment, they slapped them in the face again, and when the two stopped crying, they couldn't help but get very angry, and... what the hell?