

The Protector Chapter 553

Levi was both agreeable and approachable, setting all of them at ease.

It was no wonder that Jesse Nielsen, the leader of North Hampton, just told them to treat the God of War as they would any other normal young man.

Even the boss of The Abyss, Orion Sinclair, followed behind them in awe.

He was genuinely both excited and on edge at the same time. These were definitely the biggest shots his club had welcomed ever since he started operating it.

These people arrived in a group of more than twenty. Even the God of War was here, a fact that still made Orion rub his eyes in disbelief.

Outside The Abyss, Derek faced a dilemma.

“So, they entered the club. Aren’t you and your men supposed to be the heavy hitters of South City? Just surround this place and force them out, now!” Timothy said coldly, lighting up a cigarette.

“At once, Mr. Caesar,” Derek said hastily. “Watch this!”

At this moment, Channing, Melvin, and the other rich heirs just laughed unkindly.

Then, they approached the entrance of The Abyss.

“Mr. Jacobs!” The manager of The Abyss came out to welcome them personally, immediately greeting them respectfully. He recognized these rich heirs as regulars at The Abyss.

Melvin took a look into the interior of the club. “I need you to do two things. First, get your boss out here. We’re reserving the entire place tonight, and I don’t want anyone else coming in. Two, kick out all those who went in just now!”

In addition to that, Silas did not even bother to pretend to be respectful as he roared, “Get going, now!”

Usually, if the rich heirs visited the club, the staff of The Abyss would scramble to comply with their orders immediately.

However, the manager actually hesitated today.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Jacobs, but we’re unable to arrange that for you and your friends tonight,” the manager said carefully, feeling backed into a tight spot.

“Oh? What’s the matter?” Melvin demanded as his expression changed abruptly.

If he did not get his way, it was akin to being humiliated in front of Mr. Caesar.

“Someone else already booked The Abyss today, Mr. Jacobs. I’m sorry, but you didn’t notify us earlier, so our hands are tied. The only thing we can offer you now is a waive on you and your friends’ bill the next time you come to our club,” the manager apologized in a low voice because he did not want to offend the various rich heirs.

But when Melvin heard that the club was fully booked by someone else, he immediately flew into a temper.

He kicked the door of the club forcefully, making a loud crash. “Do I look like I’m broke and need you to waive my bill?”

“Yeah, get out of here! We don’t need your charity!” The other rich heirs shouted angrily.

“I’m telling you – we don’t care who reserved the place tonight. Kick him out and tell him to get lost! We’re booking The Abyss today. You better do it now, or don’t blame us if things get unpleasant,” Melvin snarled.

“I’m sorry, sirs, but we really can’t do that! The other party already booked the club in advance. We have to follow procedure,” the manager said helplessly, looking miserable.

Right then, a ringing slap resounded through the air. In a flash, the manager held his face in shock as Melvin slapped him.

“Useless scum! In South City, you play by our rules. Now get your boss out here and kick them out!”

To add insult to injury, Silas sent the manager crashing onto the ground with a single kick.

“Do you know who that is? That’s Mr. Caesar, the oldest son of the Caesar family, the quasi-royal clan of South Hampton! I’m interested to see how you’re going to continue operating your club if you’re planning on offending him,” Channing said while pointing at Timothy, who was standing nearby.

Still holding his face, the manager gritted his teeth tightly. “With all due respect, sirs, no matter what you do, we still won’t allow you to do that.”

“I’ve been too effing nice, apparently. Beat him up!”

With that said, Melvin and the others proceeded to thrash the manager, giving him a vicious beating. Not even the few security guards present were spared. All of them were beaten black and blue by the rich heirs.

the resulting commotion was loud enough to the point where even the patrons inside the club could hear it.

At the same time, Levi and the others had just taken their seats.

Listening to the praise of the various big shots about his club, Orion was in a good mood.

“Boss, there’s trouble at the door! Big trouble!” One of his staff shouted breathlessly as he ran up to him.

“What’s wrong?” Orion demanded immediately.

“A few of the rich heirs are beating up our people outside,” the staff member clarified quickly.

As soon as the words left the staff member’s mouth, Tim suddenly stood up.

The leader of Quebec slammed his palms onto the table loudly and growled. “I can’t believe something like this is happening under our noses! I’m going to take a look.”