

The Protector Chapter 770

Lucas commanded, "After the fan meeting, invite them to our party."

"Understood, Lucas. Consider it done." Chorused everyone simultaneously.

The man left afterwards, waiting for the two women's arrival at a French restaurant.

He loved formalities, always ensuring that everything was romantic.

Otherwise, it would be such a waste to just sleep with these women.

As the atmosphere must be perfect, he instructed the others to invite the ladies over instead of forcing them to come.

In the evening, Helena and Zoey were about to leave after the fan meeting ended.

However, there was an Rolls-Royce parked at the entrance.

A few servants, all wearing suits, stood at the side of the car.

The butler at the front bowed in a gentlemanly manner. "Hello, Ms. Lopez and Ms. Engler. On behalf of Mr. Lucas Quinn from South Hampton, I extend his invitation to dinner to both of you."

Right that moment, Levi drove to the front and blocked the Rolls-Royce's path.

"Hop in. I'll treat you to a meal." Said Levi.

Hence, Helena and Zoey refused the butler's request. They entered Levi's car directly and sped off.

The servants stood there in a daze before returning to their senses.

"What happened? Who took them away?"

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Not only did they fail to invite them, but a man also fetched them away!

"Quick! Chase after them!"

But Levi's car was nowhere to be spotted.

Everyone was dumbstruck.

How were they going to explain it to Mr. Quinn?

In the French restaurant, Lucas looked at the servants in front of him and laughed.

"Someone fetched those women away right in front of your eyes?" Asked Lucas as he ate his steak, holding a knife in his left hand and a fork in his right.

The middle-aged butler lowered his head. Trembling, he replied, "Yes, Mr. Quinn. We didn't manage to catch up with them. However, I've already sent people to look for them."

Lucas beckoned him with his finger. "Come!"

Confused, the butler walked toward him.

“Sir, what can I do for you?”

Suddenly, a cold glint appeared in Lucas’ eyes.

Swoosh!

He stabbed the fork in his hands into the butler’s body.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Lucas repeated his actions forcefully.

Blood splattered everywhere.

After a dozen stabs, the butler had already stopped breathing.

His body toppled straight onto the floor with a loud thud.

“You useless pieces of shit!” Bellowed Lucas.

“We’re sorry, Mr. Quinn...”

The other servants were so scared that they fell onto their knees, begging for mercy.

Lucas walked to them with the cutleries in his hands.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

He stabbed frantically at the rest of the servants, causing blood to spew everywhere.