

# The Protector Chapter 554

“What do they want?” Orion hurriedly asked the staff member.

“They seem to have something against this gentleman here, boss.” The staff member shot a trembling glance at Levi.

“What?”

Orion’s shocked exclamation perfectly encapsulated the unbelievable bombshell that was just dropped on all of them.

Hearing the staff member’s words, the crowd descended into a furor. Everyone had a look of disbelief on their faces.

Who in South City has the guts to do something like this?

Who dares to pick on the God of War?

This is madness!

Challenging the God of War?

“It’s true! Just now, when we were outside they already came for the General – erm, Mr. Garrison,” Mortimer said quietly.

“Yeah, that’s right! They challenged Mr. Garrison without any reason.” The other people from the South Warzone all started to pipe up.

Levi remained silent, but anyone who knew him knew that he was slightly angry.

“How dare they!” Tim was beyond furious.

The other leaders of South City, such as Stephen, were infuriated as well. Their eyeballs fairly bulged from their sockets in outraged surprise when they heard that.

It was just outrageous – an unscrupulous case of bullying like this happened right under their noses as soon as the God of War arrived.

How would the God of War regard us after this incident?

How are we going to live down this embarrassment?

It was infuriating, and the thought alone made their anger skyrocket.

“Uh, boss, it’s not only that. They also want you to... kick everyone out of here,” the staff member added, cringing slightly.

The gathered crowd was now thunderstruck in addition to their shock. Their tempers flared even further.

“Come on, let’s go have a look at this! We’ll handle this matter seriously,” Tim barked.

Stephen and the other leaders followed behind Tim with dark expressions clouding their faces. Their anger was palpable.

It was their first meeting with the God of War. Hence, they were determined to make a good impression, and yet something like this happened.

Their reputation was going to be shot to pieces – it was utterly humiliating.

Outside The Abyss, the brutal beatdown was still in full swing. Melvin and the others already drew blood from the managers and the security guards they were beating up, but they showed no signs of stopping.

At this rate, the manager and the others were going to be beaten to death soon.

Flanked by the crowd of rich heirs, Timothy watched the sickening violence without a single change in his expression.

He said coldly, "Let me be clear that this situation doesn't exist in South Hampton. I'll destroy anyone who dares to challenge me back there."

It was obvious that Timothy was reprimanding the various rich heirs of South City for doing a poor job.

Wham!

Without warning, Melvin's fist sank into the manager's face, causing bright red blood to splatter everywhere. "Get Orion Sinclair out here right now!"

"Mr. Jacobs! Why are you doing this? Let's have a reasonable discussion, shall we? It's no good for anyone if we continue like this," Orion said hurriedly as he ran out to mediate the situation.

Only when Orion came out, Melvin stopped whatever ruckus he was causing, then he looked at Orion coolly and said, "I said – we're booking the entire club today! So get rid of the people inside now, or I'll tear your club down."

Nevertheless, Orion remained calm. "Sirs, as my manager already explained earlier, someone had booked the club before you, so please come back another day! I promise you that everything's on the house on your next visit. Let's not antagonize each other now, eh?"

“Piss off!” Melvin roared. “We’ll be reserving this club today, one way or another! Mr. Caesar came here personally today. Are you going to disrespect him just like that?”

“The Caesar family?” Orion took a step back in surprise, expression changing abruptly.

He never expected the leader of South Hampton’s Prince Gang to come in person. On a normal day, The Abyss would have rolled out the red carpet to welcome him.

But today was no ordinary day.

The patrons currently inside his club were in an entire league entirely. As a matter of fact, they were so powerful that he shuddered just thinking about them.

Channing patted Orion’s face mockingly with an icy smile on his face. “I’m asking you this one last time. Are you going to disrespect Mr. Caesar?”

Everyone turned expectant eyes on Orion. If the man remained silent, they were dead set on tearing down his club tonight.

“I’m sorry, but not today,” Orion said firmly, schooling his expression back into an implacably calm mask.

“Fine! You’ve said it yourself!” Melvin bellowed furiously. “Then the Abyss doesn’t need to exist any longer!”

Grinning twistedly, Channing made a call immediately. “Hello, I’m Channing Jakeman. I want you to bring more men to demolish The Abyss now. Do you hear me? Right now!”