

The Protector Chapter 556

Melvin gaped soundlessly.

Derek was stunned.

And Silas, well, he was staring in shock.

Everyone was rendered speechless with their eyes bulging out of their socket while frozen in place.

Even Timothy found himself struck dumb. The cigar he was smoking dropped to the ground from his limply gaping mouth.

Tim Cronan?

This is The Tim Cronan – the Leader of Quebec?

“I’m the Deputy Leader of Quebec, Woodie Emil!”

“And I’m the head of the Police Department, Wright Hector!”

“I’m Stephen McKay, the mayor of South City.”

“I’m the Deputy Leader of the South City, Korey Madisen.”

“My name is Thorn Keene, and I’m the Captain of City Patrol Unit for South City.”

One by one, the gathered crowd stepped forward to proclaim their identities loudly.

Sh*t!

When Timothy and his group heard them announce their various titles, they almost lost their minds. Derek and his cronies were even more terrified, shaking like a leaf in the wind as cold sweat beaded on their forehead.

Just then, another crowd appeared at the entrance of the club.

Timothy and his group recognized them as the entourage that accompanied Levi earlier when they entered the club.

“Hey, we couldn’t let you all have all the fun when there’s a commotion out here. We’re here to join in.”

“Guess what? I’m Mike Pence, commander-in-chief of the three hundred thousand troops stationed in South Warzone!”

The sound of people choking in horror grew louder.

“I’m his deputy commander-in-chief, Rex Hanson!”

“I’m the military strategist of the South Warzone, Hector Christensen.”

“I’m Mortimer Lambert, captain of the South Warzone regiment!”

“And I’m Alfie Steele, commanding officer of the Iron Brigade Dragon Legion!”

What the...

Silence descended over the crowd of people.

Suddenly, a few loud crashes were heard.

After Alfie and the other military officers had made their identities and titles known, Timothy and his friends just sat weakly onto the ground in their shock.

Their legs trembled as their bodies went limp, making them fall onto the ground in a very undignified way.

Humiliatingly, most of them even wet their pants.

Dark stains spread across the front of their pants and felt warm in the cold air. The rank stench of urine started to assault the noses of everyone present.

N-no... T-this can't be happening.

Never in their wildest dreams did Timothy and the other rich heirs ever expect that they were crossing paths with the top leaders of Quebec. Not one, not two, but more than ten of those leaders.

All of those leaders were gathered here, with not a single person missing from their ranks.

It was definitely a huge taboo that Timothy and his friends just broke. They were in serious trouble now.

A high, thin sound was coming from Derek's throat. He was out of his mind with fear, frothing at the mouth and convulsing periodically.

It's too goddamned scary!

Faced with such powerful opposition, no one sane would choose to take their opponents head-on.

But we met them and did just that!

How could we be so stupid?

The rich heirs here did not just stand their ground stupidly, but they arrogantly challenged those big shots as well. Every one of their cocky words just became a death warrant that they signed willingly.

Too late to do anything now, the sudden realization dawned on them as to why Orion and the manager would rather risk offending them than bow to their demands.

It turned out that they really could not afford to cross the people reserving the club today.

Simply put, they were in deep sh*t now.

Right then, someone started bawling their eyes out in a very undignified manner.

Even on a good day, the rich heirs here were not exactly strong-willed men. Now, faced with this situation, most of them were terrified out of their wits.

Melvin and the others just burst into tears, sobbing grossly.

If they had pissed off anyone else, they could probably still salvage the situation. But now that they crossed these high-level VIPs, even their families could be in danger.

If the elders at home ever got wind of this incident, they would probably beat them to death to teach them a lesson.

Timothy was fairly petrified as well.

He was so scared that his entire body was clammy with cold sweat.

If he was involved in an incident like this just as soon as he arrived at South City, his standing in the Caesar family back in South Hampton was also in danger.

At that moment, Timothy could already imagine how his grandfather, Richard, was going to tear him to pieces.

Nobody would reasonably expect the rich heirs of South City to be lying on the ground wetting their pants.

If the people of South City were around to witness the sight, they would need to pick up their jaws from the ground. It wasn't every day in which one could see the rich heirs of South City have the living daylights terrified out of them, after all.

But unfortunately for these rich heirs, they had the misfortune of meeting people even more powerful than them.

"Do you have any idea who the people inside the club are?" Tim continued bellowing at the terrified heirs. "The man inside is—"

Alfie interrupted Tim smoothly before he could reveal anything. "Someone you really can't afford to offend."

"Yes! None of you should offend him, one way or another," Tim said calmly after realizing his slip.

Hearing Alfie's cryptic statement, Timothy and the other rich heirs quickly concluded that the man inside the club was on the same level as Tim and the rest.

In short, it was yet another man who could make their lives a living hell if they offended him.