

The Man's Decree Chapter 94

Jared knew that there was no need for him to make a move, while Troy was indeed paralyzed by fear. "All right now, ignore those two cowards. Let's go out and get a glass of Lafite each," Zayne remarked with a wave of his hand. Soon, some of them went out to get their drink. As for the others, they simply stared coldly at Jared and Troy, paying no further heed to them. Meanwhile, in the manager's office of Dynasty Karaoke Bar, the bald middle-aged man was inside with his two bodyguards.

The office was lavishly renovated and had a three-meter-long desk placed in the center. Sitting there was a man in a suit. Behind him, a lady in a high-slit dress and heavy makeup was massaging his head. That man was the manager of the bar, Charlie Hoffman. He was also considered one of Tommy's lieutenants. Or else, Tommy wouldn't have allowed him to manage the place. "Mr. Queen, you seemed displeased.

What brings you to my office?" Charlie asked, narrowing his eyes. "Mr. Hoffman, there's just no order here. A while ago, a group of unruly youths had just beaten up my man. Look, there's even a footprint right here on his body!" Josh Queen exclaimed while pointing at one of his bodyguards. On the bodyguard's abdomen, a footprint could clearly be seen. "Is that true?" Charlie sprang to his feet with his eyes widened. "Who are they?

Are they from the Crimson Dragon Gang?" From his perspective, only the Crimson Dragon Gang dared to cause trouble on his turf. "They don't look like it. Instead, they're nothing more than a group of youths. When I heard a few girls singing very well from their room, I just wanted to invite them over to sing with me. However, I didn't expect them to turn violent." With a cold glint in his eye, Josh gritted his teeth.

"I came to you first out of respect for Mr. Lewis since he owns this place. If you choose to turn a blind eye, I will get my own men to deal with this myself!" "Why are you so agitated over a bunch of kids? I'll send my men to go along with you." With that, Charlie shouted in the direction of the door, "Bob." The next moment, a fierce-looking man with tattooed arms walked into the office. "Mr. Hoffman," Bob greeted.

"Someone is causing trouble here. I want you to go with Mr. Queen to check it out. Do anything you will as long as no one gets killed. After all, Mr. Lewis has instructed us to keep a low profile for the time being," Charlie instructed Bob. "Understood, Mr. Hoffman." Bob nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Hoffman!" Josh nodded. "Don't mention it, Mr. Queen. Since your toes have been stepped on, I'm obliged to do something about it.

As you know, we highly value your patronage," Charlie responded with a smile. Soon, Josh returned to the private room with Bob. They were followed by more than ten fighters from the bar. Meanwhile, Zayne and the others were drinking Lafite inside. With their reddened faces, they were yelling excitedly when the door was suddenly kicked open.

Everyone was stunned to see Josh return. When they saw that he had more than ten fearsome men behind him, all of them were filled with panic. "Mr. Queen, who was the one?" Bob asked. Josh pointed at Zayne. "He's the one who hit my man!" After scrutinizing Zayne, Bob swept his gaze across the room.

He quickly realized that they were nothing but a group of ordinary folks and not gangsters at all. Walking up to Zayne, Bob asked plainly, "Did you just hit Mr. Queen's man?" At the sight of Bob's bulging

muscles and tattoos, fear descended upon Zayne. Nevertheless, he bravely nodded, emboldened by the alcohol. "That's right. I hit him because they were bullying my girlfriend."