

The Protector Chapter 557

None of them expected the mysterious man inside the club to be the God of War himself!

This was the man who intimidated the rest of the world into toeing the line with his presence alone.

If only they knew the man they just insulted was the God of War.

Some people would literally be scared to death just knowing that.

“A peaceful resolution, Mr. Cronan,” Alfie reminded him.

Despite everything else, Levi wanted to stay incognito.

With that, Tim acknowledged the statement with a nod.

He turned to face Timothy and the rest again with a warning look. “All of you can leave now, but rest assured if I ever see any one of you acting out of line again, I’ll deal with it personally!”

However, the Warzone commander-in-chief snorted disapprovingly. “No, I don’t think so. We can’t let them off so easily. Get their parents to come and pick them up!”

Stephen agreed, “That’s a good idea. It’s normal for the parents to apologize on behalf of their children’s wrongdoings.”

“What?” Once again, Derek and his gang were scared out of their wits.

If our family knows the trouble we just landed ourselves in, we're gonna be dead meat.

Right then, Stephen's secretary promptly started contacting their parents.

"No one leaves without my permission!" Tim warned before going back into the club.

Sprawled on the ground, Timothy and the other rich heirs could only stare blankly, waiting for tears that refused to come.

Nobody expected things to take such a turn for the worse. It was beyond horrifying.

Soon, a few luxury cars arrived on the scene.

These respective cars were from the Jacobs family, the Jakeman family, the Ferguson family, and the Davies family. The heads of all the rich families had arrived, and all of them were angry at the trouble their unruly children had unwittingly brought on them.

Stephen's secretary had already explained the process of the entire incident to them, sparing no detail.

Aside from being thunderously angry at their progeny, the heads of the families were terrified out of their wits as well.

"Of all the people to offend, these rascals offended these people?"

"They could ruin our families with just one word!"

As soon as they got down from their cars, the heads of the families made a beeline for Derek and his gang.

Thump!

Mr. Davies sent Derek flying a few meters backward with one kick.

Thump!

Yelps pierced the air as the other rich heirs were promptly taught a lesson by their respective parents.

Soon, they were shrieking in agony as their parents beat them mercilessly. The anguished shrieks almost sounded like pigs being sent to the slaughter.

All the heads of the families present were aiming for the kill. Once they got their hands on any of their sons, nothing else mattered except for a vicious beating. They did not show any mercy at all.

When Timothy saw blood splattering across the ground as the rich heirs of South City got their behinds kicked thoroughly by their parents, he felt fear squeezing his heart tight.

If his grandfather, Richard, ever found out about this incident, Timothy would be spending at least a month in bed after being on the receiving end of that volatile temper.

“Let’s get out of here,” Timothy said quickly, slinking away discreetly with his followers.

In the end, the rich heirs of South City left the scene being pulled away in ambulances.

The humiliating incident made waves in the social circles of South City. Everybody and their mother were wildly guessing about what could cause all of the rich heirs to be sent to the hospital after a vicious ass-kicking.

When Timothy slunk back to the Tropical Villa, Richard was waiting for him with a suspicious look on his face. “Back so soon?”

“The others were too high profile, Grandpa, so I thought it was better if I returned home first. I still have to meet Abigail for the engagement ceremony tomorrow. Thus, it would be bad if someone got an angle on me now.” Timothy rubbed his nose uneasily.

Hearing that, Richard’s frown eased into a satisfied smile. “That’s my boy, the future of the Caesar family! Fooling around is okay, so long you can grasp the timing.”

“I’m going to go rest now, Grandpa. I promise I’ll be in my best condition for tomorrow.” Timothy hurriedly spun an excuse.

He was still scared out of his mind, feeling every fiber of his body being strung tightly. There was no way he could admit to his grandfather that he was in huge trouble.

Hence, Timothy already decided that the best course of action was to keep concealing the truth from his grandfather as long as he could. The alternative was too terrifying to think about.

Panicking, he quickly made his escape.

As soon as Timothy left, the butler spoke up, “Mr. Caesar, don’t you think there’s something wrong with Timothy? He usually never looks that pale unless there’s some trouble.”

Richard shook his head vehemently. “No, there can’t be. Who could give our family trouble in South City?”

“Ah, that’s true. Who can dare to offend the mighty Caesar family anyway?” The butler laughed.