

The Mans Decree Chapter 459

Chapter 459 Join Me

"Trust him, Ingrid. He's going to handle it." Josephine interrupted Ingrid and took her by the hand.

Ingrid fell silent without attempting to press her point, having already given up.

The sky was beginning to turn dark when Hannah returned.

"I hope you're hungry, Jared," she announced. "We're heading over to Aunt Sarah's. Ingrid's fiancé is buying dinner!"

"Dog?" Jared asked, perking up at once.

Hannah was taken aback by her son's audacity but recovered quickly. "Doug's not the same boy as he used to be," she warned. "He's a big shot now. Don't call him that when you see him, it's rude."

"What else am I supposed to call him? When I see him, I'm going to-"

"Aunt Hannah," Ingrid interrupted. "Please tell my mother that we will be right over."

"See you all over there. Hurry, please. We mustn't keep him waiting."

Without another word, Hannah turned on the spot and left.

As soon as her aunt disappeared around the bend further down the road, Ingrid turned around to face Jared. "All of them know nothing about this, especially my parents. I told them that it was voluntary so that they wouldn't worry."

Jared marveled at his cousin's maturity as he gazed at her with pity. "Don't worry, Ingrid," he consoled whilst stroking her hair. "Nobody will force you to do anything against your wishes anymore with me back here."

When everybody was at last ready, Jared drove the party over to Ingrid's house. A Toyota was hogging the middle of the road in an obnoxious fashion when they arrived. Leaning on the bonnet was a man with a gold necklace around his neck and gold rings on his fingers. A cigarette dangled from his lips as he was engaged in lively conversation with Jared's and Ingrid's parents.

Despite the years since they had been in school together, Jared recognized Dog at a glance. His eyes flashed menacingly.

"Please, Jared," whispered Ingrid, accurately deducing his grim expression. "Don't do anything rash."

Jared gazed at Ingrid's fearful face for a long time before nodding resolutely.

Dog turned to look as the party descended the Mercedes and smirked at the sight of Jared. "You look pretty frail for somebody who has spent the last three years in prison! Join me. Imagine the fearsome reputation you can establish with your tenure in prison!"

Jared glared coldly at Dog. "No thanks."

Dog's cheek twitched with annoyance at Jared's attitude, but when he caught a glimpse of Josephine walking behind Jared, his scowl dissolved into a lewd smile as his eyes swept up and down her body to her immense disgust.

"I'm Doug Chance, miss. Pleased to meet you!" With the supposed air of a gentleman, Dog extended a hand adorned with golden rings.

Josephine glared at him but did not say a word.

"This is Josephine, Jared's girlfriend." Afraid of incurring his wrath, Ingrid hurriedly filled the awkward silence by making the introduction.

Dog was not offended. Rather, he let out a chuckle as he clapped a hand on Jared's shoulder. "Not bad for managing to land this rich hottie as soon as you got out of prison!"

Dog did not bother to keep his voice down. As a result, pedestrians gazed curiously at Jared when they passed.

“We should get going,” Ingrid said urgently as she clung to Jared’s arm, anxious to avoid the possibility of the two men starting a brawl in the middle of the street. “The restaurant will run out of tables if we’re late!”

“Impossible! There will always be a table at any restaurant in Avenport when I want to dine.”

Grabbing hold of Ingrid’s hand, Dog dragged her toward his car. Despite being forcefully parted from her cousin, Ingrid did not cease her furious signals at Jared with her eyes as if to beg him not to lose his temper.

The party soon arrived downtown, barely recognizable from the developments over the past couple of years. Compared to before, there were many new restaurants on both sides of the road. Dog led the party to one of the biggest restaurants on the block which contained five stories.

The Mans Decree Chapter 460

Chapter 460 The Limits Of Arrogance

Dog pointed smugly at the building when all of them had gathered at the entrance. “This is the biggest restaurant in Avenport. Co-owned by yours truly!”

Josephine took one look at the building and covered her lips to conceal her smile. “The one owned by my family is bigger,” she whispered to Jared. “Is he actually proud of his pathetic square footage?”

Jared almost failed to stifle a laugh. I want to witness the true limits of his arrogance.

A waiter hurried forward at the sight of Dog's arrival. "Welcome, Dog!"

"Have the biggest suite prepared for me," Dog commanded importantly. "As you can see, I'm hosting tonight."

The waiter hesitated. "That suite is occupied, Dog. If you had called ahead, we would not have--"

Smack!

Dog slapped the waiter across the face and stared fiercely at him. "Do I look like I need to make reservations? Kick whoever it is out of that suite! If you're not up for the task, get out of my way and find me somebody else who is!"

The waiter clutched his cheek as he sobbed, gazing up at Dog with eyes wide with terror.

"Let's take another suite instead, Doug," Ingrid suggested, feeling sorry for the waiter.

"That wouldn't do. I'm buying dinner for my in-laws today. We will be having the biggest suite!" I don't really care about that, to be honest. I just want to rub it in.

"We can't, Dog!" the waiter whispered in alarm. "We can't kick the occupants out!"

"Who the hell are they?" Dog shouted at the waiter, raising his hand to strike the latter again. "Do I need to show up and kick them out myself?"

Ingrid caught his arm before the blow struck.

The waiter recoiled backward in terror. "Mr. Larold Charleston and his company are currently the ones occupying that suite," he said in a trembling voice.

Dog shuddered at the news. His demeanor changed abruptly.

"Mr. Charleston is having his dinner here, you say? Why didn't you mention that earlier? Send me the bill for their suite. And while you're at it, get the next largest suite ready for me and my party!"

It became evident to his party that Dog was frightened of Larold.

The waiter nodded and sent another waiter to get rid of the diners in the second-largest suite.

Soon, the cursing voices of the expelled patrons drifted down to the lobby from up the stairs. As they appeared at the landing, they were revealed to be a group of large, round-bellied men.

“What kind of d*mn service is this?” yelled one. “How dare they kick us out before we’re done with our dinner!”

“You’re right,” seethed another. “I have half a mind to bring my men and demolish this place!”

“I wonder who the idiot thinks he is to have us displaced,” a third wondered aloud.

The men marched down the stairs, escorted by a simpering waiter. Their faces were red from their furious discourse.

When they arrived at the lobby, the men turned deathly pale as they recognized the figure in the middle. “Dog!” they cried, scurrying forward in greeting.

“I am the idiot who had you displaced!” Dog roared as he aimed a kick at each of the men who passed, mumbling apologies as they did so. “Nothing else to say, eh? I’d thought so!”

After yelling himself hoarse at them, he waved an arm dismissively. “Get out of my sight.”

Looking immensely relieved, the large men scampered away like mice.

As soon as their suite was ready, Dog and his party were led upstairs by one of the waiters.

After taking their seats, Dog shoved the menus toward his guests carelessly. “My treat today. Order whatever you want!”

“Jared, Josephine,” added Ingrid, “please feel free to order anything you might like.”

Unlike her fiancé, she placed the menus carefully before Jared and Josephine.

“That’s right.” Dog nodded approvingly as he waved a hand with the heavy golden watch.
“They must have starved you in prison, Jared. Eat up! You need some meat back on your bones.”