

# The Mans Decree Chapter 556

## Chapter 556 Forget It

"You have more tickets than you need, Paul," the girls begged. "Will you please give us one each?"

Paul leered at them as he considered their proposition. "I'll give you a ticket each in exchange for keeping me company tonight. Both of you."

The girls flinched slightly. We are only high school students. It's all fun and games to joke about it, but we've never slept with anybody before.

The girls would have obliged without hesitation if what Paul had asked for was a kiss. The girls were frightened by the raised stakes.

"Fine," Paul shrugged in response to their silence. "I'll just tear them up then."

"Wait!" one of them yelled through gritted teeth. "I'll do it!"

The last trace of the other girl's resolve vanished as she nodded urgently. "I'll do it too!"

"Are you sure?" Paul said with a wry smile, though he was already handing the tickets out to them. "You'd better not be lying for you know the consequences!"

The girls just accepted the tickets eagerly and laughed happily after that!

"How could you agree to demean yourselves just for a ticket?" Ingrid exclaimed, scandalized. "Give them back! My cousin will surely get us tickets with no strings attached."

"Stop pretending, Ingrid," one of the girls sneered. "You've lost our trust."

"You can get a ticket too, Ingrid," Paul chimed in suggestively. "All you have to do is give me a kiss. Think about it."

Ingrid held her ground and threw a fierce stare at him. "Forget it. It's not worth for it's not the end of the world even if I miss a concert."

"Good for you for standing up to your principles," Paul said with mock admiration.

"Well, the show's about to start. We'll let you know how it goes!"

Without another word, he wrapped his arms around a girl each as they headed toward the line.

Though the girls did not appear too comfortable, they remained as still as they could while Paul ran his hands all over them.

"Don't go with him!" Ingrid stepped forward to block them in their path.

"We don't have strong principles like you, Ingrid. We want to see the show. If you're not coming with us, don't try and stop us. This is a choice we have made."

"Carry on waiting out here by yourself. You deserve it after getting us excited for nothing with your cousin. If it weren't for Paul, we wouldn't be able to get in."

"Get lost!" Paul added with a smug smile.

After shoving Ingrid aside, Paul took the two girls and joined the line.

Coincidentally, Jared arrived at that moment with Josephine and Lizbeth following close behind. Josephine had arrived outside Dragon Bay earlier that day and dragged him, still half-asleep, out of the house and rushed him to the stadium.

"Sorry, Ingrid," he said apologetically. "I've overslept like hell."

Ingrid could not hold back her tears anymore. With a wail, she started sobbing bitterly.

"What is it, Ingrid?" Josephine asked in concern.

“Josephine...” Ingrid’s voice trailed off as she gazed toward Paul, biting her lower lip in an effort to steady her trembling self.

At the very same moment, with both arms around the two girls, Paul caught sight of Josephine and Lizbeth and allowed his gaze to wander all over them greedily.

Though the two women were much older than him, they held the poise that was incomparable to two seventeen-year-olds.

In an instant, Josephine pieced the situation together. “You,” she shouted in Paul’s direction, “come back here. Are you the ones who have made Ingrid cry?”

Nobody in Horington dares to offend the Sullivans. Much less my little sister!

“Forget it, Josephine,” Ingrid whispered as she clutched the other’s hand. Paul’s family is wealthy and influential. What if I get Josephine into trouble?

## The Mans Decree Chapter 557

Chapter 557 Idiots

“Are you referring to me, miss?” Paul replied saucily as he sauntered over. “Lighten up. You’re much too beautiful to be frowning.”

“Kids these days and their awful manners,” Josephine muttered with a frown of disgust.

Paul leered without restraint. “I’m not that young anymore, if you know what I mean. I know just as much about how to please you as you do yourself. Would you like me to try?”

Smack!

Seized by blind rage, Josephine slapped him across the face. How dare a kid like him speak to me like that!

Paul reeled from the impact of the slap. He could not believe that he had just been slapped. The other boys who had been flanking him leaped forward to hold him steady. One of them pulled out a knife.

Josephine was taken aback at the sight of the armed and hostile teenagers. For a moment, she appeared at a loss on what to do.

"How dare you strike me!" he yelled at her. "Do you know who I am? My father is Jean Yates!"

"You belong to the Yateses?" Josephine asked skeptically as she scanned Paul from head to toe.

"Just ignore them, Josephine," Jared advised. "Let's go inside."

They're just a bunch of idiotic kids. What good will there be in killing all of them?

Josephine nodded as they turned to enter the venue.

"Are you even thinking of leaving here without a scratch after hitting Paul? Dream on!"

With a yell, Paul's armed companion lunged at Josephine with the dagger raised.

Paralyzed by shock and fear at such a young but bloodthirsty assailant, she stood rooted to the spot.

In a flash, Lizbeth reached out and caught the wrist yielding the dagger. With a violent torquing motion, she snapped it at an angle with a sickening crunch.

"What do they teach you kids at school these days?" Lizbeth glared at him with disgust.

Jared frowned at the situation that was getting messy. Despite making it clear that we did not want to pick a fight with these kids, the boy still wanted to slash someone!

"Ah!" screamed the boy in agony as he cradled his wrist. Paul gazed at his companion, visibly terrified this time.

The wail attracted the attention of many other concertgoers who had in no time formed a mob around the scene.

At the same time, Tessa was engaged in a discussion regarding matters of the concert with several of her sponsors inside one of the rooms in the stadium.

Paul's father, Jean, was among them. He sat at the corner of the room, far from the center which denoted authority as every other participant in that meeting was more important than he was.

Suddenly, some crew members burst in. "There's been an altercation at the entrance, Ms. Snyder. Many are gathered there as we speak. We fear that it might delay the commencement of the concert!"

Tessa frowned. "Any idea on who they are?"

"Not yet. The only thing we know is that one of them is a young fellow of about eighteen years of age. I heard the others call him Paul Yates."

"My son?" Jean cried as he leaped to his feet.

Tessa gazed at him with displeasure. "Mr. Yates, your son has caused trouble at the entrance. If it affects the concert, please remember that the Yateses have a stake in this too. If your son's shenanigans disrupt the concert, your entire family will take your share of the hit!"

Despite her innocuous career in show business, it was common knowledge the Snyders' connection in Horington was unrivaled.

"Don't worry, Ms. Snyder. The matter will be investigated thoroughly." Jean mopped his brow before dashing out.

As soon as he disappeared from sight, Tessa beckoned one of the crew members. "I have a friend arriving soon with front-row seat tickets. Let them in at once, do you understand? They are not to stand in line. Bring them straight here. Here is a photo of him."

Tessa handed the photo of Jared she secretly took over to the crew member, who jumped in surprise at the photographs. "That's the man causing trouble at the entrance, Ms. Snyder!"

"What?" Tessa exclaimed before jumping to her feet and dashing out.

The other sponsors hurriedly followed suit.

## The Mans Decree Chapter 558

### Chapter 558 Worry For Nothing

"You can forget about leaving," Paul shouted, taking advantage of the size of the crowd that had gathered around to garner sympathy. "I'm going to call the cops and have you arrested for assaulting me and breaking my friend's wrist. My father will hear of this and you're going to have hell to pay!"

It's a good thing I shouted loud enough to attract such a large crowd. Hopefully, they wouldn't dare lay a finger on me with that many witnesses present. For God's sake, she broke his wrist so easily! It's like she's done it many times before.

Paul pulled out his phone and dialed his father's number.

Jared glanced at the sizable crowd, his forehead slightly creased. Ingrid was pale with fright and she held on to Jared's arm tightly.

"Don't be afraid, Ingrid," Josephine said in a low voice. "Nobody in Horington dares to lift a finger on me."

Just when Paul pressed his phone to his ear, his father arrived at top speed. Flanked on either side by his men, they squeezed their way through the crowd. Jean's temper flared at the sight of his son.

"You little sh\*t!" he shouted. "I gave you the tickets for you to enjoy the show, not to cause trouble!"

Jean strode forward and was about to slap Paul when the latter held out his hand.

"We didn't start it, Dad!" Paul explained hastily, frightened out of his wits. "I was slapped in the face first. Here! You can still see her handprint. After that, they broke my friend's wrist."

Jean leaned in a closer look and sure enough, he found a red handprint across his son's cheek. Next, he turned to look at Paul's friend whose face was still contorted in pain as he cradled his forearm. Jean retracted his hand.

"Who was the one to have struck you?" Jean demanded, swelling up with rage. "Did you not make clear to them who your father is?"

Though the Yateses did not count amongst the elite in Horington, their name still commanded certain respect within the city.

Paul pointed at Josephine. "It was her! She was the one who slapped me!"

Jean glanced in the direction his son's finger indicated before stiffening up in shock and falling onto the ground when he recognized Josephine, Lizbeth, and Jared.

"Are you all right, Dad?" Paul hurried forward to pull his father back to his feet.

Jean turned and gave his son a ferocious slap across the face before scurrying over to Josephine.

"Ms. Sullivan, Ms. Grange, Mr. Chance," he stammered before falling to his knees before the dumbfounded crowd. "I apologize for the actions of my son. I hereby humbly hand him over to you to punish him as you see fit..."

Paul and his friends were all shocked!

"Paul, who the hell are these people?" his friends whispered, in equal measures of fear and awe.

Paul shook his head jerkily. I wouldn't have caused trouble with them if I had known what kind of people they were!

"You're in huge trouble, boy!" A gleeful voice came from the crowd. "The lady who'd slapped you was Ms. Sullivan. With her are Mr. Grange's granddaughter, and the famous Mr. Chance

from Horington. Even Tommy is a follower of Mr. Chance. You kids are real idiots for picking the worst possible people to fight with.”

Paul opened his mouth but nothing came out. A few seconds later, the front of his pants became soaked with hot urine as the crowd roared with laughter.

All of them are people not to be trifled with! One wrong word might spell the end of the Yateses. Oh no, I seem to recall saying a lot of them earlier!

“Please make way!”

The crowd was parted in the middle by several dozen security personnel shoving them aside to make way for Tessa who appeared clad in sunglasses and a gown.

She hastened toward Jared followed by a large group of sponsors.

“Tessa!”

“Tessa! Over here!”

The fans began clamoring excitedly to gain her attention.

Ingrid, too, was shaking with excitement at seeing Tessa in the flesh.

After nodding politely to Josephine and Lizbeth, Tessa addressed Jared urgently. “Are you all right, Mr. Chance?”

“I’m fine. Do you really think I would have gotten into trouble?” Jared asked with a smile.