

The Protector Chapter 555

Orion retorted immediately, “Hah! I’d like to see which one of you has the balls to tear down my club! Who gave you the right to do this?”

However, Melvin, Silas, and the other rich heirs just laughed uproariously. “Listen up, old man, we’re the kings in South City! We call the shots!”

“Well, that’s some spine you’ve got. Since when are any of you the highest authority in South City?” A cold voice rang out from the interior of the club.

“Look, someone’s got a death wish!” Melvin sneered coldly. “You’ve got the guts to stand against us?”

I’d really like to see which idiot is still challenging us.

Seeing the sudden situation, Orion immediately said, “Sirs, please just leave! None of you can afford to cross the people inside the club.”

“Forget Mr. Caesar of South Hampton; I’m pretty sure nobody else can afford to provoke them,” one of Orion’s staff members added helpfully.

Naturally, the staff of The Abyss hoped that the situation could be resolved peacefully without any conflict.

But the more they tried to defuse the situation, the more Melvin and the others grew furious.

“You’re kidding us, right? What do you mean by we can’t cross them? I couldn’t care less about who is inside that club! We’re kicking them out today.”

Evidently, Melvin and the others had made up their minds.

The sudden sound of fast-moving footsteps filled the air.

Following the chorus of footsteps, a crowd of people appeared at the entrance of the crowd.

“Who’s making trouble here?” Tim’s expression was a thunderously dark cloud.

“We are! You got a problem with that?” Melvin and the others challenged insolently.

Seeing how rude and arrogant the rich heirs were, Tim and the other leaders were practically shaking with anger.

“Since when did South City allow bullying riffraff like this to exist?” Tim growled at Stephen.

Stephen hung his head. “It was my fault.”

“There’s only one thing to do about tumors like this. Remove them immediately!” Tim bellowed loudly.

“Such bravado. Who are you, anyway?” Timothy smiled coldly and slowly walked forward.

He turned that frosty smile on Melvin and the other rich heirs. “All of you are rather useless as well, aren’t you? None of you can even handle ordinary people like these?”

Feeling their faces burning at Timothy’s accusations, Melvin and the others wished fervently just to vanish on the spot.

“Who are you?” Stephen asked icily.

“You might get a heart attack if you know his identity, old man. Listen carefully – this is Timothy Caesar, the heir of the Caesar family, the quasi-royal clan of South Hampton!” Derek said loudly.

“Scared now?” Derek added nastily as an afterthought.

However, a moment later, Timothy belatedly realized that the people facing him did not even bother to react to Derek’s statement.

And that made his blood boil.

How can they still ignore me after they know who I am?

“Alright, but do you know who we are?” Stephen asked suddenly.

Caught off guard, Derek and the others could only frown. “You? You do look a little familiar...”

The big shots of South City made appearances on the big screen or in the news regularly enough. However, Tim and the others were dressed casually today, like any other normal civilian.

Although they could not put a name to them, Derek and the others still found them annoyingly familiar.

Timothy’s frosty smile did not change. “Very well, then. Do tell us who you are, gentlemen. Let’s see if you can shock me with your identity.”

“Yeah! I’d like to see just who you are. Tell us your names if you have the guts to!” Melvin and the other rich heirs urged tauntingly.

Is there anyone in South City that can still scare Timothy Caesar?

Of course not!

A few years ago, perhaps Scott Yates and the Triple Group could still put up some form of resistance.

But anyone else aside from them could not be even considered an annoyance, much less an actual threat.

“Listen up, then. My name is Tim Cronan!” Tim said angrily, taking care to articulate each word clearly.

“Tim Cronan? Who the hell is he? I’ve never heard of him.”

“You’re right. What nonsense is Tim Cronan anyway?”

Melvin and the others exchanged confused glances. They truly did not have any idea of Tim’s identity.

“Tim Cronan is the leader of Quebec,” Orion supplied. He was fighting the urge to cover his face with his hand.

It was at that moment, all of Melvin’s thoughts were interrupted abruptly.

Orion’s words left them all thunderstruck, shocking everyone present.