

The Man's Decree Chapter 557 (The Man like none Other 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," Kai 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.

Kai 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 Kai 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.