

The Protector Chapter 562

Meanwhile, Richard did not take heed of Levi and glanced in the direction of Robert and Meredith instead, “Who is this? Is he one of the younger members of your family too?”

Meredith and Robert sighed and lowered their heads.

They were indirectly saying yes to Richard’s query.

“Hah! Do all the younger members of the Blacks disrespect their elders?”

Richard deliberately mocked in a louder voice. As a matter of fact, he was almost roaring.

Meredith and Robert were terrified at the sight.

Richard is really mad right now.

They were well aware of the Chief’s temper.

He never lets people off the hook easily when he’s enraged.

The Black family would soon face an unparalleled crisis.

They glared at Levi angrily.

Russell has already pissed off Richard enough. Why does Levi have to appear and anger him too?

Haven’t we done that enough?

Levi laughed and glanced at Russell, “Did he ask you to slap yourself? Go, slap him back!”

“I...”

Russell hesitated.

My family would never agree to me slapping Richard Caesar.

On the other hand, this is an order from the God of War himself.

Russell was on the fence about his next course of action.

At the same time, the others widened their eyes in disbelief at Levi’s brazen suggestion.

What? Did he just ask Russell to slap Richard Caesar? Is he crazy?

Even Richard was stumped at Levi’s audacity.

Nobody had dared to disrespect him. Not in South Hampton, let alone in Quebec.

Not to mention a youngster like Levi.

“Russell, what are you waiting for? Slap him! This is an order!” Levi’s tone was determined.

Russell straightened his back unconsciously at Levi’s orders.

I’m doing it!

If anything should happen, I have the God of War backing me up anyway.

Moreover, Russell thought it was impossible for them to be bullied by an outsider in his own manor.

With that thought in mind, Russell dashed toward Richard, his right hand was already in mid-air, ready to slap Richard across the face.

Richard froze on the ground, baffled at Russell's brazen move.

This bastard dares to hit me?

"Russell, what are you doing?"

Meredith and Robert panicked at the sight.

They tried to stop Russell from advancing.

"Get away! All of you!"

Richard bellowed all of a sudden.

"Huh?"

The Blacks were taken aback.

"Go away. I want to see who dares to lay a finger on me today," Richard shouted.

He did not believe that Russell would really slap him.

Yet, the Blacks did not move a muscle.

What if Russell really slaps Richard across the face if we do not stop him?

The Black family will be wiped off the surface of the earth.

“I’ll say it one last time. Go away!” Richard roared.

He ordered his bodyguards as well, “Do not stop him. I want to see if this bastard really dares to hit me!”

The Blacks were terrified to see Richard all red from fury and finally decided to stay out of Russell’s way.

As for the bodyguards of the Caesar family, they had to stand aside too.

They were certain that Russell would not really hit Richard.

Unless... he’s crazy or an idiot!

At that moment, Richard beckoned at Russell.

The Caesars looked at Russell with wry smiles on their faces, positive that he wouldn’t strike.

“I will make sure that the Black family suffers if you don’t hit me today!” Richard said in an attempt to challenge him.

“I...”

Russell was torn, yet again.

“Slap him!”

Levi’s voice could be heard loud and clear.

Hearing that, Russell seemed enlightened by Levi’s orders.

He stepped forward and slapped Richard across the face, hard.

Whack!

The crisp sound shook everyone to their core.

Pin-drop silence ensued, once again.

Everyone held their breaths at the unexpected turn of events.

Richard was stunned.

Not knowing how to respond, he froze on the ground.