

## The Mans Decree Chapter 460

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.”