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## Chapter 29

However, James pulled her back up.

"This doesn't concern you, Thea," he said simply.

"I was the one that hit her. She can come at me if she wants. I won't let this affect the Callahans."

"Come at you? Alright."

Belinda's temper flared at his words. She took her phone out and called the manager of The Gourmand.

"Mr. Thomas? It's Belinda Frasier, Gold member at The Gourmand. Someone hit me right outside your restaurant. I need some of your security guards. Now."

Belinda glared at James as she hung up.



"You're dead meat. I'm not letting you off, even if you knelt down and begged me to. I'm breaking both your legs today, or my name isn't Belinda Frasier!"

Gladys rushed forward to try to appease her.

"I'm really sorry, Miss Frasier. This is all my good-for-nothing son-in-law's fault! I'll apologize for him, so please forgive us! Just treat us like a fart!"

Gladys was terrified.

Getting a portion of the family's shares was a once-in-a-lifetime feat. She definitely wanted to avoid angering Lex into taking it back because they had crossed the Frasier.

Belinda turned her nose up, then jabbed at Gladys's nose while she was still bent over in a bow.

"You're not even a fart! I want you to kneel before me and lick my shoes. No. You're not worthy of doing that. I want Thea to do it."

Belinda changed her mind at the last moment and pointed to Thea, who had been standing to the side helplessly.

At that moment, a middle-aged man walked out of the restaurant with several guards in tow.

The people crowded outside The Gourmand knew right then that the Callahans were finished.

David went pale at the electric batons in the intimidating guards' hands and pulled Alyssa into the crowd, afraid that they would end up being involved.

Seeing that the manager was here with his guards, Belinda's expression turned even more smug. She sneered coldly at Thea, then spat on the floor. She pointed at the ground.

"Get on your knees and lick it clean, Thea, and I promise I'll spare his legs and only break your worthless husband's hands."



Gladys trembled as the guards approached. She knelt instantly and begged for forgiveness.

"Please let us go, Miss Frasier. It'll never happen again!"

James ignored Gladys as she knelt. He held nothing but disdain for her.

She was a coward who only knew how to push the weak around, but was terrified of anyone stronger than she was.

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"Jamie..."

Thea, now afraid, held onto James's arm.

"It's alright," James said in a reassuring tone.

Belinda kicked the groveling Gladys aside, her temper flaring once again at James's nonchalance. She pointed at him.

"That's him, Mr. Thomas! I want him dead!"



Thea rushed over to Gladys, helping her up.

"Don't touch me, you parasite!"

Gladys flung her arm outwards and slapped Thea away. She scanned the crowd for Benjamin but found him standing in the distance with his head down, not even daring to make a sound.

Gladys wept, lamenting the fact that she married a loser of a husband.

The manager of The Gourmand side-eyed James, noticing that he was the son-in-law of the Callahans who had been making waves around Cansington.

"Get him!" he ordered.

"Who dares?" a voice rang out at that moment from within The Gourmand.

The sound of a pair of heavy boots thumping against the ground followed suit.

The crowd turned towards the source.

A middle-aged man in full military uniform approached, followed by four fully-armed men.

Five stars shone brightly on the man's shoulder.

The Gourmand's manager, Niel Thomas, went pale when he recognized who the man was.

His strength left his legs, and he kneeled on the ground.

The security guards too felt their strength leave their bodies.

They kneeled as well.

This was one of the most important people in the country.



Forget Niel, even the owner of The Gourmand would have to kneel before him.

Recently, the five militaries had been reorganized, and Cansington became its base of operations. The one standing before them was the new commander-in-chief. The leader of the five armies that had been integrated into one, the Blithe King of the West!



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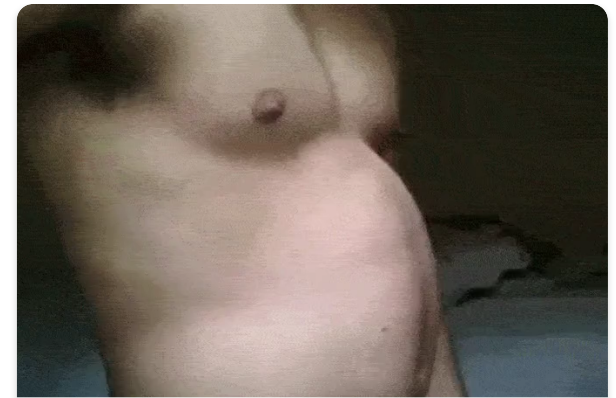
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