Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1216

Meanwhile…

Jonah Garrison and his men burst into laughter at their survival.

"We did it, everyone! Thank you for your hard work!" Levi yelled.

Suddenly, his intuition told him that something dangerous was coming, and it made him frown.

Boom!

A huge gust of wind swept through the streets, bringing with it a strong bloody stench and an avalanche of dead leaves.

Jonah Garrison and his men's smiles melted off their faces immediately as fear got the better of them.

All the hairs on their bodies stood on end, and their hands turned clammy with cold sweat. They could almost feel their blood curdling in their veins.

The person they feared was not even at the scene yet, but his aura could make anyone's legs turn to jelly.

He was like a feral beast that just woke up from a century-long nap.

A few moments later, a shadow emerged from the other end of the street, and it had an eerie resemblance to the one they met before.

However, the person before them was gnawing on a piece of raw meat, with the bone still attached and blood dripping onto the streets.

From the looks of it, he looked like a cannibal!

"It's him!" someone shouted, and Levi turned pale in the face.

I know this person…

It took the combined effort of many countries to catch the Harbinger of Death and throw him into Northgale Prison for life, and now he's back to finish us off…

They really want me dead, huh?

"He's the Harbinger of Death from the Ultimate class! He's targeting me, so leave while you still have the chance!" Levi commanded frantically.

The last thing he wanted to see was more unnecessary bloodshed.

He's way too strong!

Thousands of top-class fighters have fallen in the international operation to capture him…he's way out of anyone's league!

"Leave! Just leave!" he shouted, but no one budged.

No one wanted to give up just yet, especially since they were barely thirty kilometers from safety.

Just a while more, and Levi would be able to plan for the next part of their journey.

"No way!"

"I can't bear to leave you, God of War!"

Jonah smirked. "We'll suffer even more if we left you at this juncture!"

"I'm not scared of death! Heck, I'll even bring a piece of him down to hell with me!"

"We must fight and send the God of War to the designated location! There's no way we can't overwhelm that guy with our strength in numbers!"

Levi had wanted to chase the others away, but his words only made them even more confident.

Everyone refused to retreat, and Levi bit his lip in reluctance.

I don't want to see anyone die in vain anymore…

I hate this!

I wish I could at least stand up and lead the charge, even if I were to die in the process!

But why can't I even move my fingers?

"Die, Levi Garrison!" the Harbinger of Death growled, tossing the meat in his mouth aside and advancing towards Levi.

"Everyone! Kill him!"

"Hahaha! It'll be such an honor to be able to kill someone from the Ultimate class!"

Jonah and his men chuckled loudly, their confidence at an all-time high.

"Listen to me! Leave this place at once!" Levi yelled desperately.

No… no more deaths… please…

Nevertheless, everyone exchanged glances and grinned. "Apologies, this is an order we cannot execute!"

Before Levi could say another word, several people have already rushed forward.

"The Meyers of Oakland shall lead the charge!"

"Don't forget the Stuarts of Oakland!"

Both families only had around twenty members left standing, but they charged forward nonetheless.

Forty longswords glinted under the sunlight as they descended upon the Harbinger of Death's body.

Clank!

Clank!

To everyone's horror, the blades simply bounced off his skin with a loud metallic clink, and the Harbinger of Death emerged from their onslaught completely unscathed.