Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1217

Boom!

A chilling shockwave shook the ground beneath them, followed by a deafening explosion.

A person flew out of the mess with a giant, bloody hole in his torso and landed on the ground in a lifeless heap.

Boom!

The Harbinger of Death landed another punch, and it shattered everything in the poor victim's chest on impact.

Boom!

"Argghhhhh!"

Another person slumped onto the ground with his spine snapped into two.

Boom!

A severed head landed on the ground not too far away, its eyes still wide open and frozen in fear.

Every one of his moves could kill, as though he was the Grim Reaper himself.

Boom!

Yet another person's organs shattered into a bloody mess inside his body as the Harbinger of Death rammed his foot into his torso.

In just thirty seconds, all that was left of the forty fighters were marred bodies and broken forms.

Everyone else gaped at the Harbinger of Death, shivering in fear.

He's strong…

He's way too strong!

No wonder he's from the Ultimate class!

We've underestimated him…

"Leave!" Levi hollered, his eyes brimming with tears.

People were giving up their lives for him, and he would never forgive himself for allowing that to happen.

"Hades, take the God of War away from this place with your men! This guy is too dangerous!" Johnny Lawrence commanded.

After a while, Levi left the scene together with Jonah, Osborn, the Dual-Serrated Monks, the Three Musketeers, as well as a bunch of other capable fighters, leaving the rest behind to keep the Harbinger of Death occupied.

"No! We can't leave them there!" Levi screamed, knowing full well what their fate was.

However, his men refused to retreat.

"You're in big trouble, Harbinger!" Johnny Lawrence yelled with a smirk on his face.

At that moment, the Four Kings surrounded the Harbinger of Death and yelled, "Kill him!"

With that, the rest of the crowd charged towards the Harbinger of Death in an attempt to kill or at least overwhelm him.

"Die!" the Harbinger of Death yelled, snapping the neck of the person closest to him.

Boom!

Crash!

Splat!

However, none of their attacks worked.

It was as though they were attacking a metal mannequin.

Everyone knew that the Harbinger of Death had a bulletproof body of steel, and that was precisely why it took a dozen countries and a thousand fighters to capture him and throw him in jail.

But that was the best they could do since he was impossible to kill.

His mere presence could make anyone break out in cold sweat.

Crack!

Crash!

Boom!

Every move the Harbinger of Death made was lethal.

Within minutes, the ground near his feet was littered with bodies, and two entire factions have fallen.

He could kill a person with one strike, and no one was ever able to survive his attacks.

"You're going down, Harbinger!"

"We're buying time for the God of War!"

Johnny and the rest of the fighters went all out against the Harbinger of Death, but they were fighting a losing battle.

Splat!

Crash!

Snap!

Unfortunately for them, the Harbinger of Death was immune to all their attacks.

Even the Tang Sect's discreet weapons and poisons did not even come close to making a scratch on his body.

In fact, most of their members were already lying in heaps on the ground, some of them broken into several pieces.

The Six Slaves were gone as well, with holes and bruises all over their dead bodies.

"Keep him occupied even if it costs you your life!" the rest of them yelled.

However, that did not make the fight any easier.

No one would be able to win a fight against someone from the Ultimate class, and asking for one would be a surefire way to die.

Soon, more and more fighters dropped dead like flies as the fight went on.

Drakon, Boreas, Tigris, and Leon from the Northrush Clan, Johnny, Jael, Yadriel, Connor…

The street was eerily quiet, and there was not a soul to be seen.

Alas, the fierce fight had ended.