

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.

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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.

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In just a few short minutes, all that was left of the brave bunch was a heap of mangled bodies.

Not even a single person survived the ordeal.

However, none of them backed out of the fight or wavered in their stance.

All of them were willing to die for Erudia.

“What a bunch of pests!” the Harbinger of Death scoffed.

The fighters have held him back for a mere twelve minutes, and Levi would not have gotten far in just twelve minutes.

However, he quickly realized that something was wrong the moment he tried to lift his leg.

Why can't I move?

He looked down and was horrified to find the dead bodies of Johnny Lawrence and everyone else clinging onto his legs tightly.

Now that rigor mortis was setting in, their hardened bodies held him down like a deadweight.

Their collective strength managed to hold him down, making it impossible for him to even make a single step.

It was their last-ditch effort as brave Erudian men to keep the enemy occupied.

They refused to admit defeat, even after death had befallen them.

“Get out of my way!” the Harbinger of Death bellowed, shaking the dead bodies off him.
“You will never get away from me, Levi Garrison!”

With that, the Harbinger of Death was on his way again.

The Erudian warriors have held him up for a mere fifteen minutes, but their efforts have not gone to waste.

Those fifteen minutes had cost them their lives, and that made it priceless.

Meanwhile, Jonah and the others rushed towards the designated town at full speed with Levi in tow.

Time was ticking, and they could almost visualize the fates of Johnny Lawrence and the rest who chose to stay behind.

The Harbinger of Death was practically undefeatable, after all.

“Three more kilometers!” Hades yelled.

Everyone’s eyes brightened up at his statement.

No one knew what the town they were heading towards looked like, but they trusted Levi when he said that they would be safe once they arrived.

It was a huge source of motivation for them.

Boom!

However, before they could rejoice, a giant rock crashed into the side of the car.

If not for Hades’ quick reflexes, they would have toppled over on impact.

By the time everyone wrapped their head around the situation, another person had appeared before their eyes.

It was the Harbinger of Death!

His supersonic speed allowed him to catch up with Levi before he could get to his destination.

Boom!

An explosion went off in everyone's heads at the sight of him.

All of them are dead...

None of them survived!

"Nice! Well done!" Jonah yelled. "That's how Erudian men should be!"

"Thank you! We will avenge you!" everyone chorused.

"I owe you one!" Levi said, gritting his teeth and holding back tears. "When I get better, I'll paint the sky red with those scumbags' blood!"

He hated how things turned out.

For all his life, he had spent years fighting to keep Erudians safe from threats, and yet there were still people dying for the sake of his own life.

I can't allow this! I won't!

"You won't have a chance to do that! Time to die!" the Harbinger of Death bellowed with a cold smirk.

"Hades! Send the God of War to the town! We'll buy time for you!" Jonah said as he trained his eyes on the Harbinger of Death.

Everyone was ready to battle to the death.

However, just as Hades was about to drive off, the Harbinger of Death lifted his foot and brought it down upon the hood of the car.

Boom!

Crack!

The hood of the car was shattered into pieces immediately.

His powerful stomp had destroyed the car completely and even Hades was injured from the sudden attack.

“Don’t you dare leave!” the Harbinger of Death scoffed.

All of you are dead meat to me!

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"Kill him!"

Jonah and the others rushed forward and surrounded the Harbinger of Death.

"Hades! Carry the God of War to the designated location!" Jonah yelled.

Hades obeyed his instructions immediately.

Seeing all this, the Harbinger of Death merely grinned.

Anyone below the Ultimate class is nothing but a mere pest.

Hah! You won't be able to stop me!

Boom!

Crash!

Splat!

Clank!

The Harbinger of Death crushed each person who came forward with nothing but his palms, and there was already a pile of bodies forming by his feet after just thirty seconds.

Levi watched in horror as more and more of his men fell to the ground before the Harbinger of Death.

"You're not getting away today!" Jonah yelled, raising his longsword and bringing it down upon the Harbinger of Death's head.

Boom!

Before anyone could react, the Harbinger of Death had already grabbed his neck and snapped it into two.

Crack!

The Harbinger of Death tossed Jonah's body into the air and punched a hole through his torso.

Jonah was thrown onto the street about ten meters away from the Harbinger of Death, and he managed to mutter, "I must protect the God of..." before taking his final breath.

Crash!

"Take this, you murderer!" The Three Musketeers and Osborn yelled as they rushed forwards to challenge the Harbinger of Death.

In the end...

Osborn was crushed under the Harbinger of Death's foot.

The Three Musketeers were tossed into a pile on the ground, their blood cascading down onto the ground like a fountain.

Even as their souls left their bodies, they refused to let go of their longswords.

Boom!

Crash!

After a while, all that was left were the Dual-Serrated Monks, who were the strongest ones in the bunch.

In fact, they were the only ones strong enough to pose a challenge to the Harbinger of Death.

Crash!

Clank!

They brought their metal sticks upon the Harbinger of Death's head over and over again, which managed to make him stagger backward for a few seconds.

"Die!" he yelled after a while, his eyes glinting dangerously.

Crack!

Snap!

He somehow managed to break the Monks' sticks into several pieces with his bare hands.

Splat!

Crash!

He flung the Monks onto the street after punching a hole through their torsos.

With that, everyone who accompanied Levi on this mission had sacrificed themselves in the race towards safety.

All of them were brave heroes, no matter what their backgrounds were.

Those scheming aristocrats would never compare to them, for they had the courage to stand up for what was right.

"We're going to be there soon!" Hades yelled as the town came into view.

They were only around a hundred meters away from the entrance of the town, and Hades broke into a sprint.

Levi, on the other hand, was horrified to see the Harbinger of Death catching up to them from behind.

After just a few seconds, he managed to narrow the gap to just ten meters.

Hades gritted his teeth. *Just a few more meters...*

"Aren't you from L Nation? Why are you protecting your enemy?" the Harbinger of Death asked.

"You don't understand! The God of War is my hero!" Hades yelled.

Without warning, he tossed Levi in the direction of the town's entrance, and he landed squarely at the gates.

"You're asking for it!" the Harbinger of Death yelled, barreling towards Levi at top speed.

Boom!

However, before he could get close to Levi, Hades grabbed his waist and held on tight.

"Die!"

Boom!

Crash!

Clash!

The Harbinger of Death landed several punches on Hades' back, and blood gushed out of the latter's eyes.

Even so, Hades had a large grin on his face.

"I've done it, everyone!" he yelled.

The Harbinger of Death continued to pound his fists onto Hades' body, turning him into an unrecognizable heap of minced meat.

There was nothing Levi could do but watch in desperation.

“So what if you’ve arrived at the town?” the Harbinger of Death bellowed at Levi, shooting him a menacing glare.

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"What's the point of all this? Why are you protecting this piece of trash?" the Harbinger of Death snickered. "What a bunch of dimwits!"

Killing Levi would not be hard for him even in Erudia, let alone a tiny town in Northgale.

How stupid of them to protect him!

It's absolutely worthless!

They're just sacrificing themselves for no good reason!

Meanwhile, Levi could only stare at Hades' dead body on the ground from where he lay sprawled just outside the gates.

He had been overcome with helplessness as he watched his men give up their lives for his sake.

However, there was nothing he could do.

I hate this...

He wanted to scream, but his throat was too dry for it.

Not only that, but he wanted to kill the murderer standing before him, yet his legs would not listen to his brain's commands.

Strangers and friends alike admired him, and he owed them the world for it.

I need to avenge them! I must!

After all that, the Harbinger of Death fixed his gaze on Levi and started to walk towards him.

With each blink of his eyes, the Harbinger of Death came ten meters closer.

He chuckled as he stared at Levi. "What's the point of that battle? It's absolutely useless!"

Unfazed, Levi glared at him. "Watch it! You're going to die soon!"

"Hahaha! Me? Dying? No way!"

He was not exactly boasting – after all, it took a thousand fighters just to restrain him back then.

It would take a million more to kill him.

"Die, Levi Garrison!" the Harbinger of Death bellowed, raising his palm and bringing it down upon Levi's head.

Boom!

However, before he could flatten Levi into a pancake, a huge explosion rang through the air.

Crash!

A powerful force rammed into the Harbinger of Death's chest, and it sent him flying backward with blood spewing out of his mouth.

Hiss...

He staggered backward for a good ten meters before slowing to a halt.

When he looked down, he was horrified to see several cracks appearing on the ground beneath him.

His shirt was tattered and torn at the chest area, and a large, bloody palm print was slowly appearing on his chest.

The Harbinger of Death was supposed to be immune to all kinds of weapons, and not even the sharpest blade could come close to making a scratch on his skin.

That was why the surprise attack and the mark shocked him.

Without giving him a chance to recover, a shadow rushed forward and landed another punch on his chest.

Boom!

The pain that followed was like a nuclear explosion.

“How dare you!” he bellowed, swinging his fist at the shadow.

Crash!

The moment their fists connected, a huge shockwave shook the ground as though an air raid had occurred.

Crack!

The Harbinger of Death’s arm burst open the very next second, spewing blood and gore everywhere. It came as a shock to him.

What the...

How could this happen?

What kind of monster could I be facing against?

Boom!

Crash!

Snap!

“Argh! Ouch! ARGH!”

The shadow landed a few more punches without even giving the Harbinger of Death a chance to breathe.

As time went on, his chest began to cave in, and blood continued to spill out of his mouth in alarming amounts.

His shoulders sagged, but it was not the end of the ordeal yet.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The shadow continued to throw punch after punch onto the Harbinger of Death's body, tearing open his flesh and exposing everything inside.

After a while, his body was nothing but a mangled piece of meat.

Then, he fell to the ground, dead from the pain.

Even as he took his last breath, he struggled to understand why he was defeated so easily.

Nothing posed a challenge to him, and no one in Northgale had ever won in a fight against him.

It took the combined effort of a dozen countries to catch him and throw him into prison, and little did he expect to meet his end in the hands of a person whose face he could not even see.

The person was dressed entirely in black, complete with a half-devil, half-angel mask.

As the Harbinger of Death fell to the ground in defeat, several people in similar getups walked out of the gates of the town.

Boom!

The crowd fell to their knees before Levi.