

The Protector Chapter 474

Meanwhile, White Tiger's blood boiled with excitement when he saw how fearsome his enemy's attack was.

He didn't expect the underworld to have someone so powerful left.

The attack came in a flash.

White Tiger bent backward so much that he almost touched the ground. With that, he was able to avoid the strike.

Swoosh!

Crack!

Typhoon's knife missed and pierced the tree trunk behind him that was as thick as a man's waist.

Suddenly, the tree cracked from the top to the bottom before exploding into smithereens, sending pieces of tree bark flying everywhere.

It was an extremely terrifying sight!

No wonder he was known as the greatest warrior in Quebec!

However, White Tiger only responded with a smile. "That's pretty impressive. Now it's my turn!"

With that, he lunged forward with a single punch.

At the same moment, Typhoon countered with his dagger.

Crack!

Somehow, White Tiger caught the dagger between his fingers and smashed his fist into Typhoon's body.

Boom!

Upon impact, Typhoon was sent flying backward and crashed into a large tree.

Before he could pick himself up, White Tiger was upon him.

Bang!

He smashed another punch into Typhoon's face.

Ooof!

Blood started to ooze out of Typhoon's mouth.

He tried to counter but was held down by White Tiger, who gave him no room to maneuver.

Bang!

With Typhoon pinned, White Tiger pounded his fists repeatedly, just like a piledriver.

After more than twenty consecutive punches, Typhoon was covered in blood and no longer breathing.

It was a gruesome sight.

Scott and Theo's eyes widened so wide as if they could pop out anytime.

Was the gap in strength so big that Typhoon had no chance to defend himself?

Typhoon was the best warrior in Quebec. What sort of madness is this?

It simply didn't make any sense!

They were now aware of why the Morris Group acted with such impudence.

With so many formidable characters among them, they definitely deserved to behave that way.

If only Scott had as many powerful subordinates as possible under his command, all the surrounding territories would be his. He wouldn't just be ruling over Quebec.

When they turned to check on the battle behind them, Scott and Theo gaped.

They had expected an easy victory given the overwhelming odds of three thousand men against eighteen.

However, they were not prepared for what they saw. The ground was strewn with their men.

The three thousand men were slaughtered into disarray by the eighteen wolf riders, who were unstoppable.

All their men were fleeing, as no one had any courage left to fight.

The Cavalry Regiment's attack was so devastating that it felt like the Gods were punishing man.

No ordinary man was able to withstand God's judgment.

The Cavalry Regiment was the equivalent of nuclear weapons on the battlefield.

Against such a weak enemy, they seemed to be in excessive use of power.

Three thousand men were simply too few to provide a challenge. Thirty thousand men would have stood a better chance.

Back to the other nine groups.

When Scott's subordinates clashed with Alfie's men, they realized they had misjudged the enemy.

These people are mad! They're too strong for us!

In their twenty years of fighting, they had never met such a formidable foe.

In a blink of an eye, the formations of the other nine groups were broken up. All of Scott's subordinates collapsed on the ground while grimacing in pain.

All it took was two minutes to finish them off.

Thirteen thousand men were routed in a very short duration.

No one had expected such an outcome.

In their eyes, Scott was invincible. However, in the face of true strength, they couldn't even last more than three minutes.

At that moment, Scott was dumbfounded when he realized Typhoon was dead and all three thousand of his elite troops had been routed.

What else did he have left? Nothing at all.

“Sir, the other nine groups have reported that they have been defeated! We’re finished. Everything is lost!” Even Theo was almost in tears.