

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1220

“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.