

The Protector Chapter 456

“Stepdad, I’ll bring someone there!” Fernand Yates volunteered himself.

“Alright! Bring Bones, Titan, and Golem with you! The fact that they can handle the Black and White Guards signifies that they are pretty powerful!” Scott Yates ordered.

His Four Mighty Generals were individually stronger than the Black and White Guards, so the fact that Scott dispatched three of them was a testament to his resolve.

Fernand hesitated for a while before saying, “Stepdad...”

“Bringing Typhoon along is out of the question! He’s way too intent on killing! It took a lot of effort over the past few decades trying to tame him, so we can’t afford to let him massacre everyone in North Hampton!” Scott said.

The Four Mighty Generals under Scott all had their own individual strengths.

Bones was ruthless and apathetic. During a underground boxing battle where he had to face a few hundred opponents at once, he pulled someone’s ribs out and used it as a weapon to kill everyone.

Titan was exceptionally skilled in wrestling ever since he was young.

Golem was like a beast because his body was as tough as steel. Normal weapons couldn’t dent him.

However, the strongest of them all was Typhoon.

He had been raised by an assassin's organization ever since he was young.

The organization adopted one hundred orphans and made them fight and kill each other after a few years of training. Only the final child left standing had the right to enter the organization.

Typhoon was the one who had killed all of his comrades and made it out alive.

His murderous intent was overwhelming, and at least seven hundred people have been killed by him.

Once his bloodlust was triggered, he couldn't be stopped.

Scott was once captured during a war in Quebec's underground scene, and Typhoon had killed a few thousand people just to rescue him.

He derived pleasure from murder, and he was quite literally the harbinger of death.

That was why Scott wouldn't request his service unless it was necessary because Typhoon would cause a whole flurry of catastrophes.

"Besides, the three of them will be enough to handle the Morris Group! I can't take responsibility for the consequences that might arise if we use Typhoon this time!" Scott sighed.

Fernand was incredulous. "What? Stepdad, why do you have something you can't responsibility for? How is that possible?"

"Have you forgotten who's in North Hampton right now?" Scott asked.

Fernand's expression changed as he said in horror, "Are you referring to the God of War?"

“Yes. He will definitely turn a blind eye to the melee in North Hampton, but if Typhoon went there and stirred up trouble, he might step out personally to deal with it...”

Scott was afraid of the God of War.

“Wow, stepdad, you really are prudent. I never thought of that! I’ll go to North Hampton now in that case!”

“Go and take care of that issue quickly. Keep a low profile. If things spiral out of control, I won’t be able to help you anymore,” Scott reminded him.

When Fernand took his leave, a casually dressed, average-looking man appeared.

He was the Harbinger of Death, Typhoon.

He said, “I heard the God of War has a team called the Five Great Wars Regiment, and they are all exceptional. I want to challenge them...”

“Hahaha. Typhoon, what are you saying? We can’t possibly offend them! Regardless of how strong we are, we are still mortals, and they are gods! They can kill us with just a snap of their fingers!”

When Sebastian found out about Fernand’s plans, he headed to North Hampton with Fernand.

“Three Mighty Generals are here! I thought Mr. Yates would only send one of them with us!”

Sebastian was excited when he saw that Bones and the other two mighty generals were embarking on the same mission.

He had thought only one of them was required to solve the problem; he had never expected Scott to send out three of them at once.

This is a piece of cake. Morris Group will definitely be obliterated.

“North Hampton, just you wait for the South City’s ire!”