

The Protector Chapter 658

“What do you want?” The moment the guard at the entrance asked, two lightning-fast slashes made quick work of him.

After that, Johnny and his men entered the club.

Inside, the club was as lively as usual.

Johnny went straight to the club’s DJ booth, turned down the music, and switched on all the lights.

Every corner of the club was illuminated as if it was broad daylight.

At that moment, the hundreds of patrons in the club stopped dancing and turned to stare at the DJ booth.

The atmosphere became boisterous as the club’s staff rushed towards the booth.

Picking up the mic, Johnny instructed, “Silence! I have something to say.”

Upon his orders, everyone kept quiet and gave him their attention.

“Let me introduce myself. I am Johnny Lawrence.”

“Huh? Johnny Lawrence? That name sounds familiar.”

“That’s right, where did I hear it before?”

Everyone in the club felt the name sounded familiar.

Johnny continued, "I am from the Southern Union and a subordinate of Grover Cooke."

Boom!

When Johnny revealed his identity, everyone went ballistic and looked at him in disbelief.

"My God! It's one of the Four Kings of the Southern Union."

"It's really Johnny of the Southern Union. This is unbelievable!"

"Johnny is really here in South City! Something big must have happened!"

The club was in an uproar. When everyone heard that it was the Southern Union, they were filled with excitement.

As gangsters in the underworld, their dream was to join the legendary Southern Union.

To them, it was as good as their religion and was an achievement that would bring honor to the family.

In short, they considered it their Holy Land.

At the same time, it was also the most frightening of places.

Anyone who offended the Southern Union would be hunted down and killed.

There would be no escape even if one fled to the ends of the earth.

For the gangsters, it was an unbelievable sight that one of the legendary Four Kings of the Southern Union, Johnny, was standing before them as many of them worshipped him.

In fact, some even had his face tattooed on their bodies.

As Johnny was courageous and battle-hardened, there was an air of invincibility around him.

“Today, I’m here to look for the body of my master’s disciple, Jacky Lawson.”

The moment Johnny changed the topic, everyone was stunned.

Johnny’s master?

Isn’t that Grover Cooke of the Southern Union?

Grover’s disciple’s body?

Suddenly, everyone thought of the same haughty person, Jacky, from a few days ago.

He’s actually one of the Southern Union’s disciples?

This means big trouble as it now involves the Southern Union.

No matter how strong Hades is, it’s not going to be of much help.

“Johnny, this has nothing to do with us, it’s all Hades’ doing!”

“That’s right, we were not involved at all.”

At that moment, everyone present disavowed their involvement while only a few were hesitating.

They were former followers of Brock Green who had switched their allegiance to Hades.

As the rest of the crowd moved aside, they were left standing in the center.

Johnny instantly understood what was going on.

He asked them, "Were you the ones that took Jacky's body?"

His tone was calm but so domineering that it felt suffocating.

"Yes, so what if we were?" one of them replied.

"Where is the body now?" Johnny demanded word by word.

At the moment, an immense pressure filled the club and everyone felt their hearts racing.

"We threw it away at a garbage dump," the man replied.

"Well done! All of you will have to die!" Johnny roared.

"Who are you? How dare you cause trouble in my territory?"