

The Protector Chapter 687

“What? He wants me to pick him up myself? Who the hell does he think he is?” Michael yelled at the top of his lungs.

The others were enraged. “How dare a nobody like him behave as if he’s a big shot?”

“You’re right. In fact, not a single person in Quebec is qualified for grandpa to bring him back himself.”

“I guess Levi is as useless as his parents!”

Despite feeling furious, the butler said, “Anyway, we still have to bear with him. We still need him, don’t we?”

“Let’s just abduct him back here. I really can’t stand his arrogance!”

“Grandpa, please hurry up. It’s only five days away from the deadline Elijah set for us.”

“We must get it done as soon as possible, lest Elijah demand for more from us.”

Everyone voiced out their opinions one by one.

Then Michael’s eyes glinted with malice as he said, “Alright, let’s abduct Levi, and I want everyone from the South City underworld dead!”

Suddenly, the brightest man in the third generation of the Jones family, Tyler said, “Grandpa, could Levi be the one who sent the gangsters to cripple uncle?”

Perhaps he did this as a counterattack since uncle hired assassins to attack his wife.”

It was obvious to him that Levi did this.

His words shed light on the matter and make everyone ponder this possibility.

This can't be a coincidence.

“Does he have any hidden capability and background connections?”

Even Michael became suspicious.

“Maybe he has some backup? Is that why he ignored our offer?” one of the Joneses asked.

“It'll be frightening if he indeed has some hidden capabilities.”

Just then, Michael's phone rang.

It was a call from Grover, the head of Southern Union.

“Good day, Mr. Cooke. How may I assist you?”

Michael's attitude became courteous immediately.

Even though The Jones family was royalty, they were not as powerful as Grover, who held a major influence in the South.

“I heard that your son caused trouble on my turf and got his limbs broken.”
Grover asked.

“What? Is South City your territory?”

Michael was baffled by his words.

“You’re right, I’m now in charge of South City. Your son hired assassins and caused trouble on my turf without my permission. He broke the rule, so I broke his limbs. Do you have any objections?” Grover asked with a dignified expression.

“No, no objection. Mr. Cooke, I apologize to you on behalf of my son,” Michael hurriedly said.

On the other hand, Michael actually felt slightly thrilled in his heart.

Now I’m certain that Daniel’s injury has nothing to do with Levi.

So Levi is still an ordinary man, as shown in his biography.

And that makes me feel relieved.

“Alright, let’s drop this subject. You’re a royal family. How could you not know about this rule? You didn’t even know that South City is my territory,” Grover rebuked him.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Cooke. It’s all our fault.”

After a brief pause, Michael added, “By the way, Mr. Cooke, we have something to attend to in South City. I hope you will allow us.”

“What else do the Joneses want to do in South City?” Grover asked.

He didn’t know about the history between Levi and the Jones family, because he dared not ask Levi about it.

Michael chuckled. “It’s kind of embarrassing. I have an unfilial grandson in South City, and I’m going to abduct him back home.”

“What’s his name?” Grover asked.

“His name is Levi Garrison,” Michael answered honestly.

“How dare you!”