

The Protector Chapter 473

He began to approach White Tiger slowly.

Despite his slow steps, every stride covered tens of meters in distance.

He managed to close the distance of over a hundred meters in a blink of an eye.

“My brothers-in-arms! Listen to me! Tear the other three men limb by limb!” Scott commanded.

Owoooooo...

At that moment, the howl of wolves broke the silence of the forest.

Everyone looked around in shock as they saw wolves emerge from both sides of the forest.

Their bodies were much bigger than that of ordinary wolves.

There were nine on the left and another nine on the right.

What made the sight more terrifying was that each wolf had a man riding on top. They were dressed in black with a mask covering their faces. All that could be seen were their bloodthirsty eyes.

These eighteen men had crossbows and guns slung behind their backs. In their hands, were grenades, military blades, daggers, and other types of advanced weaponry.

They formed the Cavalry Regiment of the God of War and were the nightmare of enemies on the battlefield.

Every single one of them could defeat a thousand men.

At the sight of all eighteen men, the morale of the three thousand men was sapped.

Confusion started to reign among them as they looked towards their sides.

Since when do men ride on wolves? We have never heard of it before.

“What are you panicking for? Attack!” Scott bellowed.

“Remember, kill everyone who stands in your way!”

Scott’s encouragement managed to set alight the flames of his men’s fighting spirit.

With three thousand men, there’s no need for them to be afraid.

Could this eighteen men really stop them?

Owoooooo...

At that moment, all the wolves let out a long howl before commencing their attack.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As all eighteen wolves charged down the hills, the ground rumbled with a thunderous roar.

Smashing into the three thousand troops, the wolves easily mowed down many of them, throwing the troops into disarray.

“Argh!” Cries of agony were heard throughout.

Meanwhile, the other nine groups of Scott’s men were fast approaching North Hampton.

Screech!

Suddenly, the lead car jammed its brakes and caused the whole convoy to stop.

There was a group of men standing right in front, they were all dressed in the same uniform.

They wore military green tank tops, similarly colored pants, and black battle boots.

However, they were all unarmed and were obviously the Dragon Legion under Alfie’s command.

They, too, were split into nine battalions to stop the enemy.

Alfie’s orders to them were simple – it was to complete the mission with their bare hands.

It caused the beast-like group to cheer fervently as they had not battled in months.

Despite seeing Alfie’s troops, Scott’s men were not deterred.

“How dare they block our way unarmed. Brother-in-arms, let’s kill them all!”

As Scott’s men drew their swords, they marched towards Alfie and his troops.

From their perspective, it didn't matter how well Alfie's men could fight. Bare fists could never beat cold steel.

Today, they were about to be chopped into minced meat. It would be the same for all the other eight groups.

As all of Alfie's men attacked, both sides quickly clashed.

Soon, cries of anguish filled the air.

Meanwhile, Typhoon had reached within five meters of White Tiger.

Boom!

Suddenly, Typhoon picked up speed and charged forward, generating a blast of air behind him.

The leaves on the ground were blown back while two deep-set footprints could be seen where he just stood.

Swoosh!

Coming out of nowhere, a black and gold dagger emerged in his hands.

Boom!

The moment the dagger appeared, it set off a strong gale. The wind would sting anyone it came into contact with, as it could cut like a blade.

Typhoon's form was perfect in terms of its angle, power, and speed when he thrust his dagger forward.

He resolutely wanted his strike to draw blood.

