

The Protector Chapter 616

Levi instantly understood what was going on.

This was a bodyguard that the Black family had hired to keep him from interacting with Zoey.

“Are you sure you can stop me?” He chuckled.

Sylas simply glared coldly. “I’m not even scared of fighting to the death on the battlefield, much less someone like you.”

She had already thought of 34 ways to get Levi under control.

To her, a commoner like him had no chance against her.

It was kind of a waste of her talent to send her after someone as plain as this.

Levi was taken aback for a second before grinning as he asked, “Oh, you served in the army before?”

“Yes.” Sylas nodded.

“In which warzone?”

He looked at Sylas a little more closely and noticed the soldier-like rage that seemed to surround her like an aura.

It was almost murderous.

She had definitely killed enemies on the battlefield before.

She must be a pro!

Sylas would normally not pay attention to someone like Levi.

However, Meredith had commanded for her to keep him away from Zoey at all costs.

Sylas decided to get rid of him once and for all so she could worry about one less thing.

“Well, I just defeated the Tiger Squad of the West warzone about a month ago! In my three years as a soldier, I’ve killed 277 people.”

As Sylas bragged about her body count, her eyes glinted murderously.

She wanted to scare the wits out of Levi.

She hadn’t expected for him to be completely undeterred.

Levi asked, “Oh, you’re one of that little punk Ezra’s soldiers?”

When Sylas heard him say Chief Williamson’s name, she was surprised.

He knows Chief Williamson?

Chief Williamson was the commander-in-chief of the West warzone!

He was an idol to many soldiers of the West, second only to the God of War.

But most commoners wouldn’t even know of Chief Williamson’s power.

The West warzone was on the frontlines, after all.

How could someone in South City know about him?

Wait, what did he just call Chief Williamson? Little punk?

Once she finally came to her senses, Sylas was practically radiating anger.

She was pissed.

How could he call Chief Williamson a 'little punk' so casually?

How rude!

Sylas glared at Levi as if she wanted to wring the life from him. "What did you just call Chief Williamson?"

"A little punk. Why?" Levi answered nonchalantly.

He had been the one to personally train Ezra and send the latter to the West after all.

Is it wrong for me to call him a little punk?

To Sylas, however, it became extremely disrespectful.

How dare Levi insult the invincible war god of the west?

He had to die!

"How dare you treat him with such disrespect! Apologize immediately!" Sylas roared.

Levi frowned. "What did I do? Why should I apologize?"

“You insulted Chief Williamson! You have no right to call someone like him a little punk! Apologize now!” Sylas pressed on.

Levi scoffed coldly. “Even if Ezra were right in front of me, I’d still call him a little punk! In fact, he’d be perfectly happy about it, so who are you to stop me?”

Levi was practically Ezra’s master and role model.

With just one word, Ezra would destroy entire villages and burn down forests for Levi.

If he called Ezra a little punk to his face, the latter would be happy for the rest of the week, probably.

Sylas was just getting angrier and angrier.

“I’ve already left the army and no longer wish to have any blood on my hands, so don’t push me. Are you going to apologize?” Sylas asked in a low voice.

Levi was already dead in her eyes.

Levi just chuckled. “I did nothing wrong, so no. I won’t.”

He was feeling speechless.

Ezra was pretty good if he could create such an amazing female soldier.

She’d have been even more amazing if she could use her brain properly, though.

Since he dared to call Ezra a ‘little punk’, shouldn’t she have figured out his relationship with Ezra?