

The Protector Chapter 655

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As hundreds of men were shouting, they were all slamming their heads onto the ground, to the extent that blood was oozing out of their foreheads.

What made it more shocking was that they had been kneeling there for three whole days.

Ever since the news of Jacky Lawson's death spread, the men began to gather in front of the villa.

They were all Jacky's fellow disciples of the same master.

Their master does have the intention to head for South City, but it just wasn't the right time yet as he was still in the midst of his solitary meditation.

But now that Jacky was dead, his fellow disciples could wait no longer.

Hence, they were pleading with their master to end his mediation earlier.

Sigh!

Suddenly a loud sigh was heard from within the villa.

The hundreds of disciples who heard it began to feel excited.

Their faces which were previously pale with despair were now glowing brilliantly.

Creak!

In the next moment, the villa's door slowly opened.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Suddenly, two rows of bodyguards dressed in red marched out.

Upon their clothes, the word "Heimler" was embroidered onto it.

After that, an old man surrounded by a group of six bodyguards emerged.

All six of them were wearing masks and were dressed exactly like the two men Jacky had brought with him.

The old man was wearing a white robe and did not look any different from any other men of his age. His eyes were cloudy and he had an unsteady gait, as if the wind could cause him to fall anytime.

"All hail the master!"

The hundreds of disciples chanted.

All of their faces were filled with respect and admiration.

"Is Jacky really done for?" The old man asked in a trembling voice.

"Master, Jacky will be staying in South City forever and is never coming back," his disciples answered.

Upon hearing the news, the old man looked up and heaved a long sigh.

Throughout his life, his disciples numbered in the hundreds if not the thousands.

Even for many of his current students, he didn't even remember their names.

However, amongst all of them, Jacky was his favorite.

In fact, he was training Jacky to be his heir given that he had no sons.

Or else, he wouldn't have sent Jacky on such an important assignment such as taking over South City.

Two days ago, he had just spoken to Jacky who reassured him that everything was going well and that South City's underworld had been wiped out.

However, not long after that, he received the news of Jacky's death.

"Who killed him?" The old man demanded.

"Master, it was the current leader of South City's underworld, Hades. He is the current champion and record holder of the Deathmatch championships."

"Therefore, we have not taken any action yet and have been waiting for you to finish your meditation," the students replied.

"I can't believe that South City has such a formidable warrior. Jacky has died in vain indeed!" the old man lamented.

"Master, don't worry, once we combine all our strength, we can seek revenge for Jacky."

"Yeah! we shall not rest until we have avenge Jacky!" the hundreds of disciples chanted in unison.

"Where is his body?" The old man looked toward the crowd.

At that, the crowd fell silent as no one showed any concern as to what befell the body after his death, to the extent it was likely still left in South City.

Witnessing their silence, the old man was infuriated.

“You keep harping on about revenge and yet you didn’t even bother to bring his body back!”

The old man’s voice thundered through the crowd and was a big contrast to his feeble demeanor.

The next moment, the hundreds of disciples trembled in fear and bowed their heads on the ground.

They were so terrified that every one of them was drenched in cold sweat.

Their master was furious. They knew what would follow will be earth-shattering due to his terrifying identity.

Once his identity was revealed, the whole of southern Erudia would be quaking in their boots.