

# The Protector Chapter 840

There were several weapons concealed inside.

His arsenal included a pistol, SMG, sniper rifle and even a rocket launcher.

He also had a dagger, a katana and other secret gadgets.

These had all been prepared by the Jones family.

They had discreetly swapped the empty case for the one full of weapons with him at the airport.

Assassin 47 went through his supplies. When he was done, he smiled broadly.

He was clearly satisfied with the provided resources.

In a flash, he stabbed a dagger through a picture on the wall.

The person in the punctured photo was Levi Garrison.

Assassin 47 locked his gaze onto the photo as the corner of his lip curled upward malevolently.

Levi was nothing but another prey to him.

He fished out a phone and dialed a number. "I'm here. The target will be taken care of tonight! Wire the money over now!" Assassin 47 barked curtly.

"Understood!"

Tyler, who was on the other side of the call, immediately transferred ten million into Assassin 47's offshore account.

He made payment before the job was done as he had unquestionable faith in the man's abilities.

Moreover, the killer had a reputation he needed to uphold and his own rules to live by, one of which included payment upfront.

In the close to two thousand targets he had encountered, none had managed to escape him.

These reasons allowed Tyler to trust him wholly.

Once Assassin 47 checked that the money had arrived in his account, he destroyed the phone.

He had to obliterate any connection between himself and the Jones family.

This was the terrifying reality of being a top assassin.

After killing the target, one had to evaporate into thin air.

Naturally, an assassin cannot be traced to his employer.

Even if he died during the job, his employers would remain anonymous.

Being the King of Assassins, this man could accomplish this better than anyone.

His competence was what justified such exorbitant fees.

Regardless of the target, he never missed.

Assassin 47 carved the image of Levi into his mind and proceeded to burn the picture.

He neatly separated the weapons, concealing each one on his person. Only the rocket launcher was left to be hand-carried.

Then, he picked up his bag, slung it over his back and popped a piece of gum into his mouth. His eyes glowed with deadly intent.

With a few steps, he strode into the blanket of darkness.

*Levi dies tonight!*

Levi was still ignorant of the impending danger.

He was at the hospital tonight.

Azure Dragon had just delivered Fredrick Greg from the Northern Region.

“God of War!” Fredrick respectfully and enthusiastically greeted him.

“Thank you for coming,” Levi replied.

“Fredrick, I asked you here for a private favor. Sorry for the trouble.”

Fredrick wiped tears away from his eyes and smiled. “God of War, my life is in your hands. Please don’t hold back and ask away.”

“Okay then. Please come this way to see the patient!”

Levi was about to lead Fredrick into the ward when they were blocked.

“Who are you? A doctor? A doctor from where? Why have you come to our hospital?”