

# Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1166

“Hahaha... You’re about to find out what separates you and me, maggot!” Curtis snorted.

“Do it, Curtis! Bring him to his knees!” Eldora screeched.

The top scion in Oakland City had headlined the pecking order in the Oakland City’s Heir Leaderboard for eight years running, and his martial prowess had only gone from strength to strength during this time.

In short, Curtis was now practically untouchable.

Thus, to the Stuart family, Azure Dragon was already a dead man walking.

“Your wish for death will be granted!”

Curtis was instantly upon Azure Dragon in a single powerful stride.

He threw out a savage fist in a bid to finish his older brother in a single blow, but his expression changed when Azure Dragon managed to avoid it completely.

All present watched with bated breath once the fight commenced proper...

The haughtiness on the faces of the Stuart family turned to astonishment and then shock as the battle ensued...

About a hundred rounds in, one of the fighters was suddenly sent flying.

*Bang!*

His opponent closed in with pace and smashed a devastating blow into him in mid-air, sending him hurtling down into the ground.

*Bang!*

The downed man crashed heavily and left an imprint of concentric cracks upon the blue tiles at the point of impact.

When everyone looked over, they were stunned because the man lying on the floor was none other than Curtis.

Curtis was soaked in blood and bearing an untold extent of damage to his bones. At that moment, his body was quivering uncontrollably, and incredulity was apparent in his eyes.

*Shocking!*

*Utterly shocking!*

No one could have foreseen how formidable Azure Dragon would become. Nor could anyone have predicted that he would be able to best Curtis.

The looks on Basil, Ansel, and Eldora's faces were a picture of shock.

And then there was silence all around.

*How did Azure Dragon grow to be so strong?*

*Did he not languish in prison for eight years?*

"You were my worst fear, Curtis, but not anymore. At one point, I did think consider you the strongest ever. But I've realized how low I've set the bar once I've stepped onto the battlefield!" Azure Dragon laughed.

"Battlefield? Weren't you supposed to be behind bars?" asked a bewildered Eldora.

"When there's a will, there's a way. I was selected to join the special forces while I was serving out my sentence. You may not be aware, but now I'm known as – The Azure Dragon, King of War."

“What!”

“King of War?”

The faces of his family changed drastically.

“And standing here before you is my boss, the God of War, and a few of my friends, Kirin...”

The Stuarts stood shell-shocked as Azure Dragon went down the line introducing the companions beside him.

*Thud!*

A mournful Eldora fell onto her knees in front of Azure Dragon and clutched his legs. “I was in the wrong, Indigo. Please forgive me for this once! In all these years, I’ve never stopped thinking about us! If you are willing, we could go back to the way we were and spend the rest of our lives together!”

“Son, Mom and I did not do right by you. We should not have remained silent!”

“Grandpa made a mistake, my boy. I shall reinstate you as heir. Grandpa had been a fool!”

“Uncle had treated you unjustly, Indigo!”

Azure Dragon remained silent throughout their remonstrating.

Against the overwhelming influence and martial prowess possessed by Azure Dragon today, the attitudes of the members of his estranged family shifted drastically as they variously sought penance for themselves.

Levi had seen too many of their types to be impressed.

He and the others departed from the Stuart residence and left Azure Dragon to resolve his own personal affairs.

The day’s headlines rocked Oakland City.

News broke that Indigo Stuart, who went to prison in place of his younger brother, returned home to subdue the Stuart family and even defeated the top scion, Curtis, himself.

With Azure Dragon's affairs settled, it was time for Levi to turn his attention onto his own.

"Are you ready for me now, Garrisons?"

Levi's eyes darkened with cold intent.

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"Have you got what I've asked for, Kirin?" Levi asked.

"Yes, God of War, it is en-route and should arrive in Oakland City shortly!" Kirin replied.

Levi was about to proceed with his next move when he was interrupted by a call.

He saw that it came from Abigail.

"Hey Abigail. How did you find out about my new number?" Levi asked in surprise.

"I got to know about it through Mr. Quinton!"

Abigail had been in regular contact with Benny since her arrival in Oakland City.

"What's up?"

"Could you come and pick me up, Levi? I'm in a spot of trouble! Have to hang up now. Please come find me..." Abigail sounded a little harried.

Levi's expression grew somber. "Get a lock on her location, Phoenix!"

Instantly, Phoenix got to work and soon had her position.

She was at Dynasty Manor, a place frequented by the most affluent and influential in Oakland City.

Dynasty Manor had been fully reserved by a wealthy scion for the evening to host a prestigious gathering. The guest list included young gentlemen and ladies in the same league as himself.

Several dozen cars were parked by the entrance, and they featured a comprehensive collection of many limited editions of the top-tiered models lined up amongst them. The value of the hardware congregated there was worth more than a combined two billion.

The organizer for the event was Conrad, the second scion of the Garcia family – the second most illustrious of Erudia’s ancient families.

His guests were sons and daughters of the various imperial and royal families in Oakland City.

Even Jerry himself had to grace the occasion, for an invitation from an imperial scion was hard to turn down.

The subject of interest amongst the guests was naturally the affair at the Stuarts.

“Never thought that the bigwig on the Heir Leaderboard could have been defeated by Indigo Stuart, a man who spent the last eight years in prison!”

“With the top dog defeated, the Oakland City hierarchy has been upset. Whoever is in second place must be fretting!”

“We’re counting on you to hold the fort, Mr. Gott!” the assembly bantered.

Jerry smiled. “You all know I’ve never cared for these things. What difference does it make who’s ahead and who’s behind in the rankings?”

“I get the sinking feeling that something major is going down in Oakland City. First was God of War challenging Asura. Then there was Indigo Stuart stomping on his family. Now there’s the matter of Levi Garrison! Rumor has it that he is planning to go to the Garrison clan...” someone said.

“Indeed. Many things have been happening lately. But could Levi Garrison’s business be considered major? After all, he’s a cowardly good-for-nothing who’s unworthy of our attention!” The smile on Jerry’s lips belied the glint of coldness in his eyes.

"Be quiet now. Mr. Garcia's here!"

The room fell silent as a strapping youth strode through.

It was Conrad – a scion of the ancient Garcia family and one of the top sitting members in the Heir Leaderboards.

Next to him was a girl, unknown to all of the rich and powerful in Oakland City except for Levi.

She was Abigail Rogers.

Conrad beamed a broad smile at his guests. "Today, we are gathered here for two reasons. Firstly, for us to discuss the matter of Curtis's defeat, and secondly, to hear a personal announcement with regards to myself."

The assembly looked at him in eager anticipation.

Jerry asked, "Has it anything to do with your future happiness?"

He inferred it from the presence of Abigail.

"Yes, Jerry. It is as you say. This is indeed a moment of great joy for me!"

Conrad glanced at the woman beside him. "I've decided to marry this young lady Abigail!"

"Huh? Aren't you already married with children, Mr. Garcia? How are you to marry again?" someone thought aloud.

It was common knowledge that Conrad had enough children to almost lose count of them, and marriage into the ancient family was no frivolous matter.

Conrad laughed. "It's going to be a concubinage. I wish to make Abigail my concubine!"

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"What?" The attendees gasped.

Even though those present were of noble descent, polygamy was a thing of the past. Not even current prominent members of the imperial and ancient families partook in it.

Confidants were tolerated, but there was to be only one woman who would be granted a recognized status.

It followed that no one could be accorded the title of concubine and no exception could be made even for one such as Tyrone Garrison.

However, none present dared voice their protestations against this scion of an ancient family.

Ultimately, Conrad had a reputation as a notorious libertine.

No one knew for certain how many young lives were ruined at the hands of The Casanova of Oakland City, who was also known as the ultimate lady killer, over the years.

His body count of female conquests might have numbered in the five to six hundred, with many of being underage when they had fallen prey to him.

More than a few also have vanished right after he took them away. Neither their person nor a cadaver had been found since.

As Conrad was a true deviant, his decision to take on a concubine came as no big surprise.

When Abigail came to Oakland City to work under the employ of the Garcia family, she had unexpectedly caught the eye of Conrad, who then forcibly wanted to make a concubine of her.

Abigail was at her wit's end until she heard that Levi was in town. She spent the better part of the day deliberating whether to call him before she eventually did.

"Congratulations on your new acquisition, Mr. Garcia! We would be looking forward to sharing a toast with you at your wedding!" The first to come forward was Jerry.

"Congratulations, Mr. Garcia!" And the others followed as soon as they stirred from their stupor.

All they could have offered Abigail was their unspoken sympathies.

*Yet another fine young woman to fall victim to Conrad Garcia.*

"My thanks to all of you for your well wishes. I hope to see all of you there at my wedding!" Conrad was riding on a high.

He could hardly contain himself as he gazed lasciviously upon the coquettish yet innocent Abigail.

The scion of the Garcias did not actually need to grant any formalized status to Abigail.

That was before he found out that Abigail's older sister was Dale Lehman's adopted daughter.

Taking her by force might spell trouble for him given her extended connections; hence, his decision to opt for concubinage.

That way, he could openly lay his hands on Abigail without leaving cause for opposition.

"Is the young lady willing, though?" Just then, a voice rang out amidst the bustle.

All of those present turned their heads. The owner of the voice was none other than Martin "Madman" Preston himself.

No one had expected his presence there, as he was better known as a lunatic than a ranking scion in the eyes of the public.

"I'm never one to take no for an answer! Whatever I fancy will be mine to have!"

Conrad was as brash and arrogant as they come.

After that, he regarded Abigail. "She will be mine so long as I desire her. Who dares stand in my way?"

The scion certainly had the capital to do as he pleased since the Garcia family pandered to his every whim, and his father was extremely protective of him within reason.

He, too, enjoyed the favor of his uncle-in-law, Tyrone Garrison, and his cousin, Damien.

With the convenience of always having someone available to clean up after him, Conrad could always afford to act without hesitation nor fear of consequences.

"You are making a mistake with this one, Conrad! Do you have any idea who she is?" Martin asked.

"Of course I do. Her sister is the adopted daughter of Mr. Lehman! Even he should have nothing to say if I were to take her as my concubine!" Conrad stated calmly.

"Haha, is that so? I'd reckon that you would be courting death if you tried!" Martin laughed heartily.

Nonetheless, Conrad was naturally undeterred.

"Hahaha, who else could I not afford to offend? In that case, I shall take her as my concubine before this day ends. And we shall see who is there to stand in my way!" he trumpeted.

Martin merely shook his head in response.

But this time, the Casanova of Oakland City was to meet his foil.

*Bang!*

The doors slammed violently against the walls upon a potent strike of someone's foot.

"He got that right. Abigail is not someone you could afford to mess with!"

A chilling voice was carried by the shockwaves riding across the room.

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All eyes were zoned in on the silhouette that appeared at the entrance of the hallway.

None recognized the male stranger who had appeared save for Jerry, whose face turned pallid upon seeing him.

*It's Levi Garrison!*

Martin smirked as he slinked away into a corner to spectate the events to unfold.

"And who the hell might you be?" Conrad challenged.

"Levi, you are here!" Abigail ran towards Levi the moment she saw him.

"What's happening here?" Levi asked.

Conrad took a step forward. "Let me give it to you straight. Abigail is to become my concubine!"

Abigail nodded furiously in affirmation of his general summary of the situation.

"Why in the world is anyone taking concubines in this day and age? Who granted permission for this?" Levi glared.

Conrad retained his haughty demeanor. "Do you even know who I am? I am the beloved scion of the Garcia family and wield the favor of the head of the Garrisons, the top ancient family. Whose permission would I need to do what I want?"

“Does that mean you are not going to seek anyone’s consent as well?” Levi asked.

Conrad chortled. “Of course not. What I want is mine to have. What use have I for anyone’s consent?”

Hearing his reply, Levi was amused.

*Without regard for common decency nor the rule of law.*

*A truly irrepressible tyrant!*

*No wonder Abigail needed my help to save herself from this menace.*

Conrad lowered his gaze to scrutinize Levi from his elevated position. “Listen here, boy. I don’t care who or what you are. Abigail will become my concubine, and there’s not a damn thing you can do about it!”

“Oh, is that so? Then I have this to say – Whoever who would attempt to force Abigail to do anything against her will get no quarter from me!” Levi toughened his stance.

“You wouldn’t want to stick your nose into Mr. Garcia’s business, Levi. It would be best if you left quickly!” Jerry stood up suddenly and spoke.

“What did you say? Levi... Levi Garrison?” Conrad asked.

The others turned and looked in Levi’s direction.

“You heard it right. This is Levi Garrison himself!”

Jerry’s introduction had everyone else on their feet.

Though they had never seen the man in person, they had certainly heard of his name.

“He’s here in Oakland City?”

The masses were bewildered as they regarded him warily.

*It's him – the dishonorable progeny of the Garrison family who abandoned his mother and wife to save his own skin!*

“You're unfit to call yourself a man, Levi. The gall of you to even show your face around here!”

“I'd wish for no better than to throttle you to death!”

“You inhuman, cowardly good-for-nothing! You are a disgrace to all of Erudia!”

Levi listened in silence as the barrage of cusses exploded upon him like an ignited barrel of gunpowder.

“Get out of here, Levi, and Mr. Garcia may spare you your life yet!” Jerry prompted advised of him.

“Mr. Gott is a true gentleman. Looking out even for his bitter rival!”

“Only you are fit for Zoey. Not this sorry excuse for a man!” Those assembled chorused in praise for Jerry.

A peculiar glint flashed across Jerry's eyes.

Unwavering by their comments, Levi smiled. “Fine. I can leave. But Abigail comes with me!”

“No! Abigail must remain and become my concubine! Since this has become public knowledge, would it not be a cause for embarrassment for me to allow her she to leave?” Conrad howled.

“Then all the more reason for me to take her! Woe be to whoever gets in my way!” Levi declared with blood-lust in his eyes.

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“You are begging for death, boy!”

“Who dares threaten Mr. Garcia? Are you tired of living?”

Up stepped two men – Cosimo Cuvier and Clarence Trent.

They were sons of the imperial families, variously the ninth and tenth ranking scions in the city.

Both of them were lifelong practitioners of martial arts and highly competent exponents.

“Clear out!” Levi warned.

“Get him!” Conrad commanded at the same time.

Cosimo and Clarence then simultaneously rushed towards Levi.

Bang!

Bang!

Levi pivoted on one foot and lashed out with the other, sending the two men flying back in the opposite direction.

Crack!

Crack!

The loudness of the fighting juxtaposed against the silence of the crowd.

The two young men crashed through several tables before falling heavily onto the ground, followed by their briefly quivering bodies before they lost consciousness.

As those awful sounds died down, the stillness of the air engulfed the entire room.

The masses were stunned as no one knew Levi could fight...

What was even least expected was how well he was able to manage against the ninth and tenth ranking scions, who were both martial Extraordinaires in their own rights.

Jerry and Conrad's jaws hit the deck.

"Hmm. The boy has got some moves. But do you have any idea who you just laid your hands on? They are sons of the imperial family! You are done for! Finished!" Conrad pointed a finger at Levi as he directed his rage towards him.

"Of all of the people you could have beaten up, you had to choose them! You're in big trouble now, Levi!" Jerry yelled.

It certainly spelled no end for trouble for anyone who dared to manhandle the offspring of the imperial families. It was no news that the prominent families were infamous for how protective they were of their own.

Levi Garrison snickered. "What's that about them? That they are untouchable? Then I would love for nothing more than to give them imperials a good whopping!"

Conrad was about to throw a fit at Levi's repeated provocations.

There was no way he could stomach this transgression.

"Move, or I'll give you a taste of this too!" Levi raised a tightened fist steadily as he eyeballed Conrad.

"Bring it on then, if you dare!"

Conrad was too used to having his way and reckoned no one in Oakland City would ever think of laying a finger on him.

“All of you shall bear witness that it was he himself who asked for a good spanking!”

Levi's foot raised the moment his voice fell and drove itself into his opponent's left leg.

Crack!

With another bone splintering sound, Conrad was brought to kneel before Levi.

Bang!

Crack!

Once, twice. Levi's struck out again with his right foot.

Crack!

Crack!

These follow-up blows landed unerringly on either side of Conrad and took out both of his arms.

“Arrgh...”

Conrad's bloodcurdling scream echoed through the hall.

He is maimed!

All four of his limbs were broken!

That's brutal!

This is insanely cruel!

All present were shell-shocked.

Has he gone mad?

He dared cripple Conrad Garcia?

Levi Garrison is really in for it this time!

No way he is going to get away with this!

“Mr. Garcia...”

Those who are able to react rushed to the side of the fallen man.

“Have you lost it, Levi? Is there anyone you won’t strike at? This is the scion of the second most prominent ancient family in Erudia!” Jerry shouted.

“You are done for! If you could live past today, I would take after your name!”

“Don’t you dare dream about leaving. You will die here this day!”

There was pandemonium as the masses of privileged young men and women joined in the reprimanding.

The spoiled youngsters then pulled out their phones to call upon the elders of their various families for help.

Unexpectedly for everyone, things had gone way out of control.

If the Garcia family came seeking answers, no one there would be able to evade responsibility.

Within a short frame of time, sixteen of the imperial families and thirty-two of the royal families in Oakland City were mobilized. With that, the heads of the families were on their way to the Dynasty Manor with their best fighters in tow.

It was as though the city had been turned upside down overnight.

This was something at a different level as the primary casualty was the scion of the second most prominent ancient family.

“You’ve a lot to answer for today, Levi!”

Everyone’s eyes were locked onto the lone figure who stood apart from everyone else.

He then pulled up a chair and settled himself down. "Good. Let them come so that we may resolve this once and for all."