

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1251

“Levi... Levi Garrison... H-How are y-you still...” Ichiro had completely lost his marbles.

His voice was shaking so much that he could barely finish a sentence.

With his body convulsing in terror, it seemed that he was about to collapse any moment.

In the meantime, Yuta’s face darkened in fear and anger. “It’s you! Levi Garrison! How in the world are you still alive!” He growled.

Hicc!

The samurais at the scene gasped, their faces turning pale.

Just when they thought that they had survived the worst crisis that struck their lands, they were met with the man of their nightmares – Levi Garrison.

He was not only a man who came back from the dead, but their greatest enemy who had humiliated their country fifty years ago.

The samurais of Raysonia had so much hatred for Levi that they carved his face deep into their minds so that they would never forget about their ultimate foe.

Killing Levi Garrison became the top priority for every samurai in Raysonia.

It was like a mission ingrained into their souls.

However, upon seeing Levi standing before them, their immense fury quickly turned into confusion and fear.

Is he a ghost?

Many had that speculation in mind.

After all, they had seen his dead body with their very own eyes.

And yet, he had somehow come back to life.

How preposterous!

“No, no. He is Levi Garrison! Levi Garrison did not die! I get it! He sent The Calamity!” Ichiro was the first to grasp the situation.

He also caught on the fact that Levi had become the master of The Calamity.

“What? He’s the master of The Calamity?” Yuta exclaimed, his eyes widening.

When The Calamity first appeared, everyone was so sure that they came to power because of Levi’s death.

But, who would have known, that in reality, Levi Garrison was the one in command of The Calamity!

Piece by piece, past events were starting to add up.

The disappearance of the Harbinger of Death, the series of actions taken by The Calamity, and the recent deaths were all linked to the man – Levi Garrison.

It was obvious by then, that Levi was seeking revenge.

Everything finally made sense right then and there.

After their long wait for The Calamity to arrive, Levi Garrison finally showed up at their doors instead.

“Kill them!” Levi gave his command.

The North Sky Lord immediately sprang into action.

He hurled himself into the crowd, slashing the heads off his enemies.

The samurais did not want to give up just yet, and they dashed towards the North Sky Lord, fighting with all their might.

“No matter how many times you come back from the dead, we’ll come after you all the same!” Yuta and Ichiro cried out, pulling out their longswords.

On the battlefield, the samurais fought the North Sky Lord, while the ultimate class warriors focused their attacks on Levi.

Soon, the fight came to a closure.

Not even a single samurai survived the battle with the North Sky Lord, with their corpses lying a gruesome pool of blood on the ground.

Meanwhile, Yuta and Ichiro were also at wits’ end as their longswords were ruthlessly shattered by Levi.

The next thing they knew, Levi was holding them by their necks and lifting them above the ground.

With their eyes filled with fear and dread, they yelled, “Levi, no matter how strong you are, you’ll never be able to kill Tenichi.”

“You won’t even make it out of Raysonia alive! Let me tell you that!”

Little did they know that those were their last words...

“Too bad you two won’t be around to see that!”

Following that, Levi smashed the two bodies together forcibly. Blood splattered all over the place, and all that remained of the two ultimate class fighters was a horrid pile of human flesh.

“Two gone. One left. Watanabe Tenichi, just you wait!” Levi smirked coldly.

And so, the hunt for Watanabe Tenichi began.

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Within the Great Family of Frostford, which was the backbone of Sampson Finch, Watanabe Tenichi was one of the most talented individuals.

Though Levi had never fought Tenichi personally, he had heard quite a lot of rumors.

Watanabe Tenichi was the famous military strategist of Raysonia.

“Those two seemed to have waited for us to show up at their doors. They were completely unprepared! This is probably just a distraction for Tenichi to buy more time to set up traps!” The North Sky Lord said.

Levi pursed his lips and said, “Oh, I’ll let him do what he wants for now. I’ll be able to hunt him down anyways.”

Meanwhile, a total of three thousand samurais, including god class warriors, had gathered at the Military Division.

For the sake of safeguarding his own life, Tenichi decided to play every last one of his trump cards.

He even had Kawasaki Zando, the Great Grandmaster of Raysonia, on his side.

Tenichi was confident about the upcoming battle.

"By the way, any news from Yuta?" He asked.

"Nothing for now! Based on the information gathered by our spies, The Calamity has yet to make a move," his subordinate replied.

"Is The Calamity really coming?" Demon Blade, who was sitting on a futon, snarled.

"Yes, yes! I am quite certain of it!" Tenichi said firmly.

"This is our chance to move up the ranks once more! If we can defeat or even destroy The Calamity in this battle, we'll be able to show the world just how formidable we are!" He continued.

Demon Blade squinted his eyes and said, "Well, let them come. I'll just kill them all for the sake of the Raysonian Bushido!"

With those words, Tenichi felt more reassured than ever.

All the fear and apprehension that he felt were dispelled.

Oh, they better show up...

Even so, minutes ticked by, but they received no updates on the whereabouts of The Calamity.

Yuta and Ichiro were also nowhere to be found.

"What if something bad happened to them?" Someone among them said.

Boom!

At that exact moment, a thundering rumble reverberated throughout the manor.

The stone gates of the Military Division, which weighed five tons, crumbled into pieces in the blink of an eye.

Someone had kicked them down from outside.

Bam! Whoosh!

Before anyone could react, the entire Military Division was shaking, as if an earthquake had hit the area. Ripples began forming uncontrollably in the artificial lake within the manor.

“Someone’s coming!”

All of the samurais who were on standby quickly stood up and got into position, staring intently at the doors of the room.

Kawasaki Zando, who had been meditating with his eyes closed, suddenly opened his eyes, looking battle-ready.

Bang!

Bang!

Two unidentified projectiles flew across the room at lightning speed.

Clink!

Clank!

Clink!

The samurais on the first line of defense responded swiftly, deflecting and slashing through the projectiles.

“What in the world? Yuta? Ichiro?”

When the samurais finally took a closer look at the supposed projectiles shot at them, they froze on the spot, in utter shock and terror.

Those were not projectiles; those were the flesh and bones of Yamamoto Yuta and Mitsui Ichiro!

Tenichi’s face turned pale as a sheet.

So those two have already fallen...

Is that how powerful The Calamity really is?

Two ultimate class warriors, fighting alongside thousands of samurais and god class warriors. And yet, they were brutally slaughtered like this?

Demon Blade narrowed his eyes.

Pursing his lips into a cold smile, he seemed to be rather amused by the turn of events.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

There was a shuffle of footsteps approaching the room.

Each of the footsteps sounded like the beat of a drum, building up the tension in the room in a steady crescendo.

The silhouettes of two men could be seen.

“Two men?” Someone pointed out.

“Am I seeing things? Two men trying to fight against us? Here in the Military Division?”
Another said.

The samurais in the room were completely dumbfounded by the odd turn of events.

Seriously? This is too absurd!

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Tenichi had seven ultimate class warriors guarding him!

And one of them is the formidable Demon Blade, who's the Great Grandmaster of Raysonia!

How dare The Calamity send out two fighters to fight us?

"Tenichi, be prepared to face my wrath!" A ruthless growl could be heard.

Levi knew that Tenichi was the mastermind behind his murder, alongside Sampson Finch.

Thus, his hatred toward him was no less than that for Sampson Finch.

Only with Tenichi's head in hand, would the souls of his dead brothers be appeased.

At that thought, a murderous aura emanated from him.

On the contrary, Tenichi's heart dropped with a thump.

Why is The Calamity so hell-bent on killing me?

His questions were quickly answered the very next moment when Levi strode into the room, glaring at him like a predator eyeing his prey.

"Levi... Levi Garrison... You're still alive?" Tenichi recognized him immediately.

It was only then that he finally connected the dots in his head and understood what was going on.

“So... so The Calamity is yours! And you’re the reason as to why I lost contact with Mr. Finch of the Great Family of Frostford, aren’t you?” Tenichi spluttered.

The others in the room looked rather appalled.

Nobody expected Levi to be the person behind all the recent turmoil and deaths.

No wonder those who were involved in scheming his murder were all hunted down! Tenichi thought to himself.

But this does not affect my plans in any way. I’ll just kill two birds with one stone.

Raysonia shall regain its dignity, and Raysonia’s greatest enemy shall be eliminated once again!

Levi responded indifferently, “You’re pretty smart, aren’t you? Sampson Finch has already gone to hell, and you’re going to be keeping him company!”

Tenichi eyeballed the North Sky Lord, who stood beside Levi. He donned a peculiar mask that looked like a horrendous mishmash of the faces of an angel and a demon. Tenichi chuckled, “Just the two of you, going against all of us?”

“Hmph, are you blind? Do you see anyone else here? Of course, it’s just the two of us!” The North Sky Lord stared at the samurais in the room with contempt.

He did not feel unnerved at all, even when faced with the menacing warriors in the room.

“Is he Levi Garrison?” Demon Blade spoke, pointing a finger.

“Yes, he is Levi Garrison! Formerly known as the God of War!” Tenichi promptly replied.

“Was he the one who brought humiliation to Raysonia five years ago? The one who disgraced the Raysonian Bushido?” Demon Blade snarled, his voice all raspy.

“Yes! Yes, it’s him!” Tenichi sounded hysterical.

My enemy!

Raysonia's enemy!

"Hmph, is that so? Then the last thing he shall witness before his death shall be the power of the Raysonian Bushido!" Kawasaki Zando rumbled.

He brandished his longsword, which had not seen daylight in fifty years.

Nevertheless, Levi ignored the two's chatter and turned to the rest of the people in the room. "I have come here today for the sole purpose of killing Watanabe Tenichi. The rest of you shall be spared if you leave the place now!" He yelled.

Levi was not a bloodthirsty monster who would kill just anyone.

He only had his eyes on his enemies.

However, if those who were innocent were to decide to stand in his way, he was prepared to slaughter them all.

"No way in hell!" A samurai shouted.

"You'll have to get past us first!"

"Nobody can touch our military strategist!"

"Protect our leader! Take down Levi Garrison! Restore our pride!" The samurais cried out in unison.

Each and every one of them seemed to have the determination to fight to their deaths.

For the people of Raysonia, Watanabe Tenichi was a beloved, well-respected leader.

He had the entire country on his side.

Just then, Demon Blade also responded, "You'll have to kill me first, if you want to even lay a finger on him. Of course, that is if you can!"

Levi snorted, "Oh, I'm so sorry then. But I think even god himself can't save him today! I shall end him right in front of your eyes!"

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"Try me!" Demon Blade bellowed.

His voice was deafening like thunder, echoing throughout the room.

How dare a young brat like that threaten me!

Nobody would have dared offend me the slightest fifty years ago, not even the ultimate class warriors!

Demon Blade finally lost his calm, as uncontrollable anger began to consume him.

You said that you'll kill him right in front of my eyes?

How preposterous!

You're the one who's dying today!

Demon Blade stood up. At that time, his eyes were sparkling like a lion that had been woken up from its slumber.

"Levi Garrison! I admit that you are no ordinary man. Indeed, you have come back from the dead and killed Sampson Finch, who had been an ultimate class warrior for twenty years," Tenichi said.

Upon hearing that, Demon Blade raised an eyebrow, his interest in his opponent growing.

It was common knowledge that the more years of experience that an ultimate class warrior had, the more powerful he would be.

That young brat defeated someone who had been an ultimate class warrior for twenty years?

And he's the fighter who single-handedly tarnished Raysonia's reputation? How interesting.

"However, the Raysonian Bushido has evolved exponentially over the last five years, and unlike last time, the great warrior, Demon Blade, is now fighting with us. Don't you dare underestimate our strengths now!" Tenichi continued.

He was feeling rather confident. In his head, Levi was definitely not making it out of Raysonia alive.

"Yes, that's right! Demon Blade has been an ultimate class fighter for almost a hundred years!" A samurai said.

"You can't win!"

Kawasaki Zando was actually older than Teneb Garrison, the Grandmaster of the Garrison clan.

Having been an ultimate class warrior for almost a hundred years, his strength was unimaginable.

In his eyes, the likes of Sampson Finch were no more than ordinary warriors.

"Hah... You're so going to die!" Levi was unmoved.

He was determined to take Tenichi's head no matter what.

"You want my head? Then come to me, at the peak of the Tower of the Sun," Tenichi said, laughing.

"I wish you all the best!" He taunted.

With that, he dashed towards the doors, along with Demon Blade and a few others.

“Don’t you dare!”

Clink!

Before Levi could go after them, samurais began crowding up around him, swinging their swords.

“You’ll have to get past us first!” They yelled.

“We won’t let you leave!”

The samurais were not backing down.

Soon, Tenichi and his men arrived at the peak of the Tower of the Sun.

Standing at a height of six hundred meters above the ground, the howling winds was all that they could hear.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The chilly winds felt like small blades, cutting across their faces and leaving a burning pain.

“Why did you choose to come here?” Kawasaki Zando asked.

“Don’t you think that it’ll be far more meaningful to end his life here? A victory on the highest peak of our country, which would signify Raysonia rising to power!” Tenichi replied.

“Secondly, him knowing that I’m here waiting for him would be a huge distraction which would affect his performance in battle. And lastly, this is my strategy to spot his weaknesses before we finally come face-to-face with him,” he continued.

Simply put, it was a strategy to ensure that Levi Garrison would die – a strategy to end his life at all costs!

Undoubtedly, Tenichi was a military strategist, not a warrior. Thus, he could not care less about playing it fair on the battlefields.

On the other hand, Kawasaki Zando was not bothered about Tenichi’s strategy at all.

All that he had in mind was manslaughter.

“I hope that he does come here.”

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Kawasaki Zando had hoped to engage in combat with the youngsters of Erudia. He wanted to see what they were truly made of.

Otherwise, he would've come out of solitude for nothing.

“Our Raysonian Bushido will be restored to its former glory! In fact, the news should come as no surprise. In less than half a day, it'll spread like wildfire and rock the world!”

Tenichi was also waiting eagerly for this moment to arrive.

If he could send Levi to his death on Raysonian soil, the glory would be insurmountable.

Meanwhile, both Levi and the North Sky Lord were cornered by thousands of people. The numbers were increasing still.

Including the group outside the Military Division, it was an army of five thousand strong.

Everyone waited with bated breath.

There was only one possible solution to undo the shame they had to endure five years ago, kill Levi.

"Begin!" came the order from Tenichi.

Levi and North Sky Lord shared a look before beginning their assault.

North Sky Lord charged into the battlefield like a hero with superhuman strength.

Instantly, he summoned a hundred-meter-tall shockwave that he sent hurtling into the oncoming crowd.

Boom!

The dense crowd was abruptly torn apart and scattered by this attack. Numerous casualties could be seen as the panicked troops struggled to move out of the way.

"Get out of my way, or perish!" bellowed Levi as he breached the opening created by North Sky Lord.

Levi eyed an adversary that was standing in his way. He threw a punch that sent the man flying into the crowd like a cannonball.

Bang!

That blow was devastating enough to knock more than a hundred men out of the way.

They lay there in a writhing mass, with plenty of broken bones. Levi clicked his tongue impatiently as he observed the next wave of enemies coming his way.

A battle cry was heard as a squad of more than a dozen God class warriors charged towards Levi with sabers in hand.

Slash!

Nobody could foresee what happened next.

Upon impact, the sabers broke. It was as if Levi's body was made of steel for it was completely impenetrable.

Levi nonchalantly dodged an attack that came from his right flank. He reached over and gently grabbed the katana of his opponent. With a plucking motion, Levi snapped the blade clean in half.

His opponent tried to escape, but it was too late. With a flick of his wrist, Levi tossed the blade into the person's body. Blood splattered all over the floor before the dead assailant crumpled to the ground with a dull thud.

Everyone was stunned. These were God class warriors! Seasoned fighters were being treated as if they were mere playthings!

The battalion started to sweat in their armor. How were they going to defeat Levi?

His expression, on the other hand, was one of indifference. The fight was nothing but a walk in the park for him.

He walked around the area leisurely despite being completely surrounded.

But North Sky Lord painted a completely different picture. He attacked like a vicious animal, sending thousands scattered in complete disarray.

The pair had two completely different combat styles. One was calm, and the other, wild.

However, they made a terrifying team. It was as if the demons from hell had risen to fight.

Each attack they unleashed maimed or killed anyone in their path.

In a short period of time, the grounds of the Military Division had turned into a mass grave. Piles of bodies were scattered throughout the courtyard.

The army of five thousand was no match for Levi or North Sky Lord.

Soon, the pair left the area with less than two thousand men attempting to stop their advance.

The troops were samurai, believers in the spirit of Bushido. Even with the odds against them, they would not back away without a fight.

"We kill!" came their cries as they rushed towards the pair.

North Sky Lord attacked again, with Levi following closely behind.

A crushing battle was currently being staged.

A mere five minutes had passed, and there was nobody left standing. Levi and North Sky Lord had successfully plowed through a battalion of more than one thousand strong.

The battle had left many wounded. Despite this, they still burned with the desire to stop Levi and North Sky Lord.

However, the severity of their injuries prevented them from getting up. The troops had no choice but to watch helplessly as they walked past them.

Five thousand seasoned warriors only managed to deter the pair for about ten minutes.

They were horrified. Those defeated were ultimate samurai masters, who, without a doubt, outclassed the thirty-thousand that Levi had fought five years ago.

This only showed how much power Levi had gained throughout the course of five years.

Now, he had even gained a powerful ally. He was practically invincible.

“Onward, to the Tower of the Sun!” yelled Levi, his eyes ablaze with a chilling glow.