

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1256

What Levi and North Sky Lord didn't realize was that the earlier battle had only been a taste of what was to come.

There may have been an army of five thousand at the Military Division's grounds, but that was only a fraction of the conscripted fighters.

Levi paused to survey the area and found that the real deterrent to hinder their progress lay outside the grounds.

The Tower of the Sun wasn't too far away from the Military Division, but they had to traverse a pathway spanning ten kilometers.

Warriors had been stationed throughout the way, and they were by no means unskilled.

They had been lying in wait, biding their time for a chance to attack.

All of them were men loyal to Tenichi, duty-bound to defend him with their lives.

This was all a part of Tenichi's plan. Even if the mob of warriors couldn't kill Levi, there was a chance they would overwhelm him instead.

Levi might not be dead, but he would at least be exhausted. Or so he thought.

In a grievous miscalculation, Tenichi failed to anticipate the true strength of his opponents.

The samurai he had positioned barely proved to be a hindrance to them at all.

The pair swept through their defenses with a crushing force, defeating any obstacle in their path.

Soon, nobody was left standing.

But the one thing that even Watanabe Tenichi himself did not expect was the sheer number of loyal men who showed up to stop Levi.

The entire pathway was dotted with no less than a hundred thousand samurai.

They all believe in the spirit of Bushido and were eager to fight.

Having heard that Watanabe Tenichi was in danger, they all rallied to his call, hoping for a chance to restore Raysonian Bushido to its former glory.

Samurai from all over came with a single purpose, to kill Levi Garrison.

It had been less than an hour, but it felt like an eternity had passed.

Soon, Levi and North Sky Lord arrived at the base of the Tower of the Sun.

Both men were drenched in enough blood to be mistaken for corpses, but the blood did not belong to them.

So far, all hundred thousand men they encountered on their way to the Tower of the Sun had been defeated. The bodies piled high, with the stench of blood and warfare filling the air.

Throughout the region, the wails of defeated samurai were heard. It was a sorrowful lament of shame and anguish.

This was an even bigger smear on Raysonian Bushido, worse than the colossal embarrassment they had to endure five years ago.

Not even one hundred thousand samurai could stop the two of them.

If news of the fight were to spread, it would've been named the Battle of Gods.

The Master of The Calamity, as well as North Sky Lord, had successfully defeated a hundred thousand samurai on Raysonia.

This was the equivalent of two grown men warding off insects.

The Raysonians had no dignity left to spare, for it was completely destroyed by their losses in this battle.

This fight would set Raysonian Bushido back by ten years. It wasn't just men they lost, but most importantly, their dignity.

The shame was more than what everyone could bear.

They could only watch, completely hapless at the pair's advances.

Soon, it was up to Tenichi alone to put up a fight.

He bore the hopes of the thousands on Raysonia. These were the men who desperately wanted to bring back Raysonian Bushido to a more respectable state.

"Levi Garrison must be defeated! Glory to Raysonia!"

Thousands of the fallen lay there, their eyes watching the Tower of the Sun, the place where their only hopes remained.

Looking at the Tower of the Sun, Levi sneered. "Even if you go to hell and back, Tenichi, I will have your head!"

With that, Levi and North Sky Lord entered the Tower.

Tenichi was not about to let them waltz inside, unhindered. He had stationed even more fighters, ready to intercept the moment Levi entered the building.

Despite that, Levi and North Sky Lord managed to fight their way through all two hundred floors. After all, this wasn't a question of difficulty but merely time.

Levi and North Sky Lord were the invincible duo.

It did not take them long at all, in fact. The battle was a bloody one, as they fought their way up.

At the very top of the tower, Tenichi feverishly kept track of their movements. Every bit of progress was reported to him, with no information withheld.

“What? They fought their way through all of them?” exclaimed Tenichi worriedly.

“Is he injured?” he inquired again, hurriedly. *This is troubling news indeed.*

“He’s covered in blood. If he does manage to get up here, he’s probably exhausted!” came one report.

Tenichi smiled. “Ha! He’s strong indeed, but we have something better!”

Demon Blade merely observed the exchange impassively.

He couldn’t care less. A single blow would be enough to put them out of their misery.

I bet Levi Garrison wouldn’t see my blade coming, he mused.

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Levi and North Sky Lord were making quick work of the warriors in all two hundred floors.

Each floor was full of God class warriors but all of them were defeated. They were no match for the two of them.

These warriors were the backbone of Raysonian Bushido, who owed their successes in combat to the vigorous training under this branch. In spite of their efforts, they were wiped out easily. They could barely hold Levi back for more than a minute.

Levi and North Sky Lord were truly masterful opponents.

All it took was their combined efforts to decimate the legacy of Raysonian Bushido.

The pair made their way up the tower steadily, before finally arriving at its peak.

Suddenly, a group of six warriors surrounded them.

They were Tenichi's trump card. His last resort, the Six Great Grandmaster.

If he had not been in such dire straits, the thought of bringing them out wouldn't have crossed Tenichi's mind.

"Levi Garrison! Let this floor be your grave!"

The Six pinned Levi with a threatening glare, as they readied their attacks.

North Sky Lord eyed the six figures coldly and said, "Master, leave them to me."

"Alright!" replied Levi as he rushed towards the peak.

The Six Great Grandmaster tried to stop Levi, but they were held back by North Sky Lord.

A ferocious battle broke out between the seven in that small, confined space.

At the peak of the Tower of the Sun, Demon Blade sat on his knees. His eyes were closed as he waited for Levi's impending arrival.

Tenichi was standing next to him.

The weather reflected the bleak atmosphere of Raysonia. Dark clouds gathered in the sky, adding to the sense of foreboding and gloom.

The Tower was easily one of the tallest structures in the land. The upper half was encased in the clouds, where its current occupants lay in wait amongst the howling winds and gathered mist.

Outside, a storm was brewing.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps was heard approaching the room.

Tenichi's face fell.

And so he arrives.

A gruesome figure rapidly approached, drenched in blood.

Suddenly, Demon Blade opened his eyes. He glared at Levi with lightning illuminating his gaze.

A terrible shockwave formed and blasted its way towards Levi, letting out a loud rumble.
Boom!

Levi only stood there, blood dripping off his body.

Tenichi stared for some time and realized that none of the blood on Levi's body was his own.

What the hell? Did he fight over a hundred thousand men without a single injury? His breath is calm and steady. His footsteps are light. Did he seriously just fight a battle? The thought made Tenichi's blood run cold.

Demon Blade, however, grinned.

Levi was a strong opponent, and that certainly piqued his interest.

Why would I even bother killing someone weak?

After all, he had not come out of a fifty-year seclusion to fight a wimp.

When Levi arrived, he looked at his surroundings bemusedly before saying, "Not a bad place you've chosen for your death."

"You arrogant little sh*t!" Demon Blade glanced at Levi and pinned him with a glare.

Surprisingly enough, Tenichi seemed relaxed. "Goodness, you're so strong! If not for the circumstances, I'd love to be friends with you!"

"Do you think you're somehow worthy of that? Piss off." Levi clicked his tongue in annoyance and pointed an accusatory finger at Tenichi.

"Look, I know you're determined to kill me and all, but do you know who this man is, standing before you?" asked Tenichi, with an absent-minded flick of his wrist. "Allow me to introduce you to Demon Blade, the Ultimate class warrior of the highest caliber in Raysonia.

"Fifty years ago, this man single-handedly took on all of Bayview's Ultimate class warriors, only to deliver unto them a crushing defeat. Nobody would dare cross him, and I honestly doubt that even someone of your capabilities will win against him today."

Suddenly, there was a fierceness in Tenichi's eyes. "Levi Garrison, I'm here to sentence you to death by the hands of the Ultimate Great Grandmaster. Consider this an honor of the highest degree!"

"I'm still going to kill you!" came Levi's reply. He seemed unperturbed by the threat.

"Such arrogance. Young man, do you think you can kill him? You'll have to go through me first!" retorted Demon Blade.

Levi sneered. "Ah, but what is youth without arrogance, old man?"

"Five years ago, you threw Raysonian Bushido such a heavy blow that you set us back by fifty years. It was a nightmare. You've been our greatest source of shame!"

He paused briefly and gave Levi another icy stare. "Henceforth, I, Kawasaki Zando, pledge to defeat you and restore Raysonian Bushido to its former glory!"

Very slowly, Demon Blade got to his feet.

Boom!

His body pulsed with static and gave out a threatening aura. There was the sound of the wind howling and the distant crack of thunder.

“Pay attention, young man. One slice of my blade will be enough to finish you.”

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As Kawasaki Zando said these words, there was no hint of arrogance in his flat tone.

He seemed to be expressing a simple fact. A mere slash of his blade was enough to end anyone who stood in his way.

His demeanor did not express self-confidence but a sense of familiarity in his abilities. This man was dangerous as an opponent, and clashing with him would be perilous.

Death was inevitable.

All he had to do was attack Levi Garrison with his blade, and it would mean the end of it.

Tenichi also believed his words without a doubt.

If Demon Blade were that strong fifty years ago, he'd be even stronger now.

“Oh, is that so?” sneered Levi.

Now that he had mastered the age-old martial arts techniques that he had sought to learn, Levi's strength was not to be underestimated.

The first battle between the two began shortly.

Suddenly, Kawasaki Zando's demeanor changed.

He may have looked the part of a grey-haired, miserable man, but his eyes shone with spirit.

Kawasaki Zando felt his blood surge like waves.

The momentum his body had generated was increasing very steadily.

Phew!...

A storm had indeed formed at the summit of the Tower. The already-darkened sky was accompanied by a loud chorus of thunder.

The ground surrounding the Tower was elevated, which also contributed to the increased airflow and the relentless howling wind.

Now, Kawasaki Zando's momentum had increased even more. His body rumbled with the energy he amassed as he fused the currents of air generated by the wind.

Soon, an explosive burst of thunder was heard.

Tenichi, who'd been standing too close, was flung away from the site. Since he was an ordinary person, the impact was so great that he tasted his own blood.

All of Edojo could feel the tremors caused by the storm as if alluding to a heavy downpour.

Yet, the sky showed no signs of lightning. Only thunder was heard.

The phenomenon made everyone curious.

After all, how were they to know that this was not thunder in the first place?

This was the sheer might and energy exuded by Demon Blade, who stood atop the Tower of the Sun.

If he could generate such power, calling him the Ultimate Great Grandmaster was no surprise at all.

Tenichi shook himself out of his stupor and hurriedly took some medicines he had kept on hand. His condition was now stable, and he was no longer bleeding.

He also realized that Demon Blade was about to unleash his attack.

Tenichi waited with anticipation and glee. Levi Garrison would definitely perish.

Mere moments later, scarlet lightning struck the Tower of the Sun.

It was a very vivid, eye-catching sight to behold.

The lightning was a bright red, almost like the color of blood.

Another crack of thunder soon followed.

The people of Edojo looked up to the sky, clearly intrigued by the queer yet threatening display.

Yet, no one had ever guessed that that was not lightning at all but a blade!

Fifty years later, Kawasaki Zando's yoto had made an appearance once again, at long last.

The blade had an ethereal quality that dazzled the onlookers. How was that blade able to create such strong tremors?

This display, alongside the ominous atmosphere, created a very shocking scene.

The moment Demon Blade unleashed his yoto, the dark sky lit up with an intensity that could rival daylight.

The crimson light had temporarily blinded Tenichi, and he intuitively averted his gaze.

Tenichi's mind was racing. *I'm among the first to truly witness the yoto in action. Levi will witness it too, of course, but he'll be dead meat soon.*

It's an honor!

Watanabe Tenichi smirked, gleefully imagining Levi's decapitation.

The moment Kawasaki Zando summoned his blade, he stepped towards Levi in a flash.

The yoto in his hand glowed scarlet as he slashed at Levi, only to find that he missed.

Hmm. The little runt has some speed in him after all.

Levi was by far the fastest opponent Kawasaki Zando had met.

His past opponents had been unworthy of his status as a Great Grand Master!

Out of nowhere, a spatter of blood whizzed past.

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A sharp, slicing sound was heard, followed by a loud crash.

A spatter of blood escaped the fray, and landed on Tenichi's face.

The warm blood immediately brought Tenichi to his senses again.

Hahaha...!

He laughed and gingerly touched the blood on his face.

Levi Garrison was dead, at long last!

He had seen it with his own eyes. There was no way Levi could've survived that blow.

The blood that he felt had to be from Levi's decapitated head.

True to its word, the yoto definitely lived up to its name. Any opponent in its path would meet their end.

Tenichi's joy, alas, was short-lived. A glance at the scene was enough to wipe the grin off his face.

Not only did Levi Garrison appear to be unharmed, but even his head remained intact.

Instead, Kawasaki Zando stood there with his blade broken in half. He looked utterly defeated, with blood trickling down the side of his mouth.

Where's the other half of the blade? A chill went down his spine. It wasn't long until he noticed a faint, scarlet glimmer in Kawasaki Zando's chest.

He was bleeding profusely from the stab wound.

Levi Garrison had not only lived to tell the tale of the yoto. He had managed to shatter it and stab Kawasaki with his own weapon.

Only Kawasaki Zando understood the depth of Levi's strength.

The power of Demon Blade was something inherited by the wielder deemed most worthy. Somehow, a power that had lasted thousands of years was defeated by just a punch?

This is incredible! He is so young but he possesses such strength!

There was no doubt that this was Erudia's one and only God of War.

Erudia must've been such a wondrous place, having produced someone like this.

Is it possible that he's from there?

Kawasaki Zando couldn't take it anymore as he thought of this.

He fell to the ground with a groan and lay there, motionless.

This Ultimate Great Grandmaster, who was nearly a century old, had failed in his mission to restore Raysonia's glory.

He could not even protect their military strategist!

Today, Raysonian Bushido was completely defeated.

Five years ago, Levi Garrison had humiliated them, only for them to suffer an even bigger humiliation five years later.

How could they regain their pride after this crushing defeat?

At around this time, North Sky Lord had just finished his battle with the Six Great Grandmaster and made his way up to the Tower's summit.

With a cursory glance, he said, "Well, you handled this a lot faster than I thought!"

The only man left standing was Watanabe Tenichi.

He looked dumbfoundedly at the pair, not knowing how to react.

Tenichi was not by any means stupid. He was a strategist whose resourcefulness was almost godlike.

Every single strategy had been planned; every possibility was calculated and taken into consideration.

The only factor he failed to take into consideration was Levi's strength.

Levi took a deep breath and said coldly, "Are you witnessing all this, comrades? Here is the mastermind. I will avenge you all!"

Deep down, Levi was relieved. He fulfilled the promise he made to his brothers-in-arms.

Every single person who had been involved in this mess had been dealt with.

"Wait!" Tenichi shouted hastily. "I admit defeat!"

"But before I die, there are some doubts I want to clear."

"Hm. Why not, I guess. What do you want to know?" asked Levi in a very cold tone.

Tenichi's questions were simple. He wanted to know how Levi survived the attack, how he recovered, and what became one of The Calamity.

True to his word, Levi answered all his questions.

After hearing all of the explanations, Watanabe Tenichi smiled contentedly.

"Don't forget, Levi Garrison. You may have given us a humiliating defeat today, but there will be a reckoning in the future!"

Levi smirked. "A reckoning from who, pray tell? You're out of Ultimate class warriors, to my knowledge.

"Raysonia's strength lies in our unyielding will!" roared Tenichi. "The spirit of Bushido will still live on! Mark my words, one day, there will be a samurai strong enough to challenge and defeat you!"

Levi snickered. "Until then, I'll wait. But before you die, I have a question of my own."

"How did the Blood King Palace manage to return? Were they not wiped out?" queried Levi.

Watanabe Tenichi gave Levi a smug smile. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes. Tell me."

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“You will never know the answer to that secret!”

Suddenly, Tenichi’s face contorted into a twisted smile as he plunged a tanto right into his abdomen. The pain made him gasp out loud, but he persisted.

He knelt on the ground and shouted, “Bushido will live on!”

The tanto was coated with poison, and it didn’t take long before Tenichi breathed his last.

The poison was fast-acting, and there would’ve been no chance at saving him.

Levi Garrison wanted to know how the Blood King Palace made its return, but the trail had gone cold.

It didn’t matter that much to him, however. He had avenged his brothers-in-arms, and that was the most important thing.

“You have been avenged! Now I’m going to bring you all home!” shouted Levi.

Levi had ordered his men to retrieve the bodies of all three hundred and fifty-seven victims, including that of Jonah Garrison.

Given that some of the bodies had been found in a sorry state, Levi decided to cremate everyone and have the ashes packed in burial urns.

He couldn’t bear to bury them in a foreign land. They had to be buried at home in Erudia.

These were warriors of Erudia, men born and raised there.

Levi was determined to have a tomb built for all of his fallen comrades.

Soon after, Levi and North Sky Lord left the Tower of the Sun, only to be met by the tears of a hundred thousand men.

Seeing the two leave intact was a cause of great sorrow to them. They realized that this meant the defeat of Demon Blade.

Raysonian Bushido had failed once again.

The defeat had dealt a devastating blow to their morale. There was no telling if they would recover from the humiliation, even after a century had passed.

This was a day the followers of Raysonian Bushido would never forget.

If this shame were not eradicated in the near future, they feared they would no longer have any dignity left.

Word of this battle had spread quite quickly.

The Master of the Calamity and North Sky Lord had single-handedly defeated the Raysonians in combat.

First came the defeat of both Yuta Yamamoto and Ichiro Mitsui, followed by one hundred thousand samurai who were sent to fight Levi and North Sky Lord.

Among the biggest casualties were the seven Great Grandmasters including Demon Blade, the Ultimate Great Grandmaster, in Bayview's tallest tower, including the death of Watanabe Tenichi, the military strategist.

The world exploded in a frenzy as soon as word got out.

There was no denying the strength of The Calamity.

Blood King Palace seemed to pale in comparison. They were barely on the same level!

Before this, Blood King Palace was considered a force too difficult to destroy, having earned notoriety as the most powerful group in The Dark World.

The Calamity's actions in taking the initiative were making waves.

Having won the so-called Battle of the Gods, The Calamity had earned a place in the hierarchy.

They were quickly ranked as the most dangerous force in the world, and their danger levels were off the charts.

However, it was not fair to compare both The Calamity and Blood King Palace in the same vein.

Blood King Palace was an organization that took pride in shady dealings, including assassination, sabotage, and threats to establish its dominance.

The Calamity, on the other hand, only wanted revenge for past grievances.

However, this act of avenging their fallen was seen as something even more terrifying and cruel in the eyes of the public. Somehow, this was worse than the past actions of Blood King Palace.

For now, the world was set abuzz discussing The Calamity, especially Erudia.

Levi's supporters had ideas of their own. "If only Levi Garrison were still alive!" lamented some. "Surely he's the only one who can defeat The Calamity!"

"Yes, and their actions are even more belligerent than Blood King Palace! What arrogance! If Levi Garrison were here, they wouldn't last a second!"

"Hell, if Levi Garrison were still alive, there will be no place for The Calamity!"

These remarks caught the ear of Winsor Campbell, who was furious.

He was the one who held the title God of War, but all they were concerned about was Levi Garrison.

Everyone hoped that Levi would still be alive and step in to eradicate The Calamity.

Winsor gritted his teeth and swore inwardly. *Why can't I do it? Am I less capable than Levi?*

He'd barely done anything, only to be defeated by Levi Garrison in name alone.

"I want to take action on The Calamity!" said Winsor.

"But the Dragonites won't let us—"

Zar's explanation was cut short by Winsor's glare.