

# Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1246

Levi's gaze was dark.

Five years ago, he had come to Raysonia, all alone, for the sake of rescuing someone.

In that fight, he fought solo against thirty thousand enemy fighters from Raysonia and slaughtered a record number of eight thousand enemies.

It was a fight that shook up the entire country, and also the main reason as to why Raysonia remained hostile toward him.

The people of Raysonia were livid. Whatever that Levi had done was sacrilegious to the Raysonian Bushido, which they had put their faith in from a young age.

Some even felt that only death would quench their anger toward him.

Since then, Levi had not set foot in the country for a total of five years.

However, the Demon King had arrived once again.

It was time bring back the unrest and chaos!

Meanwhile, in Edojo – the capital city of Raysonia.

The most renowned building of Edojo was the Tower of the Sun. It was also the tallest infrastructure of the city, standing at six hundred meters in height.

A particular private manor in the city was seemed to be shrouded by an atmosphere of tension and suspense.

At that instant, thousands of mercenaries were hidden in every corner of the manor.

They donned traditional robes with longswords bound to their waists.

Their faces were covered by black masks, and one could only see their eyes, which were set to kill.

These mercenaries were the well-respected samurais of Edojo, as well as the surrounding islands.

They had stationed themselves at the Military Division voluntarily, upon hearing that the military strategist of the country was in danger.

Not only that, but there was also an elite samurai on his way there.

The recent turn of events had put their nerves on edge, but Watanabe Tenichi was their bottom line – he had to be protected at all costs!

Watanabe Tenichi was the most influential figure of Raysonia.

To the citizens, he was a man of extraordinary wisdom on par with a demon god – a rare gift to their country.

However, Tenichi was not actually at the Military Division. He had gone elsewhere.

Meanwhile, in a straw shed hidden within the deep bamboo forests in the rural area of Edojo.

A certain man was kneeling before the straw shed on that particular day, and that man happened to be Watanabe Tenichi.

It was a rather peculiar scene, seeing the great military strategist of Raysonia getting on his knees to beg.

The people of Raysonia would probably faint at such a sight.

*How dare he make the great military strategist of Raysonia kneel before him?*

Not to mention, Tenichi had been kneeling there for almost a day.

“Stop pestering me! I have already retired!” The raspy voice of an old man could be heard from within the shed.

“Demon Blade, I’m not just here for my own safety. I’m here because your help would be crucial in order for the Raysonian Bushido to rise again!” Tenichi pleaded.

“Five years ago, Levi Garrison intruded our lands, and single-handedly slaughtered eight thousands of our men! For him, it was his glorious battle to fame, but for us, a stain in our history forever! Not only that, but our very own brand of martial arts also took a huge blow from that fight. We fell from the high ranks amongst the others in Bayview, and have not recovered since. Our people feel nothing but shame about the Raysonian Bushido that they were once so proud of!”

Tenichi’s tear-streaked face was trembling. “I can’t help but fear the destruction that The Calamity would bring! We’ll never be able to recover from that! I simply don’t want our people to live with their heads low forever! Would you please consider?” He cried.

“We do have many ultimate class fighters around here, but your presence will ensure our victory! I know that you have retired for fifty years, but I cannot find another samurai as capable as you! Oh, Demon Blade, please! Please help us!” Tenichi had his head on the ground while begging.

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Thud! Thud! Thud!

Tenichi slammed his forehead onto the ground frantically, with blood oozing out of it.

He had a rather maniacal side to him, where he would resort to every last measure for the sake of Raysonia and the Raysonian Bushido.

In his head, he was ready to fight Levi Garrison to death.

As a matter of fact, he was even willing to shoulder all the blame and backlash from it.

While some might not agree with what he had done, or his way of doing things, it was not really a matter of right or wrong; it was simply a clash interests from different perspectives.

Of course, Tenichi also had his personal motives.

He wanted to live.

The bloodshed caused by The Calamity gave him a clear warning – that having ultimate class warriors around him was not enough.

Plenty of those who died were protected by ultimate class warriors.

Tenichi could tell that his enemies were very much overpowered, to the extent that they were unafraid of the ultimate class warriors.

That was why he needed to use all the cards that he owned just to survive this ordeal.

Tenichi also saw the addition of Demon Blade as a chance for the dignity and honor of the Raysonian Bushido to be restored.

This was a plan that would enable him to kill two birds with one stone.

“I beg you, Demon Blade, to come and fight alongside us for the sake of Raysonia’s martial arts!” Tenichi pleaded once again, along with hundreds of people kneeling behind him.

Their voices resounded through the woods, echoing like the howling winds during a thunderstorm.

As for the man referred to as Demon Blade, he was the Great Grandmaster of Raysonia, the strongest warrior of the country.

Demon Blade was just his title, and his real name was Kawasaki Zando.

Sixty years ago, he swept the entirety of Bayview by storm. There was not a single fighter who could rival him.

Even when faced with a master of the same class as him, he made instant kills.

No one could describe how strong he really was because every fighter who had gone up against him had died.

Kawasaki Zando had even paid a visit to Erudia before, giving the practitioners of the martial arts in Erudia nothing but humiliation.

As one might say, he was the ruler of that era, standing above all forms of martial arts in Bayview.

People saw him as the pride of Raysonia, an undefeatable god.

However, for reasons unknown to the masses, Demon Blade went into retirement out of the blue and lived his life hidden from the rest of the world.

Fifty years had passed since then, and still not a single sign of his return.

"Alright then. For the sake of Raysonia, I shall wield my blade once more!" Demon Blade finally made his decision.

"Hah... Yes! What an honor!" Watanabe Tenichi cried out in laughter.

Who would dare come after me now? With Demon Blade on my side?

Who would dare humiliate the Raysonian Bushido?

Along with six other ultimate class warriors, Tenichi now had seven ultimate class warriors fighting for him.

They would be seen as a formidable group of warriors not to be reckoned with anywhere in Bayview.

God class warriors were already a rarity, not to even mention the ultimate class warriors.

A group of seven ultimate class warriors was something that no one had ever seen before.

After all, none of the countries wanted to reveal their trump cards too early.

Hence, assembling such a group of fighters together would be done as a last resort.

While the various forces seemed to be teaming up against Levi Garrison at the moment, they knew well enough they might become rivals in the future.

Therefore, showing the entire world the number of ultimate class warriors that they had would be suicide.

Thud. Thud.

An elderly man emerged from the straw shed right then.

His footsteps were a little wobbly, and his body was thin as a stick.

In spite of that, the aura around him was unmistakable. Everyone held their breaths, as they watched him walk toward them.

Demon Blade!

A god-like warrior!

He was a man feared by all fifty years ago.

And it seemed like he still had it in him.

“Welcome! Oh, the great Demon Blade!” Tenichi hollered, gesturing for the rest to follow.

I’ll be safe now.

The Raysonian Bushido shall prosper.

And so shall Raysonia.

"Let us fight The Calamity!" Tenichi was wholly confident about their upcoming battle.

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"Where is the man who sullied our lands fifty years ago?" Demon Blade asked.

Tenichi quickly replied, "Sir, he goes by the name Levi Garrison. He's known as the God of War of Erudia, but don't you worry, sir, he is already dead."

"Dead? That's good to hear," Demon Blade sighed.

"I'll have to thank the Great Family of Frostford for that!" Tenichi said, smiling.

"The... what? The Great Family of Frostford?" Upon hearing Tenichi's words, Demon Blade's face turned outcast, as if he had recalled something horrid.

"Sir, what's wrong? Are you alright?" Tenichi asked.

"Yes, I'm fine. I have heard about the Great Family of Frostford before. Word has it that the fighters in the family are the best of the best! Not to mention the other three of the Four Great Families!" Demon Blade said, coming to his senses.

Tenichi and the others quickly assured him, "No matter how strong they say they are, they can't even compare to you, sir!"

Demon Blade shook his head and got Tenichi to tell him all about their current situation.

"Where are the other two?" He asked, referring to Yamamoto Yuta and Mitsui Ichiro.

Those two were also involved in the scheme to kill Levi under Tenichi's command.

Tenichi's gaze darkened upon hearing these two names. "The two of them turned a deaf ear to my words. I don't think they even realize the severity of the situation."

Yet, Demon Blade was not particularly surprised about it. "Well, for those two, as descendants of the Ancient Warrior Families, it is to be expected that they stay confident and steadfast no matter what enemies come in their ways," he said.

"Yes, let them think whatever they want," Tenichi said coldly.

*Hmph. I'll be safe without them anyways.*

In a rather remote, quiet part of Edojo, there was a long-established residence that had retained its traditional architectural style, known as the General's Residence.

It was once the residence for a military general but now transformed into the residence for the Ancient Warrior Families.

They practiced the Bushido, which was respected by all.

Needless to say, there were countless skilled fighters within the families.

Currently, Yamamoto Yuta was the patriarch of the families and was an ultimate class warrior.

Another ultimate class warrior, who belonged to the Ancient Warrior Families, was Mitsui Ichiro.

The two of them, together with Watanabe Tenichi, became the guardians of Raysonia.

Two warriors, and one strategist.

However, the recent turn of events had brought about cracks in their alliance.

“Tenichi is too cautious and indecisive about everything. While I do think that he has the wits to be a good strategist, we’ve missed out on so many opportunities because of him!”

“Hah... You’re right. It’s impossible to succeed without taking risks!” The two of them bantered.

“The Calamity? Hmph. If they dare step foot on Raysonia, they might as well die here!” Yamamoto Yuta smirked, his longsword in hand as he sat on his futon.

A group of samurai in black stood behind him.

On the other hand, a group of samurai in white stood behind Mitsui Ichiro.

Unlike Tenichi, they were not searching high and low for warriors to protect themselves.

They were actually waiting for The Calamity to come to their doors; they were ready to fight.

That was how a true samurai of Raysonia would conduct himself.

While Raysonia was not known to be the country with the most combative people like Wheldrake, the samurais of Raysonia were recognized as the most determined fighters of them all.

“The Calamity is definitely after us two. All that’s on my mind right now is how they would come to us,” Ichiro said while furrowing his brows.

They had delegated a robust force of samurais to station themselves throughout the entire residence.

“I can’t care less about that. I won’t even blink if they decide to plunge down from the heavens!” Yuta scoffed.

Meanwhile, an aircraft belonging to The Calamity hovered over the skies above Edojo, Raysonia.

“Master, Yamamoto Yuta’s residence is located directly below us!”

“Open up the gate. I’m jumping down from here!”

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“Yes! Master, I’ll prepare your parachute right this moment!” Levi’s subordinate replied, scrambling to fasten a parachute on his body.

They assumed that Levi wanted to dive down from the plane to take his targets by surprise.

“No need for parachutes. I’ll be jumping straight down!”

To their surprise, Levi declined the proposal and shook them off.

“What... what did he just say?” Everyone on the aircraft was taken aback.

Jumping straight down?

Though their aircraft was gliding at a slightly lower altitude, they were at least a thousand and five hundred meters from ground level.

Jumping off from our current height?

He must be joking!

With our aircraft at such a speed and this high from the ground, anyone who jumps would be committing suicide!

Just the sheer force of the impact was enough to crush the bones of any martial artist.

Though there was no doubt that Levi was one of the strongest warriors to live, he was still no superhero.

He was a human made of blood and flesh.

Thus, no matter how robust his body was as a martial artist, there was no way that he would survive.

At the thought of that, everyone could not help but hesitate in their actions.

“Master, I think it’ll be much safer to wear this parachute!” One of his subordinates said anxiously.

Levi stayed silent, his face dispassionate.

“Didn’t you hear him? Open the gates! Now!” The North Sky Lord repeated Levi’s command, sounding annoyed.

“Yes, yes!” The people on the aircraft hurried back to their positions and sprang into action.

No one dared disobey their master’s orders.

Whoosh!

All of a sudden, the unnerving howling of air currents surging into their aircraft reverberated in their ears.

“I’m going off now!”

Crossing his hands behind him, Levi made his way toward the door of the aircraft and jumped down without a second thought.

The North Sky Lord promptly followed behind and plunged down.

Watching the two dive down from their aircraft without even blinking, the members of The Calamity within the aircraft found themselves at a loss for words.

“What...”

Maniacs!

Absolute maniacs!

They shuddered a little.

Undoubtedly, Levi and the North Sky Lord were tenacious warriors.

However, jumping from an aircraft a thousand and five hundred meters high in the sky without a parachute was a completely different matter altogether.

Are they even human?

How frightening!

Meanwhile, at the General's Residence.

Thousands of samurais awaited the arrival of The Calamity.

Yuta and Ichiro meditated with their eyes closed while their hands gripped tightly onto their longswords.

"Hey! Look up! There is an aircraft hovering above this building!" Someone suddenly yelled.

"Yes, I see it too! The aircraft is at a dangerously low altitude! Are they coming after us?" Another added.

Outside, the people on the streets were all pointing and talking about the foreign aircraft intruding their skies.

The people on ground level could see the jet black aircraft rather clearly.

After all, an altitude of a thousand and five hundred meters would be relatively low for an aircraft.

"Huh?"

Yuta and Ichiro opened their eyes, looking up toward the skies above.

Indeed, an aircraft was seen gliding overhead.

Gliding suspiciously low!

“Has The Calamity really decided to attack from the air?” Ichiro uttered, his eyes widening.

“What the hell?” Yuta swore under his breath upon seeing the outlines of what looked like two people jumping off the aircraft.

“Someone is jumping down!” Ichiro howled.

Ping!

The samurais on stand-by pulled out their swords in unison.

The air within the General’s Residence quickly became thick with tension.

Everyone expected the two in the air to open their parachutes before landing somewhere nearby.

In their heads, they even rehearsed how they would charge toward the two as they landed, slaughtering them instantly.

Their silhouettes became bigger and clearer as the two men fell from the sky, like meteors striking earth.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The deafening howling of air currents echoed within the building.

To their horror, the speed of those human meteors seemed to have exceeded that of the sound of the air currents.

“They’re not using parachutes!” Yuta yelled.

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Ichiro was speechless.

So were the thousands of samurais around them.

Are they nuts?

Did they just jump off an aircraft without parachutes?

Due to the fact that they were free-falling from a thousand and five hundred meters, the speed at which Levi and the North Sky Lord were moving was frighteningly fast.

The onlookers could not even make out their faces as they plunged downwards, leaving a white trail behind them.

Thud!

The impact of their landing was explosive.

The people in the General's Residence could feel the vibrations on the floorboards, vibrating their eardrums.

Their thunderous landing was closely followed by a blast of air which literally blew off some of the samurais in the building.

Everyone could already feel the immense power of their enemies before they even showed themselves.

Sensing their impending doom, some of the samurais yelled, "Retreat! Retreat!"

However, there was no time to react. Before they could even begin evacuating the building, the two human meteors finally made their touchdowns.

Boom!

Boom!

Levi and the North Sky Lord landed one after the other.

It almost sounded like the consecutive explosions of two missiles.

Boom! Bang!

It almost seemed like the heavens were crashing down upon the earth.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Everything in sight seemed to be crumbling into dust.

Clink! Clank!

Long, branching cracks appeared on the floorboards, with the tiles shattering into pieces.

And as the finale to all of that destruction, Levi and the North Sky Lord created two gigantic craters within as they came into contact with the ground.

Now, it really seemed as if two missiles had landed from the skies.

Six hundred years – A residence with a whopping six hundred years of history, demolished in a matter of minutes.

Poof!

Poof!

Poof!

The aftershock of the impact of their falls was also fatal.

At the same time, the huge army of samurais who had gathered in the building were blasted off, along with the wreckage.

Pandemonium ensued soon after.

Following that, desperate cries filled the air, and corpses were seen everywhere.

The amount of bloodshed caused was unfathomable.

The bloody aftermath was a testament to the impact brought about by what seemed to be human meteors.

Those who remained standing stared fixedly at the site of the landings, now enveloped by a cloud of thick smoke.

They were desperate to know if the two people that they saw had survived the fall.

As minutes passed by, the fog gradually cleared, revealing two men standing tall on the ground.

One was busy patting off the dust on his body, his complexion unnaturally red.

Evidently, the free fall had taken a toll on him physically.

That man was the North Sky Lord.

Though he was uninjured, he looked rather displeased about the state that he was in.

"Damn it!" He swore.

On the other hand, the onlookers were absolutely terrified by his reaction.

Even Yamamoto Yuta felt as if he was on the verge of fainting.

Damn it? That's it? Is that all that he has got to say after falling down from such a height without a freaking parachute?

No injuries?

This can't be possible!

"Oh my goodness!" Someone from the crowd shrieked in terror.

When the crowd turned to look at the other man who had landed, they could not believe what they saw.

There he was, Levi Garrison, with his arms still crossed behind him, standing there looking all calm and composed.

There was not even a single speck of dust on him.

It was as if he had just arrived at the scene from a walk in a park.

How is that possible?

Is he even human?

Is that even humanly possible?

Even an ultimate class warrior wouldn't be able to survive a fall like that!

While the onlookers were still stricken by terror and awe, Levi and the North Sky Lord made their way toward them.

Unable to recover from the shock, Yuta and Ichiro simply stared fixedly at the two coming closer.

It took a whole solid minute for people to return to their senses.

However, they were immediately struck by another horrifying reality.

The man who had fallen like a human meteor was someone they were all too familiar with.