

The Protector Chapter 986

“Mr. Garri... Levi, let’s head off then.”

Thankfully, Michael reacted quickly enough not to address Levi wrongly.

“Sure, let’s get moving.”

Soon, a large convoy of the Jones family’s luxurious cars could be seen headed to South Hampton.

This time, Michael had employed the most impressive homecoming etiquette because of the guilt he felt toward his daughter and Levi’s status.

In the car, Emma could barely contain her eagerness to head home.

The Garrison clan has finally overlooked the grudges between us. Hence, I can now live a worry-free life with dignity.

The moment the convoy of luxurious cars departed, Edward was notified right away.

“Alright, we should get going too. It’s time to send Levi a great gift,” Edward said with a sneer.

The Jones family’s cars soon crossed the border into South Hampton, heading toward the suburbs, where the Jones residence was located.

Emma had fallen asleep on the way there.

Gazing at the woman, Levi made a vow in his heart. Mom, I'll protect your dream and hopes. There's no way I'll let the Garrison clan harm us.

On the other hand, Emma's father was engrossed in his grand plans for his family.

With his mother around, Levi had no choice but to accept this man as his grandpa.

As a result, the future of the Jones family seemed secured.

Bang!

The convoy of cars screeched to a stop abruptly.

"What's going on?" Michael immediately shouted, demanding answers.

A group of fighters dressed in black appeared on both sides of the road with murderous looks on their faces.

Michael got out of the car and saw a few familiar faces, including Edward's.

"Mr. Edward, what is the meaning of this?"

The man was baffled by what he saw.

"Hahaha! The God of War was present in the vicinity of Levi and his mom's place, so it was inconvenient for us to make any moves against the two. That's why we lured them out. Thanks to you, we now have a golden opportunity to seize them."

Edward let out a sinister laugh.

Only then did Michael realize that he had been fooled.

I was wondering why the Garrison clan chose to let go of the enmity out of the blue. They even allowed Emma to join the Jones family again. Turns out that it was just a scheme to lure Levi out to his death.

Moments later, Emma got out of the car too, and she shuddered the second she laid eyes on Edward.

I can never forget this man. After all, he's Tyrone Garrison's butler.

"Ms. Jones, we meet again. It's been thirty years," Edward said with a smile.

However, his tone soon turned vicious. "It's a shame that I'll have to bid farewell to you when we've just met."

Emma gave him a bitter smile. "Why can't you guys let my son and I off?"

"Hahaha... No way! You and that bastard don't deserve to live! How can you not understand this even after thirty years?"

Edward laughed out loud scornfully at her.

"What about Tyrone? Can he really bear to kill me and his own flesh and blood?" the woman questioned exasperatedly.

Edward only sniggered in response. "His own flesh and blood? Master Tyrone has only one son – Damien Garrison. Olivia Garcia is his only wife."

"Who are you two in the eyes of Master Tyrone? Does he even know you? Stop humiliating yourself! You'll never be able to marry into the Garrison clan!"

Edward's insults were like a sharp blade that was stabbing Emma's heart over and over again.

The immense heartache made her feel as if her heart was bleeding.

"You, together with that bastard you gave birth to, will vanish forever today! Master Tyrone will not be troubled anymore."

The man broke into a fit of laughter after speaking.

"Do you mean we're going to die?" Levi asked suddenly.

"Are you the bastard?" Edward asked him in return, his eyes ablaze with anger.

Levi sneered in an icy voice, "If my mom wasn't beside me now, you would've been dead after you said such things."

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He refused to show the violet and murderous side of him in front of his mother. Otherwise, these people would've been long dead.

Emma stared intently at her son, and a pang of terror washed over her once she caught a glimpse of brutality in him.

Levi's words briefly stunned Edward and his men.

"How arrogant! You actually think you can kill Mr. Edward? That's ridiculous!"

"How dare a bastard like you be so boastful? You're digging your own grave!"

Edward's men retorted in anger.

Unexpectedly, Edward grinned instead of growing mad. "That's the difference between Mr. Damien and this bastard. Mr. Damien proves himself with his ability, but this bastard is all bark and no bite. The two of them are worlds apart."

Right then, Michael warned him coldly, "Mind your language, Edward! You despicable old coot."

Edward and his men could not believe what they had just heard from the head of the Joneses.

"What? Michael, how dare you talk back to us? You sure have got a lot of nerve."

All this while, a mere servant like Caleb was sufficient to oppress the entire Jones family. Michael used to be too timid to utter a word in the presence of the Garrison clan.

But he had the guts to shout at Edward today.

His behavior was totally unacceptable in their eyes; they didn't know that the man was completely unafraid of them now.

Michael smirked. *Why should I be afraid when Levi is here?*

"Damn you, Michael! How dare you speak to me that way! Believe it or not, I can get rid of the entire Jones family with only a few words!" Edward shrieked in rage.

Michael's heart skipped a beat at the man's threat.

Caleb alone – not to mention Edward – had the capability to wipe out the Jones family.

Such a feat was a piece of cake for them; they were way too powerful.

"I don't believe you! The Garrison clan has always been haughty in Oakland City, and now you're behaving atrociously everywhere else! Do you really think no one is able to stand against you?" Michael refuted.

"Are you really going to side with the bastard and his mom against our family?"

Edward shot daggers at him.

"Yes! So what if we go against you? We're not afraid at all!" Mia, the head of the Joneses, suddenly declared.

"Yes! No one can touch my daughter and grandson as long as I'm around. Not only will I protect them, but I'll reinstate them. She's my daughter and a part of the Jones family!" Michael bellowed firmly.

Edward was enraged by his words. Wherever he went, everyone had revered; no one had dared to oppose the Garrison clan.

The Joneses were the first.

They had actually outrightly challenged the majestic Garrison clan.

According to the rules set by the Garrison clan in Oakland City, all the Joneses had to be slaughtered for this act alone.

“Fine! You and your family are out of your minds for wishing to go against the Garrison clan. You lot indeed have balls of steel!” Edward growled.

He then sneered, “Do you really want to protect the mother-and-son duo? How are you going to do that? Or does the Jones family have what it takes to save them? What a joke!”

The man waved his hand, and dozens of fighters showed up instantly.

He had brought these highly skilled fighters from the Garrison clan along with him. Every one of them was comparable to Caleb.

There was no way out for the Joneses today.

“I’ll protect them even if it costs my life!”

Michael went all out, not just for his family’s sake, but also for Levi to see his determination.

“You can’t protect the Jones family!”

Edward was merciless.

“What if we join him?”

A voice suddenly rang out.

“Charge!”

At the next second, countless figures emerged from the woods on both sides of the road.

About a thousand of them appeared on each side – a large crowd forming behind and in front of them.

The men surrounded the place in no time.

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Such a massive formation startled everyone, including Edward and his fighters.

Never had they expected there to be so many men waiting in ambush.

Despite their unparalleled capabilities, Edward and his fighters couldn't help panicking on the inside.

The Joneses were taken aback by such a sight, but they soon snapped back to their senses and were over the moon when they recognized the faces of some of those men.

Among the crowd stood an old man – he was no one other than Xabian.

Xabian stepped forward and bellowed, "Xabian Goel and the top hundred prominent families from South Hampton are here to welcome Ms. Jones."

The rest of the men gathered around him followed his lead and shouted, "Welcome home, Ms. Jones!"

Their deafening voices shook everyone present to the core.

Meanwhile, Emma gaped at them in astonishment and disbelief.

What's going on here?

Xabian cast a glance at Michael. "What are you waiting for? Take Ms. Jones home now."

Snapping out of his trance, Michael glanced at Edward, hinting to Xabian that the latter and his fighters were still in his way.

Squinting his eyes slightly, Xabian said in a cold voice, "Who dares stand in the way of the top hundred prominent families from South Hampton?"

"Yes! Who dares stop us from welcoming them home?" the others followed and yelled.

This is ridiculous!

Fury spiked within Edward at the sight of the huge crowd.

I thought the Joneses were the only ones who had the audacity to resist the Garrison clan. But now, even the top hundred prominent families from South Hampton are on Emma's side. Are they trying to challenge our authority?

"Hold on. Don't you dare leave!"

With a dignified expression, Edward scanned through Xabian and his men. "The Garrison clan demands Emma Jones' and her son's lives to be taken. Do you understand?"

"Leave now! No outsider is allowed to meddle in this matter, especially peasants like you," someone from the Garrison clan reprimanded.

Hearing that, Xabian chuckled. "Firstly, South Hampton is our territory. Secondly, Ms. Jones is under our protection, so one shall touch her."

"That's right! None of you can oppress us in our territory!"

"Michael, take them away! I'll see who dares to stop you from leaving. We don't go around stirring up trouble, but we're not cowards. We'll go all out to fight against anyone who provokes us!"

Xabian was adamant in his decision, undaunted by the fighters that were glaring his way.

The attitude of the top hundred prominent families enraged the members of the Garrison clan.

Since when does the Garrison clan from Oakland City have no authority here? Are these people mad? How dare they resist us and meddle in our affairs?

"Xabian, have you thought this through? Are you sure you want to poke your nose into the Garrison clan's affairs?" Edward scowled.

"Yes, I'm sure. Whoever lays a hand on Ms. Jones and Mr. Garrison will be considered our enemy. We'll fight with all we have even if we're no match for you! So what if you're members of the Garrison clan? We're not afraid of you! We'll not let you off since you're causing havoc in our territory."

Xabian squared them up, showing the resolution of the prominent families to war to the knife.

Edward was now smoldering with rage.

There's surely a bunch of lunatics if they're crazy enough to cross the Garrison clan!

The Jones family's cars began on their journey once again, ignoring Edward and his fighters, who were bottling up their wrath while watching them leave.

The fighters clutched their weapons tightly, prepared to pounce on and kill Levi and his mom on Edward's command.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The entire place was in pin-drop silence; everyone's racing heartbeats were almost audible.

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A fight was about to break out as the tense atmosphere enveloped every one of them.

If the Garrison clan made the first move, the top hundred prominent families would not back down, even if such actions would cost them their lives.

The Garrison clan fighters were still waiting for Edward's command.

However, the man didn't utter a word even after the Jones family's cars disappeared out of their sight.

What's happening? Has Mr. Edward given up? Are we not going to kill them?

The fighters were baffled.

Why should the Garrison clan fear these men from South Hampton? Back then, even Caleb could handle them single-handedly.

Staring at Edward, Xabian said, "Give it a try. I don't mind sacrificing my life fighting against you."

All the men on Xabian's side glared at the fighters, ready for a fight to the death.

In the end, Edward didn't give the killing command, allowing the Jones family's cars to drive away.

"Retreat!" Xabian instructed, and the top hundred prominent families left in unison.

Soon, only Edward and his fighters were left standing there.

"Mr. Edward, why didn't you give us the command to kill them?"

Puzzled, his men questioned him.

Edward heaved a sigh. "I don't understand why the top hundred prominent families stood up for Emma. What makes them so determined to do so? They didn't relent, even after we warned them."

The others couldn't understand why that had happened either. "We have nothing to fear, Mr. Edward. They only had a few thousand men. It wasn't a threat to us at all."

"Yes, I'm aware of that. But if we chose to start a fight, both of us would've gotten hurt badly. After all, there are only dozens of men with us now. They outnumbered us greatly.

Besides, the news will get about if we make a big deal out of this." Edward analyzed the situation and broke it down for the fighters to understand.

"You're right. If we pushed them over the edge, they might tell the whole Erudia about our deeds."

"But are we just going to endure their disrespect?"

Edward sneered, "What else can we do? Kill them? Do you think that is possible? Let's head back first. We need to strategize our next move."

This time, the Garrison clan had lost miserably.

We could've killed them without breaking a sweat, but the prominent families from South Hampton saved them. Something is not right. Back then, Caleb alone could oppress the entire South Hampton, but the people are now willing to risk their lives to protect the mother-and-son duo. There must be something fishy going on.

Meanwhile, the Jones family's cars had arrived at the Jones residence.

Emma was still in a state of bewilderment.

Why did the prominent families in South Hampton protect me? They even had the nerve to go against the Garrison clan.

Before she could piece the pieces together, she found herself in front of the ancestral shrine.

There was a set of complicated procedures to go through in accordance with the family law. Nevertheless, Michael couldn't wait any longer to write his daughter's name on the family register.

He couldn't help shooting a few glances at Levi.

However, the latter simply stroked Mia's head and said, "Make it simple."

Mia nodded in agreement. "Right, let's make it simple."

After getting approval from both Levi and the head of the family, Michael simplified the procedures.

Before the last step of the reinstatement, Emma called out to Michael, causing everyone to turn and look at her with perplexed expressions.

“Father, are you sure about reinstating me?” she asked.

“Yes, I’m positive.”

Her father nodded firmly.

“But the Garrison clan has yet to agree to this. If you do it, you’re going against them, and they’ll certainly place the blame on us. Aren’t you or the Joneses scared?” she asked.

“Don’t worry. I’ve already thought it through. How can I let my daughter and grandchild be orphaned and homeless? I’ll fight against the Garrison clan if they ever blame us. I’ll do whatever it takes to reinstate you.”

Levi nodded in agreement. “Why should we be afraid of the Garrison clan?”

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Hearing Levi’s comforting words, Michael felt assured that he was making the right decision.

Whatever happens, he’ll be here to back us up.

“I’m going to reinstate Emma Jones as a part of the Jones family in front of our ancestors today...”

Soon, the rituals ended, and Emma’s name was on the family register once again.

The woman had been waiting for this day for way too long.

Tears of joy escaped her eyes once the ritual was completed.

I thought my life was over. But much to my surprise, I reunited with my son and was reinstated as a part of the Jones family. I'll be happy even if I die now. Yet, my biggest wish is to declare in front of the Garrison clan that my son isn't a bastard, but a supreme ruler, whom all of you must look up to. However, that's out of the question, as the Garrison clan is too powerful. No matter how competent Levi is, his thirty years of accomplishments are nothing compared to the Garrison clan, which has built a strong foundation over a few thousand years.

After Emma's reinstatement, the Joneses from all over Erudia called to congratulate her.

Emma felt as if she was dreaming.

When she used to get into trouble, all the other extended families, other than the Jones family in South Hampton, shunned and cut ties with her right away.

Why are they congratulating me this time? I don't get it. From Elder Goel's attitude to the prominent families' actions, everything just seems so odd.

Never had she thought that things had turned out this way because of her son.

At night, Emma finally had a reunion dinner with her family after thirty long years.

Meanwhile, Edward and his men were still lingering somewhere in South Hampton.

They dared not go back without killing Levi and his mother.

Damien would probably end their lives if they headed back empty-handed and bearing no good news.

"We can't find out why Xabian did such a thing even after knowing that it's the Garrison clan's affair."

After hours of searching, Edward and his men had managed to find nothing, not even one clue.

“Could it be because of Levi? That man seems mysterious to me.”

Someone voiced out their suspicion.

“Levi? You think that’s actually possible? I won’t need to kill him if he has the authority to command the top hundred prominent families in South Hampton. If that’s truly the case, Master Tyrone will bring him home,” Edward refuted coldly.

“That’s true. The bastard can’t be that powerful.”

Everyone nodded.

Just then, a call from Damien came.

“Edward, how’s everything going? Is it settled? Three days should have been more than enough for you to carry out your task.”

The man’s rough voice sounded on the other side of the phone.

“Mr. Damien, I...”

Edward was silent for fear of angering Tyrone’s son.

“You’ve got to be kidding me. Haven’t you killed that bastard?”

Edward shuddered at his voice.

“Mr. Damien, please allow me to explain...”

“No! I don’t want any excuses from you! How is it that you haven’t killed him? You worthless piece of shit!”

His reprimand sent shivers down Edward’s spine.

The man knew Damien's way of doing things better than anyone else. The latter was a vicious and ruthless psycho who could take someone's life without so much as batting an eye.

Imagining the consequences scared the daylights out of Edward.

"Mr. Damien, there's been a change in the situation. Perhaps we should rethink the decision of killing Levi," he suggested carefully.

"What? Why can't we kill that bastard? Are you out of your mind?" Damien roared.

"Mr. Damien, something happened when..."

"Do you want me to kill that bastard myself?"

"No, Mr. Damien. You shouldn't need to handle such a small matter yourself."

"Small matter? It's been three days, but that bastard's still alive! And yet, here you are, telling me that it's a small matter?"

Damien then paused briefly, curious. "Is that bastard really that strong and tenacious? Is it really so hard to kill him?"