

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1261

Talon and Bolgun hurriedly held Zar back and motioned for him to hold his tongue.

They could tell that Winsor Campbell was eager to prove himself. He was not willing to live in the shadow of his predecessor throughout his tenure.

Zar cleared his throat. "Well, making a move will not be impossible, but..." he trailed off and paused briefly.

"But what?" asked Winsor.

"God of War, you should present your challenge to The Calamity as a civilian. Don't drag any particular stance into this," suggested Zar with a hint of hesitation.

"Well, that might actually work. The most important thing is for me to defeat The Calamity and win everyone over!"

"To guarantee my victory, I'll go into seclusion for the time being."

Winsor was eager to practice the combat skills Sampson taught him.

If my training is successful, then I'd challenge The Calamity. My chances of succeeding would be higher as well.

Winsor Campbell may have been of noble stock, but he had yet to face a real opponent.

For that reason, he'd always erroneously assumed that there were no other experts in the world.

Such thoughts had made him complacent.

As such, Sampson's elusiveness was so great that news of his death never reached Winsor's ears. He had no way of finding out at all.

Back in North Hampton, Zoey and Emma Jones had just received word from Levi over the phone.

"Mom? Levi said he'd be back soon," said Zoey excitedly.

All this while, things had been normal.

Nobody had come for Forlevia's head either, but Zoey had to maintain the charade.

Everyone assumed that Levi was dead, so they had to play the part of the grieving family.

After all, there were still strangers who had come to ask about information regarding the circumstances of Levi's death. Hence, they had to play safe.

At the time, plenty of villains had shown up too.

Not too long ago, the Garrison clan in Oakland City was being taunted.

The Lopezes and the Black family, on the other hand, believed that Levi was clobbered to death by the Garrison clan.

Coupled with the fact that Dale Lehman had severed ties with Zoey, both the Lopezes and the Black family had been pushing for Zoey to find a backer.

It was in her best interests, or so they claimed, that she found a powerful new husband. That way, she would be able to secure her estate and wealth.

The Lopezes and Black family had not been completely wrong in their suggestion, though.

Since she'd also lost the support of the Lehman Group, many outsiders had been eyeing the Morris Group with great interest.

Zoey and the others were slowly being pushed to the brink of danger.

She would have difficulties holding on soon.

At this moment, Levi Garrison was making his way back to Erudia.

The entourage that followed him contained a total of three hundred and fifty-seven burial urns.

Among them were the remains of Hades, wrapped in a separate sheet. After all, he was from L nation, and they deserved closure as well.

Levi decided to first sort out the matter of his comrades in Erudia before bringing Hades' remains back to L nation for his interment.

Earlier on, Levi conducted a funeral in an unnamed town near Northgale and had the remains of all the victims cremated there.

All these innocent lives. What an sad sight!

"Comrades, our homeland lies ahead! Finally, I've brought you home!" shouted Levi, the moment he spotted the familiar sights of Erudia.

Had it not been for this bunch of rough man, he'd likely not be alive. They gave him a chance at rebirth.

Thankfully, he was strong enough to avenge his comrades. None of the culprits deserved to make it out alive.

As they approached Erudia's borders, Levi got out of the car.

Holding Jonah's urn in his hands, he proceeded towards Erudian soil on foot.

The rest of his team followed suit.

Levi was enacting the highest honors possible to bring home his fallen comrades.

In the split second that ensued, Levi had mixed feelings about his mission.

He was quite relieved that he could bring them home and inter them on their own soil.

He could not raise them to be martyrs or patriots, but he could build them a tomb or a monument at least.

His happiness was short-lived, however. West Sky Lord approached Levi with a grim expression on her face. "Master, I come bearing bad news."

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"Speak."

West Sky Lord hesitated briefly before replying, "A ban has been issued. All cemeteries are now off-limits to 'the likes of Mr. Jonah Garrison and any other such figures.' Forget about building them a tomb. You can't even lay them to rest!"

After she said her piece, West Sky Lord felt a chill pierce through her spine.

She subconsciously took two steps back and waited for Levi to respond.

"In other words, they are only worthy of being buried in the wilderness?" asked Levi.

"Yes, apparently so. Rumors have been spread, claiming that Mr. Jonah Garrison and the three hundred or so men were traitors. Traitors cannot be interred in Erudia because they don't deserve that honor."

"They're also saying that their deaths were well-deserved," said West Sky Lord with a shiver. "Nobody should've protected the 'main culprit' to begin with."

The air around them was tense. Everyone could sense that Levi was seething.

They had to endure such tragic, miserable deaths. On top of that, they're not even allowed to be buried in their own homeland? They are not to be honored?

If he could not do that for his fallen comrades, how could he face their souls?

"I don't care who stands in my way! My comrades and brothers-in-arms, they need a home! I will build them a monument and conduct the funeral rites they rightfully deserve!"

Turning to face the rest of his team, Levi issued new commands in a low growl. "Our new destination – Northway City, Greenhills Cemetery. We are to ensure that all three hundred and fifty-six of my comrades are interred properly!"

The whole entourage pressed on to the largest city in the north, Northway.

Levi wanted to bury his comrades there.

North Sky Lord nudged West Sky Lord and asked, "Who imposed the ban?"

"The Garrison clan of Oakland city," whispered West Sky Lord.

She did not have the courage to reveal that information to Levi earlier.

North Sky Lord took a deep breath. He'd guessed as much. Only the most powerful family in Erudia had that kind of reach.

Truth be told, the Garrison clan is playing with fire. They're going to shoot themselves in the foot at this point.

As the people closest to Levi right now, they could feel the sorrow that Levi felt over Jonah's death. In fact, he blamed himself mainly.

Because he could not save Jonah from his demise, Levi felt that the only atonement he could offer was to build him a tomb.

God help anyone who stood in his way.

At last, they reached a small airport at the edge of Erudia. Levi and his team held the boxes that contained the urns and carefully moved them in on foot.

The next flight was bound for Northway City without many passengers on board.

Levi then decided to purchase all the empty seats available. It was the least he could do and the most respectful, in his opinion. He couldn't bear to check the urns in.

Of course, this was under the assumption that there were plenty of seats. Levi had no desire to cause any inconvenience to anyone else.

Besides, the boxes were all carefully wrapped, so nobody could tell what they contained.

Just then, a party of three women and two men walked up to the counter. The women looked beautiful, and the men were quite good-looking.

The girl who stood in front of the group was particularly stunning. She had a small and dainty face, no bigger than her palm. Her skin was alluring, reminiscent of uncut jade.

She wore a blouse and a pair of hot pants, which exposed her long and slender legs. Her creamy white skin looked very attractive.

The girl's face also looked quite young. Given her youthful demeanor, she was likely still a student.

At a glance, anyone could tell that she was the campus belle.

Sophie Lehman frowned slightly gave the boarding pass a disdainful look. "Why did you buy the tickets so late, Harris? Now we're got to fly in economy class!" She enunciated the words 'economy class' with a slight grimace.

The boy next to her replied, "Well, it is my fault. I'll see if I can get us upgraded."

The group of five had just returned from their summer vacation in the North.

Harris Lopez took his boarding pass and walked towards Levi, who was about to board first class. "Hey, you! Let's swap seats. I'll make up for the difference and give you another five thousand for your trouble."

Harris Lopez could be quite demanding when he needed to be.

Levi didn't bother looking up and gave Harris a firm 'no'.

"Ten thousand then!" said Harris angrily.

"No."

"What about fifty thousand?" asked Harris again, through gritted teeth.

"I said, no."

This was enough to make Sophie Lehman lose her temper as well. "Hey, what is the meaning of this? You're not even going to look at us when we talk to you? You're so f*cking rude!"

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The other classmates in the group sneered at Levi as well. "Exactly! Who do you think you are, pretending to be rich? This ticket costs only a thousand. Heck, even my meal is more expensive than your stupid ticket!"

"And look at the cheap sh*t you're wearing! Are those even designer labels? I'm guessing you don't have much money after all. Why did you buy a first class ticket if you have nothing to show for it?"

North Sky Lord decided to step in before it got worse. "Go away," he said coldly.

He could see that Levi was already very angry.

“Fine!”

Sophie Lehman left them in a huff.

“This is unacceptable! We’ve never flown economy class before!” exclaimed Sophie. Soon, she took note of all the empty seats in the first class cabin.

There were no passengers on board, but the seats were occupied with objects.

Harris Lopez got the attention of the flight attendant. Gesturing at the empty seats, she asked, “There’s nobody sitting there, right?”

“Yes, but—”

Before the flight attendant could explain, Harris kicked off the boxes that were tied to the seats.

“Alright, then just give us these seats! We’ll settle the differences after we land!”

Harris Lopez was the eldest son of Northway City’s most prominent family.

As such, he was always overbearing and inconsiderate when it came to handling certain situations.

Especially now, since he didn’t want to appear weak in front of Sophie Lehman.

They were about to take their seats when they noticed several pairs of eyes glaring at them.

They immediately felt a chill down their spines, but decided to continue on with the cold war.

Levi, North Sky Lord, and West Sky Lord looked at them with contempt.

“Put the items back on the seats, and I will look the other way,” said Levi coldly.

“Yes, these items belong to this gentleman here. He bought out the first class cabin.” The stewardess hastily jumped in to explain the situation.

“What? Did he buy these seats to deposit trash on them? Do you even know what’s inside these boxes?”

Harris Lopez gave the box another kick, this time hard enough to disturb the lids.

Suddenly, a deeply sinister chill seeped into the air.

Harris, Sophie and the other kids immediately froze. The chill was horrible, and there was something quite murderous about it. It was almost as if something in there wanted them dead.

North Sky Lord was reaching the limits of his patience.

In a violent lurch, North Sky Lord lifted Harris Lopez by the nape and slammed him into the ground.

Bang!

Harris was pinned to the ground, unable to move. The air he breathed was cold, and he inhaled with some difficulty. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Sophie yelled, “Get off him! Let him go!”

The flight attendants watched the incident unfold anxiously. “Yes, please, let him go!”

“Let him go!”

North Sky Lord immediately released Harris after he heard Levi’s command.

Levi was not going to let this slide, however. “Put the items back on their seats. Apologize, and we’ll call it a day.” As he said this, his eyes never left Harris’ gaze.

Sophie Lehman pointed at Levi and exclaimed, “What’s the hell is wrong with you? You’re the one who resorted to violence, and you want us to apologize? How is that logical?”

Sophie Lehman was the pride of the Lehman family, another influential group in Northway City. She did not come from common stock.

For this reason, she wasn’t afraid in the slightest when it came to confrontations like this.

“So what mistakes have I made? Tell me,” said Levi.

“You bought out the first class cabin, but you’re using it to stash crap on the seats. Seats are for people, not luggage!”

“Besides, why couldn’t you check those in? You’re making it tough people who need those seats!” yelled Sophie.

“Yes, those seats are meant for passengers, not luggage. Why won’t you let us sit there?”

Several others had decided to join in on the emotional blackmail.

Levi sneered and said, “Because I spent my money on these seats, not you. So I get to decide what I put on my seats. It’s none of your f*cking business!”

Sophie was rendered speechless by Levi’s tirade.

“What if I insist on sitting here?” asked Harris angrily.

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“Go on, have a try. I’ll break your legs if you do!” roared North Sky Lord.

Harris blabbered but did not dare say much. He was still terrified after his first encounter with North Sky Lord.

“Now go back to your own f*cking seats and behave yourselves. Considering you’re kids, I’m going to let this slide. Otherwise, I’ll really break your goddamn legs!” bellowed North Sky Lord.

Everyone was frightened into submission. One by one, they backed away slowly.

They may come from illustrious households, but with no bodyguards around, nobody dared behave too rashly.

However, before leaving the first class cabin, Harris took a few pictures of Levi.

“What do you think you’re doing?” asked North Sky Lord angrily. He was getting really tired of their nonsense.

“Well, weren’t you acting all high and mighty earlier? Why don’t you wait a while after we land? I’ll be waiting for you in Riverville!” threatened Harris.

Riverville was Harris’ turf, and he was definitely not going to let the issue slide. Not after how they embarrassed him in front of Sophie!

“So? What will it be? I f*cking dare you to lay a finger on me in Riverville!” sneered Harris again.

“As you wish.”

North Sky Lord was a little taken aback. He was not expecting Levi to agree to this.

This could only mean that Levi was extremely angry.

“Then you’re done for!” exclaimed Harris as he arrogantly walked towards the economy class cabin.

Before the plane took off, he quickly sent the photographs to the butler. A background check on these people was necessary.

Harris Lopez may be the scion of a powerful family, but he had a clear mind when it came to such things.

Before he picked a proper fight, he would always run a background check to prevent any trouble.

The butler soon replied.

'These individuals are just ordinary people with no prominent background or lineage.'

But that wasn't true at all.

Levi's identity was deliberately made obscure, along with the other members on his team.

Any searches conducted in the databases would've come up blank.

Harris looked at the response gleefully. "Ah, so they are a group of nobodies after all! You're all going to be f*cked when this plane lands."

"They need to be taught a lesson for being that unreasonable!" said Sophie with a huff.

She thought she had done nothing wrong and that the fault was all Levi's.

Sophie remained blissfully unaware of the fact that what she did was emotional blackmail.

Levi Garrison could do whatever the hell he wanted with the money he spent. Nobody could say anything.

"Indeed. I've already notified the family. My bodyguards are now waiting outside the airport. Those three had better be prepared!" replied Harris smugly.

Sophie looked at Harris approvingly, which also made him feel excited.

The flight to the city took approximately an hour and a half.

They landed safely in the Riverville airport.

Levi and his party got off the plane, boxes of urns in tow.

Immediately after they left the airport, they were stopped by Harris Lopez.

“Are you thinking of escaping? Don’t even think about it!” Harris had an ugly sneer on his face.

“Send them out!” commanded Harris.

A few dozen cars stopped at the sidewalk, and a few hundred brawny men rushed out of the car.

Soon, Levi and his team were surrounded.

The men were bodyguards employed by the Lopez family—capable individuals who knew how to engage in combat where necessary.

“Do you know who you’re messing with? I’m Harris Lopez, the eldest son of the Lopez family in Riverville! This is payback for what happened earlier!”

Now that Harris was safely back in his own domain, he could afford to be cockier.

He didn’t have to worry about the consequences, nor did he have to take anything else into consideration.

“Who dares provoke the young Mr. Lopez?” yelled all the bodyguards in unison. “Do you have a death wish?”

The frightened crowd scurried away frantically, not wishing to get involved in a mess like this.

Sophie had thought of something in the meantime. “Don’t be too heavy-handed.” she cautioned. “You might accidentally kill someone.”

Harris grinned and replied, “Don’t worry, I know my limits. I’m just going to break their limbs at most, just to teach them a lesson!”

“Kneel and beg! Maybe then, I’ll consider forgiving you just this once!”

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Harris looked at them with a smug on his face.

How dare they disrespect me?

They're asking for death!

Sophie shouted, "I'm quite merciful. Just apologize, and I'll let this matter go."

She felt conflicted.

I'm not wrong.

Levi is the one at fault!

And she couldn't help but brood over it.

Harris chimed in and jeered, "Right. Apologize, and I'll spare your lives."

"We did nothing wrong, so why should we?" Levi asked them in return.

What a joke!

They act all high and mighty because they have power?

If we're overseas, they could've been dead long ago.

But they're Erudians.

Hence, I will turn a blind eye to their rude remarks.

However, his question enraged Harris. "Are you refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit now?"

Following that, Sophie warned angrily. "I'll ask you guys for the last time. Apologize. Or else, don't blame me for not being merciful later."

From her perspective, she was giving them a chance.

If they apologized, all of this would end.

And nothing would happen.

Apologize, and they shall leave safely.

But if they don't appreciate my kindness, then there's nothing I can do.

I should just let Harris teach them a lesson.

Levi smirked. "Apologize? No way. You guys will be the ones to kneel and beg for your lives."

Hearing that, Harris was infuriated, and he yelled, "What? Us, kneeling? Dream on!"

Sophie and her classmates found it hard to believe.

They're the ones in danger now, not us.

So why should we apologize?

This infuriated Sophie completely, and flames of fury burned away the last piece of kindness she had left.

I'm not dealing with this anymore.

North Sky Lord scoffed, "You guys don't believe him?"

Harris growled, "How on earth will we believe him? You guys will be the ones to kneel for forgiveness!"

“So be it! Harris, do whatever you want. I won’t interfere.” Sophie stomped to one side, expecting to witness a fight that was about to unfold while staring at Levi angrily.

Some people are really uncultured. Maybe a few punches will teach them how to behave.

Sophie wanted to see Harris beat the crap out of Levi, while Harris’s expression became vicious. “Let’s take these idiots down. Just make sure they’re alive.”

Clang! Clang! Clang!

When hundreds of Harris’s men were preparing to attack, they could hear a loud sound.

Boom! Boom!

The ground trembled rhythmically as if an army was approaching.

The sudden movement of the land and the rhythmic loud noises petrified everyone.

Harris, Sophie, and the bodyguards of the Lopez family stopped whatever they were doing and turned around in unison to see what was coming from behind.

When they saw what was approaching, they were dumbstruck.

A huge crowd covered in black from head to toe stood behind them, filling up the open spaces.

Wearing half angel and half devil masks, they were armed with an ancient dagger as murderous intent emanated from their bodies.

They looked like they were beings from hell.

And most importantly, there were at least a thousand of them.

“Welcome to Riverville, Master.” The leader of the army shouted, followed up by the rest.

Their voices were so loud that it was earth-shattering, shocking everyone to their cores.

North Sky Lord, West Sky Lord, and others took out their masks and put them on.

It was the same half angel and half devil mask.

Boom!

Everyone was on the verge of exploding from the overload of information.

The Calamity?

The organization that inflicted a crushing defeat to the Raysonian Bushido?

