

The Protector Chapter 991

“He’s just so lucky. He managed to escape our attacks unharmed every time we tried anything.”

Edward then went on to explain everything that had happened.

“Hmm. Logically, the bastard should’ve been starved to death much earlier. Yet, this lowlife lives longer than I expected.”

Damien abruptly changed the subject. “But it’ll be such a disgrace that the Garrison clan can’t even kill a bastard. Do you know that? You’ve ruined our family’s reputation! Kill Levi and his mom, or you’ll die! By hook or by crook, you must get this done. Do you understand me? Kill whoever from South Hampton tries to stop you too! If anyone of them spread the news, massacre the entire city! Spare no one who knows about the past incident.”

His violent voice echoed on the other side of the phone.

Edward gasped in shock.

Massacre the entire South Hampton?

“Mr. Damien, at least a few thousand people in South Hampton already know about this. Do you really want us to kill them all?”

His Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed hard.

“Yes, kill them all! No one shall know about this! Plus, those people in South Hampton are a lost cause anyway,” Damien instructed resolutely.

How brutal! Mr. Damien is way crueler than his father and grandmother. A man like him is surely meant to do great things. He will certainly be more accomplished than Master Tyrone.

"I got it, Mr. Damien. We've only one night to do this as Levi and his mom will be going back tomorrow," Edward informed.

"Alright. Kill them at all costs! I know our family has many fighters in the South. I'm now giving you the authority to mobilize them," Damien told him.

"Understood!"

Two hundred fighters gathered in front of Edward at midnight.

The Garrison clan had been secretly training and keeping these men at various places in the South.

Such training was to ensure the influence of the most powerful ancient family across the whole of Erudia. It was also a backup for any unforeseen circumstances.

"Kill them all!" Edward ordered.

"Xabian Goel, none of you will be able to escape this tonight. You shall all rot in hell! This is the price you shall pay for going against the mighty Garrison clan!"

A glint of malice flashed across Edward's gaze.

The fighters were soon on the move, aiming to slaughter everyone in South Hampton.

It showed how influential the Garrison clan was.

Anyone who messed with them had a death wish.

In the Edburg Manor.

Emma was busy catching up with her family while Levi stood outside, puffing away at a cigarette.

Just then, Ezra called from the West Warzone.

“Boss, I think I’ll be able to make it to your wedding because the mission will be ending earlier than expected,” he informed excitedly.

“Great, I’ll be waiting!”

It’s great that Ezra can attend my wedding.

“I’ll be coming with Wyatt from the North, Rogier from the South, and Colton from the East. Someone from each of the Nine Warzones must attend your wedding. Despite our status, you’re still our boss and master. Hence, we can’t be absent,” Ezra continued enthusiastically.

I’m going to attend the boss’ wedding together with the Commander-In-Chief of the Nine Warzones. We have to be there to witness the most important moment in our boss’ life.

“Okay, I’ll be sure to prepare a ton of wine for you guys.”

At that thought, Levi grew more eager for his wedding day to come.

“By the way, boss, there’s one more thing...”

Before he could finish his sentence, however, Levi interrupted him. “Hold on. Something’s not right.”

He had sensed something unusual happening around him.

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Tension quickly escalated when some fighters appeared around Edburg Manor.

“Mr. Garrison, it seems like there are many of them,” Shadow from the Jones family noted as he came closer to Levi.

Over on the phone, Ezra's voice rang loud and clear in Levi's ears. "Boss, did you bring anyone along?"

"No, I came alone," Levi replied.

"Come on, there's no need to tackle these scums on your own. By the way, as I said, I'm done with the Beasts. They're now at South Hampton. As for the Amethyst Guards of the West, they are on the way back with the Beasts. I'll ask them to go over to assist you," Ezra reported.

"Good. I was just wondering if I'll have to dirty my hands getting rid of these people," Levi replied with an approving nod.

The Amethyst Guards of the West were known for striking fear in their enemies. Every single member of the group had impeccable skills – they were on par with the Beasts.

Outside the Edburg Manor, a good two hundred fighters besieged the building; they were all ready to break their way in.

"Make sure you spare no one, especially those on the list!" A commanding voice rang out from the multitude.

Just as the two hundred Garrison clan fighters were about to launch the attack, shadows fled across their view, and the ambiance chilled.

The smell of death pervaded the air as the fighters saw members of the Amethyst Guards and the Beasts appearing before them.

Their gazes hardened as they moved around, eyeing the two hundred men, looking like predators waiting for an opportunity to dig their blood-thirsty fangs into their prey.

Fighters from the Garrison clan shuddered at the sight and began to cluster together.

"What should we do?" someone whispered.

Everyone was reluctant to make the first strike.

The fighters had definitely not foreseen such formidable enemies from South Hampton.

And it was not just one of them they had to fight – there was a whole group of them ready for battle.

They were fighting against the entire coalition of the Beasts and the Amethyst Guards—how could they not feel afraid?

“Kill them! Protect the God of War!”

With a shout of command, the Beasts and the Amethyst Guard charged towards their enemies like a pride of roaring lions.

In no time, the two sides clashed in a fierce and intense fight.

The Beasts and the Amethyst Guards fought like animals with an insatiable appetite, slaughtering fighters of the Garrison clan without showing the slightest mercy.

Never had those fighters seen anything like that.

The coalition fought like madmen. Every blow they dealt was fatal, and every step they took was calculated.

It was obvious that they were well-trained – the team worked together seamlessly.

In the face of such relentless opponents, the fighters from the Garrison clan crumbled in less than five minutes.

Some of them collapsed while some of them fled.

“Go after them! Don’t lose any of them!”

The Beasts and the Amethyst Guards pursued their enemies like wolves hunting down headless sheep.

In no time, the fighters from the Garrison clan were nailed down and brought back.

Even in their defeat, they still had not wrapped their heads around who they were fighting against.

Not far away, Levi stood watching the bloody commotion from above as his lips curved in a proud smile.

As expected, the Amethyst Guards never let me down.

Their fighting capability is indisputable.

As for the Beasts, they've gotten more skilled with more experience. They instill fear wherever they go.

"Make sure you don't lose any of them!" Levi shouted an order.

"Roger that!" the Amethyst Guards and the Beasts cried out in unison.

Over on the other side, Edward sat deep on his couch with his legs crossed. He hummed a tune leisurely, anticipating good news.

He had sent out the best fighters he had, so there was no way anything could go wrong.

"There will be a bloodshed in South Hampton tonight," he jeered.

"This is what you get for crossing the Garrison clan! Now you know we mean business if you ever go against us!"

A smug smile spread across his face as he crossed his hands before his chest.

Bang!

Click!

Edward and his company jerked at the loud noise that was coming from the outside. The gate of the residence was knocked down, and the glass windows were in pieces.

A few hundred men in black battle suits planted themselves right in front of the unguarded residence.

Sensing an intrusion, Edward and the others got on their feet as their blood ran cold.

Edward rushed outward and questioned, "Who are you?"

"Surrender yourselves! Or we'll strike!" the group warned.

The butler smirked and pursed his lips. "Surrender? Do you even know who I am? There's nothing you can do to us!"

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Edward and the others showed no signs of retreat in the face of the Beasts and the Amethyst Guards.

After all, they were members of the Garrison clan from Oakland City. No one would dare do anything to them.

Everyone from the family stood unfazed as they stood guard over their residence.

"We don't care who you are! Seize them all!"

The Beasts and the Amethyst Guards stormed in at the command.

Although Edward and the others were skilled fighters, they were no match for the Beasts and the Amethyst Guards. They dropped to the ground in no time.

"Do you know what sort of crime you're committing? We're the Garrison clan from Oakland City! Tyrone Garrison is the family's heir and I'm his personal attendant! Let me go and I'll spare you!" the butler yelled at the top of his voice, trying to affright the enemies.

Pow!

Before Edward could utter another threat, one of the fighters from the Beasts kicked him in forcefully in the face.

“Do you think we care about who you are in the Garrison clan?” a voice followed.

The only order the Beasts and the Amethyst Guards received was to protect the God of War.

They were not asked to kneel to anyone—regardless of which family they were from.

They would do anything to eliminate anyone who had plans to kill the God of War.

“Who are you people?” Words seethed through Edward’s mouth as he stumbled and recovered from the blow.

He guessed that these people must be related to Levi, but he had no idea who they were.

But the Beasts and the Amethyst Guards did not answer his question. Instead, they bound them and brought them to a rugged warehouse, where all the defeated fighters from the earlier confrontation were all locked up.

When Edward saw the injured and wounded fighters he had sent out there, he instantly knew that his plan had failed.

They had lost to their enemies.

Who are these people? Think, Edward! Wait... They’re all wearing the same uniform... This can only mean one thing...

Edward’s blood froze, and he looked around in fear.

Just as he wrapped his head around who the group of men was, the door swung opened, and a familiar figure appeared at the entrance of the warehouse.

Why does this person look familiar?

Edward poked his head out to get a closer look.

Levi Garrison? It's actually Levi Garrison! What? How?

Is this all his doing?

No way... This is impossible!

Terror gripped Edward, and he started stuttering. "You... Why... How..."

"You want to know my identity?" Levi finished his sentence for him.

"Those fighters who subdued you are all my men. And yes, just in case you're wondering, I'm the one who stopped the top 100 prominent families in South Hampton. I'm also why the five hundred skilled fighters you gathered on the dark web went missing."

Levi's answers to all the burning questions boiling in Edward's mind hit him like a bolt from the blue.

When did this bastard become so powerful?

I bet he didn't achieve all these on his own.

After all, he's just a bastard who has Garrison's blood running in his veins.

Why am I even surprised?

"Master Levi! Your servants are so glad to see you again! I always knew you would do something great one day!"

Knowing full well that he could not afford to get on Levi's bad side, Edward instantly changed his tone, even going as far as calling Levi "Master."

"Yes, Master Levi! We're so happy for you! We can't wait to share the good news with Master Tyrone and the Grand Master!" the other servants quickly flocked over and agreed.

"Really? You guys don't seem very happy though," Levi sneered as he looked at the butler from the corner of his eyes.

“Give me a chance to explain myself, Master Levi. The whole family was against you last time because we didn’t know you would achieve something this great. But lo and behold, you’re a man of impressive accomplishments now. This is a pleasant surprise for all of us! You’ve surpassed a lot of the Garrisons, and the whole family is extremely proud of you! I’m sure they will invite you back to the family in the most honorable fashion possible!”

Edward paused and surveyed Levi’s face before he carefully continued, “I’m sure Master Tyrone and the Grand Master will welcome you with open arms if I share this piece of good news with them! You’ll return with the greatest honor!”

“Welcome me back to the family? Who do you think the Garrison clan is? They are not worthy of me,” Levi rejected crudely.

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Everyone was dumbfounded. No one could believe what they had just heard come out of Levi’s mouth.

The Garrison clan is not worthy of you? Who do you think you are?

Not a single person in Erudia dares mention the name of Oakland City’s Garrison clan without holding their breath.

“Master Levi, I’ll admit you’re a man of capability. The fact that you managed to catch me speaks a lot about your ability. But you shouldn’t insult the family like this. Ultimately, the Garrison clan is still a powerful family. Even among the younger generation of the clan, there is easily a handful of them who are far better than you. Take Mr. Damien for example – he’s way better than you are in every way. He’s humble although he’s capable,” Edward reminded Levi.

“Yeah. Master Levi, humility is a virtue. A humble man goes a long way! Besides, given the clan’s enormous resources and extensive connections, we’re sure you’ll achieve something greater if you return to the clan!” the other servants agreed.

“Bullshit!” Levi stared at them with a contemptuous glare.

“Humility? Keep your advice for the Garrison clan! The family is powerful? What a joke. Don’t even talk about the younger generation of the clan—the entire family is no match for me!”

Levi straightened his back and cocked his head as he stood his ground before the servants, his gaze hard and unyielding.

The Beasts and the Amethyst Guards stood upright in an assertive position at the voice of the God of War.

The two groups knew the man came in second to none.

Levi was the one and only in the whole of Erudia. Never had there been anyone like him—and there would never be.

He was the only Five-Star God of War.

The man was way out of the league of the youngsters from the Garrison clan.

Edward’s body shook subtly as he sensed the shift in the atmosphere.

He soon got lost in Levi’s commanding aura, which compelled him to revere the man standing before him.

“Yes, Master Levi, we know you’re powerful like no other. We are at your mercy. Please, let us go so we can bring the good news home. The family will definitely await your glorious return,” Edward begged.

The other servants trailed their gaze towards Levi, looking at him imploringly.

“Oh? So you guys are not interested in killing me anymore?” Levi questioned.

The butler flashed him a servile smile and shook his head nervously. “Of course not! I’m sure the family will give you a warm welcome! You’re a great asset to our family!”

“What about my mother?” Levi asked coldly.

“Ms. Jones is your mother, so how can we not treat her with respect? Things might indeed be a little awkward since Master Tyrone is already married, but I’ll try my best to persuade him. I’m sure he’ll allow Ms. Jones to come back. As long as you agree to return, there’ll always be a place for your mother in the family,” Edward replied.

The man believed that he had made a proposal good enough to leave no room for rejection.

Once Levi agreed to come back, he would have a place in the Garrison family—the most prominent family in Erudia—the Head of Erudia!

There was no way Levi would turn this offer down.

Levi would be able to clear Emma’s name and give the woman a legitimate place in the Garrison clan.

“Master Levi, please let us go. I’m sure your mother will be happy to hear that the family is finally acknowledging her. Doesn’t she want to marry Master Tyrone? All this is not impossible! You only need to let us go. Now that you’ve made a name for yourself, your mother will definitely regain her place in the family. This is a chance to help her realize her dream!” Other servants chimed in, trying to convince Levi.

They were taking every opportunity they could to free themselves; they knew Emma Jones would be their best shot to move Levi.

However, the man was clearly not buying it. His face remained unperturbed as he looked at them in a detached manner. Yet Edward was not planning on budging either. “Master Levi, I’m sure you don’t want to live in the shadow of the past anymore. This is a golden opportunity for you to undo that shameful title of a bastard. All you need to do is say yes—and I will make sure you become a legitimate member of the Garrison clan!”

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Levi burst out laughing upon hearing their solemn advice and desperate pleas.

In front of him, the butler and the other servants exchanged startled looks in complete silence.

They knew Levi was mocking them. Before long, Edward finally spoke up, "Master Levi, are you doubting what I just told you? I'm dead serious. If you let us go, we'll guarantee your glorious return, and your mother will regain her status. The Garrison clan will never let go of someone as powerful as you are!"

"I'm not doubting you—I just find your stupidity amusing. I've never taken the Garrison clan seriously, so why would I covet a place in the family? Also, I don't know where you got the idea from, but my mother couldn't care less about the Garrison clan. Marrying Tyrone Garrison? Who does he think he is? He doesn't deserve my mother—the entire Garrison family doesn't deserve her!"

Levi's voice bellowed in the spacious warehouse as he recalled the shame and pain he and his mother had gone through all those years.

Edward and the others shook their heads in disbelief when they heard what he had to say.

Did you just say Tyrone Garrison doesn't deserve Emma Jones?

The Garrison family is the most prestigious family in all of Erudia. You should be thankful you have Garrison blood in your veins! This noble bloodline carries thousands of years of an ancient legacy.

The Garrison family doesn't deserve Emma Jones? Who is she?

She's from a mere royal family in South Hampton!

She's nothing compared to the Garrison family! She's despicable in our eyes!

She's the one who is not worthy of the Garrison family!

You must have lost your mind to say something this ridiculous!

But just as they thought that that was all he had to say, Levi let off a scoff and continued dispassionately. "You said this is an opportunity for me to give my mother a better life? It's exactly because I want a better life for her that I won't allow the Garrison clan to ever come near her again. The family doesn't deserve her, and neither does Tyrone Garrison."

Opposite him, Edward's jaw dropped at Levi's impudence. The others frowned and squinted their eyes, appalled by how the latter had butchered the family's honor.

Geez, I can't believe you have no regard for the Garrison family.

Yes, you're indeed much more powerful now, but your accomplishments amount to nothing compared to the family!

Who do you think you are? Your position in the family is only slightly higher than a mere butler; you're in no way close to the important figures in the family!

So don't even dream about comparing yourself to the entire Garrison family!

Edward's patience was wearing thin under Levi's constant bashing. "Don't be too arrogant. You'll regret it when you see a glimpse of what the Garrison family can actually do!"

"Ha! I can't wait to see that!" Levi ridiculed.

Edward's glare intensified, and his blood boiled as he faced the haughty man.

He could not wait to let him experience what the Garrison family was capable of.

"Master Levi, I dare you to let me go. I'll show you what the Garrison family can do! You will regret not joining us when we extend an olive branch!" the butler challenged.

"Well, I don't mind sparing your worthless life. I only need you to bring Tyrone and the others a message—they won't even have a chance to regret not killing me when I eventually set foot near the Garrison family."

A confident smile broke across Levi's face as he drilled his gaze into Edward's fierce glare; the butler did not shun his stare.

"I'll make sure your insolent remarks reach their ear. It's time you start counting down to your death!"

Zap!

Crack!

Ow!

Edward's smirk disappeared as his face contorted in pain. Levi had pushed him to the ground and broken all of his limbs.

Before the other servants could react, they were also pinned to the ground.

Agonizing shrieks echoed through the warehouse as the servants groaned in unbearable pain.

"I'll let you all go, but everyone will have to crawl back!" Levi sneered as he looked at the bunch of crippled servants who were now wallowing in a pool of their own blood.

It would be difficult for them to crawl their way back judging from their injury—but they did not have to—because the servants were all thrown out of South Hampton like stray dogs at the end of the day.

As Edward struggled to move, his phone rang, and a clear voice came through. "Is he gone?" Damien demanded.

"Mr. Damien, we're good as dead. Levi is not as useless as we thought he was!" the butler replied, his voice almost breaking in tears.

"What? That bastard was able to do something to you lot?" Damien questioned, his tone betraying his disbelief.