

# The Protector Chapter 866

“Later, don’t go shooting your mouth off. You better stay in this corner and keep quiet.” Michael came over on purpose to remind him.

Since he couldn’t hide his relationship with Levi, he had no choice but to acknowledge him.

That was all Michael could do to prevent him from humiliating other Joneses.

The courtyard within their ancestral home was large enough to accommodate a thousand people.

Hence, representatives from Jones families based all over the world were gathered there.

There was a chair in the ancestral hall was reserved for the head of the family.

On it sat an old man with white hair. He was as thin as a stick and looked as if he could fall anytime the wind blew.

However, his eyes glistened with energy, and he was in high spirits. He exuded an intimidating aura.

He was Joey Jones. At 123 years old, he was the eldest member of the family in Erudia.

He was the most senior member of the Jones diasporic families and had authority over all the individual Jones families.

There were four other chairs on each side of his seat where Michael, Westley, and others sat.

They were the heads of the eight most powerful Jones families.

They placed the rest of the thousand participants according to their seniority.

Levi was among them. But no one could see him as he was placed in a secluded corner.

Sitting in the chair and holding his staff, Joey exclaimed, “Hmm, what an amazing sight! All our descendants are strong and capable. Within Erudia, there are few who are stronger than the Jones family itself.

“Michael and Westley have done especially well. Within, ten years they have elevated their families from quasi-royal clans to royal families. There are eight other prominent families who were elevated to quasi-royal clan status. I am impressed!”

“Thank you for your compliments, Father. We wish you a long and prosperous life. Also, we wish the Jones diasporic families everlasting glory!” Michael and Westley both stood up to congratulate everyone.

The crowd repeated in unison, “We wish you a long and prosperous life. Also, we wish the Jones diasporic families everlasting glory!”

Joey replied with a smile, “Next, why don’t you tell us one by one what you have achieved in the last ten years.”

Michael and Westley’s achievements were a league above everyone else. Joey couldn’t stop praising them.

However, Westley explained with resignation, “Joey, the Chillshire Jones family has some regrets. We have reached the pinnacle of the business world, but there is no one in our family who has done well in government or the army. My son, Franklin, has not shown he is exceptional as he is just an ordinary government leader. While my grandson Aiden is only a colonel in the army which is nothing to shout about. As for my brother, Xaver Jones, he is just a second-tier leader in Chillshire but will be promoted to a first-tier leader next year.”

*Hiss!*

Everyone gasped in awe at how powerful the Jones family of the Chillshire branch was.

It was very impressive of them to have influential members in business, government, and the army.

Despite his humble tone, Westley was trying to outdo Michael.

He understood that in the south, both his family and Michael’s were evenly matched.

In terms of the government and army, his family definitely did better than the Jones family of South Hampton.

# The Protector Chapter 867

“Impressive! You have lived up to the reputation of being a Jones. Our ancestors are proud of you.” Joey clapped with joy.

He turned his attention to Michael as it was now the latter’s turn to present his family’s achievements.

Michael glanced at Westley before presenting. “The South Hampton Joneses isn’t as glorious as Chillshire’s. We do not have any exceptional members. The only one worth mentioning is my seventh son, Anson.”

Westley interrupted immediately, “Oh? I heard Anson is a prodigal son, to the extent you forced him to join the army. So, how is he doing now?”

“Anson behaved badly in the past and was every bit the prodigal son you heard about, but he straightened out after joining the army. Today, he is one of the God of War’s close subordinates as a Brigadier General in the Iron Brigade. He is a fearsome warrior and the God of War’s right-hand man,” Michael explained with aplomb.

“A Brigadier General in the Iron Brigade?” Westley’s eyes almost popped out in disbelief.

If what Michael said was true, his family’s achievements would pale in comparison.

*Hiss!*

When the crowd heard what Michael said, all of them caught their breath in awe.

*That’s really impressive!*

*As part of the God of War's personal troops, his status is a lot higher than that of ordinary generals.*

*After all, it's the God of War we are talking about here!*

"Hahaha!"

At that moment, someone burst into sudden laughter.

That person was Levi.

Anson was a useless bum. Ever since he joined the army, he never saw himself as a soldier. All he did was pass the time eating and drinking.

In the end, he deserted the army and was taken prisoner by the enemy. He almost leaked out the army's secrets too.

*How did this man end up being one of the Iron Brigade's King of War as claimed by Michael?*

*There are no wimps in the Iron Brigade, let alone a deserter like Anson.*

*Even if a member of the Iron Brigade is faced with ten thousand men alone, he would rather charge at the enemy and die in the blaze of glory.*

As everyone was quiet, Levi's laughed was especially jarring, which caused them to turn their attention to him.

Michael was infuriated.

*Is this he here to cause trouble?*

*Will he not rest until we're all dead?*

Meanwhile, Westley was delighted to see Levi.

However, he maintained his stern expression. “How can one even laugh during such a solemn moment? It’s really rude. Do you even respect the rules of the Jones family? Who is it? Come out right now!”

“That’s right, whose dares to be so rude?” Even Joey was outraged.

“Grandfather, it’s Michael’s own grandson, Levi Garrison,” someone from the crowd replied.

The crowd was in an uproar.

Michael’s eyes were filled with dread.

# The Protector Chapter 868

“Levi Garrison? Come out here!” Joey ordered angrily as he slammed his staff on the ground.

As the person with the highest authority within the Joneses, he was furious to see such conflict during a solemn event like this.

*The junior members of the Jones family should always be respectful!*

At that moment, everyone turned their gaze toward Levi while the members of the South Hampton Jones family hung their heads in shame.

*The time to be humiliated has begun!*

*It's all because of Levi!*

*He is the source of our humiliation!*

However, Levi didn't move despite being ordered to do so.

Joey shifted his sharp gaze to Levi.

“I'm talking to you. Can't you hear me?” Joey's voice deepened.

However, Levi ignored him as he never acknowledged that he was related to the Jones family.

No matter how much authority Joey had as Patriarch of the Jones family, he had no power over Levi.

Joey was furious at Levi for ignoring him again.

At the same time, Michael and the others were equally infuriated.

*Levi is like a plague to us and keeps bringing us shame.*

Joey then turned to Michael. "Is this how you teach your grandson? To turn a deaf ear to my command? Is he really deaf?"

*Boom!*

The Jones family of South Hampton were trembling uncontrollably at the patriarch's reprimand.

"Levi! Step forward!" Michael yelled at the top of his lungs.

Everyone else began yelling, "Levi Garrison, step forward!"

However, Levi refused with a smile. "You don't have the authority to order me around."

Everyone looked at him in disbelief.

*Isn't that just ridiculously rude?*

*How could he be so brazen in front of the entire Jones diasporic families?*

*He does not respect anyone at all!*

“Michael, you really have a wonderful grandson,” Joey scolded.

Before Michael could explain, Westley interjected, “Father, based on what I know, this grandson of Michael’s was left on the streets since he was young. He grew up in a ghetto and inadvertently picked up many bad habits. He doesn’t deserve to have the noble Jones family blood flowing through him.”

“That’s right! Despite having half the noble Jones family blood, he is a despicable person to the core. How can someone like him attend the Jones family’s anniversary meeting?”

“How can he even be allowed to stand in the ancestral hall? He is a disgrace to our bloodline!” Aiden complained angrily.

Levi’s expression darkened and retorted, “Noble bloodline? In that case, I want to see how noble is your blood. Let me extract to examine its color.”

He walked toward Aiden.

“Wait! What are you doing?”

Everyone was shocked as the scene turned chaotic.

When Michael saw that Levi was filled with murderous intent, he resigned himself to despair.

# The Protector Chapter 869

Although he hadn't known Levi for a long time, he was still aware of how cruel his grandson was.

He knew Levi would have no qualms about drawing his knife and extracting blood from Aiden.

If Levi and Aiden were drawn into a conflict, the South Hampton Jones family would be done for.

The shame brought upon the family could never be washed away.

"Insolence! What are you trying to do?"

Aiden could feel how terrifying Levi was as he instinctively retreated a few steps.

The crowd berated Levi one by one, "How dare you cause trouble during such a solemn occasion?"

Joey was outraged as he stabbed his staff into the ground loudly.

"Why is there such a bastard within the illustrious Jones family?" he lamented as he watched Levi approach Aiden.

"What is this ruckus all about?"

At that moment, a voice rang out in the courtyard.

A man dressed in military fatigues carrying a green backpack entered.

“Oh? It’s my seventh son! Anson has returned!” Michael yelled in excitement.

Wallace, Calvin, and Tyler were all ecstatic to see Anson.

*The pride of the Jones family has returned!*

*He is a real King of War!*

*He is also a member of the Iron Brigade under the God of War!*

Everyone’s attention was focused on Anson.

“Dad, I’m back!” Anson exclaimed.

Michael hugged his son affectionately as he scrutinized him from head to toe.

*You picked the right time to be back!*

“Oh? Son, is there something wrong with your uniform?” Michael asked, puzzled.

He noticed there weren’t any military signs on Anson’s uniform.

His armband and the shoulder ranks were gone. Even his serial number and all other insignias were left empty.

Being a deserter who almost leaked army secrets to the enemy, he was stripped of everything, leaving nothing on his uniform.

Staring at his empty uniform, Michael and everyone else were surprised.

In their minds, Anson was supposed to be wearing the uniform of a Brigadier General with a single star on his shoulder.

However, not seeing anything there disappointed them.

They started to doubt Anson’s identity.

“Anson, where’s your uniform? Aren’t you a Brigadier General?” Michael asked.

“About that, the Iron Brigade has very strict disciplinary rules. On such an occasion, we are not allowed to deck out our uniforms in full colors. All ranks and insignias have to be removed to keep a low profile,” Anson explained without batting an eyelid.

He didn’t dare to tell his father the truth for fear of being beaten to death.

“Oh! So that’s it. Just as I’ve said!” Michael smiled in relief.

“Bullshit, who came up with that rule? Why didn’t I know about it?” Levi interjected suddenly.

# The Protector Chapter 870

Levi had never set such a rule in the Iron Brigade.

In fact, he would encourage his men to put on their Iron Brigade armbands when they returned home because it was a prestigious symbol.

Any family who had a son serving in the Iron Brigade would feel extremely honored.

Levi's words brought everyone's attention back to him, including Anson's.

He sneered at Levi, "Who are you? Do I know you?"

"Are you a member of the Iron Brigade?" Levi asked.

"That's right! Brigadier General Anson Jones of the Iron Brigade at your service," Anson replied.

Levi was amused. "You're in the Iron Brigade and yet you don't know who I am?"

Soldiers from other divisions may not know him, but the Iron Brigade was under his personal command. Every member knew him by the face.

It was impossible for his subordinate not to recognize him.

*It only means you are not from the Iron Brigade.*

“I don’t know you. A-Are you also in the Iron Brigade?” Anson panicked.

If his lie were exposed, Michael would definitely punish him severely.

“Don’t listen to his nonsense. He is Emma’s son, Levi Garrison,” Michael reminded.

Upon hearing that, Anson heaved a sigh of relief.

He glared at Levi and bellowed, “Are you even from the Iron Brigade? Why do I need to know you? Who do you think you are?”

Levi replied with a knowing smile, “If you are really from the Iron Brigade, you will definitely know who I am.”

“Dad, is this guy being rude and disrespecting all the elders here?” Anson stared daggers at Levi.

“Just ignore him! Come over here to greet the Patriarch.”

Anson followed his father and approached Joey.

“Grandfather, it’s my honor to meet you.”

Joey stood up and looked at Anson emotionally. “The Jones diasporic families finally have a member who brings the greatest honor to the family. So what if one is extremely wealthy or if one’s wealth rival that of nations? It pales in comparison with what you have achieved! You are the right-hand man of the God of War and a famous general of the Iron Brigade. I am extremely proud of you!”

The South Hampton Jones family was ecstatic to hear that.

To be acknowledged by the Grandmaster in front of the Jones diasporic families was considered the highest honor and the envy of the other families.

As a result, Westley's face darkened.

"Come, give Anson a seat," Joey ordered.

Other than the head of prominent Jones families, no one else was allowed to sit in front.

By inviting Anson to have a seat, Joey was demonstrating how much he valued Anson's achievement.

Michael arranged for two chairs to be brought in. One for Anson while the other for a guest of the highest honor, the God of War himself.

When Levi saw the empty chair, he commented with a smile, "It appears the Jones family knows what's good for them by reserving a seat for me."

Just as he spoke, he proceeded to take his seat.