

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1211

A large group of people came into view from the distance.

Amidst a flurry of dust and ashes, Hades could sense a dominating presence as the group approached them at a steady pace.

Anxiety filled him immediately. "Don't worry, I'll protect you no matter what!" He exclaimed.

Levi smiled and replied calmly, "It's probably not what you're thinking."

They had just left the borders of Erudia.

It would be too early for the enemy to make a move.

Soon, the group of numerous men marched close enough that each of their faces could be seen clearly. They halted and stood a few arm's lengths away in front of the car.

Levi smiled at the sight of these familiar faces.

"Jonah Garrison, at your service! These nineteen men with me are from the Tang Sect. We're here to escort the God of War on his journey!"

Jonah declared in a loud voice as he and the Tang Sect fighters knelt before them.

"Four Kings of the Southern Union and the Six Slaves, at your service!"

One by one, each man introduced themselves in a similar manner as they too fell onto their knees. There were Johnny Lawrence, Jael Ellison, Yadriel Larson, Connor Hill, and the Six Slaves of Grover Cooke.

“Osborn St-Jacques of South Hampton and The Three Musketeers, at your service!”

“The Dual-Serrated Monks, at your service!”

These were the people Levi had known.

There were some new faces among the group as well.

“Drakon, Boreas, Tigris and Leon from the Northrush Clan, at your service!”

“Forty Brothers of the East, at your service!”

“Anonymous Eighty of the West, at your service!”

“Heavenly Guardians of the North, at your service!”

“Dragon Warriors of the South, at your service!”

“Twenty-eight members of the Stuart family, on our Master’s orders, at your service!”

“Thirty of us from the Meyers family, on our Lady’s orders, at your service!”

“Nineteen members of the Preston family, on our Young Master’s orders, at your service!”

“We have heard about the enemy’s attempt to overthrow your position. The God of War has been the great savior and guardian of Erudia! We offer ourselves as a shield for you on this perilous journey!”

“We’re just a handful of rough men. Ruffians like us aren’t good with our words, but we’ve always had the utmost regards for you!”

“Our country wouldn’t have been as safe and prosperous as it is today without you! You are the only true God of War in our hearts!”

The men cried out one by one.

Amused and somewhat relieved, Levi smiled.

Who could've predicted the way things had turned out? In the end, these "rough men" were the ones who had really come to escort and protect him.

"You should know that the journey ahead is extremely dangerous. It's highly possible that none of us may survive." He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone.

"We came on our own accord. None of us are afraid of death!"

"We have faith that the God of War will one day regain his health and reclaim his throne! The evil ones shall not prevail! Long live Erudia!"

The men roared with their fists held high in the air.

"Very well, then. You have my gratitude!" Levi was pleased with their courageous pledge.

He gazed upon the group which had gathered before him. "Arise, men! I'll be fine once I reach the arranged destination."

His voice rang with authority.

"We shall escort the God of War to safety at all costs!"

A unison cry erupted from the group of fighters as they threw their fists towards the sky. Their voices beamed with full spirit.

The cheer went on for a while. As it died down, Jonah Garrison spoke, "Sir, do you think it'll be too eye-catching if all of us were to set out together?"

Levi shook his head. "No. It's pointless to break into smaller groups or change our route now. Our enemies would've already set their eyes on every one of us from the very start."

"Alright then. Let's fight them head-on when they come at us! We pledge our lives to the God of War until our very last breaths!"

Jonah proclaimed loudly as shouts of agreement rose from the crowd.

Levi's speculation was right.

Tenichi had been observing every move they made.

One way or another, confrontation from the enemy would be inevitable.

They would have no choice but to face Tenichi upfront when the time comes.

Meanwhile, a tense discussion ensued in the enemy's camp.

"Well... Looks like Levi Garrison has finally departed!" Tenichi announced. His face turned grim as he continued, "Everyone gets ready! It's time to let that person out and do his thing."

Everyone present drew a sharp breath. All of them stifled at the mention of 'that person'.

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"Let's go! Follow me to the Northgale Prison!"

Tenichi commanded as he stood up.

At this moment, they were in Northgale. It was a region right across Erudia's borders.

It was the exact place where Levi was heading to.

Deep beneath the ground stood a desolate and mysterious dungeon.

It was a place for the most heinous and murderous captives from Bayview and Northgale.

Every single prisoner locked up here had at least killed a thousand lives.

Tenichi was looking for the strongest of them all.

That person was known as the strongest captive of Northgale Prison, who had single-handedly massacred tens of thousands. No other prisoner had ever outstripped his records.

A truly demonic murderer.

Legend had it that he had originated from an extremely wild and violent tribe.

Secluded far away from the eyes of the world, the tribe was said to hunt all sorts of animals and eat them alive. There had also been reports about human intruders who were cannibalized.

Nobody knew his name. He had always been known as the "Harbinger of Death."

Back then, it took dozens of nations including Raysonia, Keerea, and Northgale to devise a cross-border operation to capture him. Thousands of elite fighters were involved, yet they went through countless failures and revised strategies before he was finally taken down.

He was a terrifying villain whose fighting prowess was that of an Ultimate class.

It was rare to even come across a God-class warrior, let alone one who ranked Ultimate.

Soon, Tenichi and his men arrived at the prison.

The place was heavily guarded with tens of thousands of warriors stationed throughout the compound. Heavy weapons were installed everywhere. The entire prison seemed like an arsenal of firearms on its own.

They descended lower and lower into the depths as they headed towards the cell where the Harbinger of Death was held.

A pair of gigantic metal doors stood before them. It was specially customized with a thickness of almost two meters and weighed over a hundred tons.

This was the deepest part of the dungeon, completely devoid of sunlight and warmth from above. The atmosphere was filled with an eerie air. The temperature had dropped significantly as well. Many of Tenichi's men shuddered.

They did not even dare take a step closer.

At the thought of seeing the Harbinger of Death right behind the doors, all of them eventually stopped in their tracks.

Tenichi shot them a scornful glare. "Useless pieces of trash!" He rebuked.

He proceeded towards the cell alone and unlocked the doors. With a forceful thrust, the doors gradually swung open with a ghastly creak, followed by a heavy grunt.

Grrrrr... Thud!

A sinister and deadly aura gushed out and engulfed the whole room.

Within the narrow cell, several metal chains were securely fastened onto a single man.

Or rather...

A beast. The aura exuding from the person was far from that of a human.

The prisoner lifted his head slowly. Beneath a messy shroud of long hair, his eyes emitted an icy, merciless flash.

For a brief second, Tenichi felt as if somebody had gripped his neck.

"What do you want from me?" The prisoner sneered.

His voice was extremely hoarse.

It sounded like the deep growl of a vicious beast.

"I'm here to give you a chance to freedom." Tenichi answered as he regained his composure.

"Hm?"

The Harbinger of Death glared at him suspiciously.

He had been held in this cold, dark place for four years.

An offer of freedom at a time like this?

"I'll set you free on one condition – kill somebody for me."

Tenichi returned his stare calmly.

The Harbinger of Death let out a raucous chuckle. "Aren't you afraid that I'll bring you all another disaster?"

An Ultimate-class demon would never be controllable once he's freed.

It would be an almost impossible feat to recapture him.

And of course, someone like him wouldn't obey anyone's instructions.

"Fret not. Firstly, I'll have you drink a special poison before letting you out of here. Secondly, the person I want you to kill..." Tenichi paused and gave a teasing smirk.

"... Is none other than Erudia's God of War, Levi Garrison!"

The Harbinger of Death's eyes lit up at that name.

"Agreed!" He exclaimed immediately with a wide grin, revealing his horribly jagged and crooked teeth that were as sharp as a beast's fangs.

Knowing well who the target was, there's no need for him to hesitate.

Tenichi ordered his men to bring the poison and watched as the demon gulped it down.

The Harbinger of Death wasn't the only one given the poison.

It had been distributed to every other prisoner, whom Tenichi had set free under the same condition.

“Go! Bring me the head of Erudia’s God of War! Hahahaha...”

Tenichi’s laughter echoed throughout the dungeon.

Hundreds of vicious killers rushed out of Northgale Prison in an instance as the Harbinger of Death led them.

Evil laughter and frenzied screams filled the air as the freed prisoners poured out of the gate.

Very soon, destruction would once again strike the world above them.

In order to annihilate Levi Garrison, Tenichi would go to any lengths.

His hatred towards Levi was beyond measure.

Even his men shivered at the sight of the crazy mob scrambling out towards the ground above. As much as they had obeyed Tenichi, they could never fathom such an act of cold-blooded tyranny by their leader.

It was sheer terror!

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On the other side...

Levi and his group drove across the desert land at full speed.

They had to make it to the designated town as fast as possible.

The God of War would be safe once they sent him there.

The journey was unexpectedly smooth.

It seems like no one is coming after all. Jonah and the others thought to themselves.

Came to think of it, who would want to go after a man who was crippled and exiled?

He wouldn't pose a threat in any way.

Even a five-year-old child could kill him with ease.

What's the point of wasting a few countries' resources just to get rid of him?

Everyone began to feel relieved.

At last, their objective would be fulfilled without much trouble.

Levi would be safe.

"God of War, we'll be entering a small town soon. It's barely thirty kilometers from your destined location! We should be safe once we make it past this town!"

Hades said.

"Alright... Tell everyone to be on guard. Something feels off to me." Levi warned.

His right eyelid had been throbbing the whole time.

The town ahead seemed oddly quiet and lifeless. There weren't any signs of a single civilian on the streets at all. In fact, the atmosphere felt sinister.

Much to his dismay, he couldn't move an inch at this moment.

How he wished it were just a pretense.

Alas, it's undeniable that he's disabled for real.

He began to worry.

He didn't wish for any of the men escorting him to be harmed.

Before he could worry longer, the group arrived at the town.

It wasn't a large settlement. Only one main street could be seen, spanning an estimated length of three kilometers.

Screeeech!

The car jolted into an abrupt halt as Hades braked suddenly.

They were greeted by a morbid sight as they neared the town center. A sickening stench filled the air as dead bodies were piled up across the main street. Fresh blood was splattered in every corner.

These were the bodies of the town's residents! The old and young; Women and children.

None of them were spared.

"God of War... It seems like this whole town was massacred just a while ago!"

Hades drew a sharp breath.

"Son of a b*tch..." Levi cursed bitterly.

He was angered.

The last thing he had ever wanted would be to see innocent civilians killed like this.

Even if they weren't the people of Erudia.

"Be careful! Let's move these bodies aside quickly! We have to get past this town as fast as we can!"

Jonah ordered the group as he took the lead.

There was no time to waste. They had to make an opening out of the mountain of corpses obstructing their way.

“Hahahaha...”

Just then, a series of savage laughter and shrieks echoed from their surroundings.

One shadow followed after another as they emerged from every corner.

The figures approaching them were dressed in worn-out clothing and untamed hair. They looked like primitive cavemen.

The escort group frantically readied their weapons. They sensed an intense bloodthirst.

The enemies gave off an extremely powerful vibe. There were indeed a few God-class fighters among the berserk mob.

They fixed their bloodshot eyes at Levi’s fleet.

“We’re in deep trouble!” Someone exclaimed.

The group gasped in horror as they made sense of the situation.

With one clear look at the enemy, they could tell these people weren’t just a bunch of deranged barbarians. They were lunatics with frightening power.

“Take the head of the God of War!” A maniacal shriek pierced through the heavy air.

Exhilarated at their newfound freedom out of Northgale Prison, the convicts charged towards Levi at lightning speed.

“Brothers! We shall fight for the God of War until the very end!” Jonah roared. A series of battle cries echoed after him as the crowd prepared to engage the enemies.

“Erudia’s God of War will not fall like this!”

“For Erudia! For the God of War!”

“Charge!”

In the blink of an eye, both parties clashed in a violent rampage.

“Darn it!”

Levi shouted with rage.

Everybody was fighting for his sake.

On the other hand, he couldn't even move a limb!

He hated every second that had passed.

Panic filled him as he struggled in vain.

He didn't want to see any of the men die before his eyes.

The man hated every bit of himself.

God knew how much he wanted to get up.

He wanted to fight alongside everyone.

But what good was he now?

He had never felt so desperate throughout his entire life.

Meanwhile, at the top floor of a nearby building...

The Harbinger of Death stood alone, his keen eyes scanning through the battlefield.

His mouth was drenched in a grimy splatter of red. He observed the scene as wet blood dripped from a chunk of meat clutched in his hand. It was a piece of raw flesh; nobody would've known which animal—or who—was it from.

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“Sigh... Levi Garrison, why should I waste my time on you now that you’ve become a piece of trash?”

The Harbinger of Death lost interest as soon as he spotted the crippled Levi sheltered in the car.

Like Winsor Campbell, he too had wanted to kill the God of War in his prime sovereignty.

But the person he saw now was a weak, defenseless Levi. Anyone could’ve finished him off at his fingertips.

He was no longer a worthy opponent.

The Harbinger of Death withdrew his attention from the battlefield.

He tore another bite off the meat with his sharp teeth. More blood trickled and dripped onto the ground as he feasted.

In the center of the town, sparks and explosions filled the air.

The prisoners had frightening strength. Like a disoriented pack of wild beasts released from captivity, their ecstatic craze of being freed earlier had elevated their brutal power.

Levi’s group of escorts were no less potent.

Each side fought for a different goal. The enemies sought to murder and destroy; the Erudians aimed to protect their pride and virtue.

Tears swirled in his eyes as Levi watched Jonah charge into the midst of the enemies with a blade in one hand.

That man was someone who had one foot in the grave. Yet he was there, fiercely fighting on for his sake along with the others.

Most of the men didn't even know each other.

But all of them united and fought valiantly.

If they were to forsake their own lives in return, so be it.

It would be a worthy sacrifice for the justice they shared.

For the land of Erudia they shared!

Levi's face twitched in despair.

I hate this!

He despised his current self who wasn't able to lift his blade and protect the people of Erudia.

"Charge! Kill them!"

Jonah was leading on the front line. The Tang Sect elites followed closely as they attacked, like a pack of ferocious tigers.

The Four Kings soon charged forward in a split second. Drakon and the trio followed suit in tacit understanding. They wouldn't let the pride of the Northrush Clan crumble without a fight alongside the other warriors. They quickly invaded the enemies' horde and took down a mass.

All the other men too, fought to the best of their abilities.

Whatever it took, they wouldn't let a single enemy move a step closer to the car where Levi was inside.

Hades kept on driving forward as much as he could. As a handful of men dragged and rolled the dead bodies aside, the car inched forward slowly.

Every single fighter had his hands full with making an opening for the car and defending against the enemies' onslaught at the same time.

Whoosh!

Thud!

Bang!

Before long, bodies were flung into the air one by one. Each landed with a heavy thud as they dropped dead on the bloodstained ground.

Those were the elites from the Preston family!

Boom!

Thump!

Blood spilled and splattered in all directions. More bodies collapsed as time went on.

Both sides suffered a huge loss as the wild battle raged on.

The mountain of dead civilian bodies that had clogged up the street earlier had been cleared apart. Nevertheless, the car transporting Levi had only managed to advance over a mere ten meters.

Hundreds of killers still stood in the way ahead of them.

There was no other option to leave this town unharmed. Bloodshed was inevitable.

"Let's go, brothers!"

It was the Forty Brothers of the East. They roared as they rushed towards the barrier of enemies.

The forty men were soon overwhelmed as arrows rained down from the sky. One by one, they fell...

Within a minute, no one was left standing.

How tragic!

Yet how gallant they were!

Their sacrifice had made an opening for the rest.

"It's our turn now! Charge!"

This time it was the Anonymous Eighty of the West.

The league comprised men from various walks of life. Among them were retired military officers, hunters, martial art coaches, and members of other professions.

To put it simply, they were but a group of commoners.

Regular civilians who established a combat guild in order to aid Levi.

They charged into the swarm of enemies.

"Kill them!"

"Fight! We're not going down until we pave a way for the God of War!"

They were eighty commoners, yet they were as valiant as eighty fearless beasts.

Whoosh!

Clang!

Gush!

More blood were spilled. More bodies were strewn.

They braved the battle with wounded bodies. No one was wasting the opportunity that the Forty Brothers had set up for them at the cost of their lives.

The enemies were surprised.

Their opponents clearly lacked in fighting strategies and combat skills. Despite that, they stubbornly clawed and tore at their defense like ravenous animals. As if they weren't afflicted by their wounds and injuries at all!

This was unimaginable!

What's wrong with these commoners?

These men were crazier than themselves!

Thump!

Thud!

Crash!

"Get the God of War out of here!"

The difference in strength proved far too large after all. In the end, the Anonymous Eighty of the West was completely defeated and laid lifeless in a pool of blood.

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Another eighty men thus drew their last breaths on a foreign battlefield.

Tears finally trickled down Levi's face.

Exemplary men of Erudia!

You are a true hero! Every one of you!

More guilt and hatred seized his entire self.

Why did it have to become like this?

Protected at the cost of multiple lives while not being able to do anything himself?

He was increasingly tormented at the awareness that he was incapable to fight.

He didn't want more lives to be lost.

Warriors from both the West and the East had fallen.

At long last, an opening had become more visible across the street.

The sacrifice of the fallen warriors had paid off.

Not a single one of them died without a smile on his face.

"Attack!"

"Avenge our brothers from the East and the West!"

The Dragon Warriors of the South and the Heavenly Guardians of the North dashed forward. They continued to breach into the enemies' turf and expand the passage opened up by the fallen heroes.

The tables had begun to turn. It's as if the deaths of the warriors were a sacred sacrifice that had been received by the gods above. Levi's men started to gain the upper hand. Perhaps the gods' blessings had descended on them. Little by little, the remaining killers from Northgale Prison were forced backward as they pushed on.

In a split second, the fleet had advanced another hundred meters.

The sudden commotion had caught the attention of the Harbinger of Death once again.

“Bunch of trash!” He berated in anger.

He continued gnawing and chewing on the piece of raw meat brutishly.

Meanwhile, the bloody war continued on the street.

The Northgale Prisoners were taken aback at the sudden reversal of the situation.

What happened to these measly peasants? Weren't they already on the losing end since the beginning?

They were throwing their lives away like crazy beasts!

Such frightening zeal!

The prisoners were still in shock and amazement.

Why're they doing this?

All for a cripple?

A traitor?

All for a now useless Levi Garrison?

Was he really worth it?

They could never understand the men's devotion to their leader and their beloved nation.

This was something outcasts and murderers like them could never comprehend.

“Onward!”

“Kill them all! We'll soon make it through!”

Jonah continued waving and slashing his blade. His eyes were bloodshot.

The Tang Sect kept the enemies busy as they launched their strikes in all forms – secret weapons, poisoned ammunition, and explosive firearms.

The Northrush Clan were equally unrelenting. Their blows and kicks cascaded down on their foes in a swift, continuous stream, like a raging torrent.

The Three Musketeers and the Dual-Serrated Monks too, were unfaltering.

They all knew how great their loss had been.

The numbers of those who had fallen kept rising.

There were constantly fellow men who were severely injured.

In spite of those, they had finally gained the advantage. They wouldn't let themselves back down or waver at any moment.

Boom!

Pow!

Wham!

The rampage continued. More blood was shed.

Jonah had over ten slash wounds across his body. The vivid red that had covered him along with dust and debris, had made his aged white crown appear even brighter.

All nineteen men from the Tang Sect were just as wounded if no less, albeit there wasn't a single death amongst them.

One of them had both his arms broken while another lost a leg. Neither of them moaned; each continued to fight with maximum strength.

This was the first time Levi could only observe the battlefield as a complete spectator. He quietly swore to never forget this sight – the dead and the critically wounded, all who had fallen on the earth for his sake.

These people were the pride of Erudia!

Men who fought with relentless honor.

Brave warriors with iron blood.

Their sacrifices were not in vain. The enemies' forces were diminishing.

Dead bodies from both sides littered all over the ground.

The Northgale Prisoners had only been treating this battle like a game of eagles hunting chicks.

But who would've known that these "hunted chicks" turned out to be such a fearful force? Even their fellow God-class prisoners were killed!

"Come on! Come at us if you dare!" Jonah roared at the enemies, waving his blade at them.

His physical strength was about to give away. He staggered for a second and nearly stumbled.

Nonetheless, his will to fight was unyielding.

"I will kill every single one of you who comes!"

Not far from him stood Johnny and Yadriel of the Four Kings, with a few others. Their bloodshot eyes fumed with rage.

Their spear guns and blades were drenched in red. The blood of those who were killed at the tip of their weapons continued to drip and trickle.

"Ahhh! Run!"

Fear began to consume the remaining dozens of prisoners. They staggered backward and prepared to turn and run.

A scene like this was unimaginable.

Who would've believed if this news were to spread out?

Who would've believed if they were told that thousands of murderous criminals from the Northgale Prison were scared away by regular men?

"Utter trash! You're all useless!" A raging demonic voice roared from behind them.

The Harbinger of Death appeared just as they started running away.

Boom!

Just as one of the prisoners ran past him, he landed a slap on his head.

The prisoner's skull burst into a flurry of flesh and bones in that instant.

Boom!

"Arrghh!" Another slap followed and one more skull exploded.

One after another, the Harbinger of Death dealt a fatal blow to every prisoner who tried to escape.