

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1171

I'm going to thrash all of them!

"What were you yammering about? This and that about some Heir Leaderboard rankings? However many you have, bring it on!" Levi bellowed at the assembly in front of him.

The crowd, incensed by his brazenness, continued to cuss at him.

They were determined to bring the wrath of Oakland City upon him in its fullest potency.

Jerry looked at Levi intently before stepping outside.

It was at that moment, his eyes had betrayed his deviousness.

Little did they know that he had purposefully pulled some strings to suppress word of this incident to keep it from a few of the ancient families. It was because he was concerned how things might change for him should the Lehmans become involved.

News were kept under wraps so that he might rid himself of Levi through the combined strength of the various imperial and royal families, and deny his rival the chance to clarify things with Zoey.

Jerry's true nature was that of a practicing hypocrite.

He saw a union with Zoey as a stepping stone into the ranks of the ancient Lehman family...

And it just so happened that Levi's emergence had thrown a wrench in his best-laid plans.

For this, Levi must die.

At that moment, Oakland City was in an upheaval.

Representatives of the Gotts, Prestons, Meyers, Cuviers, Trents, and the multitude of other imperial and royal families have descended upon Dynasty Manor.

Barring the notable absence of the first imperial family, the Stuarts and all the others were present.

Hundreds of cars were promptly left packed at the front as all the heads of the families quickly made their way inside with their men.

At that time, Conrad's screams of agony still reverberated off the walls inside the hall.

Levi, on the other hand, had his eyes closed and was at rest.

"Who was the one who hurt my son?"

"Who was the one who maimed Mr. Garcia?"

The stern shouting ushered in the arrival of several lavishly dressed elders and the large entourage propping up the rear.

They were spearheaded by Esmond of the Cuviers and Otis of the Trents.

The two men were joined by Jordan, Arvin, and Tiffany of the Meyers.

Prominent figures, who were rarely seen in public, had been brought together on this occasion.

"It's him! Levi Garrison!" The accusing fingers were concerted in identifying the guilty party.

Upon that, Levi surveyed the scene before him. "So is everyone present? Good. Why don't you lot come at me at the same time? I'd like to thrash all of you!"

"Arrogant fool! Die!"

A man took to his heel to rush Levi.

Bang!

Levi fired out the heel of his foot and sent his assailant sprawling as though struck by a five-ton truck. The downed man fell to the ground and remained motionless.

The crowd drew in sharp breaths the moment they witnessed that.

“Even the top pugilist from the Cuvier family was no match?” Their eyes popped in surprise.

“Kill him!”

A bevy of fighters then charged in concert towards Levi.

However, Levi deftly dispatched as many of them as there were, and no one had been able to displace him from his position on the chair.

He remained seated while his fallen foes were left groaning on the floor all around him.

“How could he be that good? This...”

Jordan and Arvin stared at Levi in disbelief.

Is this really the man that everyone called a good-for-nothing?

For a brief moment, they felt a smidgen of regret for calling off the engagement.

In the meantime, the others were going ballistic.

How was it that we could not get a handle on him even with so many skilled men?

Even Jerry was dumbstruck.

“Truly, the Garrisons could not produce anyone incapable. To think even a bastard of theirs is this formidable!” They sighed.

Propped up by the supporters around him, Conrad's eyes burned at Levi. "I don't care how good he is. Kill him, or I'll have to invoke the Garcias and the Garrison clan to deal with this personally. And when they do, I'll make sure to have all of you held collectively responsible!"

Faced with threats from the son of the Garcias, the heads of the prominent families present could only oblige.

"Listen to me. We must kill this man. For when the Garrisons hears of this, we should expect not blame, but reward!" Esmond rallied.

The morale of the aggressors were elevated in an instant.

"No! You cannot afford to cross this man, for he is the God of War!"