

# Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1168

"What?" The attendees gasped.

Even though those present were of noble descent, polygamy was a thing of the past. Not even current prominent members of the imperial and ancient families partook in it.

Confidants were tolerated, but there was to be only one woman who would be granted a recognized status.

It followed that no one could be accorded the title of concubine and no exception could be made even for one such as Tyrone Garrison.

However, none present dared voice their protestations against this scion of an ancient family.

Ultimately, Conrad had a reputation as a notorious libertine.

No one knew for certain how many young lives were ruined at the hands of The Casanova of Oakland City, who was also known as the ultimate lady killer, over the years.

His body count of female conquests might have numbered in the five to six hundred, with many of being underage when they had fallen prey to him.

More than a few also have vanished right after he took them away. Neither their person nor a cadaver had been found since.

As Conrad was a true deviant, his decision to take on a concubine came as no big surprise.

When Abigail came to Oakland City to work under the employ of the Garcia family, she had unexpectedly caught the eye of Conrad, who then forcibly wanted to make a concubine of her.

Abigail was at her wit's end until she heard that Levi was in town. She spent the better part of the day deliberating whether to call him before she eventually did.

"Congratulations on your new acquisition, Mr. Garcia! We would be looking forward to sharing a toast with you at your wedding!" The first to come forward was Jerry.

"Congratulations, Mr. Garcia!" And the others followed as soon as they stirred from their stupor.

All they could have offered Abigail was their unspoken sympathies.

*Yet another fine young woman to fall victim to Conrad Garcia.*

"My thanks to all of you for your well wishes. I hope to see all of you there at my wedding!" Conrad was riding on a high.

He could hardly contain himself as he gazed lasciviously upon the coquettish yet innocent Abigail.

The scion of the Garcias did not actually need to grant any formalized status to Abigail.

That was before he found out that Abigail's older sister was Dale Lehman's adopted daughter.

Taking her by force might spell trouble for him given her extended connections; hence, his decision to opt for concubinage.

That way, he could openly lay his hands on Abigail without leaving cause for opposition.

"Is the young lady willing, though?" Just then, a voice rang out amidst the bustle.

All of those present turned their heads. The owner of the voice was none other than Martin "Madman" Preston himself.

No one had expected his presence there, as he was better known as a lunatic than a ranking scion in the eyes of the public.

"I'm never one to take no for an answer! Whatever I fancy will be mine to have!"

Conrad was as brash and arrogant as they come.

After that, he regarded Abigail. "She will be mine so long as I desire her. Who dares stand in my way?"

The scion certainly had the capital to do as he pleased since the Garcia family pandered to his every whim, and his father was extremely protective of him within reason.

He, too, enjoyed the favor of his uncle-in-law, Tyrone Garrison, and his cousin, Damien.

With the convenience of always having someone available to clean up after him, Conrad could always afford to act without hesitation nor fear of consequences.

"You are making a mistake with this one, Conrad! Do you have any idea who she is?" Martin asked.

"Of course I do. Her sister is the adopted daughter of Mr. Lehman! Even he should have nothing to say if I were to take her as my concubine!" Conrad stated calmly.

"Haha, is that so? I'd reckon that you would be courting death if you tried!" Martin laughed heartily.

Nonetheless, Conrad was naturally undeterred.

"Hahaha, who else could I not afford to offend? In that case, I shall take her as my concubine before this day ends. And we shall see who is there to stand in my way!" he trumpeted.

Martin merely shook his head in response.

But this time, the Casanova of Oakland City was to meet his foil.

*Bang!*

The doors slammed violently against the walls upon a potent strike of someone's foot.

"He got that right. Abigail is not someone you could afford to mess with!"

A chilling voice was carried by the shockwaves riding across the room.