

# Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1172

Everyone was stunned by Tiffany's hysterical shouting.

The hundreds of fighters stilled their hands, and the onlookers stood frozen with mouths agape.

The well-hidden Martin snickered.

All of you just messed with the wrong guy.

This is someone who could stand up against all the aristocratic families in Oakland City!

Martin could only credit his meeting with this man for his own ascension.

Silence ensued for one whole minute.

That was the duration for which everyone was rooted to the spot.

"The... The God of War..." someone swallowed hard.

Martin proclaimed aloud, "That's right. Standing before you is the rock of Erudia – God of War! Martin Preston hails the God of War!"

"Tiffany Meyers hails the God of War!"

Following the two person's affirmative voices, Conrad fell to the ground, and Jerry slumped back into his chair.

The eyes of all present almost popped from their sockets.

No one could have expected that the God of War was Levi Garrison.

In fact, everyone was in absolute disbelief.

Jordan and Arvin looked at Levi, and then at their progeny before they finally understood why Tiffany made the decision she did after her return.

“So Martin and Tiffany did not meet the God of War by chance. They had purposefully sought out Levi!”

“It was no wonder Levi agreed to the wager against Tyrone. He really did not fear the Garrisons!”

“Now I understand why Levi Garrison dropped off the radar. He embarked on a campaign north to eradicate the Blood King Palace! This was why he could not be present for the birth of his child and the match against the Garrison clan!”

All the missing pieces of the puzzle quietly fell into place.

In short order, everyone had figured out the facts behind the matter.

Conrad then understood why he ought to have steered clear of Abigail...

No one would be able to protect him as even the Garcia family might find themselves in crisis over this.

Thud!

Thud!

The room was silent save for the rhythmic pattering of knees hitting the ground.

One after the other, those in the crowd prostrated themselves.

“The Prestons hail the God of War!”

“The Meyers hail the God of War!”

“The Gotts hail the God of War!”

There was silence as the entire room was held in fear and awe of the great man in their midst.

Only the dazed and hapless Jerry remained on his feet.

He finally caught on to what kind of explanation Levi had in mind for Zoey when he brought her to Oakland City.

Jerry shuddered at this own audacity trying to snatch the wife and child away from the God of War himself.

“What are you doing? Why aren’t you on your knees?” His family anxiously gesticulated at him.

Jerry then fell onto his knees with a loud thud. “God of War, I was wrong. I shouldn’t have...”

Levi smirked, “You may not have been a gentleman, but I shall spare you in consideration of your effort to convince Zoey and the others to come to Oakland City!”

“Thank you, God of War!” Jerry prostrated himself and bowed his head repeatedly.

“There are rules and traditions to observe in all matters. Could we not be so outrageous as to entertain the notion of concubinage? What makes any of you think it appropriate for you to conduct yourselves as the kings of yore do? Someday, someone would cure you of your arrogance!” Levi reprimanded.

Conrad shrunk even more as he bowed deeper in deference. “Never again! I swear!”

Levi then took Abigail and made their exit.

This was one of the most heart-stopping moments that the prominent families of Oakland City had ever experienced.

They now understood how the house of Stuart had fallen – Because Indigo Stuart was The Azure Dragon, a King of War.

The maimed Conrad was eventually stretchered back to the Garcias.

He dared not breathe a word of the truth behind what transpired.

“Who was it who crippled my grandson? I demand justice to be done!” Zed, the head of the Garcia family, howled.