

# 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.