

# Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1092

“Okay. I’ll be there.” Levi agreed.

“It’ll be great if you can come and teach them,” implored Darton.

“Sure, Rogier. I’ll be there.”

Darton was excited by his promise.

“This will be the most impressive session of Hidden Dragon Soldier King Training Camp ever! I shall keep it a secret and give the youngsters a surprise!”

Right then, a car had just departed the Garrison clan.

Six young Garrisons were in the car, heading to Hidden Dragon Soldier King Training Camp. Tyrone had just sent them off.

Tyrone and the Garrison clan had high hopes for the six young men.

The young men were arrogant and rebellious.

After all, they were born in the top ancient family in Erudia.

Burt Garrison, the young men’s leader, declared sternly, “This time, we’re representing the Garrison clan. We need to be the top six in the camp!”

“We need to be the six selected ones to join the Iron Brigade. Understand?”

"Yes!" the others replied in the affirmative.

They had always felt a sense of superiority, so there was no way they'd lose to the other weaklings at the camp.

"My dream is to enter the Iron Brigade and be the God of War's subordinate. If I succeed, that will be a great honor for me and my family!" another young Garrison by the name Klint, exclaimed.

Burt nodded. "Yes, that's right. I'll be extremely honored to be the God of War's subordinate. He's the idol of every young man in Erudia. Damien is nothing compared to him!"

"Yes. The God of War has always been Damien's idol. He's been working hard to reach that height."

The young men were excited about the upcoming adventure.

Right then, Pewter Garrison changed the topic. "The South that we're going to include North Hampton. I wonder what Levi Garrison looks like."

"Ha! I'm curious, too. Let's take some time off to teach Levi a lesson!" A look of anticipation crossed Klint's face.

"Sure. Let's beat him up one day. He's too arrogant. He even looked down on Damien!"

The other three agreed unanimously.

In a forest deep in the mountains in the South Warzone, fifty trainees were gathered.

The young men present were from various warzones all over Erudia.

They were valuable talents to their teams because of their expertise.

Each of them was arrogant and wild.

There was a possibility that they would even look down on the instructors in the training camp.

Their instructor would need to show his capabilities and convince the young men.

Darton himself showed up to make an announcement. "You're all Hidden Dragons, the future of Erudia. Your instructor will be arriving soon!" he declared with a chuckle.

Burt asked, "Sir, is our instructor going to be one of the God of Slaughters in the South?"

There were four famous God of Slaughters in the South Warzone.

Before arriving, Burt and the others couldn't help but wonder who their instructor would be.

They thought it would be one of the Four God of Slaughters.

"No," said Darton, shaking his head.

"Could it be one of the Eight Combat Heroes?" Burt thought of another possibility.

"No. You'll know when your instructor arrives."