

# Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1113

Almost instantly, Levi, Tiffany, and the others were surrounded by dark figures.

Each of them was exuding a threatening, murderous aura.

Although they were the elite fighters of various countries, they all had a black mask on them.

“What’s going on?”

Martin looked around at his surroundings. *It looks like there are more than a hundred people here.*

However, his guess was wrong. There were actually over a thousand, but most were still hidden in the shadows.

Tiffany’s delicate brows furrowed as confusion flashed past her eyes.

*What’s going on?*

*Why are there so many people around?*

*Is this related to what Levi said earlier?*

*That I should scam if I wished to live?*

“Levi Garrison, we meet again,” one of them sneered.

By hearing the voice, Levi knew it was one of the Eighteen-Nation Alliance's strongest fighters.

Sensing the murderous aura from the group of people, Martin couldn't help but ask, "Are you here to fight Levi too?"

"Of course. Why else are we here?" the person scoffed.

In response, Martin jeered, "I'll be frank with you. Levi is my prey, so you and your lot can get lost!"

"What?"

The thousands of elite fighters were stunned.

*He dares to claim Erudia's God of War as his prey?*

*Who is he?*

Seeing the dumbfounded looks on the others' faces, Martin scoffed, "Why, are my words not clear enough? Or maybe you're all deaf. Listen carefully; I'm Martin Preston, the heir of the imperial Preston family of Oakland City. Right now, Levi is my prey, and I'm the only one who can decide whether to beat him up or kill you. None of you have the right to lay a finger on him. Now, get lost!"

Martin took the opportunity to perform well in front of Tiffany.

After all, he reckoned that he couldn't always let others go up against Levi Garrison.

He had to show Tiffany how powerful he was.

Upon hearing Martin announcing his identity, everyone burst out laughing.

His status may have some prominence in Oakland City, but in the foreign elite fighters' minds, he was nothing but a simple housefly.

Hearing their laughter, Martin was about to say something when Levi interrupted. "That's enough. Stop talking. If you keep talking, you'll lose your life."

“Who dares to take my life? Them?” Martin scorned as he pointed at the foreign elite fighters.

*Just the ten guards by my side are more than enough to clear the crowd.*

*Gush! Gush! Gush!*

Just as the thought crossed his mind, blood could be seen spurting out from his guards in the next second.

*Thump!*

All ten of Martin’s guards now lay in a puddle of blood, no longer breathing.

Everything happened in a blink of an eye.

Martin had been learning martial arts since young, and he had achieved the second rank in the Heir Leaderboard with his own capabilities.

He was a capable fighter.

However, he wasn’t able to see who was the one who killed his guards, nor how they were killed.

*What the hell just happened? It was over in a flash!*

Realization finally dawned on him that those who were present were much stronger than he was.

With that thought in mind, Martin started sweating as his legs shook.

Tiffany, too, could feel a chill running down her spine. As she looked at dark shadows surrounding them, terror gnawed at her heart.

Subconsciously, she leaned closer to Levi.

“Levi, the you from before had no weaknesses. But now that you have your own family, they are your weaknesses!”

"In fact, some of us have gone for them. You won't be able to save them in time!"

"Not unless you kill us all!" the crowd jeered.

A murderous look flitted across Levi's eyes, and he laughed.

"Then so be it, I'll kill every one of you!"