

CEO Bride 661

Chapter 661

Frank snorted coldly. The young soldier trembled as he continued, “W-

We’re surrounded!”

Frank raised an eyebrow. “Who are they?”

“They look to be the Northern Territory’s ace forces!”

Three fighter jets flew low across the sky, and the electromagnetic

tower immediately shot dozens of energy arcs at them.

“What the hell is this?”

The expression of a pilot in one of the fighter jets soured. With a boom, the jet entered supersonic flight and evaded the

electromagnetic rays.

“It’s a supersonic jet!”

Frank instantly paled, his calm escaping him completely. “Quick, request the headquarters for support!”

Why would the Northern Territory attack a National Martial Bureau base? Could it be related to the prisoner in Cell 1 and the Northern Territory Warzone?

Outside the base, approximately ten kilometers away, stood a burly man with thick eyebrows and big eyes. He had his hands on his hips.

“Major Meyer, this is K8. The base coordinates have been sent to the ground. Please pay attention to it. The base is equipped with six newly developed electromagnetic towers and a large number of laser weapons!”

“Thank you!” replied the burly man indifferently before he entered the tent behind him.

A three-star major looked up at the burly man and said, “Old Meyer, the coordinates have been sent. Let’s talk to the National Martial Bureau first!” What he did not know was that the man had already fired a shot toward the mountain.

The burly man’s name was Xylon Meyer, and it carried some weight.

In the military, he was known as Old Meyer, the helmsman of the Northern Territory’s Eighth Ace Force.

The Eighth Ace Force was renowned for being the undefeated Gold Medal Force, one of Stellar Orwell’s powerful assets. They were also highly favored by General Philix Xing.

“What are you waiting for? You think you can bear the responsibility of the young marshal losing even a single strand of hair on his head?” Xylan said as he glared at the man.

“Old Meyer, we’re soldiers, not bandits or robbers!” Flynn retorted sternly. He was the helmsman of the Sixteenth Ace Force.

The Sixteenth Ace Force had a distinguished performance on the battlefield, serving as Stellar’s second arrow. Flynn was a more level-headed man who always tried to minimize casualties in every battle.

He had intended to mobilize the two ace forces and exert pressure on the National Martial Bureau, but Old Meyer had unexpectedly taken a more decisive action.

“If that’s the case, you stay at the foot of the mountain. I’ll lead the

troops to rescue the young marshal!” Xylon snorted coldly and stormed away.

After a while, the muzzles of more than 80 tanks were aimed at the designated coordinates. Numerous helicopters slowly took off, and Xylan was seated in an armored vehicle as they entered Mount Tame.

Back at the base, Frank finally got through to Bobby’s phone. When the man learned that people from the Northern Territory were firing at the base, he seethed. “Is Philix insane? How can he open fire without even negotiating?”

“Elder Olsen, who exactly did you capture?” Frank asked.

Bobby had no intention of hiding what he had done and answered truthfully, “The man who saved the life of the Warden of the Northern

Territory!”

The answer shocked Frank. Being from the Eastern Territory, he knew of the Warden’s prominent name. He was the general of the Northern Territory and the one who led the North Army.

The Northern Territory's harsh climate and challenging living conditions led ambitious nations to often see it as a point of

breakthrough to enter Longford. Fighting in harsh conditions like that, the army, of course, saw rapid growth.

Among the four major regiments, the North Army was undoubtedly

the strongest.

"What should we do now?"

Chapter 662

Frank was set with unease. He was worried that those from the

Northern Territory would bombard the base. There were more than

3,000 elite soldiers stationed here!

"Hold them off for now. I'll be there soon," Bobby said before ending

the call.

Frank sighed helplessly. Elder Olsen's behavior had always been shrouded in mystery. He never informed him of anything about the captives or the crimes they committed. Now, trouble had erupted.

"Mr. Gomez, what did Elder Olsen say?" Tadeus Holm, Peggy's squad

leader, asked anxiously.

“He asked us to hold them off. Hopefully, it’s not that hot-headed Old/ Meyer we’re dealing with. Otherwise, we won’t be able to restrain him!

Frank said with a wry smile.

He already had a bold guess in his mind. The person who f shot earlier might indeed be Old Meyer, the helmsman of the N Territory’s Eighth Ace Force. Only he dared to open fire on the National Martial Bureau without any hesitation.

Tadeus sighed. “Should we just release the prisoner? If a fight break out, the casualties will be our people. It’ll no doubt attract the

attention of the capital!”

No wonder he found that person somewhat familiar. It turned out he was the savior of the Northern Territory’s Warden. He had seen this person’s photo in a friend’s group chat that was made of Northern

Territory comrades.

Frank glanced at Tadeus and said calmly, “We’re working for the National Martial Bureau. If the National Martial Bureau doesn’t give us the green light, we can’t release him.”

At that moment, Peggy strode over and asked, “Mr. Gomez, what was

the explosion sound just now?”

Half an hour later, dozens of tanks had come to a stop outside the base while the lights of numerous helicopters in the sky boldly

illuminated the interior of the base.

Several helicopters rose from within the base itself. A large number of armored vehicles had also blocked the entrance, creating an

instantly tense atmosphere.

“Listen up, those of you inside! I am Xylon Meyer, the helmsman of the Northern Territory’s Eighth Ace Force. I command you to bring Nash Calcraft out to me now!”

Xylon roared from the top of the tank through a megaphone while over a thousand fully armed soldiers stood in formation around him.

Indeed, it was Old Meyer who had come.

Frank felt like crying. The leader of the Northern Territory had actually allowed this temperamental tiger out. It looked like they were determined to have a serious confrontation with the National Martial

Bureau!

Frank said to the soldier at the lookout tower, “Tell Old Meyer that I invite him for a discussion.”

The soldier on the lookou

tower picked up the microphone and said, “ Major Meyer, our leader would like to invite you for a discussion!”

“A discussion? I’m not discussing anything with you. I’ll give you ten minutes. If I don’t see Nash, I’m bringing my people in,” Xylon

grumbled.

Frank's expression soured even more. After a moment of silence, he climbed up the lookout tower himself, grabbed the microphone, and said, "Old Meyer, it's Frank. We met back when the Fourth Army rendezvoused during the battle at Immortal Island.

"I remember you liked to eat fish. You even took me to the ice cave to

catch fish that time."

Xylon was slightly stunned. He then picked up the binoculars hanging around his neck and glanced through it.

"So, you are an old acquaintance," the man muttered to himself before picking up the megaphone.

"Since we're old acquaintances, that makes things even better. Let me tell you this, my boss sees Nash Calcraft as his second lease on life. If you touch even a single hair on his head, you won't be getting away!

So what if they were old acquaintances? The North Army would not tolerate them hurting a single hair on the head of the warden's son.

Just then, the buzzing of helicopter blades sounded from the distance as three white helicopters landed on the base's helipad.

Chapter 663

Bobby stepped out of the helicopter and leaped onto the lookout

tower in one swift move. He grabbed the microphone from Frank and

said, "I'm Bobby Olsen, the Third Elder of the National Martial Bureau.

"Nash Calcraft is involved in a major and heinous murder case, so we

can't release him in the meantime!"

"Damn it!"

A cold light flashed through Xylon's sharp eyes, and he slowly raised his right hand. The tanks' gun barrels rotated with the action and were now aiming at the base.

The thousands of soldiers present had also swiftly disengaged the safety locks on their firearms. Various weapons were ready to be unleashed. With a wave of the major's hand, they would immediately

turn the base into ruins.

Frank quickly said, "Elder Olsen, this is Xylon Meyer from the Northern Territory's Eighth Ace Force we're dealing with. He has a violent

temper and might resort to direct action!"

Bobby snorted. "If he wants to act, let him. Does he really think the National Martial Bureau is defenseless?"

As a Mystique Loyalty Realm expert, he was more than capable of

sa

resisting their weapons.

"Old Meyer, calm down!" Flynn roared as he approached the man with a few other deputy majors.

At that moment, several helicopters were slowly descending from the

sky. They came from the Eastern Territory. Fighter jets had also flown

in from the Southern Territory. The once quiet Mount Tame was now.

a flurry of activity.

A large number of fighter jets were circling the sky, leaving Frank

stunned. Were the Eastern and Southern Territories also intervening

now?

However, Bobby's lips curled slightly into a smirk. "The leaders of the Eastern and Southern Territories have close ties with the National Martial Bureau's prime minister. I want to see if they have the courage to act today."

Among the Eastern Territory's helicopter team was a stern-looking elderly man in a four-star military suit. "Major Lyon!"

Excited by the man's presence, Frank quickly jumped down from the lookout tower and ran to the old man, saluting him. "Major Lyon!"

With kind-looking features, Hudson Lyon smiled and greeted, "Little Gomez, long time no see! It's been 15 years!"

Warm tears welled up in Frank's eyes as he felt a lump form in his throat. Hudson was the general of the Eastern Territory and also Frank's former superior. 15 years had passed, and the once mighty warrior had turned into an elderly man with a head full of white hair.

"Yes, time flies. It's been 15 years since you retired!"

Hudson smiled bitterly.

“Old Lyon, long time no see!”

At this moment, the Southern Territory’s general, Major Anderson

Jones, walked over with a gentle smile.

Hudson smiled. “Major Jones, long time no see!”

“I heard the Northern Territory is causing trouble, picking a fight with the National Martial Bureau. Has Philix lost his mind? Why are they fighting among themselves?”

Anderson said without even bothering to conceal the mockery in his tone. He was a man in his 50s and was tall. He had graying temples and a pair of piercing hawk-like eyes

Hudson smiled lightly and replied, “He has his reasons for doing so.”

Then, the man turned to Frank and said, “Little Gomez, tell us what’s

going on here.”

Frank explained to both of them about Elder Olsen’s capture of Philix’s lifesaver.

Outside the base, Flynn had climbed onto a tank and made his way Xylon’s side. “See that? The majors of both the Eastern and Souther Territories have arrived!”

Xylon’s face had taken a somewhat unpleasant appearance as he contemplated the situation. “To think that the National Martial Bureau has both the Eastern and Southern Territories supporting them.

That's something."

"Even without the Eastern and Southern Territories intervening, you shouldn't be acting so recklessly. Do you really think you can just meddle with relationships at the state capital level?" Flynn said.

Xylon glanced at the man discontentedly. "Do you actually think the

Warden failed to inform the capital? Of course, he did. The capital

isn't intervening in this matter. Why would the Warden go to such great lengths to have us cross mountains and rivers to come to

Jonford otherwise?"

Chapter 664

Hesitation crossed Flynn's face. "But now the majors of both the Eastern and Southern Territories are here. If we act recklessly, we might cross them!"

Xylon's face was dark. He was aware of this. Otherwise, he would

have ordered an attack by now.

On the lookout tower, Bobby's voice came through the loudspeaker.. Major, please leave. The National Martial Bureau handles their matters openly and honestly. If Nash is innocent, we will release him."

Xylon grabbed the megaphone and was about to retort, but Flynn snatched it away and said, "Is the National Martial Bureau so

inefficient? So much time has passed, yet you guys still haven't figured it out?"

Bobby replied, "This case is quite complicated, but we can promise. you that we will give you an answer within three days."

"Fine..."

"Fine, my ass!"

Xylon yanked the megaphone back. "30 minutes. If you don't release him by then, I will open fire!"

After speaking, he smashed the microphone.

"Old Meyer, you're being too impulsive!"

Flynn shook his head, a bitter smile on his face.

"If I were impulsive, they wouldn't even have the chance to talk!" Xylon crossed his arms, glaring.

Bobby descended from the lookout tower and then walked toward the two majors. He put an arm across his chest in a manner of greeting." Major Lyon, Major Jones!"

The two men nodded in acknowledgment.

"Elder Olsen, what crime did Nash commit?" Hudson asked. Frank's explanation earlier was unclear, so they had to direct their question to Bobby, who had arrested Nash.

"Yesterday, a heinous killing spree occurred in Jonford. Over 30 priests in a church were massacred. We received a report on the incident and even obtained a video from the place. It was the work of the world's number one assassin, the Smiling Grim Reaper," Bobby

explained.

Major Jones was puzzled. "If it was the Smiling Grim Reaper who did it, why did you arrest Nash?"

"They're one and the same," Bobby stated.

"Why can't the National Martial Bureau solve this case within a day considering the organization's power?" Hudson asked again with a

frown.

"There's something suspicious about this case. The killer in the video is indeed the Smiling Grim Reaper, but based on our investigation, the real Smiling Grim Reaper wouldn't simply massacre innocents.

"We suspect someone is impersonating the Smiling Grim Reaper, and this imposter is very meticulous. He timed everything perfectly, and

that threw a wrench in our progress," Bobby explained with a bitter smile.

"Keep up with the investigation and solve this case as soon as

possible. We'll stay here tonight. With us here, they won't dare to act!"

Hudson said calmly.

Just as he said that, the base's main gate was blasted open by an explosion, sending debris flying in all directions. Bobby waved his

hand, using his true energy to block the scattered debris.

Anderson's face darkened. How dare they open fire with him and Major Lyon here? Were they insane?

Xylon blew the smoke from his rocket launcher and yelled, "Sorry, it was an accident..." He then turned around and went back to the tent

that had just been set up.

Hudson's and Anderson's expressions were dark. An accident? This was clearly a show of force against them. "He's a mere sergeant, and he dares to open fire on us majors? The audacity!"

"I'll send reinforcements immediately. If they want a fight, I'll give them one. Do they really think the Eastern Territory are weaklings?" Anderson was furious.

Bobby smiled and consoled him, saying, "Major Jones, there's no need to get angry. He's just trying to intimidate us."

Hudson sighed. "Even if you bring in reinforcements now, they won't arrive until tomorrow. Let's report the situation here to the Warden and see if they can negotiate with Philix."

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Anderson's eyes burned with anger. If this the Eastern Territory,

he would have led a large army to attack already.

Outside the base, Flynn's complexion was extremely pale.

Fortunately, they only blasted open the main gate. If that shot had penetrated the interior of the base and harmed the two majors, the situation would have truly escalated.

Xylon relayed what had happened to Stellar. Ten minutes later, they received a response from him.

Chapter 665

After receiving no response for half an hour, shots were fired. Xylon informed Flynn of Stellar's order, and the man was in disbelief. "Are

you sure you told Colonel Orwell that there are two majors from two

different territories here?"

Xylon's impulsive temperament was one thing, but for even Colonel Orwell to be so impulsive, he was beginning to wonder if he was too

calm.

In the Northern Territory, under the starry sky, Philix was draped in a cloak as he stood at the summit of Mount Boundary. He was gazing at the distant snowy mountains. Behind him, Stellar had just relayed the news from Jonford as well as the orders he had issued.

The cold wind howled, piercing and bone-chilling. Philix remained silent for a long time. Stellar asked, "Warden, are you worried about the capital or the Southern and Eastern Territories?"

"Neither," Philix answered slowly.

"In that case, are you concerned about the confirmation of that matter, or is it about the young marshal?"

Philix shook his head and sighed. "It's nothing. Go rest. Also, tell Xylon and the others not to reveal my relationship with Nash."

After saying that, he walked down the mountain without looking back, leaving Stellar puzzled.

He still could not figure out what was the Warden's concerns. Could it be homesickness? Philix got into a Jeep and returned to his room in

the Northern Territory base. He grabbed a mobile phone from a box under the bed and dialed a number.

'Sect Leader!'

"Send two Mystique Loyalty Realm experts from Heavenly Doors to Jonford."

"Sect Leader, the Fourth and Fifth Elders are currently in secluded

cultivation in attempts to break through to the mid-Mystique Loyalty

Realm. The Third Elder is in Jonford. Currently, we only have the

Grand Elder and the Second Elder..."

"Alright, have them go to Capiton and find Tristan. They are not allowed to leave their posts without my orders!"

"Yes!"

After hanging up the phone, the creases on Philix's forehead finally eased. The Heavenly Doors' influence was something he used to deal with the Klein family, but now, he had to deploy them elsewhere.

When he spoke with the country's leader today, he was instructed on how to handle this matter. The leader also mentioned that he might not participate in the next election anymore due to his advancing age.

In Longford, the prime minister was elected every six years. The current prime minister had been re-elected for three consecutive terms and was the same age as Philix, still in his prime.

Why would he suddenly lose interest in politics? The only possibility was that there was a problem in the country's capital.

Philix did not have many acquaintances in the capital, fewer more who were trustworthy. Tristan was one of the few people he could

trust.

He did not dare reveal the matter regarding the country's capital. He had not even informed his trusted subordinates about it. The news would only disturb military morale the moment it got out.

At the base on Mount Tame, Bobby sat in the guest room with the

two majors, enjoying tea. Suddenly, Peggy rushed into the room, her

expression urgent.

"Grandpa Olsen, my grandfather is looking for you!"

Bobby stood up and followed Peggy to the office to answer the phone.

"Bobby, they intercepted a telegram from the Northern Territory just now. They'll be taking action shortly," Otis' voice came through the phone, sounding serious.

"Will they... really dare to take action?"

Bobby's brows furrowed. While he could withstand ordinary weapons if they used heavier types, he would not be able to withstand them despite his realm achievement.

After a moment of silence, Otis said again, "Release him.

Puzzled, Bobby asked, "Is this the bureau head's decision?"

"His decision is that we're responsible for the trouble we've caused," Otis replied calmly.

Bobby sighed. "I understand."

After hanging up the phone, Bobby turned to Peggy and said, "The

situation has been clarified. The Smiling Grim Reaper had been

impersonated. Release Nash."

Chapter 666

Peggy heaved an inward sigh of relief.

The crisis had finally been resolved.

She excitedly made her way to Cell 1.

When she opened the door, she saw Nash asleep on the bed.

"You can leave now, Nash!"

Peggy rolled her eyes as she thought to herself, 'You're a bold one. Things outside the cell are so chaotic, and yet you're napping!'

“The investigation is over?”

Nash opened his eyes and leaned back against the headboard after sitting up. He did not make any move to leave.

“Yes. You had nothing to do with the loss of those 30 lives!”

Peggy added cheerfully, “Congratulations on regaining freedom!”

“This is a pretty comfortable place to live in, and I get to be served by someone as beautiful as you are. I don’t feel like leaving anymore.”

Nash stretched his arms behind his back as he spoke lazily.

A stunned look appeared on Peggy’s face. “But you were trying to break out of jail just a while ago. We’re allowing you to leave now, but you don’t want to leave anymore?”

Nash grinned. “That’s right, I’ve changed my mind. I want to spend a few more days here!”

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He guessed that the men from the Northern Territory had arrived.

At the end of the day, the men from the National Martial Bureau had still succumbed to the pressure that those men had brought.

If that were the case, he would let them continue feeling fearful.

“No, you must leave!”

Peggy walked over to the bed and pulled the covers away.

Then, her eyes widened as she stood rooted to the spot.

He... He wasn't wearing anything?

Pigtails happened to witness everything as she walked in with Nash's clothing.

"Sorry for intruding!"

Pigtails scampered off once she put the clothes down.

When Peggy heard Pigtails' voice, she jerked back to her senses and blushed furiously as she said, "You hooligan..."

Nash grabbed the blanket and pulled it over himself again as he said, " You're the one being a hooligan. You knew my clothes had been taken away to be washed, but you still decided to pull the covers off me. You did this on purpose, didn't you?"

Peggy's face had turned so red she looked like a tomato. She walked over to the table by the door and picked up Nash's clothing so that she could toss them onto the bed. "Put your clothes on and leave..."

"You wouldn't let me leave when I wanted to, and I don't feel like

leaving this place anymore!" Nash said unhurriedly as he lay down.

"The

Northern Territory men are going to open fire if you continue

refusing to leave. Do you really want to witness innocent people dying because of you?"

Peggy glared at Nash before saying frostily, "Besides, weren't you

worried about your wife's safety? Don't you want to hurry home and

see how she's doing?"

"Turn around..."

"Huh?"

"How am I supposed to get dressed if you don't turn around? Are you trying to get another look at me?"

"Ew, no one wants that!"

Peggy blushed as she turned around.

Nash grabbed his boxers and began pulling them up his legs.

He abruptly realized his boxers had been sloppily mended.

Damn....

Not only did Pigtales not know how to wash clothing properly, but she

had also ripped his boxers while washing them.

Nash got dressed quickly, and he made his way toward the entrance."

No need to see me off. Till we meet again!"

At that moment, Bobby appeared at Cell 1's entrance, bringing with

him Frank Gomez, two majors, and several squad leaders.

Bobby seemed calm on the outside, but he was actually panicking internally.

Another three minutes before the half-hour ran out.

The Northern Territory men were going to start bombing them if Nashi still refused to leave.

When Hudson noticed how young Nash was, he could not help

exclaiming. "All the doctors in the world didn't know what to do when the Northern Territory Warden was gravely ill. How did you manage to bring him back to life?"

Nash glanced at the three stars on Hudson's shoulder patch.

He was a major, just like Stellar was.

The person standing beside Hudson was a major as well.

They were probably from two of the three territories that formed the

Eastern, Southern, and Western Great War Territories.

Since they were standing alongside Bobby, it meant two out of the

Four Great Territories had close ties to the National Martial Bureau.

Chapter 667

“Can’t tell you much!”

Nash had no favorable impression of the National Martial Bureau and

thus had no plans to be civil toward Hudson.

“Preposterous! This man is Hudson Lyon, a major of the Eastern Territory. How dare you show him such disrespect?”

A second-in-command standing behind Hudson spoke angrily.

Nash sneered, “He still has to let me go, doesn’t he?”

The second-in-command stepped forth, seemingly gearing himself up

for a fight.

“Back off!”

Hudson commanded loudly.

Not even he dared lay a finger on that man, so how could a second command dare do that? Did they really think the dozens of tanks and warplanes waiting outside were a joke?

The second-in-command glared at Nash before taking a step backward to assume his position behind Major Lyon.

Hudson smiled as he said, "My name is Hudson Lyon. If you ever have the chance to visit Jenzburg, please drop by the Lyon family home for a meal!"

Nash ignored Hudson and turned to gaze at Bobby coolly as he said, "I'd like to take Jasper with me!"

"No!"

"Jasper is an international assassin. Not only did he murder many political leaders from foreign countries, but he also murdered the patriarch of the Gordons family from Capiton!"

Bobby did not even hesitate to say no to Nash's request.

Nash smiled slightly. "In that case, I won't leave either!"

After saying that, he returned to his cell, where he sat on the couch. and propped his legs up before grabbing the remote and turning the television on.

“Don’t overdo it, Nash Calcraft!”

Bobby gritted his teeth, and fire seemed to spout from his eyes as he spoke.

Not only was he the Third Elder of the National Martial Bureau

was also an expert who had achieved the mid-Mystique Loyalty Realm. Yet, he was being threatened by a young man who had reached legal age.

“Should I call my grandfather and ask for his advice, Grandpa Bobby

Peggy chose her words carefully.

Her grandfather was the one who had captured Jasper Powell back then.

He had the last say in whether Jasper ‘the Wolf’ Powell could be released.

Bobby stared at Nash frostily.

Nash stared right back at him without balking.

Tension hung thick in the air.

“Grandpa Bobby...”

Peggy took Bobby’s hand in hers and swung it gently.

Hudson smiled. “Elder Olsen, let’s avoid trouble wherever possible.

Take the girl’s advice!”

Nash had saved the Northern Territory Warden’s life previously.

Nash gave him a new chance at life by saving him, and the Northern Territory Warden was a loyal man who would go to great lengths for

Nash’s sake.

Bobby retracted his gaze from Nash’s sake and said flatly, “Let’s ask!”

Peggy immediately hurried to her office to make the phone ca

About two minutes later, she ran back while panting. “Grand

we can release him!”

Outside the base., Flynn Pomfrey looked into the base with the he of a pair of binoculars.

The people inside that structure were not the only ones feeling nervous. He was feeling extremely nervous as well.

Colonel Orwell’s orders were to open fire.

The Northern Territory had never been on good terms with the other three territories. If the two colonels were injured or killed, it would

cause infighting to break out.

Inside the tent, a bit of foxtail dangled from Xylon's mouth. He

or propped a foot on the Jeep's vehicle bumper as he brainstormed war strategy with several subordinates under his command.

Gibson, tell us more about those electromagnetic towers!"

Kyion looked over at Mitchell Gibson, the scientist who had been.

transferred from the Science and Technology Institute to work at the

Northern Territory.

Mitchell was a petite, cleanly-shaven man in his 50s dressed in mimanaca camouflage and a pair of sunglasses. He shone a flashlight planehe improvised map of the base's inner layout as he spoke.

The electromagnetic tower can release six magnetic rays every

second, which means eight towers can release 48 magnetic rays.

simultaneously Once connected to the radar, they can

the shots were taken every second!"

The subordinates all exchanged shocked looks.

Kylon narrowed his eyes as he asked, "Can we take them away

would happen if they were used on the battlefield?"

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The Northern Territory did not have such advanced equipment and

could not yet intercept shots made at them with such accuracy.

If they could get their hands on the electromagnetic towers, the Northern Territory would be able to defend themselves much better.

"No!"

"The official name for these towers is Argov Magnetic Towers. They

were invented by the Yerusian scientist, Argov, back in the '90s. These

towers hold a combination of magnetic forces and high-voltage electrical energy. They rely on nuclear reactions to supply them with

their superpowers!

"Besides, the purple tungsten used to build the towers is also an extremely difficult metal to source. Building and transport

towers will cost at least 300 billion dollars!

“We’ve gone off-topic. Let’s return to the topic at hand. Othe

these eight electromagnetic towers, the base is also equipped w

lassen interception system that houses 12 laser interceptors.

These weapons were invented by the local government, and one

ercopoton can produce eight laser rays per second. 12 laser

intercopotors could defend the building from a hundred of our bombs!”

Mcchellip paused momentarily. He turned to look at Xylon, who was staring at them with an aghast face. Mitchell continued, “If we want to destroy the weapons inside that base, we’ll have to fire twice as

quickly as they can defend themselves!”

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Even Xylon fell silent after hearing that.

Firing 300 rounds of ammo per second would be enough to completely wipe out the base within minutes.

He could not care less about the safety of others, but the young

marshal was still in there!

Xylon paced back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back.

After pacing for a while, he looked at his watch.

Half an hour had passed. It looked like they were adamant about their decision to not release Nash.

He spat the foxtail from his mouth and said frostily, "Start by

shooting 80 rounds per second... We'll assert our dominance over them!"

Once he gave his order, a soldier began waving a flag to convey that information.

The soldiers standing by the tanks immediately began filling them up with ammo.

Flynn jumped down from the tank. "Meyer, let's wait for a while longer!"

"Get ready!"

Xylon yelled out loud.

The soldiers inside the base began getting nervous when they heard the sounds coming from outside.

A sentinel stationed at the watchtower yelled, "Quick! Seek shelter..."

Once he finished yelling that, he jumped and took cover behind a wall.

The soldiers immediately scattered.

Flynn narrowed his eyes. "Meyer..."

"Fire!"

Xylon gave his order.

The flag carrier thrust the flag forward.

80 bombs were immediately launched.

The electromagnetic towers and laser interceptors in the base immediately released dozens of rays.

All 80 bombs disintegrated midair.

Deafening explosions also rang out.

Shrapnel flew everywhere, forming dozens of craters on the walls

surrounding the base.

All 80 of the bombs were intercepted. Large clouds of smoke formed above the base, and the pungent odor of gunpowder floated through

the air.

Meyer laughed loudly. “Do you think that scared them, Pomfrey?”

He had never imagined there would come the day when he would fire shots at three-star majors from the Eastern and Western Territories.

Three-star majors were high-ranking leaders who had a hundred

thousand soldiers under their command.

All officers, regardless of their ranking, had to speak to them.

respectfully.

Yet, here he was today, opening fire on them.

What was more, there were two of them.

He had to boast about this to his friends when he returned to the

Northern Territory.

“Major Lyon has 40 years of battle experience. Do you really think this
would intimidate him?”

was

Flynn smiled he shook his head.

Each war territory had ten majors.

The people from the Northern Territory did not recall the names of most majors, but Hudson Lyon’s
name was definitely one they could

remember.

Even the Northern Territory Warden had once considered trying to get

Hudson to fight on their side instead.

Inside the base, Bobby and two other commanders walked out with glum expressions on their faces.

When Bobby saw the smoke pooling around the base, he said.

furiously, “The Northern Territory people sure have the guts. I must

have them punished by the state capital!”

They dared open fire on the base despite knowing there were two

majors inside the building, and that showed their blatant disrespect

Chaco

for the National Martial Bureau as well as the Eastern and Southern

Territories.

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If they let things slide, what message about the National Martial Bureau would that convey to outsiders?

Hudson chuckled dryly. "No one got killed or injured, so let's let things slide. Those two might be majors, but they're under Stellar's

command, and they're his aces. Offending Stellar will only worsen the grudge between us and the Northern Territory!"

Things might be different if Nash were guilty, but he was innocent.. The National Martial Bureau had not acted appropriately by arresting

him.

"Are you Eastern Territory people all so afraid of dying?"

A disappointed and mocking look appeared in Anderson's eyes as said, "General Caspian Fields from the Eastern Territory was a br

man who led several hundred thousand soldiers in his quest to defe

nine different kingdoms.

“I never imagined a high-ranking military officer who was trained by

him would turn out to be such a coward!”

Hudson clasped his hands behind his back, a half-smile on his face

as he said, “What are you suggesting, then? Should we lead our men

to the Northern Territory to engage in battle?”

Anderson said coldly, “At the very least, we should be showing some

sort of reaction!”

Hudson laughed. “I look forward to that!”

General Fields was on pretty good terms with the North Army’s

general, but he also had close ties to the state capital.

As the representative of the Eastern Territory, his role was to be the

peacemaker.

Meanwhile, some bad blood existed between the generals from the

Eastern and Northern Territories.

Major Jones was just trying to cause trouble.

Anderson glared at Hudson before saying, "Our general will have the Northern Territory general sacked during the next departmental

meeting!"

He strode toward his helicopter without looking back once after

saying that.

Hudson chuckled as he shook his head and then said to Elder O

Elder Olsen, since everything has blown over, I won't overstay my

welcome. Let's connect again in the future!"

Elder Olsen nodded and clasped his hands together as he said, "W

meet again!"

Hudson left with his second-in-command.

Bobby turned to Nash and Jasper. He said flatly, "You should leave. I hope you never fall into my hands again in the future!"

Nash said flatly, "I hope you make the effort to be more stealthy too. You'd better not let me discover any evidence that you're in cahoots

with Dominic Carter!"

As an elder of the National Martial Bureau, Bobby would probably be sentenced to death if he were found to be in cahoots with Dominic.

If the state capital did not do anything about him, Nash did not mind

allowing the Smiling Grim Reaper to make a comeback in the world of

assassins.

As for the Mystique Loyalty Realm?

He felt like he could achieve it any moment now!

Bobby threw his head back and laughed. "I've never done anything of

the sort, so you don't scare me. You can search for evidence all your

like!"

How stubborn!

Nash sneered to himself.

Then, he left with Jasper.

"Wait..."

Peggy had Nash's personal belongings in her hands and was running

after him.

Nash paused.

“Your phone...”

Peggy handed him two phones and a wallet.

There was an odd look in her eyes.

Nash took the phones from her and smiled as he said, “Thanks for

taking care of me. Farewell!”

“Goodbye!”

Peggy smiled as she responded.

Nash turned and walked away without any hesitation.

Peggy watched Nash leave.

She sighed to herself inwardly.

Would they ever get to meet again?

Outside the base, Meyer said loftily, “Get ready to bombard them

again. 150 rounds of ammunition this time!”

If they did not see Nash, they would continue bombing them

incessantly.

After all, no one would get injured so long they remained within the

confines of the base.

Besides, the Wardens of the Eastern and Southern Territorie

already left in their helicopters earlier.

Flynn gazed through his binoculars and hurriedly kicked Meyer he saw the people walking out from the base. “Hey, Meyer. Tal look and see if that young man walking out is Nash or not.”

Meyer’s eyes twitched as he took Flynn’s binoculars and peered through them.

The base was brightly lit, and he could clearly make out a young man

and an old man with long hair.

Meyer said excitedly, “It’s him... He truly is the Warden’s son-

handsome, charismatic, and charming!”

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A smile appeared on Flynn’s face too.

He waved a hand, and the troops standing behind him immediately.

directed their cannons elsewhere.

Nash and Jasper walked out together.

Both drew in sharp intakes of breath when they saw the battle array.

The oppressiveness that the North Army was bearing upon them. caused both men, who were well-known figures in the world of

assassins, to tremble with fear.

However, Nash soon regained his wits.

He had dealt with mercenaries on previous missions.

Additionally, he also had experience handling tanks and bazool

“Greetings, Young Marshal..”

Meyer approached them and saluted in greeting.

Flynn also hurried over, puffing his chest out as he gave them at

proper salute.

Young marshal?

The corners of Nash's lips curved upward as he said, "I've been treating you generals as my brothers, but you view me to be lesser

than you are?"

Meyer and Flynn exchanged glances.

Both of them had shocked looks in their eyes.

Did the young marshal not know he was the Warden's son?

Meyer was about to offer an explanation when Flynn piped up before. he did, "It's our way of showing how highly we generals value you.

After all, being brothers is nothing compared to being father and son.

Don't you agree, Meyer?"

"Huh? Yes, yes, he's right!"

Meyer laughed loudly.

Nash smiled slightly and clasped his hands together as he said,

Thank you both for coming all this way to save me!"

When Meyer noticed the two gashes along the shoulder seams of

Nash's shirt, the look on his face turned grim. "Did they use corporal punishment on you?"

Then, he bellowed, "The audacity... Ready your cannons!"

Nash hurriedly said, "No, no, I did this to myself by accident!"

No matter what, members of the National Martial Bureau were involved in this.

The fact the North Army dared attack the National Martial Bureau was already enough to incite fear in him. Besides, he was also

worried that Philix would get in trouble.

Since he had made it out, there was no point in fighting the National Martial Bureau anymore.

Flynn smiled as he said, "Allow me to make the introductions. This is

Xylom Méyear Colonel Orwell's eighth trump card. My name is Flynn Pornfreyyandd barn the sixteenth trump card!"

Xylon Meyerrwithatia magnificent-sounding name.

However, he doobked scruffy around the edges, and he also had a

terrible temper

Yet, that highlighted to way he approached battles.

One could imagine just how commandeering his presence on the battlefield was

Meanwhile, Flynn looked notice and demure.

He was probably more of

steasgist who did better at commanding

troops off the battlefield.

The two were a perfect mix of bass and brains, which was bound to

produce unexpected results on taateld.

Nash committed their names to ventory before he clasped

together once more and said. "Thandyyo booth!"

Wanting 10 immediately head home and chlection Hera and the others, Nash added, "There are some other rnaatters I have to take

care of! If you don't find it beneath you, I'd like to invite you to my

come for a warm cup of tea!"

No.0, we'd love to!"

vlyt v wanted to spend more time with the Werdon's soon..

Anema tolong day spent slaving away, it would not be yoomach to

spend one evening relaxing, would it?

We'll pass. There's still plenty awaiting our attention back in the

Northern Territory!"

lynn gave Meyer a long, pointed dot

le seemed to be saying, 'He was only winng you to tea to be polite.

Are you really thinking of intruding upon hiss graciousness even

urther?

Oh, yes, yes. We have plenty to attend to. Neg: tirine!"

tever understood what Flynn was trying todee him, and he flushed

com embarrassment. Thankfully, it was not porcciarly noticeable

ecause night had fallen.

Ash left with Jasper after they had finished exchanging pleasantries.

He moved swiftly and practically disappeared into the trees

within seconds.

Half an hour later, the two made it out of Mount Tame.

He then eagerly took his phone out and dialed Hera's number..

When the phone connected.

Hash

He spoke on his mother's name tearfully

Upon hearing Hera's voice, Hash heaved an inward sigh of relief. His eyebrows remained knitted together as he asked, "Is Thurt?"

He said. "Melody is gravely injured. She can't hang on much

longer..."