

The First Heir – Chapter 1830

Many people looked up at the sky with phones in their hands, frantically taking pictures to post them on the internet.

“Wow, look! The two swords hanging in the sky look so grand and imposing!”

Sterling naturally saw the two swords in the air. His brows furrowed as he said to the butler next to him, “Put a stop to the news, out off all internet communication, and prevent any information from leaking out. At the same time, dispatch personnel to inform the media and TV stations that this is a 3D projection that’s prepared for a movie.”

“Yes, Patriarch.” The butler next to Sterling received the order and immediately went to execute it.

Sterling looked at the two swords suspended in mid-air. They were both more than ten meters in size. One of it shone with red luster and had red dragons adorning it. There was also a screeching three-headed griffin at the hilt.

The sword was brimming with raging frenzy. Although there were some cracks on the body of the sword, it did not reduce its formidable air.

The other sword was the color of steel with four small swords lingering around the blade. The hilt was surrounded by sharp claws that were splayed open.

This sword, however, looked somewhat old and battered. With several chinks on the body, it looked like it would shatter into pieces at any time.

The two swords were suspended high in mid-air and formed two special force fields as they confronted each other.

Sterling’s eyes were solemn as he murmured, “The Sword of Damocles, the Sword of Kingship.”

It was the symbol of the kings of disciples!

Everyone who was appointed as the king had obtained their source of power from behind the door. Once they unleashed their ability to transcend worldly boundaries, they would summon their respective Sword of Damocles, also called the Sword of Kingship. Kings of Disciples were no ordinary people. They certainly could not be defined by normal means.

Their strength and connection with the door would be proportional to the complexity of brainwaves.

Once they become a disciple, their physical strength and intelligence would be developed to the maximum. They would be much stronger than ordinary people in all aspects. As for the king of disciples, they were an existence that surpassed the disciples.

This was why Nonagon existed to prevent such people from appearing in the real world and creating unnecessary panic.

The Sword of Damocles was the indicator of the power of the king of disciples. The sword of each king of disciple would be different due to the strength of their character and power.

The sword's appearance was inversely proportional to the strength of the king's power, the stronger the power, the more battered the sword. The more battered the sword, the more lacking that king of disciples was in regards to his control of power because all aspects of his physical fitness had begun to deteriorate.

Moreover, when the power exceeded the limit allowed by the rules, the king of disciples would go berserk and the sword would fall, destroying the king of disciples as well as everything around him. The fall of any king of disciples would bring about the destruction of a city.

That was why a king must not meet another king. Once they met, blood would shed for a hundred miles!

Sterling looked at the two Swords of Damocles in mid-air. His emotions were complicated. It seemed that he could only contact Nonagon to deal with the aftermath.

Of course, when the two Swords of Kingship appeared over the city of Hampton in Charbury, somewhere far away in the territory covering tens of thousands of hectares, there was a heavily guarded and impregnable institutional building.

Nonagon, Central Combat Bureau.