

The First Heir - Chapter 1843

After Chandler entered, Chief Montgomery stood behind him respectfully, not daring to say a word. He might hold a high position in the central combat division, but here, he was just a subordinate. Especially when facing these five pavilion masters, he was just an ordinary person not worth mentioning.

Chandler took his seat and said directly, "I believe everyone already knows, so let's get right to the point."

"Chandler, for you to call a meeting with the five pavilions in such a hurry, is the kingship incident in Hampton really that tricky?"

The person who spoke was a woman in her 40s or 50s. She had a thin face and indifferent eyes that displayed an air of superiority, just like a high priestess in a church. She wore a purple robe embroidered with the pattern of a griffin soaring above flames. Behind her, a man in the same purple robe stood respectfully.

This middle-aged woman was none other than the master of Griffin Pavilion, Dahlia Una. She held the honorary title of 'Envoy Una' in Nonagon.

What happened to Fennel's sister back then was caused by a directive issued by Envoy Una. She claimed that Fennel's sister was the nemesis of the disciples and a blood sin. Hence, she issued an order to trap her with a group of fellow explorers in the unexplored dark area behind the door.

This led to Fennel's sister ending up as the sacrificial lamb and dying on the battlefield!

Chandler flicked a glance at her as a trace of ruthlessness flowed in his eyes. He motioned to Chief Montgomery to enter all the monitoring data into the computer.

Then, Chandler gestured to everyone to look at the 3D display on the conference table and said, "This is all the monitoring data of the kingship power incident in Hampton. Pavilion Master Una, what do you think of this incident?"

Dahlia's shapely eyebrows furrowed deeply as she stared at the data monitoring report. Waves of anger and murderous intent appeared on her face as she said gravely, "He's nothing but a defector of Nonagon. It's already a gift to him that we allowed him to live until now."

Chandler added, "He's the king of disciples in the fifth zone and also the most promising candidate to enter the sixth zone. Pavilion Master Una, I have yet to figure out where the blood sin that you mentioned back then came from."

Hearing Chandler questioning her, Dahlia's expression changed imperceptibly. The corners of her eyes trembled slightly as she said, "This is the business of my Griffin Pavilion. The Turtle Pavilion has no right to question it yet."

"That's enough!"

At this moment, a deep bellow interrupted the conversation between the two.

"Pavilion Master Curtis, is it true what you said about the appearance of the king of disciples in the seventh zone?"

The speaker was a burly middle-aged man clad in white iron armor. This suit of armor was branded with a roaring white tiger on the chest.

The middle-aged man clenched his fists that propped his chin up. He sat there like a mountain. His eyes that were like copper bells could make one's heart palpitate. His copper skin glowed with a dazzling luster, and his bulging muscles made people shudder.

He was the master of Tiger Pavilion, Zayn Lowe. He was extremely fond of fighting!

Once, he fought his way through the sixth zone alone, opened up a safe area, and made a great achievement. Among the five pavilion masters, he was recognized as the one with the strongest combat power!

Of course, that was excluding the master of the Dragon Pavilion who had never made a move.

Chandler replied, "Pavilion Master Lowe, there's no need for me to joke about this matter. This is the energy data monitoring report of the Hampton kingship power incident. The energy of the third Sword of Kingship exceeded the monitoring authority of our central combat division. According to the on-site data monitoring and comparison, the third king of disciples who appeared was none other than the battle god who followed that person back then, Fulton Hash."