

The First Heir – Chapter 1879

30,000 heavily armed combatants in armor stood in front of the Nonagon building.

Reed Williams stood proudly in front with his imposing figure. Behind him were all armored soldiers. All sorts of combat vehicles filled the nearby streets. Fighter planes hovered in the sky.

The whole situation was on the verge of breaking out. The Nonagon building was also alerted immediately. All members were dispatched.

All the guards on station as well as hundreds of door disciples responsible for the security of the Nonagon and liaison with various divisions received an urgent order to defend the Nonagon headquarters at all costs.

Swoosh!

One by one, figures descended from the sky, emerged from the ground below, appeared out of thin air, or gradually solidified in human forms from flames, waves of water, liquefied iron, and so forth.

All of them, with chills on their faces, stood in a row in front of the Nonagon building.

Each of them had a haughty look as they stood or crouched with arms akimbo or crossed. Their eyes coldly scanned the 30,000 combatants in front of them.

Disciples of the door!

Hundreds of disciples immediately gathered. Everyone was an elite who could fight off a hundred. If word of such an astonishing scene spread to the outside world, it would certainly cause changes to the entire world.

The truth hidden by the Nonagon and several other institutions would be made public.

However, Reed Williams had taken advanced precautions and cleared everything within a ten-mile radius.

All normal citizens were brought away by the combat squad without delay.

At this moment, within a ten-mile radius of the Nonagon, only the people of the Nonagon and Reed's people were present.

Facing the disciples of the door with supernatural powers who looked aloof and arrogant, the 30,000 combatants showed no trace of fear. Just like fighting machines, they stood on the spot awaiting orders from the supreme.

Reed's green uniform fluttered in the wind. With an indifferent face, a glint flashed in his eyes. He instantly figured out the strength of these hundred or so disciples.

“It's been a long time since I met someone of my kind.”

Reed sighed inwardly and stood with his hands behind his back. His long and slender fingers moved slightly. From his expression, he seemed to be calculating something.

At the same time, up in the Nonagon building behind a large French window somewhere, was a middle-aged man wearing a white shirt and a checkered vest. He had a stoic angular face and a pair of deep-set eyes with a hint of gray in his hair. He sipped a cup of freshly brewed coffee in his hand. This person was nearly 1.9 meters tall, broad and sturdy like a bear. His hair was combed back and he had a beard. He wore a pair of gold-framed glasses. He had the reputation as a rogue in a suit.

Cooper Berry, he was the deputy consul of the Nonagon. The actual person in charge of the Nonagon now.

A faint indifferent smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as he said to the three tall and sexy female assistants behind him, “Have you contacted the five pavilion masters?”

A blonde and blue-eyed female assistant wearing a sequined pale gold ultra-short dress with a devilishly hot figure bowed respectfully. She said, “Deputy Consul, we have contacted them and they’re on their way.”

Cooper chuckled and said bemusedly, “On their way? With their strength, it’ll only take them minutes to rush over here from the various pavilions. They’re deliberately stalling for time.”

The blonde female assistant wrinkled her pretty brows and asked, “Do you want to issue the Nonagon Order?”

Cooper shook his head, looked at the scene below, and said, “No need. Members of the five pavilions will always think they’re superior. Where is the Griffin Pavilion Master? Is she on the way too?”

The female assistant replied, “Pavilion Master Una has already arrived, but she seems to be in some trouble.”

Cooper smiled and asked, “What kind of trouble?”