

Strongest 225

chapter 225-Northern Army's Unusual Movement, Wanting to Go South!

Dominic Lowe was shocked. He used all his strength, and a metal pen appeared in his hand. The pressure of a ninth-level king was released.

What happened next shocked everyone.

Old Man Zito swung his three-foot-long iron sword.

The iron pen broke!

!!

The iron sword contained an extremely strong sword intent, which directly cut the iron pen.

That was a king artifact!

The sword slashed across Dominic's chest, leaving a wound so deep that his bones could be seen.

This sword could kill a ninth-level king, Dominic Lowe!

Old Man Zito showed mercy. Ignoring the blood on Dominic's lips, he said coldly, "This sword is the price you have to pay for injuring the Qilin!" "This sword is what you owe 700,000 Ludwig comrades!" Old Man Zito attacked again.

The sword pierced through Dominic's left shoulder and pierced through his heart.

This was Frazer Zito, the former vice commander of Ludwig.

A genius of his generation!

The peerless figure had finally displayed his invincible charm.

Duke Lowe, whose name shook the capital, had been defeated by him with a single strike.

Anyone with discerning eyes could tell that Old Man Zito could kill Dominic with one strike.

Unfortunately, not knowing the relationship between the two, Old Man Zito had shown mercy.

This battle had stunned the entire capital.

The former Ludwig vice commander had returned!

Dominic was heavily injured and was forced to retreat. Stanley Weasley quickly supported him and asked in horror, "Duke Lowe, are you okay?" "I'm fine!" Dominic suppressed his injuries.

On the other hand, Old Man Zito stabbed his sword diagonally into the ground and walked toward the young man in white who stood with his hands behind his back.

He stepped forward and knelt on one knee. "Frazer Zito of the Ludwig army greets the Young Qilin Lord. In this life, I belong to Ludwig, and the golden Qilin is the most respected entity of all. I am an old cripple. Thank you for not abandoning me. If I can live for another hundred years, I am willing to be your servant and guard the north for ten thousand years!" Old Man Zito finally stopped hiding his identity.

The northern army was the successor of Ludwig, and Braydon Neal was the current leader of the northern army. He was wearing a Qilin robe.

Ludwig must belong to the Qilin!

Braydon gently helped him up and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. A sharp light flashed across his deep eyes.

For the sake of this Ludwig vice commander, he did not hesitate to damage the prestige of the Northern King.

Otherwise, with King Braydon's strength, so what if it was Duke Lowe? Braydon could still kill him!

However, Braydon deliberately did not dodge. His goal was to force Old Man Zito to fight back.

The unparalleled hero of the past should return to his original appearance.

"Brother, how are your injuries?" Westley Hader asked. "I'll inform Cole and ask him to transfer the northern army over!" "Transfer the northern army and raze this place!" Nico Yates' eyes were cold, and he spoke very little.

People who were vicious did not have many words. People like Nico from the north were the representatives.

Tonight, Braydon was injured in the capital. The northern army would not let this matter rest.

Dominic Lowe's face turned green.

He had really been tricked!

With Braydon's strength, he could have dodged it just now. However, this demon in white refused to dodge. He would rather be injured just to trick Dominic.

He had really gotten into big trouble.

Touching King Braydon meant provoking this group of lunatics from the northern army.

Luke Yates was a silly little boy with a lawless personality. He contacted the northern territory on the spot.

The black wristwatch on his wrist reached Cole Colbie of the north.

In the dark of the night, the effects projected by the watch were quite clear.

Behind Cole's northern army headquarters was an enormous sand table, shockingly showing the geographical environment of the various parts of the country.

Luther Carden was sitting in a wheelchair beside him. He smiled faintly. "What's wrong, little fool?" "The capital wants to kill my brother!" Luke came up with a sentence.

Dominic's old face turned even greener!

This was simply going to kill him.

What did he mean by the capital wanted to kill the Northern King?

If this misunderstanding was not explained clearly, the ten great legions of the northern army would march south overnight and point their blades at the capital!

The little fool's words could really kill people.

Moreover, it could kill many people.

Sometimes, words were even more powerful than a sword.

In an instant, Cole Colbie's aura of a conferred king spread out, his rage like that of a lion. "What did you say?" "The capital wants to kill Big Brother. Dominic Lowe made the first move!" The little fool was afraid that the world would be in chaos.

In an instant, Cole waved his hand. "Kill order. Three thousand imperial guards of the northern army will go to the capital immediately!

"Urgently summon the ten legions of the northern army to head south tonight. Kill anyone who tries to stop us!" The killing order from King Cole instantly spread throughout the entire northern territory.

The legions stationed in front of the ten gates received the secret order in the blink of an eye.

As soon as the order was issued, the entire place was silent.

Everyone's scalps went numb!

This was the influence of the Northern King!

Luther's eyes turned cold. He almost ordered all the hidden agents in the capital to expose themselves and escort Braydon Neal away.

But Luther knew that the capital would not touch Braydon.

The Northern King was never wrong.

What right did the capital have to touch him?

Did they really think that the northern army was the Ludwig army of the past?

What a joke!

Since something happened in Braydon, the northern army would definitely head south. Now, all the troops under the northern army had gathered.

In just a moment, the entire northern territory was filled with smoke.

The black flag was raised, and a Qilin that was stepping on the clouds and roaring angrily floated on it. It was dignified and noble.

All the soldiers of the northern army had unusual movements!

At this moment.

The governor office immediately received the news through secret channels.

A black War God arrived at the governor office overnight and saw that all the important figures had gathered.

He could not help but be stunned. He cupped his fists in front of Westley Hader and said in a low voice, "Governor, this is an urgent secret message from the northern territory. The northern army is acting strangely and wants to go south!" The news he reported was already too late.

Because the Northern King was here.

"Northern King!" Stanley Weasley shouted bitterly.

"Enough!" Braydon knew that he was the only one who could stop the northern army tonight.

Luke's communicator was still on, and Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and glanced at it indifferently.

Cole and the others lowered their heads slightly.

“Defend the gates of the country. The duty of the northern army is to defend against the eight countries outside the borders. Remember, from tonight onward, without my order, the northern army is not allowed to leave the borders. Keep an eye on Namar. If there are any strange movements, kill them!” Dominic, Stanley, and the others heaved a sigh of relief when Braydon had finished speaking.

Cole and Luther lowered their heads.

The northern army guarded the desert of eight thousand miles in the north. They could not be ordered by military orders and could not be easily transferred.

A few days ago, because Braydon had killed his way through Namar, he had pointed his blade at Cameron Linar in the palace. How arrogant was he? He had trampled the dignity of the entire Namar under his feet.

With Namar’s vengeful nature, they would not let this matter rest.

If anything happened in the northern territory, the eight countries outside the borders would definitely raise an army.

The north had to be on guard.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes, Dominic and the others witnessed the unity of the northern army.

Only this young man in white could intimidate these lunatics in the northern territory.

Dominic sighed slightly. Sometimes, even he could not understand the northern territory, let alone the northern army. That terrifying cohesiveness was awe-inspiring!

Little did they know that the northern army imperial guards had already moved out!

chapter 226-Seventy Thousand Garrison Guards, Farewell to the Northern King Dominic Lowe had injured Braydon Neal, so the northern army imperial guards had to kill him.

At this moment.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and smiled faintly. "Duke Lowe, I'll remember this palm strike of yours today!" "I..." !!

Dominic had been struck by two swords and was already heavily injured.

What was even more unbearable was that Braydon had caused him to have a nosebleed.

This loss was definitely drilled into Dominic's head. He became even more vigilant and realized that this young Northern King was definitely a little fox.

Although Dominic's palm attack had injured Braydon, he was still very worried.

However, his injuries were not serious!

Braydon's cultivation was strong, so it was not a problem at all. The blood at the corner of his lips was forced out.

He had damaged the prestige of the Northern King, so Dominic would remember this palm strike.

He owed the northern army an explanation.

He owed Braydon Neal a favor.

More importantly, Dominic hurting Braydon was like the capital wanting to kill the Northern King in the eyes of outsiders.

In the capital, they were all influential figures.

In the eyes of outsiders, every move could be misinterpreted.

Anyway, Dominic was severely injured and had a nosebleed because of Braydon.

“This isn’t over yet!” Braydon chuckled.

“Northern King, so many people from the Sattler family have died. It’s time to stop!” Dominic smiled bitterly.

“I only want Hector Sattler.” Braydon glanced over with his hands behind his back.

“He’s really gone missing. I’ve been investigating for an entire day, but I still haven’t found any traces. I even suspect that the northern army imperial guards have joined forces with the capital garrison, and with the northern army’s hidden agents, they secretly took him away without leaving any traces!” When Dominic talked about this matter, his face was filled with despair.

He was a ninth-level king who suppressed the entire capital.

In the end, he vanished right under their noses.

If this matter were to be spread out, not many people would believe it.

Braydon frowned slightly. He knew that Dominic would not lie at this point.

For Hector Sattler of the Sattler family, it was not worth it for the capital and the northern territory to go this far.

Therefore, it was impossible for Dominic to hide him.

A third party had intervened.

It was a little strange to kidnap someone without anyone knowing under the eyes of King Braydon and Dominic.

Things had come to this point, so it is useless to say more.

Braydon turned around and left. "This northern military sword token is for the Sattler family. The next time I come to the capital, if I still don't see Hector Sattler, I will kill another person from the Sattler family!" In his indifferent words, it was difficult to hide the hint of dominance.

This was the capital, and they were actually targeting the strength of the powerful families.

If ordinary martial artists dared to say such words, they would probably be wiped out the next day.

However, when King Braydon said this, even if the Sattler family was furious, they could only face it head-on.

As for assassinating King Braydon, it was not that they looked down on the capital. All the powerful families combined did not have the guts to do so.

Looking at the reaction of the northern army when Dominic accidentally injured Braydon, they knew that once something happened to Braydon, no one in the capital could escape unscathed.

Dominic forced a smile and tried to persuade him to stay. "Stay for two more days. No matter what, you are young and in charge of the northern army. You have led the northern army to guard the northern territory for more than ten years. This contribution will be recorded in history." Braydon replied with a smile.

Guarding the north was not his doing alone.

Everyone in the northern territory had contributed.

All these years, Braydon did not accept the title of the Northern King, which meant that he did not want to step on the shoulders of the millions of men in the northern army and accept this glory.

The northern territory had fought against the eight foreign countries, and countless comrades had died in battle over the years.

At the foot of Mount Bliz were the burial grounds of loyal souls.

The glory of the entire northern army was exchanged with their blood.

They wanted Braydon to step on the corpses of his brothers and accept the glory that was filled with blood?

Northern King Braydon would never do such a thing.

Therefore, he was willing to be a plain-clothed man, without any official position or title, with clean sleeves, and with his own strength, guard Hansworth for 10,000 years.

If the Northern King did not die, the northern territory would not be lost.

Luke Yates, Old Man Zito, and the others followed Braydon into the helicopter of the Preston main team. They slowly rose into the air and left behind a sentence, "What happened tonight has nothing to do with the capital garrison. It's a matter of the northern army!" It was obvious that he did not want to implicate Westley Hader.

Westley watched as the helicopter slowly rose into the air. Standing in front of the main gate of the capital, he knew that after this farewell, he did not know when they would meet again.

Tonight, Westley had openly made it clear that the Hader lineage had been exterminated back then.

This meant that his future in the capital would be even more difficult!

Westley knelt on one knee, cupped his fists, and shouted, "Farewell, Northern King!" The seventy thousand elite guards of the capital stood in front of the city gates, holding spears and bowing as they shouted in a low voice, "Farewell, Northern King!" Their voice resounded throughout the capital.

That was another national send-off!

The people of the capital rushed to find excuses. They looked at the helicopter that was slowly rising in the dark night, and their gazes were filled with reluctance.

The young War God of the northern army still left.

He was the idol of many young people.

Among the people on the street, there was a girl in a white dress. Her clear eyes revealed a touch of nostalgia, and her cherry lips moved slightly. "Other than the three feet of snow on your body, who else in the world is worthy of white clothes!" The departure of the youth in white made many people feel a little lonely.

In front of the city gate, Dominic spat out a mouthful of blood that fell to the ground. It contained a sharp sword intent.

Stanley Weasley was shocked and quickly helped him up. "Duke Lowe, are you alright?" "Stop trying to endure it. The Mount Sino sword intent lives up to its reputation!" The remaining sword intent in Dominic's body worsened his injuries.

Everything was thanks to Old Man Zito.

This lead disciple of Mount Sino Sword Sect had an understanding of the sword that normal kings could not compare to.

Dominic sighed. "Frazer has been awakened by the Northern King. The former vice commander of Ludwig has returned. Within three years, he will definitely surpass the conferred king level. We have to give him an explanation for what happened at Ludwig!" Stanley was shocked.

Once a warrior surpassed king level, they would be the treasure of the country. They could slaughter an entire country, travel eight thousand miles, and kill all enemies in the world.

Such a transcendent being was respectable, terrifying, and not to be trifled with!

Once someone above king level appeared, they would be treated with the country's etiquette and could not be neglected.

The incident with the Ludwig army had caused those people to suffer injustice for forty years.

It was completely impossible to resolve it!

That was why Dominic said that he had to give them an explanation for the Ludwig army incident as soon as possible.

The Northern King was already involved in this matter, and Frazer Zito, who was about to surpass king level, was not someone to be trifled with.

Westley glanced at it and turned around indifferently. "Duke Lowe, take care!" Dominic's gaze froze, and then he smiled bitterly. He knew that he was targeted by the capital garrison. His future would not be easy.

This young governor of the capital was not someone easy to deal with.

Westley then returned to the governor office and sat on the golden dragon chair alone. He glanced at the hundred people under him with a terrifyingly cold gaze. "Darius Spade, Frank Borwin, Holden Lexington... Get out of the capital garrison!" Thirteen people in one sentence!

chapter 227-You're Going Too Far!

These thirteen people were the ones who had listened to the orders of the old governor and pointed their blades at Braydon Neal in front of the governor office.

Now, the day of reckoning had arrived.

The faces of the thirteen old War Gods all turned pale.

They did not expect Westley Hader to kick them out of the governor office without any mercy.

!!

Westley had the final say in the entire governor office.

These thirteen people were kicked out of the capital garrison and could go wherever they wanted.

The capital garrison could not keep them anymore!

The remaining nearly ninety people all lowered their heads. They could feel the anger of their capital garrison governor.

Their performance tonight had already made Westley dissatisfied.

Westley stood with his hands behind his back. "It's been three years. It's been three whole years. I thought that everyone in the capital garrison was loyal to me, Westley Hader. Only tonight did I understand that it was merely wishful thinking!" "Frodo Lance is only loyal to the governor office and the governor!" Frodo Lance took a step forward, his eyes filled with determination.

One had to know that this person was a hidden agent from the north!

It was another person from the north.

Frodo was silent now because he had not received any military orders.

As a hidden agent, it was the rule to not expose themselves without receiving military orders.

Frodo was the first to speak, but the rest of the capital garrison all cupped their fists and said the same thing.

In fact, other than the thirteen old War Gods, there were nearly ninety of them who had already made their choices tonight.

At that time, when the old governor ordered them to stop Braydon Neal, they did not listen.

This was a choice!

They chose Westley Hader.

Obviously, this was a clear choice.

The governor of the capital garrison was definitely Westley Hader. No matter how big the commotion tonight was, no one could shake the position of the governor.

There were all sorts of reasons!

Even though the thirteen War Gods listened to the old governor's orders, there were close to ninety people who listened to Westley Hader.

More importantly, the commander of the five main teams and the five captains only acknowledged Westley Hader.

If there was a new governor, nearly 90% of the people in the capital garrison would not be convinced. The two deputy governors, Tristan Yandell and Nico Yates, would not be convinced, and even the War Gods like Frodo Lance would not be convinced.

There was also Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe and the others. Other than Westley, one of the three sons of the north, who do you think can control these bad eggs in the entire capital?

Especially Luke Yates, the leader of the largest gang in southern Hansworth. Without Westley, the little fool would probably dare to lead the southern Hansworth imperial guards and restrain all the powerful and aristocratic families in the south.

Don't doubt it. The little fool would definitely do it.

At most, he would lead his troops back to the northern territory after he was done.

When they returned to the northern territory, no one could touch the little fool.

Sometimes, Luke Yates was really a fool.

As his brother, Braydon Neal did not dare to guarantee the extent of the trouble he could cause.

Even Braydon was afraid when the little fool could not be reasoned with.

When the little fool was young, he was curious about the taste of bone ash, so he secretly ate it. In the end, he was caught. The old commander, Finley Yanagi, almost beat this bastard to death.

In the entire northern region, other than the little fool, no one else would do something like that.

In a quiet courtyard in the capital where Dominic Lowe lived, he wanted to heal his wounds the moment he returned.

However, in the pavilion of the courtyard stood a girl in a white dress. She was tall and slender, and her fair hands were holding a wooden bowl. There was fish feed in it. She did not want to spill it by the pond, causing the koi fish to fight for it.

The holy starlight fell, making the entire courtyard seem peaceful and peaceful.

When Dominic returned and saw her, he was shocked.

Someone else had infiltrated his courtyard without a sound.

Dominic looked disheveled, but he cupped his hands in a refined manner. "This is a simple and crude house. A fairy has actually descended. Sorry for not welcoming you." "The dignified Duke Lowe is also an ordinary man who sweet talks?" The voice of the girl in the white dress was ethereal and pleasant, like the sound of nature.

Dominic walked over. "I was born in the mortal world, and I eat grain every day. Of course, I'm an ordinary person. Did you grow up drinking sweet dew and eating spiritual fruits?" "You're too scheming. You want to find out who I am!" The girl in the white dress moved her fingers slightly, and the wooden bowl in her hand quietly landed on the stone table in the pavilion.

She turned around calmly, her black hair hanging high, revealing her swan-like proud neck. Her beautiful face was wearing a ghost mask.

The size of the mask was just right. The ghost face on it looked like it was crying and laughing at the same time. It looked very strange. The carving technique was a little immature, as if it was made by a young child, but it was worn by an adult.

If Braydon Neal was here, he would definitely recognize the creator of the ghost mask.

It was him!

That's right, it was made by Braydon Neal.

When he was seven years old, young Braydon encountered a major change in the Neal family. His relatives died tragically, and his mother, Laura Quinn, was run over by a truck.

That incident changed Braydon's life, and he would never forget it.

In that most difficult year, young Braydon, who was seven years old, met a girl at the northern military school. Her name was Sadie Dudley.

She was the one who taught young Braydon the art of wood carving.

Braydon was a beginner, and his first creation was this ghost mask.

The mask that seemed to be smiling and crying was the feeling of seven-year-old young Braydon back then. He witnessed the tragic changes in his family and used the wood carving to reveal his inner feelings.

Later on, this ghost mask was treasured by a girl.

When the girl in the white dress turned around, her clear eyes were like a calm lake. They were so clear that one could see the bottom, and there was a sense of ethereal.

When Dominic saw the mask, he was petrified. He instinctively said, "F*ck!" "The dignified Duke Lowe speaks so crudely. It's beneath his status!" The girl in the white dress sat down.

Dominic's face turned green, and his mouth was bitter. He humbly cupped his hands and bowed. "I didn't know that Miss Bamboo has arrived. Sorry for not welcoming you." "Did you hurt Young Master tonight?" The girl in the white dress looked over.

Dominic's face turned even greener. "I was tricked!" "Oh? Tell me!" The girl blinked her eyes and seemed to be more interested.

At this moment, Dominic revealed his strong desire to live. He explained, "In front of the governor office, the Northern King wanted to kill the people of the Sattler family. I tried to stop him, but the Northern King did not dodge. He was hit by my force and was slightly injured!" "You still hurt Young Master!" The girl in the white dress stood up.

"He tricked me!" Dominic said in a low voice.

"But you still hurt Young Master!" The girl's eyes were serious.

Dominic was so angry that he almost vomited blood. "He tricked me!" Bang!

The girl in the white dress made her move. Her slender palm landed on Dominic's chest.

He was sent flying dozens of meters away and landed in the wooden house behind him.

She was dressed in snow-white clothes, and she said coldly, "When Young Master entered the capital, he was targeted by nine kings. He did not respond for thirteen miles. He respected the capital and Hansworth. He could not bear to hurt a single blade of grass and tree in this prosperous capital of a thousand years!

"But you, the capital, have gone too far. As the duke, you hurt my young master. You old thief. How hateful!" The girl said very seriously.

Dominic was so angry that he exploded. He shouted, "You people from the north are going too far. You are too unreasonable. I was tricked!"

chapter 228-Crushing the Sattler Family However, the girl's toes moved slightly, and her white dress danced as she flew away from the small courtyard. A cold voice sounded, "I don't care. You hurt the young master. The north will remember this. If the capital dares to target the young master again, I will kill you!" Dominic Lowe sucked in a breath of cold air and remained silent.

In the end, the girl returned and asked, "I'm going to the Sattler family's place. Do you want to come with me?" "No!" !!

Dominic felt that tonight was the most tiring day of his life.

Everyone was bullying him!

He, Dominic Lowe, had lost all face today.

In the past, who would not give him some face in the capital?

However, Dominic felt that his injuries were not as bad as before. The girl's palm strike had cleared the sword intent left behind by Frazer Zito.

He did not know if she did it on purpose or not!

Dominic sighed faintly and returned to the house. He was limping and felt extremely aggrieved.

The girl in the white dress entered the capital at night and arrived at a large manor.

The main entrance of the manor was a retro building with a plaque hanging on it. The word 'Sattler' was written on it.

Any warrior would know that this was the Sattler family.

When the girl in a white dress arrived, there were eight men in black suits at the door. They were security guards.

The leader frowned. "It's a private manor. No one is allowed in. Who are you looking for?" "I'm looking for Zed Sattler!" The girl's cherry lips parted slightly.

"You're looking for Old Master Sattler?" The leader was shocked.

"Of course!" With a flick of her sleeve, the girl moved dozens of meters away.

These security guards, the outer disciples of the Sattler family, could not stop her at all.

It was a big deal for a weak girl wearing a ghost mask to barge into the Sattler family at night.

Someone immediately came out to receive her.

A burly middle-aged man in training clothes was covered in sweat. It was obvious that he had just gone through intense exercise. He blocked the way and asked in a low voice, "Miss, you have great courage to barge into our Sattler family manor at night!" "I'm looking for Zed Sattler. It's none of your business!" The girl moved forward with light steps.

"Calling my grandfather by his name is disrespectful!" The burly man's face darkened.

After saying that, his fist, which was as big as a sandbag and covered in calluses, came swinging.

Smack!

Light force exploded nine times, followed by the invisible dark force.

The nine Levels of light and dark forces were condensed into one punch.

A War God!

As expected of a powerful family. A martial artist that jumped out the moment she entered was already at the War God level.

However, in the capital this very night, War God level figures meant nothing.

The girl smiled and raised her left hand. It was obvious that she was left-handed!

It must be Braydon Neal's fault again!

All the people in the north were left-handed.

The girl flicked her fingers and an invisible force shot out.

Bang!

The force pierced through the burly man's chest and pierced through his heart, causing his face to turn pale. He instantly knelt on the ground, clutching his chest, coughing up blood non-stop as he let out a painful growl.

It was a heart-wrenching pain!

No one could endure it.

The force just now was like an invisible hand that grabbed his heart tightly.

The burly man almost fainted.

The force penetrated his body and landed on the lawn behind him, creating a black hole in the basin. Dust flew everywhere and splattered on his face, causing him to feel extreme pain.

Releasing force, king-level technique!

The burly man's eyes were filled with fear. He found it hard to believe that the ghost-faced girl in white was actually a king!

What he did not know was that kings were divided into different levels.

This mysterious girl had barged into the capital at night, and even Dominic Lowe was in awe of her. This meant that she was not a simple king!

She was perhaps someone who surpassed king level.

The girl had a graceful bearing, clear eyes, and a touch of spirituality. She was very beautiful as she walked into the manor.

No one could stop her.

Experts from the Sattler family appeared one after another and were warned by the burly man, "She's a king-level martial artist. Go get Grandpa!" If he did not warn them, even the young and strong generation of the Sattler family would not be a match for her.

A king descending on the Sattler family and looking for Zed Sattler was not something a junior could handle.

In the deepest part of the Sattler family, an old man in a suit walked out of a quiet wooden house. His sigh echoed throughout the entire Sattler family.

"Sigh, Miss, you're at the king level, why bother with a bunch of juniors!" The old man in the suit took a step forward and appeared in the manor under the dark night.

All the martial artists of the Sattler family present bowed and cupped their hands. "Second Master!" "Great-grandfather!" Some of the youths, who were of even lower seniority, actually knelt down and bowed.

Kneeling was an ancient feudal etiquette that had been passed down in these powerful families with hundreds of years of history.

He was Zed Sattler!

"You're the one who's going up against the young master, aren't you?" the girl in the white dress asked.

"I don't know who your young master is, but the Sattler family has made countless enemies for hundreds of years. Tell me who your young master is!" Zed Sattler was an old bag of bones, and he was a king level character, but his appearance was very old.

His age was probably frighteningly high.

Having lived for more than a hundred years, he had experienced all kinds of storms. He was calm and collected when facing any enemy.

"My young master's surname is Neal, and his nickname is the Northern King!" The girl in the white dress smiled faintly.

"The Northern King's men?!" The pupils of the burly man and the others constricted.

The people of the Sattler family did not expect that someone from the northern army would dare to invade their manor, and they had even sent a girl.

Was this contempt for the Sattler family?

Zed said slowly, "So you are from the northern army. What will come will come. What advice do you have for the Sattler family tonight?" "The young master entered the capital and was injured in front of

the governor office. The northern army has been alerted and plans to make a move down south. The capital needs to give the north an explanation for this matter. Your Sattler family will bear the brunt!" The girl's bright eyes were calm.

The expressions of the people from the Sattler family changed.

A king targeting them was not a good thing.

Things had come to this.

There was no point in saying more!

"Please!" Zed said slowly.

The girl was agile and fast. Her white dress danced as she attacked in an instant.

Her hands were fair and slender, and without any weapons, she calmly struck down with her palm.

Zed's face was covered in age spots, and his expression was solemn. He had not been able to tell the depth of this girl's abilities.

Now that both sides were fighting, Zed released his king-level pressure.

The people of the Sattler family had been instilled with the idea that Zed Sattler was the guardian of the family. He was high and mighty and could not be defeated by any martial artist.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, both sides exchanged blows.

An invisible force spread out within a radius of a hundred meters.

Popping sounds rang out continuously as they were using king-level techniques. When the force landed, a basin sized black hole appeared, and soil flew everywhere.

The girl in the white dress did not slow down. In the blink of an eye, she was already in front of him.

“What?” Zed’s hair stood on end. “This is impossible!” Boom!

The girl in the white dress placed her palm on his chest.

With just one palm, Zed was sent flying a hundred meters away.

chapter 229-Young Master Is From Kylo The scene was deathly silent.

Everyone was stunned!

The guardian of the Sattler family had suffered such a crushing defeat.

He was severely injured by a mysterious girl and almost lost his life.

!!

“Grandpa!” The burly man shouted angrily.

“Cough. Lotus shadow steps and heart-piercing palm. These ancient martial arts techniques have long been lost. It’s said that the holy land of the Kylo ruins still has them. Who are you?” Zed Sattler’s eyes were filled with shock as he coughed up blood continuously. He seemed to have aged even more, and he was dispirited.

Only he knew that the 100 waves of forces he released earlier were all defeated by the girl in the white dress with a single thought. She had even arrived in front of him in the blink of an eye.

This strength was too terrifying.

Despair appeared in the eyes of the people from the Sattler family.

Their family's guardian was defeated in one move.

If this lady in white started a massacre, the Sattler family would be destroyed tonight.

However, the girl turned around and left, leaving behind a sentence.

"Young Master is from Kyo!" That sentence made Zed's emotions fluctuate, and blood kept flowing from the corner of his lips.

The Northern King was terrifying beyond the imagination of all the powerful families in the capital.

The girl had come tonight to severely injure Zed to warn the various powerful families in the capital that if they targeted Braydon Neal again, they would die!

When she passed by the Sattler family manor's entrance, she looked at the plaque hanging high above the door from the corner of her eye. Her fair hands moved slightly.

An invisible force was released and landed on the Sattler word plaque.

Crack!

With a bang, the entire plaque exploded and fell to the ground.

The plaque of the Sattler family was their face, and it had been smashed into pieces.

The northern army had never put a family in their eyes.

The girl calmly left. She came barging into the capital at night. No one could stop her. She came without a trace and left without a trace!

The tip of the iceberg of the north was revealed tonight.

However, there was something else happening in the capital tonight.

That was the northern army imperial guards. When they knew that Braydon had been injured, they moved out overnight and arrived in the capital.

The first person to visit was the Sattler family!

The girl in white leaving was not just a coincidence. She had also sensed the black-robed guards approaching, so she chose to leave.

That night, the moon was high up in the sky, and the wind was cool.

The Sattler family's manor was huge and dark. The night wind swept over, making people feel a chill in their hearts.

Zed Sattler, who was severely injured, had an ugly expression on his face. He sensed that a large number of martial artists was secretly swarming toward the Sattler family.

"Aren't you going to show yourself?" he asked in a low voice.

"Cole Colbie of the northern army has come to pay a visit to the Sattler family!" The black-robed Cole Colbie walked like a tiger, the black clothes on his shoulders fluttering in the wind, his tiger eyes exuding a domineering killing intent.

He came announcing his own position.

Everyone in the Sattler family was shocked. Their pupils constricted as they looked over.

“So, it’s marquis Cole Colbie, the commander of the northern imperial guards,” Zed said hoarsely. “I’m sorry for my disrespect!” “It doesn’t matter. The Sattler family sent dozens of martial artists to the governor office to attack the Northern King. They will be killed without mercy for such a crime!” Cole had led the imperial guards of the north here tonight. His cold sword was unsheathed. If the blade was not stained with blood, it would not return to its sheath.

The Northern King was injured, so he definitely would not let it go with a smile.

“You!” The burly man was shocked and furious. “You’re just a marquis level martial artist. How dare you provoke the Sattler family? Do you think that there’s no one in the Sattler family who can fight back?” Swoosh! Swoosh!

Three marquises appeared!

This was the foundation of a powerful family.

There were more than three to five kings and marquises.

There were complete ancient martial arts cultivation methods in the powerful families.

However, in the dark night, a young man with his hands behind his back stepped on the roof and crossed the night sky. His cold voice sounded, “Do you think there is no one in the northern army?” His cold voice resounded throughout the entire Sattler family manor.

The young governor, Westley Hader, had arrived!

Behind Westley, nearly ninety people from the capital garrison followed, imperceptibly intimidating them!

Behind the governor were 70,000 elites of the capital garrison!

If Westley was angry, the 70,000 capital guards could flatten the entire Sattler family.

Tonight was a huge disaster for the Sattler family.

The Northern King had arrived in the capital, yet the Sattler family dared to openly target him.

Then how could the northern army just sit back and do nothing!

Bullying the Qilin commander of the northern army? Did they really think that these lunatics of the northern army were made of mud?

In the next moment, Cole unleashed the might of a conferred king.

An invincible aura filled the entire Sattler family.

“King level?” “Impossible!” The burly man was shocked.

Another king was born in the north?

Instantly, the faces of the people from the Sattler family turned pale.

They realized that he was no longer marquis Cole, but King Cole!

In an instant, Cole placed his left hand on his waist and gripped the pitch-black hilt of his sword.

The sword was like a swan, instantly unsheathed.

Accompanied by a domineering aura, the black sword slashed horizontally like a waterfall.

The three marquis level figures of the Sattler family went white with fear. Sensing the power Cole had released, which was added to his sword, it was not something the three of them could withstand.

“Stop!” Zed was shocked and furious.

Boom!

This old man had been severely injured by the girl earlier, and now he actually dared to stop King Cole.

Wherever Cole’s blade pointed, he was invincible!

The sword fell brazenly. Zed’s palms burst forth with force, but it was broken by the blade.

The sword light cut through his chest, and the wound was a foot long. Blood flowed out.

This made everyone from the Sattler family furious. “Grandpa!” There was no pity in Cole’s eyes.

No one in the world would believe that the King Cole, who had grown up on the battlefield, was a soft-hearted person.

There were no kind people in the north; they were all ruthless people!

Cole held the sword in his left hand and glanced at the three marquis level figures of the Sattler family, then brazenly swung his sword another time.

The three marquises were instantly killed!

King Cole's cold sword could not be taken head-on.

If Zed had not been heavily injured tonight, with his strength as a king, he might have been able to contend with Cole for a while. Unfortunately, with his heavily injured and aged body, he could not stop this fierce tiger!

Cole consecutively beheaded three marquises, sheathed his saber, and turned to leave.

The three thousand northern imperial guards wearing black scarves walked in an orderly formation. They followed the commander and disappeared into the dark night.

Tonight was just a warning!

The imperial guards of the north did not slaughter the Sattler family.

It was a form of respect for the capital!

Respect for Hansworth, and respect for the ironclad laws of Hansworth!

The Sattler family actually dared to send people to attack Braydon Neal in the capital. If they were not in the capital, the northern imperial guards would have wiped them out overnight.

Cole still had something to do. He wanted to pay Dominic Lowe a visit.

Duke Lowe had publicly injured the Northern King in front of the governor office.

How could the north let this matter go?

The three thousand black-robed guards were led by Cole to the entrance of a quiet courtyard.

Dominic was recuperating in the wooden house in the small courtyard. When he sensed the aura of an expert approaching, his old face instantly darkened.

He sensed that the imperial guards of the north had arrived!

Dominic had a stiff smile on his face. "I was wondering who it was. It's you, Cole!"

chapter 230-Your House Is a Manor?

The duke of a generation; a figure who alone guarded the capital.

At this moment, he was actually smiling apologetically.

Cole Colbie's left hand gripped the hilt of his sword, and in the next moment, he unsheathed it, releasing a shocking killing intent.

"Anyone who hurts the Northern King must die!" Cole's tone was cold.

!!

Swoosh!

The 3,000 black-robed guards all drew their sword, their eyes filled with cold killing intent.

When Dominic Lowe heard this, he was so angry that he almost had a heart attack. He told himself to not get angry.

"It's the Northern King who tricked me, you understand?" His face darkened.

“Shameless old scoundrel, don’t quibble. It’s an ironclad fact that you attacked the commander from behind!” Someone from the northern imperial guards said coldly.

When Dominic heard this, he almost spat out a mouthful of blood. He said tiredly, “My heart is so tired. I want to be alone...” Tonight, he had finally witnessed how unreasonable the people of the north were!

The girl called Miss Bamboo who came earlier was also this unreasonable.

In the end, the northern imperial guards were even more unreasonable!

Seeing this, Dominic could only mention Braydon and say, “Your commander said that this matter has been put to rest!” “The commander respects the capital and has laughed this matter off. But the rule of the north is to return blood with blood!” Cole wielded his sword, and with every step he took, his aura grew stronger.

This was Art of the God of War!

A wisp of purple Qi appeared in Cole’s eyes. He said coldly, “You attacked the commander’s palm, so tonight, you will receive a blade from the north. After that blade, you will die!” “Come, then!” Dominic let out a breath. He knew the rules of the northern army.

If he did not give them an explanation tonight, the imperial guards of the north might torture him.

Fortunately, it was the imperial guards of the north who came tonight. If the ten ruthless men were gathered together, it would definitely be enough to make Dominic suffer.

In the instant Cole drew his sword, it contained the true intent of the sword.

When the sword was drawn, the enemy would definitely be killed!

This was King Cole’s blade, and it was accompanied by a terrifying killing intent.

A ruthless person who had killed more than 100,000 enemies in the north had a terrifying killing intent. It was unimaginable.

Dominic sighed in his heart. The northern army was stationed in the north, and the environment was harsh. It had forged the indomitable character of the soldiers of the north and also forged the iron bones of the people of the north.

The north was not weak. This was an indisputable fact.

Cole brazenly attacked with his sword.

Dominic Lowe fought with all his might. As Duke Lowe, he could not retreat in a battle between martial artists!

If he took a step back, the entire capital would be behind him!

Dominic refused to retreat and took the attack head-on. The force of the king-level technique carried the sword light and pierced through his body, forming a ravine that was several meters long behind him!

These were knife marks.

After this strike, Cole kept his promise and sheathed his blade. He turned around indifferently. "Return to the northern territory!" The imperial guards followed and disappeared from the capital.

In this dark night, no one dared to stop the imperial guards from entering the capital, and no one dared to stop them from leaving the capital.

There were only three thousand imperial guards, but even if Westley Hader ignored them, no one dared to order the garrison of the capital to stop Cole and the others.

Because behind the imperial guards were the northern cavalry!

If the three thousand imperial guards died in the capital, the mighty march of the northern army toward the south would be the result.

At that time, even Braydon Neal would not stop him.

Even Duke Lowe had to give Cole an explanation when facing the imperial guards.

The arrival of the imperial guards would definitely represent the ten ruthless men of the northern territory and the northern army.

An explanation for Cole was an explanation for the northern army.

Dominic had long expected this situation.

The tip of the iceberg of the north had also quietly appeared.

The ghost-faced girl and the imperial guards of the north were all unreasonable.

Dominic quietly stood in the courtyard, watching Cole and the others leave. From the corner of his eyes, he glanced at the roof. That young governor had also left.

Dominic stood quietly with his hands behind his back. He looked as steady as an old dog, but he was actually panicking.

After everyone left, his old face turned pale, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

He instantly became dispirited.

“Finley Yanagi, you evil old man. You’re a bastard yourself, and you left behind a bunch of little bastards just like you!” Dominic’s face was filled with hatred.

How could Cole's blade be taken so easily?

This slash caused Dominic to be injured even more.

This old man was really unlucky tonight.

In the future, he would definitely avoid the people of the north.

When the Northern King came to the capital, Duke Lowe was already half-dead. It could be considered as a psychological trauma. Braydon would probably not be welcomed into the capital in the future!

In the long night, the helicopter of the Preston main team landed on the parking lot of the Neal family manor.

Braydon calmly got off the plane. Old Man Zito returned to his original sloppy appearance, but he was rather quiet. Ernest Lanford also did not have much to say.

As for Tristan Yandell, he was left behind in the capital by Braydon to help Westley.

Luke Yates refused to leave the Neal family's house and was prepared to stay for one night before returning to the southern Hansworth main team the next day.

Braydon walked in the cold manor and said softly, "Don't worry. I will personally wash away the shameful label of Ludwig being a rebel army." Old Man Zito's orange skin revealed a silly smile. He held his pipe and started smoking again.

The group returned to the small courtyard of the villa.

The first thing they saw was the chives planted by Old Man Zito in the courtyard that was emitting a green vitality.

The living room was brightly lit. There was a toot little girl. She was a little bored and seemed to be video chatting with someone on her phone.

The person on the phone was a man with earrings. He was in his thirties and his eyes were filled with love. He introduced himself, "Hello, welcome to the Daily Appraiser. I'm Appraiser Myles Harvin, number four on the Internet!" "Hello, my name is Ginny Neal!" The little girl blinked and introduced herself politely.

In the video, Myles Harvin, the man with the earring, said in surprise, "Little girl, where are your parents?" "This is my brother's villa. He went to the capital and hasn't returned yet!" Ginny Neal said cutely.

Myles' eyelids twitched. He asked tentatively, "How many villas do you have?" "Let me see. Uncle's house has one, and mine has one. Big Brother said that I'm too young and doesn't want me to live alone. It's not safe, but my villa has already been renovated. When I grow up, I'll live in it..." Ginny whispered.

She answered the question seriously.

Appraiser Myles felt his scalp tingle. Who was the young lady who had come to him for appraisal today?

Ginny did not seem to notice that the video call was on a certain music app which was an official program. Every day, there would be a professional appraiser who would start a live broadcast to appraise treasures for free.

Instantly, the entire live broadcast room was in an uproar.

A series of "wows" filled the screen.

Anyone could tell that this cute little girl's family definitely had a powerful background. They had countless villas.

How could this be a child from an ordinary family?

Myles swallowed. "Your house is so big. It must be a manor, right?" "Yeah, look!" Ginny took the indoor elevator and went straight to the balcony on the top floor of the villa. She took out her phone and took a picture of the manor.