

Strongest 316

Chapter 316-I Won I t Kneel!

In the end, he sent both old men out today.

Braydon Neal returned to his bedroom to help Joseph Thomas recover.

At the Preston main team base.

Steve Xavier led all the members and stood at the door to welcome a big shot from the provincial capital.

It was Micah Lane.

As the fleet of cars arrived from afar, they did not stop at the entrance and drove straight into the base.

Steve was ignored.

Luca was dissatisfied and said, "Deputy Commander Lane is too arrogant. Even the Northern King has never looked down on us like this." "Shut up, don't spout nonsense!" Steve reprimanded Luca to stop the others from talking nonsense.

The deputy commander of the Central Plains main team was an unattainable figure for the Preston main team.

The seven deputy commanders were all beginner level War Gods!

Even if it was the lower rank.

After all, they were War Gods.

The door of the leading black car opened, and a middle-aged man in black stepped out.

The man was nearly forty years old. He had short hair, and his eyes were like an eagle's. His eyes inadvertently revealed a cold light that made people shudder.

This was the deputy commander of the Central Plains main team.

"Where is Steve Xavier?" He frowned slightly. "Deputy commander Lane, I'm here!" Steve stepped forward and bowed.

Micah Lane examined him and asked directly, "Where's Elder Thompson?" "He's been detained in the basement!" Steve replied.

"Team Leader Xavier, I told you before I came that I was going to take him with me. How dare you lock him up down there? Bring him out immediately." "This is against the rules of the Preston main team." Steve frowned.

Wilhelm and the other martial artists had violated the ironclad law. Braydon Neal had ordered them to be locked up in the Preston main team's base for ten years.

If they refused to be disciplined, they would be killed on the spot.

Now that Micah wanted to let him go, Steve did not have the guts to do so.

A man in a suit alighted from a car beside him. His sideburns were a little white, and he looked a little older than Micah.

His name was Robert Flitwick, the younger brother of Rowan Flitwick, the head of the Flitwick family in the provincial capital.

The second master of the Flitwick family was also an influential figure in the provincial capital.

In addition, he was backed by the Flitwick family, so he had a lot of connections.

He smiled brightly. "Team Leader Xavier, rules are dead, but people are alive. Elder Thompson is already so old. He can't stand the torment of the Preston main team." "And you are"" Steve frowned.

Robert was slightly stunned. Clearly, he had not introduced himself for many years.

Micah's expression darkened. "This is Master Robert Flitwick from the provincial capital!" "The provincial capital's Flitwick family? Deputy Commander Lane, this..." Steve was a little shocked and angry.

As members of the special operations team, there were some rules that they had to remember.

One of the ironclad rules was that the people of the special operations teams were strictly forbidden from contacting the people of the aristocratic families.

Not to mention Micah, who was the deputy commander.

How could he do such a thing!

Micah harrumphed coldly, "It's none of your business."" "I am just reminding Deputy Commander Lane out of goodwill that the capital's governor office has long issued a ban. Any member of the special operations team who colludes with people from aristocratic families and powerful families will be killed without mercy!" Steve had a straightforward personality.

If it was just Micah who came to ask him today, Steve would still respect him.

Respecting Micah, the deputy commander of the Central Plains team.

However, Micah colluded with an aristocratic family and wanted to take Wilhelm Thompson away. Steve would definitely not agree.

The Preston main team would not compromise with any aristocratic family.

In the end, Micah was enraged. "Such insolence!" Boom!

An invisible pressure swept over Steve, sending him flying more than ten meters away and landing heavily on the ground.

In front of the members of the Preston main team, Steve was in a sorry state.

Blood flowed from the corner of his mouth as he said in a low voice, "Deputy Commander Lane, if Wilhelm Thompson is someone the aristocratic family wants to save, forgive me for not obeying your orders!" "The Preston main team will not hand over the person!" Steve raised his head, his eyes filled with determination.

The leader of the Preston main team knew what kind of responsibility he shouldered.

He would not compromise with the people of the aristocratic families even if he died.

This was his bottom line.

If even the Preston main team was afraid of the aristocratic families, who would dare to restrain the descendants of the aristocratic families with huge roots in the future?

Ordinary people?

That would be nonsensical!

The coldness in Micah's eyes grew stronger.

The War God's pressure on his body was not what a martial artist like Steve could withstand at all.

Luca pulled out his cold sword and pointed it at Micah. He cursed, "Lane, what kind of deputy commander are you? You're colluding with the people of the aristocratic families and bullying your subordinates. You are the dog of the Flitwick family!" "Presumptuous! Kneel down!" Micah was insulted, and in his rage, his might erupted and engulfed Luca.

The pressure of a War God was terrifying to begin with.

This force could suppress ten thousand ordinary people.

Luca's entire body seemed to have been hit hard. His face was pale, and he spat out blood as he knelt on the cement ground.

This scene angered all the members of the Preston main team, and they drew their swords.

Under Micah's rage, his pressure spread across everyone's bodies. He snorted coldly, "I see that you people from the Preston main team are tired of living.

Kneel down and reflect!" In the face of the War God's pressure, the members of the Preston main team who were not even warlords could not withstand this mountain-like power at all.

Luca's eyes were filled with stubbornness, revealing a wolf-like ferocity. He gritted his teeth, his mouth full of blood foam, and he held onto his cold sword, wanting to stand up.

He bent over and shouted, "I won't kneel!" "I won't kneel to the dog of an aristocratic family!" Belden Frost and the others leaned on their cold sword and stubbornly stood up from the ground. They bent their backs and raised their heads little by little.

Robert smiled insincerely. "Brother Lane, calm down. Just take Elder Thompson away. Don't make a big deal out of it." "This group of people who has offended their superiors must be severely punished!" Micah's face was dark as he took a step forward. With every step he took, the pressure he released became stronger, as if he did not want Steve and the others to stand up.

This was publicly humiliating all the members of the Preston main team.

One could imagine how narrow-minded a War God was to humiliate his subordinates like this.

Micah touched the hilt of the black battle sword at his waist and walked in front of Luca. He asked indifferently, "Do you know what kind of crime it is to offend a superior?" "Death penalty!" Luca's eyes were bloodshot. He panted heavily and refused to kneel.

Micah slowly drew his blade and pressed it against Luca's neck. He said coldly, "Kneel down. Today, I'll spare your life!" "I won't kneel!" Luca stared at Micah with bloodshot eyes. He had never given up on his faith.

So staunch!

He knew that he was going to die, but he still refused to kneel.

This completely infuriated Micah.

As the deputy commander, he did not expect a small martial artist under him to be so disrespectful to him.

Micah's eyes were cold and murderous. The sharp black sword in his hand slashed across Luca's neck.

The slash brought up a splash of hot blood.

The blood was boiling hot, bright red and glaring.

Hot blood splashed into the sky!

This scene was witnessed by everyone.

Luca's body fell to the ground. The blood on his neck could not stop flowing and quickly dyed the ground red.

Steve's pupils constricted, and his red eyes were about to split. "Luca!" "Brother Luca!" The member of the Preston main team shouted with red eyes.

Micah was cold and ruthless.. "Preston main team members' insubordination!

Death penalty! "

Chapter 317-'m Braydon Neal, I Will Kill You Today Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation His cold and heartless words made everyone in the Preston main team feel a chill in their hearts.

Their brothers had died under the cold sword.

Robert Flitwick still had a fake smile on his face. He stood quietly at the side as if he was watching a joke.

Micah Lane pressed the sword in his hand against Belden Frost's face and asked indifferently, "He has been executed for offending his superiors. If you kneel down, I will spare your life!" "I'm not going to kneel down to the dog of an aristocratic family!" Belden's eyes were red. He would not kneel even if he died!

At this moment, the Preston main team showed what it meant to be brave.

A man of seven feet would not give up his dignity even in death.

At this moment.

Sebastian Wood, who had rushed over in a hurry, saw Luca lying in a pool of blood and shouted angrily, "Luca!" "Micah Lane, you're so bold!" Sammy Dudley had already arrived and witnessed this scene from afar.

There was almost no hesitation.

Sammy's speed increased drastically, and his legs exploded with strength. He leaped over ten meters and instantly pulled out the three-foot-long cold sword at his waist.

The cold black sword was like a waterfall as it cut across the sky and descended!

The sword light released killing intent.

Micah was shocked. He turned around and swung his blade to meet the attack.

Bang!

With just one slash.

Micah flew backward.

"Ninth-level War God?" he asked angrily, coughing up blood. "Who are you?" "Sammy Dudley of the northern army is here to kill you!" Sammy held the sword in his left hand, filled with killing intent.

"People from the northern army?" Micah was terrified. "No, no, you can't kill me. I'm the deputy commander of the Central Plains main team, Micah Lane.

We're comrades..." "Shut up. Today, I will kill you!" Sammy was truly enraged.

Those who held the sword of the northern army could not point their swords at their comrades, much less stain their sword with their comrades' blood!

But Micah had killed Luca with his cold sword.

What kind of comrade was this!

This kind of person deserved to be killed!

Sammy's speed increased dramatically as he unleashed his second slash.

The sword technique he used was the northern army sword technique.

The northern army sword technique was created by Braydon. When he used it together with his strength, it was fierce and overbearing. One slash was better than the other. If the enemy was not killed, he would not retract his sword.

The second slash landed, and Micah was so terrified that he felt like his skin was about to split apart. The web between his thumb and forefinger cracked, and the sword in his hand shattered.

In the next moment.

Sammy's third slash came brazenly.

Micah's pupils dilated as he looked at the black sword that was approaching from afar.

"No!" he roared.

Swoosh!

The blade not only cut across his neck, but also beheaded him.

Three slashes beheading a War God!

This was Sammy's strength.

Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford walked together and silently appeared on the scene to check the wound on Luca's neck.

The sword had cut through his meridians.

The wound was bleeding very quickly, making Luca's breath extremely weak, and he was on the verge of death.

Old Man Zito quickly attacked. Thirteen streams of force shot out from his fingers and landed on the thirteen major acupoints on Luca's body, sealing his meridians and reducing the flow of Luca's blood to the lowest point. He was forced into a state of suspended animation.

"Transfuse blood immediately and suture his wound. He can still be saved!" Old Man Zito said calmly.

"You have to save him. Young Master has met Luca several times and has a good impression of him. If Luca dies and Young Master gets angry, your commander, Zayn Ziegler, will be punished. Don't let Young Master know!" Ernest instructed Steve Xavier in a low voice.

This old man was quite shrewd!

Little did he know.

Outside the Preston main team base, on a towering tree, a young man in white stood quietly with his hands behind his back. He stood on the leaves, allowing the wind to blow, but he did not move at all.

He was here.

“Elder Lanford, Young Master Neal has arrived!” Steve said bitterly.

“What?” Ernest’s entire body trembled, and his eyes darted back and forth.

Braydon stepped on a flying leaf and landed on the field. He ignored Old Man Zito and the others and looked at Robert.

“Are you from the Flitwick family?” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

Robert was a little shocked. He did not think that a small city like Preston would have so many experts.

Even the northern army’s ninth-level War God had been alarmed.

He had even killed Micah with three slashes.

He could not help but say in a trembling voice, “I’m Robert Flitwick from the Flitwick family. I wonder...”
“Kill him!” Braydon was not interested in what he had to say.

He only needed to confirm that it was a martial artist from an aristocratic family.

Sammy turned around. His blood-stained sword had not been sheathed yet! “Who are you?” Robert retreated in fear and shouted, “Why do you want to kill “I’m Braydon Neal. Why can’t I kill you today?”
Braydon glanced over coldly, his thin lips moving slightly.

His words were like a thunderclap, shaking Robert’s mind. Blood flowed out of his mouth and nose as if he had been severely injured.

His mind went blank, and he was stunned.

There was only one thought left in his mind.

He was the Northern King, Braydon Neal!

How was this possible?

Robert came back to his senses and said in a trembling voice, "This is impossible! Why would the Northern King be here!" Sammy took a step forward and slashed with the cold sword in his left hand.

The blade sliced across Robert's neck, killing him on the spot.

A ninth-level warlord had no power to resist in front of Sammy, who was already a marquis.

Someone from an aristocratic family dared to come to the Preston main team to ask for someone.

Who gave them the courage!

The Preston main team belonged to the Central Plains main team and belonged to the governor office.

Their responsibility was to control the martial artists in the world and deal with unnatural matters. It was not a place where the martial artists of aristocratic families could intrude.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Give my order: get Zayn Ziegler here!" "Yes, sir!" Sammy immediately contacted the Central Plains main team and asked the commander, Zayn Ziegler, to come over personally.

Braydon also ordered that all information within the Preston main team be sealed.

This matter was obviously not over!

The deputy commander of the Central Plains team had actually become a pawn of an aristocratic family.

If word got out, it would be a disgrace to the entire governor office.

Braydon wanted to see how far the aristocratic families could reach.

The news of Micah Lane and Robert Flitwick's deaths was not leaked at all.

The outside world had no idea.

Zayn took a helicopter from the provincial capital and landed at the Preston main team's base.

As soon as he got off the plane, he saw two corpses on the ground covered by white cloth. Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, surrounded by familiar people.

Zayn stepped forward and cupped his hands." Northern King! " "Do you know who these two corpses are?" Braydon turned around, his gaze deep.

Zayn was slightly stunned. "I don't!" "Remove the white cloth and let Commander Ziegler take a good look!" Braydon said.

As the white cloth was removed, Micah and Robert's corpses were exposed.

"Micah... Robert Flitwick, the second master of the Flitwick family, they..." Zayn was shocked.

"They came to the Preston main team to take away the martial artist that Young Master Neal ordered to be imprisoned. I heard from Micah that it was the Flitwick family who asked for him to be taken away." Steve explained.

Zayn was shocked and furious. As commander, he knew that people like them could not have any contact with the martial artists of the aristocratic families.

This was a red line that could not be crossed!

If the deputy commander of the Central Plains team colluded with the martial artists of the aristocratic families... To put it nicely, this was called a strong alliance. In other words, they would conquer the world.

They would become the true overlord of the land.

They would have the final say in everything.

To put it bluntly, it was colluding with evil!

Them colluding was like an opened Pandora's box. Who could imagine what kind of evil they would do?

Who would dare to control the hedonistic descendants of the Flitwick family then?

Chapter 318-Fishing, Willing to Take the Hook At this moment, Zayn Ziegler broke out in cold sweat. He really did not know that his deputy commander was actually colluding with the aristocratic families.

If Zayn knew about this, he would have definitely killed Micah Lane with one palm.

Sammy Dudley calmly said, "Micah Lane came and bullied the members of the Preston main team. He even killed one person to establish his prestige." "This damned bastard!" Zayn never expected that the person who usually listened to his orders in front of him would have a side to him that he did not know about.

Braydon Neal did not blame Zayn. Since the Flitwick family was connected to Micah, how would they let Zayn know about?

Now, he could use this opportunity to see how deep the waters of the martial art aristocratic families in the provincial capital were.

They could also see how far their hands had stretched out!

Braydon glanced at Zayn and whispered, "In your name, announce that Robert Flitwick attacked the Preston main team and has been detained here to see Flitwick family's reaction." "Alright!" Zayn vaguely understood what Braydon wanted to do.

He was trying to lure the snake out of its hole.

The Preston main team had become an extremely dangerous place.

As long as the martial artists of the aristocratic families dared to come, they would definitely die.

There was no need to explain the reason.

Zayn sent the order back to the Central Plains main team. When the captain, Hatcher Murphy, received the news, he frowned slightly and wanted to ask about the details.

However, there was no reply from Zayn.

However, the Flitwick family in the provincial capital received the news in just ten minutes.

Zayn had only informed the main team of this news.

The Flitwick family received the news within such a short time.

It proved that the hands of these aristocratic families had already reached into the Central Plains main team.

It was just that Zayn had not noticed it.

When the Flitwick family heard the news, they were stunned.

What did Robert Flitwick and Micah Lane do?

They were actually captured by Commander Zayn, and he even said that Robert attacked the Preston main team.

If Robert was convicted of this crime, he would definitely die!

Rowan Flitwick, the head of the Flitwick family, sat in the living room with an extremely gloomy expression.

He was not the only one in the living room.

All the people in charge of the Flitwick family in the provincial capital had arrived.

The group of people frowned. They all knew that Zayn was not to be trifled with. He was the commander of central Hansworth. They could not kill him, right?

They did not even want to do such a thing!

If a dignified commander was killed, the capital governor office would be furious. They would definitely investigate the entire three provinces of the Central Plains. They would definitely not stop until they had caught the murderer.

While the Flitwick family was fretting.

A spirited old man appeared at the entrance of the living room. His aura was thick and long. He was not only a martial artist, but his strength was probably not weak either.

Rowan quickly got up from his seat and said, "Father, why are you here?" "I heard about Robert's matter. There's no need to be anxious. The Flitwick family is not a soft persimmon." As the old man spoke, there was a hint of confidence in his voice.

The Flitwick family was backed by the capital's Flitwick family, so they were indeed much more confident than ordinary small aristocratic families. Rowan frowned and asked, "Father, about Robert..." "Don't worry. In less than ten minutes, Zayn will have to let him go. Otherwise, he'll suffer!" The old man calmly closed his eyes to rest.

He sat in the living room, as if he was waiting for news.

Over at the Preston main team's base, Braydon was even more patient and calm.

It was as if they were waiting for the Flitwick family to make a move.

The news of Robert's death was not leaked.

If the news was leaked, then they would have to investigate the Preston main team thoroughly.

At this moment, even if there were betrayers among the hundreds of official members of the Preston main team, they would not dare to spread any news.

Because at this time, the Preston main team was closed to the outside world.

Sending the news to the outside was equivalent to telling Braydon that there was something wrong with the Preston main team.

With the northern army's methods, they would definitely kill the person on the spot after a thorough investigation.

No one was not afraid of death.

Therefore, the news could not be leaked.

The communicator in Zayn's hand suddenly flashed red.

The secret order from the capital was directly sent to Zayn.

Sammy asked solemnly, "Is there any information about the Flitwick family?!" "No, it's an order from the governor office. They want me to release them!" Zayn's face darkened.

He was not stupid. He knew what the commander wanted.

Using Robert Flitwick as bait, he wanted to see how powerful the Flitwick family was and how far these aristocratic families could stretch their hands!

If the Flitwick family was stupid enough, they would ask the Flitwick family in the capital to help them.

To Braydon, this would be an unexpected gain.

Braydon's lips curled into a faint smile. The governor office immediately gave the order for Zayn to release him.

Which governor did this order come from?

Was it Nico Yates or Tristan Yandell?

Or Westley Hader!

This order was probably hidden from the three of them.

However, Braydon was very calm and smiled faintly. "Zayn, tell the governor office that Wilhelm Thompson and Robert Flitwick have both been released." "Alright!" Zayn quickly replied.

He reckoned that the people from the governor office would never have thought that Zayn would dare to lie to them.

They probably had no idea who the person behind this game of chess was.

It was the demon-like War God of the North.

This game of chess had just begun.

Logan Hall scratched his head and said, 'Young Master Braydon, why didn't you ask Governor Westley Hader to investigate who gave the order?' "The commander is setting the line to fish. Let's see who will bite the hook!" Sammy explained to Logan.

Zayn, who was beside him, had already understood what Braydon wanted to do.

If he cast a long line, would he be able to catch a big fish?

That would depend on luck!

In the capital, someone had already taken the bait, regardless of who had passed the order to Zayn through the governor office.

This person would definitely die.

In the Flitwick family's meeting hall in the provincial capital.

Old Master Flitwick sat at the head of the table, resting with his eyes closed. He looked calm, but his expression was a little ugly.

Half an hour had passed.

It was far longer than the ten minutes he had said Robert and Wilhelm would be released.

Zayn had yet to release him!

Old Master Flitwick opened his eyes and said, "Rowan, give me your phone!" "Father, is Zayn determined not to let them go?" Rowan's eyes revealed worry.

However, Old Man Flitwick took out his phone and made a call. The person he was contacting was none other than the Flitwick family in the capital. The Flitwick family of the capital was the main entity of the family!

After the call connected.

"Old butler, it seems that our commander Zayn didn't give face to the Flitwick family!" Old Master Flitwick was a little angry.

The old voice on the other end of the phone was a little puzzled. "Robert hasn't returned home yet? That shouldn't be the case. Zayn has already reported back to the governor office, saying that Robert and Wilhelm have been released from the Preston main team base." "Impossible, it's been half an hour and I still haven't heard anything." Old Man Flitwick was very certain that they did not let them go.

The old voice was furious. "Zayn deceived his superiors and subordinates. He actually gave the governor office misleading information. He's going to suffer this time. Don't worry, brother. We'll definitely think of a way to save Robert." "I'll wait for your good news." Old Master Flitwick hung up the phone, his cloudy eyes showing a trace of worry.

He was well aware of Zayn's methods..

Chapter 319-Having Different Ideals and Principles Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation As the commander of the Central Plains and a member of the northern army, he had suppressed the aristocratic families and religions of the three provinces of the Central Plains the most in recent years.

Any martial artist who dared to disobey would be killed.

The various aristocratic families in the provincial capital had long been dissatisfied with Zayn Ziegler.

Little did they know that out of the five great commanders in the world, only Zayn was polite to the aristocratic families of the three provinces of the Central Plains.

If it were in the six provinces of eastern Hansworth.

The little fool was such a nuisance that the various aristocratic families were about to fall apart.

Every year, those aristocratic families would go to the governor office to sue the little fool hundreds of times. Every crime was justified, but in the end, Westley Hader suppressed them all.

As long as Braydon Neal was alive, no one in the world would dare to touch the little fool.

Whoever dared to touch the brother of the Northern King would die!

As for northern, southern, and western Hansworth, with the temperament of Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe, there was no way the aristocratic families would dare cause trouble.

They would definitely be killed by Gordon.

Among the five commanders, Gordon's killing intent was the strongest and his personality was the coldest. Once he confirmed that a martial artist was causing trouble, he would not show mercy at all and would directly kill him on the spot!

Gordon Lowe had personally killed seven aristocratic families.

As for Bryan Goldman, the Marquis of Western Hansworth, the little fool had been calling him a cunning old man all these years.

Because Bryan's methods were very dirty, the aristocratic families and religions in his area were played by this old man, and no one dared to act rashly.

If anyone moved rashly, they would be wiped out silently.

There would not be any notice and no list of crimes.

They would just silently kill everyone!

This kind of sinister method was the most terrifying one.

There was no indication before the attack, nor would they inform you of your mistakes.

Once the western Hansworth team had conclusive evidence, they would immediately mobilize the imperial guards, led by Bryan, and wipe out an aristocratic family.

No matter how many martial artists there were from the aristocratic families, they would all be killed on the spot.

It was as if they had never existed in the world.

This kind of ruthless and tyrannical method suppressed those aristocratic families. They were terrified and did not dare to make any moves.

Unlike the three provinces of the Central Plains, the Flitwick family had actually extended their hands into the Central Plains team, colluding with Deputy Commander Micah Lane and forcefully taking people from the Preston main team.

In the words of the little fool, it was simply the opposite of heaven.

How dare a stinky fish try to overturn the heavens!

If he let the little fool handle this matter, not only would he kill all the martial artists of the Flitwick family, but he would also dig up the graves of all the generations of the Flitwick family's ancestors.

At this moment, Old Master Flitwick was still a little worried after making the call.

He frowned. "Prepare the car. I'm going to Preston personally." "Father, I'll go with you!" He personally went to Preston to see what Zayn was up to.

The convoy from the provincial capital went directly to the highway and headed for Preston.

In the Preston main team base.

Zayn's communicator beeped again. This time, it was not an order from the governor.

Someone was contacting him!

Braydon smiled faintly. "Pick up the call. Let me see which God it is this time." Sammy Dudley and the others listened quietly.

Zayn picked up the call and said in a deep voice, "Who is it?" "Commander Ziegler, how have you been? It's me, Lenny Flitwick!" The gentle male voice sounded polite as he said his name.

The capital's various powerful families and aristocratic families, as well as other sects, were all in the capital. The headquarters of the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions were all set up in the capital.

Lenny Flitwick was one of the twenty-four divisions in the capital, an important figure in the Mountain Division.

The twenty-four divisions of the capital were of the upper, middle, and lower grades!

The upper eight divisions, such as the Venerate Heavens Division, the Mountain Division had different responsibilities and held high positions.

The Central Bureau was the leader of the eight middle divisions.

The governor office was the leader of the lower eight divisions.

They were collectively known as the twenty-four divisions of the capital.

Although there was a distinction between the upper, middle, and lower divisions, and the governor office was ranked among the lower eight divisions, but it was an existence that the upper eight divisions could not afford to offend.

Just the 70,000 elite soldiers guarding the capital alone was not something that the other divisions could compare with.

There was also the Central Bureau. Although it was one of the eight middle divisions, the person who was in charge of it was Duke Dominic Lowe.

Therefore, for the twenty-four divisions, they did not pay too much attention to these rankings.

It depended on the person in charge of each division.

The three governors in the capital had the northern army standing behind them.

Even if there were people who disliked Westley Hader and the other two, who would anyone dare to touch them?

The leader was one of the three northern sons.

The two deputy governors were among the five heavenly kings of the northern army.

If a Qilin son and two heavenly kings fell in the capital, the capital would be destroyed.

The northern army would go south and roar like a tiger in the capital's ancient city!

To be more realistic, as long as Braydon did not die, the northern army would not decline.

None of the three governors and five commanders dared to move.

The northern army was at its peak, and the eight countries outside the borders could not afford to offend them.

If the forces in the country dared to provoke the Qilin in the northern territory, they would not be able to bear the consequences.

At this moment, Zayn replied with a few words and hung up.

He turned around and said seriously, "Commander, Lenny Flitwick has arrived at Preston Airport. He'll be at Preston main team base in 20 minutes at most." "We'll wait for him!" Braydon smiled faintly.

Old Man Zito, who was squatting on the ground and smoking, kept smacking his lips and saying, "Back then, the Ludwig army suggested that people from aristocratic families should not hold positions in the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions. Unfortunately, the words of a single army was ultimately insignificant." Forty years ago, the Ludwig army had raised doubts about the twenty-four divisions of the capital.

The powerful families and aristocratic families were great entities that reigned over many places.

They had both money and people.

The three armies, nine divisions, and twenty-four divisions each had a heavy responsibility. They had to prevent people from the various powerful families from taking up positions in them.

Otherwise, if the powerful families held even greater power, it would not bring any benefits.

Braydon had mentioned this many times when he was fifteen years old in the northern territory. He asked the people of the aristocratic families to leave the twenty-four divisions.

It was these proposals that worsened the relationship between the capital's powerful families and Braydon.

Although the two sides had never met, they were already incompatible like fire and water.

These proposals sank like a stone into the ocean in the capital.

Braydon never mentioned it again.

The suggestion he made once again only had one sentence, which was to kill all the powerful and aristocratic families in the world.

This sentence was even more ruthless than his suggestion of the powerful and aristocratic families withdrawing from the twenty-four divisions!

With these martial artists from the aristocratic families in the divisions, it would cause a great deal of chaos in the future.

When Braydon entered the northern territory at the age of seven, he was instructed by his teacher to guard Hansworth alone for the rest of his life.

The meaning of this sentence was very simple. Hansworth was the country, and everything was the country's priority. Relationships and personal affairs, as well as trivial matters in the family, had to be put aside.

As for those powerful and aristocratic families, they were very interesting!

The principle of the aristocratic families was that even if the world was in chaos and foreign enemies came from across the border, their priority was their own family!

For the continuation of the family, they could sacrifice everything, including loyalty and everything personal!

This was why the aristocratic families had survived for hundreds of years and had grown stronger..

Chapter 320-Mountain Division's Lenny Flitwick families held the belief that the family was supreme, even above the country and the people.

This was the exact opposite of King Braydon's ideology and the northern army's ideology!

The ideals of both sides were fundamentally different.

How could both sides tolerate each other?

If the aristocratic families behaved themselves and earned money without disturbing others, that would be fine.

However, the people from the aristocratic families were not that obedient.

If they were, the 100,000 hidden agents from the north would have nothing to Braydon Neal had been guarding the northern territory all these years. He had learned about the dirty deeds of many aristocratic families from the hidden agents.

With King Braydon's personality, how could he tolerate them?

In other words, as long as there was a chance, Braydon would kill them!

Braydon had given them a chance, asking the people from the various aristocratic families to withdraw from the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions.

However, they did not retreat. Instead, they became even more aggressive, pushing generations of outstanding disciples under them to join and serve in the twenty-four divisions.

Since that was the case, there was nothing else Braydon could say.

From then on, there was only one way moving forward.

Kill all the powerful and aristocratic families in the world.

Their ideologies were different, and they could not accommodate each other!

Braydon stood under a banyan tree with his hands behind his back, facing the increasingly fierce wind. His deep eyes were cold and heartless.

Today's game was Braydon's.

Lenny Flitwick, an official of the Mountain Division of the capital, dared to show himself.

Braydon had to kill him!

In the Preston main team base today, one could enter but not leave.

Twenty minutes was not too long.

A low-key black car slowly stopped at the entrance of the Preston main team. The car stopped at the side and an elegant middle-aged man got out.

He was close to fifty years old and had a thin figure. He was none other than Lenny Flitwick.

There were twenty-four officials in the capital, with the position of Lenny Flitwick.

"Team Leader Xavier, I've heard a lot about you!" "All members of the Preston main team greet Official Lenny Flitwick!" Steve Xavier greeted him.

The twenty-four officials in the capital were of the same rank as Zayn Ziegler and the other commanders.

They were all big shots!

A person who was below the rank of a marquis could not hold the position of an official.

In other words, the weakest of the twenty-four officials were marquises.

Lenny cupped his hands and returned the greeting. "Team Leader Xavier.

you're too polite. Please forgive me for disturbing you." "Lenny!" Zayn took a step forward and said indifferently.

"Greetings, Commander Ziegler!" Lenny hurriedly bowed.

Zayn nodded slightly.

Lenny said, "The name of the Central Plains Warblade, famous in the north, guarding the three provinces of the Central Plains, protecting the safety of hundreds of millions of people, will definitely go down in history!" "Alright, don't talk nonsense with me. Just tell me why you're looking for me!" Zayn said harshly.

Steve and the others stood at the side, their mouths twitching slightly.

Lenny did not feel embarrassed. Instead, he asked softly, "Actually, there is indeed a reason why I took the liberty to disturb you today. That is, our Flitwick family has a good-for-nothing martial artist." "Are you talking about Robert Flitwick?" Zayn glanced over indifferently.

"Yes. If he offended Commander Ziegler in any way, I'll apologize to you on his behalf." "He didn't offend me. As a martial artist of an aristocratic family, there are some things that can't be done. If he did, he would be killed!" Zayn's tone was cold.

"Is it because of Wilhelm Thompson?" On the way here, I found out that Elder Thompson has a relationship with the Flitwick family in the provincial capital.

Robert is just here to plead for the old man." As he spoke, he inadvertently erased all of Robert's mistakes.

It seemed like Lenny wanted to take him away.

Unfortunately, he had already been killed by Braydon!

Even if he took it away, it would only be a corpse.

Zayn said indifferently, “Lenny, do you really not know, or are you just pretending to be ignorant? Robert Flitwick crossed the line for the sake of the martial artists of an aristocratic family and colluded with the deputy commander of the Preston main team, Micah Lane. “If both sides cross this red line, they will die!” Zayn’s tiger eyes were filled with anger.

Because of this matter, he had lost all his face in front of Braydon.

The subordinate of the Central Plains Warblade had actually colluded with the martial artists of the aristocratic families.

If word got out, it would be a huge joke.

Lenny chuckled. “Commander Ziegler, there might be a misunderstanding here. How could Robert do such a foolish thing? Perhaps he’s just asking Deputy Commander Lane to plead for Elder Thompson. It’s not that serious.” His words revealed that Lenny was definitely an old fox.

His words were really flawless.

Unknowingly, he kept trying to make this matter seem small.

Zayn’s eyes turned cold. Perhaps you didn’t understand what I said!

“Then, I will say it again. Robert Flitwick, a martial artist from an aristocratic family, colluded with Deputy Commander Micah Lane. He crossed the red line and will be sentenced to death!” Zayn’s words were filled with anger.

Lenny still maintained a gentle expression as he said, “Commander Ziegler, that’s not what it is. Robert only invited Micah Lane over to plead for mercy on behalf of Elder Thompson...” This old fox knew very well what had happened.

He was deliberately trying to make it seem like it was nothing.

Zayn said coldly, "Shut up. There's nothing wrong with your ears. , "Just based on this, the two of them will be sentenced to death!" Zayn did not want to talk nonsense with Lenny who was pretending to be confused.

Lenny knew everything.

However, he was arguing with Zayn with a certain intention in mind; he wanted to suppress the entire matter.

But now.

Lenny's pupils constricted. He did not expect Robert and Micah, the two pieces of trash, to actually cause such a ruckus.

Who did not know that the three governors and five commanders were from the northern army?

They were most afraid of people with cold swords having their hands stained with the blood of their comrades.

This was a big taboo!

No wonder Zayn was here himself.

It must be for this matter.

Lenny did not expect that the Flitwick family in the provincial capital would hide this matter from him.

Since this had happened and Zayn knew about it, it was not a problem for Robert to be sentenced to death for attacking the Preston main team.

Micah killed his comrade and would be directly sentenced to death.

Who was Robert?

He was a martial artist from the provincial capital's aristocratic family.

To participate in such a matter, even if it was brought to the capital governor office, would be a capital crime.

Lenny was silent for a moment.

"How does Commander Ziegler plan to deal with this?" he asked with a frown.

"Each of the two crimes is enough to execute them." Zayn said calmly.

Lenny stopped arguing and asked with a cold look in his eyes, "What if Robert is the person I want to take away?" "You can't take him away today!" Zayn felt an aura faintly enveloping his body.

Was Lenny planning to use his power to suppress them?

That was a stupid decision.

If he made this decision, he would not be far from death.

"Since I'm here today, I'm going to take him away!" Lenny said calmly.

His words were somewhat domineering.

The official of the Mountain Division in the capital was backed by the Flitwick family. As long as they were brought back to the capital, not to mention Zayn, even the governor office could not do anything to them.

However, under a banyan tree, a white-robed youth's faint voice sounded, "Is that so?"