

## **Strongest 321**

Chapter 321-You Dare to Kill Me?

With his hands behind his back, Braydon Neal slowly walked toward the door.

Behind him, Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford slowly arrived, and Sammy Dudley followed.

Lenny Flitwick glanced over, and his pupils constricted like wheat. His face was pale, and sweat flowed down his temples.

As one of the twenty-four officials of the capital, he naturally knew who this white-robed youth who was slowly walking over was!

The current Northern King!

The capital had already conferred him the title of Garrison King, and he was also given the title of the Viceroy of Hansworth.

A month later, the ceremony would be held on Mount Tanish.

Even if all the twenty-four officials of the capital were here, they wouldn't be able to shake the Northern King!

The Northern King was never weaker than anyone!

Lenny's face was pale. He turned around and cupped his fists before kneeling on one knee. "Official Lenny Flitwick greets the Viceroy!" The capital had already announced the news to the world a few days ago.

The only thing missing now was the official rites ceremony.

Lenny, the official of the Mountain Division, was standing in front of King Braydon.

How could he not be afraid!

Lenny knelt on the ground. He was a dignified official and could be considered an influential figure in the capital.

Now, he was kneeling in front of Braydon.

Braydon stood in front of him, his thin lips moving slightly. "You want to take him away?" "This subordinate does not dare!" Lenny's face turned pale.

At this moment, he finally understood why Zayn Ziegler dared to disobey the orders of the governor office.

Why did he dare to detain the Robert Flitwick and not let him go?

This was the reason.

Braydon was behind everything.

This is the first round of the game.

Today, whoever came would die.

At this moment, Lenny was filled with regret.

He was the official of the Mountain Division and a core member of the Flitwick family. It was impossible for him not to know the relationship between the family and the Northern King.

The relationship between the two sides had long deteriorated!

If he had known this would happen, he would not have dared to step into Preston.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled. "It's a joke for someone from a powerful family to work in the twenty-four divisions. You're using the name of the Mountain Division to pressure the Central Plains main team to save your family's martial artist! "Do you know what this means to me?" Braydon's words were gentle.

Lenny's fingers trembled slightly. "Viceroy, I was muddle-headed. I..." Before he could finish his words, "In my eyes, the martial artists of your family regard the ironclad laws of Hansworth as nothing!" Braydon's gaze was cold.

"You hold the position of the capital's official. You don't put the state affairs first in everything and seek convenience for your family.

"This is the nature of the martial artists of the powerful families!" Braydon had long seen through the nature of the aristocratic families.

In everything, the family was the priority, and they did not hesitate to cross the bottom line.

This kind of person would never change!

Zayn had already told Lenny clearly that Robert was a martial artist who had interfered with the matters of the Preston main team, which meant that he had crossed this red line.

He would definitely die!

Robert was also carrying the crime of attacking the Preston main team.

On the other hand, Lenny acted as if he did not understand. He actually used the Mountain Division to pressure Zayn and wanted to take Robert away by force.

What did he take the Mountain Division for?

The capital had twenty-four divisions, and each division bore a great responsibility.

For example, the governor office had 70,000 elite soldiers guarding the capital.

It would be a joke if it was controlled by the powerful families!

Lenny's face was pale. He suddenly stood up and wanted to escape.

There was only one thought left in his mind.

Flee!

Escape from Preston!

Here, King Braydon would not give him a way out.

An important figure from the capital, a dignified official, was now like a stray dog.

Old Man Zito flashed by in an even more astonishing speed.

This old thing was a ninth-level king.

He was a terrifying figure who could stab Dominic Lowe with a single sword.

Lenny was a seventh-level marquis. He suddenly stopped; his eyes filled with despair.

Old Man Zito stood calmly in front of him.

The road ahead was blocked, and behind him was King Braydon.

“Viceroy,” Lenny said hoarsely, “I am the official of the capital’s Mountain Division. Even if I did something wrong, I need to report it to Duke Lowe. He will make the decision on what to do!” “No. I will take your life!” Braydon raised his left hand and grabbed at the air.

The cold sword at Logan Hall’s waist was instantly unsheathed and sent flying.

Braydon gripped the hilt of the sword and flew across the sky.

The black blade was filled with killing intent!

“You dare to kill me?” Lenny roared.

“Why wouldn’t I dare!” Braydon’s sword was like a graceful swan as it descended.

Lenny wanted to block, but how could he block Braydon’s blade?

Braydon personally taking action was worthy of his identity as an official.

The blade cut his neck, and hot blood splattered everywhere.

Lenny, the official of the Mountain Division, was killed on the spot!

This was not a small matter.

The capital was bound to investigate. An official had fallen. No matter what, they needed an explanation.

Braydon was the one to give this explanation.

Although King Braydon was a commoner, he could still take the life of an official!

Today, in the Preston main team, whoever came would die.

The whole place was silent, and the breeze blew up the withered leaves.

Sammy Dudley said softly, "Commander, now that an official is involved in this matter, should we inform the northern region?" Braydon shook his head slightly. Clearly, there was no need to inform the northern army.

So what if he was an official of the capital?

The death of a martial artist from a powerful family was not worth mourning over.

With Braydon's status, Lenny's death was for nothing.

No one could shake this Northern King.

Sammy thought about it and secretly contacted the northern territory.

At the base camp in the northern desert.

Luther Carden picked up Sammy's call and smiled faintly. "Sammy, what's wrong?" "Second Master, the commander beheaded an official of the capital in the Preston main team base." Sammy said.

Cripple Carden of the northern army was not surprised at all. Instead, he asked calmly, 'Which official is it?' "The Mountain Division's Lenny Flitwick!" Sammy replied.

"If my brother killed him, then so be it. It's fine!" Luther said lightly.

"Second Master, that is an official after all!" Sammy smiled bitterly.

"If the Flitwick family is not satisfied, Fourth Brother is free. Let him bring the northern army's iron cavalry to the capital." Luther laughed lightly.

His simple words could not hide his domineering aura.

The Flitwick family was just a small powerful family, so none of the ten ruthless men of the northern army cared about the family.

If Laird Xenos' cavalymen were to move out, they would definitely annihilate the Flitwick family.

"I'm worried that the capital will take the opportunity to target the commander!" "Let them try!" Luther hung up the call after saying that.

That's right, let the capital try to target Braydon.

If there were any unusual movements in the capital, with Joshua Mandor's temper, this fellow would dare to mobilize 300,000 western army cavalries to launch a surprise attack on the capital.

Joshua would definitely do such a crazy thing.

Back then, he and the little fool were the same.

Neither of them was good.

However, in recent years, Joshua had taken over the western army and restrained himself a lot.

Five years ago, he and the little fool would wreak havoc wherever they went.

The western army's Joshua Mandor was not a good person!

Chapter 322-Mysterious Pill Formula, Innumerable Value y hung up the call and smiled bitterly. It seemed that he was worrying too much.

There was no need to pay too much attention to the matter Lenny Flitwick matter.

Zayn Ziegler ordered his men to collect the corpse and asked, "Commander, how should we respond to the capital?" "There's no need to respond. We'll continue waiting!" Braydon chose to sit under a banyan tree and had Logan Hall bring over a table to play chess with Old Man Zito.

It was as if he was still waiting for someone!

The whole matter was not over yet.

Even an official of the capital was involved in Wilhelm Thompson's matter.

It seemed like this old man had some secrets.

Otherwise, why would the Flitwick family not hesitate to ask Micah Lane to save him?

Forget friendship!



For the powerful and aristocratic families, they did not believe in friendship. They only cared about benefits.

If there were not enough benefits, the people of the Flitwick family would not have come to rescue an old man.

Braydon held a black chess piece and played chess with Old Man Zito on the chessboard. His thin lips moved slightly. "Zayn, bring Wilhelm Thompson here and ask him." "Yes, sir!" Zayn personally brought Wilhelm out of the secret chamber.

Wilhelm looked a lot more haggard. His legs were crippled, and he was carried by Zayn to an empty place.

Everyone looked at the old man. His hair was disheveled, and his face was pale.

Who would have thought that because of him, an official would die here?

Braydon's deep eyes were fixed on the chessboard. His slender fingers kept putting down black pieces. He said indifferently, "Wilhelm, do you recognize the three bodies on the ground?" Wilhelm's entire body trembled. His gaze was filled with respect toward the young man in white who was playing chess.

"Is that Robert Flitwick, the second son of the Flitwick family?" he asked in surprise.

"You're already so old, but you're not muddled. Do you know him?" Logan lifted a white cloth.

Wilhelm's pupils constricted. "The deputy commander of the Central Plains team, Micah Lane, he, he... "Micah Lane was the deputy commander. He colluded with the martial artists of the aristocratic families and was sentenced to death!" Zayn's gaze was cold.

Logan dragged over the corpse of Lenny Flitwick and asked, "Do you know him?" "I don't know him!" Wilhelm really did not know him.

Lenny was far away in the capital and was an official. He was not someone he could meet.

Braydon did not look at him. "He's called Lenny Flitwick. He's an official of the Mountain Division in the capital." "Huh?" Wilhelm's scalp went numb. He looked at Braydon as if he was looking at a terrifying figure.

In his eyes, an official of the capital was a big shot.

Yet here he was, dead.

Who dared to kill an official?

Perhaps only the Northern King sitting before him!

"All three of them died because of you," Sammy Dudley said indifferently.

"They all died to save you. Tell me, what do you have that is worth the Flitwick family's desperate efforts to get you?!" There were no fools present.

If Wilhelm had no value, would the Flitwick family come to save an old man like him and worship him as if he was their ancestor?

Only Wilhelm could explain this.

Everyone was waiting.

Waiting for him to tell them!

A moment later.

Wilhelm seemed to have aged ten years. He said hoarsely, "It's all because of the trouble left behind by our ancestors. The thing that the Flitwick family wants is a pill formula left behind by our Thompson family's ancestor." "What pill formula?" Zayn's eyes lit up.

The heyday of ancient martial arts was accompanied by other unorthodox ways.

In order to improve their strength, ancient martial artists had unique body refinement techniques and also created pill formulas. They used spiritual herbs to form pills that could strengthen the physique.

For martial artists, the stronger their physique was, the more they did not have to suppress their basic strength.

With an increase in their basic strength, they would be able to release even more powerful force when they reach the ninth level of the light force and dark force.

The strength of one's physique was crucial to a martial artist.

Unfortunately, in the modern era, ancient martial arts were on the verge of dying out. The inheritance was almost lost. Ancient medical skills and ancient martial arts techniques were all lost.

They did not expect that the Thompson family would have a pill formula.

Wilhelm recalled. "According to the family records, our family was at its peak during the 1600s. Our ancestors were not only national doctors but also martial artists. They had seven pill formulas, and the pills they concocted could strengthen one's physique.

"With these pill formulas, my family quickly became prosperous and was passed down until today. After experiencing ups and downs, seven pill formulas were gradually lost, and now only half of the incomplete pill formulas are left.

"This is probably what the Flitwick family wants." Wilhelm sighed.

He suddenly thought of the family's former glory and then looked at its current state of struggling on the verge of death, which inevitably made him sigh endlessly.

"What pill formula?" Sammy asked.

"To be precise, it's not a pill formula. It's a medicinal powder formula called the Poison Cleansing Powder. People have been eating grains for so long. Over time, their bodies would accumulate a large amount of impurities, which would be a burden on their bodies. As for martial artists who wanted to improve their physique, it would cleanse the body of these impurities." At this point, Wilhelm had no choice but to tell the truth.

To be honest, if these important figures were to target the Thompson family... Descendants of the Thompson family would not be able to live a good life.

Because of him, there was already an official who had lost his life here.

Therefore, the old man confessed everything.

Wilhelm sighed and said, "There are seven pill formulas from our ancestors. It is said that there is a pill formula for the Body Tempering Pill." "What?" Zayn was intrigued.

He already knew that the Thompson family was the strongest family in Preston, but after they got into trouble, they gradually declined.

He did not expect the Thompson family's ancestors to be so powerful during their glorious days.

In the era of martial artists, the Body Tempering Pill was a necessity for martial artists.

Pills, powder, medicinal soup, and herbal dishes were all food for martial artists.

There were great benefits.

The Flitwick family, a martial artist family, must have coveted the inheritance left behind by the Thompson's ancestors, which was why they had come to save Wilhelm.

Of course, it was fortunate that it was the modern era. Special operations teams all over the world secretly monitored the martial artists of the aristocratic families.

If the special operations team caught any unusual movements of the aristocratic families, they would be severely punished.

In ancient times, if the Thompson family was weak but possessed treasures, the outcome would definitely be that the family would be destroyed by experts and the pill formula would be taken away.

This kind of thing had happened many times in the modern world.

Not to mention ancient times!

"Is the Poison Cleansing Powder useful for martial artists?" Zayn asked with a frown.

"Of course, it's useful. For martial artists who take it for the first time, their basic strength can increase by ten to twenty pounds!" Wilhelm replied immediately.

These pill formulas were originally meant for martial artists to consume.

If ordinary people consumed these pills, it would also be good for them.

Having this kind of pill formula, even the Preston main team would be envious.

Spiritual medicine was extinct in the modern era, and every method to improve a warrior was extremely rare.

Now, there were prescriptions that could increase a martial artist's overall strength.

To be honest, Zayn and the others were tempted.

“If I hand over the pill formula, will Commander Ziegler spare my life?” Wilhelm asked.

He was addressing Zayn, but his pleading gaze was directed at the white-robed youth playing chess beside the banyan tree.

He knew that if the Northern King were to say something... He would be saved!

Braydon ignored Wilhelm. The black chess piece was flicked out from his fingers!

Whoosh!

The black chess piece tore through the air and landed on a lush tree 200 meters away.

A muffled groan sounded, accompanied by a black-robed youth falling from the tree.

There were actually martial artists monitoring them outside the Preston main team base?

Chapter 323-He's a Great National Doctor Steve Xavier was shocked and furious. He had already guessed who was monitoring them. He said in a low voice, “It must be someone from the dark division!” “From now on, if another member of the dark division appears around me, I will kill your leader.” Braydon Neal's thin lips moved slightly.

The black-robed youth who had fallen to the ground in the distance was drenched in cold sweat. He cupped his fists and left. “Yes, sir!” He was a member of the dark division.

He kept watch on the Preston main team on a daily basis, but today, he encountered King Braydon descending on the Preston main team.

He wanted to leave but could not, so he had been hiding up in the tree all this while.

No one cared about this little incident.

It was no secret that the dark division monitored the special operations teams in various places.

As for Wilhelm Thompson's request... Braydon calmly said, "Write down the pill formula, and I'll give you a way out!" "Thank you, Lord Northern King!" Wilhelm was overjoyed and kowtowed on the ground to thank him.

He understood that if he did not hand over the pill formula, the Thompson family would not have his protection, and there would be more trouble in the future.

He might as well give the prescription to the Preston main team. Not only would he be able to keep his life, but it also announced to the world that the formula was in the Preston main team's hands.

If the aristocratic family martial artists wanted it, they could directly go to the Preston main team!

He estimated that not many martial artists would dare to attack the Preston main team.

If a martial artist dared to openly attack the special operations team's base, all the martial artists in Preston city would be implicated.

At that time, the imperial guards of the Central Plains would definitely be on the move to clean up this place.

Wilhelm then wrote down the prescription. He needed to stay in the Preston main team base for a month as an observation period.

This was also to prevent the martial artists from taking revenge on the Preston main team once they were released.

They had suffered this kind of loss before.

Some martial artists behaved very obediently. In the end, after they were released, they began to reveal their true colors and crazily took revenge on the special operations team.

They would not give this kind of martial artist a second chance.

They would directly issue a killing order.

No matter who it was, anyone who dared to protect or provide help to such martial artists would be killed without mercy.

Right now.

Wilhelm's handwritten prescription contained more than ten types of herbs. He handed it to Braydon.

He sighed and said, "According to the records of the Thompson family's genealogy, the prescription of the Poison Cleansing Powder is made up of thirty-six ingredients. Not all of them are herbs. There is also a spiritual herb. When a martial artist takes it for the first time, even if their foundation is weak, they can still increase their basic strength by fifty pounds." Wilhelm was telling them everything Sammy Dudley and the others could not help but feel that it was a pity.

The most brilliant period of ancient martial arts was centuries ago.

After that, the ancient martial arts path declined to this day. Who knew how many pill formulas had disappeared in the long river of history.

Braydon's fair fingers landed on a black chess piece before he caught the prescription and looked at it carefully.



Old Man Zito's face darkened. "I'm not playing anymore. I've played three rounds and haven't won a single one!" The old man stood up indignantly. Playing chess with Braydon had nearly left a psychological scar.

In his eyes, his young master was a monster.

He really did not know what Braydon was thinking.

Old Man Zito's chess path was completely cut off.

On the entire chessboard, the black pieces were like dragons, sitting in the middle of the chessboard, smashing the white pieces into pieces. There was no chance of winning.

Braydon did not insist on playing chess and asked Logan Hall to bring him a brush.

Wilhelm was stunned. He said in a low voice, "Lord Northern King, I heard that the creator of the Poison Cleansing Powder is a great national doctor. It's very difficult to restore the formula of the Poison Cleansing Powder without reaching such a realm." "What a coincidence, the commander is a great national doctor!" A smile appeared on Sammy's lips.

Wilhelm was dumbstruck.

He was just saying it casually. He really didn't expect that this young Northern King was a great national doctor.

Impossible!

Throughout the Central Plains, it had been nearly 500 years since a great national doctor had been born.

Furthermore, this Lord Northern King was so young.

All the martial artists in the world knew that although the Northern King was young, he was a ninth-level king. No one in the world could fight the Northern King!

He donned the cloud treading Qilin and was in charge of the northern army. He was young and had a high position, and he held great power.

However, he had never heard that King Braydon's medical skills had reached the level of a great national doctor's level.

If that was the case, how could there be no news from the outside world!

Zayn Ziegler was even more surprised. "The commander has broken through?" "Last night, in order to save Joseph, he broke through to the realm of a great national doctor. In all of Hansworth, only the northern army has produced a great national doctor." Sammy's gaze fell on Braydon, and a hint of arrogance flashed past his eyes.

Braydon furrowed his brows and focused on the incomplete prescription. His thin lips moved slightly. "Be quiet!" Sammy and Zayn immediately retreated to the side, not daring to disturb Braydon.

Little did they know that as long as one had reached the realm of great national doctor, all national doctors in the world had to respect the person and treat him as an elder.

As for the legendary realm of a great national doctor... it was the leader of doctors!

With just one sentence, the world of medicine would definitely respect him.

This rule had lasted for thousands of years.

Every industry had their own rules of survival.

The older generation of traditional medicine still remembered this rule. If anyone accepted a disciple, they would also tell him about this verbally.

When they met a national doctor, they would respect him. When they met a great national doctor, they would listen to his orders.

At this moment, Wilhelm licked his dry lips with his tongue, and his eyes revealed some desire.

This prescription came from the Thompson family.

No matter who ended up with it, as long as they could completely restore the formula, it would mean that Wilhelm had not let his ancestors down.

At this time, another guest from the Preston main team arrived.

The guests were quite ostentatious. There were more than ten cars in the convoy, all of which were imported Mercedes-Benz cars.

Along the way, dust billowed.

These guests were from the Quill provincial capital.

“Commander, it seems that the Flitwick family of the provincial capital has arrived!” Steve frowned.

“I’ll handle it!” Seeing that Braydon was busy, Zayn walked out decisively.

Sammy did not leave Braydon’s side. He stood quietly at the side like a tree ensuring the commander’s safety.

Old Man Zito had a simple and honest look on his face. He did not go out to watch the commotion and instead stayed here.

To them, Braydon's safety was of utmost importance.

As for the people from the Flitwick family, Zayn was there to deal with them, so there was no need to worry about them.

The Flitwick family's convoy slowly stopped at the entrance.

As the car door opened, an old man with white hair and a youthful face got out.

His face was terrifyingly gloomy.

He was Old Master Flitwick!

His real name was Harris Flitwick!

A true advanced level War God.

This was the foundation of the aristocratic families in the provincial capital. The old man's strength was at the War God level, far from what ordinary martial artists could compare to.

Facing a War God level character, who would not show some respect?

"Old Master Flitwick, how have you been?" Zayn cupped his hands indifferently.

"Commander Ziegler, you've got guts!" Harris snorted coldly.

He was naturally referring to Zayn's refusal to obey orders. He had clearly received the order from the governor office, but he still refused to let Robert and Wilhelm go.

Zayn said calmly, "This little trick of mine can't compare to your family's. You have a lot of connections. Because of Robert Flitwick, you actually had the governor office give me an order. You too have got guts." "Hmph, if you don't let him go, there will be an even greater figure giving you an order. At that time, you will regret everything." Harris did not have any respect for Zayn..

#### Chapter 324-Sentenced to Death!

He, Harris Flitwick, was an advanced eighth-level War God.

And Zayn Ziegler's seventh-level War-God strength was slightly weaker than his.

In addition, the Flitwick family was deeply rooted in the three provinces of the Central Plains, and they had the Flitwick family in the capital behind them.

Harris did not have any respect for Zayn.

This kind of martial artist could already be rated as dangerous.

They would then be hunted down!

Zayn chuckled. "Of course. With the power of the Flitwick family, I wouldn't be surprised even if Dominic Lowe came forward. Lenny Flitwick, the official of the Mountain Division, had already asked me to release him!" "Then, why didn't you let him go?" Harris' eyes flashed with anger.

They did not expect Zayn to be so stubborn. Lenny, the official of the Mountain Division, was a big shot of the Flitwick family.

Lenny had already spoke, but Zayn still refused to let Robert Flitwick go.

"Robert Flitwick is a martial artist from an aristocratic family. Colluding with the deputy commander of our team is a capital crime!" Zayn said indifferently.

“Not to mention that he attacked the Preston main team. According to the law, we can even kill your whole family!” Killing intent appeared in Zayn’s tiger eyes.

If a martial artist attacked the Preston main team’s base, it would cause a huge ruckus.

If the governor office intervened, even if they could not touch the Flitwick family in the capital, it was more than enough to touch the Flitwick family in the provincial capital!

When the capital garrison moved out, ordinary people would not be able to stop them.

Harris laughed in anger. “Let’s see who is more powerful today.” After saying that.

Harris was not going to fight Zayn to the death.

This was because Robert was his biological son.

His own son was detained by Zayn in the Preston main team base, and it was clearly stated that he had been sentenced to death.

If he did not save him now and gave Zayn time to spare, he would probably secretly execute Robert.

Robert was the old man’s son.

If he did not save him, who else would?!

Zayn would definitely not give in.

Harris would not back down either. If he did, his son would die.

This old man did not know that his son's corpse was already cold.

Harris took out his phone and dialed a number.

There was a short silence, but no one answered.

However, the atmosphere was a little depressing and scary.

Zayn's eyes were cold, and a trace of disdain flashed past his eyes.

Today, even if Harris invited a God, it would be useless. He had no idea who was playing the game today.

The Flitwick family could not afford to offend this chess player.

In the next moment.

When the call was connected, an old voice with a dignified aura said, "Harris?" "Uncle, you have to save Robert!" Harris begged.

"Don't worry," the old voice said calmly. "I've heard. A small commander can't cause much trouble. I've already asked Lenny to go there personally. Robert will be fine!"

"All these years, your branch has managed all kinds of businesses for the family. You have worked hard and contributed a great deal. The family will not treat you badly. In a few years, send Rowan and Robert's children to the capital! "The conditions here are better than where you are..." The old man on the other end of the phone spoke in a way that was different from the others.

He was trying to win the hearts of the people!

Harris said gratefully, "Uncle, I'm happy that you have us in your heart. However, I'm at the entrance of the Preston main team base and don't see Lenny!" "What?" The old man was a little surprised and said

seriously, “Lenny should have already arrived at the Preston main team base. You really didn’t see him?”  
“No, I’m at the entrance of the Preston main team base. I haven’t entered yet.” Harris had a bad feeling.

“Who are the people in the Preston main team?” the old man asked.

“Just Zayn Ziegler alone!” Harris said.

“Impossible!” the old man on the other end growled. ‘We’ve lost contact with Lenny. He didn’t pick up his phone. The satellite has locked onto his communication wristwatch, and he’s in the Preston main team base!’ “What?” Harris was shocked.

Who was Lenny?

He was the official of the Mountain Division, a seventh-level marquis.

To Harris, he was a big shot in the capital.

But now, Lenny was in the Preston main team base. Knowing that Harris was here, how could he not appear?

Moreover, with Zayn’s strength, he could not detain Lenny.

Unless... The old man on the other end of the phone shouted angrily, “Harris. leave now. This game of chess in Preston is not played by Zayn Ziegler, but by someone else!” Harris felt his hair stand on end.

He was truly afraid.

He realized that this was a trap.

What was even more terrifying was that the dignified commander, Zayn Ziegler, was actually a pawn!



Basically, he could confirm that today's plot was targeted at the Flitwick family.

Who was the person playing chess behind the scenes?

Harris felt a chill run down his spine, straight to the back of his head.

"Since you're here, don't be in a hurry to leave." "Who are you?" Harris stared at Old Man Zito and felt a sense of danger.

Old Man Zito smiled foolishly. "I'm just an old village man." "He was the vice commander of the Ludwig army, Frazer Zito. When he was famous, even the Flitwick family in the capital feared him!" Sammy Dudley took a step forward and said in a serious voice.

Old Man Zito could look down on himself, but the people around Braydon respected him a great deal.

"Frazer Zito, the vice commander of the Ludwig army?" Harris was stunned.

"Who are you, then?" "Northern army's Sammy Dudley!" Sammy released his pressure which swept over to Harris.

Today, they were waiting for the fish to take the bait in Preston main team.

They had no intention of letting these aristocratic family martial artists go.

However, before the call ended, the old man's furious voice came through. "Ludwig army's vice commander, Frazer Zito, is a ninth-level king. Northern army's Sammy Dudley, a hidden agent for ten years in Namar, already conferred the title of marquis!

"Harris, escape now. This game of chess in Preston is played by King Braydon.

“Robert and Lenny are probably already dead.” The old voice on the phone was filled with shock and anger.

He had never thought that the matter in Preston would be controlled by King Braydon.

Lenny and Robert would not be able to escape death if they fell into his hands!

This was a trap set by King Braydon. Whoever went to Preston main team base today would die.

Harris’ phone slipped from his hand. He stared at Zayn and said hoarsely, “Is the Northern King controlling everything?” “What do you think?” Zayn’s gaze was very cold.

“Where are Robert and Lenny?” Harris asked. “Sentenced to death on the spot!” Zayn’s answer was very cold and heartless.

Martial artists from aristocratic families did not know how to respect and fear. If they dared to interfere in the matters of the Preston main team, they were courting death.

Harris’ eyes reddened in grief, “I want to avenge my son. Today, all of you will die. The Preston main team and the Central Plains team are nothing in the eyes of our family!” His voice was filled with resentment.

A white-robed figure moving extremely quickly suddenly appeared.

When everyone came back to their senses, they saw Braydon tanding in front of Harris with his hands behind his back. He smiled lightly.. “Is that so?”

Chapter 325-Top Secrets of the Northern Army : EndlessFantasy This question made everyone shudder.

The martial artists of the aristocratic families had actually revealed such an arrogant side and publicly insulted the special operations team.

It showed that these guys had never put the rules of the Central Plains main team in their eyes.

Based on the Central Plains team's evaluation, this kind of arrogance was enough to be classified as extremely dangerous.

Harris Flitwick's entire body trembled as he looked at the white-robed youth in front of him. He stood there quietly with his hands behind his back. The black cloak on his shoulders and the cloud Qilin on it gave off a supreme aura.

He was the Northern King!

Although he was young, he was noble.

"King Braydon, do you really think that you can use the northern army to target us aristocratic families?" Harris sneered hoarsely.

"What a joke. The power of the powerful and aristocratic families is beyond your imagination. We have been passed down for thousands of years, and our foundation is more terrifying than you can imagine!

"Do you know the Ludwig army from back then?"

"That's the doing of the powerful families!"

"Back then, the Ludwig army was so powerful, yet they couldn't even withstand a single blow in front of the powerful families!"

"The 700,000 elite troops from Ludwig were good at fighting, but what is the result?"

"They were all killed!"

“We even labeled them as rebels because the Ludwig army went against the powerful and aristocratic families and blocked our way.

“The northern army under the Northern King will follow in the footsteps of the Ludwig army!

“Do you know why the 300,000 western army cavalymen were mobilized to Ludwig?

“It is to target the northern army. The northern army will eventually turn into bubbles. Unfortunately, I will not live to see that day. I will watch your northern army be destroyed from the underworld!  
“Anyone who dares to make an enemy of the aristocratic families will die!” At this moment, Harris seemed to have gone mad.

His crazy words had really angered Braydon Neal.

The incident with the Ludwig army was a pain in everyone’s heart.

In the past, the 700,000 men of the Ludwig army had died for nothing!

On the night of their death, the angry roars of hundreds of thousands of loyal souls echoed throughout the Ludwig mountain range, making people’s hair stand on end.

How desperate they were!

The people of Ludwig, even if they had to die, they had to intercept the powerful enemies outside the borders. How tragic was that?

Even if they died, they were unwilling to bear the name of a rebel army.

Unfortunately, Harris brought up the past today.

His hair was disheveled, and he looked like a madman. His eyes were bloodshot, and he wanted to see Braydon's angry face.

Unfortunately, he was disappointed.

King Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, expressionless. His deep eyes were like a pool of stagnant water as he stood there quietly.

Finally, Braydon spoke.

"Do you know the consequences of angering me?"

Harris was stunned.

"Today, the northern army's Braydon Neal will wipe out your family!" Braydon said softly.

"What? You don't have the guts to do that!" Harris attacked Braydon's chest like a madman.

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and did not move. A terrifying pressure accompanied by a terrifying killing intent surged forth.

The earth-shattering resentment that was like the howling of ghosts and foxes surrounded Braydon's white clothes and did not dissipate.

What an astonishing killing intent!

It was almost corporeal, and countless vengeful souls seemed to be seeking Braydon's life.

Just this aura alone was like the awakening of a peerless overlord.

Everyone's faces turned pale as they were shocked by this aura.

This killing aura was made up of millions of bones, and it forced Harris to kneel on the ground.

Braydon chuckled. 'Why wouldn't I have the guts to do that?

"That battle cut off thirty years of my lifespan!

"That night, a cold wind swept across eight thousand miles in the northern desert!

"A yin-yang man appeared and warned me that killing like this would definitely incur the wrath of the heavens and reduce my lifespan!

"I am just a commoner, and I have the rest of my life to guard Hansworth. I am not afraid of the enemies of the eight countries outside the borders, so what if my lifespan is reduced!

"If the foreign army dares to invade our border again, what's there to regret if we slaughter eight million of them!

"Tell me, do I dare to wipe out your entire Flitwick family?" At this moment, Braydon Neal's white robes were fluttering in the wind, and his killing intent was getting more and more terrifying.

This was the enraged King Braydon.

Once he had the intention to kill, no one could stop him!

These words shocked Harris.

He was finally terrified, and his mind cleared up a little.

He knelt on the ground and kept kowtowing. "Lord Northern King, I was just talking nonsense..."  
Braydon didn't listen to a single word he said.

Back then, the Ludwig army was killed by the powerful families.

This was enough!

Killing intent appeared in Old Man Zito's eyes. His anger was burning. The revenge of 700,000 brothers had yet to be avenged after 40 years!

He, Frazer Zito, wanted to take revenge with his own hands.

Braydon picked Harris up and whispered into his ear, "The northern army is not pathetic!

"I, Braydon Neal, am the leader of the hundred generals of the Military Department!

"The young master of the western army calls me elder brother!

"The strongest force in southern Hansworth is controlled by my teacher's only son!

"The seven elites all respect the Northern King!

"The eight king-conferring techniques are heavenly techniques. They originate from Kylo and are the eight pinnacle paths!

"There are 800,000 hidden agents of the northern army who have infiltrated all the powerful families!"  
Braydon's voice was very soft, and it was like a thread, only for Harris.

How could Braydon not know the all the top secrets of the northern army? He was the commander!

Braydon knew all the secrets of the northern army.

Braydon knew the secrets that the ten ruthless men did not!

Outsiders would never know how terrifying the northern army was.

The northern army's Ludo, also known as Eggy, was so terrifying. No one knew.

The northern army had reached its peak in the hands of King Braydon.

It pursued the concept of killing.

In this life, he would guard Hansworth and never regret it.

Harris was completely stunned.

He could not believe what he heard with his own ears!

In the military, the northern army respected Braydon.

The 300,000 cavalymen of the western army were actually from the northern army.

The young master of the western army, Joshua Mandor, was ranked ninth among the top ten ruthless men in the northern region.

In that case, it would be a huge joke to move the western army to Ludwig to stop the northern army from moving south at any time.

At that time, it would be a f\*cking miracle if the two of them were not on the same side.



What made Harris even more terrified was that the seven elites of Hansworth all respected the Northern King.

There was no need to explain what this meant.

And the 100,000 northern army hidden agents?

That was a saying from a few years ago. There were 800,000 hidden agents from the northern army spread all over the world, and some of them had even infiltrated the powerful and aristocratic families.

It proved that Braydon already had the intention to touch the powerful and aristocratic families a few years ago.

Harris was terrified.

He knew the top secrets of the northern army.

Today, he, who was supposed to die, had indeed angered Braydon.

He should not have used the Ludwig army to provoke Braydon.

The 700,000 men of Ludwig still bore the name of a rebel army and died with their eyes wide open.

Braydon had inherited the golden Qilin.. He said softly, "Since I said that I will kill your whole family, I will keep my promise!"