

## **Strongest 326**

Chapter 326-The Northern King's Cavalry Heading South The cold words made Harris Flitwick tremble.

He opened his mouth wide.

Unfortunately, Braydon Neal's blade was faster than his words.

He cut his throat with a sword and took his life.

Harris clutched his throat and fell to the ground. Blood kept coming out of his mouth as he looked at the blue sky.

He died with grievances!

The information that Braydon revealed was too shocking.

Harris died in vain, unable to see the fall of the northern army in the underworld.

On the contrary, he could see that his Flitwick family being annihilated by Braydon.

Old Man Zito was about to leave.

"Where are you going?" Braydon asked calmly.

"To the capital!" Old Man Zito wanted to go, and so did Ernest Lanford.

It was time to avenge the Ludwig army.

Harris said that this was done by the powerful families, and that was enough.

They were going to take revenge.

Braydon's words were very light. "As a martial artist, if you charge into the capital alone, do you know what crime that is?" "It's a great crime! One would have his whole family killed!" Old Man Zito knew the consequences very well.

As a martial artist, killing his way into the capital was not tolerated by the world.

Moreover, the Ludwig army's mark on Old Man Zito would accompany him for the rest of his life.

All martial artists in the world knew about the Ludwig rebel army.

If Old Man Zito went there and alarmed them, there was no doubt that the world would not tolerate him.

Once he did this, even Braydon would not be able to protect him.

This was because Old Man Zito charging into the capital would provoke the might of the country and trample on the ironclad laws of Hansworth.

Once this thing started, there was no turning back.

Even if Old Man Zito massacred the Flitwick family, he would not be able to leave the capital alive.

The waters of the capital were much deeper than Old Man Zito had imagined.

Ernest said hoarsely, “Young Master, back then, there were 700,000 comrades in the Ludwig army. They were 700,000 soldiers who were loyal to Hansworth and our people. They guarded Ludwig for fifteen years without a single traitor amidst them. They all had outstanding military achievements!

“But in the end, the 700,000 men were forced to die.

Ernest covered his face and tears flowed down his face. It was a tragic incident that happened forty years ago.

Until today, no one could let it go.

This blood feud was greater than the heavens.

Braydon shook his head lightly. To touch the powerful and aristocratic families of the capital, just Harris Flitwick’s word were far from enough!

If Harris’ words were useful, Braydon would naturally spare his life and take him directly to the capital to attack the various powerful families.

However, his words were useless!

Even if he was alive, Harris would not have the guts to repeat what he had said before.

He said that the Ludwig army was assassinated by the powerful and aristocratic families.

There was no way he would repeat those words.

Harris would never have said such a thing if he had a clearer mind.

The consequences of these words were not something that he could bear alone.

The reason was simple.

This sentence would be the fuse that would cause the northern army and the powerful and aristocratic families to fight.

Both sides would fight to the death.

Even if the capital found out, they would definitely silence him.

In the end, even if there was a confrontation, Harris would not dare to repeat what he had said before.

Old Man Zito said hoarsely, "You are the Northern King, so you have many things to consider. Ernest and I heading to the capital has nothing to do with you or the northern army." "Impudent!" Braydon was already furious.

It was all because of Harris' words that his killing intent had not yet been restrained.

Now, he had to be patient and talk to Old Man Zito and the others.

In the end, the two old men still would not change their minds and insisted on going to the capital.

They knew that if they went to the capital, they would definitely die!

Sammy Dudley advised in a low voice, "Elder Zito, in the Ludwig incident back then, just the Flitwick family alone could not have touched the Ludwig army. There must be other forces involved." "Then, we'll slaughter all the powerful and aristocratic families in the capital!" Old Man Zito replied calmly.

He was still stubborn at his age.

No matter what, Old Man Zito would not change his mind.

Zayn Ziegler frowned and said, "Old Man Zito, there are hundreds of powerful families in the capital. You can't kill them all in an instant. Once you attack, you will provoke the prestige of the country and bring disaster to your family.

You will definitely die!" Sammy and Zayn were both trying to persuade Old Man Zito not to be rash.

There were very few people left from the Ludwig army.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and said indifferently, "Sammy, pass on the Northern King's order to mobilize the cavalry of the northern army to head to the capital!" "What?" Zayn was shocked.

He was trying to persuade Old Man Zito not to act rashly, but Braydon had directly issued the Northern King's order. It was an order given by King Braydon.

No one could change it!

Zayn did not dare to say anything. If he forcefully tried to advise Braydon, he would be disrupting the will of the Northern King. There was no need to doubt what would happen to him; he would be killed on the spot!

"Regardless of whether Harris' words were true or false, the Flitwick family has to bear the responsibility!" The Flitwick family must bear the responsibility!

They had to take responsibility for what Harris had said.

Sammy's gaze was firm as he turned around to convey Braydon's Northern King order to the northern army main camp.

In the northern desert.

All the higher-ups of the northern army, including the regimental commanders, received the Northern King's order.

The legendary northern king cavalry was about to be mobilized!

What exactly happened?

The core generals of the northern army all had solemn expressions.

The regimental commanders of the various legions of the northern army gave secret orders at the same time.

The contents of the secret orders were almost identical.

Prepare for war and head south at any time!

Those who could become regimental commanders in the northern army were all ruthless people. The first condition was that they could not be promoted to regimental commander if they could not kill more than a thousand enemies.

The regimental commanders were all War Gods and had experienced many battles.

They had a keen sense of judgment.

In short, none of the regimental commanders in the northern army were to be trifled with.

At this moment, in the northern army base camp.

The hundreds of regimental commanders in military uniforms walked like tigers. Their square-shaped faces were filled with determination, and their auras were filled with a murderous intent.

The ten ruthless men of the northern army all seemed to be there.

The people in the last and ninth positions were just substitutes for Eggy and Joshuan Mandor.

The hundred regimental commanders stood in the courtyard outside the door with their left hands crossed in front of their chests and shouted in unison, "Northern army subordinates, here to request for battle!" "All of you, go back. This has nothing to do with you." Luther Carden's calm voice sounded.

A tiger-eyed youth with a scar on his face frowned. "Second Master, the commander has given the order. The Northern King's cavalry has been mobilized, so why are we not allowed to go south?" "Fourth Master's Northern King cavalries have already been mobilized. We will also go south!" "Go south and welcome the commander home!" "Northern army subordinates, here to request for battle!" Hundreds of regimental commanders were asking for battle.

They wanted to go south!

Recently, ever since Braydon returned to Preston, there had been a lot of trouble.

A few days ago, there was news that the commander had just arrived in the capital and was injured by Dominic Lowe.

When the news reached the northern territory, the northern army was already planning to head south.

Finally, Braydon's military order came. No one was allowed to leave the northern army without permission.

But now, something big must have happened in Preston.

It was all because the Northern King's cavalry had been mobilized!

At this moment.

Outside the base camp, the sound of horses galloping could be heard.

Warhorses in the northern territory!

Chapter 327-Shocking the World This was a rule that had been passed down for thousands of years. In the northern territory, which was eight thousand miles long and was filled with barren deserts, motorcycles and cars were useful.

However, it was easy to sink into the yellow sand, causing the cars to stop.

It was also easy for sand to enter the car, causing engine failure and so on.

A series of problems were caused by the harsh climate of the northern territory. Modern technology had been developed, but it was not omnipotent.

In the face of nature, technology sometimes seemed insignificant.

Therefore, warhorses were the most suitable for the northern region's combat environment.

The warhorses in the north were all precious breeds.

In this society, a horse in the northern region could be sold for eight million dollars.

These warhorses could travel a thousand miles in a day and eight hundred miles at night in the desert. They were extremely mobile in the northern territory.



In modern military history, cavalry had gradually been eliminated.

However, the environment of the northern territory meant that warhorses would never be outdated.

There would be no mechanical failure!

In the past, the northern army had suffered such a huge loss.

The northern army's various legions were mobilized, and the ten legions had millions of soldiers.

As a result, the northern region, which was often covered in yellow sand, caused a large number of trucks to break down. The fine sand and thick powder directly caused the vehicles to break down in the desert.

In the end, the large army groups could only attack on foot.

From then on, the northern brought in warhorses and found that they were much more useful than military transport vehicles and were more flexible.

At this moment, the neighing of warhorses could be heard outside the door.

The expressions of the hundred regimental commanders in the courtyard changed. They looked at each other and guessed the answer.

The Northern King's cavalry had already gathered at the entrance.

In the next moment, all of them came out of the door and saw the legendary Northern King's iron cavalry in the northern territory. It had always been under the command of the fourth master, Laird Xenos.

It was said that the Northern King's iron cavalry was made up of forty-nine people.

Everyone was a War God!

But now, there were seventy-two of them.

Seventy-two War Gods?

The mysterious Northern King cavalry had always been the top secret of the northern army.

Other than Laird, only Braydon Neal had all the information.

Right outside the door.

Each of the seventy-two cavalymen wore a black scarf on their faces, revealing their cold and merciless tiger eyes. However, their military uniforms were black, and they had the northern cold sword hanging at their waists.

They were silent.

Each of them was riding a stallion that was two meters tall and nearly four meters long.

The warhorses were tall and mighty, with pitch-black hair on their temples. There was no other color, except for its four hooves that were white.

This was the snow-treading dark stallion that had already gone extinct in the outside world.

In history, many of the horses with noble bloodlines had basically gone extinct.

However, with the northern army's power, it was not difficult to find these horses that were almost extinct.

The hundred regimental commanders placed their left hands across their chests and lowered their heads slightly. "Fourth Master!" "Since you guys are here, let's gather together. I'll have Seventh Brother entertain you. I still have something to do and need to go south!" Laird smiled faintly.

Everyone knew why he had brought the Northern King's cavalry.

White-clothed Qualls appeared at the door in a flash and chuckled. "Let's go!" "Yes, sir!" The seventy-two cavalymen bent their backs slightly on their horses and followed Laird out of the desert.

Wherever the cavalry passed, dust and smoke rose.

There was a small city called Lark outside the borders of the northern territory. The population there was not large, only about a million people. They were all natives or tourists from other places.

However, in this small city, there were branches of the twenty-four divisions in the capital, including the dark division and the special operations teams.

Of course, there were also the eyes and ears of the powerful and aristocratic families.

They were in Lark for a simple reason. Almost all of them were monitoring the northern army.

Once the northern army went south, they would ensure that the forces behind them would receive the news immediately.

However, in Lark, some people who lived in high-rise buildings saw a row of people riding horses in the endless desert.

It was not strange for people to appear on horses in the northern desert.

Many farmers in villages and towns had horses for transportation.

Because in the northern region that was a bitter and cold, not everyone could afford a car.

Therefore, the prosperity of first-tier cities could not be used to describe every other city.

At this moment, in the hotel in Lark, there was a foreign tour group that had come to see the northern desert. From afar, they could see the cavalry. A young man dressed in a hip-hop style held a camera to film this scene, but it was too far away, so he could only shoot a row of black dots.

“Guide,” he said softly, “can you arrange for us to ride in the desert like this?” “Of course, 100 dollars per person!” The guide was nearly fifty years old, and his skin was rough and dark. He scratched his messy hair and revealed a simple and honest smile.

He followed his gaze and saw the Northern King’s cavalry approaching from afar, passing by the road outside Lark.

The old guide was stunned.

“It’s the northern army’s golden Qilin banner! The northern army is heading south!” he cried out.

“What?” Everyone in the tour group was stunned.

Of course, they all knew what the northern army represented.

That was the number one elite in Hansworth!

That was the only elite army that was listed as one of the top ten armies in the world by foreign newspapers.

The old guide knelt on the carpet piously and kept worshipping the north. There was reverence and faith in his eyes.

At this moment, the cavalry left the northern territory and was passing by Lark.

The local residents stopped what they were doing. The older ones used carpets to cover their knees as if they were doing a ritual of worship and kept bowing.

The young men looked solemn, expressing their respect.

This was the influence of the northern army.

At this moment, the eyes of Lark were all focused on the cavalry.

It was the first time many people had seen the legendary northern army.

Most of them had only seen photos on the Internet.

On the top floor of a hotel in Lark, a man in a suit lived here every day. There were bodyguards guarding the door and handling documents every day.

He was the leader of Lark's dark division, Mobius Carling, a War God level character.

The only duty of the dark division in Lark was to monitor the movements of the northern army.

Until the commotion outside startled Mobius.

"What's going on outside?" he asked with a frown.

"Chief, the north..." The young man who entered the room was a little hesitant.

Mobius raised his head and said unhappily, "Don't hesitate. Just say it. What is going on with the northern army?" "The northern army is heading south!" "What?" The young man's words shocked Mobius so much that he instantly stood up. The fountain pen in his hand exploded as if he was instinctively releasing his strength.

If the northern army went south, it would be a major event that would shake the world.

For so many years, the northern army had been stationed in the northern territory and had never gone south. They guarded the ten gates of the country as firmly as Mount Tanish and shouldered the heavy responsibility of resisting the eight countries outside the border.

But now, if the northern army went south..

Who would guard the ten great gates of the north?

This was a move that would cause chaos..

Chapter 328-The Little Fool Has Eaten Poop Before army went south and the armies of the eight countries made a move, who would stop them?

Mobius Carling's face was pale, and cold sweat flowed down his temples. The moment he stood up, his fingers trembled slightly.

The young man beside him quickly said, "There are only a hundred of them. They must have something urgent to do." When Mobius heard this, he instinctively heaved a sigh of relief. He stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and happened to see the Northern King's cavalry passing by Lark.

He picked up his binoculars and focused them at a distance of less than 20 kilometers.

It was a sunny day.

His high-powered binoculars allowed him to see the cavalry clearly.

He was dumbstruck!

The northern army's large regiments did not go south.

However, the Northern King's cavalry was going south!

Mobius had been the head of the dark division in Lark for ten years.

A full ten years!

Of course, he had heard of some legends about the northern army.

The northern army had many secrets.

Each of the ten ruthless individuals possessed a unique power.

Among them, the fourth was Laird Xenos, who commanded the cavalry of the Northern King.

The inside of the northern army was a legend, and the number of people who had seen it could be counted on one hand.

The outside world was silent, trying to find out more about the northern army, but they had only heard some scattered rumors.

"Chief?" The youth from the dark division probed. "The northern army has only sent out a small team of 100 people. It's nothing, right?" Mobius's face was deathly pale. He staggered a few steps and muttered, "Black scarf, masked face, riding on snow-treading dark stallions, led by the fourth master of the northern army... They are the cavalries of the Northern King!"

“If the Northern King’s cavalry were to make a move, they could slaughter an army of 100,000!” Mobius was in a daze.

Through the binoculars, he had seen clearly that Laird was leading the cavalry.

Something big must have happened!

This news had to be reported immediately.

Almost at this moment, hundreds of messages from Lark were sent to the capital.

Without exception, it was all because the Northern King’s cavalry had moved out with unknown intentions!

The moment the officials of the twenty-four divisions of the capital received the news, their expressions changed drastically.

Where was the blade pointed?

The fourth master of the northern army, Laird, was leading the troops to the south.

It was definitely related to the Northern King!

At this moment, all forces were paying close attention to this matter.

Far away in Preston, under a banyan tree, Braydon Neal was restoring the formula of the Poison Cleansing Powder and adding the names of the herbs.



Sometimes, he felt that the new herbs did not seem right, so he crossed them out with a pen and wrote the names of the new herbs.

However, Wilhelm Thompson had said that the formula of the powder was made up of thirty-six ingredients.

Remember, there were thirty-six types of materials, and not all of them were herbs!

In traditional medicine, even feces could be used as medicine.

As for feces, the little fool had eaten it when he was young.

It was Braydon who knew the little fool well. He knew that he was greedy and always stole food, so he used dried bird feces to trick him by saying that it was jellybeans.

In the end, the little fool ate it and said that the bird poop was bitter and sticky.

Zayn Ziegler lowered his head and said, "Commander, Duke Lowe is calling!" "Pick up!" Braydon was focused on sorting out the pill formulas and did not pay much attention to the call.

Zayn picked up the call.

Dominic Lowe sat at the head of the Central Bureau's hall. Almost half of the officials of the twenty-four divisions of the capital were there, and all of them were sitting below him.

Braydon did not even glance at his watch. His thin lips moved slightly. "What is "Northern King, do you know about the mobilization of the Northern King's cavalry?" Dominic probed.

In the end, Braydon did not answer this question, and Dominic was ignored.

The atmosphere became awkward.

Dominic's face darkened. So many people were looking at him, but Braydon did not give him any face at all!

What exactly happened?

Even the Northern King's cavalries had been mobilized!

Dominic did not know much about the Northern King's cavalry. It was a legend in the northern territory.

Now, they had actually been mobilized and were heading straight for the capital.

Something big must have happened.

"Northern King?" Dominic spoke again. "What exactly happened that made you mobilize the Northern King cavalry?" He did not receive any reply.

Duke Lowe had no dignity in front of Braydon.

The old man felt guilty. He was tricked by Braydon in the capital last time.

Braydon was willing to take a hit from him even though he knew he would be injured. He wanted to trick Dominic.

This caused the dignified Duke Lowe to suspect that the Northern King's cavalry had come to seek revenge on him.

With the northern army members' character, they would settle the score on the spot.

If they did not have the time, they would settle the score later.

Duke Lowe asked twice in a row.

Braydon put down his pen and slowly got up. He looked at the video projected by his watch and chuckled. "It's quite lively over at Duke Lowe's side!" "The Northern King must be joking!" Seeing that Braydon was finally paying attention to him, Dominic could not help but heave a sigh of relief.

He was the Duke; when had he ever been so humble!

He was still feeling guilty.

Braydon smiled like a spring breeze, causing Dominic's heart to thump. He had already begun to panic.

What exactly happened to make this kid smile so strangely?

Braydon smiled faintly and said, "Nothing has happened. It's just that Lenny Flitwick, the official of the Mountain Division, came to assassinate me!" "What?" Dominic almost jumped up in shock.

On his side, all the officials in the hall stood up in shock and anger.

The Flitwick family must be crazy!

To assassinate the Northern King, and even sending Lenny Flitwick.

Everyone in the capital knew that Lenny was a member of the Flitwick family.

Regardless of whether he managed to assassinate the Northern King or not, would the Flitwick family be able to bear the consequences?

Fortunately, nothing happened to Braydon.

If the assassination was successful... The group of lunatics from the northern army could not even be stopped by the Gods. They would sweep through the capital and destroy the entire Flitwick family.

More importantly, was the Flitwick family really that reckless?

In the next moment.

"I'm just joking!" Braydon smiled faintly.

Instantly, everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Dominic's face turned green, and he was so angry that he almost cursed.

Was this how a joke was made?

Other people's jokes were funny, but his jokes were life-threatening!

Dominic was so angry that his entire body trembled. He realized that he had been played by the little fox.

"I killed Lenny Flitwick, the official of the Mountain Division!" Braydon said calmly.

"Why?" Dominic calmed down, and the other officials were like stagnant water, without any expression.

In fact, they had already received news that Braydon had set up a trap in Preston and used Zayn Ziegler as a chess piece to trick the Flitwick family.

Lenny had fallen into his hands. Did he think he would come out alive?

That would simply be a dream!

What really made everyone uneasy was that Braydon had set up a trap to kill the martial artists of the Flitwick family, and he had clearly taken advantage of them.

Why did he mobilize the Northern King's cavalry to go south?

Zayn said in a serious tone, "Lenny Flitwick used his identity as the official of the Mountain Division to forcefully rescue Robert Flitwick from the Preston main team. He was killed on the spot by the commander!" This explanation was enough for the capital.

It was just the death of an official, so why would they punish Braydon?

That was absolutely impossible!

Using an official as the reason to touch Braydon? That would mean that Braydon was an easy target..

Chapter 329-Let's See Who Dares to Touch My People!

As expected.

Dominic Lowe replied calmly, "The powerful and aristocratic families' martial artists are not allowed to interfere on the governor office and the five main teams under its jurisdiction. Those who forcefully interfere will be killed without mercy. This is a line that cannot be crossed. Lenny Flitwick knowingly violated it, so his death is not worth any regrets." This sentence put an end to this matter.

The officials who came to the Central Bureau all had faint smiles on their faces. They all said that Braydon Neal did the right thing.

When Zayn Ziegler saw this scene through the video, he felt his hair stand on end.

All the officials present were all representatives of the various powerful families, and they were all the heads of the twenty-four divisions.

The powerful and aristocratic families were connected, and their relationships were complicated.

Lenny of the Flitwick family was the same kind of person as them.

Now that they knew of the death of the Lenny, they actually said that Braydon was right.

These people's abnormal behavior had indirectly proved that they were shrewder than he had imagined.

Dominic still wanted to ask about the Northern King's cavalry.

After all, these matters had nothing to do with the Northern King's cavalry heading south.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Braydon's next words shocked everyone.

"Before Lenny Flitwick died, he personally told me that the Ludwig army was plotted against forty years ago by the various powerful families in the capital!" Braydon's tone was calm.

It was so calm that it was shocking!

The entire Central Bureau was silent.

Everyone was shocked.

This old matter was brought up again. Moreover, Braydon's words were like the Northern cold sword, pointing at the various powerful families in the capital!

This sentence could kill people.

It could kill many, many people!

Braydon had put Harris Flitwick's words into Lenny Flitwick's mouth.

This was interesting!

Harris was from the Flitwick family in the provincial city, so his words did not carry much weight.

What about Lenny?

He was the spokesperson of the Flitwick family, a seventh-level marquis, and the official of the Mountain Division. Did his words carry enough weight?

It was definitely enough!

At this moment, the people on both sides looked calm on the surface and spoke with ease, but their hearts were not calm.

Everyone knew that Braydon had no evidence.

The person who had said this was Lenny. He was already dead.

The dead could not testify.

If there was evidence, it would not be just the Northern King's cavalry coming south from the northern territory.

It would be the entire northern army!

Dominic frowned deeply and said, "It's understandable that Lenny said some crazy things before he died. The case of the Ludwig rebel army had already been investigated and closed back then. When the army was changing guards, they encountered the invasion of Banko and the other two countries, which led to this tragedy." Just as he finished speaking.

Braydon glanced at him with a fierce look in his eyes. He said softly, "Ludwig rebel army? How easy it is for you to say those words!" "If you let me hear the words 'rebel army' again, I'll kill my way through the capital. Do you understand me?" Braydon had a delicate appearance, and his smile was like a blooming peach blossom.

He was dressed in white, like the young master of a wealthy family. He had an otherworldly temperament.

He used the calmest tone to say the most domineering words.

This was Braydon's style.

The entire Central Bureau fell silent again.

Those officials were all stunned. Braydon was actually threatening Dominic?

He was Duke Lowe!

Braydon did not give Dominic any face at all.

"Don't go too far!" Dominic's face darkened.

"Pass down the Northern King's order. Those who belong to the northern army will go south immediately..." Braydon's words were military orders.

Just one more word and the Northern King's order would be issued.



Once it was given, it could not be taken back!

Military orders were like mountains, and the order of the Northern King must be obeyed.

What was the northern army? Eight hundred thousand hidden agents and all the western army elites under Joshua Mandor's command would listen to his orders.

Dominic's face turned green. He said decisively, "I understand!" The only person who could make Duke Lowe so miserable was probably the ruthless Braydon Neal.

Dominic realized that Braydon was very likely angered.

He was not the one who provoked him.

It was most likely Lenny and the other bastards who were talking nonsense in Preston.

In his anger, Braydon had mobilized the Northern King's cavalry.

It was these words that became the crux of the problem.

Braydon bent down and picked up the prescription. He tapped the ground with the tip of his toes and disappeared in a few breaths. Dominic hurriedly said, "Northern King, North..." Braydon could no longer hear him through the video call.

The matter regarding the Northern King's cavalry had not been solved.

Dominic could feel that Braydon was determined to touch the Flitwick family. There was no room for discussion.

He glanced at the officials present and said coldly, "Go back and pass a message to the heads of your families. Don't get involved in the matters of the Flitwick family!" "Yes, sir!" The eighteen officials who had arrived were from the twenty-four divisions. They were all representatives of the powerful families.

They all understood what Dominic meant.

The fact that the Northern King's cavalry was going to the capital to target the Flitwick family had nothing to do with them.

Forcefully joining in would cause the situation to expand. It would not be good for the various powerful families, nor would it be good for the capital.

No one was willing to go that far!

However, there was one exception, and that was Braydon.

As the situation had escalated, with the northern army's foundation, it was not just limited to the Northern King's cavalry.

There were also Cole Colbie's northern imperial guards, Luther Carden's hidden agents, White-clothed Qualls' martial arts school, and so on.

Basically, they could all be mobilized!

There were no innocents on both sides.

If Braydon took the opportunity to mobilize the forces of the northern army to go south, sweeping through all the powerful families in the capital, he could wipe them out overnight.

The Northern King was scheming!

Unlike Old Man Zito, who was simple-minded and wanted to charge into the capital alone, relying on his hot blood to kill and turn the world upside down.

He had not thought of a way out.

In the evening at the Neal family manor.

Braydon was still perfecting the formula. He took the time to go to the bedroom to see Joseph Thomas, who was covered in a cast and eating liquid food like a mummy.

“Brother Braydon!” Joseph straightened his neck and said.

Braydon smiled. “Rest in peace and recuperate. There’s no need to rush. When you’re fully recovered, I’ll send you to the northern territory.” “Really?” At this moment, Joseph was as happy as a child.

In the end, he was too excited, so his wounds were affected. He cried out in pain like a pig being slaughtered.

In the end, Braydon was amused and asked him to rest.

However, Sammy Dudley rushed to the room and did not bother to knock on the door. He said in a low voice, “Commander, Elder Zito and Elder Lanford are missing!” Braydon’s eyes were as sharp as swords as he coldly stared at Sammy.

Sammy’s face was deathly pale, and cold sweat dripped down his temples. He lowered his head and said, “It’s my fault. I didn’t watch over the two of them!” “Brother Braydon, what happened?” Joseph asked.

Braydon left the room and said, “Rest and recuperate!” In the next moment, he appeared in the small courtyard with his white clothes fluttering in the wind.

“We’ve searched everywhere in the manor, but we couldn’t find them,” Sammy said guiltily.

Braydon let out a breath of turbid air. He knew that if Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford, the two kings, wanted to get rid of Sammy, it was not hard at all.

The two stubborn donkeys must have gone to the capital!

Braydon's eyes turned cold. "Inform the northern territory. Announce to the public that a ninth-level king, Frazer Zito, is the deputy regimental commander of the first legion of the northern army!

"Ernest Lanford is the deputy regimental commander of the second legion!

"Tonight, let's see who dares to touch my people!!!" Braydon was as domineering as ever, his deep eyes flickering with flames. This was anger..

Chapter 330-: The Northern King's Cavalry Has Arrived in the Capital!

Even if the people of the north killed their way through the capital, let's see who would dare to touch them!

If anyone dared to touch them, these people would have to bear the wrath of the northern army.

Braydon Neal was doing this to protect the two old men.

These two old men had lived for more than half their lives, but they were still too inexperienced.

In the shadows of the swords and sabers in the capital hall, the complicated relationships between the various forces could not be completely resolved by relying on force alone.

When the Ludwig army was assassinated, someone must have colluded with foreign forces.

This group of people was the culprit. They had to be uncovered.

If they did not find the culprit, how would they be able to take revenge?

Wanting to kill the martial artists of the powerful families would only be able to help vent their anger, but that was it!

That was the essence of it.

Braydon, whose mind was almost like a demon, wanted to touch not only the powerful families of the capital, but also the aristocratic families and sects of the world.

He wanted to make a move on all three great entities.

Now, the two old men were ruining Braydon's plans.

With the two of them making such a fuss, the north would definitely be in the wrong. If someone had something on them, it would only make Braydon's situation worse.

Disregarding everything, ignoring all rules and letting the northern army people run amok.

What did this say about Braydon?

What did they think the ironclad law of Hansworth was?

Did they see it as mud under their feet?

Braydon was not that kind of person. He had his own ideals and beliefs, and what he protected was the ironclad law of Hansworth. Therefore, Braydon was not such a person.

In life, one must have a bottom line.

Crossing the bottom line was no different from those martial artists who did all kinds of evil.

Although Braydon was not arrogant, he was proud!

He had never been at a disadvantage in his confrontation with the powerful and aristocratic families.

The battle between the two sides had yet to completely erupt.

At this moment, Braydon's words were sent back to the northern territory.

At night in the northern territory, the stars were bright, and the full moon was like a plate.

The elites of the northern army moved through the desert as if they were changing their defense.

In a small courtyard, Luther Carden sat in a wheelchair. After receiving the news from Braydon, he made an emergency announcement to the outside world in the name of the northern army.

Frazer Zito was appointed as the deputy regimental commander of the first legion of the northern army.

Cesar Lichtman was appointed as the deputy regimental commander of the second legion of the northern army.

This position was the core of the northern army!

For many years, none of the core figures of the northern army had fallen.

The northern army announced this to protect Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford.

There really were not many people left in the Ludwig army!

Braydon had promised Old Man Zito that he would help him reunite with his old subordinates in Ludwig.

Therefore, he could not die now!

Braydon mobilized the Preston main team helicopter to go to the capital personally.

Sammy Dudley was left behind in the Neal family to guard against martial artists attacking this place.

After experiencing the Black Sword Association incident, Braydon could not let his guard down.

Before Braydon boarded the plane, his thin lips moved slightly. "Sammy, pass on the order to Fourth Brother. Protect Old Man Zito and Ernest Lantord at all costs!" "Yes, sir!" Sammy watched the helicopter take off and disappear into the dark night. He then sent an urgent message to Laird Xenos.

Meanwhile, Laird and the Northern King's cavalry had already reached their destination.

In front of the capital gates.

The seventy-two cavalymen were filled with killing intent. They tightened their reins and stopped in front of the gate.

At this moment, the entire place was silent.

The Northern King's cavalry had arrived!

The hundred the capital garrison guards at the gate all had pale faces. They were awed by the murderous aura of the Northern King's cavalry.

The captain of the garrison troops woke up and shouted, "Close the gates, quickly close the gates!" The southern gate of the capital was built on the main road for welcoming guests. At this moment, the gate seemed to be slowly closing.

This made Dominic Lowe, who had suddenly arrived, angrily say, "Impudent! The Wargod of the North has come. How can you refuse him? Open the gates and welcome Wargod Xenos into the capital!" Dominic personally appeared to greet them.

The ten ruthless men of the northern territory had such power for him to welcome them personally.

Braydon was not in the northern territory, so the ten ruthless men were in charge of the northern army. Each of them had 100,000 soldiers under their command, and they were all loyal to the northern army.

Of course, the bigger reason was that the ten ruthless men were conferred the title of marquis at such a young age.

The leader of the ten ruthless men, Cole Colbie, had already been conferred the title of king.

If it was not for the fact that Luther's leg was a burden to him, he would have been conferred the title of king long ago.

The others, like Laird, were young and had already been conferred the title of marquis.

In the next three years, they would definitely be conferred the title of King.

At such a young age, they would be crowned kings. In the future, everyone's achievements would not be weaker than Dominic's.

The key point was that the ten ruthless men of the north were like brothers, they were together in glory and loss.



Today, if they dared to stop Laird from entering the capital, the other ruthless men might lead their troops south and launch a surprise attack on the capital before dawn.

Dominic personally gave the order, and the southern gate of the capital was completely opened.

Laird held the Ice Spear in his left hand, and the tip of the spear flickered with a cold light. He said indifferently, "Laird of northern army greets Duke Lowe!" He bent down slightly on the horse.

The Fourth Master of the northern army bowed, and the seventy-two cavalymen behind him nodded slightly.

To be able to make the cold and heartless cavalry of the Northern King salute him was considered giving him enough face.

Dominic was very flustered.

Others might not understand the northern army, but how could he not understand the nature of this group of people?

The more polite they were to you, the more shocking what they would do next.

Dominic returned the bow. "Wargod Xenos is too polite. You lead your troops to guard the northern border and have worked hard. Today, you have just arrived in the capital. We will treat you to a feast. Please!" "I appreciate Duke Lowe's good intentions, but our northern army soldiers do not avoid the wind and rain, are not afraid of the frost, and never depend on others.

"Tonight, the Northern King's cavalry has been ordered by the commander to annihilate the Flitwick family." Laird smiled.

Although he was bald, his manner of speech was filled with courtesy.

Dominic's face was a little green. This was what he was afraid of; the people of the north were all like this!

Their words seemed like the spring breeze, but if you listened carefully, what they wanted to do was simply earth-shattering. They wanted Dominic to let them through just like that?

He could not do that!

If Dominic was willing to help, the Northern Kings cavalry would definitely kill their way through the Flitwick family tonight.

It was a powerful family.

It was not a chicken nest that could be destroyed in a snap of the fingers.

The impact was huge!

The corner of Dominic's mouth twitched.

Before he could finish his sentence.

"Draw your swords!" Laird smiled.

Swoosh!

The seventy-two cavalymen drew their black blades with their left hands.

The cold sword was thick and heavy, its body pitch-black, and it emitted an icy chill.

The aura released by the Northern King's cavalry at this moment was actually a killing intent that was like a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

It made the capital garrison soldiers feel cold all over.

The capital garrison in front of the capital's southern gate were all ordinary people equipped with rifles. They could be considered a modern military squad.

The moment the Northern King's cavalry released their killing intent, the more than a hundred guards in the capital instinctively raised their spears.

However, at this moment, a masked War God in black behind Laird jumped up on his horse and soared into the sky at a rapid speed!

The War Gods of the northern army were true War God level martial artists!

Their strength, speed, and reaction speed had all reached the standards of a true War God.

The War Gods of the outside world were completely incomparable!

This Northern King cavalry moved at a speed of 30 meters per second. He cultivated both light and dark forces which had already transformed into the primordial chaos force..