

Strongest 331

Chapter 331-He Miscalculated His basic strength was 300 pounds!

He moved at an initial speed of 30 meters per second, as fast as a shadow.

This cavalryman held a sword in his left hand and streaked across the sky. Everyone's vision blurred.

Ordinary people's eyes would not be able to catch such speed.

As everyone knew, for ordinary people, our eyes would be the first sense something. This was called vision.

The visual transmission to the brain required one second to think and make a judgment.

The central nervous system of the brain makes a judgment, and your body reacts. For ordinary people, it takes three to five seconds. A few seconds is only a few breaths for ordinary people.

It was not important at all!

However, in the eyes of martial artists, in a battle between experts, a second was enough for the other party to attack several times.

Martial artist and ordinary people were two different types of people.

There was no comparison at all.

Even if you were to fight a War God level martial artist with firearms or rifles.

The outcome was to be tortured to death!

Look at this scene!

The hundred ordinary capital garrison soldiers did not even have time to react. They only felt their vision blur as the rifles in their hands snapped in the middle, the cut smooth and neat.

This was a cold sword that could cut through iron like mud. They were directly cut in half.

A gust of cold wind blew past, and hundreds of people broke out in cold sweat. When they came to their senses, they realized that the cavalryman who had attacked them had already returned to his warhorse, as if he had never attacked.

A furious voice came from afar. "Stop! Stand down!" "Yes, sir!" When the hundreds of young guards saw that their governor had arrived, they all lowered their heads and quickly retreated.

Westley Hader appeared quietly at the door, wearing a black gold-rimmed flying fish robe.

Behind him were Nico Yates and Tristan Yandell!

"Fourth Bro!" Westley smiled.

Tristan was a little curious. "This is the Northern King's cavalry that you control? Didn't you say that there were only forty-nine of them? Why are there so many of them?!" "If you join us, the number of people will increase!" Laird smiled faintly.

Tristan rolled his eyes. "Forget it." At this moment, the brothers were chatting leisurely.

Laird said softly, "Tonight, under the orders of the commander, we will kill our way through the Flitwick family. The Northern King's cavalry will kill anyone who hinders us!" A cold voice sounded.

Westley raised his left hand, and in a flash, the cavalry entered the capital.

Earlier, when the cavalryman destroyed the weapons of the hundred the capital garrison guards, it was because of Tristan and the other two.

The capital garrison was all Westley's people.

Otherwise, when the Northern King's cavalry attacked, the blade would not have brushed past their guns, but their necks.

Tonight, Westley's governor office chose to ignore this matter and let Laird bring the cavalry in.

Dominic Lowe's face darkened. Tonight, he had to stop the Northern King's cavalry and prevent the situation from worsening.

However, he did not know that he had to stop the Northern King's Cavalry and also the former Ludwig vice commander, Frazer Zito!

The two old men should have arrived in the capital by now.

As expected.

In the western district of the capital, a sharp sword intent tore through the silence of the night.

A single sword strike shocked half of the capital.

Millions of residents were jolted awake from their dreams, and they all felt their hearts palpitate.

"Frazer?" Dominic's expression changed drastically. "Oh no!" He had miscalculated!

Dominic suddenly thought of Old Man Zito.

The person who was most affected was not Braydon Neal.

It was Old Man Zito and Cesar Lichtman from the Ludwig army.

The two of them had personally experienced that tragic incident back then.

It was no surprise that they were attacking the capital.

Dominic stepped on the ground and sped up as he rushed to the western district.

A cold light appeared in Laird's eyes as he led the Northern King's cavalry into the capital.

Westley did not even bother to stop them, ordering the people under the governor office not to act rashly.

The governor office would not participate in tonight's matter.

One had to know that the garrison members under the capital garrison were responsible for the peace of the capital.

Now that such a huge matter had erupted, Westley was indifferent. It was obvious that he was biased toward his fourth brother Laird and allowed them to cause trouble.

In the end, Westley could ensure that they leave the capital safely.

In a manor in the western district of the city, far away from the downtown area of the capital.

This place was outside the fifth ring of the capital, an absolute suburbs.

The manor was the lair of the Flitwick family.

As expected, Old Man Zito had come. He held a three-foot-long iron sword in his hand. His thin and old body was as tall as a sword. There were seven or eight corpses under his feet.

It angered everyone in the Flitwick family.

They did not expect that someone would come to their doorstep tonight.

Old Man Zito killed one person with every step he took on the empty lawn. Blood flowed from his feet, and his killing intent was terrifying.

In front of him were hundreds of people!

Without exception, all of them had the surname Flitwick and were direct or collateral descendants of the Flitwick family.

They were all martial artists!

A square-faced middle-aged man with white hair at his temples said angrily, "Frazer Zito, are you crazy?!" "I must be. Since I'm here tonight, I have no intention of returning alive!" Old Man Zito said softly.

His words were filled with the determination to die.

He knew very well that as a ninth-level king, he had charged into the capital alone and killed several martial artists of the Flitwick family.

Without any evidence, he had used his anger to start a massacre in the capital.

It was a provocation of the country's prestige!

They regarded it as the ironclad law of Hansworth.

He would be sentenced to death on the spot.

But Frazer did not care!

Forty years ago, he should have died along with his comrades in the Ludwig army.

Now that he had lived for forty years, day and night in pain, he wanted to die tonight!

For some people, death is better than being alive.

However, in the air, an angry and dignified voice sounded. "Impudent! Stop immediately and follow me!" Dominic had arrived.

He had to stop Old Man Zito.

If he stopped now, there would still be room for negotiation.

However, the square-faced middle-aged man from the Flitwick family was Timothy Flitwick, the current head of the Flitwick family!

A seventh-level king.

His younger brother, Lenny Flitwick, had died in Preston, and this blood debt had yet to be settled.

Now, Old Man Zito had invaded the Flitwick family.

Timothy was furious. "Duke Lowe, we can't just let this matter go. Frazer Zito is a survivor of the rebel army. He should be killed. He has no respect for the law of the country and has provoked the prestige of the country. He has slaughtered the disciples of my Flitwick family. He should be executed on the spot!" "Shut up!" Dominic was furious.

Did Timothy really not understand what had happened tonight?

The person behind all this was the Northern King!

Braydon Neal was not afraid that the situation would escalate.

The bigger the situation, the more excuses he would have to mobilize more northern army elites.

At that time, they would sweep through all the powerful families in the capital, and it would be difficult for everyone to stay out of it.

Timothy refused to give in. Tonight, his family would be in big trouble.

In the depths of the manor of the Flitwick family, the door of a small villa opened. A sigh came from inside, "Sigh, Brother Lowe, the Flitwick family can't swallow this!" As soon as he finished speaking..

Chapter 332- Three in a Group, Nine in a Formation A white-haired old man in a suit and black shoes appeared on the scene like a ghost.

Everyone from the Flitwick family was in awe.

"Father!" Timothy Flitwick said.

“If Duke Lowe were to interfere in a battle between martial artists, he would be punished according to the laws of the country.

“If we follow the old rules, then both sides will decide who is stronger based on their strength. We will decide the winner and the loser, as well as life and death!” Two simple sentences were two solutions.

Dominic Lowe was the duke of a generation. He was high and mighty, the head of the dukes.

If he interfered, he would be dealt with according to the laws of the country!

Old Man Zito killed his way into the capital for no reason. He should be killed for his crimes.

If Dominic did not intervene, tonight would be a battle between martial artists. There would not be so many rules. The strong would live, and the weak would die!

Victory and defeat, life and death.

This was a principle that had never changed since ancient times.

Dominic’s face was dark. This troublesome matter was all tangled up.

If he wanted to stop them, he had to use his strength to force both sides to stop.

Most importantly, the old man from the Flitwick family was a figure from the same era as Dominic.

He was not weak!

Old Man Zito was not a good person either.

Dominic sighed and opened his mouth.

Before he could say anything.

Old Man Zito made his move!

Tonight was a night of murder for him.

Since Old Man Zito had come, he had no intention of returning to Preston alive.

Therefore, Old Man Zito attacked in an instant. The three-foot-long iron sword in his hand was really powerful.

Sword intent surged out and swept across the lawn.

The strong grass was bent over by the strong wind. The old man in the suit from the Flitwick family had a cold look in his eyes. How could he be someone who would sit still and wait for death? He instantly attacked.

The two ninth-level kings clashed.

The fluctuations were extremely great!

An invisible force was released, and the surrounding lawn exploded into large pits, sending soil flying everywhere.

The battle instantly erupted.

Cesar Lichtman took a step forward and released his powerful aura.

Seventh -level king!

This old man had previously deceived Logan Hall by saying that he had the strength of a first-level king.

On this night, no one was hiding anything.

He unleashed all his strength.

Timothy, the leader of a powerful family, brazenly welcomed them.

The battle erupted on the spot. Dominic was furious and reprimanded them, "Impudent!" "Duke Lowe, why are you so agitated?" Westley Hader chuckled, his temperament calm.

Such a huge incident had happened in the manor of the Flitwick family, but he, the governor, seemed to have turned a blind eye.

Dominic's nose almost crooked from anger. He shouted coldly, "The governor office is responsible for the safety of the capital. Martial artists causing trouble is within the scope of your governor office's responsibilities." "Of course, I understand. I'm here personally. There's no need for Duke Lowe to worry about the matters of the governor office!" Westley stood at the side with his hands behind his back. "You're chasing me away?" Dominic was slightly stunned.

"I wouldn't dare!" Westley replied indifferently.

Suddenly, Dominic seemed to understand that as long as he made a move, Westley would definitely stop him.

However, Westley said indifferently, "Martial artists who cause trouble in the capital will be killed without mercy!" "Yes sir!" Tristan Yandell and Nico Yates moved in a flash.

The two deputy governors suddenly joined the battlefield.

Next, Dominic exploded with anger.

The arrival of the governor office was clearly adding fuel to the fire.

Tristan and the others attacked and killed the martial artists of the Flitwick family, ignoring Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford.

This bias was too obvious!

Timothy and Ernest were engaged in a fierce battle. Timothy laughed in extreme anger. "The impudence of the governor office! Tonight, I want to see what the governor office and these two old dogs can do to me!" It was not the raging wind howling in the forest.

Instead, Westley and the others were clearly biased toward Old Man Zito and Ernest.

The two deputy governors were targeting the people of the Flitwick family!

This was too much!

However, in the manor, a group of strong troops arrived on horseback.

The Fourth Master of the northern army, Laird Xenos, had finally arrived with the cavalry of the Northern King.

Laird indifferently said, "Tonight, who would dare touch the people of the north?"

"On the orders of the commander, kill the Flitwick family." Laird held the Ice Spear and jumped off his horse. He joined the battlefield with killing intent, targeting the martial artists of the Flitwick family.

Such a large family did not lack martial artists!

With their deep foundations, they had nurtured generations of martial artists.

A marquis of the Flitwick family charged out of the crowd to fight Laird.

Facing the Ice Spear, the cold light pierced through the chest and heart of this sixth-level marquis of the Flitwick family, killing him on the spot. Behind Laird, the seventy-two cavalymen brazenly entered the battlefield.

These were the seventy-two northern army War Gods!

The battle erupted on the spot.

The War God level figure of the Flitwick family was unable to withstand a single strike from the cavalry.

A family could nurture tens of War Gods.

In an instant, they were all killed by the Northern King's cavalry.

Even Dominic was shocked by the fierceness of the cavalry. Both sides were War Gods.

Then, something even more shocking happened.

An old man in his sixties dashed out of the villa of the Flitwick family. He burst forth with strength under his feet and charged into the cavalymen at an extremely fast speed.

There were many martial artists hidden in the Flitwick family.

Now, it was gradually being exposed.

The sixty-year-old man was a marquis. He could see the strength of the cavalry. When facing a War God of the same level, the combat strength he displayed was swift and fierce, killing him on the spot.

Tonight, the Flitwick family had suffered a great loss!

The sixty-year-old man charged forward, his withered hands like chicken claws. His palm landed on the sword of a cavalryman.

Bang!

The cavalryman was knocked back more than ten meters. The powerful force left a deep ditch on the grass.

Seeing this scene, the seventy-two War Gods were as calm as a pool of stagnant water.

It was as if to such experts who had been through hundreds of battles. They were not afraid at all.

At the same time, another five or six black figures dashed out from the villas of the Flitwick family. Without exception, they were all the elders of the branch family of the Flitwick family.

A family that had been passed down for hundreds of years; the foundation accumulated by generations.

It was indeed deep!

The people hiding were all senior marquises.

The six marquis-level martial artists charged toward the cavalry.

Westley's eyes turned cold. He would not watch his brothers die in the hands of these old men from the Flitwick family.

Immediately after, Westley was shocked.

The seventy-two cavalymen faced the seven marquises. Someone said in a hoarse voice, "Kill them all with the military sword formation!" "Yes, sir!" The other cavalymen said in a low voice.

After the seven old men of the Flitwick family had arrived, the seventy-two cavalymen formed the northern army sword formation.

Three by three system!

Three people in a group, nine people in a formation.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Three cavalries unsheathed their swords and took the initiative to meet the sixty-year-old man head on.

Two of them took the lead, the cold swords were like black lights, attacking from the left and right.

Everything happened in an instant.

The speed of a War God level character was over 30 meters per second.

With such speed, if an ordinary person stood there, it would be like watching a horror movie. They would not be able to see anything clearly and would only feel countless black shadows flashing by..

Chapter 333-Pinnacle Dominic LoweThe sixty-year-old man blocked the attacks of the two cavalymen.

Attacks from two directions made the old man in his sixties not dare to be careless. He focused on facing the two cold swords.

The fierce battle lasted for less than five seconds before the old man's left arm was cut.

The wound was so deep that the bones could be seen, and blood splattered everywhere.

It made his body tremble slightly!

Just this one flaw was enough to be fatal!

The third cavalymen who had been hiding, charged forward with a cold sword in his left hand.

It took less than half a second for them to cross a distance of thirteen meters.

The cold sword pierced through the old man's ribs, and the blade pierced through his heart.

The sixty-year-old man felt as if he had been struck by a violent tremor. He spat out a mouthful of blood as he stared at the cavalry standing beside him.

However, this Northern King cavalryman's eyes were cold and emotionless. He resolutely pulled out his cold sword, and blood kept dripping from the blade.

A marquis level figure fell to the ground, his eyes wide open as if he had died with grievances!

The cavalry killed a marquis with the strength of a War God?

They were killing enemies of a higher realm!

It was almost impossible for modern martial artists.

But the Northern King's cavalry had done it.

Dominic Lowe witnessed this scene with his own eyes and said softly, "The foundation of the northern territory is a little terrifying!" The strength of the Northern King's cavalry.

This was the first time they appeared in the capital, and they wanted to kill their way through a family.

It was truly too terrifying!

The seven marquises of the Flitwick family were killed on the lawn.

None of the seventy-two cavalymen were injured. The bloodthirsty aura that emanated from their bodies seemed to be even more terrifying.

They returned to the team one after another. Seventy-two people holding swords in their left hands and stepping on the soft lawn; their killing intent filling the air.

Tonight, they would kill their way through the Flitwick family!

If the kings did not act, no one could suppress the Northern King's cavalry.

"Stop!" Dominic knew that this madness had to be stopped.

He let out a light sigh and a decisive look appeared in his eyes. A powerful aura rippled from his body.

This aura was as heavy as a mountain!

It was completely different from Dominic's aura in the past!

Dominic's toes left the ground, and a terrifying aura erupted!

His aura was like the heavens, shaking the capital!

Duke Dominic Lowe had to stop this mess tonight.

He also had to stop the war between the northern army and the powerful families.

The two sides had different ideologies and could not accommodate each other.

Each had their own problems.

However, they definitely could not fight each other.

For this reason, Dominic no longer suppressed himself and released his aura.

This aura swept across the entire Flitwick family manor.

Everyone's faces were pale, and they were suppressed to the point where they could not straighten their backs.

Tristan Yandell stopped and looked at Dominic, whose clothes were dancing in the wind. He said in shock, "Pinnacle pressure?" As soon as he said that.

Everyone was silent.

Dominic, this old man, had already reached the pinnacle realm?

Then why was he injured by Old Man Zito's sword back then?

There was only one reason.

Dominic did not expect Old Man Zito, who had been decadent for 40 years, to grow to a top ninth-level king who was about to enter the pinnacle realm.

In addition, Dominic felt guilty toward Old Man Zito.

Therefore, he had to accept that sword strike back then!

He was Duke Lowe, the head of all officials. He guarded the capital and was not an ordinary person.

Duke Lowe's anger was extremely terrifying.

Under the pressure, everyone was suppressed. They could only stop and deal with the pressure with all their might.

One person suppressed everyone.

Dominic took a step forward, forcing the seventy-two cavalymen to halt. They released their iron-blooded aura to deal with this pressure.

However, Dominic did not move.

If he dared to kill the Northern King's cavalry, it would mean that he had a death grudge with the northern army.

Then Braydon Neal would dare to attack and kill the entire Lowe family!

Dominic focused all his energy on Old Man Zito and Tobias Flitwick. These two old fogeys were both ninth-level kings, and their strength was not weak.

Tobias, who was wearing a tattered suit, said coldly, "I really didn't expect you to walk ahead of everyone!" "I am the leader of the hundred officials and shoulder the hopes of the people of the world. It was the heavens who opened a path for me to gain insight on the path of the pinnacle!" Dominic sighed softly.

Even though he was talented back then, he was stuck at the ninth-level king realm for many years.

He was still unable to pry into the path to the pinnacle realm!

The pinnacle path had already lost its legacy.

It was completely blank, and the descendants could only rely on their own enlightenment to cultivate.

Dominic did not rely on himself, but on the fate of Hansworth to understand a trace of the pinnacle path.

He was the one who held the position of Duke Lowe and shouldered the hopes of the people of the world.

The heavens had given him a chance!

Some things were invisible, but they were real.

Just like the arrangements in the capital where Braydon's coronation ceremony would be held during the official rites ceremony on Mount Tanish to confer him the titles and bring the fate of the country upon him.

Carrying the fate of the country was asking the heavens to open a line.

To help the Northern King step into the pinnacle realm.

This method of breaking through bottlenecks had existed since ancient times, and almost no one had failed.

At the same time, this opportunity was extremely precious.

In an era, only one person could be conferred such a title!

There could only be one person in the same generation who carried the fate of the country.

Once the title was granted, the fate of the country would be on him. If others were conferred the same time, they would also be suppressed by the first person who had been conferred the title. At this moment, Dominic revealed the truth.

He was not at the pinnacle.

Instead, he had only touched the path of the pinnacle.

Just this alone was enough to suppress everyone present.

Dominic clasped his hands behind his back and said softly, "Frazer, you made a huge mistake tonight. According to the law, you will be imprisoned for ten years. Do you plead guilty?" Old Man Zito was very calm under the suppression of Dominic.

His fingers that were holding the iron sword moved slightly.

This was to break Dominic's suppression.

Tonight, Old Man Zito would not plead guilty. He did not intend to live. He just wanted to kill all the martial artists of the Flitwick family.

Revenge for the brothers of the Ludwig army!

700,000 of his brothers died tragically in the Ludwig mountain range in the name of the rebel army.

How could Old Man Zito let go of this blood feud?

Lock him up for ten years?

They could only lock up his corpse. Dominic could forget about capturing him alive.

Old Man Zito's body slowly moved.

Under Dominic's suppression, he still wanted to attack Tobias.

Dominic was angry and said, "How dare you! You don't know how to repent. Today, I'll seal your cultivation base. Let's see how you behave then!" Dominic was the duke of this generation.

He had no choice!

He needed to defend the ironclad laws of the country. Old Man Zito barging into the capital at night and provoking the might of the country was a capital offense.

Tonight, no matter how Dominic punished him, he would not take Old Man Zito's life.

It looked like a punishment, but it was to protect Old Man Zito.

At the same time, he had to give an explanation to the people of the capital.

Otherwise, in the future, if all martial artists ignored the ironclad law of the country, would it not be chaotic?

Dominic decisively attacked. A martial artist who had just reached the pinnacle of martial arts was indeed not an ordinary person. The force of his attack was as if the force had materialized and sealed Old Man Zito's eight extra meridians!

Old Man Zito looked at Dominic coldly.

He did not resist, nor did he fight. He just watched coldly.

This scene attracted Laird Xenos' cold killing intent, and the force in his body surged continuously..

Chapter 334-onight Is the Day You Die!

T A ferocious aura was released.

Laird Xenos was originally suppressed by Dominic Lowe's aura, and he felt as if he was stuck in a quagmire, unable to move.

But now.

He moved slowly and said in a low voice, "People live for a lifetime, and when they die, they die!

"I, the son of the north, am not afraid of death nor fear battle!

"Today, you humiliated the regimental commanders of the first legion, Frazer Zito, and sealed his eight extra meridians.

“Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance!” Laird slowly took a step forward like a wild beast. Of course, he was furious!

The northern army soldiers could die in battle, but they would never surrender.

Even if they were defeated and died under the enemy’s blade.

It was the home of the soldiers of the northern army.

The soldiers of the northern army were not afraid of death!

Tonight, Old Man Zito had charged into the capital and violated the laws of the country. He deserved death.

He had never thought of living an ignoble life.

After this matter, he would die to atone for his sins in the capital.

However, Dominic had sealed his eight extra meridians.

It was like capturing Old Man Zito!

If this was not humiliation, then what was?

Laird, the fourth master of the northern army, was holding the Ice Spear and challenging Dominic.

At this moment.

Not far away, Tristan Yandell's eyes turned red as he roared, "I am Tristan Yandell of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance!" "I am Nico Yates of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance!" Nico and the rest were in the governor office.

But their names would always be in the northern territory.

Live as a man of the north, die as a soul of the north.

In their next life, they would still be a subject under the Northern King!

Outsiders would not understand the pride of the northern army.

Westley Hader stood with his hands behind his back and said softly, "I am Westley Hader of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance. If I die today, there will be no more governors in the world!

"If you die, there will no longer be a Duk Lowe in this world!" Westley said softly.

The seventy-two War Gods of the Northern King's cavalry held three-foot-long cold swords and said hoarsely, "We are the Northern King's cavalry. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance!" The entire place was silent.

A gentle breeze blew past.

"Do you know what you're doing?" Dominic asked.

"We do. I am Seth Flitwick of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." A calm voice came from a villa of the Flitwick family.

At this moment, everyone was dumbfounded.

There was a northern hidden agent in the core of the Flitwick family?

What a joke!

In a villa that was untouched by the pressure, a light lit up and a young man in black walked out. His face was fair, and he looked less than twenty years old. He was holding something in his hand. It was the black cold sword.

The pendant hanging around his neck was the little silver Qilin.

He was Seth Flitwick, the genius of the younger generation of the Flitwick family. He became a ninth-level warlord before he reached twenty.

With the background of the Flitwick family, he could reach the king level before he was fifty.

At the very least, he could become a ninth-level marquis.

The future big shot of the Flitwick family.

But now, he had appeared in public.

“Seth, you...” Timothy Flitwick’s eyes were filled with disbelief.

“Bastard!” Tobias Flitwick’s expression was extremely ugly.

He was really furious!

The Flitwick family had never thought that their direct descendants would be a hidden agent from the north.

Dominic was stunned.

However, how terrifying was the northern army's hidden agents?

Tonight, they would find out.

Another villa in the manor lit up, and a young man's voice came from it. "I am Stevie Flitwick of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." "I am Londyn Flitwick of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." Three young men appeared in front of everyone.

They were all hidden agents from the north!

At this moment, voices sounded outside the manor of the Flitwick family.

"I am Yannick Sattler of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." "I am Morgan Sable of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." "I am Frodo Lance of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." "The 100,000 hidden agents of the northern army are here in the capital. Duke Lowe, please give us your guidance." Voices rang out in the dark night.

There was no other reason!

Dominic was humiliating the people of the northern army.

Since the establishment of the northern army, there has never been anyone who had been captured, let alone someone who surrendered.

The northern army had already announced to the outside world that Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford were the deputy regimental commanders of the northern army.

Yet Dominic still dared to touch him!

Everyone in the Flitwick family was stunned.

Even Dominic was momentarily speechless.

He really did not expect that the northern army's hidden agents alone in the capital would number up to a hundred thousand.

What was their intention?

The terrifying side of the northern army was gradually being exposed to the world.

100,000 hidden agents were gathered at the Flitwick family.

If they really made a move, they would definitely flatten the entire Flitwick family.

In this pitch-black night, dark clouds slowly gathered, and a cold drizzle fell. At the entrance of the manor, a distinguished guest from the northern territory appeared.

He sat in a wheelchair, his movements calm and composed. Behind him was a young man in white, slowly pushing the wheelchair as they walked through the rainy night.

The young man in the wheelchair said indifferently, "I am Luther Carden of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." "I am Yuri Qualls of the northern army. Duke Lowe, please give me your guidance." Luther left the north and had arrived at the capital.

Otherwise, who would have the ability to gather 100,000 hidden agents in the capital overnight and gather outside the Flitwick family?

This was intimidation!

This was the might of the northern army.

Three of the top ten ruthless men of the northern territory had come tonight.

Dominic's expression was solemn. He had been trying to suppress this matter and prevent it from expanding.

However, in the end, things did not go as he wished.

Dominic could not suppress this matter!

King Carden, who was in a wheelchair, and the white-clothed Yuri Qualls were both here at the capital for the first time.

This capital city symbolized Hansworth.

The few of them had long wanted to come and take a look.

Tobias's face was dark. "The northern army is really something. Even the disciples of the Flitwick family have become your hidden agents!" "Tonight is the day you die!" Yuri glanced at Tobias. So what if he was a ninth-level king?

It was not as if he could not be killed tonight!

However, if they wanted to make a move on the Flitwick family tonight, they had to go through Dominic Lowe.

Therefore, they had no choice.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Luther stood up from the wheelchair. His seven-foot-tall frame gave off the aura of a weak scholar.

This scene stunned everyone.

“You’re not crippled?” Tristan’s face darkened. “I was crippled, but I’ve been cured!” Luther smiled lightly.

Westley was speechless. He snapped, “Your leg injury has healed, yet you still sit in a wheelchair all day!” “It’s more comfortable to be pushed by someone and not have to walk!” Luther’s words did not sound wrong.

However, only those ruthless men in the north knew the actual reason.

Luther was the leader of the five heavenly kings. Had his legs really recovered?

Perhaps not!

At this moment, Luther humbly cupped his hands. “The Northern King’s cavalry and hidden agents, stand down.

“Today, us three brothers will challenge Duke Lowe!” Luther flicked his sleeves and gave the order.

All the people in the shadows accepted the order and hid their auras.

It was not suitable for Westley and the other two governors to make a move tonight. After all, they belonged to the governor office. How could they make a move against Dominic?

Luther, Yuri, and Laird were the ten ruthless men of the northern army.

Tonight, the three of them were challenging Duke Lowe!

Chapter 335-Technique, Activate!

TDominic Lowe himself had to bear the responsibility for his mistakes.

He sealed Old Man Zito's eight extra meridians and humiliated the entire northern army.

Tonight, he would be targeted by the blade of the northern army!

Westley Hader frowned. "The three of you are all marquises. This old thing has already seen the pinnacle path. I'll fight him!" "After peeking into the pinnacle path, he's still a ninth-level king!" Yuri Qualls said calmly.

"Dominic isn't the only one who has seen the pinnacle path!" Laird Xenos said indifferently.

"What?" Many people were shocked.

What did he mean?

There was someone here who had peeped into the pinnacle path?

Of course!

And not just one!

Braydon Neal's eight king-conferring techniques were the paths of the pinnacle.

Luther Carden and Yuri had both learned one of the eight techniques.

Otherwise, how could they shake Dominic, who was at the pinnacle?

“I haven’t fought with anyone for many years, but I haven’t abandoned my martial arts!” Luther flicked his fingers and released his aura.

King pressure!

When did Luther become a king?

Nobody knew!

Luther was the leader of the five heavenly kings and the second most important person in the northern army. He had been handling the affairs of the various divisions of the northern army and was in charge of the planning and strategies.

Such a genius would definitely be conferred the title of king in this lifetime.

However, outsiders had no idea that Luther had long been conferred the title of king.

Tonight, Luther and the others were determined to challenge Dominic, the pinnacle.

“Do you know what you’re doing?” Dominic’s expression was ugly.

“I’m not talented, but tonight, I want to use my meager strength to shake Duke Lowe who is at the pinnacle!” Luther laughed lightly.

He knew very well what he was doing!

The people of the northern army could not be humiliated by outsiders.

Although Old Man Zito was from the Ludwig army, the northern territory had already announced it.

He was the deputy regimental commander of the first legion of the northern army!

A high-ranking figure of the northern army!

Tonight, he was humiliated in the capital.

Regarding this matter, all the comrades in the north could not accept it.

They would not let it go with a smile!

The men of the northern army stood between heaven and earth; who dared to insult them?

Even Dominic would have to bear the wrath of the northern army tonight.

Luther revealed the fact that he was already a conferred king!

In the north, the three Qilin brothers were all kings!

The leader of the three, King Braydon, was a ninth-level king and stood tall in the king realm.

An undefeatable legend!

In addition to Luther, Joshua Mandor, and the mysterious Eggy, there were also Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford!

The northern army had eight kings.

Luther stood with his hands behind his back. White-clothed Qualls moved his left back slightly and gently gripped the hilt of his sword. Laird held the Ice Spear in his hand and released his killing intent.

Westley stood quietly at the side, guarding against the people of the Flitwick family.

In this pitch-black night, the cold wind blew up the dead leaves.

The atmosphere was terrifyingly oppressive.

Suddenly.

Laird made his move. The tip of his icy spear shot out and stabbed straight at Dominic's chest.

"The stars fall on the earth, and the moon sink into the river. The spear is like a dragon shooting into the sky!" Laird's spear technique was fierce and overbearing.

Dominic's eyes were like a pool of stagnant water. He watched the icy spear pierce over, but he did not move at all. He watched coldly.

King level and marquis level.

The difference between the two was huge!

Not to mention Dominic, a peerless expert who had just reached the pinnacle.

The ice spear came at him in an instant. When it was fifty centimeters away from Dominic's chest, it stopped abruptly as if it was frozen in midair, and the tip of the spear could not advance any further.

At this moment, Dominic's aura was different from before.

It made him look like a saint sitting high in the palace.

It was majestic and grand, high and mighty, as if it wanted to educate the world!

As expected of Duke Lowe.

His martial arts realm was even more terrifying than what outsiders imagined!

Yuri moved instantly.

If he did not make a move now, what was he waiting for?

He pulled out the black blade from his waist.

Although Yuri cultivated double-edged sword techniques, everyone in the northern army knew how to use cold swords that were single edged.

Dominic glanced over slowly. He raised his left hand slightly, and an invisible force grabbed White-clothed Qualls who was above his head. His voice was like a bronze bell as he said in a majestic voice, "Sit down!" Boom!

An extremely powerful force restrained Yuri and made him sit on the grass.

However, Dominic's distraction caused the tip of the ice spear to advance by another 30%.

Blood trickled down Yuri's lips as he was pinned down to the ground.

Dominic did not dare to make Yuri kneel!

So what if he was at the pinnacle!

Since Dominic dared to humiliate the regimental commander of the third legion of the northern army, he would be the enemy of the northern territory.

Dominic's aura was getting more and more peculiar. He was really like a saint who was educating the world.

Did he ask Yuri to sit down to teach him a lesson?

Unfortunately, it was not Dominic's turn to teach the men of the northern army!

Not to mention a fake pinnacle like him.

Even if it was a true pinnacle, he was not qualified to teach Yuri.

Among the top ten ruthless men of the northern territory, only the Northern King was respected.

Yuri was completely suppressed. Blood flowed from the corner of his lips, and his white clothes were stained with blood. He actually stood up slowly under this absolute suppression.

His aura was somewhat different!

The human touch on his body was disappearing, but it was replaced by a strange power.

It was as if he had divinity that was not tainted by the mortal world, and he looked down on everything as if they were ants.

"What?" Dominic was shocked.

“Eight king-conferring techniques. Technique, activate!” Yuri stood tall between heaven and earth. His thin body released a powerful divinity that filled the manor.

It was as if he did not respect heaven and earth or ghosts!

In this world, he was the revered one.

“Pinnacle path?” Dominic cried out.

“Surprised? Fourth Brother has said before that you are not the only one who has touched the pinnacle path. You are not qualified to teach me!” Yuri stood proudly with his hands behind his back and said, “Tonight, Yuri Qualls of the northern army will challenge you, Duke Lowe!” “You guys!” Dominic was truly shocked.

A marquis level force had touched the secrets of the pinnacle path.

What kind of monstrous talent was this!

Such a person would definitely shock the world in the next ten years.

Once one stepped into the pinnacle, they would become the backbone of the country.

They would guard Hansworth alone for 500 years!

In the entire world, have you ever seen any country that dared to provoke a pinnacle?

Provoking a pinnacle meant death.

Everyone was shocked.

Tonight, the second person who had glimpsed the pinnacle path was born.

He was the Third Master of the northern army, the White-robed Killing God, Yuri Qualls!

This kid was truly a monster!

White-clothed Qualls stood with his hands behind his back. He stepped on the soft grass and took his first step. His aura was like that of a God. His thin lips moved slightly. "My brother said that the end of the art is the pinnacle origin!

"Tonight, I'll show you all of my brother's king-conferring techniques. Three years ago, before he was conferred the title of king, he used all eight techniques and killed eight rulers outside the border!

"I may not be talented, but with my meager strength, I want to shake Duke Lowe, who is at the pinnacle!" His clear words resounded through half of the capital.

All the martial artists heard that the third master of the northern army, Yuri Qualls, was challenging the current Duke Lowe.

Were the people of the northern army crazy?