

Strongest 366

Chapter 366-If You Like It, I'll Give It to You!

Without a doubt.

No martial artist was willing to deal with the Central Plains main team.

Usually, everyone would hide from them!

Rowan Flitwick urged them to stay. "Don't worry, everyone. It's my fault for being thoughtless. But think about it, even if the Flitwick family doesn't invite him, you giving the Flitwick family face today by coming here today will surely alert the Central Plains main team. By then, they would come uninvited! " As he spoke, many people nodded.

They all knew that Rowan was right.

However, this sentence undoubtedly pushed the Central Plans main team to the opposite side of everyone.

In other words, these martial artists were placed on the same side.

Sammy Dudley's footsteps were like a tiger. As he walked, no one dared to look him in the eye.

Rowan stepped forward and cupped his hands. "Commander Dudley, sorry for not welcoming you. Please come in!" "Patriarch Flitwick, you don't have to be so polite." Sammy was humble and polite.

Those who did not know the inside story would think that this new commander was a warm-hearted person.

Only Rowan knew that he could not be careless.

He knew that the commander in front of him was definitely more difficult to deal with than Zayn Ziegler.

It was only because of Sammy's history that no one dared to underestimate him.

Who was Sammy?

A top-notch hidden agent of the northern army!

At the age of 20, he became a War God. He should be 26 years old now and had already been conferred the title of marquis.

In this life, if such a person did not die, he would definitely be conferred the title of king!

Moreover, Sammy had been doing this for a full ten years.

In Namar, he showed his talents at the age of 16 and later joined the imperial army of Namar's capital, Linar. He was ranked first among the eight deputy commanders and was highly regarded by the country's ruler, Cameron Linar.

This was someone who could get close to the ruler of Namar.

What was even more fatal was that he was a hidden agent of the northern army.

To do this in secret.

Who dared to look down on Sammy!

If it was not because of the Namar's envoy group, Sammy could still hide in the upper echelons of Namar and continue to send a large amount of top-secret information to the northern army.

For this reason, no one who was familiar with Sammy's past dared to underestimate this commander!

Sammy was brave and resourceful. He had been a hidden agent for ten years and had a belief unique to the northern army.

Such a person, once he became an enemy, no one dared to be careless!

Sammy did not act rashly and let Rowan entertain the honored guests. He went to the living room and sat at a table alone, drinking a bottle of wine alone.

Braydon was dressed in a snow-white robe as he walked around the Flitwick family.

Old Man Zito smiled foolishly and followed him quietly like a stalker. He did not say anything, just like an ordinary old man.

Or perhaps, he was more like an old servant who was taking care of Braydon.

No one seemed to care about Braydon's arrival.

Everyone's attention was focused on Sammy.

As for Braydon, who came with Sammy, he was just a young man in white.

None of the people present paid attention to him.

However, on the other side of the manor, there was a group of young people gathered by a small pond, drinking and having fun.

A girl in a white dress sat quietly in the pavilion.

She had bright eyes, white teeth, and an elegant temperament. Her eyes were clear as she caressed the piano in front of her.

Her fair fingers gently played the strings, producing a pleasant and crisp jingle. It was like a small bridge and flowing water, making people feel relaxed and happy.

“Nice piano!” Braydon was thirty meters away, but his hearing was sharp. He praised the music coming from the piano.

Around the pavilion, there were nearly fifty young people.

No one knew who Braydon was!

A young man in Armani sportswear glanced over and snorted coldly. “Of course, it’s nice. It’s more than enough to match Savannah. You only praise the piano and not the person.” Braydon smiled calmly as he walked into the pavilion.

Another thin young man frowned. “I’ve never seen you before. Which family are you from? Do you know us?” “There’s no need to argue. No matter who comes today, they can all listen to me play the piano. Can you tell what kind of piano this is since you praised it?” The girl in the white dress opened her cherry lips slightly, and the entire place was silent.

No one dared to disobey this girl!

It could be seen that her status was definitely extremely high among this group of young people.

Braydon came to the front of the pavilion, intending to open the curtain and enter.

This made the thin young man angry. “How dare you!” “Come in. If you don’t look closely, it will be difficult to tell what kind of piano it is just by the sound of the piano,” the girl said gently.

Braydon entered the pavilion.

A girl in a white dress was sitting at the side, and there was a girl in green beside her. Compared to the face of the owner of the piano, the girl in green paled in comparison. The girl chuckled. "Please sit." "Can I take a look at this piano?" Braydon was interested.

In his eyes, the piano in front of him seemed to be more attractive than the girl.

"Of course!" The girl nodded gracefully.

"Miss, you never let outsiders touch the sycamore piano. Even if it's dirty, you won't let me touch it and clean it. He's a boy. How can he know the way of music? What if he damages the piano?" The girl in green was a little worried.

However, the girl in the white dress shook her head gently, indicating that she should stop talking.

The green-clothed girl's gaze was hostile. "Kid, do you know anything about music? I'm warning you, if you break the piano, you won't be able to afford it!" "Lola, that's enough!" The girl in white seemed to be from a proper background, so she told the girl beside her to stop talking.

Braydon chuckled as he took off the Northern King sword and the black cloak around his waist.

These two items were the symbols of the northern army! The Golden Qilin on the cloud, the Northern King sword.

They all belonged to the military commander!

Braydon calmly sat down and said, "If I break the piano, you can choose one of these two things. I can give it to you!" After saying this.

Old Man Zito stood outside, his mouth twitching slightly.

His Young Master was really willing to do so!

The Northern King sword and the official robe of the cloud Qilin.

None of them were ordinary items.

As for the girl in the green dress, her name was Lola Langley.

“Is this what you’re using as collateral?” she said in disgust. “How much can a worn robe be worth? And this sword looks a little dirty no matter how you look at it. How can it compare to my miss’s piano?”

“Lola, don’t be rude!” The girl in plain clothes frowned, and there was a hint of reprimand in her eyes.

Lola felt a little wronged and did not dare to speak anymore.

The girl in white had a look of shock in her clear eyes. She reached out her cold hand and gently brushed the sheath of the Northern King sword with her slender fingers.

She was very patient. She gently folded the cloud treading Qilin robe, making it square.

The front was revealed, the entire golden cloud treading Qilin.

The golden Qilin stepped on the white clouds with its four hooves. It was not angry, but it was imposing and exuded a holy aura.

Only then did Lola see it clearly and said in surprise, “Is this pattern embroidered with golden thread?”
“It’s made of golden threads. This is the most beautiful pattern in the world!” The girl’s clear eyes were filled with love.

She liked this golden Qilin.

“If you like it, I’ll give it to you!” Braydon chuckled..

Chapter 367-: Who Is Playing the Piano in the Pavilion?

"I can't accept such a precious gift as a girl." Savannah Jackel shook her head.

She recognized the golden Qilin.

The golden Qilin was the emblem of the northern army.

Although Savannah was a member of the Jackel family, how could she not recognize that this was the official robe of the cloud treading Qilin! With this as his clothes, he must be the king of northern army!

And this sword must be the Northern King sword.

Braydon sat cross-legged, his slender fingers gently stroking the strings of the piano. A pleasant sound came out, and he chuckled. "Back in Mount Bliz, Sadie also has a piano called the phoenix piano!" "Heavens, the phoenix piano, left behind by the legendary piano player, Sarah Letterman, from the Togo Dynasty. It has been lost for over a thousand years!" Lola was stunned.

"When I was seven years old," Braydon said softly, "when I first arrived in Mount Bliz, my family went through a great change. I thought that my parents and relatives were no longer alive. My heart was filled with hatred, and I turned a blind eye to all the love and care for me!

"Including Sadie. I turned a blind eye to her concern for me that year, including her phoenix piano. It was destroyed by me that year, but she didn't say a word about it!

"She only said that it's a material object. So what if it's destroyed? "Since then, she has never played the piano again!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly as he softly recounted the past.

He was immature when she was young and had once hurt the person who cared about him the most.

When he grew up, he realized that it was too late for regrets!

Braydon was still brooding over this matter!

To this day, him telling this story proved that he still could not let go of what he had done.

Perhaps Sadie Dudley had forgotten, but Braydon had not.

In short, without Sadie, there would not be the present King Braydon!

Without Sadie, there would not be the king of the northern army, who overshadowed Hansworth today.

The foolish boy lived in hatred.

Braydon had always treated Sadie as his elder sister, the person closest to him.

When Braydon knew that Sammy had been exposed in Namar, he did not hesitate to cross the border and enter Namar to bring him back.

It was probably because of Sadie!

In this life, Braydon owed her.

Braydon never owed anyone anything.

He only owed her!

Whatever he owed Sadie, Braydon would take care of her and make it up to her.

Previously, Braydon had wanted to take Sadie away from Mount Bliz and leave the north to see the ancient capital, Preston, and see the prosperity of the outside world.

However, Sadie stayed on Mount Bliz because of Commander Finley Yanagi's words.

Savannah's slender fingers gently brushed her earlobes and hair as she said, "This Sadie must be very beautiful!" "More beautiful than you!" Braydon said softly.

Savannah's eyes were slightly dull.

Lola stomped her feet angrily. "If you don't know how to speak, then don't. Do you know how to play the piano?" "There's a bunch of people outside who are not interested in hearing your story. You're really good at wasting time!" The skinny man outside finished.

With Braydon's temperament, he would not care too much about his provocation.

Do you think that a true dragon that was ten thousand meters tall would care about the croaking of frogs?

Maybe she's some country bumpkin from a remote village." As soon as he said that, the crowd burst into laughter.

Braydon sat quietly, his slender fingers gently playing the piano.

Buzz!

The sound of a piano was heard, and it turned into an invisible wave. It was as fast as lightning, and it cut through the curtains, turning into an invisible sword light.

Swoosh!

The sound of the piano turned into a sword and instantly pierced through the thin young man's chest.

Blood splattered everywhere!

This scene stunned everyone.

The skinny young man's laughter stopped abruptly. He lowered his head and looked at his chest. His entire face was as pale as a golden paper. He spat out a pool of blood. He was severely injured.

For a moment, the scene was chaotic.

The young man in Armani sportswear said in horror, "Invisible force injuries are the release of force from the outside!" "Force release, king level technique!" "There's a king here!" The situation instantly went out of control, and everyone was stunned.

A king had made a move!

Who was it?

For a moment, everyone was in danger.

This was the power of a king, hidden in the dark. If one was not king, they would not even have the right to resist.

Those below the king level were all ants.

Savannah's eyes were filled with shock. She knew that Braydon had done all of this.

"How did you release the force through the piano?" she asked.

Braydon did not answer. He slowly closed his eyes and played the piano with both hands.

An elegant piano music sounded.

The melody was pleasant to the ears, calming everyone's fear and making them feel at ease.

Immediately after, Braydon used the piano to convey his emotions!

The people outside had never seen Sadie before.

Today, Braydon would let them meet her.

He used the piano to convey his thoughts and emotions, allowing everyone to feel what he was thinking and feel her beauty. This was the original intention of the path of music.

However, if he wanted to do this... That person had to be a piano grandmaster!

What was a piano grandmaster?

A king-level piano master.

Braydon's piano strings fluttered, and the sound of the piano continued.

Savannah slowly closed her eyes and felt the artistic conception of the piano.

She could see it!

The scene in the piano was in the north!

The yellow sand was swept by the west wind, and there were no weeds or people in the endless eight thousand miles of land.

Desolation, deathly silence!

There was no sign of life- The only ones left were the black-clothed elites. Their black banners were the first, with a gilded Qilin picture printed on them. There was an endless black square formation, and they were all riding on large horses. They galloped and sang loudly, sweeping across eight thousand miles of the desert.

Everyone wore black clothes and showed their northern cold sword.

Each of them wore a black scarf to cover their mouths and noses, allowing the yellow sand to sweep through the world.

The northern army's cavalry was unstoppable in the northern desert!

This was the northern army that guarded the northern territory.

The strongest army in Hansworth!

In the entire world, no one could stop the blade of the northern army.

Wherever the blade pointed, it would look disdainful!

Invincible.

This scene was transmitted through the piano, accompanied by the appearance of the ten ruthless men of the northern army.

Their auras were different!

King Cole, Cole Colbie's domineering bearing!

Braydon conjured it with the sound of the piano, and it appeared in everyone's hearts. They were all shocked by it.

Luther Carden, the second in command of the northern army.

King Luther, the leader of the five heavenly kings, had a scholarly air about him. Behind him are the 100,000 soldiers of the second legion of the northern army.

Then, it was the killing God in white, Yuri Qualls!

The ten ruthless men showed themselves one by one.

Their temperaments were different, Braydon had made them appear in everyone's hearts with his piano music.

The path of music was not to be underestimated!

The sound of the piano was filled with the aura of a golden war horse and the killing intent of the northern army military sword.

There was also the fighting spirit of the millions of men in northern army!

When this aura burst out, Braydon's piano music was rapid, like a storm.

In an instant, everyone's faces turned pale. They were all shocked by the terrifying killing intent in the piano and the millions of heroes in the artistic conception!

All of them were pale and spat out blood as they retreated from the pavilion.

“Who is that person in the pavilion?” Someone shouted in shock.

“Who’s playing the piano?!” In the Flitwick family manor, experts quickly approached, extremely shocked and furious..

Chapter 368-Piano Grandmaster Braydon stroked the sycamore piano, and the artistic conception contained in the sound of the piano almost caused the entire Flitwick manor to explode!

Everyone could feel the sound of the piano.

Some people did not feel the artistic conception, but the terrifying killing intent in the piano music shocked all the martial artists.

Many people approached the pavilion.

However, Braydon was playing the piano, and someone was immersed in the artistic conception of the piano.

This person was not a seven-foot-tall man.

It was a weak girl!

She was Savannah Jackel.

Although Savannah’s face was pale, she was like a tough blade of grass under Braydon’s music. No matter how hard the wind blew and the rain fell, she still stubbornly stood tall.

She was the only one who could vaguely see Ludo in the realm!

Eggy of the northern army.

The most mysterious person!

Until today, the outside world still did not know Eggy's identity.

Savannah saw the top ten ruthless people of the northern army through Braydon's music. Every one of them was terrifying.

And the last person!

Braydon did not show Eggy's whole person.

She did not know if it was intentional or if he could not.

Eggy's terrifying existence made Savannah's hands and feet go cold. She felt suffocated.

Fortunately, Braydon did not have any killing intent. He just wanted to play the piano.

As for the injured people outside the pavilion, they were not strong-willed enough, and their mental state was not strong enough. They wanted to face it head on, and in the end, they were injured by the piano music. They were just asking for trouble!

If they could not even withstand the sound of the piano, then there was no need to see what was behind it.

There was only one person present who could feel the intent.

It was Savannah. As the music changed, she saw a mountain in her heart.

It was Mount Bliz.

There was a wooden house at the peak of the mountain. Under an old tree, there was a swing made of wooden vines. On it sat a beautiful girl in a white dress. Her facial features were extremely stunning, and she had a beauty that could topple cities.

Savannah vaguely understood that this must be the Sadie that Braydon was talking about.

She was really beautiful!

Savannah could see the strength of the northern army and Sadie's face through the music.

Before the piano music stopped, a large number of people had already gathered around the pavilion.

Rowan Flitwick was also alarmed, his face turned dark. "Who is in the pavilion?" "A close friend of mine. I'm sorry for disturbing you, Uncle Flitwick. I apologize 011 llls De-'11d115 Savannah was in the pavilion.

The pavilion was surrounded by curtains. Even martial artists could not see the appearance of the people inside through the curtains.

Rowan was shocked. He did not expect Savannah to be in the pavilion.

He smiled brightly. "It's alright. Since it's your friend, and you are an honored guest of the Flitwick family, no harm done. I will get someone to serve you some tea and wine later!" "Thank you, Uncle Flitwick!" Savannah stood up and thanked him softly.

The other martial artists spoke up one after another. "As expected of Lady Savannah's best friend. This piano music is probably at the grandmaster level. It's truly stunning!" "His piano is at the grandmaster level!" Savannah is very serious.

The entire place was silent.

Even Rowan was shocked.

Who was the person playing the piano in the pavilion?

piano grandmasters were kings!

Coincidentally, at this moment, Braydon placed his hands flat on the surface of the piano, and the sound of the piano stopped abruptly.

Everyone looked over.

“piano grandmaster?” Braydon chuckled. “You’re one too!” “Compared to you, I’m much too inferior!” Savannah said humbly.

The conversation between the two of them made people realize that the person who played the piano earlier was a man.

Sammy Dudley stood silently in the distance, the corners of his mouth twitching. He knew that the person who had spoken was his commander!

He ran into the pavilion out of the blue. Was he flirting with girls?

Instead of doing proper work, he actually went to play the piano and was even flirting with a girl.

Sammy’s face darkened. He was not here to play today!

The people around the pavilion had yet to disperse.

A fat middle-aged man suddenly said, "Piano grandmasters are rare to begin with. I didn't expect to see two of you today. Did my nephew offend you?" "Who is your nephew?" Savannah stood up and gently pulled open the curtain, appearing in front of everyone.

She bowed slightly to show her respect to the elders.

However, no one present dared to be arrogant, and they all returned the courtesy as equals.

The reason was simple.

Savannah was a piano grandmaster. Her king level strength was not to be doubted.

She was twenty-three years old this year, the apple of the eye of the capital's Jackel family.

She was the little princess of the Jackel family, who was doted on by thousands of people.

Finally, this year, she was crowned king!

Becoming a king at the age of twenty-three was indeed impressive. She would definitely be a ninth-level king in the future. Would she be able to reach the pinnacle?

No one dared to guarantee it.

Because too many geniuses were not able to reach the pinnacle.

Even for Braydon, the capital did not want him to waste too much time at this bottleneck.

They planned to make use of the official rite ceremony on Mount Tanish's to confer a title on Braydon, attracting the fate of the country, and breaking through to the pinnacle in one fell swoop.

The fat middle-aged man, Tate Youngblood, was from the Youngblood family of the provincial capital. Behind him was the capital's Youngblood family. Tate was from the capital and was a core figure of the powerful families.

Savannah should know who he was.

However, the two of them did not know each other.

Tate was furious. 'Miss Jackel, this matter has nothing to do with you. My nephew was the one who was injured by someone's strength when he heard him playing the piano outside the pavilion!' 'He was rude, and he insulted this person's family. He deserved it!' Savannah said quietly.

Anger appeared in Tate's eyes as he shouted coldly, 'In that case, my nephew deserved this?'

'Ridiculous. The people of the Youngblood family are not so weak that anyone can bully them!'

'Our family is second to none in Hansworth. So what if you are kings!'

'Our family doesn't lack kings!' Tate's clear words were filled with confidence. Savannah frowned. 'This person is my best friend!' This sentence showed where she stood!

Rowan frowned. 'Alright, Savannah, Tate, you don't have to argue anymore. Young man in the pavilion, are you still not going to show your face now that things have come to this?' 'Don't be a coward. You have the guts to hurt people, but you don't have the guts to admit it?' Tate wanted to provoke Braydon.

Braydon, who was in the pavilion, slowly stood up with a smile. He gently picked up the Northern King sword and put it back on. He did not care about the people outside at all.

There were some people who were unhappy. 'A martial artist hiding behind a woman, acting like a king!' 'Are you afraid?' The others frowned.

If a king was such a coward, it would be much too disappointing!

Old Man Zito smiled and scratched his head as he whispered, “Young Master, why don’t I make a move and kill all of them? With the crime of illegally gathering martial artists, I’ll kill all of them on the spot!” This old man was really ruthless!

Tate narrowed his eyes and shouted, ‘What a joke. Do you know how many big shots are here today...’ Boom!

Old Man Zito smiled foolishly.

The honest-looking old man took a step forward, holding a three-foot-long iron sword. His killing intent was like a tide, and his sword intent was like thunder.

Ninth-level king!

Chapter 369-Groot Army, the Nation’s Weapon!

Old Man Zito stood between heaven and earth, his thin body and clothes fluttering in the wind.

He released his aura and suppressed everyone present!

In the entire provincial city, could there be a second ninth-level king?

Ernest Lanford sat by the pond and released his king aura.

The two kings released their killing intent. “Two kings?” Tate Youngblood stammered. “He’s a ninth-level king!” In the crowd, some people were afraid.

A ninth-level king could kill everyone present.

What shocked everyone even more was the background of the person in the pavilion.

The ninth-level king was a servant and respected the person as a young master.

Who was the person in the pavilion?

Braydon's white clothes were like snow, untainted by the mortal world. He lifted his left hand slightly and opened the curtain. He walked out with a faint smile.

"I hear that the Youngblood family is looking for me?" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. He had the Northern King sword by his waist. He had left the cloud Qilin robe in the pavilion as a gift to Savannah Jackel.

She was a direct descendant of a powerful family.

In the future, if the northern army went south, the cold sword would sweep across the powerful and aristocratic families, and all the martial artists would die.

Savannah was a direct descendant of the Jackel family, so she naturally could not escape being killed.

However, if she kept the gilded Qilin robe. The people of the northern army would not touch her.

No one would dare to touch her!

This was an amulet.

Not only could it protect Savannah, but it could also protect her parents and family.

When the time came, the northern army would give Savannah and her people a way out.

At this moment, Braydon asked Tate with a faint smile if the Youngblood family was looking for him.

Tate was slightly horrified. This white-robed youth gave him a strange feeling.

It was a little terrifying!

When the white-robed youth went out on his daily trips, he actually had king figures as his servants.

They were even ninth-level kings.

Even the outstanding disciples of the powerful families could not enjoy such treatment!

There was no pinnacle in the society now.

Ninth-level kings were the best!

They were regarded as the strongest.

But now, a ninth-level king was a servant. The feeling he gave off was too shocking.

Tate gulped. He had thought that the person in the pavilion was only a first-level king.

When it came to low level kings, the Youngblood family was not afraid.

But today, the person Tate offended was not a first-level king.

They were three kings!

Among them, there were even ninth -level kings.

Ninth-level kings were important figures who were treated as distinguished guests by all the powerful and aristocratic families.

Even Duke Lowe would show some courtesy in front of a ninth-level king.

Now, everyone instantly understood!

Who said that this white-robed youth did not have the guts to come out from the pavilion earlier?

Who said that he had the guts to hurt someone but did not have the guts to admit it?

He was simply ignoring them!

A white-robed youth who had a ninth-level king servant had a background that was definitely more terrifying than they had imagined.

Looking at the people around the pavilion, how many kings were there?

Other than Savannah, there was no one else!

Thus, Braydon was not bothered. In the eyes of outsiders, it had already become a matter of course.

If one was not king level, they would not even have the right to talk to Braydon.

Tate was being loud and rude earlier.

Even if he was given ten more guts now, he still would not dare to say a word.

After Old Man Zito released his killing intent, everyone was silent.

Everyone understood what it meant.

The families behind each of them would definitely not offend a ninth-level king because of people like him.

To put it bluntly, he was only one step away from reaching the pinnacle.

Although this bottleneck was extremely difficult to break through, there was always a chance!

What if he had the opportunity to step into the pinnacle realm?

Then this person would be the most important weapon of the country.

At that time, such a person would slaughter an entire family and kill everyone.

No one among the powerful and aristocratic families would dare to stand out.

The capital would ignore it!

The status of a pinnacle was as such.

It was that terrifying!

Therefore, no one dared to provoke a ninth-level king.

Even if someone dared to provoke him, it would be someone like Braydon who was fearless of a ninth-level king.

Even if it was a half-step pinnacle, the dignified Braydon was fearless and had the battle record of killing a half-step pinnacle.

Do you think Braydon will be afraid of a true pinnacle?

If the eight king-conferring techniques were fully unleashed, it could kill a pinnacle!

Otherwise, why would the capital confer additional titles to Braydon?

A portion of the higher-ups in the hundred countries around the world were restless all night because of Braydon.

Because of Braydon alone, the other countries feared the northern army.

He was the current Northern King, and his body was related to the fate of the country.

As long as he was alive, he could protect Hansworth forever.

He alone could push Hansworth to the top of the world.

Before that, Braydon had to get rid of the powerful families, aristocratic families and sects.

The three poisonous insects had to be eliminated!

At this moment.

When Tate saw this scene, he was completely dumbfounded.

He braced himself and said weakly, "I..." 'Who is the leader of the Youngblood family? Jacob Youngblood or Nicholas Youngblood?' Braydon ignored Tate and did not even let him finish his sentence.

Sammy appeared and explained, "Jacob Youngblood announced eight years ago that he would sever all ties with the Youngblood family. They no longer have ties with one another." "Give Jacob Youngblood a call. I haven't seen him in a long time!" Braydon stood in the pavilion with his hands behind his back.

The Flitwick family's guests looked at each other.

Tate felt a little awkward, and his whole body was filled with goosebumps.

There was no other reason.

Twenty years ago, a genius appeared in the Youngblood family, and his name was Jacob Youngblood!

As a branch family disciple, he suppressed all the direct descendants of the Youngblood family. His talent was so high that even the ancestors of the family valued him and took him in as their disciple.

Due to his status as a branch family disciple, he did not become the next successor of the family.

But even so, everyone knew that with his talent, he would definitely be crowned king!

If he was a king, even the family head had to respect him.

However, the Youngblood family had an internal conflict back then and was involved in the battle of the higher-ups. His only brother died tragically, and his corpse was not intact on the day he was buried. In a fit of anger, Jacob charged out of the Youngblood family.

The two sides turned against each other.

According to the rules of the powerful families, if any of their disciples went against them, they would be hunted down to the end!

He fled in response to the battle and was hunted down for seventeen days!

For a full seventeen days, his beloved died of illness in a foreign land, and he was chased to the end of the world.

Later on, perhaps it was not his destiny to die, he met the Groot army.

The Groot army, also known as the Groot cavalry, was one of the seven elites of Hansworth.

The current leader was Christopher Jenkins of the Jenkins family.

The Jenkins family had been loyal for generations!

Ever since Braydon suggested that all the descendants of the powerful families withdraw from the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions, Christopher gave a death order. Other than him, all the disciples of the Jenkins family were to leave the various divisions, departments and armies.

Those who disobeyed the order would be killed without mercy!

Why did the leader of the Groot army listen to the Northern King's orders?

At this moment, Sammy found Christopher's contact information in the Central Plains main team system and made a call.

A determined young man in military uniform appeared on the screen projected by the watch.

"Jacob!" Braydon chuckled with his hands behind his back..

Chapter 370-Third of Next Month, Hundred Generals MeetingEndlessFantasy Everyone around the pavilion looked over.

Tate Youngblood was especially shocked.

The figure projected on the wristwatch was really Jacob Youngblood!

Jacob was dressed in military attire. His face was as sharp as a knife, and his entire body exuded the iron-blooded spirit of the military. He frowned slightly. He did not expect that the Central Plains main team would take the initiative to contact him.

Before he could come back to his senses, Braydon called out.

Jacob's pupils constricted. He looked over sharply and immediately recognized who this white-robed youth was.

Swoosh!

He stood up straight and saluted with his right hand.

This scene shocked everyone.

Jacob shouted, "Groot army's Jacob Youngblood greets Commander Neal!" The entire place was silent.

Everyone was stunned!

This 'Commander Neal' caused the expressions of Tate and the others to change drastically.

There were only a handful of people in the military who had been granted the title of commander.

Every single one of them was a king.

They had great achievements, inherited the fate of the country, and were ranked as commanders. Even the people in the powerful families did not dare to offend them.

They were definitely powerful figures!

Jacob's words were absolutely true.

He was the second regimental commander of the Groot army, and he had 100,000 elites under him.

He was ranked among the 100 generals of the Military Department!

All the generals in the Military Department knew the Northern King. Among the generals like Jacob, they preferred to call Braydon Commander Braydon was the leader of the hundred generals and deserved to be called Commander Neal.

At this moment, everyone felt their scalps go numb. Most of them probably had an answer in their hearts.

His surname was Neal, and he was a commander.

He was so young, yet he was still wearing cotton clothes!

Who was he?

Northern region commoner, King Braydon!

In this world, there was only one Commander Neal.

Braydon chuckled. “Jacob, how’s life in the Groot army? Do you want to come to the northern army?”
“Commander Neal, teacher has given me a new lease of life. In this life, I will not change my allegiance.”
He was a loyal man, and he was a soldier.

Naturally, he would be straightforward.

Moreover, the hundred generals of the military knew their own Northern King.

If they had something to say, just say it. There was no need to hide it.

Furthermore, Christopher Jenkins was the one who saved him and accepted him as a disciple when he was being hunted down.

Even if the Youngblood family protested, they would not dare to kill their way into the Groot army.

If they dared to attack the Groot army, Christopher would lead the cavalry and raze the Youngblood family.

In addition, Jacob was now Christopher’s student. He was now ranked among the 100 generals of the military.

Who dared to touch him?

In this world, whoever dared to attack the hundred generals of the Military Department in public was clearly seeking death.

If the people in the country dared to make a move, the outcome would be the whole family being wiped out.

If anyone outside the borders dared to attack, it would be considered as challenging the prestige of the country and a declaration of war!

The seven elites of the country, each of the leaders, were all iron-blooded people who had experienced battles of slaughter.

If anyone dared to touch their soldiers, these people would turn around and kill them!

Don't doubt it. Military men are the most protective of their own.

They were all ruthless people who could do what they said.

"On the third of next month, a meeting of the hundred generals will be held in Preston!" Braydon said softly with his hands behind his back.

"Yes, sir!" Jacob's expression was solemn.

Ever since Braydon was conferred the title of king at the age of seventeen and killed the armies of the eight countries outside the borders, the position of the leader of the hundred generals was confirmed.

The Military Department spoke with their military achievements!

After Braydon's position was confirmed, he would oversee the northern territory.

All these years, he had never held a meeting of the hundred generals as the leader of the hundred generals.

And now Braydon actually said that!

The capital would be the happiest to hear that.

Dominic Lowe and the others in the capital were not afraid of Braydon calling a meeting of the hundred generals, nor were they afraid of Braydon mobilizing the northern army.

The northern army's lineage had always been an independent force of Hansworth.

It was deep in everyone's bones.

There was no need to worry at all!

What gave Dominic and the others a headache was that Braydon, this little fox, did not even acknowledge his identity as the commander of the northern army when he was in the northern territory.

As for the title of Northern King, he did not even acknowledge it!

He had always been a commoner in the north.

The commoner had clean sleeves and no official position.

Him calling himself that was giving the capital a headache!

Braydon's achievements surpassed the world.

If he didn't accept the titles, who among the elites of the northern army would dare to accept the titles.

Now, Braydon was going to hold a meeting of the hundred generals.

This was the most basic authority that the head of the hundred generals had!

The hundred generals were spread throughout the seven elite forces and would all participate.

Jacob hung up the call, his expression even more solemn.

He understood in his heart.

This was the first time Braydon had convened a meeting of a hundred generals, so there was definitely going to be a big move. Or rather, he was going to do something big!

Based on the current situation.

There were only two reasons why Braydon had called for this meeting.

They were either targeting the powerful and aristocratic families, or he wanted to take back the thirty-six islands of Ludwig!

These two things were important to the country.

Braydon had already made his stance clear. Before he was conferred the titles, he wanted to give the capital a big gift. This gift was the Ludwig thirty-six islands.

It was Hansworth's territory!

The thirty-six islands had been lost for decades. It was time for Braydon's generation to take them back.

If they did not take it back, it would be a disgrace to all the seven elites!

Moreover, Banko carried the blood of the 700,000 men of the Ludwig army.

If he did not take revenge, Braydon would not act as the master of the northern territory.

At this moment, around the pavilion.

It was deathly silent!

Braydon did not say anything, so no one dared to say anything.

At this moment, who could not tell!

This young man in white was the current Northern King.

People with conferred titles were all ruthless characters.

At this moment, Savannah Jackel said gently, "Savannah of the Jackel family greets the Northern King!" "You recognize me?" Braydon's eyes flashed with an undetectable fondness.

Savannah clasped her hands behind her back and nodded obediently. "Yes, I recognize you!" Braydon and Savannah were old friends?

The two of them met each other when they were young!

This fate started when Braydon was fourteen years old. He met Savannah, who was seventeen years old, in the northern desert.

Speaking of this matter.

"How's your brother, that idiot with no sense of direction?" Braydon could not help but laugh.

"Just like before, he's a martial arts fanatic. He only thinks of the north and wants me to bring him there to fight with you again." Savannah's delicate face was filled with innocence.

She was even more worried.

Having a brother that was a martial arts fanatic had caused Savannah great despair.

Back then Braydon had become famous when he was nine years old. He was conferred the title of marquis at the age of thirteen and was known as the little marquis of the northern territory. Almost all the martial artists in Hansworth knew about him.

Savannah's brother, who was a complete martial arts fanatic, after hearing about Braydon, secretly brought his sister to the northern territory to challenge Braydon.

In the end, he got lost!