

Strongest 376

Chapter 376-He Alone Can Suppress the Capital!

When Dominic Lowe heard this, his face darkened on the spot.

This reply was really infuriating!

What kind of trouble was the governor office up to this time!

Song's emissary, who was sitting at the side, angrily slammed the table and protested, "Duke Lowe, how dare your country's governor office humiliate millions of people of Song! This is a serious matter!" "Regarding this, I raise a serious objection!" The emissary was furious.

They thought that Westley Hader and the other two were humiliating them.

"We'll deal with this matter seriously," Dominic explained with a bitter smile. "Don't worry. We'll give you an explanation." The emissary finally calmed down.

The most important thing was that the governor office did not like Song.

Westley and the others had never put a small country in their eyes.

In the distant Song, they made an official announcement starting a serious protest.

"Other than protesting, what else can you do?!" When the Song officials received the response, they became so angry that they were fuming by the ears.

The governors' words were becoming more and more outrageous!

Instantly.

The official department of Song protested again.

The governor officer retorted, "What do we owe you?" The words reached the Central Bureau.

Duke Lowe finally could not sit still anymore. He sent off the emissary of Song and went to the governor office with a dark face.

In the main hall of the governor office.

A black-robed youth sat on the golden dragon chair. It was Westley. Below him were the hundred War Gods of the governor office. They stood silently.

"What are you doing?" Dominic asked. "Duke Lowe, what advice do you have?" Westley asked despite knowing the answer.

When Dominic saw the three people from the governor office, he immediately felt tired and swallowed the words that were about to come out of his mouth.

Finally, he said weakly, "From today onward, the governor office will temporarily have its right to respond to the other countries revoked." "Why!" Tristan Yandell was instantly displeased.

He had not had enough of Song yet!

"Why?" Dominic asked in a muffled voice. "Don't you know what's going to happen if this continues?" "The twenty-four divisions of the capital all have the right to respond to the countries outside the borders, but the basic rights of the governor office have been revoked. Duke Lowe wants to kick the governor office out of the twenty-four divisions?"

Westley stood up with his hands behind his back. The smile on his face was a little cold.

Everyone in the main hall had solemn expressions.

Kicking their zovernor office out of the ranks of the twentv-four divisions.

That was a big deal!

Dominic knew that none of the three bad eggs of the governor office were easy to deal with.

Westley's current problem was obviously a deep pit.

A huge pit.

Dominic was smarter now.

He said in a low voice, "The governor office shoulders a heavy responsibility. The Central Bureau is fully responsible for the affairs of Song. You three are not allowed to participate in it anymore. Do you understand?" "I don't understand!" Westley smiled.

Tristan and Nico Yates stood silently behind him, not giving Dominic any face in the hall.

Immediately after.

"Song secretly sent a special envoy to cross the border without permission," Westley said softly with his hands behind his back. "Duke Lowe, do you know Why?," "This matter is under investigation." Dominic did not know what Song wanted to do.

Tristan sneered. "There's no need to investigate. Song sent a secret envoy to bring a secret document for the commander to sign. If the commander signs it, it means that ten of the Ludwig islands will belong to Song forever!" "What?" Dominic was furious.

There was no doubt that the ten islands belonged to Hansworth This was their land!

How could they cede it to a foreign country?

More importantly, if Braydon signed this document... His life would be ruined.

It was akin to betraying the country!

With Braydon's personality, how could he sign such a document?

Song was really crazy.

Sending an emissary group to specially look for Braydon to sign this kind of thing was truly courting death.

Dominic immediately understood the cause of this matter and why Braydon had started a massacre.

King Braydon was not at fault in this matter!

Westley put his hands behind his back and smiled. "Is there anything else, Duke Lowe?" "Yes, on the third of next month, the Northern King wants to hold a meeting for the hundred generals. Is that true?" Dominic's gaze was solemn.

This matter was of great importance. As the duke, he had to ask.

As for the incident in Song, it was nothing compared to this!

"Yes!" Nico nodded and said in a low voice. "It's true!" "Do you have any objections?" Tristan was a simple-minded person.

Dominic ignored this idiot and said solemnly, "The Northern King is in charge of the northern army and is ranked first among the hundred generals of the Military Department. He has the right to convene a meeting of the hundred generals!

"The leader of the hundred generals, calling a meeting of the hundred generals is the power of the Northern King!" Dominic had no objections.

On the contrary, when necessary, the the capital would give all its support.

An expected.

Braydon no longer called himself a commoner in the north.

Instead, he admitted his identity as the leader of the hundred generals!

The capital was absolutely supportive of this.

Otherwise, if Braydon would not even acknowledge his status as the leader of the hundred generals, nor accept the title of Northern King, would he even accept the titles on Mount Tanish? The answer was as clear as day.

At this moment.

"The meeting will begin on the third of next month. The three of us need to go to Preston." "Oh right, I'll help Gordon, Bryan, Carl, and the little fool apply for leave. Although they are commanders, they are all ranked among the hundred generals." Tristan said.

Dominic nodded. "The four commanders are under the jurisdiction of your office. You can handle it yourself. I want to know what the Northern King wants to do." "Start a war!" Westley's deep eyes stared at Dominic. He opened his mouth, but there was no sound.

However, only Dominic could see the way he mouthed those words.

Below the main hall, the hundred War Gods' vision was blocked. They did not know what their governor had said.

Dominic was expressionless.

This old fox did not respond in any way.

Regarding Westley's words.

Duke Lowe instantly understood what Braydon wanted to do.

He wanted to reclaim the 36 islands of Ludwig!

Regarding this matter, Dominic and the others had been making preparations.

When Braydon returned from the northern territory, he had already vaguely revealed that before he was conferred titles on Mount Tanish, he would give the capital a big gift.

This gift was the 36 Ludwig islands.

They had been Hansworth's territory since ancient times.

Now, they had been occupied by small countries outside the border for a full 40 years.

It was time to take them back!

The capital would undoubtedly support this move!

Dominic would also do his best to help. What opinions would the various entities of the capital have?

Dominic would suppress them with all his might.

Even though this old man had been beaten up several times by a few ruthless people from the northern army recently, he was still the current duke!

The leader of the ministers, Dominic Lowe!

His prestige spread throughout the entire hall.

In the capital, who dared to underestimate Dominic?

As a duke, he shouldered the hopes of the people of the world. To a certain extent, he was also a person who carried the fate of the country.

This was a great person of indomitable spirit.

He alone could suppress the capital!

Chapter 377-Peerless Beauty Illuminates the Capital!

In the provincial capital of Quill, outside the Central Plains main team building.

After Braydon left the Flitwick family's manor, he did not stay for long. He took the S97 helicopter and headed back.

Before leaving.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "The Flitwick family is colluding with foreign enemies. Other than Leah Flitwick, all Flitwick family martial artists are to be killed on the spot!" "Yes, sir!" Sammy Dudley's body was as straight as a spear, and his tiger eyes were like torches.

The pitch black helicopter's propellers whirred as the body slowly took off.

On the way back, there were two more girls.

It was Savannah Jackel and Lola Langley!

"Fly straight to the capital, to the Jackel family's place!" Braydon changed his schedule.

The pilot got the order and immediately changed course.

Before the helicopter took off, the fuel tank was filled up and could support the flight to the capital.

In the cabin.

Savannah sat quietly, as quiet as ever.

Lola was a little nervous. After all, the person in front of her was the famous Northern King!

It would be a lie if she was not afraid.

"Savannah, can you tell me how Jace is doing now?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

Savannah's eyes reddened when he mentioned Jace Jackel. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

Braydon raised his left hand and gently wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes. A touch of tenderness flashed across his eyes.

The cabin was silent for a moment.

Savannah still refused to tell him.

Braydon did not want to force her, so he asked softly, "Savannah, tell me, is Jace still alive?" "Yes!" Savannah nodded.

But there was something she did not say, and that was... It was better to die than to live!

Braydon reached out and gently brushed the messy black hair around her crystal-clear earlobe. He said gently like a next-door brother, "Let's not talk about Jace anymore. Let's talk about you. How's your life been these years?" "It's alright!" Savannah smiled sweetly. She was like a blooming lotus flower, pure and untainted by the world.

It seemed as if she was like this all the time.

She had good intentions and was not disturbed by the trivialities of the outside world.

Lola pouted and said softly, "Hmph, how are you okay? They bully you from time to time. If it wasn't for Lilian Jackel framing you the day before yesterday, we wouldn't have been chased out." "Don't talk about these things!" Savannah glared at Lola angrily.

Lola did not understand Braydon, but how could Savannah not

Back then, she and Jace stayed in the northern territory for a whole year and had seen the Northern King's elegance when he was only fourteen years old.

Although Braydon was young in the past, he was indeed a ruthless person.

During that period, the north was constantly invaded by the eight countries outside the borders.

That kind of terrifying and high-pressure life was so oppressive that everyone could not breathe. It was extremely dangerous. Braydon took it head-on with his young body.

Savannah was the witness.

She also knew that this little brother of hers was the most protective of her.

Lola seemed to have realized her mistake and lowered her head without saying anything.

Ernest Lanford's face was filled with a fatherly smile as he said, "There's still some time before we arrive in the capital. Let's have a chat. Lola, tell Grandpa Ernest, is the internal strife among the young disciples of the Jackel family bad?" "Yes. There's great internal strife amongst the younger generation." Lola answered instinctively and looked at Savannah timidly.

This was not something he could not talk about, right?

She was just answering the question that was asked.

Ernest's questions were all for Braydon.

Behind every question, many things could be inferred.

Just like how Ernest asked about internal strife among the younger generation in the Jackel family.

None of the direct descendants could think of being alone!

Including Jace and Savannah.

The two of them lived in the northern territory for as long as a year.

With the northern army and powerful families' rocky relationship, it was now considered a formal confrontation.

One could imagine that Savannah and Jace's one year of living in the northern territory had become a stain that could never be erased.

Of course, within the powerful families, this was a fatal stain.

After Savannah returned from the northern territory, she was targeted.

Although the elders in the family had let Savannah off, they did not let Jace off.

On the night Jace left the northern territory and returned home, the hundreds of powerful families were gathered at the Jackel family's place.

Only for one person.

That was Jace!

Their goal was to get Jace to tell them everything about the north.

Because the northern region was too difficult to infiltrate. The people of the dark division could not infiltrate it, and the people of the twenty-four divisions of the capital could not infiltrate it either.

Every year, the powerful and aristocratic families would send people to secretly infiltrate it.

As a result, they were all caught by the northern army guards and killed on the spot.

Information regarding the northern army.

All the major forces basically had nothing.

They did not understand the north at all.

However, Jace was in the northern territory for a year, and it was said that he had joined the northern army to fight.

One year was enough for him to come into contact with many secrets in the northern army.

Even though he could not get the core secrets, he should at least know about the many secrets that the outside world did not know, right?

After all, the various powerful families did not even know the most basic information.

Therefore, it was obvious that the powerful families had forced Jace to tell them everything.

Jace took on everything.

He did not say a word!

In Jace's heart, this was considered betrayal!

If it was not for Duke Lowe of the Central Bureau who conferred him the title of marquis, claiming that he had done a great job in protecting the country, Jace would have died long ago.

In the cabin.

Ernest smiled kindly, as if he was chatting about his daily life.

Braydon listened quietly. He understood that Savannah's status in the family had been pushed aside to the point where she was not even comparable to a branch family disciple.

Their daily expenses and treatment were even worse than those of the branch family.

She had no right to speak at all.

However, no one dared to kill Savannah.

This girl had reached king level this year.

Not everyone could bully kings.

If Savannah was not so kind and forbearing, no one would dare to bully her!

If it was a ruthless person like Jacob Youngblood, he would have long charged out.

As the helicopter slowed down, the control tower in the capital city became extremely nervous.

This was the third time Braydon had taken a helicopter to the capital.

How could the control tower not register this helicopter and immediately open up an empty helipad?

The helicopter slowly came to a stop.

Braydon held Savannah's cold and soft hand. He could feel her small hand tremble instinctively.

It was not because men and women should not touch each other!

Savannah was naturally close to Braydon. When he held her hand, she would not tremble. She would only feel at ease. Her hands were trembling from fear!

What was Savannah afraid of?

Braydon pinched her little nose affectionately and smiled dotingly. "Don't be afraid. I'll protect you. Today, the capital will open for you!" "You, Savannah, are the pearl of the capital today. Your peerless beauty will illuminate the capital!" Braydon held her little hand and said softly.

Savannah raised her head, tears flashing in her eyes.

How many years had it been?

Ever since her brother was imprisoned, no one had cared for her like this.

At this moment.

"Frazer, the people of the north don't walk the path of elusion and tolerance!

"If we want to go somewhere, we walk the path of light!

"Today, I want to wear the royal robe of the Northern King!" Braydon wanted to wear the royal robe of Northern King for Savannah..

Chapter 378-My Brother Is Here Braydon Neal wanted Savannah Jackel, who had suffered so much, to become the most dazzling girl in the capital.

At this moment.

Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford silently followed and stood to the side.

Braydon's white robe was like snow as he held Savannah's cold hand and walked slowly toward the southern gate of the capital.

This gate was closed.

Two rows of armed capital guards stood straight outside the country gate.

On both sides of the country gate, a fast lane was built for the daily travel of the people.

Braydon stood quietly outside the gate.

In front of the southern gate of the capital, the War Gods guarding the capital took turns on duty every day.

Today, the capital garrison War God sent was Frodo Lance!

When the ordinary guard saw Braydon approaching, he frowned and scolded, "This is the national gate. People who have no business here should not approach!" "Impudent!" Frodo looked over and arrived in a flash. Cold sweat trickled down his back as he bowed and cupped his fists. "The capital garrison's Frodo Lance greets His Highness the Northern King!" Braydon ignored him.

On the contrary.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. His indifferent voice was like a dragon's roar, resounding through half of the capital.

"Braydon Neal of the northern army. I have arrived in the capital today and am here to accept my titles." His calm words were like thunder, rolling out.

Dominic Lowe, who was in the governor office, was instantly dumbfounded.

He heard Braydon's voice!

Westley Hader strode out and said softly, "Duke Lowe, my brother is here!" "Ah, welcome the Northern King into the capital with the national etiquette.

Quickly prepare the royal robe for the Northern King!" Dominic came back to his senses and issued two orders.

At this moment, Dominic grinned!

The old man smiled happily. For some reason, tears flashed in his eyes.

Perhaps he was feeling emotional.

Or perhaps Braydon finally accepted the capital and the title of the Northern King!

Over the years, Braydon had been standing tall in the northern territory.

He would not accept any titles.

He would not accept any promotion.

He called himself a commoner!

Unknowingly, this matter became a huge rock in the hearts of Dominic and the others.

Dominic did not know what had happened.

However, Braydon had arrived and said that he had come to accept the title.

That meant that he acknowledged his identity as the Northern King.

In front of the southern gate of the capital.

Frodo was shocked. After he recovered his senses, he hurriedly ordered and shouted, "Open the gates of the country and welcome the Northern King into the capital!" "Open the country gates!" Several voices urgently passed down the order.

The thick and heavy national gate slowly opened.

Behind the gate, Duke Lowe led the tens of thousands of the capital guards to welcome them.

Nico Yates was holding a white robe with both hands. The sleeves were embroidered with golden threads and there was a small golden Qilin inside.

The size of the clothes matched Braydon's figure.

It was a windbreaker!

There were three types of the Northern King golden Qilin robes.

Unfortunately, Braydon had never worn any of them.

Dominic bowed with his left hand, lowering his salute by half a seniority. He said loudly, "Dominic Lowe of the Central Bureau welcomes the Northern King to the capital!" "Greetings, Northern King!" Westley said.

Nico was already beside Braydon with the robe in his hands.

Braydon chuckled and instantly put on the white windbreaker. It was like a white robe, but also like a cloak.

On the back of the robe, there was a lifelike cloud stepping golden Qilin embroidered.

The Qilin stepped on the clouds, looking noble and extraordinary.

The might of a king was felt by everyone.

Three years ago, Braydon should have worn this cloud treading Qilin robe.

For some reason, it was only today that Braydon put on this robe. Under the eyes of ten thousand people.

Braydon held Savannah's hand and walked into the capital.

The two rows of the capital guards lowered their heads and said, "Your Highness, the Northern King!" Everyone greeted him with courtesy.

Braydon could take it, but Savannah was a little nervous.

She had never thought that her little brother would enter the capital with such a grand display.

Braydon walked on the red carpet and said softly, "Accompany me to the capital and receive the title. Everyone will remember you. From today onward, no one will dare to touch you!" Savannah's eyes turned red again.

She vaguely understood that Braydon was willing to compromise and accept the title today because of her!

Otherwise, with Braydon's personality, if there was no other reason, who knew how long the cloud treading Qilin robe would be covered in dust.

Savannah had witnessed Braydon's power. From now on, no one would dare to touch her.

Savannah was the only one by Braydon's side as he received the title.

Touching her was the same as shaking Braydon's Northern King throne.

The capital would not allow such a thing to happen.

Dominic asked softly from behind, "Is this the girl from the Jackel family?" "It's her. Don't prepare for the ceremony!" Westley reminded.

Dominic frowned. "How can we not prepare for the coronation ceremony of the Northern King? We should inform the world about this." "You still can't tell? My brother has entered the capital again, wanting to accept the title of Northern King that was conferred three years ago. Don't you think it's odd?" Westley reminded Dominic again.

As for the ceremony to confer the title of Northern King, it was better to forget about it.

Braydon did not come to the capital to accept the title.

It was obvious that they were here to kill!

Dominic then thought about what Westley said. He felt that since Braydon had already acknowledged the identity of the Northern King, the ceremony should be held.

"Duke Lowe, I'm going to the Jackel family. Please lead the way!" Braydon said calmly.

“No, I’ve prepared a ceremony for you!” Dominic hurriedly said.

However, Braydon rejected him with a smile.

There was no need for the ceremony.

He had not come to the capital to accept the title.

It was for the sake of Marquis Jace Jackel!

They passed through the bustling streets and arrived outside a manor in the northern part of the capital.

This was the Jackel family’s place!

Braydon raised his hand slightly, indicating for Westley and the others to go back. There was no need to follow them in.

Dominic watched as Braydon led Savannah in. He turned around and asked, “Westley, what is going on?” “Do you still remember Marquis Jace?” Westley was from the northern territory.

When he saw Braydon and Savannah going together to the Jackel family, Westley understood everything.

Braydon had come to the capital for Jace Jackel!

“You mean Jace Jackel who returned from the northern territory six years ago? Dominic asked.

Nico and the rest nodded slightly.

Meanwhile, Savannah had brought Braydon to the depths of the manor. There were many young and handsome women around them.

When Savannah returned, many people looked at her with a frown.

To be more precise, many of them were hostile!

Braydon had noticed this subtle change.

Not far away, a fair-skinned girl walked over. Her oval face was fair and clean, and her makeup was obviously meticulously done.

She blocked the way and looked at Braydon holding Savannah's hand.

Instantly.

The oval-faced girl, Lilian Jackel, said coldly, "Where did this adulterous couple come from? Their behavior is so indecent!" "Lilian Jackel, don't go too far!" Lola Langley was instantly angered by her.

Savannah had never been bullied by Lilian.

"I'm going too far?" Lilian sneered. "Savannah, how can you be so shameless? You're engaged now, and you're still playing with this pretty boy.. You've already slept with him, right?"

Chapter 379-Is This Still Him?

"Lilian Jackel!" Savannah Jackel's face turned red.

However, with her personality, she would rather be killed than to argue with others.

Braydon ignored a clown like Lilian. He turned around and smiled. "Savannah, you're already a king. Why are you still being bullied by her?" Savannah needed to explain.

If Savannah said that Lilian had something on her, Braydon would believe her.

If Savannah said that she did not like to solve things by force, Braydon would believe her.

With Braydon's perception, it was not hard to see Lilian's strength.

She was just a beginner warlord.

She was not even a War God, let alone a marquis.

How dare she bully Savannah like this?

If there was no reason for this, Braydon would never believe it.

So, everything needs to be explained.

On the other hand, Lilian sneered, "Where did you come from, country bumpkin? Do you know where this is? You actually dare to meddle in other people's business. When the time comes, you won't even have the chance to cry." "Ask her to shut up. She's a little annoying!" Braydon was as quiet as the spring breeze.

Even though he was sick of the person, he still said it so nonchalantly.

Old Man Zito was already so old that he did not have any mercy on women. He flashed and slapped her.

Smack!

He sent Lilian flying in the air and shut her up completely.

“Don’t touch her!” Savannah panicked.

“Why?” Ernest Lanford questioned Savannah.

On the way to the capital, Ernest asked many questions.

He guessed that something had happened to Jace Jackel!

However, Savannah was a little girl. She was soft on the outside but tough on the inside. She was stubborn in her bones.

She refused to say.

Lilian’s hair was disheveled, her face was red and swollen, and all her teeth had fallen out. She looked like a crazy woman.

“Savannah, how dare you have someone hit me?” she screamed. Believe it or not, I will ask my father to kill Jace!” Savannah’s tears flowed down, her eyes pleading.

This was her weakness!

Savannah was already a king, so why was she still being bullied by Lilian? Why was she only able to give in?

This was the reason!

Jace was Savannah’s weakness.

Braydon turned around and pulled Savannah into his arms. He could feel the fear and despair hidden in her soft body.

It was hard to imagine Savannah returning to the Jackel family from the northern territory.

What had she experienced in the past six years!

Braydon gently patted her back and comforted her gently, "Savannah, it's okay. No one will dare to bully you today!" The gentle words fell softly.

Braydon's cold voice rang out, "Pry open her mouth." Ernest stepped forward and personally did this.

Lilian was a little afraid. She was showing off in front of her family, but in front of outsiders, she was showing an ugly side of herself.

"What are you doing?" she asked, a little scared. "Don't touch me, help me!" The sharp sound caused a commotion.

The Jackel family did not lack martial artists.

There was no lack of experts.

A War God released his pressure and quickly approached. Accompanied by a deep voice, he said, "Who is hurting others?" "Noisy!" Old Man Zito turned his head indifferently. An invisible force brushed past the ground.

Swoosh!

The green lawn was crushed into a ravine and landed on the War God, heavily injuring him.

“Releasing force... You’re a conferred king!” The people from the Jackel family were all stunned.

This old man was king level!

Ernest, who was at the side, frightened Lilian into revealing Jace’s whereabouts.

“Young Master, Jace is imprisoned in the dungeon of the manor.” Before Ernest could say anything, Braydon had already heard what Lilian had said.

Jace was still alive.

However, he was locked up in a dungeon built by the Jackel family.

He had been imprisoned for six whole years!

When Jace returned from the northern territory, he was locked up in the dungeon by the Jackel family.

On the night of their return, the people from the various powerful families interrogated Jace about everything about the northern army.

Jace did not say a word.

That night, he was crippled by the Jackel family and imprisoned in the dungeon.

He took on everything by himself.

He did this to protect his sister, Savannah.

For the past six years, the conflict between the powerful families and the northern army had deepened.

None of the powerful families had given up on Jace.

They wanted to use this opportunity to find out all the secrets of the northern army.

As for the things that the various powerful families wanted, Jace knew all of it.

But he just did not tell them.

The six years of imprisonment, darkness, and inhumane torture.

Jace took it silently and never relented.

As for the Jackel family, they announced that Jace was still the young master of the younger generation.

They had hidden it for six years.

During this period, the torture Jace suffered was not something that could be described in a few words. RI It tn Rrnvdnn If you could not explain things in one or two sentences, then say it slowly, one sentence at a time.

The debt would be settled one by one!

Savannah was protected by Braydon, and she eventually calmed down.

Braydon had already guessed the source of the fear and despair in her body!

If it were you, if you watched as your brother, who had loved you since you were young, was ruthlessly crippled and imprisoned by your so-called relatives one night, how desperate would you be when you were young? At that moment, the entire family had abandoned you.

You were an abandoned child.

Growing up in such an environment, Savannah had not lost her love for the world. She was still kind.

That was already a miracle!

Braydon held Savannah's hand and went to the entrance of the black circular building built by the Jackel family. There were two middle-aged men guarding the entrance.

They were no strangers to Savannah. They said coldly, "You're here again. Remember, you can only go in to see him once a month. You're not allowed to give him food, and don't even think about taking him with you." "Got it." Savannah entered the room quietly. Braydon was not questioned.

Perhaps these two gatekeepers were slacking off too.

Over the years, the Jackel family had used countless methods to pry open Jace's mouth, but in the end, they all failed.

The two gatekeepers probably thought that Savannah had brought this white-robed youth in as a new way to force Jace to speak.

They probably did not expect it either.

Braydon was a ruthless person. He had directly killed his way into the Jackel family without any hesitation.

In this dark and damp dungeon, cockroaches and rats could be seen everywhere. It was very putrid.

Savannah did not mind.

Everyone had the right to despise this place, but she could not.

Because her brother had been imprisoned here for six years.

At the end of the dungeon, there was an iron prison. The iron railings were made of steel bars with a diameter of nine centimeters. A man was nailed to the wall of the iron prison.

That's right, his limbs were nailed to the wall!

This person was as thin as a stick, and his entire body was emitting a stench.

Have you ever seen a person with hair growing on his body?

It was green mold.

Now, the person nailed to the wall was covered in green moldy hair.

Braydon stopped, only seven meters away.

Yet, he did not dare to take another step forward!

Was this still Jace?

Chapter 380-I Want You to Live Today!

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation Back then, Jace Jackel was in his prime. His seven-foot-tall body was indomitable. He had entered the northern territory for a year. He fought with a cold sword and participated in protecting the country.

Facing the powerful enemies from the eight countries outside the borders, Jace had been heavily injured many times, but he had never given in!

On the battlefield, wherever he pointed his blade, thousands of northern army men would follow him.

During that time, Jace was like the north's son.

He could be said to be the eleventh most ruthless person in the northern army.

Now, why did he end up like this?

At this moment, even Braydon's eyes were slightly red. His tone changed slightly as he shouted hoarsely, "Jace?" "You're here!" In the iron prison, the person nailed to the wall slowly opened his mouth.

He was not dead yet!

His voice was so hoarse that no one could hear him clearly.

He was Jace!

Six years apart, seven meters apart, he actually recognized Braydon at a glance.

At this moment, Braydon could not hold it in any longer. In an instant, he arrived at the entrance of the iron prison.

With his left hand, he used his palm to reach the ground.

With a single palm strike, the steel bar that was nine centimeters thick was bent!

Braydon's basic strength was as high as 1500 pounds!

What kind of terrifying power would erupt when the nine levels of light force and the nine levels of dark force overlapped?

A full eighteen times amplitude!

It was as high as 27,000 pounds!

With such terrifying power condensed into a palm, one could imagine how terrifying it was.

The chains of the iron prison door instantly broke.

The iron door opened.

Braydon entered and looked at Jace, who was as thin as a stick, on the wall.

His weight was probably less than 70 pounds!

His limbs were nailed to the wall by four sharp daggers.

Marquis Jace's limbs had already withered.

He had long been crippled in this life!

"Brother Braydon, give me a quick death!" Jace said hoarsely. "What nonsense are you spouting!" Braydon's nose turned sour, and his eyes turned red.

Braydon said hoarsely, "Why did you end up like this?"

"Why didn't you ask Savannah to go to the northern territory to find me?"

“Back then, I asked you to stay in the northern army and be the commander of the eleventh legion to guard the northern border with me.

“If you had agreed to stay, you wouldn’t have ended up like this!” Braydon was truly enraged.

He felt bad for Jace.

The former Marquis Jace was as impressive as the ten great men in the northern territory.

Such a proud son of heaven.

Now, he had been imprisoned here for six years, and they had forcefully destroyed him.

“I’m the heir of a powerful family, I can’t stay in the northern army,” Jace said “Back then, the war raged in the north, and the armies of the eight countries forced us one step at a time. My matter is a small matter, and the safety of the border of the north is a national matter.

“I don’t have a choice in this life. In the next life, I will enter northern army. Brother Braydon, if you would have me, I will be your subordinate!

“Now, Brother Braydon, give me a quick death!” Jace slowly closed his eyes.

He had never expected to see Braydon again before he died.

Now, Jace was content.

Braydon slowly touched his waist and unsheathed his Northern King sword.

Savannah Jackel covered her mouth with her small hand. Tears flowed down her face, but she did not dare to make a sound.

This look was far more heartbreaking than the heart-wrenching cries.

Savannah did not stop him.

No one knew better than her what kind of torture her brother, Jace, had gone through in the past six years.

For six whole years, Jace was nailed to the wall. It was a living hell.

He still had to be interrogated.

Who could bear such pain?

But Jace had silently accepted it. It was all for his sister Savannah.

If he bit his tongue and committed suicide, the powerful families would not let her go.

In order to dig out the secrets of the northern army, they would have targeted Savannah.

Because this girl had also lived in the northern territory for a year.

She must know some secrets of the northern army.

At this moment, Jace's experience was worse than death!

At this moment, a commotion came from outside the dungeon.

“Commander?” Ernest Lanford shouted from outside. “Kill anyone within a hundred meters of this place!” Braydon’s tone was filled with killing intent.

“Yes, sir!” Ernest was shocked.

Then, a fierce battle erupted outside.

However, in the prison, Braydon held the Northern King sword and cut off the rusty dagger and iron chain before catching Jace.

Jace opened his eyes and saw the golden Qilin on Braydon’s chest. He said hoarsely, “It’s so beautiful!” Jace’s clothes were already weathered.

With a touch, the clothes on his body fell off.

Jace had no clothes on!

Braydon did not hesitate at all. He took off his golden Qilin robe and wrapped it around his body. He said softly, “You and I are comrades. Today, I will bring you out.” “Brother Braydon, I’m already at the end of my rope. Don’t let outsiders see me like this. Don’t let Westley and the others see me!” Jace sounded anxious.

He wanted to let some acquaintances remember how he looked when he was in his prime.

And not this half-human, half-ghost appearance.

“Today, I will help you extend your life!” Braydon said in a low voice.

“Jace, I want you to live!” Braydon’s words were like a tiger’s roar, and his terrifying killing intent erupted.

A surge of killing intent shot into the sky.

It shocked half of the capital.

This terrifying killing intent came from the Northern King.

Outside, Dominic Lowe's scalp went numb. He did not dare to hesitate anymore and barged into the manor.

Within a hundred meters of the black circular building, there were more than ten corpses of martial artists.

Old Man Zito held a three-foot-long iron sword, and the blade was dripping with blood.

Ernest stood there indifferently.

Until Braydon carried Jace on his back, opened the dungeon, and came to the surface.

The bright sunlight was extremely dazzling.

The Jackel family, more than five hundred people, surrounded this place.

Old Man Zito stood there with his iron sword.

Anyone within a hundred meters of this place would be killed on the spot.

The two sides confronted each other.

The Jackel family also had a ninth-level king, who was Jace's grandfather!

Among the members of the Jackel family present, there was Jace's father and his uncle. They were all relatives.

But these people had tortured Jace for six whole years!

Six years of life had made Jace wish he were dead.

This made Braydon even more furious!

Duke Lowe had already arrived. When he saw the person on Braydon's back, he felt complicated. He could not help but say, "Northern King..." "Get lost!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

At this moment, he did not want to listen to anyone.

Any words would only add fuel to the fire.

Dominic Lowe wanted to say something but hesitated. However, Westley Hader quietly pulled him to the side and shook his head slightly, signaling him not to say anything.

No one could persuade the furious Northern King.

Braydon's next words made everyone's hair stand on end.

"I Braydon Neal, have not let down the world, have not let down Hansworth, but the human world has let me down time and time again!

"When I was seven years old, I lost all confidence in the world!

“Today, I am disappointed once again!” Braydon’s words were so light that Dominic’s heart trembled.

If the Northern King lost faith in the human world... There would be a huge disaster!

The greatest sorrow was the death of the heart!

The day of disappointment was the day the blade would break through the capital..