

## **Strongest 411**

Chapter 411-Who Would Dare to Kill Him?

Polson Yackley was about to go crazy!

The powerful figures who controlled 200,000 royal guards was clearly playing with him today.

Braydon did not make things difficult for him.

Under normal circumstances, all the children of the seven great families in Preston knew each other.

Braydon and Freddie Yackley, a direct descendant of the Yackley family, knew each other.

For Freddie Yackley's sake, Braydon would not pressure the Yackley family too much.

As long as Braydon opened his mouth, someone would wipe out the Yackley family before sunset.

However, it was completely unnecessary.

Tobey Lapras carried Polson to the door and smiled lightly. "Heather is my sister-in-law. As long as my brother acknowledges her, all the men in northern army will respect her for the rest of their lives!"

"In life, there are some things that can't be done, do you understand?" Tobey was holding an ancient book in his hand. He seemed to be flipping through it, and his words sounded casual.

But it was a warning!

He did not look like he was joking.

If Polson was stubborn, he would face a very serious outcome. "I promise I won't disturb you again, Miss Sage!" he said hurriedly. "That's good. Leave on your own!" Tobey raised his hand slightly, indicating that he could leave.

Polson heaved a sigh of relief, turned around, and jogged away.

When he left the Sage Corporation, he realized that his entire body was drenched in cold sweat.

He was the son of a wealthy family in Preston, but he could show off in front of ordinary people.

The key was that the person he provoked today was someone he could not afford to offend even if eighteen generations of his Yackley family's ancestors were resurrected!

In terms of strength, Tobey was a half-step pinnacle.

In terms of status, he was the deputy commander of the royal guards and was in charge of the first legion of the royal guards. He had 100,000 elites under him.

What did this mean?

It meant that he was young and held a high position with great power in his hands!

The great general title conferred by the capital was given to King Tobey.

In the entire Preston, other than the Neal family, who could afford to offend such a person?

Polson did not dare to mention what happened today to anyone. If he dared to mention it when he got home, the elders of the Yackley family would have to cripple him!

He had almost caused the Yackley family to be exterminated.

Right now.

Tobey returned to the office and smiled lazily. "Alright, he's gone. He won't bother Sister-in-Law anymore!" "Did you send him away or kill him?" Harold Sage's eyes were filled with suspicion.

He had known Braydon for so many days, so he was very clear about the methods of the northern army.

If one wanted to get rid of a person, there was no need for people like Braydon to do it personally. There would be someone else to get rid of everything for them.

Tobey smiled. "I'm not worthy of killing Polson myself!" Syrus Yacca nodded slightly. He understood Tobey's character.

People of their generation could kill martial artists!

Martial artists who caused trouble were killed on the spot.

When they encountered ordinary people, even if they offended them, they would still restrain themselves. They would only punish them lightly and not kill them without authorization.

Their attitude toward ordinary people was completely different from the way they dealt with martial artists!

The people of the northern army were good at fighting and killing!

But they did not kill indiscriminately!

In everyone's heart, there was the ironclad law of Hansworth.

"Are you here to see me?" Heather asked.

"I heard that you haven't been eating well recently, so I came to see you!" Braydon's words were soft and tender.

Heather rolled her eyes and said softly with her hands behind her back, "I'm fine!" "Is that so?" Braydon's deep eyes looked at her flawless face and her clear eyes.

Their eyes met!

Braydon's eyes looked straight into people's hearts.

Heather lowered her head quietly, not daring to look at him. "Are you still sad because of Leah Flitwick?" Braydon smiled faintly.

"I'm sorry!" Heather raised her head. Her eyes had reddened for some reason.

Tobey, Syrus, and Kade Coltman had already left the room.

They were giving Braydon and Heather some time alone.

Braydon caressed her cheek and said softly, "Don't cry. If Grandma finds out about this, she'll definitely say that I bullied you!" "Braydon, I'm sorry!" Heather threw herself into Braydon's arms, unable to hold back her tears.

She sounded very sad and said, "I'm really sorry. I met Leah Flitwick in the campus. She said that she was a student at Preston University and was about the same age as me. I couldn't bear to watch her spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair.

“So, I brought her to you and wanted you to treat her.

“But I really didn’t expect that she wanted to kill you!” Heather still could not get over this matter!

It had been two days since the incident.

Until now, she still could not let go.

She did not dare to see Braydon these two days.

She had done something wrong!

Braydon listened quietly and could not help but laugh. “You silly little thing. Your head is always filled with trouble for no reason. Even if Leah Flitwick had ten guts, she wouldn’t dare to kill me!” This was the truth.

If Leah dared to kill Braydon, the entire Flitwick family and all the other powerful families would be buried with the Northern King.

Look at what happened earlier.

News of Braydon’s death spread from Mount Sheburg.

The ruler was furious. He summoned the ministers of the twenty-four divisions into the hall and detained them all in the name of the Council of Ministers.

If the news of Braydon’s death was true... The ministers of the twenty-four divisions of the capital would all be buried with Braydon.

The Shaolin Temple on Mount Sheburg acted recklessly and secretly attacked Braydon. In exchange, abbot Sunyata was sentenced to death and all eighteen arhats were killed!

The entire thousand-year-old temple had been sealed for ten years.

And all this happened even though Braydon was not dead.

If he really were dead, the situation would definitely be more serious.

The eight countries that were on guard against the northern territory would definitely invade. The war would reignite. The northern army that had lost their leader would definitely abandon the northern territory. They would all go south and raze Mount Sheburg!

The northern army only lived for Braydon.

If Braydon died, the millions of men in the northern army would commit suicide and follow him.

If the Northern King died, there would be no need for the northern army to exist.

The northern army would only acknowledge Braydon in this life!

The three armies and hundred generals only trusted King Braydon and were willing to listen to his orders to protect Hansworth and fight for the country!

On the contrary, all the generals were dragons and phoenixes among men.

Without someone like Braydon, who could be the leader of the hundred generals?

No one could!

The seven-time champion, Syrus, could not be the leader.

King Tobey could not do it!

Not even the ten ruthless men of the northern army could do it.

Not even Eggy.

The military ranks respected martial arts.

There was also another important thing. Spirit and talent required the talent of a Qilin.

Who was Braydon?

The commander of the northern army had led the northern army at a young age. He had led all his comrades against the current and made the northern army the most terrifying army in the world. Its combat strength was unrivaled across the world.

He had won every battle!

He had forged the legend of the northern army's invincibility.

It pushed the northern army to the peak.

Such a talent was the leader of the Qilin.

Syrus was wearing a gold-gilded dragon robe, and Westley Hader was wearing a black cloud flying fish robe.

These things had inheritances behind them!

They bore a huge responsibility and shouldered the hope of national rejuvenation.

However, they all respected the cloud treading Qilin!

Therefore, who would dare to kill Braydon when he stood between heaven and earth?

Chapter 412-Send a Message for Me!

No one dared to kill him!

The son of Hansworth who carried the fate of the country.

If he really died, terrifying figures from all over the world would probably roar in Hansworth and kill everyone.

Braydon Neal was the hope of many people.

If this flame of hope was extinguished..

He reckoned that some old fogeys in the ancient martial arts world would jump out and start a massacre.

At this moment.

Heather Sage was apologizing to Braydon.

But there was no need for that.

Braydon had never blamed her. Perhaps, he was even more remorseful.



Heather could live a carefree life in Preston.

No one dared to bully her.

It was not until Braydon's return that Heather's life changed. She was involved in the battle between the northern army and the powerful and aristocratic families.

Heather and Braydon had a close relationship.

It was almost impossible for the people of the powerful families not to pay attention to her.

The capital was also observing Heather.

In the eyes of the capital, this girl's existence had become an obstacle to the Northern King's title conferment.

Until today.

No one dared to touch Heather because Braydon had already given the word.

Braydon would kill whoever touched this girl.

If the capital touched her, Braydon would kill his way through the capital.

If the powerful and aristocratic families touched her, Braydon would kill all the members of the families.

If he really took this step, Braydon would not be able to distinguish between good and evil, nor would he ask his conscience!

If Braydon had spoken, who in the country would dare to touch Heather?

No one!

Heather raised her head, her face was covered in tears, and she seemed a little sad.

Braydon reached out and caressed her face, wiping away the tears at the corner of her eyes. He smiled. "Don't cry. Tobey and the others will laugh at you if they see you like this." "I want to practice martial arts!" Heather was really stubborn.

The matter had already passed, but she still wanted to learn martial arts.

Braydon shook his head slightly. He had never rejected Heather's request.

This time, he could not agree to it!

Heather stomped her feet in anger. "Why not?" "You don't need to!" Braydon stared at her.

"Just agree to it!" Heather said in a delicate voice.

Braydon refused decisively.

Heather was instantly despaired. She knew that if the person in front of her had decided on something, he would not budge. "Little Braydon, you win! I'll find someone else to learn martial arts from!" "If I say no, no one will dare to teach you!" Braydon smiled lightly. Heather felt despair.

If that was the case, then no one would teach her!

Braydon had his reasons for opposing her wish to learn martial arts.

Cultivating martial arts required a lot of hardship.

More importantly, any martial artist must have the heart of martial arts.

The battle of martial arts was accompanied by the battle of martial artists.

A battle between martial artists determined victory and death.

This kind of life was not suitable for Heather.

With Braydon protecting her, she did not need to learn martial arts. "Martial arts requires suffering, and I can endure it!" Heather whispered.

"Von can only eat a lot. not stiffer a lot!" The corners of Braydon's lips curled up into a playful smile.

Heather was stunned. She blinked and was in a daze.

The talented lady of Preston finally regained her senses. Her face instantly darkened. "Little Braydon, go to hell!" Heather was furious.

She was talking about serious business, but Braydon was teasing her.

"I just heard that your birthday is on the third of next month. That's not right.

You're a few months younger than me!" Braydon stared at her. Why was her birthday ahead of his?

"Do you believe the nonsense of a person like Polson Yackley?" Heather asked angrily.

Braydon could not help but laugh, as if he had guessed something.

Polson was really unscrupulous in order to get close to Heather!

He randomly picked a date and used her birthday as an excuse to approach her. That standard scumbag wanted Heather's body.

However, there was one more thing that he needed to tell Heather.

"I'll be holding a meeting of the hundred generals on the third of next month, so I'll be a little busy." "It's fine, if you're busy, I can play with Xana!" Heather answered. She and Xana Thomas were best friends anyway.

The two women were often inseparable.

She asked curiously, "What are you planning to do with the meeting of the hundred generals? Forget it, this isn't something that ordinary citizens like us can inquire about." "I'm preparing to start a war between nations!" Braydon did not hide it from her.

Heather's eyes were dull, and she was dumbfounded.

She thought that Braydon was busy with a meeting.

But now, she was told that a war between countries was about to start!

He was not a little busy!

He was very busy!

With the start of the war, anyone with a slightly normal brain would know that this was definitely a national matter.

It involved many aspects, and it involved a lot of things. It would definitely take a lot of effort to handle.

“The 36 islands of Ludwig have been occupied by foreign countries for more than 40 years. It’s time to take them back!” Braydon said softly.

“In the past, every time the geography teacher talked about Ludwig, he would cry. He said a lot of things, and I still remember them very clearly. Many people in the Ludwig army were killed by the people of Banko.” Heather whispered, sneakily peeking at Braydon’s expression.

This matter was also a thorn in Braydon’s heart.

“That’s right,” Braydon said softly. “Many people from the Ludwig army died in battle. The average age of all the soldiers in the seven legions was only twenty years old!” At the age of twenty, they were in their prime.

Every soldier was like a blooming flower, but because the villain colluded with outsiders to betray the country, it caused 700,000 flowers to wither!

This blood debt needed to be settled one by one.

Heather did not pester him anymore. After she had untied the knot in her heart, she left the Sage Corporation and went to the Thomas family manor to look for Xana.

On the way back, Braydon remained silent.

In front of Heather, his smile was like a spring breeze.

DUL now.

Braydon’s eyes were cold, and his thin lips moved slightly. “Zayn, send a message to the three great entities for me!

“If they dare to try anything against the people around me, I’ll secretly order the northern army to kill all the younger generation of their families and sects!” Braydon was filled with killing intent.

Braydon did not want to see the damage Leah Flitwick had caused Heather a second time.

If it happened again, Braydon would kill the three great entities, causing a gap in their younger generation.

Zayn Ziegler broke out in a cold sweat and said in a serious voice, “Yes, sir!” “Secretly investigate Heather’s geography teacher in school. This person talks about Ludwig and sheds tears in front of the students. How interesting!” Braydon said calmly.

“I’ll investigate this matter!” Old Man Zito quietly appeared.

It had already become a habit for him to stay close to Braydon.

Now that Braydon gave such an order, it was obvious that he was suspicious.

Back then, the Ludwig army was completely annihilated. All the soldiers sacrificed their lives for the country and were buried in the mountains of Ludwig.

Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford had survived.

It meant that there were other survivors.

Braydon did not directly point that out, but it was clear what he meant. They suspected that this geography teacher was a survivor of the Ludwig army.

Therefore, Old Man Zito volunteered to investigate.

Braydon said softly, "Frazer, I promised you that I would help you gather your old troops in Ludwig, raise the banner of Ludwig, recover the 36 islands in Ludwig, and destroy the three countries on the other side.. Now, this promise will come to fruition!"

Chapter 413-The Unreasonable Man, Tristan Yandell!

"If this battle begins, I will be a soldier!" Old Man Zito said and left to investigate the geography teacher.

Braydon Neal and the others returned home.

Coincidentally, he saw a domineering figure in the manor. He was like a God and moved across the sky at a really fast speed. Someone was practicing martial arts!

It was Cole Colbie.

Previously, on Mount Sheburg, he was personally taught by Braydon and comprehended the true meaning of one of the eight techniques, the instant technique.

Looking at how he was practicing now, he should have understood something.

Just as Cole was about to get excited, he sensed that Braydon and the others had returned. Turning around, his speed once again soared, and he drew the black blade from his waist.

He did not dare to draw his sword against Braydon.

The target was Tobey Lapras!

Banz!

Tobey moved his left hand slightly and pulled out the sword at Zayn Ziegler's waist.

In an instant, it was placed horizontally in front of his chest as a block.

The two of them exchanged blows in an instant.

A series of sparks flew by.

“Boss Cole,” Tobey said helplessly, “I just got home and you’re already attacking me? It’s not right!”  
“Again!” Cole was testing his own battle prowess!

He attacked again, and his movement speed was really fast.

This speed was something that ordinary people could not catch with their naked eyes.

Tobey softly asked, “Is this Big Brother’s instant technique?” As soon as he finished speaking.

Cole’s blade was already in front of his face.

Tobey could not help but marvel at the fact that this sword move could kill an ordinary ninth-level king.

But he could not kill him!

Tobey was at a half-step pinnacle, so his speed was even faster. His leg was like a shooting star with a violent force, instantly sending Cole flying!

The victor was decided in one move.

No one was surprised.

The reason was very simple. Cole had only recently been conferred the title of king and was only a lower rank second-level king.



Tobey was already a half-step pinnacle!

Both of them had extremely strong talent, but there was a huge difference in their realms, so the difference in strength was obvious.

Cole shook his head. "The gap between realms is not something that can be easily crossed." "Don't be so smug. As a second-level king, you already have such a combat strength. When you reach the half-step pinnacle, you'll be as difficult to deal with as Syrus." Tobey was not trying to comfort him.

There was no need for them to hide anything from each other.

Strong is strong, weak is weak!

Cole's strength was limited to the second-level king realm.

When he reached the half-step pinnacle level, Tobey and he would fight at the same level.

Who would win?

No one dared to comment on that!

Cole sheathed his sword and nodded. "Brother!" "Your progress of the instant technique is a little slow!" Braydon did not praise Cole.

Braydon also reprimanded Luther Carden and White-clothed Qualls.

The three of them were all cultivating the king-conferring techniques, but the progress was getting slower and slower.

If this continued, the three of them would not be able to reach the pinnacle when they became ninth-level kings.

According to Braydon's arrangements, once Luther and the others had completely mastered the king-conferring techniques, they would be able to break through the bottleneck in one fell swoop and become a pinnacle.

But now, the three of them were progressing rather slowly, even slower than the little fool!

The technique that the little fool had mastered could unleash 70% of its power. Tobey and Syrus knew that the eight techniques were extremely difficult to cultivate!

Cole, Luther, and the others had spent a great deal of time and energy on the eight techniques over the past few years.

If they did not cultivate the eight techniques, their cultivation might not be inferior to Tobey's.

However, there were benefits to cultivating the eight techniques!

If they could perfectly master this pinnacle martial arts path, when Yuri Qualls and the others became ninth-level kings, they would easily sail into the pinnacle path.

How difficult was it to break through the pinnacle?

Look at Syrus and Tobey, two half-step pinnacles. It had been a long time, but they still had not become true pinnacles.

Looking into the future, Luther and the others might be able to catch up.

Everyone was chatting leisurely.

The little fool came back from outside with candied haws in his left hand and a roasted sausage in his right hand.

Who knew where he went to play and had only returned now! Tobey smiled with his hands behind his back. "Little fool!" "Huh? Little Tobey!" Luke ran over with a sausage in his mouth. He jumped up and hugged Tobey like an octopus.

They had not seen each other for many years!

Tobey's eyes revealed his true feelings, but he still jokingly said, "It's been so many years, why are you only at marquis level?" "It's useless even if you become a king. You can't beat our brother!" There was nothing wrong with what Luke said.

Even if he was a king, he still could not beat Braydon. Immediately after.

Luke asked, 'You're half a step into the pinnacle realm?' "Of course!" Tobey said playfully.

Little did he know that the little fool did not like it at all.

What's so great about it!

The little fool did not care at all. As long as he had something to eat and someone to play with, he did not care about anything else.

Kade Coltman's serious face revealed a faint smile. "Little fool, you haven't changed at all. The more you live, the more comfortable you are." "What's wrong? You can't be envious of me!" Luke still had a proud look on his face.

Braydon shook his head lightly. "From today onward, you are not allowed to go out and play. Focus on cultivating. This battle of Ludwig has nothing to do with you." "I refuse to accept this!" The little fool shouted with his neck straightened. In the end, he was slapped into the ground by Braydon. He saw stars and was stunned.

Cole grabbed the back of the little fool's head and locked him in the villa's small room.

The brothers had not gathered for many years and were playing in the small courtyard.

It was still the same as when they were young.

However, in the capital.

Duke Lowe had returned and knew that Braydon was about to hold a meeting of the hundred generals.

Their goal was to recover the Ludwig Islands.

The consequences of doing so would be a fierce battle with the three countries outside the Ludwig defense line.

They had to prepare to evacuate the people of Hansworth in those countries.

Today was the end of the month. There were less than three days left!

He had to start immediately.

Dominic Lowe secretly ordered the governor office to let Westley Hader be in charge of the evacuation negotiations.

This was arranged by Braydon himself.

Westley had just returned from the main hall of the capital governor office. He had not even had a sip of water when he received Duke Lowe's secret order.

In the grand hall.

Nearly a hundred War Gods from the governor office, Frodo Lance, and the others looked at the governor sitting on the golden dragon chair.

Tristan Yandell asked, "Why are you not saying anything now that you're back from the palace?" "Governor, did something big happen?" Frodo and the others looked worried.

Their governor office was supported by Westley!

The governor office was different from the other twenty-three divisions.

Westley was the governor and minister!

To put it simply, Westley had the final say in the entire governor office.

Right now.

"Don't ask too many questions," Westley said softly. "Tristan, contact the representatives of Banko, Song and Marshland immediately." "Why? Are we going to do something?" At the mention of this, Tristan perked up.

A few days ago, he had scolded all eighteen generations of the ancestors of Song's population.

Now, it was not impossible for him to do it again!

The little monkey loved to do such unreasonable things.

Westley frowned. "Don't mess around.. This time, it's an evacuation!"

## Chapter 414-Remember, He is a Repeat Offender!

Westley Hader frowned. "Don't mess around. This is an evacuation!" "What?" "Governor, this is no small matter!" "Since ancient times, any withdrawal of citizens of Hansworth overseas is a sign of war." "Breaking off diplomatic relations and withdrawing the citizens overseas will definitely make the three countries outside the Ludwig defense line extremely nervous. This matter needs to be reported to the Central Bureau. Duke Lowe will give his opinion!" "Governor, this is a huge matter!" At this moment, the War Gods in the governor office hall were not trying to disobey Westley.

Instead, they felt that this matter was not child's play.

They definitely could not mess around!

Westley leaned back on the dragon chair and raised his gaze slightly. He asked indifferently, "Do you think I'm joking in the main hall of the governor office?" "This...' Everyone in the governor office was stunned.

This was serious!

Westley stood up and clasped his hands behind his back. A pressure was released as the black cloud flying fish robe on his body fluttered slightly. He said coldly, "Duke Lowe has secretly ordered that all the citizens of Hansworth within the borders of Banko, Song, and Marshland evacuate and return home!

"The governor office will be in charge of negotiations!

"The western army is in charge of bringing them back. We'll start immediately!" Westley was the governor, so his words were the orders of the governor office.

Everyone present shouted, "Yes, sir!" "I'll be in charge of negotiating with Banko!" Tristan Yandell did not slack off and took the initiative to take on some of the responsibilities.

Now that Nico Yates was not around, no matter how lazy Tristan was, relying on Westley alone would tire him out sooner or later. Furthermore, Duke Lowe had conveyed a secret order.

It must be Braydon Neal's orders!

This was an emergency order.

The evacuation had to be done in less than three days.

Today was the last day of the month, and the meeting of the hundred generals would begin on the third day of the following month. With Braydon's style of doing things, once he made a move, it would be a thunderous force that would forcefully recover the Ludwig Islands.

At that time, it would be impossible to evacuate the citizens of Hansworth overseas.

All the island routes would be blocked by the northern army.

Tristan turned around and went to his private office. He grabbed the phone and made a series of calls. He said, "Hello? Help me get through to those bastards from the Banko!" In the capital, the twenty-four divisions' calls to overseas countries had to go through the transfer center.

The key was that the guy at the transfer center was stunned by what he heard.

The three bad eggs of the governor office!

The other two were reasonable, but Deputy Governor Yandell was not.

He was one of the few demon kings in the capital.

He was not to be provoked!

Hearing the tone of his voice, the young man figured that if the call was connected to Banko, Tristan would curse their ancestors again.

The young man in the transfer center did not dare to transfer the call. He smiled bitterly and said, "Deputy Governor Yandell. When the call has been transferred to Banko, can you pay attention to your words and be more polite to them?" "Am I not being polite now?" Tristan's tone was unfriendly.

The young man in the transfer center was speechless.

Tristan said coldly, "Transfer the call immediately. I have a secret order from Duke Lowe. I need to negotiate with the Banko. If you continue to dawdle, I'll get someone to arrest you and bring you back to the governor office!" "Please wait a moment while I transfer you..." The young man's face instantly turned pale.

As someone from the transfer center, he could not afford to offend the demon king of the capital garrison.

Usually, everyone would avoid them at all costs.

Moreover, when people entered the main gate of the governor office, no one could come out.

It was not a good place!

The call to the transfer center was quickly picked up.

A gentle female voice came from the other end. "Hello?" "Idiot!" Tristan opened his mouth and retorted.

The call center was located in a secret place in the capital. All the calls from the twenty-four divisions would be recorded as an audio file, which would be kept in a secret folder.

In the future, if something happened to the various divisions, these audio recordings would be evidence.



In the entire transfer center, hundreds of people looked at each other.

They were stunned!

Stunned by Tristan's response.

The person-in-charge of the transfer center arrived with a head full of sweat. When he heard this, his face turned dark. He growled and asked, "Who told you to connect this person's phone to the diplomatic agency of the Banko?" "Deputy Governor Yandell said that he received a secret order from Duke Lowe.

They need to speak to Banko about something important." The young man at the transfer center was so scared that he was about to cry.

He felt that he had caused a huge disaster.

The person-in-charge cursed in a low voice. "Brainless idiot. Deputy Governor Yandell has faked Duke Lowe's orders more than five times. He is a repeat offender, you understand?" Remember, he was a repeat offender!

"Understood!" The young man said with a sad face.

The person-in-charge waved his hand and dismissed him. He was going to personally take charge of this side.

However, after thinking about it carefully, the person-in-charge was at his wit's end.

It did not matter if Tristan was faking Duke Lowe's order or if he really had something important to talk about.

The transfer center had to handle it accordingly.

What if it was true that Tristan had an important order from Duke Lowe?

If the transfer center deliberately delayed this matter, everyone would be held accountable.

The 80,000 capital guards under the governor office were all elites.

If they really wanted to touch their transfer center, it would be as easy as moving a finger.

The person-in-charge squatted on the floor and kept quiet. He smoked a cigarette and quietly listened to Tristan. What was he up to?

He made a sound that stunned the girl from Banko who answered the phone.

The girl immediately stood up and lowered her head. "Sir?" "Sir, your head! What kind of work do you do?" Tristan recalled that these bastards from Banko might not be able to understand English that well.

The girl from Banko's foreign affairs agency was stunned.

She then asked in perfect English, "I'm a call operator. What about you, sir?" "So, you can speak English well, huh? Then you better not fool around with me or else I'll get Eggy to beat you up." Tristan was not kind nor gentlemanly at all.

The people from Banko's foreign affairs agency, including the person in charge of the transfer center, all pricked up their ears the moment they heard what he said.

The Eggy from the northern army was Ludo!

He was known as the most mysterious person in the northern army. "Get Sato Asahaha to answer the phone!" Tristan said impatiently. "Are you looking for Lord Sato Asahara?" The call operators of Banko had never met such an arrogant person like Tristan.

The people of the foreign affairs agencies of various countries could cause international incidents with just a word or action.

Who would not be cautious in their words and actions!

The key was that Tristan was very arrogant. Not only did he speak arrogantly, but his attitude was also terrible.

Therefore, Tristan said coldly, "Yes, I'm looking for this Sato Asahaha. Get him to answer the phone immediately. I'm Tristan Yandell from the governor office!" As soon as he finished speaking.

The phone rang. A middle-aged man with a magnetic voice said with a bright smile, "Heavenly King Yandell, I am Sato Asahara!" "Sato Asahaha, I won't scold you guys today. Listen up, from now on, all the citizens of our country in your territory will have to leave the country. "If you forcefully detain someone from my country, I will beat you to death!" Tristan's words were rather firm, as though he was giving an order.

"What?" Sato was shocked.

He was still in a daze hearing those words!

Hansworth was trying to evacuate their citizens!

Why?

Chapter 415-Extremely Arrogant! In Sato Asahara was stunned.

He did not understand why Hansworth would suddenly evacuate its citizens.

This meant something.

Were they going to start a war?

After thinking about this.

Sato's face was deathly pale.

Hansworth was strong and powerful. The seven elites of the country had been trained for ten years. The outstanding generals of the younger generation were all extraordinary!

The northern army's King Braydon Neal.

Joshua Mandor of the western army.

The Southern Hansworth army, the royal guards, the Groot army, and so on.

There were no weaklings there. They could all fight. If a war were to break out, Banko would not be able to stop it!

"Is this a call for an evacuation?!" Sato asked.

Tristan Yandell held the phone and said coldly, "That's right, it's an evacuation!" "Why?" Sato could not believe it.

"Go and ask your mother!" Tristan was furious.

Bang!

The call ended.

Tristan cursed in his office, "Every time I hear the accent of these people, my anger rises. 700,000 men of the Ludwig army died at the hands of these bastards." After he finished speaking.

Tristan stood up and stood by the window with a cigarette in his mouth. His eyes were slightly red!

Who would not feel sad at the mention of the Ludwig army?

Their deaths were not worth it!

However, in the transfer center, the person-in-charge was squatting in a corner, dumbfounded.

They were going to evacuate the people of Hansworth who were overseas!

The negotiations before the evacuation... Was done so arrogantly?

The person-in-charge smiled bitterly. "As expected of someone from the northern army. They are so tough when they speak." "That's right, even though Deputy Governor Yandell has never been polite and respectful, it somehow makes us feel good. Every time he calls, we would listen in on it together." The other call transfer officers spoke their minds.

Every time Tristan called the other countries, these operators did not say anything. No matter what it was, they would directly transfer the call.

Then, everyone would huddle together and eavesdrop on Tristan's scolding of the people from other countries.

It felt good.

He was really venting his anger on them!

As for monitoring Tristan, checking to see if he had said anything he should not, or if he had given any top-secret information regarding the country to other countries... The call transfer center was not worried at all.

Looking at the way Tristan acted all the time, all the countries he had called had been offended multiple times by him.

The various countries secretly hated him so much that they could barely hold it in!

How could there be a problem with such a person?

Would such a person collude with a foreigner?

No way!

There had never been a traitor in the northern army since its establishment.

The people of the northern army were really tough.

They had tough bones and were hot-blooded!

In the capital, other than the people of the powerful and aristocratic families, there was no one who did not admire the northern army.

Westley Hader quietly came to the office and noticed that Tristan was in a bad mood.

He smiled. "What's wrong? Did Sato Asahara give you a hard time?" "I've already shown them respect. If they dare to piss me off, I'll immediately go to Ludwig and ask Joshua to bring the western army and beat them up!" Tristan put out his cigarette and said ruthlessly.

'Why are you sad?' Westley asked softly with his hands behind his back.

“Because of the Ludwig army. Back then, 700,000 men spilled their blood on the battlefield and lost their souls in the Ludwig mountain range. They died in vain.” Tristan’s eyes were red.

The northern army originated from Ludwig.

The northern army and the Ludwig army had the same roots!

Forty years ago, 700,000 hot-blooded men, all the elites of the seven legions, had an average age of no more than twenty.

They were all killed by despicable people.

Everyone in the northern army knew about this.

But until today, no one had avenged the Ludwig army.

People were slowly forgetting about the Ludwig army.

Westley exhaled and said, “Big Brother is already prepared to make his move.

Once the meeting of hundred generals is held, we will settle the matter of Ludwig and recover the islands of Ludwig. If you want to participate in this battle, go ahead.” “Everyone in the northern army must participate!” Tristan said.

Westley smiled and shook his head.

He had other things to do!

Braydon Neal faked his death and was pretending to be sick. He needed someone to put this plan into motion.

Westley was one of them.

However, the evacuation of the Hansworth citizens overseas had alarmed the twenty-four divisions of the capital. They all went to the Central Bureau to ask Duke Lowe what was going on.

The evacuation of the people of Hansworth overseas was no small matter!

However, Dominic Lowe of the Central Bureau did not respond to anything that was happening in the outside world.

Braydon was playing this game of chess, so Dominic would not interfere.

However, Hansworth had to evacuate their citizens.

The higher-ups of Banko panicked and asked the embassy in the capital of Hansworth to send people to inquire about what was going on.

Why were they suddenly evacuating for no reason?

The two countries broke off diplomatic relations and were withdrawing their people overseas.

Marshland was also panicking.

One after another, they sent letters to inquire about the reason.

Only Song was reckless enough to detain a citizen who was about to leave!



In fact, the people of Hansworth were all over the world.

Let's not talk about traveling.

The country had such a large economy, and there were hundreds of foreign trade companies. There were companies in various countries, so naturally, there were employees who were sent abroad.

These were all citizens of Hansworth.

Now that the war was about to begin, they had to bring them back safely.

More than ten thousand people of Hansworth in Song were detained and not allowed to leave the country.

Duke Lowe did not come forward to negotiate on this.

Dominic knew that the northern army had already taken over the evacuation.

From what Braydon said earlier, the negotiation was handed over to the governor office, and the evacuation of the people of Hansworth overseas was handed over to the King of the West, Joshua Mandor.

They were all from the northern army.

This meant that the evacuation was handled by Braydon Neal's people.

Dominic did not need to intervene at all.

Therefore, when the news of Song's arrest spread to the capital, Tristan flew into a rage. He picked up his phone and started cursing. He dialed a number. "Transfer to the center. I'm Tristan Yandell, the

deputy governor!" "Deputy Governor Yandell, why are you calling again?" The young man at the center quietly called the person-in-charge of the center.

"Cut the crap," Tristan said coldly. "Transfer the call to the Song's diplomatic agency!" "Okay, please wait a moment, the call is being transferred..." This time, the man had learned his lesson. If Tristan wanted to transfer a call, he would transfer it for him.

After the call was transferred.

A sweet girl called out, "Hello!" "Hey idiot, get me through to Park Dog!" Tristan was being extremely crass.

The sweet girl quickly said, "Hello, may I know who you are?" "Northern army, Tristan Yandell!" This time, the little monkey did not call himself the deputy governor from the governor office.

Instead, he said that he was from the northern army!

The sweet girl was silent for a moment before saying, "Please wait a moment, the call is being transferred..." In just five seconds.

The call was transferred to an office, and a magnetic male voice came through. "Hello, I'm Park Deok Su. Is this Heavenly King Yandell?" "You can't even recognize your father's voice?" The unreasonable Tristan had an extremely bad attitude.

The first thing he said almost pissed Deok Su off.

The people in the capital's transfer center looked at each other, their mouths twitching, but they did not say a word..