

## **Strongest 426**

Chapter 426-Raise the Flag and Summon the Old Troops Braydon Neal hesitated, which was rare!

If the hundred-bird phoenix robe was given to Heather Sage, she would have to shoulder the responsibility that came with.

Even if Heather became Braydon's wife in the future.

The owner of the phoenix robe would also die in time of crisis!

Some things were not up to anyone!

"The hundred-bird phoenix robe can't be given to Heather!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

"Why?" The little fool and the others were all stunned.

Why did Braydon not want to give it to Heather?

Lilith Jean's eyes were filled with doubt.

Braydon left without giving them an explanation.

Once Heather was crowned, she would have to immediately head to Dragon City to be conferred the title of an important official in the palace!

The phoenix robe, dragon robe, and so on.

Syrus Yacca and the other three were all important officials of the palace.

Braydon's power was below one person and above tens of thousands of people!

Carrying the fate of the country, under the glory of being famous in the capital, carrying a burden that ordinary people did not know of.

Could Heather bear this burden?

If she could not bear this burden, she would die!

To put it more clearly.

If Braydon married Heather in the future... He would be the northern army commander and don the Qilin robe his whole life.

If she were to wear the phoenix robe, she would be in charge of Togo's phoenix army.

One day, if Hansworth faced a national disaster, if Braydon wanted to die, he would not shirk his responsibilities.

The northern army's commander was not someone who would drag out an ignoble existence!

And the hundred-bird phoenix robe's owner also had to die!

If the husband and wife were both going to die, how tragic would that be?

In the future, if Braydon were to fall, Heather would have to die as well.

Who would raise their children?

These were all problems that were placed in front of him.

It was not that Braydon was looking far ahead.

Instead, it was the Northern King who had risen to prominence at a young age, accompanied by slaughter and blood.

The eight thousand miles of northern desert had been a battleground for military strategists since ancient times.

Countless bones had been buried over the years.

Braydon's generation had given their lives to the country, so how could he drag his family down with him?

There were loyal bones buried everywhere on in Hansworth. Why did they have to die in the battlefield?

In the northern army, from the generals to the soldiers, everyone was prepared to die in battle.

It was not because the soldiers of the northern army were ready to die.

In the military, as long as there was a war, there would be death!

War was not a battle between one person.

Once the flames of war were ignited, human lives would become the most expendable thing.

Braydon knew how treacherous the battlefield was, so he could not give the robe to Heather. He would rather she be an ordinary person.

Lilith helplessly spread out her hands and said, "Alright, the hundred-bird phoenix robe changing hands is a big matter. We still have to inform Dragon City about it." Joshua Mandor said softly.

The owner of the hundred-bird phoenix robe not only needed talent in martial arts, but also the ability to command.

Heather really could not handle such a feat!

Moreover, the hundred-generals meeting would be held on the third of next month.

All the leaders of the seven elites of Hansworth would gather at the Neal family manor.

The leader of the phoenix army had to be chosen before that.

The seven elites of Hansworth.

Braydon Neal's northern army.

Joshua Mandor's western army cavalry.

Christopher Jenkins's Groot army.

Syrus Yacca's Royal Guards.

Westley Hader's Dragon City garrison.

The last two were the southern army and the phoenix army.

Of the seven elites, northern army was the most respected!

When necessary, they would follow the Northern King's orders.

Therefore, no one would be absent from the hundred-generals meeting.

Braydon then took a helicopter back to Preston.

Regarding the evacuation of the people of Hansworth overseas, no one from the three countries dared to play any tricks.

In the Neal family manor.

Old Man Zito had gone out earlier to look for the geography teacher.

Now that Old Man Zito had returned, he even brought home an old man in his sixties. The two of them were bawling their eyes out while hugging each other. As Braydon had expected, it was the geography teacher who had taught Heather.

They were indeed the surviving members of the Ludwig army.

Unfortunately, the old subordinates of the were all old now!

Even if they survived, the youngest would be sixty years old.

They were all old veterans!

Braydon had just returned home by helicopter when he saw Old Man Zito crying.

The sixty-year-old man looked at Braydon with his murky eyes. His gaze fell on the small golden Qilin icon on his clothes.

Golden Qilin!

It was the symbol of the Ludwig army.

Those who belonged to the northern army were the successors!

Inheriting the will of the ancestors and protecting the beautiful mountains and rivers of Hansworth.

The sixty-year-old man saluted with the Ludwig army salute and said in a trembling voice, "Jarvis Danes, a veteran of the first corps of the third legion of the Ludwig army." He belonged to Ludwig and regarded Braydon as the young master.

There was no problem at all!

Because Braydon had inherited the golden Qilin!

The old man was no longer as young as he used to be. He had lived in seclusion for forty years and still had to bear the name of the rebel army.

"Cesar's subordinate!" Braydon said softly.

"Yes, sir!" Ernest Lanford's eyes reddened.

His real name was Cesar Lichtman. He was the regimental commander of the third legion of the Ludwig army. He became a War God at the age of twenty. In just two years, he became a ninth-level War God at the age of twenty-two! Back then, he was in his prime and his name was all over Ludwig.

Now, he had fallen into such a state.

If Braydon had not found them, Ernest would still be hiding in the Daoist temple and living the rest of his life in seclusion.

“Young Master, I want to summon my old subordinates!” Old Man Zito requested hoarsely.

“In the name of the Ludwig army, I want to summon my old troops to participate in the battle to recover the Ludwig islands!” Old Man Zito said.

He knelt on the ground and asked Braydon to help him.

Back then, the vice commander of the Ludwig army, Frazer Zito, was a genius of his generation. He was the leader of the younger generation of Mount Sino. How dazzling was he?

Now, he was kneeling down!

Ernest knelt on the spot and said hoarsely, “Please agree to it, Young Master.

We want to recall our old subordinates to participate in the battle!” “Alright!” Braydon agreed.

He had already promised Old Man Zito.

It was time to fulfill his promise!

Old Man Zito said hoarsely, “Frazer thanks Young Master for his great kindness!” “Cesar thanks the commander for his great kindness!” Ernest’s eyes reddened.

They had never thought that they would be able to summon the old troops of Ludwig.

“Do you know that the two of you have forced me into a corner by kneeling?” Braydon said softly.

With Old Man Zito kneeling, Braydon had no other choice.

Just one kneel.

Braydon had to bear the burden of avenging the Ludwig army.

Immediately after.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and said coldly, "Luther, order all the hidden agents of the northern army and the Ludwig army to be stationed in Preston. Summon all the old troops of Ludwig!"

"Yes, sir!" Luther Carden sat in his wheelchair and calmly gave the order through his watch.

The northern army's hidden agents were controlled by Luther.

There were hidden agents all over the world!

Chapter 427-Resonance, Purification, Marrow Cleansing  
At the same time Braydon Neal issued another secret killing order.

Once the old members of the Ludwig army appeared, they would be escorted back to Preston.

If anyone tried to kill them, no matter who they were, they would be killed without mercy!

An order from Braydon.

Like a stone thrown into the calm lake of the capital, it stirred up a thousand waves.



Almost all the old fellows of the twenty-four divisions of the capital went to the Central Bureau to express their strong dissatisfaction to Dominic Lowe.

The Ludwig army bore the name of a rebel army.

The so-called old subordinates were all remnants.

They should be secretly arrested and then killed to defend the law of the country.

Dominic left them a message. "If you don't want to die, don't touch these veterans!" His words were not a reminder.

It was a warning!

The capital would not pursue this matter.

These ministers' wishful thinking had failed.

According to their plan, they wanted to pressure Braydon to give up on this matter.

However, it was obvious that Dominic did not care at all.

In the end, the powerful and aristocratic families still felt guilty.

If he were to settle the score with those who had killed the soldiers of Ludwig, how could they get away with it?

The charge of treason.

Any family in the powerful families that was involved would be annihilated.

Braydon arrived at the small courtyard of the villa. Joseph Thomas was basking in the sun with his walking stick.

Jace Jackel was cultivating on the second floor.

Braydon quietly entered the room. Jace did not notice him as he was in a deep level of cultivation.

The Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique was indeed unique.

In just two days, Jace had recovered a lot.

However, his body was too weak.

If he wanted to transform from a cocoon to a butterfly, he needed the help of external objects.

The purple Qi in Braydon's body was the best healing material.

The purple Qi could consolidate one's foundation and cultivate one's vitality, improving one's body's quality in an all-round way.

It could also improve one's comprehension.

Braydon placed his right hand on his waist, and a wisp of purple Qi appeared on his left index finger. He gently tapped the Baihui point on Jace's head.

This was the Achilles heel of the human body!

Jace immediately noticed the purple Qi entering his body. He opened his eyes and knew that Braydon was helping him.

“Brother Braydon,” Jace said hurriedly, “don’t waste your purple Qi for me. You can’t lose your strength because of me.” “Stop talking!” Braydon was helping him heal because he wanted Jace to be completely healed!

He wanted to help him transform from a cocoon into a butterfly and become a dragon with one jump!

He wanted to use this opportunity to make a name for Jace.

Then, Braydon would use this opportunity to push Jace into the ranks of the hundred generals in the military.

Jace was forced to accept the purple Qi.

The power of the purple Qi entered Jace’s body, fusing into his bones and flesh.

His body greedily absorbed the purple Qi.

Jace’s hair grew thicker and thicker. Each strand of hair was black and shiny.

From the luster of one’s hair, one could determine the strength of one’s Qi and blood.

With a head full of black hair, he must be someone with a strong blood essence.

At this moment, Jace was circulating the Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique. As black hair began to grow from the top of his head, his entire face changed.

The dead skin on his cheeks was shedding!

A whole layer of dead skin was terrifying.

Through the gaps of the dead skin, one could see Jace's younger appearance.

His facial features were handsome, and his face was as sharp as a knife. He had sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes. He was definitely a handsome man.

This change proved that Jace was recovering.

The Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique originated from Daoism and was not weaker than Shaolin's classics of tendon changing.

Together with Braydon's purple Qi, they were a perfect match.

With the support of the two, there would definitely be a complete transformation.

Jace could also feel that with Braydon's help, he was more than a hundred times more effective than when he was cultivating the Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique alone.

More importantly, it was the resonance between the Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique and the Art of the God of War Braydon had cultivated the Art of the God of War to the third level.

The third level of the Art of the God of War, with every circulation, would produce a cleansing effect on Braydon's body.

However, Jace himself was undergoing a transformation.

This had an inexplicable resonance with the third level of the Art of the God of War Braydon seized this opportunity and used this connection to circulate the Art of the God of War with all his might!

Boom!

An extremely powerful aura spread out.

Downstairs, Tobey Lapras was reading a book. He was affected by the aura and raised his head in surprise. "The Art of the God of War is resonating with the Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique?" "The Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique is indeed extraordinary!" Syrus Yacca said.

Upstairs, Jace's clothes were torn to shreds. His thin body had blood vessels that were like dragons, and all the blood was flowing.

It was like a small boiling furnace.

This heat came from Braydon activating the king-conferring technique.

Braydon's entire body emitted white light. After circulating the Art of the God of War, he became even more terrifying.

The effect of cleansing the marrow was not only shown on Braydon, but also on Jace.

Both of them were cleansing their bodies.

Most importantly Braydon's body did not have many impurities.

The person who benefited the most was Jace!

A thick layer of black blood oozed out of the pores on his body, and there were faint impurities in it.

At the same time, a layer of old skin appeared on his body!

This was a rebirth!

Rebirth was the shedding of the old skin on the surface of the body in exchange for a new life.

The change in the body was the cleansing of the marrow.

This huge change made Jace's eyes turn red. He gritted his teeth and felt a stream of fire appear in his body.

That's right, it was a burning sensation that spread to his limbs and bones.

The burning sensation was extremely intense.

"Brother Braydon, it hurts a little!" Jace said hoarsely.

"It's better to be in pain for a while than to be crippled for the rest of your life!" Braydon's words were cold and emotionless.

Braydon, who had a heart of stone, ignored Jace's pain.

A moment later.

Jace almost fainted from the pain.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Today, I must succeed once and for all. I'll let you be reborn. There's not much time left. Jace, you don't have time either! "You must join me in the battle!

"I will bring all of you to the peak of Mount Tanish with me and have you help me carry the fate of the country!

“I want you to bear the burden of the prosperous Hansworth and the fate of the country for thousands of years!” Braydon’s words were like a bell ringing in Jace’s mind.

Jace, who was close to fainting, woke up on the spot and continued to circulate the internal cultivation technique.

Every part of his body, including his fingernails, was falling off.

The process of being reborn was extremely painful!

However, if he succeeded... The benefit was no less than being reborn!

Jace gritted his teeth and persisted.

Syrus and Tobey quietly came to the house, wanting to help.

In exchange, Braydon shouted coldly, “Stand down!” The two of them were shocked and stood silently behind him, not daring to assist recklessly.

Jace was in Nirvana!

He could only rely on himself to be reborn.

If outsiders helped him now, they would be harming him.

As long as Jace survived.

His future achievements would not be lower than anyone in the northern army.

This might be the reason why the ten ruthless men respected Braydon.

There was no internal strife in the northern army..

Chapter 428-King Jace is Reborn In the northern army, there were many prodigies and valiant generals, and each of them could take charge of an area on their own. But why did they not fight amongst themselves?

Because of Braydon Neal!

As a commander, Braydon would never say that he would suppress anyone.

As long as there were good seedlings that emerged, Braydon would personally help him to improve!

Braydon was not only powerful but also benevolent!

This was the reason why the northern army pledged their loyalty to Braydon.

If a genius like the ten ruthless men appeared in a powerful family, there would definitely be internal strife!

Unfortunately, in the northern army, with Braydon around, that would never happen.

The sky was already dark.

The black sky was dotted with stars, and the moon was like a plate.

Jace Jackel's change was becoming more and more obvious.

As time passed, at midnight.



The white light on Braydon's body that lit up the entire manor slowly receded.

Accompanied by a vigorous vitality, it soared into the sky.

And Jace's tiger howl.

He finally stood up!

Marquis Jace stood up again, leaving behind a pile of dead skin.

He leaped into the air.

His long black hair fell on his shoulders and danced in the wind. His black eyes were as sharp as swords, and his sharp face revealed a determined expression.

At this moment.

Jace released his pressure without any restraint, and his seven-foot-tall body was indomitable.

He was born to be a hero!

A new king was born!

From tonight onward, he was King Jace.

Jace's injuries had healed, and his strength had returned to its peak.

The moment he recovered to his peak!

He turned around and punched out, landing on the field in the courtyard.

Bang!

An invisible force was released, blasting out a washbasin-sized pit in the ground.

It was a distance of ten meters!

Old Man Zito's face instantly darkened. He said in exasperation, "Little bastard, don't touch this old man's green onions!" "Haha, Vice Commander Zito, I will compensate you with green onions tomorrow. Tonight, I want to indulge myself!" Jace revealed his true feelings.

He had been imprisoned for six years, tortured day and night in the dark prison.

Now, he had returned to his peak.

He needed to vent the frustration in his heart.

Old Man Zito mumbled to himself as he silently approved of Jace's actions.

Jace turned around and threw another punch.

The invisible fist force landed on the wall.

Boom!

A huge hole was blasted open.

This hole was twenty meters away from Jace!

Only a second-level king could do this.

It meant that Jace was not only crowned king tonight.

He was even breaking through consecutively!

He had reached the level of a second-level king!

Unfortunately, it was far from over!

Jace stood in the dark night and punched again. Hundreds of invisible forces appeared.

Bang, bang, bang... The force was like the wind, fierce and biting cold.

When they landed on the ground, they continuously created basin-sized pits.

The distance of the attack was more than twenty meters.

The fist force released later exceeded 30 meters!

Another 40 meters!

In the end, he stopped at 50 meters.

He was now a nrtm-level King.

After being crippled for six years, he recovered in one day and broke through continuously tonight.

He stood firmly as a fifth-level king.

Such a graceful bearing had become a part of the night.

This was why Braydon was willing to pay any price to restore Jace to his peak condition.

Jace was a strong general!

In the future, if he were to defend the national gates of the country, the capital would be able to rest easy.

Jace's fist was like a tiger's roar. He released his strength and plowed the entire courtyard. There was not a single flat area.

The strength of a king was this terrifying.

Following Jace's exhaustion, the pent-up anger in his chest was completely vented.

He turned around, cupped his fists, and knelt on one knee. His eyes were filled with determination.

"Jace Jackel of the northern army pays his respects to the commander!" he shouted.

"There is no kneeling in the northern army!" Cole Colbie stepped forward to help him up.

Jace scratched his head and grinned foolishly. "Brother Braydon, tonight was like a dream. I never thought that I would be able to stand up again and become a king!" Braydon smiled faintly.

With Jace's current talent, he would be able to become a pinnacle in the future.

His innate talent was not any weaker than the ten ruthless men of the northern army.

Tonight, he was reborn and had transformed into a butterfly.

With the purple Qi, he was able to nourish himself.

Now, his talent was definitely not inferior to Tobey Lapras's.

Braydon went to the roof of the bright hall and sat cross-legged to cultivate. He breathed in and out a trace of purple Qi.

Braydon could still recover the purple Qi he had used to save Jace.

It was not a big problem.

However, there were always some people who could not sleep during the long night.

For example, all the powerful and aristocratic families in the capital felt uneasy.

Braydon's hidden illness had worsened, and he did not have much time left. He called for a meeting of the hundred generals, but his purpose was unknown.

Who could guarantee that Braydon's meeting of the hundred generals was not to target the various families?

Moreover, Braydon was calling for the Ludwig army to return.

The capital did not care about the matters in Preston.

At the dawn of the day.

Braydon, who was on the roof of the bright hall, had disappeared and appeared in the living room of the villa.

Savannah Jackel was making breakfast in the kitchen. She said softly, "Brother Braydon, are you done cultivating? I made breakfast." Braydon had just sat down at the dining table when a group of freeloaders came out.

Syrus Yacca, Tobey, and the others did not sleep. They practiced at night instead of sleeping.

Luther Carden was pushed over by Cole and indifferently said, "Brother, there are many new faces in Preston." "Secret order: no matter which faction they belong to, kill them all!" Braydon drank his soup and calmly gave the order to kill.

Luther knew what to do.

The news of the hundred generals meeting had indeed shocked many factions.

Almost all of the three great entities, namely the powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects, had sent their experts to Preston.

The goal was simple.

Find out what the hundred-general meeting was about.

And find out what Braydon wanted to do!

Other than these three forces.

The minions of foreign forces had also infiltrated Preston.

These people coming to Preston could not be hidden from Cripple Carden.

In Preston, there were 100,000 northern army hidden agents!

Braydon was setting up the trap, and Luther was in the middle of it, doing his own thing.

On the eve of the meeting of the hundred generals, there would definitely be a massacre!

Luther would personally lead the slaughter. All the foreign forces and people who infiltrated Preston would die.

Braydon put down the small white porcelain bowl. After finishing the soup, he looked at the calendar hanging on the wall.

July 1st, 2020, Wednesday, drizzle.

The day after tomorrow was the hundred-generals meeting!

It was foggy and rainy outside, shrouding the entire Preston. It made people feel a little depressed.

“Have the hundred generals set off yet?” Braydon asked. “They’ve all set off. They’ll arrive in Preston by tomorrow night at the latest.” Nico Yates was in charge of contacting the hundred generals.

He knew of everyone’s movements.

Some of them would arrive this afternoon.

However, the current Preston was a mess.

People from all over the world were gathered here.

People from the three great entities!

People from overseas organizations.

There were also rats from the Black Sword Association who seemed to have infiltrated Preston.

These people were causing problems being hidden in the dark.

Since that was the case.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and smiled.. "Luther, clean up Preston!"

Chapter 429-: Northern King's Order, Cleansing Preston Although Braydon's words were very casual, he was still very calm.

But this sentence was a killing order!

The word 'cleanse' meant that they were going to kill more than one or two people.

It was a group of people!

The order to kill had been issued!

Cleansing Preston!

No one was allowed to interfere with the meeting.



No matter who it was, they would be killed without mercy.

Luke Yates blinked and sneaked out of the Neal family manor.

How could the playful little boy miss this opportunity?

Tobey Lapras smiled with his hands behind his back. "I'm going to go take a look too!" "I'm going to go explore the splendor of Preston, the ancient capital." Syrus Yacca also went out.

In the blink of an eye, everyone had gone out to play.

Only Luther Carden and Braydon were left.

Gordon Lowe was not idle either. He went to look for the people from the Black Sword Association who had infiltrated.

Zayn Ziegler brought Logan Hall out to broaden his horizons.

Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford were in charge of recalling the old troops of the Ludwig army.

Everyone seemed to have something to do.

Luther smiled. "For those hidden in the dark, this manor is the biggest target.' It was far better to wait for someone to deliver themselves to him than to go out to look for them.

People from various forces filled Preston City.

If they could not get any useful information from the outside, they would definitely think of a way to infiltrate the Neal family manor.

“How many Hidden agents did you bring to Preston?” Braydon smiled faintly.

“100,000!” Luther replied softly.

Braydon could not help but laugh. ‘You’ve laid a nice killing trap for everyone. You’re just waiting for them to fall into their own death traps!’ “I can’t miss such a good opportunity. I need to perform well too!” Luther also knew how to joke.

The performance he was talking about was killing enemies!

There were hundreds of thousands of hidden agents in the northern army. It was a huge expense to feed so many people every year.

Fortunately, the capital had never deducted the expenses of the northern army.

Luther had a way of making money. He never needed the capital to pay for the military expenses of the hidden agents.

Otherwise, if he asked for money from the capital, would that not inadvertently expose the number of hidden agents they had?

Now, only the two brothers were left.

Braydon’s deep gaze landed on Luther’s legs.

“The seven-star Begonia can cure your legs. I will go to Song to get it for you in a few days’ time.” Braydon’s words were still as calm as the wind.

He had decided on this matter so casually.

“Brother,” Luther said helplessly, “that’s the beloved item of the ruler of Song!” “I want to kill him in this battle!” Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back.

This smile was like the spring breeze.

Luther felt a chill in his heart. They had grown up together, and he knew that the target of his big brother’s smile would definitely be someone whose life and death were hard to predict!

While the two brothers were chatting, a rat found its way into the Neal family manor.

Luther kept playing with his black wristwatch as all kinds of information kept liasmng on cne screen.

It was all news of the northern army’s hidden agents.

Every piece of information would be automatically saved.

An S-rank emergency message would alert Luther with a red light.

Now, this watch was flashing with a faint red light.

“Brother, seven War Gods and three marquises are here. No kings!” Luther raised his head and said casually.

If it was Preston City in the past, not a single War God would appear here in years.

But now, there were many kings in Preston.

Braydon had Logan Hall push Luther out of the courtyard.

The lawn in the manor could be used as a football field.

Now, there were constantly figures flashing past at an extraordinary speed of dozens of meters per second.

They were martial artists!

“Esteemed guest, sorry for not welcoming you!” Luther was gentle and spoke elegantly.

However, if you deal with people from the northern army, those who spoke politely and had delicate appearances were the ones you had to run from! This kind of person was definitely a ruthless person in the northern army!

Ordinary martial artists could not afford to offend them at all.

Luther’s indifferent words caused the seven people who were moving quickly to stop in their tracks and look over in shock.

According to the information they had received, all the high-ranking generals of the northern army had left ten minutes ago.

Why were there still powerhouses in the manor?

A fierce one-eyed man had a scar on his left eye that ran through his cheek. His face looked a little ferocious.

He seemed to be the leader of this group. He raised his hand slightly, and everyone gathered around him.

The one-eyed man cupped his hands. “Please forgive me for coming here. May I ask for your name?”  
“Me? A nobody!” Logan was pushing the wheelchair from behind. When he heard this, the corners of his mouth twitched.

Did the ruthless people of the northern army not know what nobodies actually meant?

Last time, when Tobey called himself a nobody in front of Polson Yackley, Polson almost had a nosebleed.

Now, Luther was introducing himself in the same way.

The people of the northern army either had no idea what nobodies meant, or they had a deep hatred for these people.

The one-eyed man could not tell who Luther was.

He was very cautious. He continued to probe, "Little brother, don't make fun of us. How can there be a nobody in this manor?!" "Since you know that, why did you come in and cause trouble?" Luther raised his left hand, and a faint white light emerged from his thin body.

Talisman technique.

Mount Sino Sword Talisman!

As expected, Braydon passed it to Luther.

The one-eyed man was a mighty marquis, but he was scared stiff.

Cold sweat trickled down his face as he retreated in horror. "Drawing talismans in the void, you..." "Big Brother, what should we do?" The group of brothers behind him also panicked.

"Run!" The one-eyed man gritted his teeth and said.

“Trespassing the residence of the Northern King is a death sentence that cannot be forgiven!” Luther sat on the wheelchair and drew a talisman in the air with his left hand, forming the Mount Sino Sword Talisman.

The moment the sword talisman was formed, a pale white longsword slowly extended from the talisman.

Whoosh!

The sword light was shadowless, and it swept up a hurricane along with green leaves.

Wherever the sword light pointed, it was invincible!

Other than the one-eyed man, the remaining seven were all War Gods.

The dignified War God was considered a might person where he came from.

They were all pierced through the heart by a sword and killed on the spot without any ability to resist.

The speed of the sword light surpassed their reaction time.

It was simply unstoppable!

The one-eyed man’s face was pale. At this moment, he finally understood why so many people from the powerful and aristocratic families did not dare to step into this manor.

The reason was simple.

As long as you dared to come, the result was to enter standing and leave lying down.

The sickly young man in the wheelchair used methods that were not something that ordinary martial artists could use.

This was the successor of the warlock lineage.

The key point here was the warlock lineage had long been lost.

In modern times, it was even rarer than a thousand-year-old ginseng.

In the end, they were lucky enough to meet him.

The one-eyed man said hoarsely, "You claim to be a nobody, but you deceive a dying person like me. Isn't that inappropriate?" "In all these years, this is the first time someone is saying that I'm inappropriate." Luther smiled and raised his left hand.

The pale white sword light whistled as it pierced through the one-eyed man's forehead.

The blow did not just pierce the heart.

Instead, it pierced through his head!

He was killed on the spot.

Luther's name was not something these little rascals were worthy of knowing!

Chapter 430-The Sword Arrives, the Person Disappears!

Luther Carden did everything calmly.

Logan Hall stepped forward and said, "I'll take the corpse out." "There's no need to hurry. The two guests have been watching the show for so long. Aren't you going to come out and meet the owner of the manor?" Luther looked at a tree in the northwest corner.

There were two marquises hiding there.

Don't forget, Luther said that ten outsiders were in the vicinity.

Currently, there were only eight people who had shown themselves.

There was obviously another group of people.

Now it seemed like it was these two marquises.

These two middle-aged martial artists who were close to fifty years old witnessed Luther's terror with their own eyes. They hid in the dark and didn't even dare to breathe loudly.

They did not think that they would still be discovered.

A male martial artist in the suit shouted in a low voice, "Second Brother, run!" "Big Brother, let's fight it out!" A short and stout man gritted his teeth, ready to go all out.

The man in the suit shouted angrily, "We can't win! He's the second most powerful man in the northern army, King Carden!" "What?" The pudgy man's pupils constricted.

He was not stupid and immediately knew Luther's identity.

Luther of the northern army was ranked first among the Five Heavenly Kings.

He usually lived in seclusion in the northern desert.



There was very little news about him in the outside world. All relevant information had been wiped clean by Luther's hidden agents.

Therefore, the outside world had a rather mysterious impression of him.

Luther shook his head. "You came uninvited and want to leave without saying goodbye. How can the two of you be so rude?!" When the man in the suit heard this, he almost peed his pants on the spot.

Is this the time to be polite?

If he were to stay any longer, he would have to leave his life here.

Was etiquette more important, or was life more important?

Even his butt knew that the latter was more important.

The key point was that the current situation was not something that the two of them could escape from just because they wanted to.

Braydon had already given the order to kill.

He had given the order to cleanse Preston.

No matter what force it was, anyone who infiltrated Preston would be killed.

This was because the goal of these people was to get the contents of the hundred-generals meeting.

The content of the meeting was absolutely top secret.

The country's top secret.

Those with ulterior motives who dared to secretly obtain such information would naturally be killed without exception!

Luther attacked. The sword light was traceless and instantly arrived in front of the two of them.

The man in the suit was pale. He thought that he would die for sure.

But the sword light actually dissipated when it reached him!

This made him extremely ecstatic, thinking that even the heavens were helping him.

Instantly, this fellow ran extremely fast.

At this moment.

A three-foot-long sword was shining with a cold light.

Whoosh!

When the sword arrived, the person disappeared!

The sword pierced through the heart, and the man in the suit felt as if he had been hit hard. He lowered his head to look at his chest. There was a round bloody hole that was spewing out blood.

His body fell to the ground.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his back and raised his left hand. With a slight movement of his fingers, the sword killed the last short and stocky martial artist on the spot.

After doing all of this, Braydon still looked calm.

Luther smiled bitterly. "My control over the Mount Sino Sword Talisman isn't even 30% of your power."  
"There's no hurry. With your talent, it's not difficult for you to master the Mount Sino Sword Talisman!"  
Braydon asked Luther to continue drawing talismans.

This time, Braydon held Luther's hand and taught him the Mount Sino Sword Talisman.

This scene brought Braydon and Luther back to their youth.

Outside the Neal family manor.

Today, the entire capital city was filled with a murderous aura.

Luther had set up 100,000 hidden agents in Preston. The streets of Preston were filled with killing intent.

This killing trap was set up specifically for the three great entities!

As for those who had infiltrated from outside the borders, none of them could survive.

At the entrance of a magnificent hotel in Preston.

The name of the hotel was Golden Goblet.

The boss was Ariana.

All the locals in Preston were familiar with this place.

At the door, a young man walked in. His steps were like a tiger's. His long hair danced behind his head. His temples were as white as snow, and his temperament was elegant!

The Great Demon King Luke Yates had arrived!

The receptionist in a red dress called out sweetly, "Welcome, sir!" "Give me a list of the foreign guests who will be staying here in the next two weeks." Luke came in and made a request.

"Huh?" The receptionist was stunned.

"Sir, customer information is our hotel's trade secret. Outsiders have no right to access it!" The lobby manager jogged over to explain.

Luke glanced over. A cold light accompanied by killing intent flashed in his eyes.

In front of those brothers from the northern army, he was a little fool.

But in the outside world.

He was still the commander of Eastern Hansworth, Luke Yates.

The Northern King's holy left-wing guard.

He had once stood in the northern territory and killed more than 10,000 enemies with his twin swords. He had made outstanding contributions and was ranked among the 100 generals of the Military Department. His status was far beyond that of ordinary people.

The little fool was a figure with real power.

The martial artists of the six provinces of Eastern Hansworth were all under the jurisdiction of the little fool.

Now that he had personally come to the Golden Goblet, he had naturally obtained accurate information from the northern army's hidden agents. There were many foreign martial artists in the Golden Goblet.

Without exception, they had all sneaked in.

The purpose of Luke's visit was to eliminate them!

Not a single one was to be left alive, all of them were to be killed.

In the lobby of the hotel, a silent young man quietly walked over. Amidst the crowd, he was very inconspicuous. He passed by Luke and gave him a name list.

A death list!

There were a total of 71 names on the list.

They were all names of foreigners.

After Luke received the name list, he frowned and said, "There are too many people. If one of them is alerted, the others will be scared away. You guys, block the door." There was no doubt that the silent youth was a hidden agent.

Luther had brought 100,000 hidden agents and set up this killing trap.

There were hidden agents in every corner of Preston.

When Luke and the others did things, they naturally had the help of the hidden agents.

Luke's words did not get anyone's response.

The young man who was a cleaner at the Golden Goblet naturally went to the door to clean.

A fashionable young man who was waiting for his friend in the lobby came to the hotel's fire escape stairs.

There was no doubt that these people were from the northern army's hidden agents!

On the second floor of the hotel.

Room 202!

Bang!

The door was forcefully opened. It was a suite with three rooms and a living room.

There was a total of nine people in the living room. They were huddled together, facing a map of Preston, and discussing intensely.

In the end, the door was kicked open.

Instantly, everyone was shocked.

A short and skinny man with a mustache said angrily, "Bastard, who are you?" "Banko scumbag!" Luke smiled faintly and said, "I am Luke Yates, the holy left-wing guard under the command of the Northern King. I am here to kill you. I do not like to hear last words. So, you will die now!" "What?" Among the nine people, there was no lack of people who could understand English. Their faces were pale.

The holy left-wing guard under Braydon Neal's command.

It was impossible the martial artists from Banko who had infiltrated Preston not know him.

At this moment, they finally understood.

From the moment they stepped into Preston, they had been targeted by the northern army.

The northern army's ironclad law was that any martial artist who crossed the border without permission would be killed without mercy!