

Strongest 491

Chapter 491-Cold Swords Hanging in All Directions of the Capita Braydon Neal's clothes were spotless. He stood on the crown of a towering tree and lightly stepped on the ground.

His arrival shocked many people!

The hundreds of people present looked over in unison.

They were quite curious about this white-robed youth.

Ginny Neal revealed her pearly white teeth and giggled. "Big Brother!" "You are..." Layne Geller was in the capital's Mountain Division. With his warlord level strength, he was at most a nameless pawn.

It would be difficult for a young official of the 24 divisions of the capital to even meet Braydon!

Not to mention a small character like Layne, who was not qualified be in contact with Braydon!

In layman's terms, outsiders below the wargod level would not even have the right to see King Braydon.

Braydon smiled faintly, and his thin lips moved slightly. "I stood alone on Mount Bliz for ten years. In the eight thousand miles of northern dessert, who would dare call himself king?" Where did these words come from?

From whom?

The people of the 24 divisions in the capital probably knew.

These words came from Mount Bliz in the northern desert, and even more so from that commoner.

It was as if Braydon was asking domineeringly, in front of him, in the entire Hansworth, who would dare to be a king?

Who dared to be king in front of the Northern King?!

No one!

As a king level martial artist, Braydon was an unsurpassable mountain.

With king level strength, Braydon went against quasi pinnacles.

Braydon killed batch after batch of people who had comprehended the pinnacle of martial arts.

The prestige of the Northern King was obtained through his killing!

It was forged from the millions of corpses of the eight foreign countries!

At this moment.

Layne's face turned pale. He knelt down on one knee and saluted in fear, "Mountain Division's Layne Geller greets the Northern King of Hansworth!" "All members of the Preston main team greet the Northern King!" Steve Xavier of the Preston main team walked out and led hundreds of people to salute.

They did not kneel.

Braydon had already told them that anyone who held a cold sword was a son of the north.

There was no kneeling in the north!

The men of the northern army did not respect heaven and earth, nor did they fear ghosts and gods.

This were not just words that meant nothing.

They had to carry it out.

Layne's face was pale, and he was terrified.

The Northern King was actually in Preston.

The little girl Miranda Stern was holding actually called him big brother.

Layne was dumbfounded!

Braydon stood at the top of the tree with his hands behind his back. His thin lips moved slightly. "My sister just took part in the martial examination today. It isn't the eight institutions that will choose her, but she will be the one to choose the eight institutions!

"Because she's my sister!

"If Ginny chooses to go to the Sanguine Youth Institution, it's her choice. You can teach her and reprimand her if she makes a mistake!

"The only thing you can't do is bully her!

"If you dare to bully her, I will definitely fill the capital with northern cold swords!

"No one can bully my sister!" Braydon had come today to tell Miranda and the others.

If he wanted Ginny to enter the Sanguine Youth Institution, he could.

However, the Sanguine Youth Institution must take good care of Ginny!

If anything happened to the little girl..

With Braydon's personality, do you think he would not dare to lead the northern army south?

Do you think he would not dare to let the northern army's elite soldiers hang a million cold swords in all directions of the capital?

Do you think he would not dare to slaughter the entire Sanguine Division?

He would!

Braydon would definitely dare to do so.

Braydon's entire life was plagued by killing sins.

However, he did not owe anyone anything!

Braydon did not let Hansworth down, nor did he let the one billion people of Hansworth down. The only people he owed were his family.

If he had returned to Preston earlier, he would not have let his sister wander outside for ten years and suffer!

Braydon felt indebted to his family.

Therefore, he had been trying to make up for it at home. Everyone knew how much he doted on his sister.

Miranda bent over and opened her cherry lips. "Don't worry, Your Highness. Ginny has the talent of a Qilin. Once she enters the Sanguine Youth Institution, she'll definitely be able to amaze the capital when she grows up." Braydon landed on the ground and held Heather's cold and soft hand. He said softly, "Grandma, come in with me!" "Child, you're naturally protective of your own. Don't spoil Ginny too much." Grandma Sage smiled lovingly.

Ginny was the old lady's granddaughter. Ginny would usually go to the Sage's place to play.

Old Lady sage doted on her very much.

The old lady was an experienced person, so she could not help but remind Braydon not to spoil the little girl.

Braydon supported the old lady and said softly, "Grandma, the Neal family has very few people. If anything were to happen to Ginny in the Sanguine Youth Institution, what would happen to Uncle Liam and Aunt Qahira?"

"I'd rather spoil Ginny than see anything happen to her." These were Braydon's intentions.

Grandma Sage sighed. She knew that the third generation of the Neal family only consisted of Braydon and Ginny.

Braydon had already grown up.

Ginny was the only child left. If the Neal family did not spoil the little girl, who would?

Braydon was holding Heather's hand. She smiled sweetly and said gently, "Ginny can't be spoiled!" "That's good!" The old lady entered the Preston main team's base to get some rest.

Heather said in a charming voice, "Ginny has wandered around for ten years."

There's no need to worry about her not doing good for society because she's not that kind of person." Heather's words sounded reasonable.

Ginny had never been that kind of person.

The Neal family would not produce a profligate.

It was even more improbable when it came to Braydon's generation.

Heather stopped and looked into Braydon's eyes. She said helplessly, "Ginny is still young. Don't give her too much pressure." "Why do you say that?" Braydon was stunned.

Heather rolled her eyes and snapped, "I used to call you Stinky Braydon, but you didn't care. Let me tell you the reason why. Ginny is growing older.

"The more she knows about you, the more she will understand that you were already famous in Hansworth when you were young. You are holding a high position at a young age and are the leader of the 100 generals in the military!

"Others may not care, but Ginny will.

"Because you are her brother, and she is your sister.

"Since her older brother is so dazzling, she will definitely attract the attention of outsiders. The world will even compare you and your sister. When that time comes, the rumors in the outside world cause Ginny to be pressured." Heather was a girl, so she was more conscious of things like this. Braydon was a boy after all. He seemed indifferent, but he had the air of a domineering lord.

In this aspect, Braydon was inferior to Heather.

After all, girls were more meticulous than boys.

Many things that Braydon did not notice; Heather had already noticed.

That was why she said that.

Braydon carried the fate of the country and was destined to be extraordinary in this life.

All the third generation children of the Neal family would feel the pressure because of Braydon's existence.

Braydon held Heather's hand and chuckled. "I've never thought about this before, but I don't think Ginny would think that way!" As they spoke, the two of them turned to look at the little girl.

Ginny followed her teacher, Miranda. She was very curious about everything about the Preston main team and was not afraid.

"Miranda, let the martial arts examination begin!" Braydon said indifferently as he arrived..

Chapter 492-He Has a Murderous Aura There was no sparring in the martial arts examination.

However, the strength of each registered martial artist had to be assessed.

Speed, strength, and reaction speed were all tested.

And comprehension !

Comprehension was talent.

If your talent was astonishing, the teachers of the eight institutions would pay attention to you during the martial arts examination.

The talent assessment was also a very important part.

The so-called martial arts examination was a screening test.

The outstanding children would be selected and sent to the provincial capital before going to the capital to enjoy the best educational conditions.

At this moment, Braydon Neal spoke.

The martial arts examination officially began.

Layne Geller, who had come from the capital, presided over the recording.

Braydon did not interfere with the assessment. Instead, he accompanied Grandma Sage to get some rest.

Layne's face was covered in cold sweat. With Braydon here, he really felt a lot of pressure.

"As per the Northern King's order, the martial arts examination will begin now!" Braydon's words were the Northern King's order.

Although this was the first time Layne from the capital had met Braydon, he had heard too much about his legends over the years.

Furthermore, the martial artists in the capital knew that Braydon had gone to the capital in recent days and had gone on a killing spree, shaking all the powerful families.

The powerful families were a great entity.

That was a force that included hundreds of large and small families!

Other than Braydon, who else could shake them?

Layne announced the start of the martial arts examination.

The hundreds of people outside the entrance of the Preston main team base lined up to enter the examination hall.

The examination hall that Steve Xavier had built in advance was equipped with precision instruments. Fist force target drones.

Speed testers.

Reaction speed testing room.

It was to provide a testing ground for the young people who came.

Layne turned around and humbly handed over a document, saying, "Lord Northern King, there are a total of one hundred and seventy-two students participating in the examination in Preston. Twenty of them are from the seven great families of Preston, and the rest are people from the lower levels of Preston!" The people from the lower levels referred to the Preston mountains and the towns south of Preston.

After all, there were martial artists in the towns south of the city.

Take the Thompson Village for example. The last time Braydon went there, it was a nest of martial artists.

There were dozens of young martial artists there!

Therefore, it was not unusual for more than a hundred young students to come to participate in the martial arts examination.

Braydon took the list and saw the names 'Ginny Neal' and 'Heather Sage'.

"Heather, why did you hide your registration from me?" he asked with a chuckle.

"If I told you, would I still be able to come?" Heather rolled her eyes.

Braydon could not help but laugh at her mischievous look.

However, Braydon saw two familiar names and asked suspiciously, "Xana Thomas and Joseph Thomas? What are they up to?" "What? I want to be a martial artist too!" Behind Braydon, a sneaky pretty girl appeared.

She had a slim figure and long wine-red curly hair that fell on her shoulders- Her delicate little face gave off a sly look. Her chest was tall and straight, and her slender legs were wrapped in light blue jeans. She was slender and well-proportioned.

Besides Xana, there was no one else!

She was very close to Braydon and was not awkward at all.

Braydon wanted to laugh when he saw her. A humanities student who could write 'A friend visiting from afar must be killed even if he was far away' was a jokester!

"Have you finished your make-up exam?" Heather saw her best friend and laughed with her.

Xana wrinkled her nose and said unhappily, "I didn't pass the make-up exam!" "What happened?" Heather was stunned.

If she did not pass the make-up exam, she would fail the subject!

“I wrote my name wrongly!” Xana said pitifully.

Braydon was speechless.

Heather:

She could even write her name wrongly on the make-up exam paper.

This was really another level!

Heather rolled her eyes and asked Xana to sit beside her.

Layne stepped forward and said obsequiously, “Lord Northern King, the examinees have already taken their positions. Can we start now?” Braydon raised his left hand and sat at the head of the table, quietly waiting for the exam to begin.

Layne turned around and announced loudly, “The exam will begin now. Examinee No. 1, Werner Daley. For the first round, leave a record of your strength on the punching target machine.” As soon as he finished speaking.

A seventeen-year-old youth wearing black sportswear went to the front of the humanoid target drone.

The official members of the Preston main team were responsible for recording the results of each student in front of each target machine.

This martial arts examination was for children as young as ten years old, like Ginny, and those up to twenty years old.

All of them!

A total of 172 people were present.

Examinee No. 1, Werner Daley, went to the front of the first target drone. He exhaled a breath of turbid air, bent his body like a bow, and held his breath. He landed a crushing fist on the target drone's red heart.

Bang!

Beep, beep, beep.

110 pounds!

This was the basic strength of the first punch.

The strength assessment allowed you to punch three times.

The highest value would be taken as your score.

This was already considered preferential treatment for the examinees.

Learning martial arts was a way to sharpen one's mind, and the process was accompanied by injuries and pain. Werner's second punch landed.

Beep, beep, beep.

115 pounds.

The third punch struck.

Beep, beep, beep.

112 pounds!

The power of the three punches was different.

Next, Examinee No. 2, please go on stage!" The strength assessment had ended.

Werner's eyes were filled with disappointment.

Seven days ago, his basic strength had reached 130 pounds.

It was obvious that he did not display such high basic strength today.

It was not considered weak.

It was not considered extraordinary either.

It was considered normal!

With such results, it would be difficult for him to go to the provincial capital to participate in the second round of the examination!

What followed was an assembly line of examinees. Some were happy, while others were disappointed.

Until Examinee No. 66 appeared.

This was a young man who looked to be 19 years old. He had dark skin and a simple and honest appearance.

Braydon sat lazily on the high seat and glanced at the examinee. His thin lips moved slightly. "What's his name?" "Jeremy Norton, nineteen years old. The registration form states that he is... warlord level!" Layne flipped through the document list and was stunned when he said this.

A nineteen-year-old warlord was a good seedling!

He was definitely qualified to go to the provincial capital.

Perhaps he could be sent to the capital. When the time came, all the major factions would gather in the capital. There would definitely be a place suitable for him in the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions.

For ordinary people, this was simply a leap to heaven.

Braydon closed his eyes to rest. "He has murderous aura on him." "Huh?" Layne was slightly stunned.

His brain could not react in time.

The majority of the examinees who came to participate in the martial arts examination were teenagers. They lived in modern society. What did it mean to have a murderous aura?

It meant that his hands had been stained with human life!

If his hands were stained with blood during battle between martial artists, it would be fine. Instead, it would be a beautiful resume for a promising future.

If his hands were stained with the blood of ordinary people.

Today, not only would Jeremy be stripped of his identity as an examinee, but he would also be detained on the spot and sent to the Preston main team to be locked up.

In the past, in every year's martial arts examinations, examinees with a shady background would appear..

Chapter 493-Five Levels of Rank Clearance!

Once such examinees were caught, they would not be able to escape punishment.

Martial artists killing ordinary people and using their powerful martial arts to do evil was a red line that violated the ironclad law of the country.

It was a major crime!

If one dared to spend all their resources to nurture such a person, who knew how much trouble he would cause if he became a War God in the future.

Steve Xavier stood at the side and said in a low voice, "I'll get Sebastian Wood to bring the file of Examinee No. 66." Braydon closed his eyes and did not respond.

However, in the examination hall, Examinee No. 66 was very powerful, and his performance was quite stunning. He punched the drone. Beep beep.

280 pounds!

The second punch was launched.

Beep beep.

291 pounds!

After his third punch landed.

289 pounds!

His basic strength was not low!

The basic strength of a warrior level was 200 pounds, and the same was true for a warlord level.

This was because when one reached the warlord level, they would mainly focus on light force, and they would be able to maintain a basic strength of 200 pounds!

However, at the War God level, your basic strength must reach 300 pounds.

Otherwise, he would not be able to be called a War God.

Jeremy Norton's basic strength was close to the War God level.

Instantly, it caused a commotion. "Who is this country bumpkin?" "Stupid farmer, you are really strong!" "His basic strength is close to 300 pounds. This is close to the standard of the War God level, right?" "That's right. This kid is really fierce. The few lords on the high platform are probably going to take a liking to him!" The noise in the crowd had clearly increased.

Luca, who was in charge of recording the data, was shocked. He did not expect that among the examinees, there would actually be a martial artist who was stronger than their Preston main team members.

No wonder the capital would send experts to personally supervise the exam.

Without the suppression of an expert, who could control such examinees!

Jeremy scratched his head with a silly smile and asked, "Can I continue testing?" "Huh?" Luca was stunned.

Jeremy explained seriously, "When I reach the warlord level, I can use both light force and dark force!" "What?" Luca was shocked. This unremarkable and honest kid in front of him was actually a warlord level.

The family members of the examinees who were watching from the periphery were all stunned.

Everyone was in disbelief.

This country bumpkin was that strong?

Braydon, who was on the high platform, raised his eyes slightly and looked over.

Luca felt like he was being targeted by a peerless beast.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, and he spat out a sentence, "Let him continue testing!" "Yes, sir!" Luca bowed and accepted the order.

Jeremy smiled at Braydon. He turned around and punched the drone.

This punch was light force!

Bang!

As the punch landed, the fist force target machine leaned back slightly.

Beep, beep, beep.

845 pounds!

If such a terrifying force struck the temples of ordinary people, one punch could kill.

The light force was full of explosive power and had great damage.

Without a doubt, Jeremy was a third-level warlord.

Warlord level strength was indeed pretty good.

He was only nineteen years old, but he already had such results. It was good enough.

Next, he used his dark force, which had a penetrating force that was soft and bone-piercing. He punched the target drone through the wooden board.

Bang!

Beep, beep, beep.

700 pounds!

The dark force had an extremely strong penetrating power. After being weakened by the wooden board, it still had a force of 700 pounds.

One could imagine the power of the dark force penetrating your body and exploding on your heart.

What would the consequences be?

Your heart would explode!

Your delicate internal organs would be unable to withstand such power.

Jeremy's strength shocked many people.

His control over his strength was quite good.

He was only nineteen years old, but he gave off the feeling that he was a veteran warlord level martial artist.

The next test was his speed.

The movement speed of a warlord level was 20 meters per second.

This was a rigid standard.

The speed tester on the runway in front of them kept running.

Jeremy did not waste any time. His movement speed was extremely fast, like the wind.

The loom sprint only took 3-98 seconds!

The speed standard of a warlord level.

He had just crossed the standard line!

His speed and strength had both exceeded the standard.

This was very rare!

As mentioned earlier, the standards for casual martial artists were not as harsh as the northern army. If one did not meet any of the three standards, they would not be given the title of a warlord.

Ordinary martial artists would usually be rated as warlord level if their strength reached the standard.

But now, Jeremy's speed and strength had reached the standard of a warlord.

Layne Geller was a little delighted. He was able to discover a genius this time around. It was an achievement on his end for being able to do so. He would be rewarded when he returned to the capital.

"Open the reaction speed chamber and start the warlord level reaction speed evaluation!" The members of the Preston main team immediately got ready to let Jeremy go in to test his reaction speed.

Layne was a little excited, and his attention was focused on Jeremy.

He did not even notice Steve's arrival.

"Northern King, Jeremy has three layers of information. The first layer of information is fake. His identity, family, and address are all fake." Steve handed Braydon a file.

Jeremy's information in the folder stated that he was born in River Village south of Preston.

The information on one's identity could not be hidden from the Preston main team.

The Preston main team was under the Quill main team, and the Quill main team was under the Central Plains main team, and the Central Plains main team was under the capital and the governor office!

Preston City was a prefecture-level city, while Quill was a provincial city, which was the provincial capital!

The capital of a province!

On the other hand, the Central Plains main team was in charge of the martial artists in the three provinces of the Central Plains.

The Central Plains main team had the highest authority in the three provinces.

There was a strict distinction between the upper and lower levels.

From the governor office as the leader.

The Preston main team had B-rank clearance in accessing the internal secret database and could access all kinds of information that was B-rank and below.

The Quill main team had A-rank clearance of the internal secret database, allowing them to access all kinds of information that was A-rank and below.

The Central Plains main team had S-rank clearance of the internal secret database, and they could access all kinds of information classified as S-rank and below.

This kind of hierarchy and rank clearance were the same in every province!

Jeremy's personal profile information had a total of three levels!

With the Preston main team's B-rank clearance, they could only look at the first layer of information.

Braydon's lips curled up slightly, revealing a smile. He raised his left hand slightly, gesturing for Steve to step down.

Steve left silently.

He obviously did not need to care about what happened next!

Things that the Preston main team did not have the authority to look into, Braydon did!

Not to mention this personal file.

Braydon could even see the secrets of the national treasury if he wanted to.

The authority that the current Northern King had was much greater than one could imagine.

Braydon had the right to access all the military files.

Braydon could even read the highest SSS-rank documents.

Braydon also had access to all the top-secret information of the governor office.

Heather tilted her head, her bright eyes filled with curiosity, and her cherry lips opened slightly. "What's wrong?" "It's nothing. Looks like we've encountered something interested. See how powerful that examinee is? This person's hands have been stained with the blood of more than a hundred people." Braydon's tone was light as if he was talking about an insignificant disappearance. He flicked his finger lightly on her smooth forehead.

"He has killed more than a hundred people?" Heather was shocked..

Chapter 494-The Unlucky Hidden Agent Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation Braydon Neal nodded slightly at Heather Sage's surprise.

However, Heather looked suspicious and said in a low voice, "Are you fooling me again? How could you tell?" "Silly, there are some things you can't see. You have to learn to sense his aura. Even though this

kid has restrained his aura to the extreme, he can't hide it from me." Braydon was not trying to show off.

It was because he grew up in the northern territory and had met all kinds of people.

They were all soldiers of the northern army who had made great contributions!

In the northern army, anyone who held a position would be riddled with scars and had outstanding military achievements.

Every soldier's hands were stained with the enemy's blood.

Sometimes, one could sense a martial artist's past from the aura that would inadvertently be leaking from their body.

It was like being in a position of power for a long time, and the aura of power would be nurtured on one's body.

The more power one held in one's hand, the more imposing one's aura would be. It could be seen from one's face.

This involved a lot of knowledge.

Braydon held Heather's cold hand. After thinking for a while, he used her pink phone to manually type a website address on the Internet, and a pop-up window appeared.

Braydon clicked on it, and it immediately alerted the capital's governor office.

An outsider was redirected through the civilian network and had logged into the internal network's secret database.

This was not a small matter.

There were many top-secret files in the secret database of the governor office.

They had to find out who was looking through this information.

The person in charge of the security of the secret database in the governor office urgently went to Tristan Yandell and said with cold sweat, "Deputy Governor Yandell, someone just entered the secret database online through the civilian network." "If their identities are unknown, just capture them and bring them back.

Interrogate them first, then chop them up." Tristan was resting in his office with his legs crossed.

"This person is able to access the secret database directly, so his authority must be terrifyingly high," the subordinate said with a bitter face.

"Then, keep an eye on him. If he wants to access the secret files, he needs to enter his personal information code. Then, we'll know who it is. Without the code to enter the secret database, we won't be able to see anything." Tristan was still the same as before. He was not bothered at all.

He could not wait for the entire governor office to explode.

If the governor office were to close down, he could return to the northern army earlier.

Tristan had already been in the capital for three years.

Tristan sighed and said, "Sigh, if one day Westley sacrifices his life for the country, the position of the head of the governor office will definitely be mine. Big Brother, when will you transfer me back to the northern region?!"

"I get promoted faster here than in the northern army. I've been here for three years. Please don't mess with me anymore!" Tristan was trying to usurp the throne.

Hearing this, the subordinate's face turned green.

There were some things that he could not listen to.

After hearing this, he was afraid that he would disappear from the face of the earth.

The subordinate held his phone and looked at the various numbers flashing on the screen. Finally, he saw the code that Braydon had entered after logging in.

His hair stood on ends!

The subordinate stood there in a daze for a long time.

Tristan shouted at him a few times, "Hey, hey, what's going on? What are you thinking about?!" Bang!

He kicked the subordinate.

Only then did he come back to his senses. He turned around and said in horror, "Deputy Governor Yandell, the person who entered the secret database to check the files... his code is BLOOI!" "F*ck!" Tristan stood up straight.

This code was the secret key!

It was a simple number.

But no one dared to impersonate him!

What did it mean?

Northern army's No.1!

Who was the number one figure in the northern army?

There was no need to think about it any further!

It must be the Northern King, Braydon Neal!

Tristan asked suspiciously, "What is my brother doing? Take a look. What is he looking for?" "He's deciphered an A-rank file. It seems to be a five-layered file. It's the method used by us northerners." The thin subordinate muttered softly.

However, after he finished speaking, he was stunned.

Tristan's gaze was unfriendly, and his face was extremely dark. He said in a low voice, "What did you say? Repeat yourself!" "Cough, Deputy Governor Yandell, I just wanted to get closer to you, so I said it without thinking too much about it." The thin subordinate displayed an amazing desire to survive.

Tristan sneered. "Another hidden agent? Luther must be crazy. I'm not even talking about the hidden agents planted in the 24 divisions of the capital. A hidden agent is planted beside me?"

The thin subordinate had let it slip that he was from the northern army.

He was definitely the northern army's hidden agent!

The thin subordinate's face was pale. He looked around and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that there was no one around.

He begged with a sad face, "Heavenly King Yandell, can you keep your voice down? There is an ironclad law among the hidden agents. I won't show myself until I get the military order. If I'm exposed and return to the northern region without making any contributions, Second Master will kill me!" There was an unwritten rule in the northern army's hidden agents.

If he had exposed his identity and returned to the northern army, not achieving anything was a failure on his end!

Every hidden agent knew this rule.

Tristan cursed, "Use your identity as a hidden agent to reply to Luther with a sentence 'F*ck your grandmother!'" When the thin subordinate heard this, his face turned green!

Did he dare to repeat these words?

In less than a day, the imperial guards of the northern army would come to the capital, take him away, and secretly kill him off.

If he insulted Luther Carden of the northern army, only death awaited!

The skinny subordinate's scalp went numb. He said in a low voice, "It's better if you just slap me to death." "Don't be anxious. Let's see. I remember that three years ago, when I first arrived at the governor office, you were transferred to the secret database of the governor office the next day as the guardian of the database, right?" Tristan's gaze was unfriendly.

The thin subordinate shrunk his head and nodded as he said in a muffled voice, "That bastard Luther. I just left the northern territory and he had already sent people to monitor me in the capital. When I become a king, I'm going to beat the sh*t out of him!" Tristan cursed and stomped his feet in anger.

How many years have they been brothers?

He did not even have this little bit of trust?

Luther actually sent a hidden agent to Tristan's side.

In the end, there was not even a reminder a few years ago.

Tristan's face was black as he said in a low voice, "You better tell me honestly how you've been complaining about me all these years!" "Heavenly King Yandell, I really haven't been doing that. I've been searching for useful information in the secret database and secretly sending it back to the northern territory." The thin subordinate looked dejected.

He had not done anything wrong.

Tristan was unhappy as he asked, "Is there anything wrong with the secret file that my brother found?" "This is a five-layered file. Our northern army..." The subordinate did not finish his sentence.

Tristan said fiercely, "Stop saying that. It sounds disgusting. You're from the governor office!" "Alright, then!" The subordinate also had an aggrieved look on his face. He said helplessly, "The five layers of secret files are a common method used by the northern army. Once someone checks the secret files, it means that they are under suspicion and being investigated.

"This is a warning sign to the hidden agents. They need to evacuate within a short period of time.

"It will take time to unlock the five-layered secret file. When the enemy sees the five-layered secret file, they will think that the hidden agent is a big fish. They will be cautious to not alert the hidden agent and will investigate the true information of the five-layered secret file.

"And the time we gain from that is the best time for the hidden agent to rat-raat- The thin subordinate said that it was the usual tactic of the northern army..

Chapter 495-Catching a Big Fish After the thin subordinate finished speaking.

Tristan Yandell sneered, "Luther has planted a hidden agent beside my big brother? He wants to be beaten up!" "Jeremy Norton's identity cannot be confirmed for the time being. His personal information has been sealed using the five-layered secret file method. In recent years, not only the northern army has been using this method, but the three armies and nine departments have also been using this method." The thin subordinate reminded Tristan not to jump to conclusions so early.

This matter might not be that simple.

Jeremy might not be a member of the northern army!

Tristan frowned slightly and said decisively, "Decrypt Jeremy Norton's personal information!" "Alright!" The thin subordinate began to decipher the personal information in this office.

The first personal file could be viewed with B-rank clearance.

The second file required A-rank clearance.

In this file, Jeremy's identity and background had been changed drastically.

He was no longer a villager from River Village south of Preston. Instead, he was a member of the imperial guards of the Central Plains main team, possessing the strength of a ninth-level warlord.

Tristan took a glance and said in a bad mood, "It's fake. Decrypt all five of his files." "Decrypting the third file requires S-rank clearance!" The thin subordinate was a little shocked and could not help but look at Tristan.

Currently, there were only three governors with S-rank authority in the entire governor office.

Governor Westley Hader, as well as Tristan and Nico Yates, the two deputy governors.

The three of them had S-rank clearance and could access all the secrets of the governor office.

Tristan personally deciphered it and frowned, saying, "If the third file requires S-rank clearance, then who can decipher the last two files?" The latter two files were definitely of a higher security level.

As they were talking, the third file had already been unlocked. Tristan personally checked it and frowned, "War God level!" "Huh?" The thin subordinate was shocked.

He knew very well in his heart that no matter which faction it was, the loss of a War God level figure would cause heartache.

War Gods were already big shots.

Using the person as a hidden agent was considered a big deal.

The key point was, which faction did Jeremy belong to?

Moreover, he had also gotten Bravdon's attention!

Tristan looked at the electronic file and fell into deep thought.

Jeremy's personal strength was clearly introduced in the electronic file.

Beginner level War God!

As for his identity and background, he was already a member of the governor office.

A War God of the governor office!

This identity was something.

However, this identity was definitely fake.

Tristan had been in the governor office for three years, but he did not know that the governor office had a War God called Jeremy Norton.

Then, what was the background of this guy?

Tristan did not say anything and headed straight to the main hall of the governor office.

In the hall, Westley was sitting on the golden dragon chair, resting with his eyes closed. Nico was wearing a black raincoat, standing quietly at the side.

“What is it?” Westley slowly opened his eyes.

Tristan stepped onto the steps and said, “Big Brother entered the secret database and retrieved a set of five files.” “Hidden agent files?” Westley took the tablet device calmly.

There was no need for Tristan to explain.

Westley frowned slightly. “This Jeremy Norton is quite something. The third level of file information requires S-rank clearance. When did this file appear in the secret database?” “Reporting to the governor. There is no record of that!” The thin subordinate stood in the hall with a bitter face, ready to be punished.

Westley’s eyes turned cold as he said indifferently, “As the guardian of the secret database, such a secret file has been placed in the database, yet here you are telling me that you don’t know how it got there?” “Please punish me. I was negligent!” The subordinate knelt on the ground; his head covered in cold sweat.

Seeing that there were no outsiders in the hall, Tristan curled his lips slightly.

“He’s one of us, so don’t make things difficult for him.” Westley frowned slightly. A glint flashed across Nico’s eyes.

Tristan said he was one of them.

That meant that the master of the secret database was someone from the northern army.

It was most likely a hidden agent!

The database guardian knelt on the ground, his face green.

In the blink of an eye, everyone knew his identity.

How could he still be called a hidden agent?

He might as well switch to being an open agent!

The key was that the northern army's open agents were all first-class big shots.

He was not qualified to become an open agent!

Look at the open agents sent out by the northern army.

The three governors of the governor office were open agents.

The commanders of the five main teams were open agents of the northern army.

The five captains were in charge of the core imperial guards of the five main teams, and they were also open agents of the northern army.

The entire northern army was supporting them.

The person standing behind them was the Northern King.

The open agents stood between heaven and earth. Whoever dared to kill them openly would be provoking the northern army.

They would be labeled as a betrayer by Braydon!

The northern army would kill these kinds of people if they met them.

“If that’s the case, then this secret file didn’t come in through the northern territory!” Westley said softly.

The secret database guardian was a hidden agent. Even he did not know about this five-layered information file.

It meant that the person in the file was not from the northern army!

The database guardian said softly, “Actually, we can’t be sure of that. Second Master controls all the hidden agents. Every hidden agent is in direct contact with the northern territory. We don’t know each other’s identity. If it’s an extremely dangerous situation, then hidden agents are allowed to work together to overcome the situation and cover each other so that they can escape.” Other than that, there would be no connection between the hidden agents.

This was also to prevent any problems from happening to the hidden agents. If even one hidden agent had any problems, it would cause the entire line of brothers to die in vain.

A golden Qilin level hidden agent would have a few hidden agents around him to assist him in doing things.

The regimental commander of the second legion of the northern army, Luther Carden, was known as the Second Master.

It was rumored that he had 100,000 hidden agents in his hands.

In fact, Luther secretly controlled 800,000 hidden agents.

Each hidden agent had a number.

The top 100 hidden agents were all at the golden Qilin level.

In the northern army, they were classified as S-rank secrets.

S-rank secrets could only be accessed by the higher ups of the northern army.

Only Braydon Neal and Luther knew about one portion of the hidden agents.

Back then, his teacher, Finley Yanagi, went missing, causing a portion of the hidden agents to go missing. Until now, they had not been able to contact them.

They were the older generation hidden agents.

The biggest problem was that they only acknowledged the old commander, Finley Yanagi.

Some had been hiding in enemy countries for decades. There was nothing they could do about them not acknowledging Braydon as their commander.

You don't even know who he is.

There was no way they could settle any scores with these old hidden agents.

The database guardian's words made Nico frown. Nico then said, "I'll contact Second Brother and ask him about it. Perhaps he can tell us the answer." "You don't have to ask. If Jeremy Norton is really a member of the northern army, the fact that Second Brother could quietly record the secret file in our secret database without leaving any traces shows that he obviously doesn't want to tell us!" Westley chuckled.

“There is another possibility. Maybe Jeremy Norton is not from the northern army!” Tristan sneered..