

Strongest 551

Chapter 551-Focus on Cultivation, Must Become Great What did Braydon Neal put on Heather Sage?

You would know later!

Heather held Ginny Neal's hand, wanting to leave this area.

But how could it be so easy to escape?

Some martial artists had their eyes on them.

A twenty-year-old young man in black followed them stealthily.

It was not just him!

A few other martial artists were also quietly following!

They were probably speculating that since Heather could hand over a metal token so easily, she might have other metal tokens on her.

After all, she only needed one metal token.

If she took too many, she would be punished after the martial arts examination!

That was why the others suspected that Heather still had metal tokens on her!

If that was the case, then it would be troublesome!

In this examination arena, the most dangerous thing was not the wild beasts and wolves. It was indeed the examinees from the same batch.

The human heart was the most complicated thing in the world. "Someone has their eyes on you!" Charles Lansky said softly.

"Why aren't you leaving?" Heather looked at the youth.

Charles shrugged helplessly. "Why should I leave?"

"Big Brother, do you want to help us?"

Ginny was a clever little girl, and her eyes were filled with hope.

Charles smiled playfully. "You're a clever little thing. You're quite smart!" His words made Heather wary.

Charles was being rather odd!

This fellow had previously snatched Ginny's metal token, and now he wanted to help them.

He was one odd fella!

The two sides were not friends.

Charles looked at Heather and said softly, "Forget it, let's be honest. I snatched the metal token because I needed it. This is also something that the examinees of the martial arts examination must experience.

"If we don't snatch it from others, others will snatch it from us. The examinees will spar with each other, which distinguishes between the good and bad examinees." Charles explained again and added, "This can be put to an end!" "What do you want?" Heather frowned but did not let her guard down.

This was what a talented woman of Preston should be like.

In the past, she had been a fool by Braydon's side because she knew that he would not lie to her.

It was different here!

Heather only trusted Ginny. She could not trust anyone else.

Everyone was competing with each other!

Charles smiled faintly. "My family is poor, and I don't have any background. You two are different. You have a big shot behind you and a big force. If a poor child like me goes to the capital, you will see a bunch of them!

"What kind of place is the capital? Great aristocratic families and powerful families have great power there, and experts are gathered there. Most of the conferred kings are in the capital!

"If I get into any trouble, I'll definitely die if I provoke a big shot. Therefore, I want the two of you to owe me a favor. In the future, if you help me a little in the capital, my life will be better." Charles was only seventeen years old, but he was already very experienced.

How was this a youth?

He was clearly a little fox!

High up in the arena.

Hatcher Murphy's lips twitched as he whispered, "Why does Charles look a little like Second Master when he was young? He also looks a little like Bryan and the others!" Second Master was Luther Carden!

He was the second in command of the northern army.

Luther and Bryan Goldman were both addressed as old sneaky things by the little fool.

When they were young, they were a little sneaky. Now that they were all grown up, they were old sneaky things.

They were really good at scheming against others!

Sammy Dudley chuckled. "He's really like a little fox. He does things methodically. Not only does it benefit himself, but it can also benefit others. He's not a simple guy!" "This young man is only seventeen years old, but he already has plenty of schemes up his sleeves. No matter where he is placed, he will be able to become a famous figure in the future." Captain Hatcher commented.

The capital envoy Jordyn Quimby nodded in agreement and said, "He's a good seedling. Although he's scheming, he's good at heart. Everything he says and does is an open scheme. He's telling you clearly what he wants to do, but you can't reject him." "Focus on nurturing him and he will definitely become a great talent!" Commissioner Bentley Johnson also gave his approval.

Looking at the people who spoke, they were all old foxes.

Them praising Charles was indirectly flattering Braydon.

Don't forget, Braydon had already declared that the Northern Army wanted this young man.

If they were to belittle the person Braydon fancied, would that not be slapping King Braydon in the face and saying that his taste was terrible?

This was a conversation between important figures.

Without exception, they were all old foxes.

They sure knew how to bootlick him!

Braydon smiled lightly as he stared at the computer screen. No one knew what he was thinking.

He was thinking about whether he should bring Charles with him or let Luther and the others take care of him personally.

Charles's talent in martial arts was actually not low!

He was only seventeen years old, and he did not have a master to guide him, nor did he enjoy any special resources.

He silently cultivated to the eighth-level warlord level!

He was an advanced level warlord.

This talent in martial arts was not low!

More importantly, Braydon liked his personality.

In the dense forest.

Charles had given a good reason for helping Ginny.

Heather did not have time to think.

The examinees who had been secretly following them had already appeared in the forest.

The twenty-year-old young warrior with a pointy face and monkey-like cheeks said with an unfriendly gaze, "Charles, it's none of your business that we're targeting these two girls!" "Jett Youngblood, do you

know where this is?" In a flash, Charles's speed soared and arrived in front of the monkey-faced martial artist.

This guy was called Jett Youngblood!

A second-level warlord!

He was a young martial artist of the Youngblood family in the provincial capital.

Charles appeared in front of him and slapped him hard.

Accompanied by the soft sound of light force.

Bang!

Jett was sent flying by the slap. He saw stars and his teeth fell out.

"Charles, how dare you attack me?" he said fiercely.

"Idiot, this is the martial arts examination's examination arena, the territory of the Central Plains main team's commander. As long as I don't kill you here, even the commander won't interfere!" Charles had said it himself, he was not a good person.

And it was obvious that there was a grudge between them!

Charles did not have a powerful background. He was just an itinerant martial artist from the outside world, so he had to deal with people like Jett.

Looking at Jett's playboy character. He had definitely bullied Charles before.

Otherwise, why would Charles beat him up the moment he saw him?

It was obvious that there was a grudge between the two of them.

Charles attacked again. He stood up and threw a punch. Seven layers of dark force exploded and landed on Jett's chest.

Jett was shocked and angry as he waved his palm to block the attack.

The strength of a second-level warlord was a little weak to begin with.

He wanted to take a punch from Charles, who was an eighth -level warlord?

That was simply courting death!

The eight layers of dark force passed through Jett's palm and landed on his chest.

Bang!

The explosive power of his punch almost killed Jett.

He felt his vision go black and a mouthful of blood flew out of his mouth. His heart, spleen, stomach, kidney, and other internal organs seemed to have been penetrated by the dark force.

The intense pain caused Jett's eyes to turn red. He knelt on the ground and let out a painful roar..

Chapter 552-Protest is Invalid, Scram!

This cruel scene often happened between martial artists!

As for Hatcher Murphy who was looking at the computer screen, he laughed lightly. "This kid is quite ruthless!" "Charles Lansky is an itinerant cultivator, so it's not easy for them to survive in the outside world. Among the martial artists, they are the ones who abide by the rules of the Central Plains main team the most. Because they don't have any background, they can't afford to offend the big aristocratic families." What Sammy Dudley said was the cruel truth.

Usually, in the provincial capital, even though Jett Youngblood was a hedonistic son, his talent and strength were not as good as Charles!

However, Jett and the others had the Youngblood family backing them up!

With a large family backing him, he was not someone a rogue martial artist like Charles could afford to offend.

This was reality!

It was different now. The martial arts examination had begun, and all the examinees were treated equally.

As an outstanding candidate, Charles had to go to the capital and leave the provincial capital. He did not have to be careful about offending Jett and the other profligate sons anymore.

Therefore, Charles did not show any mercy and beat Jett up.

Jett's miserable shriek rang out in the forest.

Charles was very calm. He punched again, sending Jett flying four to five meters away. He landed heavily on the ground, covered in dust.

Jett's eyes were red as she said hoarsely, "Charles, after today, I will make sure that you will not be able to leave the provincial capital alive!" "Is that so?" Charles walked in front of him and looked at him hunched over like a lobster. He said disdainfully, "You're just a little lucky and have good reincarnation skills. You were born in the Youngblood family and became a profligate son with a family backing you!

"I'll kill trash like you like a dog!" Charles's voice was very calm. He clearly knew that their every move was being watched by the outside world.

He also knew that the outside world could see his every move through the camera.

However, Charles said softly, "The Youngblood family in the provincial capital might hold great power. But do you think the Youngblood family would dare to interfere in the martial arts examination?" After he finished speaking.

Charles tapped the ground lightly with his toes, sending Jett flying with a kick. He then pounced forward and punched Jett on the face.

His actions were clean and decisive, without any hesitation.

He was beating him up without holding back!

Jett's consciousness was blurred from the beating, and he was in a daze.

He did not expect that the martial artists who were usually looked down upon by the aristocratic family's disciples would dare to attack him today.

Charles's actions attracted the attention of the outside world.

The circular examination hall outside was filled with the family members of the examinees.

In one of the places, more than ten people stood up. They were all older martial artists.

A man in a suit shouted at Sammy on the high platform with anger in his eyes, "Commander Dudley, the Youngblood family strongly protests against this year's martial arts examination. This contestant, Charles Lansky, has violated the rules!" "Which rule did he violate?" "He is killing someone. We should stop him immediately!" the man in the suit said decisively.

"Examinee Charles Lansky didn't kill anyone as Jett Youngblood is still alive. It's not against the rules!" Sammy replied.

The man in the suit had a gloomy expression on his face. "Charles Lansky is beating him up relentlessly!" "Are you teaching me how to do things?" Sammy's eyes gradually turned cold, feeling that the Youngblood family's martial artists were really courting death.

He was being unreasonable right before Sammy!

The Youngblood family did not even look at who was guarding this place today.

King Braydon was personally overseeing this place!

The Youngblood family martial artists still wanted special privileges? They were simply dreaming!

After provoking Braydon, the Youngblood family martial artists would have to die here today.

Braydon sat lazily on the platform, his left hand supporting half of his face. He squinted and said, "In the examination hall, only your family's martial artists are allowed to bully other examinees. No one is allowed to hurt your family's martial artists. "Is that what you mean?" Braydon looked over.

Among the Youngblood family, an old man with white hair and a white beard said in a deep voice, "Of course, not. Charles Lansky has publicly humiliated the Youngblood family and humiliated the outstanding genius martial artists in our family!"

"The Youngblood family strongly protests against such actions!" The man in the suit said angrily.

Hatcher said calmly, "Your protest is invalid. Get lost!" "Why you!" The Youngblood family's people all looked over angrily.

Braydon looked at the martial artist in the suit and smiled lightly. "Who said you could come up here?" "What a joke. Is the Youngblood family not qualified to go on stage?" The man in the suit laughed in anger. "You don't have the right!" Hatcher said softly.

"Beat him off the stage!" Braydon had lost interest. He looked at the laptop screen and continued admiring Charles.

Sammy took a step forward and punched out like a dragon.

Bang!

With just one punch, the man in the suit seemed to have been severely injured. He flew out of the high platform and landed heavily on the ground, coughing up blood.

All the family members of the examinees looked over in shock, not understanding what had happened.

Moreover, the Youngblood family was indeed domineering. They actually dared to cause a ruckus in the examination hall.

However, the people from the Central Plains main team did not seem to give them any face!

At this moment, everyone in the Youngblood family was furious!

The white-haired old man's eyes were cold as he released the pressure of a marquis, "Commander Dudley, you've humiliated the Youngblood family in public!" "How noisy! Slap his mouth!" Braydon looked at the computer screen and did not look at the Youngblood family.

The white-haired old man was so angry that he laughed. "The current provincial capital is really a mix of good and bad. No matter who it is, they all want to humiliate the Youngblood family. The Youngblood

family in the provincial capital is the most important branch of the Youngblood family in the capital...'
Before he could finish his sentence.

Smack!

The person who attacked was not anyone else.

It was the capital envoy, Jordyn Quimby.

Jordyn, a king, slapped the old man away and said indifferently, "You talk too much!" "Envoy Quimby, you... The old man with disheveled hair covered his face, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He did not expect that even the capital's special envoy, Jordyn Quimby, would humiliate the Youngblood family today.

"You can't afford to offend this lord on the stage. Scram!" Jordyn said coldly.

"I can't afford to offend them, but there's a powerful family behind the Youngblood family!" The old man had lost his integrity in his later years. After receiving such a great humiliation, he was about to go crazy from anger.

In the end, his words were met with a bunch of cold gazes.

Not to mention the Youngblood family, even if hundreds of powerful families in the capital joined forces, they would not be able to shake the Northern King, who was at his peak!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "You're so noisy. If you don't leave within ten seconds, I'll kill you all."
It was a simple sentence.

It shocked the Youngblood family!

Sammy cupped his fists and bowed. "Central Plains main team's commander, Sammy Dudley, accepts the order!" "Central Plains main team's captain, Hatcher Murphy, accepts the order!" The capital's envoy Jordyn bowed and said, "The capital's Central Bureau Jordyn Quimby, accepts the order!" The commissioner of the Hamptons, Bentley Johnson, stood at the side and said, "Commissioner of the Hamptons, Bentley Johnson, accepts the order!" The important figures in the provincial capital all bowed down to receive the order.

Braydon's words were the Northern King's order!

This order was a killing order!

Since the Youngblood family's martial artists were so domineering and wanted to die.

Then Braydon would grant them their wish!

Chapter 553-I Bet on It!

At this moment, the Youngblood family's martial artists led by the white-haired old man had shocked expressions on their faces.

The white-robed youth sitting on the high platform was actually so terrifying!

With just one sentence, Commissioner Bentley Johnson bowed before him, and Special Envoy Jordyn Quimby lowered his head.

Everyone from the Youngblood family had extremely pale faces as they left this place in a sorry state.

When they turned around.

Braydon Neal's calm voice rang out, "The Youngblood family's martial artists interfered with the Hamptons martial arts examination. All Youngblood family examinees will have their examination results

revoked.” “What?” The white-haired old man’s body shook. There were more than ten children from the Youngblood family who were participating in the martial arts examination.

It was over!

If they were unable to pass the martial arts examination and enter the capital, they could only live in the provincial capital for the rest of their lives.

This was the punishment!

In the end, Braydon still interfered with the martial arts exam.

The Youngblood family’s candidates’ results were deemed invalid, which was equivalent to being eliminated.

The punishment was severe.

The Youngblood family was so arrogant that they wanted special privileges. They pressured Sammy Dudley and the others to force the Central Plains main team to eliminate Charles Lansky!

There was only one purpose for doing this!

Once Charles was eliminated, he would lose the qualification to be a candidate for the combat examination and become a small martial artist that no one cared about. He would definitely be killed by the Youngblood family!

Charles had beaten Jett Youngblood up and humiliated the entire Youngblood family.

How could the Youngblood family let him off!

However, as long as Charles passed the martial arts examination and went to the capital, the Youngblood family in the provincial capital would not be able to touch him.

In the forest examination arena, Jett was beaten until he was on the verge of death. His head was like a pig's head, and his was losing consciousness. He had completely lost his ability to fight.

This meant that even if Braydon did not say that the Youngblood family's results were invalid, Jett would still be eliminated.

Charles stretched and said calmly, "Alright, if I kill you, my results will be considered invalid. It's not worth it to do that for a piece of trash like you!" After saying that, the other examinees had already left.

How could a group of warrior level examinees dare to provoke Charles, an eighth-level warlord?

Heather Sage's bright eyes watched all of this, and her cherry lips opened slightly. "Is this what a martial artist is like?" "Of course, in the outside world, the Central Plains main team doesn't care about the battles between martial artists. As long as you don't disturb civilians, no one will care if you quietly kill other martial artists!" Charles spoke the cruel truth between martial artists.

Regarding this matter, the capital was conflicted.

On one hand, it was to suppress martial artists and prevent the number of martial artists from being too high.

This was because martial artists were not a stable bunch!

Once there were too many martial artists, there would be more and more conflicts between them and ordinary people, and it would easily cause turmoil in the world.

On the other hand, the capital also hoped to produce high-level martial artists.

Specifically, king-level martial artists After all, they could live for 300 years. Why would they mix with ordinary people? If they angered the dark division and the governor office, they would kill him.

It was not worth it at all!

Plus, king level characters all had connections. If you provoked them, they would not even need to personally take action, they would just turn around and use their connections. There would be a large number of people to deal with someone.

After all, who would not want a favor from a king!

Heather shook her head as she witnessed all of this. She knew that Braydon had not been trying to scare her.

Battles between martial artists were normal.

It might not be a bad thing to be an ordinary person.

Ginny Neal's bright eyes were filled with envy. "Big brother, you're so amazing!" "Your brother is a powerful big shot. Even the commander kneels before him.

That's my goal." Charles chuckled and said, "But it seems that I made the right bet!" "What did you bet on?" Heather held Ginny's hand, and they left the area.

Charles chose to go with them and said playfully, "I bet on your identities. Last year, someone from a big family in the provincial capital forcefully interfered with the martial arts examination. They interfered because a rogue martial artist crippled one of their genius disciples." "The aristocratic family that forcefully interfered with the martial arts examination last year was the family behind Jett Youngblood?" Heather frowned slightly, her gaze landing on Charles's face.

She had a feeling that that rogue martial artist and Charles knew each other.

Charles smiled and nodded. "Yes, it was the Youngblood family. However, everyone is used to it. The big aristocratic families all over the world are like this. They do things without any restraint. If it weren't for the suppression of the five main teams, these families would probably be even more unscrupulous." "What happened to that rogue martial artist in the end?" Heather asked.

"What?" Charles was stunned.

"I'm talking about that unaffiliated martial artist last year. After crippling a candidate from the Youngblood family, what happened to him?" Heather asked.

Charles fell silent.

He clenched his fists and remained silent for a long time. Heather held Ginny's hand and stopped, saying softly, "He... is dead?" "No, he's been crippled. The Youngblood family crippled him." Charles let out a breath of turbid air, raised his head, and laughed lightly, "Last July, on the last day of the martial arts examination, the Youngblood family rudely interfered with the martial examination. They said that he was too harsh and revoked his examination results on the spot. Then, he lost the protection of his identity as an examinee. The Youngblood family crippled him that night itself!

"Therefore, I took another gamble for this year's martial arts examination. I bet on your identities. I bet on the young man behind the two of you. I bet that his background is shocking, so he can probably suppress the Youngblood family!

"So, I crippled Jett Youngblood!

"Looks like I made the right bet. The white-robed young man outside stopped the Youngblood family. Otherwise, my results would have been revoked, and I would have been expelled from the examination hall!

"Then, I would have lost my identity as an examinee. I would have ended up like the examinee from last year. I would have either been crippled by the Youngblood family or killed!" Charles, this chatterbox, spoke of his bet with a calm tone and relaxed mood.

Heather could not help but say, "If you lose the bet, you'll end up very miserable." "I know, but I have to do this. I have to avenge my brother!" Charles clenched his fists and said hoarsely.

"The martial artist who was crippled by the Youngblood family last year was your brother?" Heather said in shock.

This question made Charles nod lightly.

Outside, Braydon was staring at his laptop and heard everything.

Sammy and the others lowered their heads, not daring to breathe too loudly. Hatcher Murphy and the others knew that things were going to get serious!

"Is what he said true?" Braydon asked.

"Last year, during the martial arts examination, I went to the capital's governor office with Zayn for a meeting. We weren't in the provincial capital, and the person presiding over the martial examination was Commissioner Johnson." Captain Murphy threw the blame on someone else.

But that was indeed the case.

Commissioner Bentley Johnson's face turned green. He bowed and said, "This matter is very complicated. Regarding what Charles said, I only just found out that some examinees were..." "Bastard!" Braydon suddenly stood up, his white clothes fluttering in the wind, releasing a terrifying killing intent.

Sammy and Hatcher's faces turned pale as they knelt down on one knee.. They lowered their heads and said hoarsely, "It's our fault!"

Chapter 554-Hidden Agent Harlan Jones Greets the Commander!

However, this matter had nothing to do with Sammy Dudley and Hatcher Murphy.

What Braydon Neal really cared about was that the aristocratic families and the powerful families were interfering even in the annual martial arts examinations.

There were actually examinees who were harmed.

If Charles Lansky had not brought this up, no one would have cared or talked about it.

With the martial arts examination being held in such a way, in the future, would itinerant martial artists like Charles dare to participate in the martial arts examination?

Instead of doing this, the martial arts examination might as well be under the aristocratic families' control.

It would just become the channel through which the powerful and aristocratic families' descendants rise to power. It would cut off the opportunities of the other poor children.

These children would never have a chance to shine!

Bentley Johnson wiped the cold sweat off his face. He was probably panicking.

Braydon glanced at him coldly, his voice reverberating through the forest of the examination arena.
"Charles Lansky, I, Braydon Neal, will give you an explanation for this!"

"The national martial arts examination cannot tolerate any blemishes. If they appear, I will erase them!"

"If I can't erase them, I'll abolish the martial arts examination. I won't let it become a special channel for the descendants of aristocratic families to advance!" Braydon's words resounded in the sky.

The sound waves were deafening.

In the forest, Charles could not help but be stunned. His pupils constricted as if he had thought of something.

“Neal... Neal!” he said in shock.

He did not dare to call him by his name.

Heather Sage chuckled softly. “It’s him. Your Royal Highness the Northern King. It looks like he’s going to interfere in this matter!” “Hey, big brother is a very good person!” Ginny Neal blinked and said seriously.

Charles felt goosebumps all over his body.

He knew that the white-robed youth behind these two girls had a very high status. Even Commander Dudley knelt down to greet him.

He must be a big shot.

However, Charles did not expect that this young man in white was actually the Northern King!

This was the king of the northern territory!

A genius of Hansworth, a living legend.

Which young martial artist did not view him as an idol?

Charles really did not expect this.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes.

Braydon stood on the high platform with his hands behind his back. His white clothes fluttered in the wind, and his eyes were as sharp as swords. His thin lips moved slightly, and his indifferent voice resounded through the sky like thunder.

“Where is the dark division in the Hamptons?” Braydon’s words rang out.

More than 200 black-clothed martial artists who were hidden in the dark appeared in an instant.

Without exception, they were from the dark division.

The martial arts examination was extremely important. Moreover, there were thousands of family members of the examinees here, and so many martial artists were gathered here.

How could the dark division not send people to supervise and prevent riots?

Once a large-scale martial arts rebellion occurred and caused chaos, the Central Plains main team and the dark division would be held responsible!

Hundreds of people from the dark division appeared, cupped their fists and knelt on one knee. They shouted, “All the members of the dark division of the Hamptons pay their respects to Lord Northern King!” “Harlan Jones, the head of the dark division of the Hamptons, greets Lord Northern King!” It was a fair and feminine young man wearing black sportswear. He was thin and had delicate features like a girl.

He was born with phoenix eyes. He walked up to the high platform, and he slightly bowed and cupped his hands.

The leader of the provincial dark division was not a low position!

The entire place was silent.

The family members of the examinees were all stunned.

Especially the Youngblood family's white-haired old man and the others. Their eyes revealed fear as they looked at the white-robed youth on the high platform.

He was the Northern King!

No wonder he was so domineering just now.

No wonder the capital's special envoy Jordyn Quimby, the captain and commander of the Central Plains main team, and Commissioner Johnson would listen to his orders.

That was the Northern King's order!

How would they dare disobey his orders?

The Youngblood family's martial artists were in shock.

At this moment, they were all afraid. They realized how suicidal their actions just now were!

Everyone was watching.

Braydon placed his hands behind his back and said softly, "I need you to do something. Before that, how can I trust you?" "Lord Northern King, you can rest assured. The many factions are fighting against each other. However, the dark division is loyal to the capital and monitors the martial artists of the world. If it is beneficial to the country, regardless of which lord gives the order, the dark division will follow the order," These were the words of the effeminate youth, Harlan.

However, this was not enough. It was far from enough!

Harlan smiled gently and said, "Does Lord Northern King still not believe me?" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and did not speak.

Then, under everyone's gaze.

Harlan saluted Braydon with the Northern Army military salute, his movements smooth and skillful.

The next moment, he shouted, "Northern Army's hidden agent, Harlan Jones, greets the commander!" This sentence silenced the entire place.

The wind blew, sweeping up the fallen leaves and causing them to fall.

Bentley widened his eyes and felt a chill run down his spine.

Harlan, the head of the dark division in the Hamptons, was actually a hidden agent from the Northern Army?

How far did the Northern Army extend their hands?

The capital envoy, Jordyn, was dumbfounded and did not come back to his senses for a long time.

Sammy and Hatcher were both shocked.

However, Sammy was someone who had done undercover work before, so he quickly accepted it.

Harlan took off the silver pendant on his neck, which was a small golden Qilin. He handed it over with both hands and said softly, "Commander, do you trust me now?" "Commander, the golden Qilin is real. The serial number is BL112. To access the secret database, you need to have the permission of an S-rank!" Sammy said softly.

The outside world thought that the Northern Army had 100,000 hidden agents who were spread all over the world.

In fact, the number of hidden agents had already reached 800,000!

Each of the 800,000 hidden agents had a number.

The identities of the top 100 of the hidden agents were all top secret in the Northern Army.

Other than Braydon and the commanders of the ten armies, no one else could read it.

The higher the serial number of the hidden agent, the more ruthless the person was, and the higher the level of confidentiality of his identity.

Who was hidden agent number one?

It was still a mystery!

The identities of the top ten hidden agents were top secret, and the outside world would not know about them.

A total of 800,000 hidden agents, and Harlan's serial number was BL112, which was already very impressive.

There was no other reason but one.

The top 100 hidden agents were all not in the country.

Apart from the hidden agents like Harlan, there was also the top-secret hidden agents in Luther Carden's hands.

Now, Harlan was very valiant. He forcefully revealed himself, obviously forcing Braydon to do something.

His identity had been exposed. It meant that he could not continue on as a hidden agent. He wanted to be taken back to the Northern Army. But even if he could no longer be a hidden agent, he could still be an open agent.

Braydon turned around and took the golden Qilin. After staring at it for a long time, he returned it to Harlan and said softly, "Investigate the martial arts examinations in the three provinces of the Central Plains. Dig up all the incidents that happened in the past ten years!" "Can you take me back to the northern territory after I'm done?" Harlan straightened his neck and asked, "Otherwise, I won't do it!" After saying that.

Harlan said in a low voice, "It's been seven years since I went from a small member of the city-level dark division to the leader of the dark division in the Hamptons. I'm the leader of the 23 provincial dark divisions in the 23 provinces!

"One of the nine divisions in the capital wanted to transfer me to the capital two years ago. Even if I was promoted, I didn't dare to go. If I went, it would be even more impossible for me to return to the northern region!" Harlan said seriously.

The higher the position of the hidden agent, the more valuable it would be. The northern territory would not be able to recall it.

That was why Harlan did not dare to go to the capital to take up a position there!

Chapter 555-, he was ranked first.

What did this mean?

This meant that he was a conferred king.

No wonder the capital's dark division had always wanted to transfer Harlan back to the Capital.

Because of his qualifications, achievements, and strength, he should have been promoted long ago and transferred to the dark division headquarters to take up a higher position.

Harlan had been using all sorts of excuses to evade the responsibility these few years.

Now, he finally told the truth.

At this moment, everyone realized something.

The captain and commander of the Central Plains main team were all from the Northern Army.

They were the people of Northern King Braydon Neal.

However, they did not expect that even the leader of the Hamptons's dark division was a hidden agent of the Northern Army.

This meant that no matter how big or small the matter was, it could not be hidden from the northern territory!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and turned to look at Harlan. His thin lips moved slightly. "From today onward, you will be an open agent. Immediately investigate everything that has happened in the past ten years." "Yes, sir!" Harlan's face darkened. Braydon had said it himself.

The matter was already set in stone and could not be changed!

Moreover, Braydon's orders were military orders.

Military orders were like mountains, so Harlan had to do it immediately.

At this moment, everyone present knew the identity of the white-robed youth on the stage.

He was the Northern King!

The great lord of the northern territory, a genius of a thousand years.

Braydon crossed his hands behind his back and stepped into the sky. He flew into the wind and entered the small forest in the examination arena.

“Big Brother!” Ginny Neal shouted happily.

“Little girl, do you know how cruel it is now between martial artists?” The tenderness in Braydon’s eyes could not be concealed. “What are you doing here?” Heather Sage rolled her eyes.

“Just for a small matter.” Braydon smiled at Charles Lansky.

In the end, Charles knelt down on one knee, cold sweat dripping down his forehead. He cupped his fists and said, “Martial artist Charles Lansky greets Lord Northern King!” “There’s no need to be so formal. Charles, I have a question. After that, I will leave and not disturb your martial arts exam.” Braydon finished.

Charles stood at the side, quietly waiting for the young man’s question.

To be honest, he was a little flustered, and he was panicking a great deal! He knew what he had done.

In the forest examination arena, Charles had snatched Ginny’s metal token. She was the biological sister of the Northern King.

Such a big shot could kill Charles with just a word.

Braydon looked at him and asked softly, “I want you to join the Northern Army.

What do you think about that?" It was a personal invitation from the commander of the Northern Army.

He was inviting Charles to join the Northern Army.

This honor could be counted on one's fingers in the Northern Army!

This was an acknowledgment.

It was glory!

Charles had no reason to refuse.

He was a casual martial artist and did not have any powerful forces to rely on. He had to endure the humiliation of the rich sons of aristocratic families in the outside world.

Charles wanted to pass the martial arts examination and display his talent.

Now, Braydon was giving him this chance.

In the future, he would be able to make contributions and become famous throughout Hansworth!

Charles clenched his fists tightly. The desire in his eyes could not be suppressed at all.

His eyes were slightly red. As a martial artist, he had no one to rely on. He had cultivated to this point all by himself.

Now, he was being acknowledged.

It was King Braydon's acknowledgement at that.

It was enough to be the glory of his life.

But Charles said hoarsely, "Lord Northern King, I can't promise you!" "Why?" Braydon was neither embarrassed nor angry, calmly looking at this seventeen-year-old youth.

At this age, rejecting the Northern King's invitation was a hard thing to do for a martial artist like Charles.

Of the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions, the Northern Army was undoubtedly the most appealing.

Tears flowed down from the corners of his eyes. He grinned brightly and said cheerfully, "Being able to obtain the recognition of the Northern King in this lifetime is my greatest honor. However, I participated in the martial arts examination not for fame and fortune, but for my brother!" "When you pass the martial arts examination and enter the capital, you want to find a famous doctor to treat your brother?" Braydon had heard Charles mention his brother through his laptop.

He was the person who crippled a Youngblood family disciple last year.

However, in the end, his results were forcefully revoked, and he was disqualified from being an examinee. That night, he was crippled by the Youngblood family's experts.

It seemed that this person was not dead yet!

Charles nodded heavily and said firmly, "I want to enter the capital to become a disciple of the national doctor, Faris Jeter. If the national doctor does something, he will definitely be able to cure my brother. I don't have anything to hire a national doctor, so I'm willing to become his disciple. I don't care if I have to be a slave or a servant for the rest of my life!" This was Charles's goal!

If it was not for this purpose, Charles would not have participated in the martial arts examination.

Some children had long given up on the martial arts examination!

In their hearts, the martial arts examination had already become the channel for the descendants of the various aristocratic families to advance.

Casual martial artists with no background would only participate in the assessment to join in on the fun. Talented examinees who dared to offend the descendants of aristocratic families would end up like Charles's brother.

How could they not feel dejected by that prospect?

Braydon's eyes flashed with a bright light. He suddenly asked, "Have any of you come into contact with people from any sects?" "What? Yes!" Charles somehow felt that he was close to Braydon. He said whatever he wanted and did not hide anything.

Therefore, he answered frankly.

Charles recalled and added, "Actually, many young martial artists my age don't participate in the martial arts examination because they are in contact with people from sects." "Why not?" Braydon asked.

Charles smiled bitterly and said, "The martial arts examination has long been a path for the descendants of aristocratic families to advance. I participated in the martial arts examination this year for my brother. Otherwise, I wouldn't have participated. Moreover, if it wasn't for the Northern King's protection, the Youngblood family would surely cripple me." His words were filled with bitterness.

A casual martial artist could not compete with a powerful family!

Some people were born with a gap between them and others.

This gap would last for a lifetime!

At this moment, Braydon's thin body faintly emitted killing intent. He calmly said, "This game of chess is a ruthless one!" "Huh?" Charles did not understand what he meant.

“The martial arts examination is controlled by the various aristocratic families,” Braydon said indifferently. “The spots are divided amongst them and become a channel to the capital to choose the various major factions.

“As for children like you who have no background, the sects send people to find you and offer you an olive branch. Many children have no choice but to join them!

“These two great entities have joined forces to control the martial arts examination.

“They have cut off your only chance to serve the country!

“The evil in their bones is beyond my imagination!” At this moment, Braydon was truly enraged.

The martial and civil examinations were the foundation of the country. The outstanding children selected would be the pillars of the country in the future.

But now, the martial arts examination was being controlled by the aristocratic families and sects!