

## **Strongest 681**

Chapter 681-The Commencement of War!

Mount Sino's sect leader, Winslow Jansky, was the immortal swordsman ranked first on the pinnacle ranking!

He was definitely half a teacher to Braydon Neal!

Hardcore supporter!

With Winslow around, who in the world would dare to take Braydon's life?

Winslow was not the only one who supported Braydon.

There was also Wilbur Jansky, who was not right in the head, and the ruthless person ranked third on the pinnacle ranking!

And Waylin Jansky, who was not on the pinnacle ranking!

Waylin was even more unreasonable. He would kill anyone who dared to put him on the ranking with his three-foot iron sword.

Who would dare to put him on the ranking?

It was said that this sword maniac wasn't weaker than Winslow.

No one knew if it was true or fake.

However, it was undeniable that the three of them were the three pillars of Mount Sino.

With the three of them standing on Mount Sino, who would dare to charge over!

Moreover, outsiders did not understand the foundation of Mount Sino.

These were the three experts that could be seen on the surface.

However, there was a hidden foundation!

Who would dare to say that there were no ancient figures in Mount Sino?

Don't forget, a pinnacle could live for 500 years!

They could be called a land deity!

With such a long lifespan, there were definitely some old antiques who hadn't died!

Where was the previous leader of Mount Sino before Winslow?

Other than the members of Mount Sino, no one else could answer!

There was also Mount Kylo, which was even more terrifying.

A ban that suppressed the world for a hundred years.

A hundred years ago, Kylo's first disciple, Donovan Dudley, was born.

On the day this ruthless person was born, he left behind a sentence.

That was, pinnacle martial artists were all slaves!

One sentence offended the world's pinnacle martial artists.

However, Donovan almost did it. In that chaotic era, he stood in the human world and was forced to become invincible.

The descendants of Mount Sino had a unique characteristic.

That was to be invincible in the human world!

It could be seen what kind of super forces were backing these ruthless people.

In the Neal family manor.

Syrus Yanagi and Tobey Lapras did not leave. They led two hundred thousand royal guards to stay in Preston.

"Teacher said that the royal guards will stay here and listen to your orders," Syrus said. "He also told me to tell you that if you want to become the overlord, you have to take the item in the sandalwood box and kill all four great entities!

"If you want to become a lord, kill one, but keep another alive. If you keep them alive, use them to your benefit!

"Choose your own path!

"These are Teacher's words!" Syrus repeated what their teacher had told him. As for who the teacher was, everyone knew.

Tobey was about to say something when he realized someone was stabbing his butt with a sword. He turned around and saw that it was Luke Yates. He said angrily, "Little Fool, go play aside and don't cause trouble!" "The old rat stole my snacks!" Luke was still harping on this!

“Mr. Reynolds,” Tobey snapped, “why did you touch this glutton’s snacks? Why are you so gluttonous at your age?!” Taran’s face instantly darkened. The bruise on his eyes had not subsided yet.

He hadn’t even eaten two mouthfuls of food when he was punched by the little fool. He was utterly exasperated.

Jonah Shaw walked over and said coldly, “Don’t cause trouble. Brother, what should we do with the three major entities in the capital?” “The three great entities cannot be completely annihilated!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly. He flew to the roof of the bright hall in a flash and sat cross-legged. His deep eyes were staring at the bright moon in the dark night.

The bright white moon was like a plate, shining like moonlight.

Syrus thought for a moment and said softly, “From ancient times until now, the capital has always maintained the practice of reducing the number of wings of the three great entities.” “They are connected to the martial arts fate, and the martial arts fate is closely related to the fate of the country. If we kill the three major entities, the number of martial artists in the world will probably decrease by at least 70%!” There was significant meaning behind Tobey’s words.

Among the martial artists from the 23 provinces, at least seven out of ten martial artists were from the three major entities.

They were all related!

From ancient times to modern times, the three major entities had indeed contributed greatly to the inheritance of martial arts.

It was completely unrealistic to want to eliminate a deep-rooted influence in one generation.

Furthermore, he wanted to completely destroy the three great entities.

He even wanted to cut off their roots.

Then, he had to kill all the martial artists in the world!

At least 70% of the martial artists would not be able to escape death.

Killing 70% of the world's martial artists in one go, how terrifying and crazy was that?

At that time, it would affect the country's strength.

It was as if he had severed his martial arts fate!

Martial arts fate and civil lineage were the foundation of a country.

Between the two, no matter which side had a problem, it was bound to be a big problem.

With the weakening of martial arts and the invasion of foreign enemies, the chaos from a hundred years ago would repeat itself.

With the decline of the civil talents, there was no great talent to govern the world, and the common people would suffer.

Both were unshakable!

The foundation of a country was stability!

Braydon sat cross-legged on the roof of the bright hall, his heart calming down as he admired the moon and waited for dawn.

After daybreak, he would be conferred titles on Mount Tanish!

An event that focused on hundreds of countries around the world.

It was a ceremony that was broadcasted live to the public!

Syrus, Tobey, Kade Coltman, and the others stood silently at the entrance of the bright hall, guarding the Neal family manor.

Kade received a secret report and turned to Braydon, saying in a low voice, "Commander, this is a top-secret letter from Christopher Jenkins in Lowell!" "Brother, Ludwig's top-secret letter from Joshua!" Jonah's Sanguine Army also presented a secret letter.

Tobey sensed that his wristwatch was vibrating, and a red light was flashing. It was a top-secret urgent message notification.

The news was from the northern territory!

Tobey turned around and said solemnly, "Brother, Second Brother has sent a secret message. The northern defense line is facing enemy advances led by Namar, Wolanda, and Hontreal. The eight countries are colluding with each other. They have gathered a large number of troops and gathered at the northern defense line!" "How many people?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly as he asked calmly. He sat cross-legged on the roof of the bright hall without panicking. He was as calm as a handsome young master, untainted by the mortal world.

Tobey said solemnly, "Each of the eight countries has sent out three elite legions. Their military strength is as high as 2.4 million, which is far greater than the Northern Army. All of them are elite legions from each country. They are our old rivals in the bloody battle with the Northern Army!" His solemn tone inevitably made people's hearts sink.

The eight countries outside the northern defense line had gathered more than two million elites and stationed them at the border. What was their intention?

It went without saying!

Naturally, it was for Mount Tanish's title conferment ceremony!

There had been no war in the north for many years, and the eight countries outside the border feared the Northern Army as much as they feared tigers.

Now that they wanted to start a war again, Cameron Linar and the others could clearly tell that this time, it was not just the eight foreign countries that were targeting Hansworth.

Instead, it was the combined pressure of the surrounding countries! They had one goal, and that was to interfere with Braydon's title conferment ceremony.

Braydon opened the secret letter Kade handed him. The contents were personally written by Groot Army's Christopher Jenkins.

Braydon glanced at the letter with his deep eyes. The letter turned into dust in his hand and scattered with the wind. "The Delta Empire will gather five legions and form nine legions together with the four small countries neighboring it. They will be stationed at the border of Lowell to confront the Groot Army!" "On the Ludwig defense line, Banko, Song and Marshland have joined forces and are already in a standoff with Joshua!" Flames danced in Jonah's eyes.

It was fury!

Chapter 682:- The Path of Light!

Jonah Shaw handed the top-secret letter regarding the Ludwig defense line to Braydon Neal!

One after another, top-secret messages were sent to Braydon.

As expected, because of Mount Tanish's title conferment ceremony, the surrounding hundred countries had reached an astonishing tacit understandinz. They sent troops to the borders together to exert pressure.

It was obvious that they did not want Braydon to go to Mount Tanish to be conferred titles!

On the Saipan Island border, the Zeta Empire had gathered a large number of troops and could cross the Sayman mountain range at any time.

Cartley Yanagi led the Southern Hansworth Army to guard the Saipan Island border.

All over Hansworth, there were foreign armies pressuring the borders, wanting to encroach on the Hansworth's territory.

This meant that this war was inevitable.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, quietly reading all the top-secret letters.

Jonah said in a low voice, "Brother, the Southern Army's strong troops are guarding Saipan Island to defend against the Zeta Empire. The Groot Army is guarding Lowell to defend against the Delta Empire. The Western Army's elites are guarding the Ludwig defense line. The Northern Army is guarding the northern border!

"The capital garrison has been transferred to Mount Tanish! "We can still mobilize the royal guards and the Phoenix Army!" Jonah said softly.

Even if he didn't say these words, Braydon knew what to do.

The seven elites in the country all needed to be mobilized.

And even Jonah's Sanguine Army and Hendrix Bailey's Gray Wolf Army had to obey the orders.

The Gray Wolf Army belonged to seven elite armies, all of which were elites who were good at fighting.

Braydon suddenly stood up, his entire body emitting a cold killing intent. He said calmly, "Send a message to the 100 generals of the military. Hansworth is their home and their land. It is time for them to repay the country!" "Yes, sir!" Tobey Lapras and the others looked solemn.



They all understood.

Today's battle was unavoidable!

If the hundred countries wanted to humiliate Hansworth and bully the one billion people of the Great Hanlon Dynasty, then they would be defeated.

Braydon would fight!

After that, Braydon returned to his villa. He didn't disturb Heather Sage and Xana Thomas who were sleeping soundly. After washing up, he changed his clothes and left the Neal family manor and Preston!

Outside Preston, the five hundred thousand Sanguine Army elites had formed five square formations and raised the Sanguine Army flag. Each of the men in black had a determined look in their eyes.

The five hundred thousand men were gathered outside the city. They drew their swords with their left hands and stabbed the blade into the ground. They knelt on one knee and shouted in unison, "Greetings, Lord Northern King!" The Gray Wolf Army and the Sanguine Army both originated from the Northern Army!

The Five hundred thousand Sanguine Army elites were no surprise to Braydon.

In the next moment.

Outside Preston, golden dragon banners were fluttering. They were the elite 200,000-strong royal guards.

All the imperial guards knelt down on one knee and held their swords in front of their chests. They saluted Braydon with the Northern Army Swords and said in a low voice like a tiger's roar, "Greetings, Commander!" All the soldiers of the royal guards were the retired soldiers of the Northern Army.

The Northern Army followed the rule of survival of the fittest.

Every year, they would recruit new blood, eliminate veterans, and have them enter the three armies and nine departments.

There were five main teams in Hansworth, and all nine departments had retired elites from the Northern Army.

However, once a man entered the Northern Army, even if he retired, the mark of the cold sword would never be washed away.

He was a Northern Army man, and he was the soul of the northern territory!

He was a hero in life and a hero in death.

This was a man of the Northern Army!

In the early morning, 700,000 elite troops were stationed in Preston, welcoming Braydon out of the city.

The king of the northern territory did not go into hiding.

If he wanted to walk, he would walk the path of light!

There was no need to endure!

The Northern King Sword had shocked the entire world.

There was no need to hide!

Braydon was dressed in white, his hands behind his back as he said softly, "There is no need for kneeling in the Northern Army. Stand up!" "Yes, sir!" The 700,000 elites stood up.

Where were the 500,000 elites of the Sanguine Army going?

Where were the 200,000 men of the royal guards going to go?

If Braydon wanted to go to Mount Tanish, he would not take them with him.

Currently, Hansworth's four defensive lines needed reinforcements.

"Jonah, have the Sanguine Army rush to the Saipan Island border!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

"Alright!" Without another word, Jonah ordered the 500,00 elites of the Sanguine Army to head to the Saipan Island border to assist the Southern Hansworth forces and guard the northwestern defense line.

As for the royal guards, they were sent to Ludwig!

Ludwig was an important place. They could not let it fall again.

Braydon stepped into the air and rushed to Mount Tanish.

In the early morning, secret letters drifted to the capital like snowflakes, surging into the nine departments, including the Military Department, the Ministry of War, and the Dark Division.

The nine departments and twenty-four divisions were all busy!

The capital's royal court was already in an uproar.

The big shots of the nine departments, the officials of the twenty-four divisions, the ministers of each division, and the commissioners of each province were all gathered here.

All 128 civil officials had arrived.

All 57 generals were present!

Civil and military officials filled the court!

They were arguing endlessly.

In the small hall, there were many factions. They were divided into civil and military, north and south, and various provinces.

The factions were in conflict, and the insignificant people were in the middle of it, so they could not even stir up a wave.

Jay Morris, the official of the Central Bureau, said with a solemn expression, "Everyone, the hundred countries have mobilized troops at the borders in all four directions. The flames of war are about to erupt. Now is not the time to shirk responsibility." "What a joke. The world is divided into black and white. Isn't Braydon Neal, the Northern King, known as a genius with a demonic mind?" A young official at the side sneered and spoke in a weird tone.

His words drew the support of others.

Another official said calmly, "The current crisis is happening all because of King Braydon. Doesn't he have millions of soldiers under his command? He is said to have won every battle. He should be able to solve this crisis on his own!" "Armies from outside the borders are pressing down on our borders. Why don't we see Lord Northern King himself? Is he afraid?" Someone said coldly.

A commissioner instantly replied indifferently, "He swore that he would never set foot in the capital again for the rest of his life. Of course, he won't be here today." Nonsense was uttered one after another!

However, a deep voice came from outside the door. "Hendrix Bailey of the Gray Wolf Army has arrived!" The white robed wolf, Hendrix, had arrived!

In an instant, the entire hall fell silent.

The chatter immediately disappeared.

The gossipers all fell silent.

A young man dressed in snow-white clothes with a three-foot-long sword hanging from his waist walked calmly into the court.

Hendrix said softly, "Why aren't you talking? I could hear everyone's discussion from afar!" "Lord Hendrix Bailey! I didn't know you'd be here!" Jay squeezed out a stiff smile.

Then, another voice came from outside the door. "Governor Westley Hader has arrived!" "Deputy Governor Nico Yates has arrived!" "Deputy Governor Tristan Yandell has arrived!" Three powerful voices sounded.

Three young men appeared at the entrance of the royal court.

The black-robed youth, Westley, had his hands behind his back as he lightly laughed like the wind..

Chapter 683-Disturbing My Reading!

Nico Yates was wearing a straw raincoat. He was silent and cold, and he was a steady person.

On the other hand, the little monkey, Tristan Yandell, had obtained a large blade for cutting grass from somewhere. He carried it on his shoulder and entered the hall.

It was considered disrespectful!

Tristan glanced at the guards at the entrance of the hall and said indifferently, "Remove the word 'deputy' from the 'deputy governor', or I'll chop you up today!" "Lord Yandell, I... The thirty-year-old man at the door was covered in cold sweat. He was indeed in a difficult position.

Tristan's gaze was unfriendly as he said, "In the capital, do my words have no power?" "Cough, Lord Tristan Yandell, the governor of the governor office, has arrived!" The guy at the door really couldn't afford to offend the troll, so he hurriedly shouted in a low voice.

Tristan had always messed around with others! He would forever have such tyrannical intentions and behaviours.

In the hall, there was no lack of old civil officials with white beards. They said angrily, "Tristan Yandell, why did you enter the hall with a blade on your shoulder?" "How can you talk to your father like this?" Tristan carried the blade on his shoulder, his nose facing the sky as he rebuked the old man.

The old Jetson Garwood was so angry that his entire body trembled. As an elder, he said angrily, "Brat, how dare you!" "I'm your father! How dare you show such disrespect!" Tristan picked up the blade and pointed it at Jetson's nose. He said coldly, "Call me father, or I'll kill you today!" Westley Hader was speechless.

Hendrix Bailey was speechless.

The corner of Nico's mouth twitched for a long time, and he fell silent.

He had suggested that they leave Tristan in the governor office and not bring him with them.

Otherwise, if Tristan was brought here, something bad would definitely happen!

And that was what was happening!

Within two minutes of the little monkey entering the hall, he had offended Jetson, an elder who had lived for a very long time.

This was going to offend him to death!

Jetson had a lot of prestige!

A white-bearded old man beside him, Marcel Salas, who was one of the civil officials, berated, "Rude boor, how can you show your ugly face in the royal court? Guards, why aren't you throwing him out?" "I would like to see who dares to throw him out!" Outside the hall, Syrus Yanagi, who was wearing a golden dragon robe, didn't go to Mount Tanish. Instead, he went back to the capital and brought Tobey Lapras and the little fool back.

Syrus did not show any respect as soon as he opened his mouth. He said coldly, "I want to see who dares to touch my people!" The seven-time champion, Syrus, was speaking harshly the moment he arrived at the hall.

When the little tyrant of the capital returned to the capital, the faces of many important officials in the palace turned green!

Following that, the sound of a bagpipe suddenly rang out, giving everyone a fright. They all looked at the entrance of the royal court in unison.

They saw a simple-minded young man holding a bagpipe in both hands. He was sticking his head in at the door of the hall. He stuck his head in and blew the bagpipe into the hall.

The sound of the bagpipe was like a funeral.

Everyone was utterly livid.

Jetson, the old civil official, flew into a rage. "Impudent! Disturbing the court, disturbing the ministers, disrespecting the hall, death penalty! Kill him as a warning to others!" "Old thing, you dare to touch him?" It was as if Syrus was looking at a patient with dementia.

Jetson said angrily, "You have no respect for the laws of the country. You should be punished. Guards! What are you doing?!" "I'd like to see you try. Don't worry. We won't do anything." Westley chuckled lightly.

This smile made many people's hearts tremble.

Everyone was familiar with each other. They all knew that the governor of the governor office, Westley, was not a good person. Even Duke Lowe could not suppress this ruthless brat!

Right now, the people of the Northern Army were asking Jetson to take action against the little fool.

Would this old thing dare to do so?

At the entrance of the court, Luke Yates was holding a bagpipe and blowing it, oblivious to what was going on inside. Jetson shouted angrily, "Guards! Take him down!" "Lord Garwood, we dare not!" Outside the royal court, sixteen people dressed in yellow robes stood imposingly. At this moment, they turned around and bowed with their hands clasped in front of them. All of them lowered their heads, and cold sweat dripped down their cheeks.

No one dared to touch the little fool!

Jetson said in disbelief, "Why not? I'm here to support you today. What are you afraid of?" "Commander Yates is Lord Northern King's most beloved younger brother.

How can we touch him?" The guard from earlier, who was in his thirties, had just been bullied by Tristan, and now there were other ruthless people like Syrus there.

He really didn't dare to take down Luke!

Who would dare to capture the Northern Army's men?



Jetson's pupils constricted as he looked at Luke, who was playing at the door, with a hint of fear in his eyes.

Outsiders weren't afraid of this simple-minded person, but of his brother, King Braydon Neal!

No one dared to capture the Northern King's younger brother.

Westley smiled faintly like the wind and said softly, "You can try to touch the little fool and execute him on the spot. I guarantee that all the officials in the hall will not be able to escape death today!" His words were calm but filled with a shocking killing intent.

Tristan held the blade in his hand and said disdainfully, "Old fogey, if you continue to talk nonsense with me, I'll chop you up with a knife!" "Impudent!" Marcel's face was filled with anger.

In the next moment.

A young man in plain clothes instantly entered the hall and kicked Marcel in the chest.

Bang!

The old man flew into a cabinet and coughed up blood.

Everyone was shocked!

Who did that?

In the hall, a young man in white clothes appeared. He held an ancient book in his left hand. His handsome face was extremely calm as he said softly, "You're so noisy. You're disturbing my reading!"  
Tobey Lapras!

This fellow had also arrived.

“How dare you!” Jetson raged. “How dare you attack someone in the palace?” Smack!

Tobey Lapras put away the ancient book and slapped the old man in the face.

With a flip of his hand, he sent the person flying in the air, causing many people’s pupils to constrict.

Tristan would only run his mouth.

But when it came to Tobey, he would attack ruthlessly.

Tobey’s eyes turned cold as he said calmly, “Just because you old fogies insulted my brother Braydon, I will stain the hall with blood today and kill all of you!” “I would like to see how you would dare to kill me!” Jetson had lived to such an old age, yet he was being humiliated by someone so young.

His head was buzzing, and his eyes were red. He stared at Tobey with hatred.

So, he was provoking Tobey?

When Tobey was young, he was a ruthless man who dared to charge into the Delta Empire alone and point his blade at the ruler of the Delta Empire!

In the next second, Tobey’s sword was unsheathed.

Swoosh!

The moment the sword was unsheathed, the blade glistened with a cold light.

The officials in the hall were all extremely shocked.

“Stop!” Many people shouted in shock.

Dominic Lowe, who was squatting in the corner and did not dare to make a sound, jumped out in shock and hurriedly came out to stop him.

Syrus narrowed his eyes.

“Tobey, don’t go too far!” Westley frowned.

“How is this going too far? If Lord Garwood wants to die, I’ll naturally fulfill his wish!” Tobey attacked.

The edge of the blade then swept across Jetson’s neck.

Swoosh!

Blood splattered everywhere..

Chapter 684-800,000 Hidden Agents Spread Across the World!

Tobey Lapras held his sword and stained the hall with blood, intimidating everyone.

Dominic Lowe was dumbfounded!

He really did not expect that these bad boys would actually dare to kill people here.

Was it Braydon Neal behind this?

Jetson Garwood was slashed to death on the spot. Marcel Salas and the other old fellows were terrified, and they all stopped trying to fight back.

Tobey held the sword in his left hand, the tip of the sword dripping with blood. He was dressed in a white robe and had always liked to imitate his brother, Braydon.

Tobey was simply a replica of Braydon!

Dominic said bitterly, "King Tobey, the sword of the Northern Army should not be stained with the blood of the innocent. This is the eight ironclad laws of the Northern Army. Do you still remember that?" "The eight ironclad laws of the Northern Army are not something you can teach us!" Killing intent appeared in Syrus Yanagi's eyes.

Tobey took out a bulging envelope and threw it in front of Dominic Lowe. He said calmly, "I didn't want to embarrass the capital too much in the royal court, and I didn't want you to lose your face!

"But since you've said so, I will tell the world what is in the envelope. Let's see if my blade is truly stained with the blood of the innocent!" Tobey sheathed his sword and stood with his hands behind his back.

Everyone looked over.

What's in this envelope?

Dominic could not help but be shocked. He opened the bulging envelope in front of everyone, and several photos slipped out.

There were two people in one of the photos.

One of them was Jetson, and the other was an overseas martial artist.

The foreign martial artist in the photo was about 50 years old. He had a faint smile that seemed to be on his face all year round. He looked rather shrewd, making it difficult for others to see through his thoughts.

Many people in the hall recognized this person.

Marvin Townsend, the leader of the Dark Division, narrowed his eyes and said, "The president of the Banko Union, Toyotomi Sato!" "The patriarch of the Fleming family together with the president of the Banko Union. He is also the head of the largest intelligence agency in Banko. He is a vicious and ruthless opponent!" Harlan Jones, the deputy leader of the dark division, said softly.

Everyone was instantly shocked.

Jetson, an old official of the country, had connections with Toyotomi Sato!

What did this mean?

Jetson had colluded with foreign enemies. Whatever the two of them had said and done needed to be strictly investigated!

"Harlan, investigate this matter thoroughly!" Marvin said solemnly.

"Alright!" Harlan quietly ordered the elites of the dark division to go to Jetson's house to search for other clues.

Such a scandal had appeared in the royal court today.

It was the dark division's dereliction of duty!

The dark division, despite its name, was one of the nine departments. Their responsibility was not only to monitor the five main teams, but also to investigate the officials and the various divisions.

Tobey said indifferently, "There's no need to investigate. The transaction records of Jetson and Toyotomi are all in the envelope. The grand royal court had actually raised a rebel. If word gets out, it'll be a huge joke!" "King Tobey, how can you be sure of the authenticity of the content?" In the royal

court, Jovi Gray was the official of the Venerate Heavens Bureau, one of the twenty-four divisions. On the surface, he was a civil official, but behind the scenes, he was a member of the powerful families.

Most of the important officials in the palace came from powerful families.

The two were closely related and had an unbreakable connection.

Tobey chuckled with his hands behind his back. "The Northern Army has 800,000 hidden agents. If we can't even confirm the authenticity of this piece of news, do you think Luther, who is in charge of the Northern Army, is useless?"

The second master of the Northern Army, Luther Carden, was the leader of the five heavenly kings and was in charge of the Northern Army's hidden agents!

Every day, the secret events happening around the world could not escape the ears of the Northern Army.

Jovi took a step back and said in horror, "800,000 hidden agents? You..." "My God, the Northern Army is so audacious!" The hundred civil officials in the hall were all shocked.

All these years, everyone knew that the Northern Army had hidden agents. They were controlled by Luther, the second master of the Northern Army, who provided the Northern Army with a steady stream of intelligence.

The Northern Army's hidden agents were spread all over the world.

But who would have thought that the number of hidden agents in the Northern Army had already reached 800,000?

The 10 legions of the Northern Army only had a million elites.

However, the Northern Army had 800,000 hidden agents.

This was a terrifying power!

Many people gasped, shocked by this piece of news.

Dominic's face darkened. He asked in a low voice, "Isn't the Northern Army known for having 100,000 hidden agents all over the world? How are there now 800,000 hidden agents?!" "That was a saying from a few years ago." The Northern Army was no longer the same as before!

Westley Hader clasped his hands behind his back and looked indifferent.

Luther was the one in charge of the 800,000 hidden agents in the Northern Army.

None of the top ten ruthless people in the northern territory were kind!

Tristan Yandell carried the blade and said lazily, "Duke Lowe, aren't you going to talk about how the capital is going to defend against the surrounding hundred countries?" "Yesterday, the hundred countries have gathered their armies and stationed them at the borders. War is about to break out. There are more than a hundred civil officials in the capital. Do you not have any plans?"

It was a question from Syrus.

Dominic couldn't help but cup his hands. "Your Highness Syrus, please be patient. Regarding the matters at the borders, the cabinet has been working non-stop. The specific plan has already been presented to the ruler." "Hansworth has the Groot Army in the east, the Southern Hansworth Army in the west, the Western Army in the south, and the Northern Army in the north. We do not need to be afraid of the enemies beyond the borders." In the hall, an important official said proudly.

These words were equivalent to flattery!

The danger had already appeared right before their eyes.

What did the capital plan to do?

What countermeasures did the ministers come up with?

Until now, there was not a single word of truth!

They were all useless words.

Hendrix Bailey and Westley looked at each other; they understood the thoughts of everyone in the hall.

None of them wanted to contribute!

“Commissioners of the 23 provinces, aren’t you going to give your opinions?” Syrus snorted coldly.

“Your Highness Syrus, the situation has reached such a critical stage. There are many lords in the court today, so it is not our place to speak.” The person who spoke was the commissioner of Qali, Keegan Webster.

Westley was no stranger to this big shot.

Previously Braydon Neal had issued the Heavenly Execution Order to kill leader of the dark division and the commissioners of the provinces.

Westley charged into Qali with his sword and almost killed Keegan with one slash, severely injuring him.

The commissioners of the provinces all held their breaths and did not say a word!

Hendrix said calmly, “There are twenty-three provinces in the country, and all twenty-three of you are the commissioners of the borders. You are in charge of the country, shouldering the burden of a province. Now, the enemy countries outside the borders are restless, and their armies are pressing on our borders. Why are all of you just standing by and watching?” His question was filled with anger.



With the armies of the eight countries pressing down on the border, none of the officials stepped forward to speak.

No one advocated a fight!

Keegan slowly said, "We will listen to the orders of the cabinet. Everything will be decided by Duke Lowe!" The leader of the civil officials, Dominic, was in charge of the Central Bureau, leading the various departments in the capital, and secretly in charge of the cabinet, assisting in the resolution of state affairs.

The cabinet was the core organization of the capital!

The matters they dealt with were all top-priority matters of the country.

Many people in the hall looked at Dominic..

Chapter 685-He is the Best Fighter in History!

The big shots of the nine departments, the officials and ministers of the twenty-four divisions stood silently at the side.

Dominic Lowe felt as if he was being roasted on a fire stove.

Outside the hall, a strong and deep voice came, "The foreign armies are at our country's borders and are about to step into my land. Why are we not fighting?"

"Let's fight! What's there to discuss?" The deep voice was like a tiger's roar. Accompanied by it was a man in green clothes with a curly beard. His thin body strode into the hall with tiger steps.

When he arrived, many people bowed slightly to show their respect.

At the entrance of the hall, the guard in yellow said solemnly, "Lord Kieran Normand of the Ministry of War has arrived!" Leader of the Ministry of War, Kieran Normand! He was also the most capable fighter in the history of Hansworth.

Ever since the founding of Hansworth, Kieran was the most capable person in charge of the Ministry of War and was over a hundred years old. His black hair was tied up into a crown!

Only a modest gentleman could tie his hair into a crown!

However, there was not a single strand of white hair on Kieran's head. It could be seen how strong his vitality was. His life force probably far surpassed everyone present.

Many people present bowed and said, "Lord Normand!" "Get lost!" Kieran glared at everyone there, scaring the commissioner of Qali, Keegan Webster. He staggered back a few steps, not daring to look him in the eye.

Kieran's name was truly one that would make people go weak in the knees!

None of the big shots of the nine departments were weak!

They were above the twenty-four divisions!

The higher-ups of the nine departments were like dragons.

Kieran stood with his hands behind his back and snorted coldly. "The country is in a state of urgency. When the nine departments discuss such important matters, the twenty-four divisions must listen to the orders given, and all provinces must cooperate. Those who disobey will be killed!" The cabinet was the leader of all the major institutions in the capital, with the nine departments as the core and the twenty-four divisions as the backbone.

Each province controlled different parts of the country.

There was a clear hierarchy.

Things that were supposed to be easy to decide had turned out to be such a mess.

Luke Yates wanted to run away with the bagpipe in his hand, as if he was afraid of Kieran.

However, just as Luke was about to leave... Kieran glanced over and said calmly, "Little Fool, where do you plan to go? Aren't you going to greet your grandfather?" The officials in the hall were all shocked.

Kieran was this little bastard's grandfather?

Why hadn't anyone mentioned it before?

Immediately, Luke carried the bagpipe on his back and said slowly, "Grandpa!" "Little guy, why haven't you visited over the years? You're not as sensible as your brother!" Kieran reprimanded coldly.

Luke said in a low voice, "If you scold me again, when you die, I will dig out your ashes to make tea!"  
Kieran:

All the officials in the hall were shocked!

Of the nine departments in the capital, the Military Department was the most respected, followed by the Ministry of War.

But Kieran, who was ranked in the top three of the nine departments, was the most capable leader of the Ministry of War in the history of Hansworth and was the best fighter Hansworth had ever seen.

In the entire capital, who would dare to be so presumptuous in front of him?

The little fool did not seem to have any sense of fear!

He actually dared to threaten Kieran like that.

Everyone nearly peed their pants!

Kieran was instantly enraged. "How dare you!" he said angrily.

A terrifying pressure swept across the entire hall.

This was the pressure of a pinnacle!

Moreover, it was a super pinnacle's pressure!

Kieran was extremely terrifying.

Winslow Jansky, the leader of Mount Sino, was the first on the pinnacle ranking, and the third was Wilbur Jansky, Braydon Neal's youngest uncle.

Who was the second person?

It was Kieran!

Kieran was ranked second on the pinnacle ranking.

He was Kylo's first disciple, Donovan Dudley's sworn brother.

Therefore, when Sadie Dudley entered the capital and started a massacre, Kieran went into hiding. He just let her be and pretended that he did not know anything.

Luke shook his head. He was used to being beaten up.

Even if Kieran beat him up, the little fool wouldn't be afraid!

Kieran was so angry that he wanted to teach the little fool a lesson.

Hendrix Bailey narrowed his eyes, and a cold light flashed in his eyes as he took a step forward, his left hand grabbing Kieran's wrist, saying calmly, "Lord Normand, Luke grew up in the northern territory and is no longer a child. I'm afraid you can't teach him a lesson in public!" "Why do I need to ask the Northern Army when I want to teach my grandson a lesson?" Kieran's curly-bearded face was filled with anger.

Westley Hader clasped his hands behind his back and said indifferently, "I'm afraid that the Northern Army is part of the equation!" "If Luke were in the Normand family, you could teach him a lesson as an elder, but this is the capital palace. You can't teach Luke a lesson here!" Syrus Yanagi looked over quietly.

Luke had never been beaten by his big brother, Braydon, ever since he was young. How could he allow others to bully him?

Tobey Lapras put away the green -skinned ancient book in his left hand and placed his finger on the hilt of his sword. He said indifferently, "If we allow Luke to be bullied, how are we going to explain this to our big brother later?!" His soft voice was filled with protection.

Kieran finally understood.

The Northern Army was a group of ruthless brats. If he provoked any one of them, the others would step up and beat him up.

Dominic Lowe, who was keeping quiet, knew this better than anyone else.

Dominic was beaten up by the Northern Army every day.

It had given the dignified Duke Lowe a nickname.

Some sinister fellows in the capital gave Dominic a nickname, the Cellar Master.

Cellar Master Dominic Lowe!

It would be embarrassing if word got out!

Kieran's face was dark as he asked in a muffled voice, "Little Fool, have you really eaten bone ashes?"  
"Yes, I have. Tobey has eaten some before too. Ashes can't be eaten raw. It's not delicious. First, boil some water and pour the ashes into a bowl. Don't add too much water the first time. Mix it with some sesame seeds and add some sugar..." Luke said softly.

Kieran was speechless.

These words made Kieran cower on the spot!

He was really disgusted.

What sin had he committed in his previous life to have such a fool of a grandson?

After he died, he would have to guard against his grandson stealing his ashes!

Because Luke had a criminal record!

All the officials in the hall looked at Luke as if they had seen a ghost. They looked at him strangely.

However, some people seemed to understand why the powerful families in the eastern region had come to the capital's governor office to complain every year.

Such a bastard was the commander of the Eastern Hansworth main team.

No one would have an easy time under his reign!

Kieran said earnestly, "Little Fool, after today, transfer your file to the Ministry of War and be with me."  
In the end, Kieran still relented!

He wanted to treat the little fool better and make up for the regret of not taking good care of Luke all these years.

Kieran probably had some schemes up his sleeves.

If he treated this grandson of his better and took good care of him, when he died in the future, this bastard would not eat his ashes!

Kieran was worried that this little bastard would secretly eat his ashes in the future!

Kieran, the most powerful leader of the Ministry of War in Hansworth, was trembling with such a thought!

Luke's move was really scary for the elderly.

How vicious!

If it were any other elderly person, their ashes would symbolize remembrance of their life when they were alive..