

Strongest 751

Chapter 751: Tanner's Funeral

Even if Braydon Neal said that there was no more Northern King Braydon Neal in the world, even if the Qilin Nation Protection Seal was broken, this young man in white, was still the son of Hansworth!

He was the Garrison King!

Braydon, the prodigy of his generation, had an indelible mark.

Braydon wanting to confer a title to Namar meant that he wanted them to submit to him.

Shmuel Linar forced a smile and said, "At this point, Namar has no choice. What conditions do you have, Your Highness? As long as you give Namar a way out, as the ruler of Namar, for as long as the Northern Army flag is waving in the north, the Namar army will not dare to take half a step in the north!

"As long as you, Braydon Neal, are still alive, Namar will pay tribute to

Hansworth every year for the next 500 years!"

Shmuel seemed to be much more at ease when he said this.

Becoming enemies with Braydon was the sorrow of the entire country.

It was Crown Prince Shmuel's misfortune to be born in the same era as Braydon.

After that, Braydon suddenly stood up and walked out of the hall with his hands behind his back. He said solemnly, "From today onward, the Linar family will inherit the title of Hanlon-Namar King!"

“I will obey the order of the Northern King!”

Shmuel responded.

With that, Namar historians would let him go down in infamy for ten thousand years.

But this was a way out for Namar!

If Shmuel refused, not only would he die, but the Linar family would also be exterminated.

Namar’s martial arts world would suffer a devastating blow.

Braydon walked to the front of the hall and pulled out the Overlord

Formation-breaking Spear. The 72 Northern King cavalrymen were waiting quietly outside the door with cold swords in their hands.

The domineering Cole Colbie, the elegant and easy-going Luther Carden, and the others were all outside the hall.

In just three days, the few of them had forcefully eliminated more than half of the martial artists in Namar.

Namar’s martial arts world was collapsing.

A large number of Namar martial artists had crossed the border and fled into Wolanda.

Cole had led the 3,000 imperial guards of the Northern Army into Linar half a day ago. He cupped his fists and bowed. “Cole Colbie of the Northern Army greets the commander!”

“Northern Army Luther Carden greets the commander!”

Luther led 300,000 hidden agents and arrived at Linar half a day ago. Now, they were here to bring Braydon back to the northern desert.

Skylar Neal, who was dressed in white and wearing a ghost mask, said softly, “Brother, use the Ten Yama Kings. I want to destroy Namar!”

Each of the ten commanders of the Northern Army had a terrifying power.

Skylar was the most mysterious of all!

Braydon had nurtured this younger brother as the next Northern Army commander.

One could imagine how terrifying the power he held was!

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and said dotingly, “The Ten Yama

Kings are the power that will protect you. Don’t use them easily. After today’s battle, Namar’s martial arts world will not be able to recover for 30 years. It’s enough! ”

This sentence was like an order to stop fighting.

Shmuel, who was in the hall, knelt down and said hoarsely, “Crown Prince Shmuel Linar of Namar thanks Brother Neal for taking pity on the innocent people of Namar and giving us a way out. We will compensate for the war and cede a thousand miles of land. Today, I will send someone to the northern territory to discuss this.”

Namar still wanted to cede territory to appease the anger of the Northern Army.

Unfortunately, when Braydon was young, he swore an oath to protect Hansworth.

As for expanding territory, Braydon had no such plans.

Braydon had never cared about the land outside the borders.

Braydon slowly turned around and said, “Namar choosing to compensate for the war, cede a thousand miles of land and pay tribute every year is your choice. Let me tell you what the bottom line is!

“From now on, if Namar martial artists dare to step into Hansworth’s territory, Namar will no longer exist as one of the hundred countries!”

Braydon was still as iron-blooded as ever.

After today, the war would be over.

Hundreds of thousands of martial artists from Namar had died under the cold swords.

Just one battle was enough to suppress Namar.

Braydon stepped on the red carpet and walked on the streets of Linar.

On both sides of the street, Linar’s 100,000 imperial guards all knelt down and sent them off with the state’s etiquette.

Braydon received national-level treatment upon his arrival and during his departure.

If Namar didn’t do this, and if Shmuel dared to reveal any wild ambitions and even have thoughts of revenge, then Braydon would definitely send more troops!

He would mobilize all of the Northern Army's legions to sweep through Namar's territory and cripple it in one battle.

However, Shmuel had given in and accepted Braydon's title of Hanlon-Namar

King.

That was enough!

Braydon started a war, killed Cameron Linar, and destroyed the martial arts world of Namar.

These major events were enough to cause international uproar.

Braydon led his troops back to the northern desert, including the hundreds of thousands of hidden agents. By the time they reached the northern border, the war in the northern desert had already ended.

The eight countries of the north had stopped fighting!

Wolanda and the other countries' envoys continued to negotiate in the capital, wanting the capital to persuade the Northern Army to stop fighting.

However, it was not that simple for them to stop the war.

A secret order from the capital, stamped with the national seal, was urgently sent to the northern territory.

Harlan Jones, the deputy leader of the capital's dark division, had appeared at the northern desert base camp.

In a solemn hall.

The white-robed Braydon sat at the head of the table, and below him were the various commanders.

Looking at the endless yellow sand flying in the air, Harlan could not help but sigh. He entered the living room and said, "Northern Army's hidden agent, Harlan Jones, greets the commander!"

"Did you bring the secret order of the capital?"

Luther sat in his wheelchair and smiled lightly.

Harlan hmped twice. He didn't like Luther at all.

The reason was very simple!

Harlan was a hidden agent, and the leader of the hidden agents in the Northern Army was Luther.

Throughout the years, Harlan had mentioned countless times that he wanted to return to the northern desert.

In the end, his request was rejected by Luther.

Because of this, Harlan had long been very dissatisfied!

He stepped forward and handed over a secret letter. "Commander, a secret order from the capital!"

"There's no need to look at the fake order!"

Braydon took the secret letter, and with a slight movement of his fingers, the letter was shredded into pieces. No one could see the contents.

The corner of Harlan's mouth twitched slightly. He could testify that this capital secret order was real!

It was personally written by Dominic Lowe and stamped with the national seal.

Yet Braydon said it was a fake order.

Harlan had an awkward expression on his face. As a hidden agent, if he had brought a fake order, he would be punished.

Braydon brushed this matter off with a few words and asked softly, "How are the preparations for Tanner's funeral coming along?"

"It will be held in the No. 1 Courtyard!"

Cole was personally in charge of this matter.

Tanner Lynn was the commander of the tenth regiment under his command, so as the commander, Cole naturally had to do it himself.

Braydon stood up and said calmly, "I want to attend. After this is over, I'll bring Sadie to Mount Woolas."

"Mount Woolas is holding a hundred schools of thought summit, and there will be people from all walks of life there!"

Luther said softly.

The summit would definitely be attended by people from powerful families and aristocratic families. There would also be representatives of the Mohist and Legalist schools.

The Mohism and legalism schools were both schools of thought with seclusive cultivation. Over the past thousands of years, they had passed down many branches and formed seclusive cultivation forces. Braydon had never been interested in these people.

What he wanted was the pill!

Since the pill was in Kinslee Mayer's hands, Braydon had to go get it.

If he didn't heal Sadie, Braydon wouldn't be at ease!

In the No. 1 Courtyard of the northern base camp, a mourning shed was built for Tanner's funeral.

All the high-ranking commanders of the Northern Army were present!

Chapter 752: Wood for the Body, Silver for the Head

Among the high-ranking commanders of the Northern Army who were present, there was Commander Braydon Neal!

No. 1 Courtyard, the core area of the Northern Army.

The No.1 to 10 Courtyards were strictly divided into different areas. They were the resting places for the high-ranking officers of the ten legions.

The funeral had just begun, and no one was late.

Other than Joshua Mandor, who was guarding Ludwig, almost everyone else had arrived.

All nine commanders were present. They were all dressed in black, with a white scarf around their sleeves and a cold sword at their waists.

The soldiers of the Northern Army never let their swords leave their bodies. This was the rule!

It was the same in any situation.

When the Northern Army held a supreme meeting, everyone could bring their cold swords to attend.

In this heavily guarded courtyard, the martial artists who entered and left were all influential figures in the northern territory.

At the entrance of the small courtyard, a deep voice sounded, "The commander has arrived!"

Swoosh!

All the soldiers sitting in the courtyard stood up in unison.

When Braydon arrived, no one dared to be seated!

A white-robed youth entered the courtyard.

"Commander!"

With Cole Colbie in the lead and the commanders in front, nearly a hundred regimental commanders shouted in unison.

Braydon continued to move forward. Cole and the others stood on both sides, opening up a path.

Tanner Lynn's photo was placed in the mourning shed ahead.

He was a very cheerful-looking seventeen-year-old youth wearing the black uniform of the Northern Army. Under his youthful appearance, there were golden stars on his shoulders.

This was an international symbol.

Because this was a general star!

The young general, Tanner Lynn, died last night.

If he didn't die, his future achievements would not be weaker than the ten commanders of the Northern Army.

Braydon didn't say a word. He walked forward and took out three incense sticks. He lit them up with the candlelight. Without turning around, he asked calmly, "Have you informed Tanner's family about his death?"

"Tanner is an orphan. He was recruited by the Northern Military School from outside the northern territory."

Cole was very familiar with the background of his ten regimental commanders.

Tanner was an orphan who had been recruited into the Northern Military School five years ago. Before he could graduate, he had already joined the Northern Army and made great contributions, becoming a regimental commander.

Tanner was the only student in the Northern Military School who was appointed as a regimental commander of the Northern Army.

As Braydon listened quietly, he walked into the mourning shed. There was a pitch-black coffin parked there.

The coffin had not been closed yet, allowing relatives to pay their respects.

There was indeed a corpse in the coffin.

However, it was carved from wood!

Wood for the body, silver for the head.

It was the standard burial for ancient nobles, but it was difficult to give Braydon an explanation for what had happened.

The scene in front of him was not strange.

Not to mention a battlefield of a million people, just an army level battlefield with 100,000 people participating was like a flesh and blood mill.

If it was in the core area of the battlefield, it would not be strange for a

hundred people to be turned into meat paste in an instant.

Now that Braydon had seen the coffin, it meant that Tanner's corpse had not been found and had been left on the battlefield outside tiger gate forever.

"You didn't even bring back Tanner's corpse?" Braydon asked angrily.

"The rule of the Northern Army is to bury the dead wherever they die. Last night, the battle started in full swing. On a battlefield of the army level, if we want to preserve a corpse, it will drag down ten to eight soldiers." Cole did not evade this question.

He explained why he did not bring Tanner's corpse out of the battlefield immediately.

The cruel reality of time did not permit Cole to do so.

In an army-level battlefield, 100,000 people could easily step on corpses and leave. In an instant, the corpses would turn into meat paste, making it difficult for one to protect the corpses.

The battlefield was ever-changing. Once one fell on the battlefield, it would be their fate.

Braydon said indifferently, "There are no regrets killing Cameron Lina. The martial artists of Namar have been stained with the blood of the Northern Army people. They are our enemies. We will kill the martial artists of Namar if we see them!"

"Yes, sir!"

The nine commanders and nearly a hundred regimental commanders all bent down to listen to his orders.

No matter how obedient Namar was now, as long as the Northern Army people were to see Namar martial artists, they would still kill them without mercy.

"The Northern Army spent three days to purge the several hundred thousand martial artists of Namar. This is enough to appease Tanner's soul in heaven!" Cole said in a low voice.

"Hmph, even if we kill all the martial artists in Namar, it won't be enough to compensate for the life of a single soldier of the Northern Army."

Braydon snorted, revealing his inner attitude.

This Northern Army commander had never treated the martial artists of the eight countries in the north as humans.

Even if he killed hundreds of thousands of Namar martial artists, it would still be difficult to extinguish the killing intent in Braydon's heart.

At this moment, a young man in black appeared outside the No. 1 Courtyard. He was wearing a black scarf.

It was a hidden agent!

He requested to see Luther Carden.

Immediately after, someone came in and reported to Luther, "Second Master, a hidden agent is requesting an audience!"

"Fourth Bro, you go handle it!"

Luther was sitting in the wheelchair. In the eyes of outsiders, he was still the refined Cripple Carden. There was no trace of military aura on his body.

Laird Xenos, the fourth master of the Northern Army, was about to turn around and leave.

"Let the hidden agent in!" Braydon frowned.

"Yes, sir!"

At the entrance of the small courtyard, the sixteen young men standing guard immediately let the hidden agent pass.

In the northern territory, Braydon's words were military orders, more effective than anyone else's.

The young man was stunned when he entered the courtyard.

Cold sweat appeared on the tip of his nose. He did not expect that almost all the high-ranking figures of the Northern Army and Commander Braydon would be

gathered in the No. 1 Courtyard.

Under everyone's gaze, he felt a lot of pressure as a small hidden agent!

"Hoyt Carroll, Northern Army's hidden agent, pays his respects to the commander!"

"Tell me what happened? Why are you in such a hurry to see Second Brother?" The white-robed Killing God Yuri Qualls and the others were not wishy-washy.

Hoyt glanced at Luther.

"Speak!" Luther nodded and said softly.

The Northern Army's hidden agents were loyal to Braydon, followed by Luther.

If Luther didn't nod in agreement, the hidden agents definitely wouldn't dare reveal any secrets.

"According to reliable sources, Regimental Commander Lynn is still alive!" Hoyt said in a low voice.

Swoosh!

Everyone looked over.

Cole's face was unsightly.

If Tanner had not died, today's funeral would have been a joke.

It would become the biggest joke of the Northern Army this year.

The Northern Army's regimental commander had yet to die in battle, and they were already holding a funeral. If word got out, wouldn't outsiders laugh their heads off?

"If the news is true, then even if today's funeral becomes a joke, I will accept it!" Cole said in a low voice.

No one laughed.

The people present hoped that the so-called funeral was a joke.

They all hoped that their comrades were still alive.

Luther slowly stood up from his wheelchair and said softly, "Is the news true? You should know about the rule where once a hidden agent makes a mistake, he won't be a hidden agent anymore for the rest of his life."

"Lucian Cross has already gone over to confirm the news with some men."

Hoyt wiped away the cold sweat on his face. He was unable to confirm the news himself, so he followed the rules and came to report to Luther.

However, he didn't know that even Commander Braydon was in the No. 1 Courtyard.

"Where is the source of the news?" Braydon asked..

Chapter 753: If He can Live, 1 will Die in His Stead!

“It’s at the mine a hundred miles away from tiger gate!”

Hoyt Carroll immediately replied.

Braydon Neal disappeared in a flash, Cole Colbie and the others following closely behind.

All the commanders followed him.

Tanner Lynn did not die in battle. Instead, he was saved by the people in the mine.

This was not strange!

This had happened before when the Northern Army fought.

The northern desert was covered in yellow sand. When soldiers were injured, they would fall off their horses. If a strong wind swept past, the yellow sand

would be swept up and bury people alive, quite literally.

It was difficult to find those who were buried in the desert with all the yellow sand in the sky.

It was inevitable that the Northern Army would miss something when searching for the wounded after the battle. Moreover, someone had witnessed Tanner fall on the battlefield with a fatal injury.

Hence, according to the rules, Tanner would be deemed as having died in battle.

However, if he was determined to be missing...

Luther Carden would take over this matter.

The sons of the Northern Army only died in battle; there was no such thing as them going missing.

Whenever a person went missing, regardless of their rank, Luther would secretly order the hidden agents to search for them with all their might. They would not let go of any chance.

The hidden agents were spread out in the entire northern desert.

This was the main camp of the Northern Army, so Luther would be able to catch wind of everything.

Even the capital was a hundred times inferior to this powerful control he had over the hidden agents.

A hundred miles away from tiger gate was an underground coal mine with hundreds of workers. Since the war started on July 15th, the mine had been temporarily shut down.

The mine owner had run away, leaving the workers there to wait for work to start.

After the war stopped, these workers were very curious and went to the periphery of the battlefield outside tiger gate to take a look.

However, they had unexpectedly brought back a heavily injured youth.

This seriously injured youth was none other than Tanner!

The regimental commander of the Northern Army.

In fact, eight years ago, the Northern Army had announced in the northern territory that the residents of the northern desert would be rewarded with a million dollars if they were to find a heavily injured Northern Army soldier and tend to his wounds.

In fact, even without this announcement, the residents of the northern desert would definitely lend a helping hand to the wounded soldiers of the Northern Army.

This was because the people of the northern desert knew who was protecting the land beneath their feet and who was resisting the invasion of foreign enemies.

It was the Northern Army!

At this moment, there was an old doctor in the mine.

With such a large mine, if they didn't have a doctor, they would have to go to the tiger gate and seek help from the military doctors of the Northern Army if they had a headache or fever.

Or they could travel thousands of miles to Lark to see a doctor.

That would be too troublesome.

There was a wooden house in the mine, and it was quite messy. Compared to the bedrooms of other workers, this was the cleanest room in the mine.

This was the house where the doctor lived. There was a shelf with all kinds of commonly used cold medicine and medicine for diarrhea.

These basic medicines were always ready at hand.

There was a large sterilized box filled with white gauze and various anti-inflammatory drugs.

After all, the mine was also a construction site, and the workers were often injured.

At every construction site, it would be a miracle if no one died during a project. Therefore, it was inevitable that workers would get injured.

In the room, on a bed covered in sweat, there was a young man in black.

He had sword-like eyebrows. Despite his young appearance, he did not look young at all. Instead, his body was filled with an iron-blooded killing aura.

There was a layer of calluses on his hands, which was obviously caused by holding a sword for many years.

There was a hideous wound on the young man's chest!

The wound was half a foot long and had pierced through his chest. Blood was flowing non-stop, and his face was as pale as a white sheet. His breathing was extremely weak.

An old man with weathered hair, whose skin had been exposed to ultraviolet rays for a long time, was in the room. He appeared rough and dark. He cut the young man's coat and gave him an IV drip with anti-inflammatory drugs.

The old man was the doctor in the mine. He carefully cleaned the wound.

Outside the door, there were forty to fifty miners. They were all tanned men, and their faces had the simplicity unique to the people of the northwest. Someone whispered, "Guys, do you think this kid is from the Northern Army?"

"I heard that if we save the soldiers of the Northern Army, the Northern Army will us a million dollars as a reward!"

An honest-looking man who did not have any bad intentions immediately thought of this matter.

Someone was enraged as he berated, "Do you think we're after the money?"

"Have you got no conscience? This young man is wearing the military uniform of the Northern Army. Last night, those bastards from Namar attacked the tiger gate again. He is one of the young men who fought back with their swords!"

The lean middle-aged man beside him had a hint of anger in his eyes.

The honest-looking man felt a little wronged and muttered, "I just suddenly thought of it, that's all. Besides, I'm not after the money!"

"Mr. Linares used his infirmary phone to contact the Northern Army. They should be here soon. Don't take their money, you hear?!" The lean man seemed to be the leader of the 20 to 30 workers.

The others nodded in agreement.

However, when the doctor in the room was cleaning the wounds of the young man on the sickbed, he shouted, "This child has lost too much blood. We don't have the equipment needed to test his blood type here."

"Mr. Linares, type O blood can be used to transfuse blood to many people, right?"

The honest-looking man banged on the window and shouted loudly into the room, as if afraid everyone couldn't hear him.

Everyone could tell that a man like him did not have any bad intentions!

Mr. Linares nodded and said, "That's right. Let's draw 200cc of blood. Which of you have type O blood? This child's body is almost drained of blood and needs a large amount of blood transfusion. He won't be able to stay alive without a blood transfusion!"

Mr. Linares's words made the group of rough men outside the door look at each other.

The problem was, they didn't know their blood type.

If they didn't know the blood type and randomly transfused blood, they would only harm people and not save them.

Hurst Willis pushed open the door and said, "Draw as much blood as you need from me!"

"You silly fool!"

The doctor, Mr. Linares, glared at him. As a doctor, he knew that even a strong adult man would be in danger once a large amount of blood had been drawn.

But now, it was more important to save Tanner.

The doctor, Mr. Linares, personally inserted a needle into Hurst's body and inserted the other end of the needle into the withered blood vessel of the young man on the sickbed.

There wasn't much here, so this was the only way to do it.

As the blood transfusion began, the breathing of the young man on the bed seemed to become heavier. His life was hanging by a thread.

However, Hurst had lost a lot of blood. The originally healthy and rough man's vision was a little blurry, and it was followed by signs of thirst and dizziness.

"Child, we have to stop the transfusion!" said the doctor, Mr. Linares. "Is it enough?" Hurst had a simple and honest personality, but he was not stupid. He looked at the doctor, Mr. Linares, and asked if it was enough.

“If you want to save his life, you’ll need at least 1500cc to 2000cc of blood,” said

Mr. Linares in a low voice. “If you continue transfusing blood, you will die!”

“Just continue! I’m fine!”

Hurst was very stubborn. He mumbled, “This kid is young, and he’s in the Northern Army. His life is more useful than mine. I am the dumbest one here, and I don’t have much to say...”

“But... if he can live, I will die in his stead!”

Hurst’s words made Mr. Linares, the doctor, cry..

Chapter 754: Token of Protection, A Gift to a Friend

The other workers at the door felt themselves tearing up as they secretly cursed Hurst Willis for being crazy!

As time passed, Hurst began to break out in cold sweat. Even drinking large amounts of water was useless.

His blood transfusion volume had definitely reached 1000 milliliters.

It was almost equivalent to 20% of the blood in a human body.

Losing 20% of blood in a short period of time would put any strong man at risk of fainting.

If this continued on, Hurst would go into shock.

Mr. Linares, the doctor, wanted to pull out the needle as he said hoarsely, "Silly child, this is enough!"

"He has a golden star on his shoulder. He is not an ordinary soldier of the Northern Army! "

Hurst's lips were dry and cracked. He licked his lips and whispered, "I've been a miner in the northern region for ten years. I know what this little gold star represents. He is a regimental commander of the Northern Army, a young general!

"Mr. Linares, if I can save the general, it's worth it even if I die!

"He's young and has battle achievements. He's more useful than me!

"If he can live, I will die in his stead!"

Every word that Hurst said was heartfelt.

Such a straightforward person like him would not lie.

Sometimes, men were like that.

If they were determined to do something, they would even be willing to give their life up for it.

Perhaps this was what the heroic men of the northwest were like!

For those whom they acknowledged, they would risk their lives to save them.

Hurst, who had lost too much blood, was already a little confused. In his confusion, he felt that someone had pulled out the needle from his arm. A gentle voice vaguely sounded in his ear, 'Brother, it's okay. Leave the rest to

me!”

Lucian Cross of the Northern Army had arrived!

Lucian had brought a stalk of spirit herb.

The Northern Army hidden agents had considered all the possibilities before they came.

If Tanner Lynn was not dead, he must be seriously injured. He had to bring along some spirit herbs to prolong his life.

Lucian led nearly a hundred hidden agents and arrived at the mine’s infirmary.

He took out a jade box. When he opened it, there was a spirit fruit with mild medicinal properties.

The fruit was only the size of a fist, and its entire body was like a green fruit.

Tanner was unconscious and unable to eat.

Lucian cracked the entire fruit and slowly squeezed the juice into Tanner’s mouth.

The fruit juice fell into Tanner’s mouth drop by drop.

The effect was extremely strong.

Tanner opened his mouth and greedily sucked on the fruit juice while he was unconscious. It was as if the life force in his body had been activated.

After the spirit liquid entered his body, his body's self-healing ability increased greatly. The wound on his chest started to heal. The wound stopped bleeding, and his heartbeat gradually increased.

When the doctor, Mr. Linares, saw this scene, his eyes widened.

He took a deep look at the fruit in Lucian's hand and knew that this was definitely not an ordinary fruit.

The other hidden agents whispered behind Lucian, "Lucian, the commander is here!"

Swoosh!

Lucian turned around and saw a white-robed youth standing quietly behind him. He couldn't help but turn around and cup his fists. "Lucian Cross greets the commander!"

"There's no need for formalities. Bring Tanner home!"

Braydon Neal had already arrived and saw the young man on the bed. It was Tanner!

Lucian bent down and picked Tanner up slowly. He wanted to take him away from this shabby environment and bring him back to the base camp to recuperate.

Braydon wasn't in a hurry to leave. He went up to the unconscious Hurst and purple Qi appeared between his fingers. He pointed at Hurst's forehead and woke him up. He said softly, "You've lost too much blood. You gave Tanner at least 1,500 milliliters of blood."

"Can he be saved?"

Hurst woke up and asked about Tanner's condition.

Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back. "Now that I'm here, Tanner will surely live."

His calm words stunned Hurst and the doctor, Mr. Linares. Hurst was a little weak, but he still asked curiously, "You are..."

"My name is Braydon Neal!" Braydon said his name.

"Braydon Neal?" Hurst responded.

However, this name caused the doctor Mr. Linares's expression to change drastically. He looked at the white-robed youth in disbelief.

The words "Braydon Neal" were a taboo in the northern territory!

In the entire eight thousand miles of desert, who would dare to call the Northern King by his name?

No one!

"You are..." Mr. Linares, the doctor, said in a trembling voice, "Commander meal!"

"I'm just a commoner, I don't have any official position or rank. Just call me by my name. Do you know who the person you saved just now was?"

Braydon asked softly.

Hurst regained some of his spirit and scratched his head. "I saw that the child was wearing a shirt with a golden star on his shoulder. He is a young general!"

"That's right. His name is Tanner Lynn, the regimental commander of the Northern Army's first legion. He has 10,000 elite soldiers under him and has been given the rank of general. Three days ago, he led his troops to intercept the army of Namar and wanted to wipe them out. Later, he was injured and disappeared. We thought he had died in battle!"

Behind Braydon, Cole Colbie revealed Tanner's identity.

Mr. Linares and the others were shocked.

They didn't think they would be able to save a big shot from the Northern Army.

"Luther," Braydon said calmly, "give the two of them 20 million dollars. If they need our help in the future, we will help them at all costs!"

"None of the soldiers in the Northern Army will dare to forget those who have helped us!"

Yuri Qualls said softly.

Hurst and Mr. Linares were shocked.

Didn't they say that if they helped the injured soldiers of the Northern Army, the Northern Army would reward them with a million dollars?

How did it become 20 million!

Hurst quickly said, "That's too much money. I can't take it. When I saved him, I wasn't thinking about money."

"Commander Neal, when we saved that child, we saw that he was wearing the uniform of the Northern Army, so we did our best."

Mr. Linares, the doctor, was humble and said, "Actually, that child has a strong body. If it were an ordinary person, with such serious injuries, I'm afraid they would have died long ago."

While that may be true...

However, if it were not for the miners who had dug Tanner out of the desert and brought him back to the mine for treatment, he would have died.

With Tanner's injuries, no matter how strong he was, he would not have been able to survive a night in the sand.

It was these people who saved Tanner.

Hurst had even given him a large amount of blood to keep Tanner alive.

However, Hurst and Mr. Linares couldn't turn down Braydon's offer.

Someone would send the money over later.

Outsiders would not understand how much the Northern Army had to pay to train a regimental commander.

20 million was a huge sum of money for ordinary people.

But to the Northern Army, it was not even enough for a month's worth of food!

The Northern Army had ten combat legions, with millions of elite cavalries, the Northern Military School under the Northern Army, and the secret forces under the control of the ten commanders.

20 million was not even enough for a month's worth of living expenses of the Northern Army.

Moreover, a genius regimental commander like Tanner would definitely be on par with the ten great commanders in the future.

Not to mention 20 million, even 200 million was not enough to measure his value.

Braydon then left the infirmary. Hurst and the doctor, Mr. Linares, followed him out to see him off.

As soon as they left, the two of them were shocked!

Chapter 755: Going Down Mount Bliz Together

Outside the infirmary, there were nearly a hundred regimental commanders of the Northern Army. They were wearing the same clothes as Tanner Lynn.

Without exception, they were all generals.

“Commander!” The hundred men bowed and shouted in unison.

“Co... commander?”

Hurst Willis’s reaction was more than half a beat slower. Only now did he realize that the white-robed youth before him had an astonishing status.

This was the king of the northern territory!

Before Braydon Neal left, he said softly, “If it weren’t for the fact that you two are too old, I would have definitely recruited you into the Northern Army. However, the life of a soldier is not suitable for everyone. If you have any trouble in the future, just say my name. Someone will help you!” After saying that.

Braydon crossed his hands behind his back and left the mine.

The Northern Army hidden agents were everywhere. If Hurst and the doctor Mr. Linares had any trouble in the future, they just had to shout Braydon's name.

When the hidden agents heard this, they would definitely help them.

All the workers looked at the 3,000 black-robed guards of the Northern Army with reverence as they left on their horses. Someone whispered, "Who were those people who came just now?"

"The master of the Northern Army!"

The doctor, Mr. Linares, gulped. He had never dreamed that he would be able to see the Northern King with his own eyes.

But Hurst scratched his head and suddenly discovered that there was something in his hand.

A black card had appeared in his hand without him knowing.

It was very likely that Braydon had given it to him without anyone realizing it.

This card-like item was the Northern Army's Token of Protection.

The person who held the Token of Protection had the entire Northern Army behind him.

Even the commissioners of the twenty-three provinces wouldn't dare to touch him!

All the members of the capital's dark division and even the five main teams had to be respectful when they saw the Northern Army's Token of Protection.

Soon, someone from Northern Army sent two bank cards with ten million dollars in each.

To ordinary people, this was a huge sum of money.

But the Northern Army Token of Protection in Hurst's hands was something that no amount of money could buy.

In the Northern Army's base camp.

The mourning shed in the No. 1 Courtyard had already been completely torn down, as if nothing had happened.

Tanner had received proper treatment. With the capability of Scott Lionel and the other national doctors, it would be difficult for the patient to die even if he wanted to.

In the meeting hall of the Northern Army, all the commanders were present.

Luther Carden sat in the wheelchair and said softly, "Brother, Namar's special envoy has arrived!"

Braydon ignored him. He was going to Mount Woolas next!

Kinslee Mayer from the Mayer family had pills that could alleviate Sadie's injuries.

No matter how many pills there were, Braydon wanted them all!

If Kinslee gave them to him, Braydon would be grateful!

If Kinslee didn't give them to him, Braydon would unleash his sword and wipe out the entire Mayer family!

He had to get the pills.

Braydon had never said that he was a good person.

Luther, who was beside him, understood what his brother meant. He had to deal with the arrival of the envoy from Namar.

The current ruler of Namar was Shmuel Linar, and he had taken the initiative to compensate the Northern Army.

The war compensation of 2.1 trillion dollars was only the initial compensation.

Namar had to cede a thousand miles of land. This was the main point of the discussion between the two sides!

Where was the thousand-mile region?

It was very likely the Green Ridge Wilderness!

Such a place would most probably be given to the Northern Army.

With Cripple Chu in charge of these matters, they definitely wouldn't suffer any losses.

Moreover, Namar now did not dare to play any tricks even though he had ten guts.

Braydon then returned to Mount Bliz. On the swing under the tree at the peak of the mountain, a quiet and otherworldly girl sat quietly. It was Sadie Dudley.

She was no longer bedridden.

“Sadie!” Braydon hurried forward.

“Little guy, don’t worry, my injuries won’t worsen!”

Sadie smiled sweetly, making the entire Mount Bliz seem so much brighter.

Braydon’s finger touched her slender wrist and realized that Sadie’s injuries were indeed no longer worsening. The power of the country’s fate that was entrenched in the wound was originally tearing the wound apart and preventing it from healing.

However, the power of the national fate was weakening!

“No power in the world is eternal. The power of the national fate’s heavenly blade will also slowly weaken in the face of time.” “It’s your physique that’s different from ordinary people!”

Braydon wasn’t so easily fooled.

A super pinnacle martial artist with a vitality of 910,000 Na definitely had a physique that could not be compared to ordinary pinnacle martial artists.

Sadie gently swung on the swing, her slender legs swaying as she tilted her head. Her gaze was all on Braydon.

Braydon held her cold and soft hand and said gently, “Sadie, I want to take you to Mount Woolas.”

“Modern pill refiners can’t refine that kind of pill! ”

Sadie tapped the ground with her toes, and the swing stopped swinging.

Actually, she wanted to tell Braydon that if modern pill refiners couldn’t refine those pills, it meant that they were passed down from ancient times.

These things were treasures.

How could Kinslee be willing to hand over an extinct item?

Even if he gave it to Braydon, he would probably have very harsh conditions.

Braydon held her cold and soft hand and walked down Mount Bliz. He said softly, "If Kinslee is willing to give me the pill, I will owe him a favor. If he uses the pill to threaten me, I will kill his whole family!"

The killing intent in his words was not concealed at all!

King Braydon never did things sloppily, nor was he bothered with the small things.

Braydon had been taught all that by his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, since he was young.

Sadie was still dressed in a white dress. Under the bright moonlight, she looked like a fairy who had descended from the heavens as she left Mount Bliz again.

This time, Braydon was accompanying her personally.

Far away in the heart of Hansworth, Mount Woolas was brightly lit. The hundred schools of thought were gathered here.

A thousand years of inheritance as well as grudges.

The thousands of years of accumulation of each school of thought had produced countless great figures.

If one were to trace everything back to its roots...

All the powerful families and aristocratic families originated from the hundred schools of thought!

They were the most powerful families in Hansworth!

This summit would last for a month. Kinslee must have a plan in luring Braydon here.

Braydon held Sadie's hand as they walked down Mount Bliz.

The white-robed Killing God Yuri Qualls and the members of the northern arts group were waiting at the foot of the mountain. When they saw Braydon, they said softly, "Brother, Second Brother asked me to bring some people to follow you to Mount Woolas."

"Stay here and cultivate in peace!"

Braydon wanted to go alone.

Another reason was that Braydon was the Qilin Lord and had already activated the Qilin ranking.

The Northern Army's ten great commanders had all entered the ranking, which was a blessing for the country.

Anyone who was related to the fate of the country would enter a period of rapid improvement in strength.

During this period of time, Yuri and the others could improve their strength in the northern territory.

Moreover, Braydon was in Hansworth, even without the protection of the Northern Army, with Braydon's prestige and strength, who would dare to kill the Northern King alone?

As long as they dared to come, what awaited would be death!

Braydon didn't let anyone follow him. Even the mischievous little fool was chased back to Eastern Hansworth.

He took Sadie and disappeared into the long night..

Chapter 756: Lark Hotel

News of Braydon Neal leaving the northern territory was tightly sealed.

If the news were to leak out, Luther Carden would definitely investigate the entire Northern Army thoroughly, and it would be a new round of cleansing of the northern desert.

However, Braydon had left the northern territory without hiding his tracks.

Under the moonlight, Braydon and Sadie Dudley traveled together.

"I've gone down the mountain several times. If Master Yanagi finds out, he will surely be upset." Sadie's cherry lips parted slightly.

"Back then, why did you make such a promise to him to never leave Mount Bliz?"

Braydon had buried this question in his heart for more than ten years.

Only today did Braydon ask.

Braydon's temperament was indeed far from what his peers could compare to.

The Northern King was very thoughtful.

Sadie lightly smiled. "Of course, it's because of you. Your teacher is not someone to be trifled with!"

On the way, Braydon quietly listened to the past of his teacher, Finley Yanagi.

Sadie told him everything she knew and talked about many things about Finley Yanagi when he was young.

When Finley Yanagi was young, he was like Braydon now. He held great prestige and fame. When he was a marquis, he obtained a title.

That was... the Marquis Champion!

He was considered a champion back in the days in the Military Department!

With a marquis title conferred upon him, he became the Marquis Champion.

That was Finley Yanagi!

"Is Teacher's disappearance related to the yin-yang entity?" Braydon asked softly.

"Yes. Back then, the yin-yang entity almost went to war with the northern territory in order to get you."

Sadie talked about the past.

She even revealed that the yin-yang entity had always wanted to take Braydon away and had almost caused a world-shaking war.

It proved that the judgment of the yin-yang entity was indeed sharp.

When Braydon was young, he was known as a genius that came by once in a thousand years.

Now that this thousand-year-old genius was all grown up, he stunned the entire world.

Any force with such a genius would be fearless.

All martial artists in the world were the same. They believed in absolute strength.

It had always been like this since ancient times!

Braydon then asked one more question. "Where is Teacher now?"

"I don't know either. Maybe he will meet you in the future!" Sadie had walked for a long time and was already a little tired.

Unknowingly, the two of them had already arrived at Lark.

This was the only modern city in the northern desert, attracting many tourists every year.

However, there were many organizations stationed in Lark.

Martial artists from all walks of life filled the place.

Here, private fights between martial artists often occurred.

Braydon walked toward the eastern gate of Lark. When he was a few hundred meters away, he could sense that there were martial artists fighting outside the city gate in the pitch-black night.

The martial artists who were fighting were not too weak. They were all warlords!

In the outside world, warlord level martial artists were considered quite strong.

In Preston, a warlord would definitely be a big shot.

However, this was Lark, the only city adjacent to the northern territory. The location was like a link. Anyone who wanted to go deep into the desert, even martial artists, had to rest in Lark.

Therefore, there was a difference in the overall strength of martial artists in each city.

Lark's special operations team's team leader, Trey Zarate, was a War God. There was also the leader of Lark's dark division, Mobius Carling, who was also

a War God.

The overall strength of the martial artists in each city could be seen from the people in charge of the special operations team and the dark division.

The stronger the overall strength of the martial artists, the capital would naturally send strong people to hold the fort.

There were hidden agents from all the major forces in Lark.

Even if Trey and Mobius joined forces, they might not be able to shock the martial artists of Lark.

After all, Mobius and Trey didn't dare to touch the hidden agents of some organizations.

Like the hidden agents of the nine departments and twenty-four divisions in the capital, even if Mobius found out about these people, he did not dare to deal with them on his own.

Only the hidden agents of the Northern Army dared to use forceful methods to wipe them out.

Unfortunately, there was only one Northern Army in Hansworth!

Furthermore, the three armies and nine departments were equally famous.

However, the three great commanders of the Northern Army, Sanguine Army, and Gray Wolf Army, as well as the hundred generals of the Military Department, all respected the Northern King!

In terms of power alone, Braydon had been crowned as a king at the peak of Mount Bliz since he was seventeen years old. He held great power!

No one could stop him!

At this moment, Braydon stepped into Lark.

Speaking of which, it was his first time here, so he was not familiar with this place.

“Sadie, let’s go to this hotel to rest!” Braydon pointed at a 125-story hotel.

Lark Hotel.

It was definitely a five-star hotel.

However, not many people dared to stay in this hotel!

The reason was simple. There was a black flag fluttering on the rooftop of the hotel.

It had the image of the cloud stepping Qilin!

In the entire world, who would dare to use this pattern as a banner?

Only the Northern Army!

It was obvious who the owner of the hotel was.

It was precisely because of this reason that the number of martial artists in Lark who dared to stay in this hotel could be counted on one hand.

Most of them did not have the courage to deal with the Northern Army.

Ordinary people were an exception.

Ordinary people were mostly tourists. How would they know about matters at the level of martial artists?

However, he did not care about the Lark Hotel and ordinary people. As long as they were not martial artists, they were not worth paying attention to.

Sadie was traveling with Braydon, and she didn't know anything about the outside world.

To be precise, Sadie was out of place with the outside world.

Braydon led her to the entrance of the hotel.

Sixteen black-clothed security guards stood on both sides of the door. They bowed and shouted in unison, "Welcome, distinguished guests!"

An ordinary person might be very pleased with his imposing manner.

However, Braydon glanced at them indifferently and recognized that these 16 people were just ordinary security guards. None of them were retired soldiers of the Northern Army.

The people of the Northern Army were naturally arrogant. Even if they retired, they would not do such a shameful job.

There were four doormen and four receptionists.

One of the handsome doormen bowed humbly and asked, "Is it just the two of you, sir and madam?"

Braydon nodded lightly.

"Please show me your VIP card. I'll go to the front desk to register your information."

"This is our first time here!"

Sadie's cherry lips parted slightly. Her beautiful face was covered by a white veil, making it impossible for others to see her true appearance.

The receptionist beside him smiled gently and sweetly. "Sir and madam, this hotel has a rule. Only those who have applied for a VIP card can stay here!"

"Brother, if you pay 50,000 dollars, you can get a VIP card for free!"

An old man in a suit passed by Braydon and reminded him in a friendly manner.

Braydon looked over and smiled. "A War God!"

“Hmm?”

The amiable smile on the old man’s face disappeared, and his eyes revealed a look of surprise.

No matter who it was, being seen through with a single glance was not a comfortable feeling.

“Thank you for your kind reminder. I don’t think I need this VIP card!” Braydon said softly with his hands behind his back.

“Only VIPs can stay in this hotel!”

When the doorman heard that Braydon did not even have a VIP card, he changed the way he was treating him.

A faint smile appeared on Braydon’s handsome face as he asked softly, “Who is the person in charge of this hotel?”

Chapter 757: Get Out of Lark Before Daybreak

“Sir, are you asking me that question?”

The doorman couldn’t help but be stunned. He didn’t understand why Braydon Neal was asking about this.

He had been working here for nearly a year. All he knew was that the hotel’s lobby manager had always been very mysterious about the behind-the-scenes boss. He had never mentioned them at all.

The key point was that Braydon’s question wasn’t directed at just the doorman.

Do you really think that Luther Carden and the other ruffians would be at ease when Braydon had left the northern territory alone?

They would definitely send someone to accompany him. If anything happened, they would immediately receive news of it.

After Braydon had asked his question, the four young men who entered the shop one after another turned around and cupped their fists. "Commander, this hotel is owned by BL103!" Everyone fell silent.

Who was the commander?

It was the Northern King!

The old man in the suit thought that Braydon was just a random young man, but he was not just any young man. He was slightly horrified!

The Northern Army's hidden agents only had code names, not actual names.

The higher the ranking of the hidden agents, the more dangerous they were.

At the same time, the top 100 hidden agents were not in the country.

This meant that the owner of the hotel was one of the most dangerous hidden agents in the country.

"Ask Maddox to come out and see me!" Braydon said softly.

"Yes, sir!"

After that, other than the four young men at the door, the hundreds of people who were originally like tourists all lowered their heads to listen to his orders.

These people were all hidden agents of the Northern Army.

The doorman secretly swallowed his saliva and vaguely sensed that something was wrong. The white-robed youth he was blocking seemed to have a shocking background. From the way he spoke, it seemed that he knew their hotel owner.

If that was the case, he would be in big trouble!

Cold sweat appeared on the doorman's nose.

"Take down the Northern Army flag from the hotel," Braydon said calmly. "This flag shouldn't be here."

"Yes, sir!" Someone immediately went to retrieve the flag.

The doorman was so scared that he peed his pants. He had worked in the hotel for so long and knew that the top floor of the hotel was a restricted area.

As long as the black flag was still raised, no one would dare to touch the hotel.

Yet, this young man was getting it removed with just one sentence.

There were sixteen security guards at the door, but the leader of the squad stopped them in shock and anger. "What are you doing? If you dare to touch that black flag, you will regret it!"

"Impudent!"

In the hotel lobby, as the elevator door opened, a one-armed young man slowly walked out. He had a buzz cut, wore a black suit, and had a cold sword at his waist.

He was Maddox Johnstone.

The former regimental commander of the Northern Army had retired and was now in hiding.

He was not willing to remain silent and forcefully went from being a hidden agent to an open agent.

Maddox wasn't willing to leave the northern territory, so he settled down in Lark and established the Lark Hotel.

He was crippled and only had one arm left, but no one dared to provoke him.

The one-armed Maddox!

Behind him were two men in black suits, both of whom were hidden agents from the Northern Army.

When Maddox appeared, many people looked at him in awe.

It could be seen that Maddox was very mysterious. He rarely showed his face and had a sense of dignity.

Maddox's tiger-like steps were like the wind, and his eyes were filled with faith. He stopped in front of Braydon, straightened his body, and pulled out his Northern Army cold sword. He held the sword horizontally in front of his chest and growled hoarsely, "Northern Army's hidden agent Maddox Johnstone greets the commander!"

"Northern Army's hidden agent Greg Jessup greets the commander!"

"Northern Army's hidden agent Lorenzo Hale greets the commander!"

Behind Maddox, the two Northern Army hidden agents drew their swords and bowed as they spoke in a low voice.

This scene shocked everyone.

The old man in the snit was shocked He finally when this white—
was.

He was the current Northern King.

The Northern Army's Commander Braydon Neal, who commanded millions of soldiers!

As a young man, his name had spread throughout Hansworth.

He was the leader of the younger generation of martial artists in the country.

Braydon chuckled. "We haven't seen each other for five years. We'll catch up later. Do you need me to apply for a VIP card now?"

"Who stopped you? I'll kill him myself!"

Maddox held his sword with one arm, and his killing intent surged.

The Northern Army men that had retired were the most dangerous ones of all.

All the retired veterans had followed Braydon and participated in the bloody battles against the eight countries.

They were all ruthless people who had been tempered by the flames of war!

The murderous aura on their body could not be erased at all.

The doorman's face was pale, and he almost fainted from fear.

Braydon smiled and brought Sadie Dudley to the top floor of the hotel. It was a presidential business suite, which was definitely enough for a rest.

Before Maddox left, he shot a cold glance at the four doormen, the four receptionists, and the 16 security guards.

Just a cold gaze made people shudder!

“Get out of Lark before daybreak!

“Otherwise, I'll send your corpses out of the city!”

This was Maddox!

The receptionists were so scared that tears flowed down their faces. They were taken away by the lobby manager. Looking at the crying girls, she could not help but reprimand them, “Alright, stop crying. There are so many of you, yet none of you saw that the young man was wearing the cloud treading Qilin robe?”

“He's just a young man. We...”

The doorman stammered and complained.

“How are we able to recognize someone just based on the patterns of their clothes?!” The girls who greeted him said aggrievedly.

“That’s the cloud treading Qilin robe. Only one person in the world can wear it, and that’s the Northern King.”

The lobby manager sighed faintly and shook her head gently.

No one could be blamed for what had happened!

In the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel, Maddox and the other two were waiting quietly outside the door.

In the clean and spacious room, Braydon stood behind Sadie and gently unbuttoned her dress. His gaze did not linger on her snow-white back at all. His gaze fell on the wound on her slender waist.

The wound had not healed, but the power of the national aura’s heavenly blade had indeed weakened greatly.

Sadie was right. No power could exist forever.

This included the power of the nation’s fate.

In the face of time, it would slowly weaken until it dissipated.

“Sadie, can the Thousand Feather Technique help you recover?” Braydon asked softly.

“I don’t dare to cultivate the Thousand Feathers Technique!”

Sadie shook her head and refused.

Outsiders might think that the Thousand Feather Technique was extremely terrifying and could increase a martial artist’s strength by multiple folds.

However, the drawback of the Thousand Feather Technique was even more terrifying.

As time passed, one would no longer be called a human if they were heartless and had no desires!

Once such a situation occurred, the memories of the past would probably be forgotten.

Sadie was afraid that she would forget about her past with Braydon after she cultivated the Thousand Feathers Technique and healed her injuries.

That was why this girl was unwilling to cultivate the Thousand Feathers Technique.

Braydon didn't force her and told her to rest early. They still had to go to Mount Woolas tomorrow.

He quietly went to the living room and shouted to Maddox and the other two, "You three, come in!"

Chapter 758: One Armed Maddox Johnstone, Ninth-Level King!

The hotel door was pushed open gently. Maddox Johnstone and the other two entered and said in a low voice, "Commander!"

"The three of you gathered in Lark and broke the rules."

The hidden agents were not allowed to contact each other, let alone meet each other. This was the most basic rule of the hidden agents.

Braydon Neal sat lazily on the sofa; his eyes closed as he gently rubbed his temples.

This was the first time in many years that Braydon had shown a tired look in front of his soldiers.

Maddox stepped forward and brewed half a pot of tea for Braydon. He gently poured half a cup and said in a low voice, "Greg and Lorenzo want to return to the Northern Army!"

"You've made a huge mistake, so how can you return to the Northern Army?"

Braydon's thin lips lightly sipped the steaming bitter tea as he asked Maddox in return.

Five years ago, Greg Jessup and Lorenzo Hale had their hands stained with the blood of their comrades in the Northern Army!

These three maniacs had once worked together to kill a regimental commander.

It shocked the entire Northern Army!

If it wasn't for something that happened five years ago, they would have been executed by Braydon.

When Maddox mentioned the past, he was much calmer. He said, "Five years ago, I followed Second Master and guarded the beacon tower to defend against Wolanda. The buffer zone between the two countries is a wide expanse of flat land. There was no way to defend and no tricks we could use!"

"The only way was to face the enemy head-on and kill them!"

"That night, eight of Wolanda's regiments attacked the beacon tower. Second Master was not at the beacon tower.

"According to the rules of the Northern Army, if the regimental commander is not around, the first regiment commander will temporarily take over the position of regimental commander during wartime. If I die in battle, the second regimental commander will temporarily take over the position!"

“That night, the beacon tower was empty. There were only three regiments of the Northern Army, only 30,000 men!

“30,000 Northern Army elite soldiers are definitely able to take on the eight regiments of Wolanda. We were not afraid!

“But what did the third regimental commander, Kyson Locklear, do?”

At this point, Maddox’s fierce eyes were filled with cold killing intent.

Greg and Lorenzo were also filled with killing intent.

It had been five years since the incident, but the three of them still could not let it go.

Because of that battle, Maddox’s 10,000 soldiers had all died in battle, and their blood spilled on the beacon tower.

Maddox wore a blood-red robe and used his black sword to kill the general of Wolanda and 360 of his soldiers, but he paid the price of an arm.

At that time, Kyson had been defending the beacon tower and refused to fight. He had not suffered any casualties and did not provide any support to Maddox of the first regiment.

They could only watch as their comrades from the first regiment fell into a pool of blood.

As a result, only three elites from Maddox’s regiment survived!

The ten thousand people were all elite troops, yet only three were left!

These three people were Maddox, Greg, and Lorenzo.

After the battle, the three of them that had battled fiercely returned to the beacon tower and killed Kyson in front of everyone.

What a huge scandal it was!

A son of the Northern Army had his hands stained with the blood of his comrade, violating the eight ironclad laws of the Northern Army.

This matter had alarmed Braydon back then.

The whole matter was thoroughly investigated.

Yuri Qualls, the third master of the Northern Army, only said one sentence, and that was the second legion's third regimental commander Kyson Locklear deserved to die!

Kyson was a regimental commander and a high-ranking general of the Northern Army.

Regimental commanders were all high-ranking generals.

The regimental commanders were core generals.

Kyson had led the third regiment to guard the beacon tower. When he saw the eight elite regiments of Wolanda attacking, he misjudged the situation and thought that there were more than eight regiments of Wolanda attacking, so he was prepared to defend the beacon tower.

As a result, almost all of Maddox's men, a full regiment, had died in battle.

It even caused the second regiment to lose more than half of their elites! If the three regiments had joined forces, the casualties would not have been so great.

An incompetent general would lead the entire army to death!

Therefore, Maddox was angry and killed Kyson. Although he violated the eight ironclad laws of the Northern Army, there was a reason for it.

Kyson had misjudged the situation, causing ten thousand of Maddox's comrades to spill their blood on the battlefield.

Kyson's crime was even more grave!

Even if Maddox didn't kill him, Kyson would still die if he reported this matter to the Northern Army.

However, Maddox's hands were stained with the blood of his comrade!

He had violated the ironclad law of Northern Army!

According to the law, he should be killed!

Finally, the second master of the Northern Army, Luther Carden, the third master Yuri Qualls, and the fifth master, Qadry Knight, protected Maddox and helped him avoid punishment. They removed his title of regimental commander. and he became a hidden agent .

In the past few years, Maddox had turned his identity as a hidden agent into an open one. He was overseeing Lark and opened the Lark Hotel. He had become the overlord of Lark that couldn't be provoked.

Luther still had a laissez-faire attitude when it came to Maddox.

At this moment.

Maddox and the other two wanted to return to the Northern Army!

Braydon closed his eyes to rest and said softly, "Back then, your hands were stained with the blood of your comrade. You broke the eight ironclad laws. If you return to the Northern Army, when others see you, the incident of you killing Kyson will resurface."

That incident had a huge impact on the Northern Army!

"If we can't return to Northern Army," Maddox said hoarsely, "the three of us are useless!"

"Now that the powerful and aristocratic families are trying to claim power for themselves, sooner or later, you will lead the Northern Army cavalry south and help the capital quell the chaos!"

Greg cupped his fists and knelt on one knee; his eyes fixed on Braydon.

His eyes were filled with desire!

He did not want to be a hidden agent. He wanted to gallop on the battlefield and follow Braydon's orders. Even if he died in battle, he would have no regrets.

Lorenzo said solemnly, "For the past five years, the three of us have not dared to let loose. Seven years ago, you said that if the Northern Army doesn't have conferred kings, you won't be able to be at ease!"

"Now, the three of us are all kings!"

Lorenzo suddenly stood up and released his king pressure!

The aura of an king could hurt people.

The aura released could contain strength.

The moment the aura was released, the teacups in the living room instantly shattered.

Lorenzo was an eighth level conferred king!

Greg slowly stood up and released his aura, which was not weaker than Lorenzo's.

He was also a king!

Maddox took off his black cloak, revealing his empty right sleeve. He said hoarsely, "Seven years ago, you said that if there are no conferred kings in the Northern Army, we will end up like the Ludwig Army.

"Five years ago, when I left the northern desert, I didn't dare to be negligent. Every night, I only slept for two hours and spent the rest of my time practicing martial arts. I wanted to protect you when the Northern Army summons me!"

The one-armed Maddox slowly released his pressure.

The aura of a ninth-level king filled the entire area!

If it was in the past, pinnacles never revealed themselves, and kings were the most respected.

The ninth-level conferred king Maddox was definitely a powerhouse of the current era. His strength was not weaker than someone like Dominic Lowe.

The background of the Northern Army was indeed terrifying!

Maddox and the others were all considered strong elites among the hidden agents.

Maddox's codename was BL103.

Greg's codename was BL104.

Lorenzo's codename was BL105.

The three hidden agents were gathered in Lark.

"I remember that five years ago, the three of you were only beginner War Gods, right?"

"Five years ago, I was a third-level War God!" Maddox answered..

Chapter 759: This Path is a Difficult One!

"Five years ago, I was a second-level War God!" Greg Jessup added.

"Five years ago, I was also a second-level War God!" Lorenzo Hale revealed their strength when they left the Northern Army five years ago.

Braydon Neal stood up slowly with his hands behind his back. He stood in front of the French window and looked at the starry sky outside.

Maddox and the other two went from the War God level to king level within five years!

Braydon couldn't imagine how much pain they went through the past five years.

With this strength, they were qualified to be a regimental commander in the Northern Army.

Braydon's eyes turned cold, and his thin lips moved slightly. "Commander's order!"

“We shall heed your order, Commander! We shall die with no regrets if you ask us to do so!”

Maddox and the other two knelt on one knee.

“Maddox will be by my side from now on.” Braydon let out a breath. “The two of you will go to Mount Woolas before I do.”

“Yes, sir!”

Joy flashed across Greg and Lorenzo’s eyes.

They had waited for five years, and now they could finally return to the commander’s side.

To them, returning to the commander’s side meant returning to the Northern Army!

The two of them disappeared.

Only Braydon and Maddox were left in the living room.

“Maddox, come with me!”

Braydon flashed to the rooftop of the hotel.

The rooftop of the hotel was a martial arts field, built by Maddox with a huge sum of money. There was a punching machine and a speed tester.

At the northwest corner of the rooftop, the scrapped fist force target drones were piled up like a small mountain.

These were all punching machines that Maddox had destroyed.

Braydon stood on the rooftop with his hands behind his back. His white clothes fluttered in the wind as he faced his back to Maddox. He said softly, "Five years ago, you made a huge mistake and even killed your comrade. Among the hundred regimental commanders, you, Maddox, were the most arrogant!"

"I once reminded Luther that a jade that is not polished will not be able to become a great weapon. If he is allowed to do as he pleases, he will definitely cause great trouble. Luther may look gentle and weak, but he is the most protective person in the Northern Army. Whatever I tell him, he takes it with a positive attitude!"

Braydon slowly turned around and looked at Maddox. He said calmly,

"However, what you did was wrong!"

"I deserve to be punished, Commander!"

Maddox had been a hidden agent for five years and had been laying low in Lark the whole time.

His personality had long been worn down!

However, Braydon said that the person in the Northern Army who was the most protective was Luther.

However, Luther and the others said that the most protective person in the Northern Army was their big brother, Braydon!

Even if the people of the Northern Army had committed a heinous crime in the outside world, no one from the three armies, nine departments and twenty-four divisions would be able to touch them.

Whoever dared to stain their hands with the blood of the men of the Northern Army, wherever the cold sword pointed, their whole family would be slaughtered.

If the people of the Northern Army made a mistake, they would be sent back to the base camp of northern desert for punishment.

At this moment.

“It was my secret order to let you stay in Lark for five years as a free man!” Braydon said calmly with his hands behind his back.

“Commander...”

Maddox’s eyes were filled with disbelief. He didn’t expect Braydon to be paying attention to him.

“Do you think it’s a coincidence that I brought Sadie here?” Braydon chuckled.

“My apologies for being clueless!” Maddox lowered his head.

He knew very well that his commander had a demonic mind when he was young.

Who could play tricks on this demon in white?

Braydon said softly, “There are no coincidences in my actions. I came to the Lark Hotel today because I wanted to use you again. If you weren’t a son of the Northern Army, it would be a good thing for you to be free as a solo cultivator!

“But you are the regimental commander of the Northern Army. You were unruly and disobeyed military orders. That is a crime. When ten thousand of your comrades died in battle, you could not escape the blame!”

Braydon scolded him coldly.

Maddox lowered his head, not daring to retort.

Back then, almost all the soldiers of the first regiment had died in battle. As the regimental commander, Maddox had a huge responsibility.

However, this was all in the past.

Braydon wasn't someone who would settle old scores. He asked softly, "In this life, have you ever thought of entering the pinnacle realm?"

"I've thought about it. After entering the pinnacle realm, I'll still be a subject under you, Commander!"

The one-armed Maddox was a shrewd person, but when he looked at Braydon, his eyes revealed his faith.

It didn't matter if he was a ninth-level king or a pinnacle.

The Northern King was the only one he would respect!

Braydon moved his left hand slightly and took out a pastel yellow scroll. He said softly, "There will be a place for you on the Qilin ranking. There will be a place for you as a pinnacle of the Northern Army!"

In the next moment.

Braydon used his left index finger as a pen and wrote Maddox's name on the Qilin ranking.

The Qilin ranking had all the Qilin children in the world written on it.

Braydon was the Qilin Lord, and all his subordinates were Qilins!

Then, Braydon put away the Qilin ranking and said softly, "Close your eyes and get rid of all distracting thoughts. I will help you comprehend the pinnacle martial arts path. The martial arts I cultivate are the great path of the country, the path of gathering all the people in the world. That is my pinnacle martial arts path!

"This path is a difficult one!"

The cold sword that Maddox had at his waist was unsheathed and flew toward Braydon.

The moment Braydon held the cold sword in his hand, his indifferent aura became abnormally domineering.

It was difficult to conceal the aura of an overlord!

Braydon swung his sword at Maddox, but the sword was unexpectedly released. The sword's light was like a ribbon, hanging horizontally in the night sky on the rooftop.

The first slash landed on Maddox's chest.

The sword fell, but it did not hurt him at all!

Maddox's entire body shook violently. He knew that Braydon had released a sword intent.

With this sword intent, he could break the path of the pinnacle.

This was extremely important to Maddox's future!

Braydon slashed his sword horizontally into the air and said in a dignified manner, "Maddox, open your eyes and take a good look. The cold sword is your main cultivation, so today, I'll teach you the overpowering sword. The overpowering sword originated from the Neal family and is my family's heirloom sword technique!

“At the Neal family’s peak, it was the number one powerful family in Hansworth a hundred years ago. It nurtured dozens of pinnacle martial artists.”

Braydon never hid anything from his subordinates.

As long as it was a sword technique that was useful to his subordinates, Braydon would teach them everything!

However, none of them had ever reached Braydon’s level.

The reason was very simple. It was still related to talent!

Braydon’s talent was the best in the world.

Braydon held the black blade in his left hand. The black blade turned into a sword light and swept across the entire rooftop.

The terror of the overpowering sword lay in its sword intent!

It was even more powerful than an attack!

Once the sword fell, everything would die.

Braydon used his pinnacle cultivation to activate the overpowering sword and reached an unprecedented pinnacle state.

With the power of the overpowering sword, there was nothing that could not be broken.

A hundred-meter-long ravine appeared.

The surrounding objects were all cut off at their roots.

“Maddox, you see that? It’s fine if you don’t unsheathe the overpowering sword, but if you do, the sword will be stained with the enemy’s blood!” Braydon sheathed his sword.

Then, the sword was unsheathed again and landed on Maddox’s head. An invisible hurricane of sword Qi swept past.

Sword Qi was released and landed on the wall, reaching ten meters long! Braydon also taught Maddox the nine forms of the overpowering sword.

Maddox looked at it for a long time and memorized it all.

How far he could cultivate the overpowering sword would depend on his comprehension and luck.

Maddox cupped his fists and knelt on one knee. He said hoarsely, “Thank you for teaching me, Commander!”

“Follow me to Mount Woolas tomorrow and meet the hundred schools of thought!”

Braydon then returned to the living room with his hands behind his back..

Chapter 760: Hidden Behind the Scenes, Controlling the Overall Situation!

Maddox Johnstone stayed behind on the rooftop and bowed to send Braydon Neal off. “Yes, sir!”

Maddox didn’t plan to sleep tonight!

He wanted to cultivate.

This was how he had been over the years. For the sake of martial arts, he had given up everything.

After giving up so much, Maddox had the strength he had today, and he deserved it.

Back then, Maddox was able to sit on the position of the first regimental commander in the second legion of the Northern Army. His talent, strength, and battle achievements had surpassed tens of thousands of people.

According to the rules of the Northern Army, if the legion commander died, the first regimental commander would be the successor!

The first regimental commander of each of the ten legions was the successor of the legion's commander!

This was the rule!

Braydon returned to the living room and leaned on the sofa. Sadie Dudley had already fallen asleep.

The quiet night made Braydon feel calm.

However, Braydon had the power of the world. It was very difficult for him to relax.

At the door of the presidential suite, a man in black quietly appeared.

Braydon had already sensed his aura.

“Harlan, come in!”

Braydon spoke.

Only then did Harlan Jones push the door open and enter. He bowed and cupped his hands, “Harlan Jones greets the commander!”

“What is it?”

Braydon lay on the sofa and gently closed his eyes. His thin lips moved slightly, and his voice was very soft, as if he was about to fall asleep.

Harlan was the deputy leader of the dark division. The members of the dark division in the three provinces of the Central Plains were all under his jurisdiction. He was a veritable big shot in the capital and held real power.

“The capital wants to invite you back!”

His soft words did not get a response.

Actually, Harlan knew that there was no need to even mention this. Braydon would not go to the capital.

Braydon had sealed the Northern King Sword and would not ask about the domestic affairs anytime soon.

If he wanted Braydon to go to the capital, he had to first reactivate the Northern King Sword.

Unfortunately, under the premise of all this, Sadie’s wellbeing came first.

Harlan saw that Braydon had fallen asleep, and his footsteps were soundless as he left the living room.

Braydon lay on the sofa with his eyes closed. “Secretly order the War God of the nation, Jonah Shaw, to recall the nine legions of the Sanguine Army and head to the southeast!”

“VPR qirl”

Joy flashed in Harlan's eyes. He turned around and cupped his fists.

He was afraid that Braydon would choose to respond to the capital with indifference.

If that was the case, the capital would not be able to do anything to Braydon!

Braydon closed his eyes and turned around lazily. He spoke again, "Duke Lowe is old, and it is time for him to retire. In the name of the Northern Army, I propose to the capital that the position of Right Duke be taken by Westley!

"The position of Left Duke has been vacant for several years. Now, Frediano will take over!

"The Sovereign King of Perpetual Darkness, Harvey Lay, will be the southern guardian!

"Hendrix Bailey, the leader of the Gray Wolf Army, will be the northern guardian!"

Braydon had once said at the peak of Mount Tanish that if he succeeded in carrying the fate of the country, he would be granted titles. Now, the Northern King was finally revealing his terrifying side!

Harlan was stunned.

Was it something Braydon had thought of on the spot?

Perhaps not!

Braydon had been waiting for this moment for years.

Harlan broke out in cold sweat. He knew what these four positions meant!

Those were positions with real power!

Moreover, since ancient times, the country had been divided into north and south.

The southern guardian was in charge of half of the southern region. With him as the leader, his authority would be monstrous.

It was the same for the northern guardian!

Both positions were extremely important and could not be easily given to others.

There was also the position of Left and Right Duke in the capital's main hall. It was self-evident how important it was.

The 24 divisions in the capital were under Dominic Lowe's jurisdiction.

However, from today onward, there would be a change!

The curtain of the Northern Army had been completely lifted.

Harlan felt a little guilty and asked tentatively, "Commander, will the capital agree to this?"

"Confer them the titles in the name of the Northern Army, otherwise they will not agree!"

Braydon opened his eyes and stared at Harlan.

There was no need to worry about whether the capital would agree to the matter of conferring the four of them these titles.

He should be worried about whether Harvey and the others would listen to him!

Harvey did not care about being conferred titles like this.

This bastard was a madman who had no fear and qualms about anything.

There was nothing in the world that he did not dare to do!

However, the southern guardian title was not a disgrace to Harvey.

Harlan thought for a moment and realized that he was overthinking it!

With the current situation in the world, the powerful families and aristocratic families had already become a threat.

In the entire world, only the Northern Army could unite and conquer the world!

The person Braydon had named to be conferred titles must be given the titles in the capital!

These four ruthless people would be the core figures who would destroy the two major entities.

Harlan left the room and quietly closed the door.

However, he vaguely heard a cold voice coming from the room. "The time has come to wash the 24 divisions in blood!"

The sentence filled with killing intent definitely came from Braydon's mouth.

Harlan's eyes revealed a look of shock. He was certain that this secret order was not issued to him!

Who was the secret order issued to?

Far away in the capital, the main hall of the governor office was brightly lit.

On the golden dragon chair, Westley Hader, who was dressed in black, sat at the head of the table. Below him stood the hundred War Gods of the capital garrison, as if they were discussing a major matter.

In fact, all the major organizations in the capital were extremely busy.

On the night of Braydon's title conferment ceremony, all the powerful families and aristocratic families in the capital had evacuated. They had returned to all parts of the world and were not following the capital's orders.

This in itself was a sign of danger!

The capital had already sent many envoys to negotiate, but there were minimal results.

Westley sat at the head of the table and listened to the report calmly without smiling. He took out his watch, and the screen flashed with a faint red light.

It was a message from Braydon.

It was just a short sentence.

'The time has come to wash the 24 divisions in blood!'

The capital's 24 divisions, other than the governor office, were all filled with martial artists from powerful families and were almost completely controlled by them.

They had to be removed at the roots.

After Westley received the secret order, a smile suddenly appeared on his face.

Frodo Lance, who was reporting the situation below, said, "According to the report of Commander Yates in Eastern Hansworth, a total of 20 powerful families have returned. The martial artists of the powerful families have ignored the ban. In just a few days, there have been more than 100 incidents of martial artists hurting people... Governor?"

Frodo, who was reporting the matter, was stunned when he saw Westley smiling like a peach blossom.

This smile was very abnormal!

The other War Gods under his command also felt their hair stand on end.

How many years had it been since they had seen the governor so angry?

Something big would definitely happen next!

Everyone thought that Westley was angry.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Westley suddenly stood up and walked down the stage with his hands behind his back. He said in a low voice, "In my name, invite Crown Prince Syrus

Yanagi, Commander Tobey Lapras, Commander Bailey, War God Shaw, and Lord Jadanza here for a chat!"

"What are you going to do?" Tristan Yandell was terrified.

Westley smiled coldly.. "We are going to wash the 24 divisions with blood!"