

Strongest 823

Chapter 823: The 72 Hidden Agents in the Ministry of War!

“Martial Emperor Yanagi of the capital often took him to live in the palace when he was young. He taught him carefully. That was why he was called the young Martial Emperor back then.

“The old sword immortal of Mount Sino, Winslow Jansky, taught him the two great techniques of sword control and sword summon. He tacitly acknowledged him as the young master of Mount Sino and can be considered his third teacher!

“In terms of background, you guys are far inferior!”

Sadie Dudley stood quietly on the spot and mentioned three people.

The three figures she mentioned were all terrifying figures!

There was no need to say anything more about the capital’s Martial Emperor Winslow, the leader of Mount Sino, was the top of the Hansworth pinnacle ranking a hundred years ago. He stood on the world with a three-foot-long iron sword and had never been defeated in a hundred years.

Winslow’s sword was truly terrifying!

There was also the old commander, Finley Yanagi, who was the teacher of the Northern Army elites.

A legendary figure!

Finley was able to teach the sons of the Northern Army, which showed how terrifying he was.

In an instant.

The entire place was silent.

“Who are you?” Hansel Henderson cried out in horror.

“I am your father!”

An arrogant voice came from the foot of Mount Woolas.

There was a tall young man with long silver hair. He did not have a sword at his waist, but a bagpipe. His clothes fluttered in the wind.

A standard handsome man!

However, this fellow was a little silly, and he was riding a skinny donkey.

The donkey carried him up the mountain as if it was walking on flat ground. “F*ck you, f*ck you...”

The hermit Giannis Zazueta’s donkey had eventually fallen into the hands of the little fool.

Luke Yates had arrived!

A man and a donkey appeared on Mount Woolas.

This strange combination attracted many people’s attention, and the corners of many people’s mouths twitched.

If he had come on horse, that would be fine.

Yet here he was riding on a donkey.

Hansel was livid. His eyes looked like they were about to spit fire. He didn't expect that someone would dare to take advantage of him in such an occasion.

"Little Fool, come here!"

Braydon Neal shook his head helplessly. There was nothing he could do about Luke, who was always fooling around.

Luke had been fooling around since he was young.

If you were to lock him up and have him cultivate in peace, in less than three days, he would demolish the whole house! Luke walked over and shouted, "Brother, Sadie!"

"Little Fool, did you get fat from eating?"

Sadie raised her left hand and pinched the little fool's cheek with her fair fingers. She pulled it horizontally and almost pulled the little fool's face into a square.

Luke said in a low voice, "I've lost weight. I'm not fat. Brother, look at the big treasure I brought you!"

"You stole the Northern King Sword?"

Braydon's Northern King Sword had been left behind on Mount Tanish back then. It should have been brought back to the capital by his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi.

With the little fool's character, it wouldn't be strange even if he went to the capital to steal the Northern King Sword.

Luke said seriously, "I am a mighty and righteous man. What kind of person would steal the Northern King Sword?"

Braydon was expressionless.

Since he was young, Luke had stolen the Northern King Sword from the Northern Army and played with it more than five times!

He probably couldn't even remember it himself!

Stealing the Northern King Sword to play with was a common occurrence for Luke!

Under the gaze of his brother Braydon.

Luke drooped his head and said in a low voice, "I went to the capital yesterday. I couldn't steal the sword and was even beaten up!"

"Pfft!"

Sadie laughed, causing the surrounding male martial artists to be dazed.

Only Braydon, who had grown up by Sadie's side, had some immunity to this alluring smile.

"Who hit you?" Carl Mason asked in a low voice.

"It was Kieran Normand, that old bastard. He tied me up and beat me up. He even gagged my mouth. Otherwise, with my voice, I would have definitely been able to call Westley and the others to save me. Kieran, that old fox, is too smart. Before he beat me up, he was already on guard against me calling for help!"

Luke's face was dark as he muttered, 'When he dies, I'll definitely dig out his ashes!'

Carl was speechless.

Who was Kieran?

He was Luke's grandfather!

He was his biological grandfather!

Kieran must be extremely unlucky to have such a grandson.

Luke's muttering was heard clearly by Judah Linton and Hansel who were beside him. The two of them were extremely shocked.

"Kieran Normand?" Hansel was shocked.

"Senior Brother, who is Kieran?"

Harmony Linton seemed to be unfamiliar with this name.

Not far away, a group of youths in military attire walked over. There was a total of 72 people!

All seventy-two of them were wearing well-fitting military uniforms. Their clothes were neat and tidy, and their auras were filled with the aura of iron and blood.

Each of them had golden stars on their shoulders!

They were all from the Ministry of War!

One of the young men in military uniform had a sharp face and bright eyes. He said in a loud voice, "Kieran Normand is the head of the Ministry of War, the most capable commander in the history of Hansworth!"

In the 23 provinces of the country, all the garrison corps and legions were under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of War.

Kieran of the Ministry of War was one of the giants in the capital and held great power.

He was one of the top five people in Hansworth.

Harmony was shocked and finally felt a little scared. She whispered, "Is he that strong?"

"Yes, he is. He's known as the most capable commander of the Ministry of War in the history of Hansworth."

With the young man in military uniform as the leader, the 72 of them strode over in big steps. They ignored everyone and stood in front of Braydon, saluting each and every one of them.

"Stone Normand from the Ministry of War greets Commander Neal!" the young man shouted.

"Winter Ziemer from the Ministry of War greets Commander Neal!" "Khari Jewett from the Ministry of War greets Commander Neal!"

"Josue Caldwell from the Ministry of War greets Commander Neal!" "Kairo Womack from the Ministry of War greets Commander Neal!" "The 72 people lined up neatly and saluted Braydon In umson.

This scene shocked many people.

"You're not a rogue cultivator!" Harmony said in shock.

“You are...”

Hansel’s face turned pale as he thought of someone.

The commander of the military was dressed in plain clothes and looked like a teenager.

He must be the Northern King!

Hansel was terrified. He was such a big shot, but he told them that he was a

nobody?

What kind of deep hatred did the people of the Northern Army have for the word ‘nobody’?

As long as outsiders asked who the Northern Army higher-ups were, they would all say that they were nobodies.

What a scam!

Harmony was a little afraid and asked softly, “Grandpa, who is he? So many people are saluting him.”

“Sigh, I should have thought of this earlier. I heard him say that he lives in Mount Bliz all year round. That’s a place where only the Northern Army’s commander can live!”

Judah sighed.

“Isn’t the commander of the Northern Army the Northern King?” Harmony asked in surprise.

“Judah Linton greets His Highness, Garrison King!”

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Judah was very old. He knelt on both knees and bowed to Braydon.

Almost everyone in the world knew about the major events that had happened recently.

The king of the northern territory had been conferred the title of Garrison King!