

## Strongest 231

chapter 231-Frightening the Appraiser

At night, the Neal family's manor was illuminated by lights, so one could still secretly use a phone camera to see the outline of the manor.

Myles Harvin was dumbfounded. He wished he could stick his face to the screen. His face was flushed red. He had only said it casually. Who knew that the little girl really had a manor at home?

Where did this rich little girl come from!

She was not here to tease him, was she?

!!

The entire live broadcast room was filled with words like 'Holy crap, it's so big'.

A lot of people watched the program at night. Many people would probably lose sleep that night.

Other people had to borrow money from the bank to buy a house that was 100 square meters.

But she had a manor!

At that moment, countless people saw the ten-year-old Ginny Neal through the livestream and could not help but sigh. Reincarnation was a skill!

Myles' mouth twitched. "Little girl, your manor is probably dozens of acres!"

"I don't know. I'll ask Big Brother tomorrow!" Ginny was very innocent.

Appraiser Myles took a deep breath and asked, “Young lady, you’re connected to our program. Is there anything you need to appraise?”

“Yes, I saw someone else looking for you to appraise a treasure. He said it was porcelain from the Soho Dynasty, and he also said that it was a Jun kiln porcelain vase. You said it was fake.”

Ginny returned to the living room.

Braydon Neal and the others had quietly returned home and saw that Little Ginny seemed to be extremely busy.

Braydon raised his hand slightly, signaling for everyone to be quiet and wait outside the door to see what the little girl was doing.

In the video, Myles nodded. “Soho Dynasty porcelain is rare treasure. It’s very rare. The Jun kiln porcelain from that friend just now was obviously fake.”

“Oh, then help me take a look. Are all my antiques real?”

Ginny took out a sky-blue brush and placed it on the table.

Myles’ eyes were wide open. Before he could say anything, someone in his live broadcast room kept spamming him with captions: “What the f\*ck, the Soho Dynasty brush wash!”

“It has been preserved so well. It must be used by the royal court, right?”

“This is authentic!”

...

The people in the live broadcast room kept spamming.

Myles stared at it for a long time and was stunned. He did not dare to make a judgment about it.

This was the drawback of appraising treasures online. Without looking closely at the real thing, one would not dare to comment on such a priceless item that was highly suspected to be real.

“Is it fake?” Ginny said dejectedly. “My brother still has a lot at home. Look, porcelain bottles, bowls, and plates.”

“Oh my God, Ru kiln brush wash, Ge kiln porcelain jade bottle, Ding kiln patterned bowl, Jun kiln begonia red, Guan kiln three-legged grass insect cauldron, these are lost national treasures!”

Myles grabbed his hair with both hands. He seemed to have gone crazy.

He suspected that he was being played by a little girl today!

The rare treasures of the five famous kilns of the Soho Dynasty had actually been collected by someone.

How could this be possible!

It was rumored that only one of the three-legged grass insect porcelain cauldrons was refined during the Soho Dynasty. It was refined for a supreme figure who led three armies.

This unique product had long been lost.

After a thousand years, it was impossible for it to be passed down. It was very likely that it would have been destroyed in the flames of war.

But today, it had actually appeared.

Ginny blinked. "My brother has a lot of such antiques at home. Are they real?"

"In my entire life, I've only seen a piece of Jun kiln porcelain. It was just a fragment of it. I don't dare to make a judgment!"

Myles' face turned red as he recounted his experience.

It was because there were too few porcelains from the five famous kilns of the Soho Dynasty. Every complete piece was extremely rare.

Many appraisers had never seen Jun kiln porcelain before.

"Young lady," Myles suggested, "I suggest that you find a specialized agency to produce a certificate for the antiques."

"Alright, are these things worth anything?" Ginny was curious about the price.

The entire live broadcast room was silent. Many people were waiting for the stock price.

Myles took a deep breath and said, "Just this brush wash of the Soho Dynasty alone could be exchanged for a courtyard house in the capital. The lowest valuation would be a hundred million dollars. It might even be worth more than three hundred million dollars!"

Ginny stuck out her little pink tongue. The silly girl had no idea about the value of these things.

However, the Neal Corporation did not lack this bit of money.

The Neal family was ranked first among the seven great families and was second to none in Preston. The great families' heritage was not something that ordinary people could imagine.

“Little girl, who is your brother?” Myles asked.

“His name is Braydon Neal. My brother is very handsome!” Ginny said.

“Ginny, what are you doing?” Braydon had returned a long time ago.

“Big Brother!”

Ginny’s eyes were filled with surprise as she asked, “Aren’t you in the capital? Why are you back so soon?”

“There’s a flight route specially opened up for the helicopter. It’s very convenient to go back and forth.” Braydon’s eyes were filled with love as he pinched the little girl’s nose.

However, the video call was still on. The corner of Appraiser Myles’ mouth twitched slightly. From the conversation between the siblings, he could tell that they were from a wealthy family.

They used helicopters for their daily travel, and they had set up special routes.

What kind of divine being was this?

However, in the live broadcast room, a treasure friend from the capital saw the young man in white through the screen and was instantly shocked.

He quickly typed the words ‘Braydon Neal’ on the screen, followed by a series of exclamation marks.

Clearly, this was not the only person who recognized Braydon Neal.

On the screen, many people typed out the words “War God of the Northern Territory”, “Commander Neal of the Northern Army”, and so on.

The Northern King, who controlled a million northern army soldiers, was a hot topic on the internet!

The entire live broadcast room was in an uproar.

No one had expected that this little girl's brother was actually the one and only Braydon Neal!

He was the living legend of the northern territory!

Braydon quietly turned off the phone. He did not want his residence to be exposed to the public. Otherwise, the entire Neal family manor would not have peace in the future.

After all, the name Northern King alone could attract the attention of many.

"Did Sister Heather go to the parent-teacher meeting today?" Braydon chuckled.

"No, I couldn't get through to Sister Heather's phone!" Ginny sighed.

"You adults are always busy," she added.

Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Logan, contact the Sage family and ask Heather what she is doing. Her phone has been turned off for a day, which is somewhat worrying."

"Understood!"

Logan Hall came to the side and dialed Harold Sage's phone. He bluntly said, "Harold, I'm Logan Hall from the Preston team. Young Master Braydon asked me to ask if Miss Heather is at the Sage residence."

“Heather went to Preston University and hasn’t returned home yet. Isn’t she at the Neal residence?”  
Harold got up in his pajamas.

“Where was Miss Heather last seen?” Logan’s heart sank.

“She went to Preston University this morning!” Harold Sage on the balcony in his pajamas and quietly lit a cigarette.

The two people on the phone had an ominous feeling in their hearts.

It was already ten o’clock at night.

Heather Sage was a girl. She did not return to the Sage family’s house or go the Neal family’s house. Her phone was turned off. Something must have happened.

chapter 232-Who Were These People?

Logan Hall hung up the phone and did not report anything.

Braydon Neal’s hearing was astounding, so he had already heard the entire conversation. He frowned. “Send someone to Preston University.” “Yes, sir!” Logan’s gaze was solemn as he silently prayed that nothing had happened to Heather Sage.

!!

Otherwise, the entire Preston city would not be peaceful tonight.

Braydon took out his phone and calmly made a call.

Thomas Manor.

Joseph Thomas was practicing in the empty yard when he heard his phone ringing in the living room. He was drenched in sweat when he saw that it was Braydon.

“Braydon bro?” he asked in surprise.

“Is Heather at your place?” Braydon asked.

Joseph turned around and shouted, “Sis, is Heather here?” “No, we didn’t have any classes this afternoon. Didn’t she go to the Neal family’s place?” Xana Thomas had just taken a shower. She was wearing a tulle nightgown, and her figure was exquisite. She dried her wet hair and stood on the balcony of the villa next door.

But Heather Sage did not go to the Neal family’s place!

She did not return home the entire day either.

Braydon Neal hung up the phone, his eyes cold.

A living person had disappeared into thin air in Preston?

Braydon took the black cloak hanging on the drying rack and wrapped himself in it. He went out again while saying coldly, “Transfer the Preston main team. Find the person within 20 minutes!” The order came from Braydon and went straight to the Preston main team.

Old Man Zito quietly disappeared. He had already sworn an oath in the capital that he would be a slave and servant to the young master of the Qilin master.

This Qilin young master was definitely Braydon Neal!

Old Man Zito left quietly to look for Heather Sage.



All the members of the Preston main team rushed to Preston University to search for clues and find Heather.

Sammy Dudley was injured, so he stayed behind to take care of Ginny Neal.

Luke Yates followed quietly, stepping on the flying leaves and following closely behind Braydon, saying, "Brother, she should be fine. Don't worry too much." What Braydon was really worried about was not Heather meeting martial artists, but her meeting hooligans on the streets.

All the martial artists in the world knew the name of the northern army.

When Heather encountered trouble, she only needed to say the words 'northern army', and it was enough to deter those martial artists from acting rashly.

On the contrary, ordinary people were the most troublesome.

How could ordinary hooligans know how terrifying the northern army was? If Heather encountered such hooligans, it would be the most dangerous.

This was what Braydon was most worried about.

To the south of Preston University, there was a large market next to Sanders Road. Merchants from all walks of life gathered here.

After all, Preston University had tens of thousands of students and teachers.

The peddlers were profit-seeking and knew that students were the easiest to earn money from.

As a result, people from all walks of life were gathered here.

In the evening, young men with dyed hair could be seen collecting booth fees in the market with cigarettes in their mouths.

In essence, it was a disguised protection fee.

These people were all locals.

Until a group of special young men in black appeared in this lively market and quietly took away the gangsters wandering in the market.

In the northwest corner of the market, an old woman in her sixties did not have a stall. She had placed freshly picked vegetables on the ground. They were all common vegetables such as cucumbers and white radishes.

All in all, it was no more than twenty pounds.

At her age, it was impossible for her to carry a hundred pounds worth of vegetables to sell here.

Even a strong adult man would not be able to walk far with that kind of weight.

The old woman was very quiet. She squatted in the corner and looked at the pedestrians. She probably hoped that someone would come buy her vegetables.

A group of seven young people walked over. They looked to be university-going age, but their hair was dyed in various colors. They had cigarettes in their mouths as they stood in front of the old lady's stall.

The surrounding stall owners looked at them with disgust.

The seven hooligans were led by the skinny young man in the middle. His nickname was 'Stick'.

“Old lady,” he cursed. “The stall fee is 50 dollars, and the market management fee is 50 dollars. 100 dollars in total. Pay up!” “Young man, I’m not using your stall.” The old woman was a little flustered as she stood up and hurriedly explained.

Stick sneered. “As long as you set up a stall here, you have to pay. Cut the crap. The stall fee and market management fee cannot be reduced by a single cent!” “Brother, this person is old. Please make an exception!” The stall owner who was selling meat next to him stepped forward and politely handed him a cigarette.

In the end, the troublemaker slapped him away and said fiercely, “None of your business. Get lost!” Anger flashed in the eyes of the stall owner, but he was still pulled aside by his wife as she complained, “Why are you meddling in these matters? If we offend them, will we still be able to continue our business in the future?!” The stall owner ignored everyone and squatted on the ground to smoke.

He probably felt angry too!

The stall owners in the market worked hard to get their hard-earned money, but in the end, they had to be exploited by these hooligans.

The stall fee and market management fee were 100 dollars each time.

Was it not a disguised form of protection fee?

They were sucking them dry!

The vegetables brought by the old woman were worth at most 70 to 80 dollars. In the end, the stall fees and market management fees were more than the price of selling vegetables.

Stick liked to bully this kind of elderly the most. He felt that they were not a threat and could still get money.

He got impatient and crushed two cucumbers. He said fiercely, “Old thing, hurry up and pay up, or I’ll throw you out!” As he spoke, he reached out and grabbed the old woman’s collar.

This caused the surrounding stall owners to look at him angrily.

However, at this moment, a fair left hand reached over and grabbed Stick's wrist. "Don't you think it's too much to use a seven-foot-tall body to humiliate a 60-year-old woman?" "Who the f\*ck are you? Let go of me or I'll kill you!" Stick looked fierce.

Braydon Neal placed his right hand behind his back, and his left hand pinched his wrist slightly.

Crack!

The sound of bones cracking was accompanied by a shrill cry from Stick. It resounded throughout the entire market, causing the surrounding people to look over in surprise.

"What the f\*ck are you all standing there for? Kill him!" Stick cried in pain.

The six underlings behind him had fierce looks in their eyes. They pulled out sharp daggers from their waists and stabbed at Braydon's chest.

However, just as the six of them took out their daggers.

Braydon, who was dressed in white, ignored them and stood with his hands behind his back.

Behind him, a hundred young men in black pulled out their three-foot-long cold swords.

Swoosh!

The 100 people were all members of the Preston main team.

"Take them all away!" Steve Xavier said coldly.

With an order, the official members of the Preston main team stepped forward with their cold swords.

The six hooligans immediately cowered.

“Who are you?” Stick asked in horror.

“The Preston main team!” Steve glanced at him coldly and ordered indifferently, “Capture and kill anyone who dares to resist!” The cold killing order made Sticj and the others feel a little terrified.

This was even more ruthless than people like them who mingled in society.

Who were these people?

Chapter 233-I Only Care About Her!

Braydon Neal looked at the old woman and chuckled. “Granny, it’s getting late. You should go back and rest early.” “Alright, alright. Children, don’t be rash. Don’t fight!” the old woman advised kindly.

Luke Yates took out five-hundred-dollar bills and placed them on the stall. He laughed and said, “Old lady, the Preston main team doesn’t fight; they only kill!” His words shocked the surrounding stall owners, and their eyes went blank.

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Perhaps they had never heard of the Preston main team and did not understand how terrifying Steve Xavier and the others were.

The reason why the special operations team was feared by all martial artists in the world was because of the ironclad law of killing.

Even among martial artists, there were many people who were afraid of death!

The people from the Preston main team took down all the hooligans and unsheathed their blades. Those hooligans were scared out of their wits.

This scene was happening all over the market.

The young men in black kept saying, "The Preston main team will kill anyone who hinders them!" More than twenty hooligans had black cold swords held against their necks. They were all terrified and no longer had the arrogance they had before. They obediently squatted in the northwest corner of the market.

Braydon Neal took out his phone and showed a photo. He smiled faintly. "Have you seen her?" The photo was of a young girl with an elegant and noble temperament. She had a rare ponytail and looked like she was jogging in the morning. She was wearing light blue sportswear, which could not hide her slender legs and slim waist.

These hooligans took a look and hurriedly lowered their heads.

It seemed that many people knew Heather Sage!

Harold Sage rushed over, and he asked, "Braydon, have you found Heather?" "We found some clues. The Preston main team has retrieved the surveillance cameras at the surrounding intersections. Heather went missing on this road." Braydon replied.

Harold's expression turned ugly. After coming here, he seemed to understand something. He looked at Stick and the other hooligans.

The man lowered his head even more, not daring to meet Harold's gaze.

"Take me to Kolt Smith!" Harold said in a low voice.

“Master Kolt is not here!” Stick replied vaguely.

Harold was already furious. When he came here and heard Braydon say that Heather had gone missing, he understood everything.

He turned around and grabbed a cold sword, pressing it against Stick’s neck, and said coldly, “I said, take me to see Kolt Smith, or I’ll kill you!” Stick’s entire body trembled. He was already a little afraid.

Braydon put down the cold sword and frowned. “The cold sword cannot be stained with the blood of the innocent.” “Kolt Smith is a martial artist. These people have done all kinds of bad things. They are not innocent!” Harold knew the situation here in detail.

Moreover, he had specifically asked for Kolt Smith, the person in charge of this market. This was equivalent to telling Braydon that Kolt Smith and Heather’s disappearance was related.

Braydon did not care about the grudge between Kolt Smith and Harold. The only person he wanted to protect was Heather!

If this girl was fine, then everything was fine.

If something happened to this girl, there would be no more innocent people in the eyes of King Braydon!

Braydon’s left hand held the cold sword with his slender fingers and said to Harold, “It’s useless for you to ask this question. The sharpness of the cold sword will be fully displayed in the process of killing. The blade will cut through flesh and bones like mud!” Swoosh!

Braydon’s fingers moved slightly, and the cold sword shot out.

The black blade pierced through Stick’s left shoulder and nailed it to the cement ground.

This scene caused everyone’s pupils to constrict.

“Ah!” Stick screamed in pain.

The intense pain almost made him faint.

This iron-blooded method was indeed worthy of Braydon. He attacked with a snap of his fingers.

However, some of the surrounding stall owners actually cheered in the crowd.

“The minions of martial artists,” Braydon said softly. “They work for martial artists and bully ordinary people. According to the ironclad law of the northern territory, they have to be killed!” “Understood!” Steve Xavier and the others responded.

This was because there was indeed such a rule in the various special operations teams.

Some martial artists hid in the dark and let ordinary people act as their spokesperson. The Preston main team would still have to take care of them if they bullied ordinary people.

This matter was related to martial artists and was under the jurisdiction of the Preston main team.

If these people were just ordinary hooligans, the Preston main team would naturally not bother with them and just hand them over to the police station to deal with.

However, since it involved martial artists, the Preston main team would not sit idly by.

There were more than twenty hooligans around. They saw that this group of people did not seem to be joking. They really wanted to kill them.

Immediately, a burly fatty said in panic, “Don’t, don’t kill me! I know where Master Kolt is!” “I don’t care where the so-called Master Kolt is. I only care about this girl. Is her disappearance related to you?” Braydon turned on his phone again.



Heather's photo could be seen by everyone.

The stall owner who was selling meat happened to see it and quickly said, "Young man, I saw this girl in the afternoon. It was Stick who led the way to block this girl and capture her!" There were even witnesses!

The faces of the hooligans present turned pale. Even a fool knew that they had offended a big shot.

They did not care about their lives at all.

To do things so tyrannically, it must be someone with a big background.

They were ruffians; they could not afford to offend them at all!

"Is Kolt Smith a descendant of the Smith family?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

"He is. I have a grudge with Kolt Smith because the rights to the market land were bought by the Sage Corporation a year ago. Kolt Smith has been occupying this place and refuses to let us demolish it. I sent someone to negotiate with him again two days ago, but we still couldn't reach an agreement. I didn't expect him to kidnap Heather!" Harold was furious.

What Kolt Smith did had crossed Harold's bottom line.

Business matters did not affect family members.

It was obvious that Kolt Smith had broken the rules!

A year ago, the Sage Corporation bid for the right to use this land. The compensation for Kolt Smith was 30 million dollars.

Kolt Smith refused to give up, relying on the Smith family's support, he demanded 300 million!

There was no way Harold would agree to that!

The two sides had been in a stalemate for a year. Kolt Smith was forced into a corner and kidnapped Heather to force Harold to submit.

In the entire circle of the rich and powerful families in Preston, everyone knew that Harold loved this sister the most.

However, if this matter had happened a month ago, when Braydon was still far away in the northern territory and had not returned to Preston, he might have been able to force Harold to submit!

Unfortunately, Kolt Smith did not know that Heather was not only Harold's sister, but also the Northern King's fiancée!

Even though the Sage family had broken off the engagement, Braydon and Heather got along even more harmoniously without the engagement.

As for the grudge between Harold and Kolt Smith... Braydon did not care!

He only cared about one person, and that was Heather!

If this girl was fine tonight, the Smith family could continue to be one of the seven great families.

If something happened to Heather, Braydon would dare to overturn this city.

Braydon's steps were like a tiger's. "The Preston main team will go over first. Seal off the Smith family's place. Kill anyone who dares to move!"

chapter 234-Visiting the Smiths at Night After Braydon Neal gave the order.

Steve Xavier led his troops and left the market, heading toward the Smith family's place.

After the Preston main team left, the place was in a mess.

The hooligans present were already scared out of their wits.

!!

The stall owners looked at the white-robed young man with reverence and watched him leave. They were curious about his identity. He did not even put Kolt Smith in his eyes. He was definitely a big shot in Preston.

At the entrance of the Smith family manor, the moon was like a plate, and the moonlight was like a silver veil, covering the entire land.

A slovenly old man was holding a sheathed sword in his arms. He stood quietly at the door as if he was waiting for someone to arrive.

He was Old Man Zito, who had arrived at the Smith family manor first.

The strange situation here attracted the attention of Keaton Smith, the head of the Smith family. He was wearing a black coat as he led the Smith family to the entrance of the manor.

Keaton was surprised. "Old sir, what advice do you have for visiting the Smith family at night?" "The Smith family has touched someone they shouldn't have!" Old Man Zito stood in front of the door and said softly.

Steve and the members of the Preston main team had all arrived, and their bodies were filled with a murderous aura.

"Team Leader Xavier, what are you..." Keaton was shocked.

“We have been ordered to lock down the Smith family. Please go back inside. All members of the Smith family will stay at home tonight for questioning. Those who leave without permission will be killed on the spot!” Steve’s stance was firm. He turned around and ordered, “Seal the Smith family!” “Yes, sir!” Logan Hall and the other members of the Preston main team entered the Smith family manor.

Keaton was shocked. The seven great families of Preston were all under the jurisdiction of the Preston main team.

But these years, the Smith family had always been well-behaved. Even if there were martial artists in the family, they did not dare to ignore the ironclad rules of the Preston main team.

Even if they were doing business, the Preston main team would not interfere in such matters.

If a businessman broke the law, the relevant departments would naturally take care of him.

The Preston main team only cared about the martial artists in the Preston area and handled unnatural incidents.

Now that the Preston main team had moved out, and they had sealed off the Smith family’s manor, this made Keaton panic. Once they were targeted by the Preston main team, even if they did not die, they would lose a layer of skin.

At this moment, he gritted his teeth and said, “Go and take out the treasured parasol flower!” It was very rare for a parasol tree to bloom.

A half-spiritual herb sealed in a jade box was quietly taken out. It was obviously something that the Smith family had kept for a long time.

Keaton handed it over with both hands. “Team Leader Xavier, please forgive us if we have offended you in any way. To be fair, we have martial artists in the family, but we have always followed the rules of the Preston main team!” If it was on a normal day.

Steve might just take this rare half-spiritual herb and call it a day.

Unfortunately, how could he, Steve Xavier, dare to take this half-spiritual herb now!

The Smith family's warriors had kidnapped the Northern King's fiancée.

They were simply courting death!

Steve's refusal to accept this precious gift made Keaton even more shocked. He realized that someone in the Smith family had caused a huge disaster!

With such a huge disaster, even Steve, the leader of the Preston main team, did not dare to show favoritism.

Keaton panicked even more. He humbled himself and begged, "Team Leader Xavier, if the Smith family has done anything wrong, please let us know. I'll have someone send this half-spiritual herb to your team's base!" "Kolt Smith is a disciple of the Smith family, right?" Steve reminded him.

Keaton was shocked. Of course, he knew Kolt Smith. He was a seventh-level martial artist!

Unfortunately, he was a branch descendant of the Smith family and could only be sent out to take charge of some of the family's businesses.

Was he the one who had caused the disaster?

Keaton wanted to explain when Steve continued speaking.

"If the Smith family doesn't want to be wiped out tonight," Steve said indifferently, "Master Smith, you should contact him quickly and ask him to bring back the eldest daughter of the Sage family who was kidnapped today!" "Miss Sage? Heather Sage!" Keaton was stunned and came back to his senses.

He was instantly stunned. He did not expect that it was Kolt Smith, that bastard, who actually dared to kidnap the Sage family's beloved daughter.

These juniors were getting more and more unruly.

No matter how fierce the competition among the seven great families was, the families could not be harmed.

This was the rule!

This was a rule acknowledged by the older generation, but the younger generation actually treated it as if it did not exist.

Old Master Smith and Old Madam Sage were sworn siblings.

Kolt Smith had gone too far!

What made Keaton even more shocked was that the Sage family's power was too great. They could actually invite the entire Preston main team to come forward.

Steve saw through his thoughts and frowned. "There's no need to hesitate. The person behind Miss Heather Sage can slaughter the entire Preston city with just a word. If she is hurt tonight, your whole family will be implicated!" This sentence made Keaton's face turn pale!

He believed what Steve had said.

Because the leader of the Preston main team did not have to lie to him.

Now that Steve had led his troops to surround the Smith family, it was obvious that he was waiting for that important figure to descend.

Just at this moment, a white pigeon flew up from the Smith family manor.

Old Man Zito, an unfathomable figure, glanced over, and with a flick of his finger, an invisible force was released a hundred meters away!

Whoosh!

A formless ripple caused the messenger pigeon in the sky to explode, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

This scene made everyone's pupils shrink.

Even Steve was shocked. He really did not expect that the unremarkable old man beside the Northern King was actually a king level character!

Keaton's eyes were filled with fear. "Force release, king-level technique?!" This was a king-level figure!

Martial artists at the War God level were like ants in front of such people.

Although the Smith family was a wealthy family in the secular world, and they had martial artists, but they were not considered a true aristocratic family.

In other words, this kind of family was transitioning into an aristocratic family.

If the family was filled with martial artists, then it could become an aristocratic family!

Aristocratic families were built over time. The birth of powerful martial artists was seen as a foundation to nurture the next generation of young people to quickly become martial artists.

With the accumulation of generations, if one was lucky enough to obtain a profound ancient martial arts technique and produce a king-level martial artist, they could become a powerful family!

Unfortunately, this foundation that required hundreds of years to accumulate could not be formed overnight.

However, it did not prevent them from knowing about martial artists.

Everyone in the Smith family turned pale!

A king showing off and killing a white pigeon was clearly a form of intimidation!

They were telling the Smith family that tonight, no one in this manor would be able to escape.

Keaton was already terrified and hurriedly contacted his Smith family's descendant, Kolt Smith.

However, in this moonlit night, a young man dressed in white stepped on a flying leaf and flew across the sky. He stood with his hands behind his back and stood at the entrance of the Smith family manor.

He was handsome; a young man with red lips and white teeth!

His starry eyes were bright as he stood under the bright moon like a young king.

The Northern King was finally here!

"Young Master!" Old Man Zito hugged his sword and smiled foolishly.

"Members of the Preston main team greet Your Highness the Northern King!" Steve bowed and led the members of the Preston main team to salute.

"Braydon Neal?" Only the Smith family disciples were shocked.

Was this not the eldest young master of the Neal family, Braydon Neal, whom they were familiar with!



Braydon was dressed in a snow-white robe. His thin lips moved slightly as he smiled faintly. "Where is Heather?" His soft voice was filled with killing intent!

Tonight, it would be best if Heather Sage was safe. If anything were to happen to her, he would destroy the whole Smith family!

Chapter 235-Shocking the Entire World Braydon Neal's murderous nature was forged from the corpses of millions of enemies outside the borders.

Tonight, he came only for Heather Sage!

For this girl, Braydon dared to destroy Preston.

Keaton Smith stammered, "The... the Northern King?" !!

"Old man, who in the world doesn't know the Northern King? My brother is the commander of the northern army, the Northern King!" Luke Yates said proudly.

This generation of the northern army was proud of their leader, Braydon Neal.

This was a faith that ran deep into their bones.

Keaton was truly stunned.

Back then, he visited the Neal family and offended Braydon. He learned from his father that the eldest young master of the Neal family disappeared for thirteen years and had returned to Preston. He was now the commander of northern Hansworth!

Each of the five great commanders was a figure that intimidated the world.

An existence that was above the border officials.

The Smith family did not know that they had never acknowledged the title of the commander of Northern Hansworth.

They only acknowledged the title: Northern King!

A king level figure would not be willing to be the commander of Northern Hansworth.

The Smith family had never expected that the eldest son of the Neal family, Braydon Neal, was actually a legend of the northern territory.

Who in the world had not heard of the commander of the northern army?

The Northern King was conferred the title of king at the peak of Mount Bliz and commanded millions of northern army cavalry. That was the number one elite army of Hansworth!

He was definitely a truly powerful figure!

A sneeze from such a big shot would cause the entire Preston city to tremble.

Who would have thought that this white-robed youth with red lips and white teeth was actually the Northern King?

Keaton's face was deathly pale. He was holding his phone and had just informed Kolt Smith to scam back.

At this moment, his phone slipped and fell to the ground.

"Greetings, Lord Northern King!" He trembled and knelt down.

"I'm asking you, where is Heather?" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

This was his second time asking.

Asking a second time was equivalent to giving the order to kill.

The members of the Preston main team had cold looks in their eyes. They quietly pulled out their cold swords and waited for the order to kill.

Once the killing order was issued, the Smith family, ranked third among the seven great families, would be removed from the list tonight.

Keaton hurriedly explained. "I've already asked that bastard Kolt Smith to bring her here. Lord Northern King, please wait a moment!" Braydon flashed and landed on the ground. He stepped on the soft grass and arrived at the Smith family's guest hall.

He sat alone at the head of the table, wrapped in a Qilin robe, revealing the image of a golden Qilin.

The symbol of the northern army!

The golden Qilin was so lifelike that it seemed to be examining everyone in the living room.

The Smith family members did not even dare to breathe loudly. They stood there with their heads lowered, not daring to look directly at the young man in white sitting at the head of the table.

However, the 60-inch LCD TV hanging in the living room was not turned off. It was playing the evening news.

It was already 10:30 pm.

However, a piece of breaking news suddenly appeared on the news.

This announcement concerned the entire northern territory.

On the television, a square-faced figure appeared. He was wearing a military uniform and had two sparkling gold stars on his shoulders.

This inevitably made people's spirits rise!

This was a big shot in the military.

He actually showed up in public and seemed to be announcing some big news.

Braydon was not unfamiliar with this big shot, and Luke Yates knew him as well.

There were a hundred generals in the military, and he was one of them!

His name was Zay Woodbury!

He was a combative person with extraordinary abilities; a ninth-level War God.

Those who were good at fighting would be hot-blooded and heroic men. This was similar to the character of the men in the northern army.

Therefore, Luke asked suspiciously, "Why is Old Woodbury on TV? What news is he going to announce?"  
The little fool did not show him any respect!

Don't forget, the little fool was also from the northern army.

The northern army was under the Military Department.

However, the northern army was too strong. They were ranked in the top three of the ten great armies in the world. Their combat strength was terrifying. Moreover, their commander was the Northern King, Braydon Neal.

He was the leader of the hundred generals of the military!

Thus, in the capital, even Duke Dominic Lowe, who was the head of the hundred officials, bowed in front of Braydon as a peer!

Braydon, the leader of the hundred generals, was no weaker than Dominic Lowe, the leader of the hundred officials.

The ten ruthless men of the north, the three governors, the five commanders, and the five captains were all part of the hundred generals.

He was born in the north, and his identity as a soldier had already been branded and could not be erased!

So now you should understand the reason why the northern army could not be easily moved.

No one in the military would agree to move against the north.

The north's influence had reached its peak in Braydon Neal's hands!

So tonight, because Dominic had accidentally injured Braydon, the capital had no choice but to respond.

On the television screen, Zay Woodbury was dressed in military uniform, his posture tall and straight, and his voice low. "Hello, everyone. My name is Zay Woodbury, and I'm here to make an announcement!" "The capital's decree is hereby announced to the world that the northern army of Hansworth has defended the northern border and guarded the ten gates, so their contributions will be recorded in history. The northern army's King Braydon Neal has made great contributions!" "I hereby announce that the Northern King will be the Garrison King and the Viceroy of the Capital!" Zay held the

order in his hand and said in a loud voice, "The King-Conferring Ceremony will be held on Mount Tanish in a month!" This news was finally announced to the public!

Once the news came out, the entire country was in an uproar.

The internet was in an uproar again in the middle of the night. Various web portals were scrambling to reprint this report.

Almost all industries were flooded with this matter late at night!

The War God of the northern territory, King Braydon Neal, was once again crowned as the Garrison King and the Viceroy of the Capital!

The Garrison King was a status.

The Viceroy of the Capital was a title.

There was only one viceroy in the entire country, and that was Braydon Neal!

A young viceroy.

In Hansworth, there was only one viceroy.

Once the news was out, foreign journals reported it overnight.

In just ten minutes, the various large organizations outside the borders had deduced the capital's plans. When they saw the deductions, all the countries outside the borders were shocked!

Amidst the shock, there was also some fear.

Hansworth was trying to push Northern King onto the altar.

He was conferred twice in one go. Furthermore, the King-Confering Ceremony was held on Mount Tanish. Those few days were the official rite ceremony.

The top of Mount Tanish was sealed again. This was obviously to draw the power of the country to support King Braydon Neal himself.

This was equivalent to pushing Braydon onto the altar!

That night, the entire country was shocked!

The countries outside the borders could not sleep at night.

King Braydon Neal was to be conferred another title on Mount Tanish. It would be on his twentieth birthday, the important day of his coronation.

Drawing the power of the country to support him was to help Braydon Neal surpass the king realm!

Twentieth birthday, surpassing king level!

To reach such a terrifying realm, to be the best in the world at the age of twenty.

Even a fool could see that if Braydon was given another twenty years, he would definitely be able to break through.

The talent and potential of a thousand-year-old genius was unimaginable to outsiders.

After the news was announced, it shocked the entire world.