

Strongest 236

Chapter 236-He Will Definitely Die!

The news that shocked the world was announced on the evening news!

This was the capital's compensation.

It was also the responsibility of the capital!

Duke Lowe had publicly injured the Northern King in front of the governor office. Regardless of what kind of explanation was provided, the message he sent to the outside world was that the capital wanted to kill King Braydon!

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Every move in the capital was being watched by all the provinces in the country.

Dominic Lowe accidentally injured Braydon Neal, forcing the capital to announce the news in advance and reveal their stance!

The capital was with the Northern King!

The imperial decree of the capital being issued meant that they intended to push King Braydon onto the altar.

Braydon Neal was not perturbed at all by this. He sat at the head of the Smith family's living room, his fair left hand supporting his chin. He looked like a little puppy as he quietly watched the news on TV. There was no joy or sadness on his face, but there was a hint of laziness and tiredness. He looked very much like a young master from a wealthy family.

But in the Smith family's living room, everyone was shocked and silent.

Keaton Smith's entire body trembled as he looked at the young man in white sitting at the head of the table. He finally understood how terrifying the eldest son of the Neal family was!

Keaton also understood why this young man could easily mobilize the Preston main team and make Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade of the Central Plains, bow down to him!

Because he was the leader of the hundred generals!

This young Northern King was conferred the titles of Garrison King and Viceroy of the Capital tonight.

He was the only one who could lead the armies!

The living room was silent.

"Congratulations, Lord Northern King," Keaton said in a trembling voice. "You have been granted two more titles. Your name is known throughout Hansworth!" "Congratulations to the Northern King for being conferred new titles!" The Smith family members were not fools. They congratulated him with trembling voices.

The Smith family members looked at him with respect, but fear filled their hearts.

A young king stood there!

Who dared to be disrespectful?

Braydon Neal had rejected the cloud treading Qilin robe at the peak of Mount Bliz at the age of seventeen and refused to accept the title of king in the capital.

Now that he was about to turn twenty, he could still refuse the title of king.

"Where's Heather?" Braydon raised his eyelids slightly.

Regarding the matter of being conferred new titles, his indifferent attitude made people's hearts tremble.

What did this Northern King want?

It was such an honor to have two titles conferred upon him, pushing him onto the altar, yet he was still so disdainful?

Then, what exactly did he want?

The only person Braydon cared about tonight was Heather Sage!

If he could not see this girl tonight, Braydon would slaughter the entire Smith family.

Keaton's forehead was covered in cold sweat. He turned around and asked in a low voice, "That bastard Kolt Smith, is he not here yet?" "He's here. I'll bring him in now!" Zeke Smith wiped the cold sweat off his face. He did not dare to look at Braydon, who was sitting at the head of the table. He hurriedly went to get a thirty-year-old man in a suit and came to the hall.

This person was Kolt Smith!

Unfortunately, he was a branch descendant of the Smith family. Even though he was a martial artist, he could not live in the Smith family's manor.

When Kolt Smith entered, he did not expect all the elders in the family to be there.

"Patriarch, did something happen?" He bowed respectfully.

"Bastard, kneel down!" Keaton could not suppress his anger at all.

The bastard in front of him had almost caused the destruction of his Smith family. How could Keaton not be angry?

"Kolt Smith, where's my sister?" Harold Sage asked.

"Young Master Sage, why are you asking me where your sister is? Although she's very beautiful, she's not my wife. How would I know where she is?" Kolt Smith turned around and sneered.

This mocking look angered Harold. "You're still denying it?" "I don't know what you're talking about!" Kolt had a teasing smile on his face.

Harold clenched his fists tightly as he felt like killing the beast in front of him.

In Braydon's eyes, this kind of useless argument was a waste of time!

Since it was confirmed that Kolt had kidnapped Heather.

In Braydon's eyes, there was no need to waste time speaking. Kolt would not be able to escape death tonight.

Braydon stood up calmly, pulled out the black gold sword from Luke Yate's waist, and threw it out.

Swoosh!

The blade stabbed onto the ground in front of Keaton's feet, causing the Smith family's eyelids to twitch.

"Tonight, will the Smith family clean up the mess themselves, or should I do it for you?" Braydon smiled faintly.

"Lord Northern King, you have a noble body. The Smith family will take care of such a small matter. We will definitely give you an explanation!" Keaton replied in a trembling voice.

No one was stupid. They knew that if this important figure acted, the entire Smith family would be wiped out.

Without the need for the young Northern King to do anything, the Preston main team would wipe out the Smith family and all traces before dawn.

Then, under everyone's watchful eyes.

Keaton gripped the cold sword with both hands and slowly walked over.

"Patriarch!" Kolt kept backing away and said in fear.

"Don't blame me. If you do something wrong, you have to take responsibility!" Keaton held the sword and stabbed over.

The sharp blade pierced through Kolt's abdomen.

Fresh blood flowed out.

The bloody scene was unbearable to watch.

Blood trickled down the corner of Kolt's mouth, but he did not dare to growl. "Why?" Even until his death, he still did not understand why he had ended up like this. The Smith family did not fear the Sage family at all!

Braydon stood up and left without looking at Kolt.

This kind of small fry was not worth his attention.

Braydon's fingers moved slightly, and an invisible force was released, landing on the 60-inch TV in the living room.

Bang!

The entire screen was in a mess. The evening news announced that he had been conferred the two extra titles.

Braydon's actions clearly showed that he did not want to see this kind of news.

The Smith family members trembled and lowered their heads. "Farewell, Lord Northern King!" Braydon left the living room to get someone.

It was Heather Sage!

She was brought back to the Smith family by Kolt and was in the car.

From the moment Kolt approached the Smith family manor, he was being secretly monitored by the members of the Preston main team. After he got off the car, Logan Hall directly entered and rescued Heather.

Heather smiled sweetly and said, "Little Braydon!" "A new nickname for me? Are you okay?" Seeing that she was in good spirits, Braydon could not help but feel relieved.

Heather stuck out her pink tongue and looked at Harold. She could not help but say, "Brother!" "It's good that you're fine!" Harold's eyes were filled with an elder brother's love.

Even though Kolt kidnapped Heather, even if he had ten guts, he would not dare to abuse the eldest daughter of the Sage family.

After all, Kolt was not stupid. He kidnapped Heather to force Harold to submit in order to achieve his goal.

If he touched Heather, the entire Sage family and Smith family would be enemies, and there would be no room for reconciliation.

Kolt was a martial artist. If he dared to do such a thing, it was possible that he would be punished by the Preston main team.

Therefore, he was not stupid and did not dare to touch Heather=.

Braydon held her cold hand and said, "Martial artist Kolt Smith kidnapped an ordinary person. According to the ironclad law of Hansworth, kill him on the spot!" Behind the cold killing order, Kolt's ending was certain death.

It was also a shock to the seven great families of Preston!

No matter who it was, touching Heather was courting death!

"You want to kill Kolt Smith?" Heather was shocked.

"It's not the Northern King who wants to kill him. As a martial artist, he kidnapped an innocent person and crossed the line. According to the law, he should be killed!" Steve Xavier explained.

Heather eyes revealed some sympathy.

Braydon held her hand and left the Smith family manor.

Kolt Smith would die without a doubt. No one could save him.

Chapter 237- Interrogating Hector Sattler Luke Yates retrieved his cold sword, ignored the Smith family, and left.

Keaton Smith sat on the ground limply as if his entire body had collapsed. He did not come back to his senses for a long time.

Tonight, because of Kolt Smith, the Smith family was almost exterminated.

"Don't say a word about what happened tonight!" he said hoarsely.

!!

"Yes, Sir!" The Smith family felt like they had just escaped death.

Who would have thought that the eldest young master of the Neal family was actually such a terrifying figure?

The newly conferred Northern King was Braydon Neal!

Not to mention the Smith family, no other family in the country dared to face such a person alone.

In the Neal family manor.

When Braydon returned to the villa, it was already midnight.

Heather Sage went back with her brother, so there was no need to worry too much. Ginny Neal was already asleep in her room on the second floor.

Sammy Dudley was in the living room, watching the evening news on TV.

Until Braydon returned.

“Congratulations, Commander!” Sammy cupped his hands.

“It’s just a fake title. Have you found out anything about what I asked you to investigate in the Neal family?” Braydon sat calmly on the sofa.

Today, before Braydon left for the capital, the identities of Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford had been leaked almost immediately, causing Zander Zeller to lead the three leaders to gather at the Neal family during the day.

Therefore, Braydon suspected that there were people from the dark division in the Neal family manor.

Sammy shook his head. “I’ve screened the Neal family three times. They’re all ordinary people with clean backgrounds. This small courtyard doesn’t have any surveillance equipment, so I’m guessing that the news might have been leaked by the capital garrison!” The order that Zander and the others had received earlier had come from the capital garrison.

However, this order was not given by the governor, Westley Hader!

The waters in the capital were much deeper than he had imagined.

As soon as Braydon learned of Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford’s identities, many factions reacted in an instant.

There would not be any problems in the north.

Thus, there was a high chance that the problem was the capital garrison.

“Is there any news about Hector Sattler?” Braydon stretched his waist lazily.

"It's strange that the north's hidden agents in the capital haven't found any clues." Sammy used to be a hidden agent, so he knew the power of the 100,000 hidden agents in the north.

Strangely, the north did not find any clues regarding Hector Sattler.

It was as if this person had disappeared into thin air.

"Tonight, a girl wearing a ghost mask descended upon the Sattler family and severely injured that old ghost Zed Sattler with one palm strike." "Ghost mask?" A faint smile appeared on Braydon's lips as he instructed, "Then, there's no need to investigate Hector Sattler anymore." "Yes, sir!" Doubt surfaced in Sammy's heart.

But he did not dare to ask any more questions. If the commander said that there was no need to investigate, then he could stop.

Only Braydon knew who the owner of the ghost mask was.

It must be Sister Sadie from Mount Bliz who had sent people down the mountain.

Thinking of this, Braydon could not help but laugh. It seemed that she was still worried about him!

If Hector Sattler was brought back to Mount Bliz, he would probably not be able to survive.

As expected.

In the middle of the night on Mount Bliz, a girl in a snow-white dress opened a sealed file of the Ludwig army.

An ethereal voice then came from outside, "Hector Sattler is here!" "Have you met Young Master?" Sadie Dudley smiled elegantly and beautifully.

The girl in the white dress standing at the door took off the ghost mask on her face. Her black hair fell, revealing a breathtakingly beautiful small face. Her facial features were flawless, and her eyes were filled with a spiritual aura.

She shook her head softly. "No. Young Master tricked Old Man Lowe and rejected the conferment ceremony banquet. He took the Preston main team back to Preston." "It doesn't matter whether you saw him or not. You appeared in the Sattler family and severely injured Zed Sattler. Once Young Master finds out, he will definitely know that I did it." Sadie gently brushed her earlobes and hair and stood up leisurely.

The girl in the white dress blinked her bright eyes, not feeling that she had done anything wrong.

In front of the wooden house, a man in his fifties was kneeling on the ground. His temples were white, and he was actually older than he looked. His eyes were filled with fear.

This person was Hector Sattler!

Forty years ago, he led the capital garrison and forced the Ludwig army to their deaths.

"Hector Sattler, an official of the Jefferson Division. A ninth-level marquis, right?" Sadie's cherry lips parted slightly.

She held an ancient book in her hands and drew a line of black words with a red pen in her left hand.

Hector knelt on the ground, feeling humiliated. He asked hoarsely, "Who are you? Where is this place?" "This is Mount Bliz!" Sadie answered his question.

Hector was shocked and furious. "Where the Northern King was conferred king? The northern territory?" "I've answered your question, so you have to answer mine." Sadie closed the ancient book with her fair hands. She walked under the ginkgo tree and sat under the swing.

Playing on a swing under the moon.

It was indeed very beautiful.

However, it made Hector's heart tremble!

This Mount Bliz was the land where the Northern King had been conferred the title of king. It was the holy land in the hearts of the soldiers of the northern army. Only the commander could climb the mountain. Even the ten ruthless men were not qualified to climb it.

How could there be two girls living on the mountain peak?

And she was even swinging on a swing on Mount Bliz.

Something was wrong.

Sadie spoke softly. "I want to know who the Ludwig army offended forty years ago. You didn't hesitate to kill and forced seven hundred thousand elites to die. They even had to bear the name of a rebel army!" Hector fell silent.

Before he came, he had already expected that the accident he had encountered was most likely because of the Ludwig incident back then.

He let out a breath and closed his eyes. "Since I'm in the hands of the north, let me die quickly. Don't talk nonsense!" "You won't tell me?" Sadie was swinging on the swing.

The girl in the white dress, who was standing quietly at the side, moved her fingers slightly. An invisible force penetrated Hector's back and landed on his heart.

"Ahh!" Hector's shrill scream broke the silence of Mount Bliz.

This was the heart-piercing palm!

Hector's face turned pale. He felt as if his heart was being gripped tightly by an invisible hand.

A heart-wrenching pain!

His facial features were twisted in pain, and his eyes were bloodshot. He panted heavily and gritted his teeth, refusing to reveal his inner thoughts.

Sadie wrinkled her nose slightly. She did not expect Hector to be willing to endure the heart-wrenching pain and not reveal anything from back then.

According to her speculation, Hector was just a pawn in the Ludwig incident.

The culprit was not him!

The Hector Sattler of forty years ago was not considered a big shot in the capital. To single-handedly harm seven hundred thousand Ludwig elites was simply a fool's dream.

Only Hector knew the true culprit.

However, this person refused to say a word and was bent on seeking death.

The girl in the white dress looked a little innocent. "There's no other way. He won't talk!" "Annoying!" Sadie flew down from the swing. Her white dress danced in the wind, like a fairy from the heavens who was not tainted by the mortal world. She hated doing such rough work.

Her slender white fingers moved slightly, and several forces entered Hector Sattler's body.

The force was like a snake, biting Hector's limbs.

Chapter 238-He's Just a Chess Piece!

The burning sensation was like a small bug drilling into his bone marrow. Hector Sattler was in so much pain that he wanted to die. He curled up on the ground and roared.

A ninth-level marquis finally begging for mercy after being hit by tendon-splitting and bone-dislocating pain.

“Kill me! Kill me now!” he said hoarsely.

“Answer my question!” Sadie Dudley had an otherworldly indifference.

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It was not that she wanted to hurt Hector. It was her young master who had been embroiled in this mess. Sadie had to investigate thoroughly.

Hector was being tortured to the limit.

He wanted to disperse his cultivation and end it himself.

Sadie raised her left hand slightly and slammed her palm down. An invisible force pressed her body onto the ground, making her unable to move. All the force in her body was scattered.

She did not even give him a chance to commit suicide.

As for Hector, there was no need to pity him.

If they pitied him, who would pity the 700,000 heroic men who were forced to die in Ludwig back then?

A total of 700,000 elites, without any clothes or armor, were fighting against the millions of enemies from the three countries who had crossed the border in the Ludwig mountain range with their hot-blooded hearts and the will to die.

None of them surrendered, all of them were to die!

How tragic.

The northern army was the successor of the Ludwig army, and Braydon Neal had never given up on investigating this matter.

Sadie knew that this worried her little brother the most. Tonight, she had to pry open Hector's mouth and find out who the enemy in the dark was.

Back then, these people dared to kill the Ludwig army and erase all their contributions, giving them the name of a rebel army.

The current northern army was even more terrifying than the Ludwig army back then.

Who could guarantee that the people in the dark would not deal with the northern army in this era, just like how they dealt with the Ludwig army in the past!

No one could guarantee that!

Therefore, King Braydon had already started planning when he was young.

The five main teams and five commanders in the country were all replaced by people from the north.

Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe and the other four commanders were all loyal to the Northern King.

There were also the three garrison governors of the capital, who only had the northern army in their hearts.

The purpose was to prevent the northern army from following in the footsteps of the Ludwig army.

He would not let off any of the people who had killed the Ludwig army.

Hector's bones were indeed very tough.

After enduring for a full hour, his hoarse roar lingered on the summit of Mount Bliz.

He had provoked the top ten ruthless men of the north to gather at the foot of Mount Bliz.

They did not dare to go up the mountain!

Only the commander could go up to Mount Bliz.

In the end, in the middle of the night, screams came from Mount Bliz, making people shudder. They had no idea what was happening above.

The shrill screams stopped abruptly at three o'clock in the morning.

Hector finally relented!

He was like a dead dog on the ground, panting heavily. The corners of his eyes were cracked, his eyes were red, his lips were dry, and his entire body was drenched in sweat. He said hoarsely, "Water!" Sadie's fingers moved slightly, and the cup in the wooden house was sucked over by an invisible force and placed in front of Hector.

Sadie gently brushed her beautiful earlobe, revealing her sparkling little earlobe. She held an ancient book in her left hand and was reading quietly under the moonlight. She patiently waited for Hector to speak.

As long as Hector did not speak, he would not have a day of peace.

After a moment of silence.

Sadie's cherry lips moved slightly. "Tell me, those ten little brats from the north are at the foot of the mountain. If I hand you over to them, you will end up ten times worse than if you were here with me!" Hector naturally believed this.

None of the ten bad eggs in the north were good.

They must have been attracted by the screams, but they did not dare to charge up Mount Bliz.

If Sadie handed him over, his ending would be even more miserable than it would be here.

Because the interrogation methods of the north were even more terrifying.

If they did not get what they wanted, they would break his bones inch by inch and then use spiritual herbs to help prolong his life. They would torture him day and night.

Hector's secret was clearly enough to qualify for this treatment.

"That year," he said hoarsely, "I was transferred to the Jefferson Division. On the first day, I received a secret order to go to Ludwig to change the guards and seize all the swords of the Ludwig army." "Whose secret order?" Sadie asked.

Hector slowly shook his head. "The eight offices of the Jefferson Division all carry out secret orders. It included warning the Ludwig army to not move. If they were to use weapons without authorization, they would be labeled as rebels. I was only the messenger." After a short reply, the scene was silent.

Obviously, these answers did not provide any useful clues.

Hector was just a pawn. This was the conclusion that many people had guessed.

Sadie chuckled. "You've been in the Jefferson Division for forty years. You should know that the Hader lineage was destroyed on the same night as the Ludwig army. The Ludwig King was Xandros Hader. There should be a connection between the two!" "There is a connection. The two were destroyed on the same night. When I led the capital garrison to take away all the equipment of the Ludwig army, a war broke out in the Ludwig Mountain Range that night. Someone had colluded with the millions of enemies outside the border, and the enemies crossed the border to fight against the Ludwig army." As Hector spoke, he closed his eyes. He was already filled with regret.

This was the thing he regretted the most in his life!

If he had known that the Ludwig army would end up like this, even if he died, he would not have led the capital garrison to take away all the equipment of the Ludwig army, causing 700,000 heroic men to die tragically in the Ludwig mountain range, in the hands of foreign enemies.

This was treason!

He, Hector Sattler, had grown up in the capital. He knew that he was not a good person. He dared to do anything in his life, but he did not dare to betray the country!

However, the Ludwig incident was treason!

Hector really did not know that things would develop to this stage.

He was also someone else's chess piece.

An abandoned piece!

Sadie frowned slightly. She had long guessed that the Ludwig matter had many implications.

From the looks of it, there were probably many people involved.

Back then, the Hader family was exterminated in the capital. Who was the one who did it?

Was it one person or a group of people?

The situation was unknown!

Was it a single force, or a group of forces?

There was still no answer.

This was only a problem that arose after the Hader family was exterminated.

The most important thing was the Ludwig army. Back then, the people who targeted Xandros Hader had used brilliant and ruthless methods.

Through the Jefferson Division, the governor office and other organizations mobilized people who were unrelated to each other to carry out a mission. In the end, they used the national decree to pressure and warn the Ludwig subordinates that they would be considered rebels if they used weapons!

This was like the last straw that broke the camel's back, and the Ludwig troops did not dare to act rashly.

The sinister part was that the person who was secretly targeting them actually colluded with the enemies outside the country.

If they did not collude with the enemies, why would the armies of the foreign countries suddenly attack the borders and attack the Ludwig army that night?

In that battle, 700,000 men from Ludwig died in battle. All 36 islands of Ludwig were lost.

Ludwig had been wronged for forty years!

Sadie did not kill Hector because she had sensed that the Ludwig matter was too complicated.

Hector might be useful in the future.

On the roof of the bright hall in the Neal family manor...

Chapter 239-If You Want to Wear a Crown, You Must Bear Its Heavy Weight Braydon Neal, who was sitting cross-legged, breathed in and out a stream of purple Qi.

He was cultivating the Great Void of Kylo Art, which was also the Art of the God of War.

When Sammy Dudley arrived, he stood respectfully at the side and said softly, "Commander, there's a top-secret message from the northern." "Did Sister Sadie send it?" Braydon laughed softly.

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"I'm not sure," Sammy replied. "I only know that the news came from Mount Bliz." The news came from Mount Bliz, so it must have been sent by Sadie.

They had taken Hector Sattler away last night, so they would definitely send news over this morning.

Sammy handed over a phone with a secret message from the north.

Braydon finished reading it calmly. It was Sadie who had sent it over.

It had been confirmed that the Ludwig army and the Hader family had been exterminated by the same group of people.

He was even more certain that during the Ludwig incident back then, the three countries outside the borders had sent their armies to cross the border. Someone had betrayed the country and killed 700,000 Ludwig elites.

Was this one person, a group of people, or a bunch of forces?

Mount Bliz could not give an answer for the time being!

Braydon stood calmly with his hands behind his back. His thin lips moved slightly. "Send a message to Luther. The north is now involved in the conflict between the powerful families in the country. The north will no longer be partial to one side. They will be on guard against the powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects!" "Understood!" Sammy turned around and sent the news back to the northern territory through his wristwatch.

The northern army was far away in the north. For decades, they had not participated in any power struggles in the country. They guarded the north and were considered secure.

But now, Braydon was involved in the Ludwig matter.

Whether or not the various powerful families were behind this matter, it was impossible to conclude for the time being, but they had to be on guard.

Moreover, Braydon and the Sattler family had already become enemies.

When he was in the capital yesterday, he was targeted by nine kings, who wanted to show him their might.

In the end Braydon counterattacked.

The nine kings must have come from the various powerful families and aristocratic families, which could be considered as an invisible grudge.

He had to be careful in the future!

Braydon stood on the roof and looked at the rising sun in the east. He smiled faintly and said, "Last night, the capital announced that it would give me additional titles in succession. The countries outside the borders will definitely take action." "The northern territory has Heavenly King Carden and the others. Our northern army is at its peak. The eight countries outside the border should not dare to make any moves!" Sammy had been a spy in Linar, the capital of Namar, for ten years. He was the leader of the eight deputy commanders of Linar's imperial army and held a high position. He knew that Namar feared the north like it was a tiger.

If the eight countries outside the borders knew that the capital had conferred Braydon Neal with additional titles, would they still dare to start a war in the north?

A faint smile appeared on Braydon's lips, but he did not explain further.

Because after the news was announced in the capital last night, the forces that could not sit still were not limited to the eight foreign countries.

The foreign organizations were not easy to deal with. They could definitely see through the capital's plans. The Northern King would be crowned as the Garrison King and the Viceroy of the Capital, and the King-Conferring Ceremony was to be held on Mount Tanish a month later.

What day would it be in a month?

It was Braydon Neal's coronation ceremony.

The location was chosen to be Mount Tanish, the place where all the previous rulers had gone through official rite ceremonies. Having Braydon be conferred such titles there showed that they wanted to use the fate of the country to push him up the altar.

With the fate of the country, he stood at the peak of Hansworth and protected the one billion people of the country!

This glory was rare.

At that time, Braydon would definitely surpass king level and enter the supreme realm.

How would the hundreds of countries outside the world dare to let this young Northern King rise?

If such a thousand-year-old genius were to rise up, it would be detrimental to the hundred countries outside the borders.

It was because Braydon had a strong personality, and his subordinates in the north were all warmongers in Hansworth.

Any faction that wanted to fight would be viewed as a target by the countries outside the borders, and they would do everything they could to get rid of them.

However, Braydon did not like these kinds of titles.

The reason was simple.

When Braydon was seven years old, he had just entered the northern region and had become a commander. When he was nine years old, he had become a God and entered the War God Realm. He had been appointed as the young commander of the northern army by his teacher!

From then on, the young Northern King became the most special existence in the northern army.

Braydon could not be like the others, laughing and having fun with the ordinary soldiers of the northern army.

When his teacher Finley Yanagi was in the northern region, he killed all the soldiers of the north who dared to play in front of Braydon to establish the prestige of Braydon as the commander.

At that time, Braydon had already been confirmed as the next commander of the northern army!

The commander could only sit in the palace and lead the ten legions of one million cavalrymen.

In the north, there was the rule of being comrades and the ironclad law of superiority and inferiority.

From then on, Braydon was in the northern military school. During classes, he was escorted by the northern army guards. There were no desk mates in the three rows in front of and behind his seat.

The teacher who taught the class was also very respectful to young Braydon Neal.

Braydon looked noble and extraordinary, but he was all alone.

When Braydon was seventeen, he became the Northern King at the peak of Mount Bliz. The current Northern King had achieved great success and taken full control of the northern army. The ten legions gathered at the foot of Mount Bliz and regarded the military commander of Mount Bliz as their faith that they would pledge their loyalty to.

In the northern territory, no man in the northern army dared to play in front of Braydon.

The Northern King was high and mighty, and even the ten ruthless men had to bow down to him.

To Braydon, friends and brothers had always been luxurious words.

But now, the capital was going to confer Braydon Neal with additional titles once again. At Mount Tanish, during the official rite ceremony, he was going to be conferred the title Garrison King and the Viceroy of the Capital, completely pushing him onto the altar.

Once the titles were given, Braydon's frail body would carry the fate of the country, and he would be alone in Hansworth!

This was a thousand-year-old ironclad law!

In ancient times, it was also said to have happened during the official rite ceremony where geniuses were given additional titles.

For example, during the Hanlon Dynasty, the Emperor conferred the title of Champion Marquis to Benjamin Hani on the peak of Mount Tanish. He led the three armies and shocked the entire world.

However, after he was given such a title, he was all alone in this life!

As for marrying and having children like ordinary people, that was completely a fool's dream.

A person who carried the fate of the country and stood at the top of Hansworth with his own strength. Who in the world was worthy of such a person?

Who in the world could call him brother?

Therefore, once Braydon Neal carried the fate of the country, he would definitely sit alone on the top of Mount Tanish and intimidate the hundreds of countries around the world.

This was the thousand-year rule.

As a result, Braydon had not responded to the capital's conferment of the titles. Perhaps he was a little unwilling deep down.

Braydon had endured the loneliness of sitting alone at the peak for thirteen years. It was enough!

Under the glory of tens of thousands of people, there was a price to pay!

If you want to wear a crown, you must bear its weight.

It was an unchanging principle.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, facing the rising sun and smiling lightly, "There's still a month before the coronation ceremony. Sometimes, people really don't have a choice." "If the commander is unwilling to be granted the titles, the northern army will reject it. The northern army can come south at any time to welcome you home. You are the sole ruler of the north!" Sammy Dudley's tone was firm.

As long as Braydon was in the northern territory, no one would dare to touch the Northern King.

No one dared to threaten Braydon!

Braydon laughed. "Alright, let's not talk about it anymore. How are your injuries?"

Chapter 240-Sammy Dudley, Becoming a Marquis "I've basically recovered!" The poison in Sammy Dudley's body had basically been neutralized.

Earlier, Namar's delegation had sent six stalks of spiritual herbs, all of which were extremely rare.

Two of them were used to detoxify the poison in Sammy's body.

This northern hidden agent, a ninth-level War God, had already recovered his peak strength!

!!

Braydon Neal raised his hand and landed a palm on Sammy's shoulder. An invisible force entered his body.

Sammy was shocked!

He was already a ninth-level War God. As everyone knew, the warrior level cultivated the light force, while the warlord level cultivated the dark force.

On the other hand, the War God level combined both the light and dark forces into one. He raised his hand and punched out. Nine layers of light force were combined with nine layers of dark force. The power of the punch was extremely terrifying!

Sammy was a ninth-level War God. He was only one step away from being conferred the title of marquis.

His injuries had already healed, and he could start preparing for a breakthrough.

Braydon was a top-level king, so it was not hard for him to help Sammy to break through to the marquis level.

It was ten times easier for Sammy to break through compared to that simple-minded Tristan Yandell's breakthrough.

Tristan had been stuck at the ninth-level War God level for years because he already comprehended the king-level technique when he was still at the War God level. He relied heavily on the force released from his arms and almost cut off his own martial arts path.

If it was not for Braydon helping Tristan, the little monkey would probably have been stuck at the War God level for the rest of his life, unable to move forward.

Braydon injected his force into Sammy's body and reminded him indifferently, "War Gods can perfectly control both light force and dark force. You can only use your fists to exert force. If you want to become a marquis, you have to choose another part of your body that can exert force!" "Both my legs!" Sammy was twenty-six years old this year. He did not look young anymore, but he was already a ninth-level War God.

His talent was definitely not low.

Half a year ago, he was already trying to break through to marquis level.

Therefore, he knew very well that besides his arms, the most likely place to unleash his strength was his feet!

Braydon's fair left hand rested on his left shoulder. An invisible force passed through his muscles, bones, and meridians, reaching his leg muscles and finally landing on the Yongquan point at the bottom of his feet.

Bang!

Sammy's left shoe instantly exploded. A powerful force surged out from the bottom of his feet. The leather shoe exploded, and dust flew up from under his feet, creating a deep pit the size of a washbasin. Under the impact of a huge force, Sammy's body flew seven to eight meters high!

In the eyes of ordinary people, this was like qinggong.

Jumping seven to eight meters high and moving like a wild goose was indeed shocking.

This was the charm of the force.

It was also the reason why martial artist practitioners yearned to pursue great strength.

The fact that his legs could explode with force and allow him to jump was a sign of a marquis.

For example, Sammy had extraordinary talent. His basic strength had already reached 300 pounds.

When the ninth layer of light force erupted, it was a terrifying force of 2,700 pounds!

There was also the nine levels of dark force, which gave him another 2700 pounds of strength.

With the combination of the two, a terrifying force of over 5,000 pounds could make Sammy jump seven to eight meters high. Was that difficult?

It was not a problem at all!

Sammy's eyes flashed with joy as he landed steadily on the ground. He cupped his fists and bowed. "Thank you for your help, Commander!" "Carefully experience this feeling. In less than three days, you should be able to enter marquis level!" Braydon smiled faintly.

Sammy nodded heavily. Just now, Braydon had helped him release his strength through his legs.

Sammy had already grasped that feeling.

In the next two to three days, if nothing went wrong, Sammy would definitely become a marquis!

A person at the level of a marquis was able to beat up the commander of the Central Plains main team, Zayn Ziegler, and the captain, Hatcher Murphy.

Logan Hall stood below; his eyes filled with envy.

King level strength was something he did not even dare to dream of.

Luke Yates shouted, "Brother!" "Time to go!" Braydon reminded him that it was time to return to southern Hansworth.

The little fool was the commander of southern Hansworth. Why was he staying here at the Neals' manor?

There were a lot of things happening in the six provinces of southern Hansworth every day, and many of them needed the little fool to look over.

Although the little fool was not reliable, he was still the commander of southern Hansworth. The tens of thousands of people under the southern Hansworth main team had to listen to the little fool's orders.

"Just let me play here for a few more days!" Luke whispered.

"No bargaining!" Braydon did not agree to it at all.

The little fool was a scourge. Instead of leaving him in Preston, it was better to return him to southern Hansworth and let him harm those powerful families.

Luke was reluctant to leave. He took the Preston team's helicopter and returned to southern Hansworth.

He had just left when Heather Sage arrived.

She was wearing a youthful sportswear and stood at the entrance of the bright hall with her hands behind her back. She raised her head and wrinkled her nose. "Little Braydon, let's go to class!" "Why did you add a 'little' to my name?" Braydon flashed to her side.

"Because I want to!" Heather smiled.

"Commander, I'll accompany you to Preston University!" Sammy saw that Tristan Yandell was in the capital and Luke Yates had left, so he could not help but volunteer to follow.

Braydon stopped him. "It's more important for you to break through. Logan, don't waste time. You should cultivate too. The strength of a warrior is too low. With Vice Commander Zito following me, you don't have to be distracted." As he spoke, Old Man Zito smiled foolishly. His wizened old hand grabbed his pipe pot and squatted at the door to smoke.

The Ludwig vice commander had already sworn to be Braydon's slave.

Wherever Braydon went, Old Man Zito followed.

As for Ernest Lanford, he stayed in the Neals' manor and as a conferred king, he guided Logan and Sammy in their cultivation. As for Ginny's cultivation, it was all under his supervision.

Old Man Zito came and went without a trace. Without careful observation, ordinary people would not be able to see an old man beside Braydon.

Braydon arrived at Preston University and found that the campus was extremely lively.

"I think it's the school sports meet today," Heather said with a smile. "But from the looks of it, you won't be participating." "It's a child's game. You go to class. I'll go to the research lab." Braydon was a dean-level professor. He did not come to Preston University to teach.

Heather shrugged helplessly. "Alright, I'll go to class. I don't know how you studied in the past, but you're just a few months older than me. Why are you a professor and I'm a student? I can't accept this!" "You're a student who's failing at that!" Xana Thomas joked from not far away.

"Xana!" Heather's eyes were filled with resentment.

"She's failing?" Braydon was slightly surprised.

Heather was a famous talented woman in Preston, but she was actually failing.

However, Joseph Thomas walked over. "What's wrong with failing a subject? My department head asked me to retake all subjects!" "You're quite proud, aren't you?" Xana took a deep look at her brother.

Joseph did not care at all. Even if the direct descendant of the Thomas Corporation was a slacker, he would still be able to graduate smoothly in the future and join the Thomas Corporation.

Being born in a wealthy family meant that they were much better than ordinary people.

This was also something that could not be chosen.

"Not bad, you've reached the warrior level?" Braydon said softly.

"Of course. My grandfather said that I can practice the sixty-four styles of sanda until I'm a War God!" Joseph's eyes were filled with gratitude.