

## Strongest 241

Chapter 241-Problem With the Propellors Previously, Braydon Neal was able to take the incomplete martial arts technique and make it a complete War God level technique. It was indeed terrifying.

Braydon did not mind. Even if Joseph Thomas were to become a War God, to the Northern King, he was just another martial artist.

Joseph looked left and right, then said sneakily, "Brother Braydon, after class in the morning, come with me to the eastside of Preston. Can you do me a favor?" Braydon nodded slightly and did not refuse.

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Anyway, he was free. He had returned to Preston to recuperate.

Life in Preston was indeed much more comfortable than in the northern territory.

"I'll go too!" Heather Sage blinked.

"You're already a sophomore. Didn't your family ask you to help your brother take over the Sage Corporation's business?" Xana Thomas and Heather were best friends, and there were no secrets between them.

"It's all Grandma's idea," Heather said worriedly. "She asked me to help my brother." "Is the Sage Corporation in trouble?" Braydon looked at her with a worried expression.

Heather shrugged helplessly. "Nope. Uncle Liam has been helping my brother these past few days. The two large corporations have already formed many collaborations. My brother is much more relaxed than before. He has time to supervise me when I'm doing my homework every day!" Thinking of this, Heather looked embarrassed.

She was really innocent.

Usually, Harold Sage was busy with the Sage Corporation, and Heather was often bored alone in the Sage family manor.

Now that Harold had time, he often asked about his sister's studies.

This made Heather look desperate. The only excuse she could use to come out and play was to go to the Neal family's manor to look for Braydon.

Only this excuse could make Harold agree and let Heather out to play.

Xana and Heather held hands and went to class together.

In the top-secret research lab of Preston University.

The old professor Yonah Zill led the research team to solve the problems of the anti-gravity device. Gunter Bell came here almost every day, so he knew about the progress of the project.

Colin Spades, the representative of Starbright Manufacturing, had not been seen for the past few days.

This was because Starbright Manufacturing had already reached a partnership with the Neal Corporation to build a manufacturing branch in the new district of Lamar city. They had promised to invest no less than 50 billion dollars within three years to build a trinity anti-gravity device production line.

Colin was the general manager of the branch factory and was responsible for communicating with Liam Neal of the Neal Corporation.

The initial cooperation between the two parties was quite pleasant. Many project contracts were signed to strengthen the relationship between the two parties.

In the research lab.

“Young Master Neal, you’re here!” Gunter turned his head and said in surprise.

“Chief Engineer Neal!” Yonah turned his head and almost cried when he saw Braydon.

Since the establishment of the research lab, the number of times Braydon had come to the lab could be counted on one hand. The old man was the only one handling the technical issues, and Professor Zill was worried sick.

Currently, the research lab had already established the anti-gravity propellor project.

The technical difficulty of the anti-gravity propellers was ten times or even a hundred times that of the anti-gravity device!

There were dozens of scientific problems here, and it would take years to solve them completely.

“How’s the progress with the anti-gravity device?” Braydon asked as he entered the research lab.

“The third-generation anti-gravity device has passed the test. It can withstand an impact of 500 tons!” Yonah did not hide anything.

Braydon smiled faintly. “Start the project of the fourth-generation anti-gravity device and strive to carry a thousand tons of impact force. This should be able to meet the lifting and strategic needs of the strategic bomber.” “Yes, Sir!” “We have encountered a problem with the anti-gravity propellers,” Yonah said. “It’s very difficult to make the ion ring of the propellers.” After Braydon heard this, he flipped through the files of every experiment. The entire research lab fell silent.

No one dared to say anything for fear of disturbing Chief Engineer Neal.

Braydon looked at it for half an hour. He was holding a pen and changing the design drawings of Yonah and the others.

The anti-gravity propellor project was indeed quite complicated.

There were currently three major problems.

One was the core component of the propellor, which was the ion ring. This thing was very difficult to develop.

The second problem was the design of magnetics, be it using gravity as the propellor or the problem with the ion ring, there was no progress so far.

The last problem was the core chip.

Once the anti-gravity propellers were fully developed, the current chip technology of all countries in the world would not be able to support it.

The propellor itself had the effect of a chaotic magnetic field, which could cut off electricity, communication, interfere with electronic signals, and so on. It also needed to be installed with electronic components.

Therefore, it had formed a problem of self-interference.

The chip of the anti-gravity propellor was also a core problem.

Braydon could only provide a plan for Yonah and the others to experiment on. Whether it would succeed or not was unknown.

If they failed, they could only test the original design in many ways.

Braydon spent the next few hours in the research lab.

Yonah was like a student beside him. While helping, he quietly took away the blueprints drawn by Braydon and handed them to the nearly 100 researchers behind him for them to look at. If there was anything they did not understand, they would ask Braydon later.

It was not easy for this chief engineer to come to the research lab.

After doing all this, the principal of Preston University, Zachariah Sloan, sneaked in with a shifty look on his face. He also brought someone with him. It was John Zahl.

“Principal Sloan, what’s the matter?” Gunter asked.

“I’m looking for Professor Neal!” The last time Braydon came to Preston University, Zachariah had something to talk to him about. In the end, it was delayed until now. This time, he brought John here directly.

“Principal Sloan, Professor Zahl, please tell me what’s on your mind.” Braydon put down his pen and paper.

“Ahem, actually, I’d like to invite Professor Neal upstairs.” John did not hide his intentions. He was in charge of the research project upstairs and had been neighbors with Yonah downstairs for several days.

Gunter frowned slightly. He knew that Braydon was the chief engineer of the research lab, so his main focus should be here instead of being distracted and helping others solve some insignificant problems.

Braydon stood up calmly, looked at the time, and chuckled. “There’s still twenty minutes to twelve. I have an appointment at noon.” John only had twenty minutes left.

The research lab upstairs was only a few steps away.

The project that John Zahl was in charge of was also not small, but the project funding that supported his research came from a private company that specialized in drones.

Therefore, John's project was also an aircraft.

However, it was completely incomparable to Yonah's side.

The anti-gravity device was beneficial to the entire aviation industry. John's unmanned aircraft project was more inclined to civilian aerial photography, similar to those small aircrafts.

John must have encountered a problem.

Braydon went to the research room upstairs. There were nearly thirty people there, and most of them were John's students. On the display platform, there were two drones, both of which were aerial cameras.

"Teacher. Principal Sloan!" The young man in the lead walked over.

Chapter 242-Martial Artist Market "This is Professor Neal from Preston University. You should have heard of him!" John Zahl introduced enthusiastically.

"You look younger than your picture!" The young man said in surprise.

"Professor Zahl, if you have any questions, just ask. After all, you don't have much time." Braydon Neal and Joseph Thomas had an appointment at noon.

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There were only eighteen minutes left until noon.

Zachariah Sloan knew that Braydon was a busy man who was usually elusive. He urged, "John, don't stand on ceremony. If you have something to say, hurry up and say it." "Okay, Professor Neal, take a look at this. This is the first generation of aerial drones that we've developed. It has a range of 20 kilometers and is equipped with a high-resolution camera with 50 million pixels!" John introduced the products.

The other members of the research lab were shocked. How could they tell outsiders about the confidential information of their research lab?

“Teacher, these are all confidential information of our research lab.” Lyle King frowned and reminded John.

“That’s right, Teacher. How could you disclose such information to outsiders?” The other students were a little dissatisfied. After all, this was the result of their research lab’s years of work.

Little did they know that the things they cared about were trash in Braydon’s eyes!

This bit of achievement was not even presentable in the northern military school.

“If that’s the case, then let’s forget about it!” Braydon chuckled.

“Professor Neal, please wait a minute. These students have never seen the world. In addition, the research project downstairs is top-secret. These young ones have never heard of it and don’t know how amazing you are. Please don’t take offense.” John personally bowed to apologize and said with a bitter smile, “Actually, I invited you here not only for some technical problems with the second aerial camera, but also to let you teach them a lesson and let them know that there’s always someone better.” His sincere words aroused the arrogance of Lyle King and the others.

Braydon chuckled. “How you teach your students doesn’t concern me. You still have nine minutes!” “John, don’t fuss over such trivial matters!” Zachariah said.

John brought Braydon along to see the difficulties that their research lab had encountered in their second-generation aerial camera research.

“Teacher, these are all our core technical information!” Lyle said in disbelief.

“How can we show it to outsiders? What if it gets leaked?” A freckled girl was a little dissatisfied.

Braydon could not help but laugh. When he was in the northern military school, he had seen subsonic drones that could carry missiles and carry out precise strikes.

The aerial camera in this small research lab was trash in all aspects compared to the military bomb-carrying drones!

To think Braydon would steal this information, these people thought too highly of themselves.

Zachariah reprimanded, "Go to the side and cool off. Professor Neal is in charge of a national project. It's already not easy for him to take the time to help you solve your problem. Why would he be interested in your technology?" Lyle was stunned.

They could not believe that this young man in white could participate in a national project.

One had to know that a national project would definitely be led by the top figures in their respective industries. If they participated in it, they would be the most outstanding in their field.

Those who wanted to participate in it were definitely the top talents in the industry.

Lyle had been in the research building for the past few days. He had heard some rumors and knew that the research project downstairs was extremely important. The military was involved in it. It was said that the military had an official background and the technology they had was already at the forefront of the world.

It seemed to be anti-gravity technology!

On John Zahl's side, he had already opened the safe and taken out the blueprint file as well as the problems he had encountered.

"For the second-generation aerial camera," he said awkwardly, "we want to improve the motor unit and increase the aerial camera's endurance, but the effect is limited." "This is a problem with the aerial



camera's motor. By optimizing the motor, we can reduce the energy consumption!" Braydon glanced at the blueprint and saw many problems.

These problems were pointed out to John one by one. How to solve them depended on the ability of their research team.

Braydon did not have that much time to help them research the technology of the civilian aerial camera.

After some simple instructions, it was already noon.

Braydon turned around and left, not staying any longer.

John was engrossed in listening. When he came back to his senses, he realized that Braydon had already left. He could not help but smile bitterly. "Professor Neal sure is busy." "Be content. It's already good enough that he took the time to come over. I haven't even seen him in his own research lab for half a month." Zachariah smacked his lips and glanced at young people like Lyle, leaving behind a sentence. "All of you should also be properly disciplined. You're too spoiled." Lyle and the others could only listen to the principal's lecture with their heads lowered, not daring to have any objections.

John had to humble himself and send Zachariah off with a bitter smile.

After everyone left.

Lyle was not convinced. "Teacher, I think this Professor Neal is deliberately picking on us and asking questions that no one can solve to make himself special. He probably doesn't even know what he's talking about." "Nonsense, you don't understand Professor Neal's ability at all. He's the chief engineer of the national project downstairs!" John sighed. He was a little disappointed with these students.

They had no idea that there was someone beyond the heavens!

Lyle and the others were all shocked.

The chief engineer of the national project downstairs was actually Braydon Neal?

Their teacher, John Zahl, had said it himself. They had no choice but to believe it. Moreover, the chief engineer of such a large project was definitely not an ordinary person.

Otherwise, what kind of person did you think was from the research institute? Having an ordinary teenager be the chief engineer of a national project was no joke.

Only then did Lyle and the others lower their heads and say, "Teacher, we were wrong." "Get back to work!" John felt helpless. He had personally gone downstairs to take a look. There were hundreds of research institutes, and even big shots like Yonah Zill that were being led by Braydon Neal.

Lyle and the others had never seen it with their own eyes, so how could they understand? Some geniuses' abilities were beyond their imagination.

Joseph Thomas was basking in the sun below the research building.

Xana Thomas and Heather Sage were sitting on the chairs downstairs. They were eating snacks and listening to music. This was basically their university life.

Braydon walked out of the research building with his hands behind his back. He saw that the two of them were wearing earphones, one in each ear. He took out his phone and took a photo of this warm scene.

"Little Braydon, what are you doing?" Heather rolled her eyes. She did not expect Braydon to secretly take photos of them.

Only Braydon knew that this was a normal scene that could not be seen in the northern territory.

He could only see the yellow sand filling the sky and the northern army cavalry sweeping through the battlefield. He could not see girls quietly listening to music.

Joseph drove his Mercedes-Benz G and urged, "Brother Braydon, get in the car!" "Stinky little bro, where are we going?" Xana was suspicious.

Ever since she was young, she had never seen Joseph reliable.

Xana had already asked him where he was going earlier today, but this kid was very tight-lipped today. It seemed that he would not tell her where he was going until they had reached their destination.

## Chapter 243-After You!

Joseph Thomas personally drove through Preston city and arrived at the remote suburbs without stopping.

The eastern suburbs of Preston was an abandoned animal husbandry area.

In the past, there was an agricultural company here. It was backed by the Preston mountains and engaged in the breeding industry. Later on, it went bankrupt, causing this place to be abandoned.

However, the abandoned place was filled with luxury cars today. Any internationally famous car could be seen everywhere here. They were parked all over the place.

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After Joseph arrived in his car, a young man in sportswear with earrings peeked into the car and saw four people.

"Young Master Thomas, you've exceeded the quota!" he said with a frown.

"It's just two more people. Don't worry, I'll pay up!" Joseph had the money. He was afraid that people did not know he was from a wealthy family.

However, the young man with the earrings did not give him face. He said, "Let me be straight with you. The number of people who is here today has exceeded our expectations by 30%. I promised you that you could bring one person in, but I'm afraid even that won't do now. You can only go in with me." "What the hell? Brother Wonka, we had an agreement. It won't do if you don't go through with what you said." Joseph glanced at Yash Wonka. It did not look like he was taking the opportunity to ask for money.

It seemed that the people who had come today were indeed a little unexpected.

Yash said bluntly, "These three look like ordinary people. Actually, it's useless for ordinary people to go in. It's a waste of money. Why don't you let them wait outside? Here, you don't have to worry about safety. I'll guarantee it." "Stinky little bro, what is this place? Why aren't we allowed in?" Xana Thomas took off her earphones and stuck her head out of the car window, her cheeks fuming.

Braydon Neal sensed that there were more than 500 people in the forest ahead. Most of them had long breaths. They must be martial artists!

There must be something big going on since the martial artists had gathered here.

"It seems like this is the newly opened martial artist market?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

"Who are you, brother?" Yash was stunned. From Braydon's tone, he was a martial artist who had seen the world.

Joseph said sneakily, "Brother, this is my brother, Braydon. He's a warlord-level martial artist. If even he isn't allowed to enter, if you offend him when you open this market, you'll have a hard time in Preston." "What? Warlord level!" Yash was shocked. In this area of Preston, a warlord level was definitely a big shot.

Braydon's face remained calm. He felt helpless when it came to Joseph's introduction.

Compared to the little fool when he was young, this guy was a little silly as well.

Joseph and Braydon had known each other for so many days, yet he still foolishly thought that he was a warlord.

His brain was definitely crooked!

For a king to be called a warlord, he must be the only one.

Yash looked troubled. “The number of people today is indeed a little too high. But I can’t afford to offend anyone.” “My brother is a warlord. It’s not right for your market to reject him!” Joseph was still trying to negotiate.

However, as they were talking, a black car quietly stopped beside them.

Yash raised his hand slightly, signaling for Joseph to stop talking. He then turned around and looked at the person who got out of the black car.

It was Kendrick Lua!

A second-rate blacksmith in Preston was no stranger to Braydon.

Previously, when Liam Neal asked Kendrick to forge a weapon, Tristan Yandell twisted the spear into a fried dough twist.

“Welcome, Master Lua!” Yash opened the car door and said respectfully.

“Has the market started?” Kendrick was dressed in a suit and was looking very neat. He had dressed himself up carefully before coming.

Yash humbly said, “Not yet. Even important figures like you haven’t arrived yet. How would the market dare to officially open for business? Please come in!” “Lead the way!” Kendrick opened the trunk of the car. There was something heavy inside. It was most likely a weapon used by martial artists.

Inviting Kendrick Lua to the market was undoubtedly done to boost the reputation of the market.

It seemed that the person behind this market was not ordinary. He had basically invited all the people from all walks of life in Preston.

However, it was not certain if anyone from the Preston main team had been invited.

However, even if the market was given ten guts, they would not dare to inform Steve Xavier and the others.

The reason was simple. The black market and the market were of the same nature. They provided convenience for martial artists to trade spiritual herbs and weapons. They were the targets of the special operations team.

“Brother Wonka, you have to think of a way to deal with my problem,” Joseph said in a low voice.

“Young Master Thomas, can’t you see that I’m welcoming a very important person?” Yash was a little impatient.

It was this interruption that made Kendrick turn his head and look over. He did not pay attention to Joseph, but he saw the young man in white standing in the distance with his hands behind his back.

Kendrick’s pupils constricted, and cold sweat appeared on his face. He could not help but run forward. “Why are you here?” “I had some free time today, so I’m here with my little brother to take a look. However, it seems that this newly opened market doesn’t welcome us.” A faint smile hung on Braydon’s lips.

“Master Lua, you know each other?” Yash was shocked.

“What do you think?” Kendrick wanted to kill this idiot, Yash.

The market invited him, Kendrick Lua, but Braydon was ignored and not allowed entry.

They were trying to kill Kendrick!

Could it be that he, Kendrick Lua, was greater figure than the white-robed Northern King?

He was the Northern King. He was the king of the 8,000 miles of the northern territory. He had millions of elite cavalymen under him. He was young and held a high position.

In the entire Preston city, there was no one more terrifying than him.

He had been announced as the Garrison King last night.

He was the Viceroy of the capital!

Just the name 'viceroy' was enough to intimidate the world.

Yash broke out in a cold sweat. He did not expect that there would be a problem during the reception segment.

"I'll arrange it right away. I'll let everyone go in together," he promised hurriedly.

Kendrick ignored Yash and turned to Braydon. "After you!" This attitude caused Yash to panic even more. What kind of distinguished guest did this idiot Joseph bring to their market?

Could he be the ten masters' grandson?

Today, the ten old men who lived in seclusion in Preston mountains had been invited to the opening of the market.

These ten big shots were infamous figures in Preston seventy years ago.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and smiled. He did not give in and walked into the dense forest ahead.

In this place, there was no one worthy of the Northern King.

Yesterday in the capital, Braydon did not need to show too much respect to the head of the hundred officials, Duke Dominic Lowe.

This small place was nothing in comparison!

Braydon and the others passed through the small forest and saw the market hidden inside.

Everything was a newly constructed venue. Hundreds of people were walking around, and three to five people gathered in groups. It was as if they were acquaintances, laughing and talking about the interesting things that had happened recently.

There were also cold martial artists in black who stood quietly in the corner, waiting for the market to open.

There were even some who were filled with killing intent and had aggressive eyes.

People from all walks of life were gathered here!

It aroused the curiosity of Xana and Heather Sage. For ordinary people, many things were very novel at the gathering of martial artists.

“Master Lua, this way please!” Yash said humbly.

Chapter 244-Red Half-Spiritual Fruit “Mr. Neal, it’s noisy outside. Come in with me to get some rest!” Kendrick Lua ignored Yash Wonka.



Braydon Neal was holding Heather Sage's cold little hand. He could feel her curiosity about the things around her. He said calmly, "It's fine. I'll show them around." "Alright, if there's anything you need, just tell me!" Kendrick looked like he was willing to follow his orders.

Little did he know that he was not qualified to follow King Braydon!

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Yash accompanied Kendrick as he left. He could not help but ask, "Master Lua, who is that young man just now?" "Someone your market can't afford to offend!" Kendrick answered in a straightforward manner.

It was not Kendrick's first day out in the world, and Braydon did not even reveal his identity. If he carelessly revealed Braydon's identity and made this big shot unhappy, he only needed one sentence to make Kendrick disappear from the face of the earth.

Yash's eyelids twitched slightly, but he did not ask further.

In this bustling market.

"Let go of my hand, Little Braydon! I want to walk around!" Heather's nose wrinkled.

"Be careful, don't leave my sight." Braydon's gentle voice was filled with tenderness.

"I know, I'm not a child," Heather said innocently.

Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry. This girl had experienced the Black Sword Association's kidnapping incident, yet she was still not on guard against martial artists.

Martial artists respected martial arts and revered martial strength. Most of them were ruthless and merciless.

With Heather and Xana Thomas' lively personality, they would be at a disadvantage if they provoked a martial artist. That was why Braydon told them not to leave his sight.

"Brother Braydon, have you noticed?" Joseph Thomas said arrogantly. "The people behind this newly opened market are really powerful. They've even invited Daoists, monks, and martial artists." Braydon chuckled.

Among the martial artists gathered here, it was rare to see a warlord level martial artist. They were all low-level martial artists. It was obviously very difficult to attract Braydon's attention.

If Joseph had not deliberately kept him in suspense, Braydon might not have even come.

There would not be anything good in a small martial artist market of this level.

Braydon's indifference made Joseph shrug helplessly. He knew that Braydon had always been like this.

Joseph's eyes were vicious. From afar, he saw someone standing under a big tree and taking out something from a snakeskin bag, attracting the attention of many martial artists.

The most eye-catching thing was a half-inch-long white jade box. It was tightly sealed, and inside it lay a scarlet fruit. It was bright red and glistening.

Half-spiritual fruit!

Anything related to spiritual herbs was rare.

"Brother, give me a price for the Snake Spiritual Fruit!" asked a warrior immediately.

"There's no rush. The market hasn't officially opened yet. There's no need to worry about selling good things." The middle-aged stall owner was wearing a baseball cap. The brim of the cap was pressed very

low, and the left sleeve of his shirt was pressed low, making it impossible to see his face clearly. His voice was low and indifferent.

The surrounding martial artists also understood what he meant.

To come to the market to sell things, they had to give face to the owner.

If the owner had not even said anything and others were to start doing business here, that was obviously being disrespectful and not following the rules. If they were to be chased out because of that, that would be embarrassing.

Joseph was slightly moved.

Spiritual fruits could cure all kinds of diseases, strengthen muscles and bones, and strengthen one's physique and blood. When a martial artist improved their physique, they would increase their basic strength.

When one reached the warrior level and warlord level, they would understand the importance of their physique when they had the explosive power of light force and dark force.

If one's body was not strong enough to support the explosive power of light force, it would directly limit the growth of his strength.

Therefore, all martial artists were in urgent need of spiritual fruits and spiritual herbs.

A group of young people walked over. They were all in their twenties. One of them was wearing branded casual clothes. He looked at Joseph in surprise.

"Joseph Thomas?" he asked tentatively.

“Did someone say my name?” Joseph turned around and looked at the young man in casual clothes. “Zion and Scarlett, you guys are here too.” After saying that, Joseph secretly cursed Yash for being a bastard.

Before they entered the market, he said that it was overcrowded and that they were not allowed to enter. In the end, what were Zion Levin and Scarlett Zelly, these ordinary people, doing here?

Zion Levin was a martial artist, so it was understandable.

However, Scarlett Zelly and the others were all ordinary Preston University students, yet they managed to sneak in.

Zion smiled brightly. “We arrived an hour earlier than you. At first, there weren’t many people. One of the people in charge of the market is an old friend of my father’s, so it’s not a big deal to come here to play.” He was showing off!

Joseph had paid Yash 200,000 dollars just to get in.

“Zion, the red fruit in that jade box is the half-spiritual fruit you mentioned, right?” Scarlett said enviously.

“Yes, if you like it, I’ll buy it for you later and give it to you!” Zion said calmly.

This caused the other students to feel envious.

They had been wandering around here for a long time and had already come into contact with martial artists. They knew some things and knew that the half-spiritual fruit was very expensive.

“You don’t have to.” Scarlett pretended to be embarrassed.

“It’s nothing!” Zion smiled faintly.

“Pretentious b\*tch!” Joseph spat.

These two words exposed the fact that Joseph was a straightforward fool.

There was a reason why this guy was still single.

He was single because of his own ability. No one could do anything about it!

“Joseph Thomas, are you talking about me?” Scarlett shouted.

“I only said ‘pretentious b\*tch’, what does it have to do with you? Disgusting!” Joseph had always been stubborn and never cowered.

Scarlett was so angry that she wanted to skin him alive.

Braydon’s expression was calm. He did not care about Joseph’s argument at all. His attention was focused on Heather, who was not far away.

She and Xana stood in front of a stall for a long time, as if they had taken a fancy to something.

“Boss, how much is this hairpin?” Heather bent down and picked up the golden hairpin at the stall. It was inlaid with a gentle jade piece, like a phoenix pattern, and it was very exquisite.

There was a clear difference between a girl’s focus and a straight man like Joseph.

The half-spiritual fruit was what Joseph was eyeing.

When Heather bought something, she first looked at the appearance. If it was beautiful, she would want to buy it.

Perhaps this was a common problem for girls.

Just as she picked up the hairpin, it broke in half.

How could something that was perfectly fine break?

In other words, they were defective products from the start and were temporarily glued together.

The stall owner had a shrewd look on his face. When he saw the extraordinary temperament of the two girls, he immediately jumped up and revealed a fierce expression. "You broke my golden hairpin. Do you know how expensive this thing is?" The obvious attempt to scam them was written all over his face. Heather was dumbfounded.

She held the hairpin in her hand, looking a little innocent.

This thing was broken to begin with!

In the end, it was placed in the most conspicuous place by the unscrupulous stall owner, ready to scam people at any time.

Xana rolled her eyes. "Uncle, your acting skills are terrible. Can you be more professional? Anyone can tell that you're acting. I know a ruthless person. Don't think that he's calm and collected, he's really ruthless when he fights!"

Chapter 245-Lower My Head and Apologize?

The person she was talking about was Braydon Neal!

Braydon did not expect that he would have such an image in Xana Thomas's heart.

The shrewd stall owner was slightly stunned. He felt that these two girls were a little different.

Should they not be frightened?

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Heather Sage wrinkled her nose. "Such a scammer. Your acting skills are terrible. It's not fun at all."  
"Let's go. Let's not play with him anymore!" Xana was about to leave.

The shrewd stall owner was starting to think that he was terrible at acting. It would seem that he had to put on a better performance in the future.

No!

This was not the main point here!

He was led off topic by these two girls.

More importantly, his golden hairpin was broken by Heather.

She had to pay for this!

The shrewd stall owner grabbed Heather's slender arm and forcefully pulled her back. He said fiercely, "You broke my stuff, and you want to leave without paying? Dream on!" "Let go, you're hurting me!" Pain flashed across Heather's face.

The situation here attracted the attention of some people.

But then, to everyone's surprise, almost no one meddled in their business, and no one went over to watch the show.

Martial artists were not ordinary people. They would not take the initiative to be part of this kind of commotion. Not only would there be no benefits, but they might even get into trouble.

Braydon's eyes turned cold as he moved like a ghost.

The distance of fifteen meters was covered in the blink of an eye!

This kind of speed caused the pupils of many surrounding martial artists to constrict.

The one-armed stall owner who sold spiritual fruits narrowed his eyes and said in a low voice, "Expert!" "Not to be trifled with!" Some martial artists sounded fearful.

Braydon went to the stall and glanced at the astute stall owner. His thin lips moved slightly. "Let go of your dirty hands!" "Who are you, kid? Why are you pretending to be a hero? Let me tell you, she broke my golden hairpin, so she has to pay for it!" The shrewd stall owner said rudely.

Heather stomped her feet angrily. "It was already broken before I even touched it!" "No worries." Braydon's eyes were filled with gentleness. He pinched her nose, telling her not to feel wronged, and said, "It's just a golden hairpin. We can afford it." "But I didn't break it. You're not allowed to pay!" Heather also had a temper.

The item was originally broken, and the shrewd stall owner wanted to extort her.

However, this matter was not important to Braydon.

The most important thing was that the shrewd stall owner was bullying Heather. No matter what the reason was, it was enough for Braydon to take action.

The shrewd stall owner would not let them go and was accusing them of something they did not do.

"It's just a golden hairpin," Braydon said softly. "It's nothing in my eyes. I'll pay you however much you want!" His soft voice sounded as if there was no life in the world.



Immediately after.

Braydon's second sentence was filled with killing intent. "I'm afraid you can't afford to bully her!" Swoosh!

Braydon raised his left hand and flicked his fingers lightly, landing on the shrewd stall owner's arm.

This arm hurt Heather.

With a flick of his finger, the shrewd stall owner's entire arm was instantly twisted.

The crisp sound of bones cracking made people's eyelids twitch.

"Ahh, my arm!" Many martial artists witnessed this scene and realized that this white-robed youth was a ruthless person.

His moves were fast, accurate, and ruthless. His expression was cold, and his arm was crippled in the blink of an eye. He was a martial artist who had killed before.

It was impossible for ordinary martial artists to attack so calmly.

With this move alone, the youth had definitely mastered the light force.

Without strength, it was impossible to cripple an arm with a snap of his fingers.

Xana shrugged helplessly. "I told you that your acting skills were terrible, but you didn't believe me. He's the real ruthless one. You could bully anyone, but you had to bully someone precious to him. What a headache!" Xana's sarcastic words made people want to laugh.

Braydon held Heather's cold hand and left. He said softly, "I told you not to run around. Look at you getting picked on." Heather gritted her teeth. She was like a stubborn little donkey as Braydon pulled her back.

He was obviously angry!

"You're not allowed to complain when you get back!" Braydon said.

"Haha!" Heather rolled her eyes. Only she understood what Braydon was worried about.

He was worried that she would go back and complain to Laura Quinn that Braydon had gotten into a fight again.

Previously, Braydon had promised his mother that he would not easily make a move.

In the end, he fought with people every day!

The tragic situation here attracted the attention of the market.

Someone immediately came over to check on the situation. The leader was Yash Wonka. He frowned and said, "Who's causing trouble here?" "Brother Wonka, save me!" The shrewd stall owner was in so much pain that he felt as if he was about to die.

Was this person really a martial artist?

No matter how one looked at it, he looked like a hoodlum!

Yash frowned in disgust. "Tell me. What happened? Who hurt you?" "It's him! He broke my golden hairpin and ambushed me!" The shrewd stall owner pointed at Braydon.

The surrounding martial artists were instantly amused.

With the strength of the white-robed youth, there was no need for a sneak attack if he wanted to touch him.

Yash brought four martial artists with him and said solemnly, "Brother, since you're here at the market, you must abide by the market's rules. Private fights are prohibited here!" "Brother Wonka, this guy is using defected items to extort us!" Joseph Thomas explained helplessly.

The shrewd stall owner was furious. "It was you who broke it. Not only did you not compensate me, but you even ambushed me and injured me!" "With your abilities, I don't even need to use sneak attacks!" Braydon stopped, turned around, and said, "It seems that I haven't taught you a lesson. Do you think that you can act unscrupulously in front of me just because the martial artists in this market can back you up?" He spoke softly as if he was asking.

The shrewd stall owner saw that the official martial artists of the market had come forward, yet he insisted on extorting Braydon.

He was simply courting death!

If Braydon wanted to touch him, he could kill him with a single strike.

These words made Yash's expression change. "Brother, I know you have a powerful background, but the owner of this market is not someone to be trifled with. You have to abide by the rules here!" "Brother Neal, the person behind this market is not simple. There is no need to make the situation so tense." Zion Levin stepped forward and quietly persuaded.

Braydon held onto Heather's hand like a golden couple. He chuckled and said, "It seems that this market is really extraordinary. I'm very curious about the rules of your market!" "The first rule of the market is that private fights are prohibited. Violators will be chased out. However, for Master Lua's sake, you should apologize to him. You've hurt him. As for the compensation, you can negotiate among yourselves." Yash stepped forward to mediate this matter.

He did not dare to chase Braydon away.

After all, Kendrick Lua had already said that this white-robed youth was not someone they could afford to offend.

If he really chased him out, it would undoubtedly cause the other party to lose face and form a death feud.

Therefore, Yash's words were like mediation.

Braydon listened quietly, his eyes shining brightly as he smiled. "The rules of your market indicate that I have to let go of him for bullying Heather, lower my head, apologize, and even compensate him for hurting him?" Braydon's question silenced everyone.

At this moment, many martial artists felt a sense of palpitation.

This feeling came from instinct, and fear could not help but grow in their hearts.

"Yes!" Yash nodded. "That should be the case!"