

Strongest 251

Chapter 251-The Two Girls Are Heavily Injured In the market, he had heard many things about Stetson Little.

The king of hell was a ruthless person back then.

He established a fierce reputation in Preston.

Currently, the small martial artists in the market all had respectful gazes. After all, War Gods were legendary figures to them.

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They had only heard of him, but who had seen him in person?

Seeing a War God level person was like an ordinary person seeing an idol. They were very happy and excited.

Braydon chuckled. "His nickname is the king of hell. He sure has the guts to use that name. I'm surprised the yin-yang people haven't caused trouble for him." "I guess even a yin-yang person wouldn't be interested in such a small character." Old Man Zito had a simple and honest response.

There was a true king of hell among the yin-yang people!

The person who obtained the title of king of hell was definitely king level!

He was definitely a big shot.

Among the yin-yang people, his status was equivalent to the top ten ruthless men of the northern army.

Stetson Little was really bold, actually daring to use the words king of hell as his nickname.

He did not know the immensity of heaven and earth!

However, looking at his aging appearance, it was uncertain whether or not he had reached the War God level.

For War God level martial artists, the light force and dark force would merge and flow through the entire body. The force would be released from the body, helping one to sort out the Qi of the organs, strengthening the muscles and bones, and prolonging life.

If he had reached the War God level, he would be at least twenty years younger than he was now.

It was not that easy for a warlord to become a War God.

Some warlords would never be able to cross this threshold and become War Gods.

The old Stetson Little appeared in the martial artist market and said slowly, "Today, I am honored to be invited to attend the opening of Preston city's martial artist market. I have also prepared a small gift for everyone and entrusted the market to present it to everyone!" "Old Man Little is too humble. You are a first-rate talisman master and a treasure of Preston!" Bob Jorkins said respectfully.

Bob was not the only one who had opened this market. There were other people who were taking the lead. The fact that even an old fellow like Stetson Little was gracing the market with his appearance meant that these people were indeed capable.

He went forward to accompany Stetson so that he could get some rest.

This might be the reason why the martial artists present respected Stetson. It was not just because of the old man's strength, but also because of his other identity.

He was a first-rate talisman master!

He was much more powerful than the fat Daoist priest.

The yellow talismans used by a first-rate talisman master had all kinds of miraculous uses. At a critical moment, they could help a martial artist increase his strength and kill a powerful enemy.

“What big mistake did Stetson Little make when he was young?” Braydon Neal’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Fighting in the middle of a bustling city in a battle between martial artists, and accidentally killing an innocent person!” Old Man Zito had heard it from the surrounding martial artists.

It had been thirty years since the incident. The Preston main team wanted to investigate, but they could not touch this old thing.

Although he looked old and unpresentable, if they wanted to touch him, they would need someone from the provincial capital’s main team.

Furthermore, as a first-rate talisman master, Stetson also had connections. He had hidden in the Preston mountains for decades, and now he was out in public again. He probably felt that the things he had done back then were in the past.

“Have the Preston main team investigate!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Alright!” Old Man Zito understood what he meant.

Any martial artist, regardless of their identity, who violated the ironclad law of Hansworth would be killed without mercy!

At least to Braydon, no matter what kind of martial artist it was, hurting innocent people was equivalent to courting death.

If an ordinary person offended a martial artist, it was understandable that a martial artist would injure and cripple him. The Preston main team would take him down and not directly execute him. According to the situation, they would imprison him.

If a martial artist lost his mind and killed innocent people who had no grudges against him, he shall be killed on the spot!

This was the ironclad law.

Stetson Little had committed a grave mistake, and he had been hiding in the Preston mountains for so many years, not appearing in the city.

Now, he actually dared to show himself.

It was as if the ironclad laws were nothing to him.

Braydon would never indulge this kind of martial artist.

Since he had made a big mistake, he had to pay the price.

Old Man Zito secretly contacted Steve Xavier of the Preston main team to ask about Stetson Little.

At the end of the market, Bob led Stetson to a wooden house so that he could get some rest. At the same time, he had someone set up a special stall there, and hundreds of yellow talismans appeared in everyone's field of vision.

Each of the yellow talismans was three inches long and as thin as a cicada's wing. The abstruse runes drawn on them would make ordinary people dizzy at a glance.

These were Dao talismans!

The hundred yellow talismans were all from Stetson.

The lowest price for a single piece was 300,000 dollars!

The price could be considered incomparably expensive.

Compared to the Dao talismans drawn by second-rate talisman masters, the price was several times higher.

In front of the stall, a girl in a yellow dress was left. It was the girl that Stetson had brought. She was slim and elegant, and she was not considered beautiful. Her facial features were exquisite, and there was arrogance between her brows.

Her name was Tina Little. She was Stetson's granddaughter.

This time, Stetson brought his granddaughter out of the mountains to broaden her horizons.

Stetson also knew that young people could not be like him, an old bag of bones, living in the Preston mountains forever. The outside world was Tina's world.

Thus, Stetson brought her out to broaden her horizons and get to know some people. In the future, it would be easier for her to live in Preston.

Yash Wonka helped to maintain the stall and did not dare to neglect it.

Tina was like a young miss. She sat at the side and said unhappily, "You're so clumsy. Don't break Grandfather's yellow talismans. Don't touch the cinnabar characters on it. You can't afford to pay for it if you damage one!" "Yes, yes, we will be careful!" Yash was sweating profusely and became even more careful.

Heather Sage who was wearing a red bead bracelet asked curiously, "What's the use of these yellow talismans?" "If you don't know, then don't ask around. If you don't have any knowledge, selling it to you

would be a waste of my grandfather's hard work." Tina glanced at her, her eyes filled with judgment, and jealousy flashed past her eyes.

This girl's face was prettier than hers.

Heather shrugged helplessly. She was not interested in the yellow talisman anyway, so she did not argue with Tina.

Yash said gently, "Miss Sage, these are all yellow talismans. They were made by the first-rate talisman master, Elder Little. Each of them has a special effect. Look at this Flying Feather Talisman. It can make you as light as a swallow." "You talk too much!" Tina glared at Yash. She simply looked down on these martial artists in the market. Their strength was not even as strong as hers!

"Really?" Xana Thomas asked suspiciously.

"Let me see!" Heather was interested.

They had never seen such a magical yellow talisman before.

Zion Levin stopped her. "Heather, Dao talismans are dangerous. Beginners who don't know how to use them will hurt themselves. Moreover, this thing is expensive." "That's right. These yellow talismans, like this Flying Feather Talisman, cost 400,000 dollars each. It's not cheap." Yash kindly reminded her.

Heather stuck out her pink tongue. She did not expect the unassuming yellow talisman to be so expensive.

Tina held a yellow talisman between her fingers and said, "Country bumpkin, do you want to see the power of a Dao talisman? I can let you see it for free. I have plenty of this stuff!" After saying that, Tina threw a yellow talisman at Xana.

Seeing so many people explaining to Heather and her friend, she could not help but feel dissatisfied. She had always been spoiled by her grandfather, Stetson Little, since she was young, and was used to being self-centered.

The three-inch yellow talisman flew over, accompanied by Tina's delicate shout, "Five Elements, listen to my command. Third Fire Talisman, activate!"

Chapter 252-The Northern King Sword is a Killing Weapon!

After saying that.

Yash was shocked. "Miss Little, don't! They're just ordinary people!" "They're just two ordinary people. What's the big deal? I'm just scaring them!" Tina Little said lightly.

The yellow Third Fire Talisman turned into a ball of fire the size of a bathtub, engulfing Xana Thomas's face. Her face turned red, and her clear eyes flashed with fear.

!!

The flame landed on her body.

Right on her cheeks!

The burning power of the flames was terrifying. It was ten times more painful than scalding her hands with hot water.

The flames fell and hurt Xana and Heather Sage!

Xana was shocked and stood on the ground in a daze. The flames engulfed her face, and she fainted from the flames. Her face was burned instantly.

Heather was hit by the splattering flames, and the back of her fair hands was burned.

This scene shocked everyone.

Stetson Little's granddaughter was too ruthless.

Her unruly personality was out of control. The other party was just curious about the effects of the yellow talisman, so she wanted to tease them. However, her actions ended up ruining their life.

Joseph Thomas was not far away. He wanted to buy the red half-spiritual fruit, but he turned her head and saw this scene.

"Elder Sis!" he shouted with bloodshot eyes.

Joseph rushed over and extinguished the flames without caring about the sparks.

Yash was dumbfounded. His mind went blank. He knew that these two girls were not ordinary people.

They were the friends of that white-robed youth!

This time, he was in big trouble. Yash hurriedly went to the wooden house and told Bob Jorkins about what happened.

On the other hand, Tina looked indifferent. She felt that it was not a big deal for her to tease two ordinary people.

She felt a little better after she had ruined Xana's face.

When women became ruthless, it caused the male martial artists to frown in response.

Joseph hugged Xana, unable to believe that such a scene would happen. Even though this was a market and there were martial artists everywhere, no one dared to casually harm ordinary people.

If this matter were to spread out, she would definitely be on the must-kill list of the Preston main team.

People like Tina had just come out of Preston mountains with her grandfather to see the world, so she had no idea how terrifying the special operations team was.

An accident had happened here.

Braydon Neal and Old Man Zito did not expect Tina to suddenly attack Heather and Xana with Dao talismans.

There was no time to stop it!

Braydon's eyes became grim. He flashed to Heather's side and held her waist. Looking at her burned arm, she was obviously frightened. He said gently, "Does it hurt?" "Ah?" When Heather heard Braydon's voice, her body trembled instinctively. She came back to her senses, and her face was pale. She looked at Xana, who was beside her, and tears flowed down her face. "How could this happen? Xana's face..." "Brother Braydon, I want her dead!" Joseph was like an injured lone wolf, his entire body filled with killing intent.

Braydon pressed his shoulder with his left hand and said softly, "Take good care of Xana and bring her back to the Neal family. Ask Sammy Dudley to take out a spiritual herb and apply the liquid on her face. Within an hour, treat her burns with spiritual herbs. It will heal perfectly without leaving a scar!" Braydon was a national doctor. He would not lie about such things.

Joseph clenched his fists. He really wanted to kill Tina, who looked indifferent.

"She's badly injured," said Old Man Zito. "I'll ask Buttface to send the spiritual herbs here. It will be faster that way." "Alright!" Braydon nodded.

The 'Buttface' Old Man Zito mentioned was Cesar Lichtman, also known as Ernest Lanford.

The speed of a king was several times faster than Joseph bringing someone back.

Moreover, with Braydon protecting her, he could make a decision if anything happened to Xana.

Xana had already fainted. Braydon's fingers moved slightly and landed on the back of her neck. He pressed on the yun point, ensuring that she remained unconscious.

She should not have to endure this pain in the first place.

Before she woke up, Braydon would help her recover.

Heather was in tears. As girls from rich families, she and Xana had known each other since they were young. They were both kind people and grew up together. They were inseparable and knew each other's little secrets.

But now, Xana's face had been ruined!

Heather turned her head and pleaded, "Braydon, I beg you, please save Xana, okay?" "She's just an ordinary person. What's with all the drama?" Tina's eyes were filled with disdain, and she looked haughty.

Perhaps all martial artists had an illusion.

They felt that ordinary people were weak, so they could bully them as they pleased and stand above them.

With a swift move, an invisible force landed on Tina's face.

Smack!

With a crisp slap, this damned woman was sent flying.

Braydon's left hand moved slightly, and he pulled out the Northern King sword from his waist. His killing intent soared into the sky, and all the martial artists lowered their heads. Even if they wanted to straighten their backs, they could not do it!

Who could look straight at a legend of the north?

"This Northern King sword is only stained with the blood of the enemy," Braydon said indifferently. "It doesn't differentiate between the old, the young, the women, and the children!" The Northern King sword was a killing weapon!

Within the country, the Northern King sword was not stained with the blood of the innocent.

In the northern territory, the Northern King's sword followed the rule of killing all enemies!

When facing enemies who had crossed the border, do you think they were innocent?

Even if they did not commit any crimes, or were not despicable people, they were enemies who violated the borders of Hansworth!

In a large-scale battle at the military level, it was too childish for the Northern King sword to not be stained with the blood of the innocent!

Since they were enemies, they would be killed without mercy!

Men, women, old and young, they would all be killed on the spot!

This was the power of the northern army, to kill and protect, and to kill all enemies.

At this moment, the Northern King sword had already been unsheathed.

What Tina did today was beyond Braydon's expectations.

In this market, a martial artist had used a Dao talisman to attack an ordinary person and disfigured her. How many years had it been since such extremely vile things such as this had happened in Preston?

At this moment, the martial artists present were all stunned.

They collectively looked at the white-robed youth. The black cloak behind his shoulders fluttered, and the golden cloud treading Qilin seemed to have come alive as it roared at everyone.

This was a golden Qilin!

The Northern King's official robe!

"Northern King sword?" a martial artist asked in a trembling voice.

"Cloud treading Qilin robe?" All martial artists in the world recognized the symbol of the cloud treading Qilin.

At this moment, all the martial artists present knelt down on one knee. Their eyes were filled with respect as they roared one by one, "Martial artist Declan Jordan greets the Northern King!" "Martial artist Kurtis Durrant greets the Northern King!" "Martial artist Hershel West greets the Northern King!" "Martial artist..." ... All the martial artists present knelt down on one knee, and their voices reverberated through the sky.

Their gazes were filled with reverence!

They were filled with reverence toward the northern army, who fought against the eight countries outside the border in the bitter and cold land of the northern desert, and fought to show the might of Hansworth, defending the ten great gates and not retreating!

The northern army was the number one elite army in Hansworth.

It was a national prestige in itself!

The northern army was the prestige of the country!

The northern army was Hansworth!

The northern army also represented the people of Hansworth.

Which martial artist in the world dared to be disrespectful?

They were afraid of the strength of the Northern King sword, the blade of the northern army. Wherever the blade pointed, it could flatten a land, slaughter a city, and travel thousands of miles. It could start a war in the north and sweep thousands of miles of land in the south.

Chapter 253-You Want to Stand Up for Him?

This was the northern army!

Would martial artists not be in awe?

Braydon Neal was holding the Northern King sword in his left hand. His cold killing intent made people feel as if they were being stabbed in the back.

Tina Little covered her face, her hair disheveled as she screamed, "You dare hit me?" !!

She kept shouting.

In this market, with her grandfather around, Tina never thought that someone would dare to hit her in public.

She had been spoiled by Stetson Little since she was young, and he had never had the heart to hit her.

But today, this youth in white had actually hit her.

This unruly girl still did not realize that Braydon had just displayed his strength, a king-level technique!

A king at his peak!

He was also the Northern King. With such a status, he could look down on all parts of Hansworth.

Immediately after, a lean old Daoist priest wearing a felt hat and cloth shoes arrived from the Neal family's manor at an extremely fast speed.

Ernest Lanford brought a jade box and said, "Young Master, the spiritual herbs are here!" Back then, Namar's delegation had sent six stalks of spiritual herbs, which were stored in the Neal family's manor.

To heal Sammy Dudley and neutralize the poison in his body, he had used two stalks.

This was the third hundred-year-old spiritual herb. It was like a bamboo shoot, and its exterior was white and warm like jade. It had a light green color and was sealed in a jade box to prevent spiritual energy from dispersing.

This was a real spiritual herb.

It was priceless!

The martial artists present looked at him with eager eyes.

It was the first time most of them had seen a real spiritual herb. More than 99% of them did not know what spiritual herb tasted like.

Braydon Neal was as calm as ever. He knew what he had to do. He sheathed his saber, shattered the jade box with a snap of his fingers, and took out the spiritual bamboo shoots inside.

It was only eight or nine centimeters long and as thick as a thumb.

The special power contained within it made Braydon's body instinctively feel a hint of desire.

Braydon's body wanted to absorb the power of the spiritual bamboo shoot.

Spiritual herb contained spiritual energy, which was the root of all things.

Whether it was an animal or a human, absorbing spiritual energy could make up for their genetic defects.

Martial artists could not do without such things.

Braydon held the spiritual bamboo shoot in his hand, and a drop of spiritual liquid fell on the tip of Xana Thomas' nose.

A layer of old skin slowly peeled off from the burn on the tip of her nose. Then, the second drop of spiritual liquid fell.

Under everyone's gaze, seven drops of spiritual liquid were forced out from the spiritual bamboo shoot and covered Xana's face.

The last two drops fell on her swan-like fair-skinned neck.

A thin layer of old skin was completely shed.

The original burns were all gone!

On the contrary, Xana's exquisite face was even more exquisite, and her eyebrows were filled with spirituality.

This miraculous scene made people exclaim deep down. As expected of a spiritual herb!

Braydon took off his cloak and covered Xana with it. His thin lips moved slightly. "Joseph, take care of Xana. Heather, give me your hand." "What are you doing!" Her face was covered in tears as she slowly raised her small hand.

There was a red spot on it, which was the trace of the flame.

Braydon forced out the spiritual liquid of the spiritual bamboo shoot and dripped it onto the surface.

It made Heather feel a slight chill, and the burning sensation on the back of her hand quickly subsided. It soothed all the pain and made her smile through her tears.

Perhaps only Braydon was able to use this method of turning something rotten into something magical.

Xana started to stir. Her eyelashes were trembling as she saw her stinky brother's face that was etched with worry.

"What's wrong with me?" she asked guiltily.

"You fainted because you were shocked by her!" Braydon's warm smile was like a spring breeze.

Xana's eyes were filled with suspicion. She pouted slightly and wrinkled her nose. "Liar, I'm not that timid. I remember that she was the one who set me on fire just now. Eh, why doesn't my face hurt?" She looked like a little idiot.

"The brown spot at the corner of your eye has also disappeared," Heather said seriously.

“Really? Wow, let me see!” Xana took out her phone as a mirror to look for the brown spot at the corner of her left eye. When she saw that it was really gone, she even took a selfie with Heather.

This scene made Joseph’s face darken.

Did the two girls have to be so crazy?

Xana’s face was disfigured just now. She had only been awake for ten seconds, and he was already concerned about the brown spot at the corner of her eyes.

Only Braydon was relieved to see that the two of them were fine. He turned around and glanced at Tina.

It was just a glance.

Old Man Zito had a silly smile on his face. His wizened old hand slowly gripped the hilt of his sword, and a murderous aura quietly spread.

Ernest stood quietly, waiting to make his move.

Those who had experienced killing on the battlefield did not care about the difference between men and women. Once they confirmed that they were enemies, they would kill ruthlessly.

Even if you had a kind heart, if you had experienced the battlefield where more than 10,000 troops were involved, witnessed your comrades fall in a pool of blood, and seen the vicious side of the enemy, a heart of steel would be forged.

Back then, the vice commander of the Ludwig army, Frazer Zito, and Ernest, who commanded 100,000 soldiers, were all such people.

Since Braydon dared to give the order, the two of them would obey and kill all the martial artists in front of them!

Everyone knew.

People like Braydon treated martial artists and ordinary people differently.

If ordinary people made mistakes, they should be punished lightly.

If martial artists made a mistake, they would be killed without mercy!

Tina was Stetson Little's granddaughter, and she was a beginner warrior-level martial artist.

She was not strong, but she was a martial artist!

Xana and Heather were fine now, so it was time to settle the rest.

In the distance, Yash Wonka had brought a few people.

Bob Jorkins and Stetson Little, the king of hell, hurried over and saw that the area was crowded with martial artists.

"Grandpa, he hit me!" Tina said, feeling wronged.

"Let me see who dares to bully you here!" Stetson's heart ached for his granddaughter.

Bob's face was slightly pale, and he was cursing this old thing Stetson Little in his heart. What kind of granddaughter did he have? Of all the people he could offend, he actually offended someone like Braydon.

Why did he have to provoke this young Northern King?

“Lord Neal, Miss Sage, are you alright?!” Bob braced himself and stepped forward.

“What, you want to stand up for them?” Braydon smiled faintly.

Bob’s expression changed slightly as he understood the meaning of these words.

This matter had nothing to do with the market, and it had nothing to do with Bob.

If he forcefully joined in, he would definitely die!

“I wouldn’t dare!” Bob bowed respectfully.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. Even if Bob had ten guts, he would not dare to get involved in his matters.

Stetson’s cloudy eyes flashed with coldness. “Brat, it was you who injured my granddaughter. How dare you!” “Elder Little...” Bob’s expression changed slightly.

Before he could finish his sentence.

Braydon raised his left hand slightly, signaling for Bob to shut up.

Stetson was old but not dead. He was more astute than the younger generation. Seeing Bob’s behavior, he could already guess that this white-clothed youth was not simple and should have a certain background.

But he, Stetson Little, was not one who would sit idly by.

As a first-rate talisman master, he had made many connections over the years. He even knew quite a few people from the central Hansworth headquarters.

Otherwise, based on the big mistake he had made back then, the Preston team would have sent people to arrest him.

The special operations team's killing order was generally unavoidable!

Chapter 254-Grade Kill Order Martial artists that had a killing order on their backs, no matter how old they were, as long as they were not dead, would always be hunted by the special operations teams everywhere.

Only in this way could the martial artists in the world be intimidated and not dare to act recklessly.

Stetson Little leaned on his walking stick and said angrily, "This old man has never been able to beat Little Tina since she was young. I don't care which family you are from, but you must pay the price for bullying her!" His deep voice was filled with determination.

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Tina Little could not help but feel a little relieved. In the past, when she was bullied in the Preston mountains, her grandfather would personally come forward after he found out, scaring those young martial artists until they knelt down and begged for mercy.

From then on, Tina became more and more arrogant and unruly. She did not know how to repent when she made a mistake.

If she got into trouble, her grandfather would help her settle it.

However, she did not know if her grandfather had the ability to help her settle this trouble this time!

It was not only difficult to settle, even her grandfather's life might not be guaranteed.

Joseph Thomas sneered. "You raised your own granddaughter to be such an unreasonable shrew, and you still have the face to say that? So what if you are a powerful martial artist? Your upbringing is worse than the seven great families of Preston." "It is not up to you, a junior, to lecture me on how I do things." Stetson snorted coldly and said disdainfully, "In my eyes, the seven great families of Preston are like bugs that can be easily crushed." His words were so rude. It was not without reason that Tina turned out like this.

The apple did not fall far from the tree.

"Looks like my Neal family won't be able to catch your eye." Braydon Neal chuckled.

"The small Neal family is not worth worrying about!" Stetson said disdainfully.

He knew the seven great families of Preston very well. They were just ordinary families, how many martial artists could they have?

Compared to a ninth-level warlord like him, there was a huge difference!

Stetson had originally thought that the white-robed youth before him had such a powerful background that even Bob Jorkins would bow down in fear of him. In the end, it seemed that he was merely a descendent of the Neal family.

Stetson did not even care about the Neal family, let alone a young member of the Neal family.

He said in front of all the martial artists, "Tina, go. You should hit him back ten times if he hit you once!" "Okay!" The main reason why Tina was so unruly was because Stetson had spoiled her.

The surrounding martial artists stayed away from the scene like they were snakes and scorpions; no one dared to make a sound.

They felt that Stetson had gone completely crazy!

To think that he dared to say that she should beat the current Northern King.

Tina walked forward and sneered. "Weren't you showing off your abilities just now? Continue hitting me!" She shouted.

Smack!

A withered old hand flipped and sent her flying.

Everyone was silent.

"So noisy!" Old Man Zito had a silly smile on his old face. He was the one who made the move.

Stetson flew into a rage and released the pressure of a ninth-level warlord. The walking stick in his hand turned into a spear and pierced through the air. He shouted angrily, "You're courting death!" Old Man Zito smiled honestly, not moving at all, allowing Stetson to charge over with his walking stick.

The wooden stick was frozen in the air when it was ten centimeters away from Old Man Zito's chest, unable to move an inch further.

This scene seemed to be frozen in mid-air!

"War God level!" Stetson was shocked.

Old Man Zito did not explain. He raised his hand and slapped downward. He said, "Kneel down!" Stetson's entire body seemed to have suffered a heavy blow as he instantly knelt on the ground, dust flying everywhere.

The walking stick that was floating in the air landed on the ground alone.

A ninth-level warlord did not even have the strength to retaliate.

Was this the strength of a War God?

Wrong, this was king-level strength!

Stetson, who had previously wanted to make Braydon pay the price, did not even have the qualifications to make Braydon act.

He regarded the seven great families as bugs.

Little did he know that the white-robed youth in front of him, the honest Old Man Zito, and Ernest Lanford... were all kings!

Three kings standing here without revealing their identities, the central Hansworth main team would be shocked when they heard the news.

The reason was very simple!

Most of the martial artists in the world came from aristocratic families and sects.

And most of the experts came from powerful families!

Even the capital garrison could not give an accurate number of how many kings there were in the world.

However, he was sure that more than 70% of the kings in the world came from powerful families!

Conferred Kings were not only strong in martial arts, but also, they had powerful family backgrounds.

“You’re definitely not a descendant of the Neal family!” Stetson said angrily. “How could a descendant of one of the seven great families of Preston city have a War God level character by his side?!” Braydon smiled.

There were some things that did not need to be explained to small fries.

Stetson was puzzled. Any martial artist present could answer him.

Because Braydon was the Northern King!

There were more than 100 warlords under the command of the northern army’s commander, and they were all loyal to him.

Beside him, Heather Sage yawned, spread her arms, and stretched her waist lazily, revealing her small waist.

Braydon pinched her nose and chuckled. “Tired?” “I’m hungry!” Heather said.

Xana Thomas rubbed her flat belly and said, “I’m hungry too.” Braydon nodded. “Joseph, drive us back to the Neal family’s place. Let’s not eat outside.” The reason why they did not eat outside was because they were afraid of being poisoned!

However, in the small forest outside the market, there were many black-clothed martial artists. There seemed to be hundreds of them.

A hundred martial artists with black swords in their hands had silently gathered here.

The Preston team had quietly moved out!

Steve Xavier had received the news of the opening of this market early in the morning.

He intended to wait until all the martial artists in the market had arrived and catch them all in one fell swoop.

The market was the same as the black market, so it was not allowed to exist.

If martial artists gathered in one place, it would be a disaster if there was chaos.

However, Steve did not expect Braydon to be here.

As soon as Braydon walked out of the market, the hundred martial artists of the Preston team all appeared.

It caused everyone in the market to be shocked and furious.

The stall owners packed their things in fear and planned to escape.

These people were all veterans. When they came to the market, they were prepared to be surrounded and killed by the Preston team.

However, they did not expect Steve to lead his troops here so quickly.

Bob could not help but look at Braydon's back, hoping that this important figure would help him.

As long as he said the word, the Preston team would definitely let this place go.

Braydon stopped, his thin lips moving slightly. "Stetson Little has a kill order on him, right?" "Yes, a B9-grade kill order!" Steve raised his right fist, and a hundred members of the Preston team appeared, awaiting orders.

"Martial artists with the kill order must be killed on the spot!" Braydon said indifferently.

“What should we do with Tina Little?” Steve asked.

Actually, even if they did not ask, with the methods of the Preston team, they would definitely kill Stetson Little and Tina Little.

Stetson’s eyes were filled with disbelief. This youth was actually able to mobilize the Preston team and even give orders to them.

What was his background?

“Let Tina go. I’ll take the blame for her!” he said hoarsely.

“You’re already a dead person!” Steve’s eyes were cold.

Martial artists with a B9-grade kill order must be killed by any special operations teams that meet them.

Tina was also a martial artist. She had used the yellow talisman to hurt Xana, causing her face to be disfigured.

It was an atrocious act to begin with.

Regarding Steve’s question.

“Bring him back to the Preston team’s base,” Braydon said softly. “Send him to the seventh floor and imprison him for ten years. If he is rebellious, kill him on the spot!”

Chapter 255-One Blade Piercing the Heart, Killing a Martial Artist!

“What?” Stetson Little was furious.

He could not accept this ending.

“Grandpa, save me!” Tina Little was starting to panic.

!!

The Preston main team base had ten floors of underground space, which was specially used to imprison unruly martial artists who had committed major crimes but did not deserve death.

The ten levels of the Preston main team’s dungeon cause fear in the hearts of martial artists.

Steve Xavier knew what to do. Holding his cold sword, he walked toward Stetson, whose legs were crippled.

When he was young, he was known as the king of hell. When he saw this situation, his eyes revealed a fierce light. He suddenly jumped up from the ground and landed a palm on Steve.

Bang!

The powerful force sent Steve flying.

Everyone’s eyelids twitched, but they quickly understood that Stetson would definitely die.

Therefore, it was not difficult to understand why he was trying to fight back.

Stetson shouted angrily, “Tina, run back to the Preston mountains and find your Grandpa Gates. He can protect you!” “Grandpa!” Tina still had some conscience and could not bear to part with her grandfather.

However, Braydon Neal's eyes flashed with coldness. There were thousands of people in this market!

Stetson actually dared to attack Steve in public.

This was the leader of the Preston main team.

He openly resisted and injured Steve, which was a precedent. In the future, how would the Preston main team be able to intimidate martial artists?

Braydon slightly raised his left hand, and an invisible force supported Steve, who was flying backward, to dissolve the dark force in his body. His left hand grabbed at the air.

Steve's cold sword flew out. It was pushed by an invisible force, ignoring the grass and trees in front of it and looking for a gap.

Swoosh!

The black blade pierced through Stetson's chest and heart, nailing him to the ground.

This scene made everyone's eyelids twitch. What a ruthless Northern King!

A blade piercing through the heart to kill a martial artist!

"A martial artist attacking a member of the special operations team. According to the ironclad law, he must be killed on the spot!" Braydon said coldly.

His cold-blooded words shocked all the martial artists present.

Bob Jorkins and the others could not help but lower their heads.

Tina fled, and a mournful voice sounded, "When I find Grandpa Gates, all of you will die!" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, his toes lightly stepping on the ground.

A stone flew up and Braydon waved his palm.

Whoosh!

The sharp sound of air being torn apart made the small stone shoot out like a bullet.

Following that was Tina's miserable cry, causing the members of the Preston main team to quickly chase after her.

In the end, they found some blood on the spot. Tina had already escaped.

After all, she was warrior level martial artist, and her speed of escaping was still very fast.

With Braydon's status, it was impossible for him to personally go after a warrior level.

Therefore, the Preston main team would be responsible for this matter!

"Send out a C3-grade kill order," Steve said decisively. "Head to the Preston mountains and bring Tina Little back!" "Yes, sir!" The remaining members of the Preston main team then moved out.

Steve turned around and wanted to thank him.

However, he realized that Braydon had already left in a car.

Joseph Thomas was driving his Mercedes-Benz G-Class. He wanted to say something on the way back but hesitated. It seemed that he had something on his mind.

“Commander, you’re back.” Sammy Dudley bowed slightly.

“Is everything alright at home?” Braydon calmly got off the car.

Sammy shook his head slightly. “Yes. The old chairman asked about your whereabouts this morning. He seemed to hope that you could spare some time to visit the company more often.” “I’ll go over when I have time.” Braydon knew what his father was thinking.

He was the eldest son of the third generation of the Neal family and would inherit the entire Neal family in the future. Now that the company had gone public, it would belong to Braydon and Ginny Neal in the future.

In the end, Braydon had not even been to the company for half a month.

Louis Neal felt helpless.

If it were the other wealthy families, those juniors would sharpen their minds and dream of inheriting the position of the head of their respective families. They would control the resources of their families at will and be respected by others.

Unfortunately, Braydon had an incomprehensible indifference toward these things.

It was as if this white-robed youth had never missed the fame and fortune of the human world!

But if one were to think about it carefully, it was not difficult to understand.

Braydon was in charge of the northern army, and his achievements were unparalleled. With his young age, he was conferred the title of the Northern King, and his name had long spread throughout Hansworth.

If the Neal family could give Braydon fame and fortune, the capital could also give it!

Unfortunately, Braydon, who liked to lay low, did not care about these things.

Joseph could not help but say, "Brother Braydon, I want to join the Preston main team!" "Do you want to have the same privileges as the members of the Preston main team?" Braydon held Heather Sage's hand and returned to his small villa. He then asked Logan Hall to prepare dinner.

Joseph shook his head. "I'm a martial artist too. I think the environment in Preston main team suits me better. Only martial artists can identify with each other. I go to Preston University every day to attend classes. My classmates are all ordinary people, so it makes me feel lonely." This was a problem that every martial artist would encounter.

In layman's terms, martial artists were different from ordinary people. Living in the secular world with ordinary people around them would make one feel out of place.

This sense of loneliness would appear from time to time.

It was different in the Preston main team. Even the supernumerary members were martial artists. The things they usually discussed were also related to martial arts.

Joseph hesitated for a while before mustering up the courage to say it.

Braydon's deep eyes stared at him quietly.

Braydon staring at Joseph caused his hair to stand on end!

"Lonely?" Braydon smiled faintly. "This feeling accompanied me for thirteen years before I returned to Preston. I sat alone on the summit of Mount Bliz, asking who in the world dared to be king. It might seem glorious, holding such monstrous power and fame, but that loneliness was a hundred times stronger than what you feel!" Braydon had endured this loneliness since childhood.

He had never mentioned it!

As a martial artist, Joseph could not stand this sense of loneliness.

Braydon silently endured the loneliness for thirteen years!

If he were to go to Mount Taniah in a month's time and become the brightest star in Hansworth, he would be the most powerful person in the country.

It was equivalent to becoming a God, high and mighty, and a sense of loneliness would accompany him for the rest of his life!

"You're too high up," Joseph said weakly. "I just want to join the Preston main team and be with the same kind of people." "Do you know that once you join the Preston main team, your life will no longer belong to you?" Braydon's gaze was solemn. "All members of the Preston main team are to be on standby 24/7. They have to wait for orders. Once the order is given, they have to carry out the mission immediately!

"If we encounter a B-grade tricky mission that threatens the safety of the city on a large scale, all the members of the Preston main team, from Steve to the supernumerary members, will go there even if they know that they will die!

"This is the meaning of the existence of the special operations teams.

"Even if you know that you're going to die, you still have to listen to orders. Those who escape will be killed on the spot." ... Braydon stood in the courtyard with his hands behind his back.

He was more patient than usual.

If it was a stranger, Braydon probably would not even say a word.

"Stinky brother, you're not allowed to join the Preston main team." Xana Thomas' eyes were filled with worry.

“You silly baby, don’t speak!” Joseph’s face darkened. He did not treat Xana as his elder sister at all.

“Brother Braydon,” he said seriously, “I’ve thought about everything you said. I think the Preston main team is more suitable for me. That’s why I’m asking you for help!”