

Strongest 311

Chapter 311-Birds Don't Dare to Chirp, Cicadas Don't Dare to Click!

"If that's the case, we have a 70% chance of success. But you know better than us, Commander. If we transplant someone else's bone, he won't be able to practice martial arts in the future!" Scott Lionel said.

Joseph Thomas, who was lying on the bed, could no longer pretend to be asleep and suddenly opened his eyes.

To him, if he could not practice martial arts in this life... He might as well die.

To a martial artist, the most painful thing was to cripple him.

From then on, he had no fate with martial arts.

For ordinary people with strong personalities, even if you crippled them, they would still not be able to accept this outcome.

Not to mention martial artists. If they could not practice martial arts for their entire lives, they might as well die.

Living meant suffering!

"Brother Braydon, I don't want to have a bone transplant." Joseph's dry lips moved.

"If you don't get a bone transplant, I'm afraid you'll have to spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair." Scott told him the truth.

If a bone transplant was done, the doctors of the of the northern army could help Joseph stand up again.

The only drawback was that he could no longer cultivate martial arts.

A martial artist's light force and dark force relied on their physique every time they released an attack.

Joseph's body would definitely suffer from some hidden injuries after the leg bone transplant.

It was not suitable for him to cultivate ancient martial arts!

Even so, Joseph stubbornly said, "Even if I have to spend the rest of my life in a wheelchair, I'm still a martial artist!" He had trained in martial arts since he was young, and now he had become an ordinary person.

He would rather die than stop being a martial artist!

Even if his legs were crippled, he was still a martial artist.

After replacing the leg bones, he could no longer use the dark force and the light force, so he was no different from an ordinary person. He, Joseph Thomas, would not accept this outcome!

"Let him be!" Braydon sighed.

"Yes, sir!" Scott and the others understood what they had to do.

They were in the room, correcting Joseph's bones.

Joseph was lying on the bed, his eyes bloodshot and the veins on his forehead bulging like dragons. Bean-sized beads of sweat kept dripping down his face as he grunted.

Braydon stood there quietly, his eyes calm and emotionless.

There was no sympathy or pity on his face.

When Braydon was young, he led his troops to fight against the eight countries outside the borders. After every battle, the soldiers of the northern army who were injured were more seriously injured than Joseph.

The former King Braydon could not just sit back and watch his comrades die in front of him because of their injuries.

Braydon then studied medicine in the northern territory.

Later on, Luther Carden said, "Learning these skills can save people, but it can't save the country!" This was a subtle reminder to Braydon that as the commander of the northern army and the master of the eight thousand miles of the desert; the responsibility he had to shoulder was not to save the dying and heal the wounded.

Ever since that reminder, Braydon's medical skills had stopped at the level of a national doctor.

For five whole years, there was no progress at all.

Until today, Braydon's medical skills were still at the same level as five years ago.

Even so, Braydon was still a national doctor!

If Joseph's injuries were treated by a national doctor's methods, it would be bone transplant.

However, this was equivalent to cutting off Joseph's path of martial arts.

That was why it was out of the question!

Scott had also said that he needed a great national doctor to cure Joseph.

A doctor from a country that was on a whole level higher than a doctor from a country!

In Hansworth, it had been nearly 500 years since a great national doctor was born.

Now, they could only learn a thing or two from ancient books.

Everyone knew that if one wanted to become a national doctor, one must first become a War God!

To become a great national doctor, one must first become a king!

To become a great national doctor, one had to fuse medical skills with martial arts. The specific cultivation inheritance had long been cut off.

It was difficult to cultivate even with an inheritance.

Not to mention the modern era, where the inheritance was cut off. How could people become great national doctors?

Braydon left the room in a flash and stood alone on the roof of the villa. His white clothes fluttered in the wind as he looked into the distance.

His thin lips moved slightly. "Learning medicine can save people, but it can't save the country. Second Brother, one sentence from you has subdued my medical realm for five years!" Braydon sat cross-legged and slowly closed his eyes.

Around his thin body, a stream of air slowly formed. Accompanied by the flying leaves on the roof, it formed a vortex that revolved around Braydon.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, "A doctor can save a person, but he can't save a country!" "Then what about me, Braydon Neal, who uses medicine to save people and martial arts to protect the country?" His indifferent voice was like thunder, resounding through the world.

Braydon's words were an answer to the question that had troubled him back then.

Cripple Carden, that old man, had said those words to prevent Braydon from wasting his energy on medicine.

But if a doctor could protect the country, what use was there for the ancient martial arts lineage!

The martial arts lineage had cultivated the righteous path of the human world since ancient times, protecting the common people and the beautiful mountains and rivers!

This scene stunned everyone in the courtyard.

Logan Hall looked at Braydon, who was sitting cross-legged on the roof, and the wind around him was like a tide, with withered leaves swirling around him.

He asked in shock, "Is... "Retreat. Young Master is going through an enlightenment, so don't disturb him!" Old Man Zito appeared and pulled Logan out of the courtyard.

Ernest Lanford wallowed his saliva, his eyes filled with respect. "Is he trying to become a great national doctor?" "Martial arts as the main and medical skills as the auxiliary. If he succeeds in combining the two and step into the realm of a great national doctor, Young Master will definitely put his name down in history!" A hint of excitement flashed in the depths of Old Man Zito's eyes.

A young great national doctor!

In the 5,000 years of history of Hansworth, there had never been such an outstanding person.

Even though the inheritance was cut off, Braydon was once again walking a brilliant path with the appearance of a Qilin.

The great path of national medicine!

He would pave a complete path for his descendants.

His achievements would be recorded in history forever.

Sammy Dudley said softly, "The commander entered the northern territory at the age of seven. On his eleventh birthday, the old commander went missing. The heavy responsibility of protecting the 8,000 miles of northern desert fell on the commander's shoulders.

"At such a young age, he led millions of elites of the north, held the commander-in-chief's seal, and was the leader of the hundred generals of the Military Department. At such a young age, such achievements could have already been recorded in history, and he would become a legend." Faith appeared in Sammy's eyes.

Everyone in the northern army had faith in Braydon Neal!

He was a living legend.

The cohesiveness of the northern army was unimaginable to outsiders.

On the roof of the villa, the sun hung high in the sky.

Braydon was cultivating alone, and his aura was getting stronger and stronger. His aura was leaking out, and half of Preston was shocked!

Birds dare not chirp, cicadas dare not click, and beasts dare not roar.

The fowls and beasts were silent.

The entire Neal family manor was filled with fear.

Because King Braydon was about to break through, and his aura was leaking out.

Usually, Braydon would restrain his aura at home. He was easy-going and indifferent, like a rich young master.

No one could imagine how much killing intent Braydon had hidden in his thin body.

Until it was evening time.

Liam Neal arrived and comforted the frightened little Ginny Neal. He stood outside the courtyard and looked at Braydon, who was sitting cross-legged on the roof.

“Sammy, why is Braydon’s killing intent so strong?” he asked in shock.

“Big Brother became a commander at seven years old and became a War God at nine years old. You have to personally stain your hands with the blood of your enemies in every step of the way. This is the rule of the northern army, it doesn’t change because of gender, nor does it compromise because of age.” Yuri Qualls was dressed in white and looked like an immortal who had descended from the moon. He took little Ginny from Liam’s arms and carried the ten-year-old girl.

A dotting look flashed across his eyes..

Chapter 312-The Legendary Great National Doctor: Ginny Neal was the younger sister of the Northern King. The ten ruthless men of the northern region naturally treated the little girl as their younger sister.

Sammy Dudley said softly, “Uncle Liam, the commander once killed millions of enemies in the northern territory. Upon returning to Preston, he has been restraining his aura. Today, he is about to break

through to the realm of a great national doctor, so he can no longer suppress himself!" "What? A million enemies!" Liam Neal was stunned.

His scalp went numb. He really could not believe this.

It was too terrifying!

Braydon Neal rarely talked about what had happened in the northern territory to his family, not even to Heather Sage and Xana Thomas. Life in the northern territory was filled with blood and tears.

There were no funny jokes, only killing!

Liam fell silent.

Ginny blinked and asked, "Daddy, is the person sitting on the roof my brother?" "Yes, it is!" Liam smiled and replied.

"Then, I'm not afraid!" Ginny smiled.

This innocent smile made Yuri Qualls pat her little head gently.

In the next moment.

Braydon, who was on the roof, suddenly stood up. The aura on his body was rapidly increasing.

Even a ruthless person like White-clothed Qualls could barely withstand this pressure, let alone outsiders!

He retreated with Ginny in his arms and shouted, "Retreat quickly!" The pressure of the Northern King could suppress a million people.

Ordinary people would definitely die if they were caught in it.

At this moment, Braydon was surrounded by ninety-nine strands of purple Qi, and his aura quickly rose to its peak.

His aura rose to its peak.

Do you think this is the true form of King Braydon?

Don't be naive!

The most terrifying part about King Braydon was the eight king-conferring techniques.

When the eight king-conferring techniques were fully unleashed, he was like a God. The eight country rulers outside the borders, such as Cameron Linar, knew this the best.

How terrifying was Braydon when he unleashed all eight of his ultimate techniques!

Just Braydon's technique alone was enough to wipe out all enemies within the king realm.

Within the king level, was there anyone who could force Braydon to use all his techniques?

Was there anyone like that in the world?

The answer was enough to make people think deeply.

Braydon's aura rose to its peak and then began to weaken. The purple Qi surrounding ms Doay returned to ms Doay. Until everything returned to silence.

It was already late at night.

“Big Brother!” Ginny called out in a charming voice.

“It’s already so late. Why aren’t you sleeping yet?” Braydon flashed over and held his sister’s hand, bringing her back to the living room.

“You broke through today, and your aura scared many people.” This sentence woke Braydon up. He knew that if he released his killing intent, even kings would be scared.

Not to mention ordinary people.

If he were to break through again in the future, he definitely could not do it at home.

Yuri stepped forward and asked, “Brother, have you reached the level of a great national doctor?” “The combination of medical skills and martial arts is not as simple as you think. ” Only when Braydon was in this realm could he understand the methods of a great national doctor.

The methods of treating patients and saving lives were indeed above that of traditional medicine.

Scott Lionel and the others stood at the door. A hint of excitement flashed in their eyes.

As a great national doctor, Braydon was walking a bright path.

The twelve doctors of the northern army could die without regrets if they could witness the methods of a great national doctor. Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly. “Follow me!” In the bedroom of the villa.

Joseph Thomas was lying quietly, unconscious.

Joseph had endured the pain of reconnecting his bones during the day without making a sound. Now, he was exhausted and had fallen asleep.

Braydon's left hand grabbed a formless force and released it.

Don't forget, King Braydon was a peak ninth-level king!

Previously, on the punching machine, Braydon's strength could reach three thousand pounds with a flick of his finger.

Now Braydon had released his strength and formed his hand into a claw.

Joseph was startled awake and realized that he was floating in midair.

Shocked, his lips moved. "Brother Braydon, this..." "Don't worry. Relax your entire body. Sammy, bring me two spiritual herbs!" Braydon's fingers moved slightly, and an invisible force turned into steel needles and pierced into Joseph's legs.

Force transforming into needles.

The symbol of the great national medicine.

Even if such a person did not carry silver needles on him, he could still treat patients with his bare hands.

Joseph's legs were bruised and swollen like two large carrots. It was a frightening sight.

The force-transformed needles pierced into his legs and flowed into his dark red blood.

As Braydon inserted a trace of purple Qi into his fingers, it helped Joseph soothe the pain in his legs.

The power of the purple Qi and the cold feeling made Joseph's brows relax.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, "Scott, look for yourself. Among the twelve of you, you have the highest chance of becoming a king in this life and becoming a great national doctor." "A great national doctor treats patients and saves lives. It's not something normal doctors can imagine. Every move they make relies on the power of a king." Braydon was telling Scott about the methods used by great national doctors.

It was equivalent to telling him how to walk in the future.

It was a typical method of a great national doctor. He would turn his force into needles and pierce the major acupoints all over the patient's body to stimulate the body's potential and heal his injuries.

In fact, stimulating one's potential reasonably could strengthen the five internal organs and six bowels, making one's Qi and blood more vigorous and prolonging one's life.

However, if you stimulate the major acupoints in your body and force out your body's potential, you will use your vitality as the price to increase your strength.

How many years of lifespan would be reduced after that would depend on how much you tortured yourself.

Great national doctors generally did not use medicine or foreign objects to treat diseases.

They knew the human body's spleen, organs, major acupuncture points, and every muscle like the back of their hand.

For minor illnesses and pains, they would use their strength to help you clear your entire body's Qi and blood. Qi would flow through your eight extraordinary meridians, and blood would flow all over your body. When you sweat, your illness would be completely healed.

Joseph's injuries were so severe that even a great national doctor would need to use medicine.

He even had to use spiritual herbs!

Sammy took out two spiritual herbs. They were shaped like white radishes, sparkling and translucent, emitting an alluring fragrance and containing pure spiritual power.

Braydon's force seeped into Joseph's legs.

Joseph's face was pale. He gritted his teeth and panted heavily. The pain in his legs almost made him faint.

Joseph felt as if there were several pairs of small hands in his legs that were holding onto his broken leg bones and slowly correcting them.

Joseph's legs were said to have been shattered.

In fact, it was just a bone that had broken into small pieces.

From a medical perspective, this was equivalent to a shattered bone. There was no way to repair it with current technology.

Joseph's left thigh and calf bones were broken into nineteen pieces.

One could imagine how painful it would be if they continued one by one.

Right now, he could feel a pair of hands on his legs, using exquisite methods to help him connect his broken bones. It was as if there was no deviation at all.

Scott could see this.

This was because a martial artist's eyesight was amazing, not to mention a War God level figure. When he saw Joseph's left leg, there was a constant surge of power in it, and the broken leg bone slowly moved.

Braydon controlled Joseph with his right hand and grabbed at the air..

Chapter 313-If There Are Any Unusual Movements, Head South Immediately This was to prevent Joseph Thomas from being unable to withstand the pain and moving around.

At this moment, Joseph's eyes were bloodshot, and he was panting heavily. His entire body was covered in sweat.

If one were to observe carefully, one could see that the sweat flowing out of his body was flowing through his pores and expelling dark red stains.

These were the bone fragments of his legs. Braydon Neal had crushed them with his strength. They were ten times thinner than a strand of hair and were expelled by his body.

The methods of a great national doctor relied on king level strength for every step.

No wonder the ancient books recorded that if one wanted to become a great national doctor, one must first become a conferred king.

Without king level strength, one could forget about becoming a great national doctor.

Joseph's voice was hoarse. "Brother Braydon, can I still practice martial arts after I'm cured?" "If not, why would I let you suffer so much pain?" Braydon's calm words seemed to hold himself responsible for Joseph's future.

At this moment, Joseph, whose face was covered in sweat, revealed a smile.

As long as he could cultivate martial arts in the future, it would be worth it no matter how much torture he had to endure.

He endured the pain and said hoarsely, "Brother Braydon, how did you deal with the Thompson Village?" "I originally wanted to label all of them as rebels and kill them all, leaving no one alive!" Braydon was indeed fond of Joseph, and he answered almost all of his questions.

In the end.

Sammy Dudley explained, "However, the thousands of people in the Thompson Village are ordinary people. The commander gave them a way out. The nine martial artists who attacked you, led by Sonny Thompson, were all killed on the spot." Joseph had expected this outcome.

With Braydon's personality, he would never let those martial artists live.

Braydon helped Joseph reattach his broken bones without stopping. He kept releasing purple Qi to soothe the pain and reattach his broken bones.

The seventeen broken bones on his left leg were all reconnected. The bone fragments were shattered by the force and were expelled from his body along with his sweat.

The broken bones of the remaining right leg needed to be slowly reconnected. It was another difficult process.

Joseph endured it all.

The two spiritual herbs that Sammy had brought were crushed by Braydon and applied to his legs, nourishing them with spiritual power.

By the time he was done, the sky was already bright.

Scott Lionel and the others had awe in their eyes. The methods of a great national doctor were indeed beyond their imagination. He released his strength to heal and save people.

They had never seen it before.

Now that they had seen it with their own eyes, it was like opening the door to a new world for Scott and the others.

If they wanted to become a great national doctor, they must be crowned king.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and smiled. "The northern territory has the king-conferring techniques. Once you reach the War God realm, everyone can cultivate it. First, get conferred the title of king, then we can talk about becoming a great national doctor!" "Yes, sir!" Scott and the other twelve paid their respects to the northern army's commander, Braydon Neal.

As the three fighter jets slowly moved.

White-clothed Qualls turned around and said, "Brother, there's something strange going on on Ninth Brother's side. The western army's cavalry has been mobilized. They're pointing their blades at Lume Island. Something big might happen later." "If Ninth Brother takes Lume Island by force, tell Cole and Luther that the first, second, and third legions will immediately go south and help the western army recover the 36 islands in Ludwig. If Banko starts a war, kill them and push the front line into their own country!" Braydon's voice was cold and filled with a murderous aura.

This was equivalent to an order!

White-clothed Qualls straightened his body and said seriously, "Understood!" "Go back. If a war really breaks out on Ninth Brother's side, there's no need to worry, the northern army will help him." Braydon raised his left hand slightly, indicating for Yuri to board the plane.

The three black fighter jets activated their anti-gravity devices and slowly rose into the air.

As the fighter jet's engine started, it circled three times above the Neal family's manor before rushing into the clouds and returning to the northern region.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, looking as calm as ever.

Even though he heard that the western army was going to attack Lume Island, he was still as calm as ever.

The western army had a total of 300,000 cavalry, and Banko had mobilized 500,000 elite border guards to camp on Lume Island.

Once the two sides started fighting, the number of people would exceed 800,000, which was no small matter.

It would involve many things.

Braydon's stance was very simple.

As long as Joshua Mandor seized the opportunity, they would have a reason to take back Lume Island.

The northern army would immediately head south and send troops to Ludwig to destroy Banko and take back all 36 islands in Ludwig.

Ever since Braydon was conferred king, it had been many years since the northern army engaged in a large-scale battle.

In just a few years, the overall strength of the region had risen to a whole new level.

The people of the northern army were all martial artists!

Instead of using hot weapons, they used cold swords.

When facing the eight foreign countries, it was basically the same.

Facing an army formed by martial artists, the effect of rifles and pistols was almost negligible!

Even a small martial artist could move more than ten meters per second.

How do you aim?

In a sports meet held by ordinary people, the time it took for the global sprinting champion to run a 100-meter sprint was more than nine seconds.

People called the champion a flying man!

However, almost warriors had this kind of speed.

Using cold weapons to face hot weapons, the northern army was the first to do so.

In a large-scale war, when the soldiers of both sides met, the martial artists would use their swords to tell other how terrifying the ancient martial arts were!

This was just a low-level martial artist.

If it was a high-level martial artist, like a War God level figure, if they wanted to rely on the human wave tactic to surround and kill them, then they better prepare a 10,000-man army and be ready to sacrifice thousands of people to get rid of this War God!

At the same time, the northern army announced to the public that they had more than a hundred War Gods.

You can measure the price you have to pay to get rid of all the War Gods in the northern army.

The key was that the destructive power produced by a large number of War Gods working together was not as simple as one plus one equals two.

Furthermore, the northern army had many terrifying geniuses.

When the eight king-conferring techniques were fully unleashed, they would be like Gods and demons, extremely terrifying.

Before Braydon was conferred the title of king, he used his eight ultimate technique that he had yet to master to kill eight country rulers outside the border.

Cameron Linar still had a lingering fear from that battle.

Ordinary people could not compare to the combat strength of martial artists at all.

Heather Sage and Xana Thomas got up in the room upstairs. Neither of them went home last night.

On the balcony on the second floor, Heather, who was wearing silk pajamas, raised her hands and lazily stretched her body. Her curvy figure was completely exposed.

Her hands were resting on her cheeks, and her sleepy eyes were glazed over and cute.

Heather, who had just woken up, was still a little dazed. She looked at Braydon, who was standing downstairs, and yawned as she asked, "Little Braydon, I'm hungry!" "Wash your face and call Xana downstairs for breakfast." Braydon felt helpless when it came to the two of them.

Last night, she was worried about Joseph and cried her eyes out.

In the end, the two girls slept soundly at night. They were like little pigs that could not be woken up.

After Xana woke up, she suddenly thought of her younger brother. She ran downstairs barefooted in her pajamas and asked nervously, "Braydon, how is Joseph?" "You called me Brother Braydon yesterday, and now you're calling me Braydon?" Braydon teased; his eyes filled with playfulness as he gave her a once over.

This girl had a good figure!

Chapter 314- Man Suppressing Two Women Xana Thomas had just woken up, and she looked even more beautiful without makeup. Her wine-red hair fell over her shoulders, and she was wearing the same pajamas as Heather Sage, which only covered her perky buttocks.

Her pair of slender snow-white long legs was very eye-catching.

Her hot figure was not inferior to that silly Heather.

Xana realized that her pajamas only covered her butt. She blushed and shouted, “Stinky Braydon Neal, don’t look! Turn your head away!” Braydon Neal smiled faintly. Although there was a hint of playfulness in his eyes, his gaze did not linger. Xana was even angrier.

What was with Braydon’s gaze?

He looked away after taking a glance at her. Was there disdain in the depths of his eyes?

Xana wondered if her charm had decreased.

Heather put on her clothes and went downstairs. She stretched her waist lazily and sat at the dining table, resting her chin on her hand. “Don’t let your imagination run wild. With his noble personality, if he looks at you one more time, then you win!” Xana was speechless.

After a moment of speechlessness.

She finally understood that Braydon was not a normal person.

At the very least, he had a firm grasp on his temperament. The calmness in his bones, his indifferent attitude, and his calm state of mind were as if no one had stirred up this pool of stagnant water.

Xana went back to her room and put on her clothes. She came down with her toothbrush and asked, "Heather, does your husband have kidney deficiency?" "Pfft! What!" Heather blushed and looked at her angrily.

Xana took out her phone and said, "Look at what Google said. Men with kidney deficiency are afraid of the cold. In traditional Chinese medicine, Qi deficiency means yang deficiency. His hands are cold in broad daylight, so he must have kidney deficiency!" It sounded like reasonable and well-founded words.

Heather believed her and whispered, "Should we buy some wolfberries for him?" "Black wolfberries can strengthen kidneys!" Xana gave a suggestion.

Braydon came in with breakfast and took a deep look at the two girls.

Was it really okay to talk about his kidney deficiency behind his back?

He was a king, a master of the martial path. His blood was stronger than normal, and he could live for 300 years.

He had never heard of any king with kidney deficiency!

"Eat!" Braydon was expressionless.

"Brother Braydon, tell me, do you have kidney deficiency?" Xana was kneeling on the stool, sticking her butt out and leaning on the dining table. She stretched her swan-like neck and stuck her head out, blinking her bright eyes curiously.

Heather muttered softly, "You're still young. Kidney deficiency can be cured.

Xana and I won't laugh at you!" The two of them spoke in a serious manner.

Braydon let out a breath of turbid air and replied calmly, "I'll call you two fools in the future. You're not allowed to talk back." "Why!" Heather was huffing and puffing. She was kind enough to care about Braydon, but she was called an idiot instead.

Braydon looked at her and answered seriously, "Because the current you and Xana are like fools!" "Heather, look, he's angry because he's humiliated!" Xana rolled her eyes.

Braydon really could not stand these two fools.

In the entire martial world, for thousands of years, there had never been a single king with kidney deficiency!

This was simply impossible.

Braydon got up and swayed slightly. He held Xana's waist with his left hand and Heather with his right hand, throwing them onto the sofa. He pressed down on them, one dragon toying with two phoenixes!

No, one man was suppressing two women.

Braydon had two girls in his arms. Their delicate bodies seemed boneless.

"Woman, you are playing with fire!" The tip of Braydon's nose touched Xana's delicate nose, and he could feel her breathing.

Their eyes met.

Braydon's eyes were deep like the vast starry sky. It was impossible to see through his thoughts.

Xana panicked.

She averted her gaze and pretended to be calm. "Young Master Neal, stop playing around. My mother asked me to go home for dinner." "I'm not playing either!" Heather was pressed down by Braydon, her face blushing.

She had never been bullied by the opposite S*x in her life.

This position was too embarrassing!

Braydon glanced at her and lifted her delicate chin with his left hand. His gaze fell on her open cherry lips. He kissed her forcefully and domineeringly.

Heather's eyes were dull, and her mind went blank.

She was stunned.

There was only one thought in her mind. Her first kiss had been taken!!

Just like that, she was kissed by this stinky man.

Coincidentally, outside the door, Laura Quinn came in with breakfast. When she saw this scene, she said in surprise, "Oh gosh!" His mother really came at the right time!

Heather's eyes widened. She did not know where the strength came from, but she pushed her small hands against Braydon's chest and shouted in embarrassment, "Stinky Braydon Neal, go to hell!" Braydon stood up as if nothing had happened. He smiled. "Mom, why are you here so early in the morning?"

"I brought you breakfast!" Laura placed the porridge she had cooked on the table and made an excuse saying that she had something to do. She could not hide the motherly smile on her face.

She was probably thinking that her silly son had finally come to his senses.

In the eyes of outsiders, Braydon was calm and indifferent.

However, in the eyes of Laura, her son was just a silly young master.

Was Heather not beautiful, or was the Thomas family's girl not attractive?

They had been in contact for so long, but Braydon had no reaction at all. He was not anxious, but Laura and Louis Neal, who were his elders, were secretly anxious.

The Neal family only had one eldest son, Braydon Neal.

The heavy responsibility of continuing the family line was all on Braydon!

Heather gritted her teeth, wishing she could strangle Braydon to death.

Her first kiss was taken away by Braydon without any warning.

In the end, it was as if nothing had happened.

This was simply too much!

Xana sat obediently at the dining table and sipped her porridge. She looked like a coward and did not dare to mention Braydon's kidney deficiency anymore.

Braydon opened the lunch box that his mother had sent over. The steaming porridge inside was emitting a fragrant aroma.

However, when she saw the contents of the porridge, Braydon's eyes flashed with a rare look of dullness, but he quickly regained his composure.

There were black wolfberries in Laura's porridge... Tremella and wolfberry porridge!

Was she implying that his son had kidney deficiency?

Braydon felt tired for the first time in the past few days.

The reason for his fear of cold was not because of kidney deficiency.

It was when he fought against a half-step pinnacle cultivator. He used his eight techniques and killed him with three sword moves. He also suffered a palm strike from him, and it left a hidden injury in his body. The cold power lingered in his body and did not dissipate.

It was a hidden injury.

Old Man Zito and the others could understand at a glance.

But why was it so troublesome to explain to Heather and Xana?

Xana held the lunchbox with her fair hands and poured porridge for Braydon. Her face was serious. "Little brother, why don't you eat this porridge? There are wolfberries in it!" "I'm not hungry!" When Braydon saw the black wolfberries in the porridge, the corners of his mouth twitched slightly. He turned around and left.

In the end, the sound of two girls giggling could be heard from the living room.

It was as pleasant as silver bells.

Braydon was so angry that he laughed.

At the entrance of the Neal manor, Logan Hall went to fetch Sebastian Wood and came to the courtyard. He hurriedly said, "Young Master Braydon, the Preston main team has something to report.."

Chapter 315-Stretching Their Hands Too Far “Young Master Neal!” Sebastian Wood greeted him. He was curious about what had happened when he heard the two girls laughing, but he did not dare to ask.

The Northern King’s private matters were not something he could inquire about.

Braydon Neal came to the pavilion in the small courtyard and stood with his hands behind his back, watching Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford play chess again.

“What is it?” He smiled.

“It’s the Thompson Village incident. The Preston main team was ordered to detain Wilhelm Thompson and the others.” Sebastian’s plea meant that someone was pressuring him.

The Preston main team was under the jurisdiction of the capital garrison, and they had great authority. Ordinary people could not afford to offend them, and martial artists were fearful of them.

However, to some people, the Preston main team was not a threat.

Steve Xavier of the Preston main team was only warrior level, if he wanted to intimidate a War God, he still lacked some power.

“Someone is pressuring the Preston main team?” Sammy Dudley frowned. Who is it?” “Rowan Flitwick of the Flitwick family has invited the deputy commander of the main team to intercede.” Sebastian revealed a bitter smile.

With the level of the Preston main team, it was originally under the jurisdiction of Quill. As for the Central Plains main team, it was under the jurisdiction of the three provinces and 72 cities of the Central Plains.

The difference in level was huge.

If it were a deputy leader interceding, under normal circumstances, how could the Preston main team not do him this favor?

It looked like he was interceding, but in reality, he was pressuring them!

Wilhelm Thompson still had some connections.

Braydon had crippled his legs in Thompson Village. He did not expect that the people from the provincial capital would come to rescue him.

The Flitwick family in the provincial capital was a powerful family, All the powerful families in the country were gathered in the capital. These powerful families were standing at the feet of the capital.

However, behind each family, there was a huge influence.

For example, the Flitwick family had been operating in the three provinces of the Central Plains for many years. Their businesses were spread all over the place, and they earned a lot of profits every year.

The Flitwick family of the provincial capital was the representative of the Flitwick family in the capital.

It looked like an aristocratic family, but behind it was a powerful family.

Whether it was the aristocratic families or the powerful families, every generation nurtured many martial artists.

“Who is deputy commander of the Central Plains main team?” “Micah Lane!” Sebastian replied.

The Central Plains team had jurisdiction over three provinces and had a lot of responsibilities.

Aside from the commander, Zyan Ziegler, and captain, Hatcher Murphy, there were the seven deputy commanders.

Their positions were second only to Zayn, and each of them had real power and was in charge of a region.

Preston, Lamar, Horizon City, and other areas were under Micah Lane's management.

Braydon's lips curled into a smile.

His smile made people shudder!

Sammy's fingers trembled, and he lowered his head.

He had been with the commander for some time now, and he understood his personality all too well.

Braydon had returned from the northern territory to recuperate and prepare for the upcoming coronation.

In reality, he wanted to reverse the verdict of the Ludwig army.

Braydon would definitely take back the thirty-six islands that Ludwig had lost. However, the incident in Ludwig forty years ago had something to do with the powerful families.

This had inadvertently made Braydon increase his killing intent toward the various powerful families!

The various families also understood that they were at odds with Braydon.

Ever since Braydon said those words when he was young, he had offended all the powerful families in the world.

Thus, when Braydon went to the capital alone, the kings of the powerful families wanted to show him their might.

In the end, Braydon killed a king in the capital.

It deterred all the powerful families in the capital!

Now, the people of the Flitwick family was actually interfering into the matters of the Preston main team.

This was a forbidden red line.

Aristocratic and powerful families held great power, and the responsibility of the special operations teams was to monitor the martial artists in the world.

Among them, they focused on monitoring the aristocratic families, powerful families and sects.

There was no other reason. The world's martial artists basically came from these three great entities.

In the end, the people from the aristocratic families wanted to put their hands into the Preston main team. What did they want?

They had stretched their hands too far.

If he ignored them today, would the hands of these aristocratic families not reach into the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions in the future?

Did they also want to extend their hands into the northern territory?

Once the powerful families made their way through, they would definitely cause chaos in Hansworth!

Just like the Ludwig army back then. If this matter was really related to the powerful and aristocratic families, how deep was their influence? Perhaps it had already surpassed Braydon's imagination!

Some lines could not be crossed.

If the martial artists of the powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects dared to interfere, Braydon would dare to kill them.

He would kill as many people as there were.

The aristocratic and powerful families of various places had a long history that could easily be traced back to hundreds of years ago.

They had been operating in their respective territories for a long time. Their descendants were in all walks of life, and their connections were crisscrossed.

Under such a complicated background, it was hard for ordinary people to imagine.

If they extended their hands into the Preston main team, what was their intention?

Once they become powerful, would the powerful families unite and secretly control the fate of Hansworth like they did in ancient times?

If the various powerful families dared to have such intentions, Braydon would then issue the Northern King's kill order, ordering the northern army's cavalry to march south and sweep across the country's territory, killing all of these powerful families.

Braydon stood in the pavilion with his hands behind his back.

There was a long silence.

Old Man Zito and Ernest's legs were numb from sitting there. It seemed like they were playing chess, but they had not moved a piece in a long time.

The two old men could feel that something was wrong.

They could feel the killing intent surging from the young master's thin body!

"Commander, Sebastian is still here. How should we deal with this matter?" Sammv reminded in a low voice.

"Kill them!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly as he spat out a word.

As soon as the word "kill" left his mouth, the chessboard in front of him exploded, and the black and white chess pieces flew everywhere.

Old Man Zito was shocked. He shrugged and squatted on the ground to smoke.

Sammy lowered his head and cupped his hands.

After that, Sammy turned around and left the Neal family manor.

"Big Brother Sammy, who are we going to kill?" Sebastian hurriedly followed.

"Everyone involved in Wilhelm Thompson's matter will be killed!" Sammy's eyes were cold.

"Then... How about Deputy Commander Lane?" Sammy did not answer him. There was no need to say it.

Micah Lane would definitely die!

As the deputy commander of the Central Plains main team, he was actually so close to the aristocratic families.

He was simply courting death!

Braydon did not personally go over, but he gave the order to kill.

Sammy would personally deal with it, and anyone involved would be killed.

Braydon glanced at Old Man Zito who was squatting in the corner. Although he did not say anything, his gaze was enough.

Old Man Zito knocked the tobacco pipe in his hand, leaving some ashes behind. He stood up and disappeared.

Sending out a marquis was not enough, he had a ninth-level king, Old Man Zito quietly follow.

It was obvious that Braydon really wanted to kill them.

Ernest sighed, "What a pity." He sighed to himself, causing Braydon to glance over. "Since you're so free, why don't you go over and take a look?" "Got it!" Ernest patted the dust off his butt and disappeared.

Logan inwardly clicked his tongue. In the entire Neal family manor, besides Braydon, whose strength was unfathomable, these two old men were the most freakish..