

## **Strongest 361**

Chapter 361-Useless Men Homer Lopez flew into a rage. “Nonsense! You come to me when your child has a problem. Do you think I’m Ginny Neal’s nanny?” Looking at him like this, people who didn’t know the inside story would really think that he had been wronged!

Homer’s words meant that Ginny was lying to Braydon Neal!

With Braydon’s personality, do you think he would believe his sister or Homer?

An older teacher beside him slowly said, “Mr. Neal, has there been a misunderstanding?” “Misunderstanding?” Zayn Ziegler was a wily old fox who liked to solve this kind of thing the most. He said coldly, “Then, let the misunderstanding continue!” “Lawless. This is not a place for you to behave atrociously!” Homer was a little angry.

Braydon stood outside the window with his hands behind his back and did not respond.

Seeing Braydon’s attitude, Zayn immediately understood what he should do.

He turned around and grabbed Homer’s shoulder.

He exerted a little force!

Crack!

The sound of bones cracking made everyone’s eyelids twitch.

Homer’s miserable shriek echoed throughout the entire teaching building.

Zayn moved his left hand slightly and drew out the cold black sword from his waist. He pressed it against Homer’s neck. The cold blade cut through the surface of Homer’s skin, and blood flowed out.

“What...” Homer’s face was pale. “What are you doing?” “Let me ask you a question. Did I hurt you?” Zayn held his sword, his killing intent unabated.

Homer had just nodded when Zayn’s eyes turned cold.

“No, no!” he said in a trembling voice.

Zayn sheathed his sword and slapped Homer away. He asked indifferently, “Did I hit you?” Homer covered his face, his eyes filled with resentment.

It was this resentful look that made Braydon calmly glance at him. He knew that this person could not be left alive.

If such a thing happened, Ginny would definitely be treated unfairly if she continued to attend classes here.

He could either transfer Ginny to another school or have Homer leave!

At this moment.

A man in his fifties passed by the lesson preparation room and asked angrily, “What’s going on?” “Principal Holt!” Immediately, all the teachers stood up.

“Uncle!” Homer could not help but shout.

“I told you to address me as principal in school.” Jefferey Holt’s eyes revealed some disgust.

He knew what kind of person his nephew was. The dirty things he did would sooner or later cause problems.

Therefore, Jefferey knew that Homer was in trouble without even asking. Homer was a little indignant. He told him what had happened. Of course, he would not admit that he had hurt Ginny.

Jefferey frowned and said, "Mr. Neal, our school will definitely deal with this matter seriously. You maliciously beat up a teacher, and that has certain consequences. Regarding Ginny Neal, classes will be suspended temporarily. You guys take her home. I still have something to do, so I will be taking my leave now." It was simple and straightforward. Ginny was suspended.

As for Homer being beaten up, he did not say how he was going to be dealt with on the spot.

He said that he would deal with it seriously, but it was just a matter of no consequence.

Homer covered his face and sneered. It was obvious that this was not the first time he had encountered such a thing.

As long as the parents dared to cause trouble, the school would definitely suspend the students.

At the door, Miranda Stern anxiously said, "Principal, isn't this decision much too hasty?" "Ms. Stern, this is the school's decision!" Jefferey's expression darkened.

"Ginny has been treated unfairly. Although these two gentlemen's actions were a bit extreme, it was our school's fault. We should apologize to Ginny, not suspend her! "" The only person who dared to speak the truth was Miranda.

The other teachers lowered their heads and turned a blind eye to this.

They could distinguish good from evil.

Unfortunately, in the face of authority, these men did not dare to speak up. They couldn't compare to a woman like Miranda.

Jefferey seemed to really have something to do. He left after saying, "It's the school's decision. You're just an intern teacher. What do you know? Pack your things and leave the school. Your internship period is over, and your educational philosophy is different from this school's. I wish you all the best." This old thing was full of tricks.

Miranda was furious.

This was a typical case of using public power for personal gain.

What difference in educational philosophy? To put it bluntly, it was because Miranda did not associate herself with them that their philosophy was different.

"So, Homer Lopez's case has been shelved just like that. Instead, an unrelated intern has to bear the brunt of it all?" Braydon asked softly with his hands behind his back.

"I will investigate this matter thoroughly and deal with it seriously after the incident!" Jefferey had already walked to the door, but his answer was still perfunctory.

Braydon stroked Ginny's head and said softly, "Preston First Middle School is a place that nurtures many students and carries the fate of the country, but it has become a place to hide evil. Deal with it accordingly!" "Yes, sir!" Zayn immediately accepted the order.

This was because these teachers were all ordinary people.

Braydon would not use any extreme methods because these people were Ginny's teachers.

Unfortunately, it seemed like these people, aside from Miranda, were not worthy of being teachers!

Braydon said.

Everyone was stunned.

What kind of background did this kid have? "Who do you think you are?" Jefferey snorted coldly.

"Northern army's Braydon Neal!" Braydon answered his question.

The teachers present were slightly stunned. Perhaps they felt that this name was a little unfamiliar, but perhaps they also felt that it was vaguely familiar.

Only Miranda's face paled, and she said in disbelief, "Northern army, Lord Northern King?" "What?!" Jefferey shivered.

He really didn't expect that he would offend the military.

Hansworth's seven elites were led by the northern army.

This was something that everyone in Hansworth knew. The stronger the national defense, the less people would dare to bully the nation.

If the country was weak and the people at the borders were not confident, they would always be inferior in front of foreigners.

But if the national defense is strong, everyone was like a dragon.

Outside the borders, who would dare to bully them!

The northern army represented the country's strength.

In the hundreds of countries outside the world, when the northern army was mentioned, there were people who feared it, but there were also people who were filled with fear.

In the entire world, who would dare to look down on the northern army!

The commander of the northern army was a genius of a thousand years and was famous throughout Hansworth.

This was the leader of the hundred generals of the military.

Apart from the northern army, the other six elites would call Braydon commander whenever they saw him.

Anyone outside of the military headquarters would call Braydon the Northern King when they saw him!

Even if King Braydon came to this middle school and dismissed everyone, all the institutions and departments of the Preston main team would not dare to make a sound!

Homer's face turned pale.

He would never have thought that Ginny's family background would be so prominent.

The mighty Northern King was actually the little girl's biological brother!

Who would have thought of this beforehand?

If Homer had known earlier, he would have fawned over Ginny.

Jefferey was a little suspicious of the northern army's commander.. What kind of big shot was he? How could he be so young?

Chapter 362-Braydon Neal's handsome appearance had not changed at all since he was crowned king at the age of seventeen!

Not eternal youth!

They were kings who could live for 300 years, and their faces aged much slower than normal people.

Jefferey Holt said coldly, "I think you are at most seventeen or eighteen years old. What kind of person is the commander of the northern army? How could he be as senseless as you?!"

"Do you know that impersonating a commander of the northern army is against the law?" Jefferey's words were harsh.

He did not want to believe Braydon's identity!

If this was the king of the northern territory, everyone present today would not be able to escape punishment.

Jefferey's words made Braydon laugh.

For many years, no one had ever said that the Northern King was senseless!

Was there any hint of senselessness in Braydon's calm temperament?

Zayn Ziegler's eyes were as sharp as lightning. "Who would dare impersonate the Northern King?!" These words were very conceited.

It was not without reason!

Who in the entire Hansworth would dare to impersonate the Northern King?

The consequence of impersonating him was death!

Jefferey was stunned.

However, at the next moment.

Zayn turned around and roared like a tiger. His voice was cold. 'Where are the imperial guards of the Central Plains?' "The imperial guards of the Central Plains greet the commander!" More than two hundred imperial guards outside the school unsheathed their cold swords. Each of them had a determined face, and their tiger eyes were filled with cold killing intent.

The imperial guards of the Central Plains were all retired soldiers of the northern army.

Even though they were the main team of the Central Plains, they had inherited the philosophy of the northern army, which was to kill for protection!

The guards of the Central Plains were brave and good at fighting. They were good at killing!

When the Northern King went out, he would definitely have guards by his side.

The guards of the northern army could not be moved easily. Braydon had given a death order for them to stay in the northern territory to help the northern army guard against the eight countries outside the border.

Captain Hatcher Murphey and the others had mobilized the imperial guards of the Central Plains to be stationed in the Neal family's manor! When necessary, these imperial guards would risk their lives to protect Braydon.

As long as Braydon gave the order, all the men of the northern army were willing to die!

The commander of the northern army was the belief of all the soldiers.

Braydon left the classroom and stared at the guards outside the school gate. His thin lips moved slightly. "School are a place where the country's fate is stored. It's not a place to hide evil people. Take them down and deal with them strictly!" "Yes, sir!" Zayn then made a move.

"You can't punish me as you wish!" Jefferey was terrified.

"Can't? Even if I kill you today, no one in the world will blame the northern army!" Zayn grabbed Jefferey with his left hand and Homer Lopez with his right. He took the two of them away and handed them over to the relevant departments.

What awaited them would be severe punishment.

King Braydon had personally spoken, no matter who it was handed over to, they had to give Braydon an explanation!

The entire lesson preparation room was silent.

Miranda Stern's couldn't help but secretly look at Braydon's back. He had a black cape on his shoulders, and that vivid image of a cloud Qilin. He had a noble temperament, but he didn't seem angry.

This was the symbol of the northern army!

There was only one person in the world who could wear the golden Qilin of the northern army.

It must be the Northern King!

Miranda didn't expect Braydon's background to be so terrifying.

She had thought that this young man in white was a high-ranking general of the northern army, but who knew that he was the Northern King.

Ginny, this little girl, still didn't know how terrifying her brother was!

The Northern King was a high-ranking official. He was young and had a high position, but he held great power!

If the Northern King was angry, then all the countries would be terrified!

The morning star of Hansworth, the person who would carry the fate of the country in the future, was not as simple as one would think "Teacher Miranda!" Braydon turned around and chuckled softly.

"Hmm?" Miranda came back to her senses.

"How about you be the principal of Preston First Middle School?" Braydon asked. "What?!" She had just graduated from university and had not even finished her three-month internship yet.

She had not become a full-time teacher yet, and she was not even an official teacher. How could she be the principal?

She was at a loss!

Braydon said softly, "The school is a place that carries the country's destiny. I think you're more suitable to be the principal. I'll get someone to send a new notice within an hour!" "I can't!" Miranda anxiously wanted to refuse.

Braydon smiled faintly. He held Ginny's hand, and the siblings left the school building.

Miranda couldn't refuse this.

Braydon had the final say!

If Miranda was the new principal, then she was the new principal.

There was no need to doubt it!

Below the teaching building.

“Jefferey Holt and Homer Lopez have been sent to the education department.

They will be severely punished.” “Go and say hello. The new principal of Preston First Middle School will be Miranda Stern.” With Braydon’s power, he only needed to say a word about such a small matter.

Zayn turned around and informed the Preston main team, asking Steve Xavier to send someone to do this.

The Preston main team personally supervised the matter, so there would definitely not be any mistakes.

However, in front of this teaching building, there was an old man who was wearing a felt hat, simple clothes, and black shoes. He was already in his sixties.

The old man was white-haired, wearing sunglasses and holding a black cane. He looked like a blind man.

“Is Principal Jefferey Holt here?” he asked as he slowly approached.

“He’s been arrested. Why are you looking for him?” Zayn narrowed his eyes, and a cold light flashed across them.

Zayn was habitually wary of strangers.

The old man sighed. “Sigh, it’s hard to go against the will of the heavens. I warned him yesterday that he must be careful with his words and actions. He must think before he acts. Otherwise, he would definitely be imprisoned!” The old man mumbled.

"A fortune-teller?" Zayn frowned.

"My surname is Connor. People call me blind. You can call me Blind Connor, sir!" The old man took off his hat and bowed.

Zayn's interest was piqued." You can't address me as sir!" "I'm blind, but my heart isn't. Your body is as heavy as a mountain, and it has the spirit of a tiger that can swallow mountains and rivers.

"If you join the army, you can become a commander!

"For such a person as yourself, you are deserving of being called sir!" Blind Connor said seriously.

For an old warlock who was proficient in fortune-telling, he had always been very particular about how he addressed outsiders.

He felt that a person's life was determined by the heavens.

For someone with shallow luck, that person could not be a sir. If not, that person's life would be cut short.

Therefore, if Blind Chen said that Zayn was deserving of the respect, then he definitely was.

Zayn was already a marquis and had returned to the northern army. He was definitely qualified to be a regimental commander.

The regimental commander of the northern army was in charge of over ten thousand people.

It was very normal to be awarded a general title.

Furthermore, Zayn had previously served as the commander of the Central Plains. He had great authority and was responsible for suppressing the martial artists of the three provinces.

The local police station, the town government, and other units had jurisdiction over ordinary people.

There was no need to worry about them.

The establishment of the Central Plains main team was specifically targeted at the special group of martial artists..

Chapter 363-The Mysterious Blind Connor Zayn Ziegler was a little surprised. He realized that the Blind Connor in front of him was not a swindler. He had real talent!

“Not bad,” he said softly. “You have some ability!” “That’s too much of a praise. The blessings you have are profound. With fame, you will definitely have a long life and a good death.” Blind Connor’s tone was filled with respect.

Zayn said softly, “How can a person like me live a long life?” “Why not? Although you are plagued by the sin of killing, if it were an ordinary person, killing more than ten thousand people would definitely attract the wrath of the heavens. However, you are dressed in military attire and kill enemies as traitors!

“This is the merit of protecting the country. Our country is prosperous. In less than ten years, Hansworth will stand at the top of the world, and those who have the merit of protecting the country will die well!” Blind Connor was very certain.

He was very sure that Zayn was a soldier.

Braydon Neal chuckled. “I’ve dabbled in many things in my life. I’ve even dabbled in the path of magic. The only thing I don’t believe in is divination.

This goes against my beliefs!” The people of the northern army pursued the idea of killing to protect.

He was not afraid of heaven and earth.

He did not fear God!

He only believed in the sword in his hand.

Do you know why Braydon hates the sects so much?

Most of the sects played tricks. In ancient times, they would often use ideas of ghosts and Gods to make use of the commoners who had yet to develop their wisdom to bring chaos to the world.

Even in modern times, there were often all kinds of cults causing trouble.

Braydon only had one sentence for such people, and that was to kill them on the spot!

No matter who it was, as long as they were involved, they would be killed without mercy.

Blind Connor turned his head forward, his face turning pale.

His expression changed.

Zayn was a little surprised. "Blind Connor, don't just talk about me. What about my young master?" "I... I don't dare to speak lightly!" Blind Connor could not help but bow down in front of Braydon.

Braydon chuckled. "It's fine. I don't care about these things." "Alright, this little brother has a calm temperament, but he is indescribably noble. I have helped people investigate fengshui all my life and deduced their own good or bad luck. I have never seen a person like this little brother!" There was a hidden meaning in Blind Connor's words.

He could say something about Zayn without hesitation.

However, in front of King Braydon, Blind Connor did not dare to say anything. Zayn turned around and said, "This old man is quite capable." "Of course, there are special things about the inheritance that has been passed down for thousands of years." Braydon smiled faintly.

The art of predicting a person's fortune by looking at their face, palm, and bones was invented thousands of years ago.

It had its own special characteristics.

Blind Connor exhaled and took off his black sunglasses, revealing a pair of scary eyes.

His eyes were completely white!

There were no pupils, and the eyes were all white, giving a terrifying feeling to ordinary people.

Blind Connor took a small step forward and got closer to Braydon. He said softly, "Although little brother is young, I'm afraid you've long been in a high position. The luck on your body is connected to the fate of the country!

"You carry the fate of the country with you, and your aura is like that of a true dragon hibernating in the valley. Your aura is as noble as a Qilin, and your fate is like that of a fierce tiger roaring in Hansworth.

"With your status, you must already be an extremely powerful official. You hold great power in your hands, not ordinary power, but the power to suppress the officials in the palace!" Blind Connor said solemnly.

There was no falsehood in his words!

Braydon smiled lightly and asked, "With your ability, you're more like a wild crane in the wild. How did you get invited here by Jefferey Holt?" "I'm not here for him. I'm here for this school." Seeing that he had changed the topic, Blind Connor revealed his intentions.

Preston First Middle School used to be a mass grave in Preston city.

As the city developed and expanded outward, the matter of the mass grave became a difficult problem.

Places like the mass graves were prone to evil things.

The yin specter aura was extremely heavy.

Ordinary buildings could not hold it at all.

Building a school here to suppress the yin specter aura in the mass grave was the safest option.

The school nurtured the next generation of children to uphold the country's destiny. In addition, the children's minds were pure, so they would not be affected.

Therefore, in many places in the country, universities or middle schools would be found in large cemetery areas.

Braydon approved of fengshui.

The aura emitted by the earth was called earth Qi.

Earth Qi nourished people. This was common sense.

In a place with beautiful mountains and clear waters, the weak power of earth Qi was constantly nourishing one's body.

If the earth Qi was polluted, the people living in this place would definitely suffer.

This was an argument put forward by the ancients a thousand years ago.

The earth Qi came from the earth. There was the Qi of plants and vegetation, as well as the Qi of water.

If the soil was polluted and the water source was poisonous, it was not beneficial to the human body at all!

“What happened to the school?” Zayn asked with a frown.

“It’s in the west!” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and glanced toward the west.

Don’t forget who he is.

He was an evil-suppressing master!

An evil-suppressing master had mastered talismans, feng shui, and the Mystic Gate!

If the person had mastered all three, he was a grandmaster.

In ancient times, evil-suppressing masters were regarded as the imperial preceptor.

It was the same in modern times, where the evil-suppressing masters held a high status.

“Let’s go and take a look. Ginny also goes to school here.” Braydon didn’t just stand by and watch. He walked over.

Zayn and Blind Connor followed.

On the west side of Preston First Middle School was a new campus that was expanding outward. They planned to build another teaching building and a dormitory building.

However, work had stopped for several days.

Only the old man guarding the door was there to prevent anyone from entering the construction site to steal things and to prevent students from entering the area.

Zayn walked around the area. His nose sniffed slightly, and the air smelled a little strange.

“There’s yin specter aura!” He was knowledgeable and made a simple judgment.

Blind Connor leaned on his walking stick. Although he was blind, he bent down and grabbed a handful of wet soil. He put it into his mouth and tasted it before spitting it out.

The old security guard was over fifty years old, and his skin was a little tan.

He stepped forward and said respectfully, “Are you the fengshui master, Master Connor, that Principal Holt invited?” “I don’t dare to be called a master!” “Where are the bones you dug out?” Blind Connor asked solemnly. “How did you know about it?” The old security guard was a little surprised.

Blind Connor did not explain.

There were specialties in every field.

To Blind Connor, who was proficient in fengshui, although he was blind, based on the soil excavated, he could determine the origin of the yin specter aura in this place!

Specter aura was divided into several types.

A corporeal specter was like a house built at the end of a road. That was the heart-piercing specter.

It was a type of shapeshifting specter.

There were also yin specters. The corpses of animals and humans were buried underground, forming the power of yin specters.

The more people were buried, the heavier the specter aura.

After a person died, they would have great resentment.

The evil aura emitted by the corpse was even more dangerous. It carried the resentment of unwillingness after death and turned into demons and monster to cause trouble.

Usually, this kind of thing was handled by the Preston main team.

Of course, there were also ordinary people like Jefferey who didn't know about the existence of the Preston main team and contacted their own people to solve it.

Braydon entered the construction site and felt a chill run down his spine..

Chapter 364-The Young Man in White, A Genius of the Present Age The old security guard led the way and said cautiously, "Master Connor, let me tell you. The cold wind was very fierce that night. The howls of the wild beasts were very scary!" "You didn't see anything else that night?" Blind Connor asked.

The old security guard blushed. "This is embarrassing, but the moment it turned dark, I closed the door and went under the blanket cover. I didn't respond to anyone." After saying that.

He seemed to have thought of something and whispered, "A few days ago, some people working at the construction site said that they could see red shadows floating by at night!" "Brother, I want to go home!" Ginny looked pitiful.

Braydon couldn't help but laugh. "Zayn, take Ginny home." "Alright!" Zayn Ziegler bent down to pick up the little girl and pinched her little nose. His eyes were filled with love.

They were a group of men who doted on Ginny and treated her as their own sister.

Blind Connor sighed. "Looks like we have to deal with this when the sky turns dark." "It's fine. We can solve it now!" Braydon finished.

He placed his right hand behind his back, and his white clothes fluttered slightly. He raised his left hand slightly, and sparks flickered.

The eight king-conferring techniques, martial arts technique!

Blind Connor's ears twitched. He felt that something was wrong and asked, "Little brother, what are you doing?" "He seems to be drawing talismans. There's lightning!" The old security guard was dumbfounded. It was as if he was watching magic.

He had not paid much attention to this young man, thinking that he was Blind Connor's disciple or something.

However, he did not understand that Braydon was the most terrifying person here.

Blind Connor was shocked and said, "Drawing talismans in the void..." "Ninety-nine five-thunder talismans, cover the entire area. Don't let anyone in tonight. If there are any evil spirits, they'll be destroyed, body and soul." Braydon left with his hands behind his back.

However, Blind Connor quickly said, "Little brother, isn't it too cruel to do this? If there is evil in this place, it must have suffered a great grievance when it was alive. If you don't ask why and destroy its body and soul, it will hurt the heavens, right?" "When a person dies, it's like a lamp being extinguished. Those who came from dust shall return to dust. Any evil that dares to cause trouble will be destroyed, body and soul regardless of the reason!" Braydon's words were cold and emotionless.

This was the Northern King's style!

The influence of the evil was even greater than that of the martial artists.

Anyone in the northern army would wipe out such a thing without leaving any traces or future troubles.

Blind Connor stood still and sighed.

He knew that he could not persuade this youth!

Because this young man was too mysterious!

A big shot who carried the fate of the country, the power in his hands was beyond imagination.

And today, he was drawing talismans in the air.

This was a lost ancient warlock!

The inheritance had been broken for a thousand years!

He did not expect it to reappear in the human world.

After Braydon left.

Blind Connor stayed where he was and was silent for a long time.

He had already made a decision to destroy Braydon's plan before nightfall.

Braydon drew a talisman in the air without a medium. Invisible traces covered the entire construction site.

The ninety-nine five-thunder talismans were actually a formation!

Once the yin specter aura exploded, everything would be destroyed by the five- thunder talismans.

Blind Connor was so tired that he was sweating profusely. He destroyed a portion of the five-thunder talismans and stood there as if he was waiting for the night to come!

The old security guard had already left this place.

As the setting sun disappeared, the night quietly enveloped the land.

The foundation of this construction site had not been laid properly. It had been suspended for several days. A gust of cold wind swept across the ground, bringing with it a bone-piercing chill.

In the current season, the night wind was comparable to the cold winter.

As the cold wind blew, the wails and howls of wild beasts and ghosts sounded.

He could vaguely hear the shrill cry of a girl, which made his hair stand on end.

This place used to be a mass grave, and countless people who had been wronged were buried here. It was impossible to count them.

The resentment of a person after death merged into the yin specter aura and turned into an obsession that appeared and disappeared.

When ordinary people saw this, they would not understand the logic behind it and would definitely be frightened. The people would call it a malicious ghost.

It was an obsession or resentment!

If this kind of thing became a threat, it could indeed hurt people.

However, most of them could not become anything, and they could not be seen in broad daylight.

That was why the ancients said that it was really terrible luck to meet a ghost in broad daylight!

At this moment, Blind Connor said faintly, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. If there's anything you can't let go of, you can tell me. Although I'm old, I can still do my part!" His voice rang out at the construction site.

A red shadow really appeared in the dark night. It was like a girl in a red dress. Her eyes were cold and emotionless.

As the specter aura on the construction site grew stronger, her appearance became clearer.

Blind Connor was standing at the destroyed corner of the five-thunder formation.

It could be considered a way out!

Unfortunately, he had underestimated Braydon.

He had also underestimated Braydon's methods!

Preston First Middle School was where Ginny went to school.

How could Braydon tolerate the evil spirits wreaking havoc here? Just based on the scale of the evil spirit in this construction site, it seemed terrifying.

For Braydon, one five-thunder Talisman was enough!

However, he had set up ninety-nine five- thunder talismans.

It was obvious that he wanted to completely solve the problem here! Blind Connor stood where he was. He made his own decision and opened up a way out.

At night, the moon hung high in the sky.

It finally exploded!

The cold wind howled, making one's hair stand on end.

The red shadow became clearer as it flew toward Blind Connor.

It had to be at this moment!

If Blind Connor wanted to save her, he had to see if Braydon was willing to do so.

Crack!

A beam of bright light that was ten meters long like a silver python, as tall as a three-story building, struck the land!

This was the first strike!

It struck the ground with a bang.

The cement on the construction site was not completely solidified in the dark and humid state.

With a loud bang, a charred pit appeared on the washbasin.

The surrounding yin specters instantly dissipated!

This was just the beginning.

Within a second, the technique left behind by Braydon released 90 dazzling rays of light.

This stroke was even more terrifying than when Luther Carden used the five-thunder talisman back then!

Ninety bolts of lightning landed on the construction site.

It was like a bomb had landed on the ground, instantly clearing the entire scene.

On this night, the construction site of Preston First Middle School was as bright as day.

The silver lightning cleansed all sins.

All of the yin specters' auras were gone!

Not a single blade of grass was left!

The foundation that had just been dug and the railings that had been built were all turned into powder.

Everything vanished into thin air!

This was the method left behind by King Braydon, which destroyed everything.

As Ginny's elder brother, Braydon could not tolerate the evil in this place, so he had to get rid of it.

Blind Connor stood where he was. Although he was blind, he could feel the movement outside. There was a weak numbing electricity coming from the soil under his feet. He realized that the five-thunder talisman had swept through this world.

He sighed softly, "The young man in white is a genius of the present age!"

Chapter 365-The Gathering of the Martial Artists in the Flitwick Family heard Blind Connor's sigh.

However, the old security guard outside was so scared that he almost peed his pants.

The old security guard almost knelt down in front of Connor. "Dei... Deity!" Blind Connor shook his head slightly. He was not the one who did all of this.

He quietly left the school alone, his whereabouts unknown.

After daybreak.

When Miranda Stern arrived outside the construction site, she was stunned.

The entire construction site had already turned into a charred pit.

The railings and other objects that had been built previously were all gone, as if they had been burned.

The old security guard did not dare to say anything about what happened.

Because in the middle of the night, the Preston main team had already found him and signed a confidentiality agreement.

If he leaked the secret, he would be killed on the spot!

In the small courtyard of the Neal family manor.

Old Man Zito was fiddling with his leeks, Ernest Lanford was studying his chess manual, and Zayn Ziegler was constantly releasing force from his legs to familiarize himself with the fighting techniques of a marquis martial artist.

Logan Hall was in the practice room, training his reflexes.

Braydon quietly stood up from the roof of the bright hall. He swallowed a wisp of purple Qi which swept away his fatigue. He said calmly, "Prepare to set off for the provincial capital!" Zayn was ready.

Yesterday, Leah Flitwick had invited Braydon to the Flitwick family in the provincial capital.

Braydon did not refuse!

The Flitwick family of provincial city was a pawn of the powerful families. Leah was gathering information on every move in Preston.

The S97 helicopter of the Preston main team landed quietly at the Neal family manor.

The speed of the helicopter was much faster than driving to the provincial city.

A round trip could save nearly two hours.

Moreover, Braydon was being picked up by a helicopter, so no one could say anything.

Zayn was in charge of the Neal family.

Ernest and Old Man Zito followed Braydon and flew to the provincial capital.

The black helicopter's propeller slowly accelerated and took off.

The Flitwick family in Quill had been bustling with activity since early morning. Many important figures from the provincial capital had come.

Without exception, they all received Rowan Flitwick's invitation to gather at the Flitwick family manor.

Leah was definitely behind all of this!

There was no lack of powerful families involved.

The nominal head of the Flitwick family, Rowan Flitwick, was outside the manor, personally welcoming all the guests.

"Elder Connor, you're finally here. How's your health after all these years?" "You're Rowan, right? My body is weak now. It can't be compared to how it was years ago. How's your father?" The white-haired old blind man said slowly.

Speaking of Harris Flitwick.

"Elder Connor, please head on in. I'll explain everything to you later." Rowan's smile stiffened.

"Alright, alright!" This old man was Blind Connor. He was actually here at the provincial capital.

The people who were able to receive the Flitwick family's invitation today were not ordinary people. They were all martial artists!

What was the intention of the martial artists gathering in the Flitwick family?

On the other side, the helicopter that departed from Preston circled around Quill several times before finally landing on the Central Plains main team base.

The new commander of the Central Plains main team, Sammy Dudley, was already waiting.

The door of the helicopter opened and Braydon slowly alighted.

“Commander!” Sammy cupped his hands.

“Lord Northern King!” Yelena Cross and the others from the Central Plains came to welcome Braydon.

Braydon nodded with a smile and entered the office building of the Central Plains team.

Sammy Dudley and said directly, “All the famous people in the provincial capital have been invited by the Flitwick family today.” “Are the Flitwick family, Youngblood family and Gibson family all here?” Braydon sat at the head of the table and directly asked about the people from the powerful families.

The three provinces of the Central Plains had a vast territory and a total population of over 250 million. They had a long history. The origins of the three powerful families were in this land. They had been operating for hundreds of years and were deeply rooted in the local forces!

Take the Flitwick family as an example!

Although they were in the capital, their roots were in the three provinces of the Central Plains.

This was also the case for the various powerful families. Their roots were all in their respective places of origin.

As long as their roots did not rot, perhaps in 60 years, the Flitwick family in the provincial capital would give birth to a new family.

Why sixty years?

A generation was thirty years!

Sixty years and two generations were enough for a powerful family with a legacy.

Using all the power of the family to create a generation of War Gods, marquises, and even kings, they would be able to make the family stand again!

Although the Flitwick family was destroyed, its roots were still intact.

This was the terrifying power of the powerful and aristocratic families.

“Second Master’s hidden agents sent a secret message this morning. Other than the three families mentioned above, there are two other powerful families involved.” “Who are they?” Ernest frowned slightly.

Sammy did not hide anything and said directly, “The Jackel family and Lowe family!” As soon as he finished speaking.

Old Man Zito smiled. “The Lowe family is also involved?” Sammy nodded slightly.

As everyone knew, the Lowe family had produced a big shot. He was the head of the hundred officials in the current era, Duke Dominic Lowe!

Duke Lowe was in the palace and did not care about the Lowe family!

On the contrary, the people of the Lowe family were strictly ordered by Dominic that no matter who they were, they were not allowed to serve in the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions!

To Sammy's surprise, the people from the Lowe family were actually involved.

What was Flitwick family planning to do today?

To be precise, what was Leah, this girl who had been sick for a long time, trying to do?

This answer did not require much deliberation.

Because if he went to Flitwick family, he would know everything!

Sammy also received an invitation and went to the Flitwick family with Braydon.

This manor had been meticulously built. Just the entrance alone was very imposing.

The red door was five meters tall, and the two doors were four and a half meters long.

In ancient times, just this gate alone could convict the Flitwick family of treason.

Unfortunately, no one talked about this in modern times.

On both sides of the red door, there were two auxiliary doors.

Now that the Flitwick family's main gate was open, they were all welcoming distinguished guests.

When the guests entered the manor from the main entrance, they were greeted by a red carpet.

As the Central Plains team's convoy slowly arrived.

Many martial artists at the entrance of the manor looked at them with cold eyes.

Some martial artists' eyes revealed hatred, while others were filled with reverence!

The existence of the Central Plains main team was to suppress all the martial artists in the three provinces.

They were the controller!

They were born to stand on the opposite side of martial artists.

At the entrance of the manor.

The head butler of Flitwick family, an old man, shouted, "Central Plains main team, Commander Sammy Dudley, has arrived!" His voice was deep and full of energy!

The entire Flitwick manor was filled with his voice.

In an instant, the entire manor was silent.

A man in a suit said with a gloomy expression, "Brother, you invited someone from the Central Plains main team? In that case, farewell!" "Patriarch Flitwick, we will be bidding our farewell now!" Many people's faces turned extremely dark upon hearing that..