

Strongest 481

Chapter 481-A Friend Visiting From Afar Joseph Thomas's words were spoken in a profound manner, and the way he looked at Braydon Neal was now filled with a hint of respect.

Joseph truly admired him.

Heather Sage's most instinctive reaction was to ask, "Are you hurt?" This girl was not stupid!

Don't forget, she had always been a famous talented woman in Preston.

However, in front of Braydon, she was like a little silly girl.

Most importantly, in front of King Braydon, not to mention Heather, even Cora Yanagi, the owner of the phoenix robe, had always been true to herself. This included Luther Carden, as well as Bryan Goldman, and the others.

In front of Braydon, all these bad eggs were true to themselves!

This was because they had grown up together, and they knew how demonic their brother was!

A person whose mind was close to that of a demon.

If you played tricks in front of him, you would be beaten up!

Heather was no exception!

The sky above her head was supported by Braydon.

With Braydon protecting her, Heather had no worries.

Heather, who had a straightforward personality, was silly in Braydon's eyes. That was enough.

Ever since they were young, the bad guys from the northern army had never played tricks on Braydon!

Not long ago, Braydon had faked his death and then pretended to have a relapse.

He made all the powerful families bleed.

He had killed the king of Banko, Hiroshi Takaeda.

Him killing Hiroshi was one thing. Hiroshi's head being eaten by dogs was another.

From the beginning to the end, Braydon had controlled the situation with ease.

From the beginning to the end, Braydon did not feel any pressure at all.

It proved that the rumors that the Northern King of the northern territory had a mind close to that of a demon since he was young were definitely true.

That was why ever since Braydon and Heather met, both of them had been looking for a way to get along with each other.

It was obvious that the two of them had found something that they liked about each other.

Braydon's experience in the northern territory was very intense.

Now that he was back in Preston, he really liked his life.

Accompanied by relatives and a beautiful woman, spending the rest of their lives together!

For Braydon, this warm life would only last for twelve days.

Twelve days later, he would be conferred titles on Mount Tanish, and everything would end.

Even though he had Duke Lowe's protection, and Braydon did not have to worry about him and Heather, once he was conferred titles on the peak of Mount Tanish, the whole world would see the scene of Braydon carrying the fate of the country!

That scene would definitely amaze the entire Hansworth.

Everyone in the world would be watching the broadcast.

If Heather wanted to be by Braydon's side, she would have to bear the eyes of everyone in the world, as well as suspicion, jealousy, and even rumors!

The world would judge whether Heather was worthy of King Braydon!

The title conferment ceremony on Mount Tanish would push Braydon into the divine altar!

Those who stepped onto the altar would see everything around them in a magnified way.

The world's endless mouths were the most difficult to stop.

Right now, Heather suspected that Braydon had been injured in the battle of Ludwig.

Braydon pinched Heather's nose and looked into her clear eyes. He chuckled. "Do I look like I'm injured?" "Narcissist!" Heather rolled her eyes and lazily stretched her body. She seemed to have

thought of something and said, "By the way, Grandma misses you!" "Zayn, prepare a generous gift. I'm going to the Sage family." When Braydon heard that the Sage family's grandmother missed him, he did not hesitate to visit her personally.

Zayn Ziegler hesitated.

Heather did not know what had happened in the battle of Ludwig, but he, Zayn, was a participant.

He knew that Braydon had paid a heavy price to kill Hiroshi!

His injuries had been suppressed by Braydon's tyrannical strength.

From the beginning till the end, after so many things had happened, Braydon did not have the chance to heal his injuries.

Now that he had returned to the Neal family manor, he had yet to heal his injuries.

Zayn wanted to say something but hesitated. However, when he felt the indifferent gaze of his commander, he braced himself and went to prepare the gift.

On the way to the Sage family, Braydon asked softly, "Where's Nana?" "She's busy with her make-up exam. She's a humanities major, and her results are worse than mine." Heather puffed out her chest proudly, as if showing off her results.

Zayn, who was driving, was a little surprised and said, "Miss Thomas looks like a smart girl. Why would she have to take a make-up exam?" "Being smart and getting good grades are two different things. Do you know how she filled in her exam paper?" After Heather finished speaking, she added, "What's the next sentence of 'A friend visiting from afar'?" "Makes me happy!" Zayn replied immediately.

Heather took a deep breath and said calmly, "She filled in... Must be killed even if he was far away!" "What?" Zayn was dumbfounded.

If a friend came from afar, he would be killed even if he was far away.

Who taught Xana Thomas this?!

She really should take the make-up test properly.

In the car, Braydon was slightly speechless.

Was Xana's brain a little different from ordinary people?

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Heather, what's the next sentence for 'Offending the mighty Hansworth'?" he asked. "Makes me happy!" Heather answered without hesitation.

Braydon looked at her deeply and said softly, "From tomorrow onward, go back to school to take the make-up exam." Xana and Heather were indeed best friends who grew up together.

They were simply two jokers!

It was unknown which teacher had marked their papers.

If he met such a student, he would probably be so angry that he would have a heart attack.

Braydon and Heather chatted and laughed in the car. Time passed very quickly and they arrived at the Sage family manor.

In the manor, the young members of the Sage family were spending time at home. They were more or less surprised by the arrival of the Neal family's car.

After Braydon got out of the car, he asked Zayn to drive back.

After all, after Zayn found out that the Sage family had broken off the engagement, he had issued an order to the Sage family to exterminate them.

If Braydon had not come to stop him, the Sage family would have faced a disaster.

However, the Sage family seemed to have something to do today. In the living room, there was an honored guest personally accompanied by Old Lady Sage. Harold Sage was also present, accompanying a man in a suit and leather shoes with a big back hairstyle.

They were chatting happily.

Braydon held Heather's cold hand and walked side by side to the living room. "Heather, why did you invite Braydon?!" Harold stood up and asked in surprise.

"Braydon!" Grandma Sage slowly got up with the help of her walking stick. Compared to the last time Braydon saw her, she seemed to have aged a lot. Now, the old woman's body was weak.

The old lady had fallen seriously ill earlier, and it seemed that her vitality had been damaged.

"Grandma, is there trouble at home?" Braydon asked softly.

After saying that.

Braydon glanced at the man in a suit sitting next to her.

"Braydon, let me introduce you to Master Maximilan Kerr, a famous apothecary in Quill!" Grandma Sage said kindly. "Madam Sage, this young man has an extraordinary bearing. Is he your future grandson-in-law?" Maximilan said..

Chapter 482-Do You Understand Why Now?

When Old lady Sage heard the words 'grandson-in-law', she was so happy that she had a huge smile on her face.

The old lady had always been thinking about Braydon Neal and Heather Sage's marriage.

She said kindly, "There's no hurry. These two know what they are doing." "Since ancient times, marriages have been decided by the elders. How can we let these young ones do as they wish?" Maximilan Kerr said, treating Braydon as a junior.

Braydon did not mind. The main purpose of his visit today was to see Grandma Sage.

As for outsiders, Braydon obviously did not care.

"Harold," Old lady Sage said, "bring Braydon to your courtyard to rest. I'll go over after my conversation with Master Kerr." "Alright, you two come with me!" Harold Sage smiled.

Now, he and Braydon were no longer distant.

They were all of the same age, so there was no communication barrier.

The three of them left the living room and took a walk outside.

Braydon then asked about the Sage family. He frowned and asked, "Grandma is not in good health. Why didn't you ask Heather to look for me instead of inviting outsiders?" "Apothecaries can use spirit herbs to concoct pills and help martial artists improve their strength. They are different from ordinary doctors." Harold Sage explained.

He did not invite Maximilan here to treat the old lady, but for something else. "Concoct pills? You want to learn ancient martial arts?" Braydon asked softly.

"I'm the one who wants to learn!" Heather proudly raised her fair hand.

Braydon could not help but laugh.

Why had this girl's desire to learn martial arts not died yet!

"You're not allowed to learn!" Braydon said with a straight face.

"Grandma agreed to let Heather learn martial arts!" Harold then explained everything.

Today, the Sage family invited Maximilan over to commission him to concoct a batch of pills with spirit herbs to prepare for Heather to learn ancient martial arts.

After all, the Sage family was one of the seven great families in the capital.

Putting aside the Neal family.

The Sage family stood tall in Preston. Naturally, they had their own way of survival.

As a wealthy family, how could there not be martial artists in the family?

Among the wealthy families, every family had martial artists.

Except for the eldest son of the Neal family, who was way too monstrous and was ignored by everyone.

Take the Larson family for example, they had long given up on competing with the Neal family.

The Larson Family was the second of the seven great families in Preston.

Their position was untouchable!

The other wealthy families did not compete with the Neal family, but it did not mean that the remaining six families did not compete with each other.

For decades, everyone had been fighting openly and secretly.

It was impossible for the great families to ease their relationship and treat each other with respect just because Braydon had returned to Preston.

That was simply impossible!

The competition between the various great families existed all the time.

Harold shrugged helplessly and explained, "There's no way for me to learn. Grandma specially brought me to the provincial capital. The warlord level big shots all said that my constitution is bad and that I have no talent in martial arts." Braydon burst into laughter when he heard that.

In a small place like Preston, a warlord level martial artist was considered a big shot!

Last night, Braydon had killed four or five half-step pinnacles.

And there were countless kings!

"Heather is different," Harold said. "Her innate ability and talent are excellent. She is suitable for martial arts. Grandma wants one of us to become a martial artist." "Little Braydon, did you hear that? This is Grandma's idea!" Heather smiled playfully. Her bright eyes and white teeth were always like a melon in Braydon's eyes.

This young lady was confident that Braydon would not go against the old lady's wishes.

As expected.

Braydon's respect for Grandma Sage was absolutely genuine.

He said softly, "If you want to learn martial arts, then so be it. Just be a martial artist and put on a show. Just make Grandma happy." What Braydon meant was that Heather could forget about becoming a military martial artist for the rest of her life!

Groups like military martial artists were prepared for war all year round. Once the order was given, everyone would head to the front lines and fight bloody battles!

Braydon would never allow Heather to experience such a life.

"Can you teach me the king-conferring techniques?" Heather asked in a low voice.

"Who told you about that?" Braydon was amused.

This girl was really smart!

She wanted to learn king-conferring techniques!

The key was that each of the eight techniques was a pinnacle martial art path.

Heather was not even a real martial artist.

Even if he showed her the pinnacle martial arts path, she would not understand it at all!

Braydon pinched her nose and smiled faintly, "When you reach king level, other than the three forbidden techniques, you can learn the remaining five!" Heather was satisfied.

The three of them were of the same age and had common topics to talk about.

Harold did not practice martial arts. He chatted with Braydon about the cooperation between the Neal Corporation and the Sage Corporation.

With the help of the Neal family, the Sage Corporation had developed quite quickly.

However, in the living room not far away, there seemed to be a small problem.

The conversation between Old Lady Sage and Maximilan did not seem pleasant.

Apothecary was an unpopular profession, and those who came into contact with it were usually martial artists.

Maximilan was also a martial artist, and an upper rank warlord!

Those ranked as upper-rank warlords were at least at the seventh level.

Maximilan had always lived in the provincial capital of Quill. He had never been to a small place like Preston.

This time, it was Old Lady Sage who asked someone from the provincial capital to invite Maximilan.

In the living room.

Maximilan frowned and said, "Madam Sage, let's be frank. I can concoct pills, but I'll charge 10 million for each pill I concoct!" "Master Kerr, isn't that too expensive?" Old Lady Sage frowned; her heart heavy.

According to the information she had gathered, the price of the pills Maximilan concocted for others in the provincial capital was nowhere near this price!

“Also, you have to prepare your own old medicine and spirit herbs.” Old Lady Sage was so angry that she started coughing violently.

When Maximilan concocted pills for others in the provincial capital, the price of each pill would not be higher than a million. Usually, the price was only 300 to 500 thousand.

That was already very expensive!

Pills were consumables. Even if they had gold mines, they would not be able to pay that kind of price.

Maximilan replied calmly, “Madam Sage, you and I are both smart people. The price in Quill is indeed much lower than the price I’m giving you. It might be a hundred times lower!

“But you have to know who those people are. They are either rich or powerful!

“Take my regular customers for example. The lowest level is a warlord level martial artist, and they’re considered important figures in the provincial capital. There are also some big shots, such as the members of the Central Plains main team.

“I’m mutually beneficial to them, but madam, you’re different!

“Although the Sage family is one of the seven great families in Preston, in my eyes, you are just a small family in a small place. There are not even a few proper martial artists here, so do you understand why now?” Maximilan’s words were undoubtedly blatant contempt..

Chapter 483-Not Only Do I Dare to Humiliate You, I Even Dare to Kill You!

Maximilan Kerr looked down on the seven great families of Preston, and he also looked down on the Sage family.

In his eyes, the Sage family was ultimately just a small local powerhouse.

As he said, there were not even a few proper martial artists here.

But he, Maximilan, aside from his identity as an apothecary, was a genuine seventh-level warlord martial artist.

Therefore, his attitude toward the Sage family was one of blatant contempt.

Maximilan did not hide his contempt.

It was to make it clear that the Sages had no right to bargain with him!

The Sage family would either accept his offer or not cooperate with him.

Old Lady Sage sat at the head of the table. She had lived for decades and had a reputation in Preston. When had she ever been humiliated like this?

People from wealthy families cared the most about face.

The upper-class people were concerned about face, the middle-class people were concerned about money, and the lower-class people were concerned about fighting.

These were the words left behind by their ancestors.

The Sage family invited Maximilan over and treated him well.

They had never neglected this distinguished guest.

Now, they had exchanged their respect for humiliation!

The old lady was already so old and had just recovered from a serious illness. How could she stand this kind of vexation? She spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Pfft!” Blood splattered in the living room.

Braydon’s expression changed drastically as he entered the living room in a flash. He supported the old lady with one hand and used his fingers to circulate his force to help the flow of Qi in her body.

Maximilan was slightly shocked. Braydon was fast when he came in, but it was not his full speed.

“I didn’t expect such a young martial artist to exist in a small city like Preston. It seems that you have the strength of a lower-rank warlord. You are considered a little genius in the provincial city...” Smack!

Braydon turned his hand and slapped Maximilan on the cheek.

He sent the man flying with a slap, not giving him a chance to retaliate.

Harold and Heather arrived later. When they saw this scene, they were extremely shocked and furious.

The only relative of this pair of siblings was their grandmother.

“Grandma, how are you?” Heather’s eyes reddened. It was because she cared that she was afraid of losing her.

“Maximilan Kerr!” Harold was furious. “The Sage family has treated you as an honored guest. Have we ever neglected you? Why are you treating my grandmother like this?!” Harold was furious and wanted to kill Maximilan.

Braydon said coldly, “Some martial artists are born to be high and mighty. They don’t care about ordinary people. In their eyes, weakness is a sin!” This was Braydon’s explanation to Harold.

It also revealed the cruel nature of martial artists.

In the bones of most martial artists, they were high and mighty, looking down on ordinary people.

If it was not for the fact that the supervision of the five main teams had increased over the years.

With the nature of these martial artists, who knew what evil things they might do.

Heather's eyes reddened. Braydon raised his left hand and caressed her delicate face. He wiped away her tears and said gently, "Don't cry. Grandma is fine." "I'm much better. Braydon helped me with the flow of my Qi just now. Silly girl, why are you crying?" Old Lady Sage calmed herself down, and her face regained some color.

It was Braydon who had used purple Qi to nourish the old lady's body!

Braydon pulled a chair over and sat on it calmly. He raised his left arm and placed his head on his fist. He tilted his head and looked at Maximilan who was lying on the ground.

That slap just now had given Maximilan a concussion.

Braydon had plenty of time for him to regain his senses.

A moment later.

Maximilan regained some clarity, and his eyes were filled with shock and anger. He wanted to stand up as he said angrily, "Who ambushed me just now?" "Me!" Braydon tilted his head and closed his eyes. He raised his right hand slightly and released an invisible force!

Swoosh!

He made Maximilan kneel on the ground.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "It's better for you to talk to me while I'm kneeling on the ground!" "You dare to humiliate me like this?" Maximilan's eyes turned red, he wanted to kill the youth in white.

When he was in Quill, even the people from the Central Plains main team had to give him some face.

Who dared to humiliate him like this?

Braydon glanced at him and smiled. "Not only do I dare to humiliate you, but I even dare to kill you!" "Who... who are you?" Maximilan regained some of his rationality and realized that he, a dignified seventh-level warlord, could not move under Braydon's pressure.

This white-robed youth was at least a War God!

A War God who looked as handsome and young was rarely seen even in the provincial capital!

Maximilan's eyes were filled with fear.

He was really unlucky to have provoked such a big shot for no reason!

Braydon tilted his head and closed his eyes. "It doesn't matter who I am. How did you humiliate my grandmother just now?" Maximilan was silent.

If he had known earlier, he would not have dared to be so arrogant!

But now, it was useless for him to regret.

Maximilan said hoarsely, "I know a few War God level characters in Quill!" "Tell me!" Braydon closed his eyes, full of patience.

Maximilan was forced to kneel on the ground, suffering humiliation. He said in a low voice, "My master is a War God level apothecary, and..." Before he could finish his sentence.

"Are you talking about a national doctor?" Braydon interrupted him and chuckled.

"That's right, He's a national doctor!" Maximilan said proudly.

The status of a national doctor was more honorable than an ordinary War God!

This was because the number of national doctors was hundreds of times less than the number of War Gods.

Moreover, War Gods that were seriously injured had to seek help from the national doctors.

Maximilan felt that no matter what Braydon's background was, he was bound to be wary of him and let him leave safely.

Unfortunately, he was thinking too much!

A mere national doctor was nothing in the eyes of King Braydon.

Even a pinnacle martial artist had to lower his head when he saw the Northern King!

Braydon propped up half of his cheek with his left hand and said lazily, "I have twelve national doctors under me, but none of them are as arrogant as you!" "What?" Maximilan was stunned.

In the next moment, his scalp went numb. He could not believe the words of the white-clothed youth in front of him.

However, looking at him sitting on the chair and looking relaxed and lazy, it did not seem like he was lying.

Who was this white-clothed youth?

Maximilan felt a bit of fear in his heart, making him very uneasy.

He suppressed the fear in his heart and shook his head with a sinister smile. "Impossible. In Hansworth, there are only a handful of national doctors. Where can you get 12 of them?" This was indeed the truth!

People like national doctors were really rare in the outside world.

Each of them was a big shot with a reputation.

It was not strange that Maximilan did not believe it.

Unfortunately, there was a place in the vast Hansworth that outsiders did not understand!

That was the northern territory!

The northern army in the northern territory had many secrets.

How could outsiders understand!

Braydon, who was sitting on the chair, looked at Maximilan, who was kneeling in front of him, and smiled lightly. "The outside world doesn't have 12 national doctors, but the northern territory has them!" "North... northern territory? Who are you?" Maximilan was struggling.

He felt that he was about to die!

There was only one force in the northern territory, and that was the northern army, the leader of the seven elites of Hansworth! Braydon responded, "Northern army's Braydon Neal!"

Chapter 484-He was Born Tyrannical!

Four words.

Just this introduction was enough.

Northern army's Braydon Neal. There was no one else with the same name in the northern territory.

"You're the Northern King?" Maximilan Kerr asked in shock.

"I wonder if I am worthy of your attention!" Braydon suddenly stood up, the cold killing intent in his eyes unconcealed.

Grandma Sage was someone Braydon would respect for the rest of his life.

In the end, she was angered by a small fry like Maximilan today.

Most importantly, Braydon had seen it with his own eyes!

Therefore, one could imagine.

Braydon's fingers moved slightly, and he released his force. It was a king-level technique!

Force manifestation, pinnacle martial arts path!

Swoosh!

The force was like a blade, wanting to kill Maximilan. “Braydon, stop!” Old Lady Sage sighed and said.

“Grandma!” Braydon frowned and explained, “This kind of martial artist can be killed on the spot.” “We invited him, so he is still a guest. Since ancient times, there has been no reason for a strong master to kill a guest.” Old Lady Sage had lived to this age and belonged to the older generation. She valued rules the most.

Every generation had its own way of living.

Moreover, the only person who could make Braydon not kill was probably Grandma Sage.

“If I don’t kill him, then let me cripple him!” Braydon said softly.

“Braydon!” The old lady wanted to stop him, but it was too late.

Braydon tapped the ground lightly with the tip of his foot, and an invisible force erupted with him as the center, like a roaring tiger.

Boom!

An invisible force directly blasted Maximilan out of the door.

Maximilan was crippled on the spot. It was unknown whether he was alive or dead, and he was thrown out of the Sage family manor.

Braydon would usually kill any unruly martial artist he encountered.

It would be a disaster if such a martial artist was left alive.

If he dared to bully the Sage family, he would dare to bully any other ordinary people.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and supported Grandma Sage. He said gently, "Grandma, why didn't you ask me to concoct pills?" "You've been helping Harold a lot these days. How can I trouble you with everything?" The old lady understood Braydon's experience better.

Unless it was a critical moment, the old lady would not easily trouble Braydon.

This made Braydon feel slightly helpless.

Grandma Sage often said that Braydon was too polite with her.

She was the same!

However, a cold roar came from outside the Sage manor. "Is Madam Sage here?" "Who is it?" Harold Sage turned and strode out of the door.

There were nine young men dressed in black, with crew-cut hair and a murderous aura.

The leader of the group said coldly, "Leander Kidd of Preston's dark division has come to invite Madam Sage to the dark division!" His clear words resounded throughout the Sage family manor.

What did the Sage family do?

It had actually alerted the dark division!

Hansworth had 23 provinces, 7 special regions, and 661 cities.

In order to restrain the martial artists, they had all become special operations teams and the dark division!

In terms of the special operations team.

The five main teams held the power of the world and were directly under the jurisdiction of the garrison office!

After that, it was the special operations teams of the provinces!

Below them were the special operations teams of the various cities!

The special operations teams were made up of martial artists. They did not interfere with the lives of ordinary people and did not interfere in their affairs.

Their only duty was to monitor the martial artists in the world.

Dealing with unnatural incidents!

Each of them had the right to decide and deal with emergencies.

In layman's terms, they had the right to do what they deemed necessary before reporting it to the higher ups.

In order to restrain the special operations team, the capital had secretly established the dark division.

The special operations team was on the surface, while the dark division was hidden from the martial artists' sight. The orders they received were all secret orders.

A large part of the dark division's role was to supervise the special operations team.

The two balanced each other!

However, the dark division would also do other things.

However, the dark division was even more ruthless than the special operations team.

Although the martial artists in the world were afraid of the special operations teams, they were more afraid of the dark division!

Sometimes, martial artists broke the ironclad law and fell into the hands of the special operations team. At most, they would die, or they would be imprisoned, and they would be a good person again years later. However, if they fell into the hands of the dark division... They would probably be tortured to death !

Now, the members of Preston's dark division had actually come to the Sage family.

And there were nine of them!

They wanted Old Lady Sage to go to the dark division.

No martial artists had come out alive after going to the dark division.

At the entrance of the living room, nine young men in black clothes arrived.

Leander looked at the crowd, and his gaze landed on the old lady. He said coldly, "Old Madam, please come with us!" Heather Sage stood in front of her.

Leander frowned. "Young lady, let me give you a piece of advice. Get out of the way!" "The dark division is doing their job here. Anyone who stops us will be killed!" The other members of the dark division had a murderous look in their eyes.

They thought that this would scare Heather away.

Unfortunately, they had underestimated the importance of the old lady in Heather's heart.

In Heather's heart, her grandmother and brother were her only family.

Now, in her heart, there was also Braydon.

Old Lady Sage sighed. "What will come will come. Heather, step aside!" "Grandma!" Heather's clear eyes were filled with worry.

She really wanted to know what had happened at home to attract the people from the dark division.

Heather often went to the Neal family to play, and the people she came into contact with were all high-level martial artists.

For example, Zayn Ziegler and the others would answer many of Heather's questions.

Among them, Zayn had even instructed Heather to go to the local special operations team for help if she encountered any trouble when she was traveling outside in the future.

As long as Heather revealed her identity, she would be able to alert all the main teams!

So this girl knew what the dark division was!

"The nine of you are here to investigate the spirit herb, right?" Old Lady Sage smiled bitterly.

"That's right. Whether it's Preston or Quill, martial artists are strictly prohibited from freely trading spirit herbs. Moreover, you paid 100 million for two century-old herbs, both of which are of spirit grade." Leander stated his purpose for coming.

It was to investigate the matter of Old Lady Sage buying two century-old spirit herbs in the provincial capital.

This matter could be big or small.

Heather stood in front of her grandma; her stubbornness apparent.

She just would not give way!

When Leander pointed his sword at Heather.

Braydon slowly turned around and said softly, "If you touch her, I'll slaughter the dark division!" His calm words were filled with shocking killing intent!

Braydon wanted to slaughter the entire dark division, which meant that it would not be limited to the dark division of Preston.

Instead, all the members of the dark division in the world would not be able to escape death!

Braydon was a quiet person, but he was born domineering.

This could be seen from the northern army that Braydon commanded.

In all of Hansworth, who would dare to touch the people of the northern army!

No one!

Chapter 485-'ll Help You Amaze the World!

Even if it was a northern army soldier, Braydon Neal would protect him with his life.

Not to mention Heather Sage!

Even the capital did not dare to touch this girl.

Even the capital's powerful families and aristocratic families did not dare to have any designs on her.

However, the dark division of Preston dared to touch Heather.

They really thought that Braydon would not dare to kill them.

If they provoked Braydon, he would really dare to slaughter all the martial artists in Preston and eliminate all the hidden dangers.

Martial artists were a hidden danger!

"Who are you?" Leander Kidd asked in a low voice.

"I'm a nobody!" Braydon moved in a flash, his right hand holding Heather's slender waist. Through the thin clothes, he could feel her smooth skin.

At this moment, a delicate body that was as light as a boneless body entered his embrace, and a pure fragrance assailed his nostrils.

Heather, whose neck was under the blade, was saved by Braydon.

Braydon lowered his head and touched Heather's nose.

Their noses touched, and they could feel each other's breathing.

“Didn’t you want to learn a king-conferring technique?” Braydon asked gently.

“I’ll teach you today!” “Heather, there are some things that I have to tell you sooner or later!

“In twelve days, it will be my twentieth birthday. According to ancient martial arts etiquette, it is the most important coronation ceremony in a martial artist’s life. The capital wants to confer me titles, and the location will be Mount Tanish!

“On the summit of Mount Tanish, the country ruler will hold the official rite ceremony for me.

“The opening of the ceremony will attract the fate of the country. I will carry it and be conferred the titles of the Viceroy of Hansworth and the Garrison King!

“You have to stand with me and carry the fate of the country!” Braydon hid many things from Heather.

But today, he had to tell her!

There were only ten days left before the Mount Tanish official rite ceremony.

If he told Heather in advance, she would be able to make early preparations.

Heather, who was in Braydon’s arms, was stunned.

Her clear eyes stared into Braydon’s deep eyes.

Their eyes met. Braydon was not lying to her!

At this moment.

Braydon raised his left hand slightly and pointed at the sword in Leander’s hand.

Crack!

The sword broke into pieces.

Braydon's left index finger pointed at the air.

With purple Qi as the guide, the Mount Sino Sword Talisman!

Seven purple Mount Sino Sword Talismans hung in the air.

In an instant.

Forty-nine purple swords flew out from the Mount Sino Sword Talismans.

This was the imperial technique!

Hundred Qi-imperial swords!

Leander's face was pale as he said in horror, "The Sword Immortal of Mount Sino!" Mount Sino martial artists were revered as sword immortals by martial artists.

However, when the other members of the dark division saw Braydon's face, they said in fear, "Captain, he, he is... the Northern King!" "What?" Leander said in horror, "Which Northern King?!" "The Northern King! The chief once ordered us not to set foot within a ten-mile radius of the Neal family manor. It is said that a big shot has returned to Preston with great honor, and that is the Northern King!" The other members of the dark division were terrified.

They really did not expect to meet the living legend of Hansworth just by chasing after the Sages!

Braydon was known as the legend of the north.

A person who could become a God in this world!

And now, he was standing here.

Leander and the others knelt on the spot, cupped their fists, and shouted, "Leander Kidd from Preston's dark division greets the Northern King!" He had no choice but to kneel!

If they were disrespectful, they would die even more miserably.

"I've said before that the members of the dark division are not allowed to appear in front of me," Braydon said coldly.

"We didn't know that Lord Northern King was here. Otherwise, we wouldn't have dared to disturb you. Please spare our lives!" Leander knew how terrifying this person was in his moment of desperation!

He was a young, conferred king, a commoner overlord who controlled millions of northern army elites.

Braydon wanted to use the hundred Qi-imperial swords to kill them.

Leander closed his eyes and shouted, "Lord Northern King, I have military achievements. I was once a member of the Groot army. After the battle in Lowell, I was injured and had no choice but to retire. I now work in the dark division!" His words saved his life.

There was a purple sword above his head The other eight were terrified and knelt on the ground.

Braydon, who had used the hundred Qi-imperial swords, activated his eight techniques and was filled with killing intent.

He could kill all of them with a single thought.

“Tell me your position!” Braydon said softly.

“The former commander of the second division of the Groot army, Leander Kidd. The captain of the seventh brigade of the first division; killed seven enemies in the battle of Lowell and was awarded the Bronze Medal!” Leander spoke of the glory that he cared about the most in his life.

This contribution could save his life!

Braydon had killed countless martial artists in his life.

However, he had never hurt the soldiers of the Military Department, whether they were active or retired.

Braydon was the leader of the hundred generals, and he protected all the seven elites of Hansworth.

As long as the Northern King was alive, none of the seven elites would suffer what the Ludwig army suffered.

Braydon listened quietly and saw the determination in Leander’s eyes.

There were no lies!

With a thought, Braydon moved his left hand slightly, and he used his Qi to control the hundred swords. The tip of the sword stabbed into the ground diagonally.

He did not hurt them!

“If Christopher Jenkins were here, he would definitely punish you severely.” “We understand the military rules of Groot army. Today, I have offended my superior and disturbed the Northern King. I will cripple one of my arms as an explanation!” Leander’s eyes were fierce. He picked up the sharp sword on the ground and was about to chop off his left hand.

Bang!

Braydon's left hand moved slightly, and the purple sword on the ground flew backward, blocking Leander's sword in an instant.

"Kneel outside the door for an hour as punishment. You must not be stained with the blood of the soldiers of the military!" Braydon cared about Heather, but he also cared about his soldiers.

These soldiers had once fought for the country and made meritorious contributions!

This was an honor and proof!

To be able to fight for the country, even if Leander and the others were bad, how bad could they be?

Thus, Braydon did not punish him severely. Instead, he punished him lightly.

Leander and the others left the living room and knelt outside the door to apologize.

At this moment.

Only then did Harold Sage truly see the power of Braydon. The influence of the eldest son of the Neal family was not limited to the northern army.

The three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions all had extremely high prestige.

The people of the dark division, who were feared by the Preston martial artists, were existences that could be reprimanded by Braydon.

Braydon's left arm was wrapped around Heather, holding her in his arms.

Heather did not struggle. She leaned in and listened to his vigorous heartbeat. An indescribable sense of security calmed her heart.

“Heather, Dominic Lowe of the capital made me make a choice today!” Braydon said softly.

“Now, you have to make a choice. If you want to be an ordinary person, I’ll protect you for the rest of your life!

“If you choose to cultivate martial arts, I’ll help you reach the peak and amaze the world!” Someone was forcing Braydon to choose.

Braydon did not have a choice, so he had to let Heather choose.

The two of them were of the same age. Today’s choice was related to the future.

Heather raised her head and looked straight at Braydon. She was no longer as silly as before, nor did she fool around with him.

Her slender fingers gently brushed her earlobes and hair as she smiled sweetly.. “I want to cultivate martial arts!”