

## **Strongest 526**

### Chapter 526-Who is the VIP?

Devin Jarrell sneered. The people in front of him had no idea how terrifying this big shot was.

The handsome young man was a little embarrassed.

Fenix Jarrell eased the atmosphere and said, "Devin, why are you bickering with the child? How would Lathan know the name of this big shot?!" "The big shot has the same name as him!" Devin pointed at Braydon Neal.

Everyone was stunned. Only then did they take a good look at Braydon.

"The big shot's name is Braydon Neal!" The handsome youth, Lathan Jarrell, said in astonishment.

"Impudent!" Devin was shocked and furious. His eyes flashed with killing intent.

This name was a taboo in the world.

Outsiders who said the name out loud must all die!

Before Lathan could react.

Outside the villa, a man dressed in black and wearing a black scarf appeared. His entire body was filled with a murderous aura.

There were not many of them, only around thirty!

Each of them had a cold look in their eyes as they silently appeared with their sword in their hands.

From the moment Lathan said that name, these people had already appeared.

They were from the dark division!

The leading man was Kyle Quirk.

Kyle was the head of the Preston dark division. His status was equal to Steve Xavier, the leader of the Preston main team.

The faces of the members of the Jarrell family froze.

Devin immediately became extremely solemn. He stepped forward and cupped his hands. "Brother Quirk, how have you been?" "Get out of the way!" Kyle had a serious look on his face.

Fenix could not help but panic. In the face of the people from the dark division, not to mention the Jarrell family, even the major families in the provincial capital did not dare to provoke them.

Did you think the dark division was only under the jurisdiction of the governor office?

Nominally, the governor office was in charge of the dark divisions and the special operation teams.

In fact, the power of the dark division was beyond the imagination of outsiders!

The dark division was mysterious and terrifying!

The governor office only had jurisdiction over a portion of the members of the dark division.

The entire dark division was divided into many factions.

Among them, Dominic Lowe controlled a portion of the dark division's power. Duke Lowe knew everything that happened outside the capital like the back of his hand.

The members of the dark division were Dominic's eyes!

Observing the world for him!

None of the officials in the capital were kind.

Among them, the responsibility of the dark division was not only to supervise the special operation team.

They were also in charge of supervising and evaluating the major martial arts forces in the world.

For example, if the Jarrell family in the provincial capital was rated as dangerous by the dark division, the capital's 24 divisions would send experts to the provincial capital. How they would deal with it would have to be reevaluated according to the situation.

If the aristocratic families were evaluated as extremely dangerous, they would be in danger.

There was no need to think too much. The capital would send War God level figures back that day to wipe them out completely. All the martial artists would be killed, leaving no one behind.

This was the dark division!

"Leader Quirk, what brings you here today?" Fenix asked obsequiously. "Do I need to report to you when the dark division does things?" Kyle's eyes turned cold.

Fenix's expression changed slightly. He could not understand why Kyle was acting so differently today.

Ever since Kyle arrived, he had not given any face to the Jarrell family.

“Lathan Jarrell of the Jarrell family called the Northern King by his name. He deserves to be executed. Take him away!” Kyle said coldly.

“Yes, sir!” More than thirty members of the dark division unsheathed their swords.

This scene shocked the Jarrell family.

“Brother Quirk, there are no outsiders here. Lathan is still young, and he said those words unintentionally. Please be magnanimous and give him a way out. If this matter is recorded, Lathan will not be able to escape death.” Devin whispered in Kyle’s ear.

He thought that Kyle would give him some face.

However, Devin did not expect Kyle to show up here today with his troops. He had done all of this just for Braydon to see.

He wanted to use this opportunity to make one thing clear to Braydon.

That was that the dark division and the Jarrell family were definitely not colluding with each other.

The Jarrell family had developed to a certain level. Perhaps someone had helped them.

But the dark division definitely did not help them!

Be it the dark divisions or the special operation teams, their members were strictly prohibited from coming into contact with the martial artists of the aristocratic families.

This was a red line!

No matter who it was, if they dared to cross this red line, they would definitely die.

Fear appeared on Lathan's young face.

He was filled with regret.

If he had known that the people from the dark division were nearby, he would not have dared to say anything.

Because too much talking was bound to cause a mistake!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and smiled. "Looks like there's a lot going on here today." "Shut up! You have no right to speak!" Lathan flew into a rage out of humiliation. He regretted his actions as his words had attracted the attention of the dark division.

In the end, this young man from the Neal family actually dared to make sarcastic remarks.

Today's trouble was all caused by this kid!

A hint of resentment flashed in Lathan's eyes. He could not afford to offend the people from the dark division, but he could afford to offend a kid from the Neal family.

It was his words that made Kyle shout angrily, "Impudent!" "What? 1... Lathan was at a loss.

He started panicking. He did not understand what he had said to provoke Kyle.

Lathan was so scared that he was about to cry.

He was really afraid of being taken away by the dark division.

All these years, the people that the dark division had taken away had entered alive but ended up dead.

It was unknown if most of them were alive or dead!

If the person were alive, they had not seen the person alive. If the person were dead, they had not seen the person's corpse.

This was the reason why all the martial artists in the world feared the members of the dark division.

Braydon had no interest in the small matter in front of him. He walked into the living room with his hands behind his back and smiled. "I'm just here today to talk about the Preston Oil and Gas Group wanting to buy a new factory under my name. As for the rest, I'm not interested." "Kid, today is not the time to talk about this. Can't you see that the Jarrell family has an honored guest?" Fenix said coldly, his anger directed at Braydon.

He believed that all the trouble today was caused by the uninvited guest, Braydon.

This thought coincided with Lathan's.

Like father, like son!

These two were the same.

Braydon sat down quietly and smiled. "If I am here, what other VIP is there?" "Arrogant and ignorant! Do you know who this big shot is?" Fenix turned around and made a flattering gesture with both hands, gesturing at Kyle.

At this moment, Kyle's face turned dark.

He wished he could strangle Fenix, this idiot.

This was simply a trap!

The Northern King was sitting here, yet the Jarrell family was not treating him well. How could they call Kyle an honored guest?

He was trying to get Kyle killed!

Kyle's face darkened, and he did not dare to make a sound.

He knew the methods of this young Northern King.

If he did not handle today's matter well.

Not only would the Jarrell family be wiped out, but the entire Preston dark division would also be wiped out!

Braydon looked at Kyle and said calmly, "Then, let's invite Kyle Quirk to take a seat!" "This subordinate does not dare!" Kyle's face turned pale, and he knelt down on one knee.

Swoosh!

The 30-odd members of the dark division were all extremely pale..

Chapter 527-You are Seeking Death!

The members of the dark division followed Kyle Quirk and knelt on one knee. They all lowered their heads and did not dare to make a sound.

This scene stunned Fenix Jarrell.

Devin Jarrell's face turned green.

He came from the provincial capital and had seen big scenes.

Kyle, the leader of the Preston dark division, was actually on his knees. This young man in white, who was high up in the air, definitely had an extraordinary identity.

At the very least, he was above Kyle.

This young man in white was definitely not just the eldest young master of the Neal family.

Devin groaned inwardly.

The Neal family had a big shot in charge, but in the end, the Jarrell family still wanted to bully the Neal family and forcefully purchase the new factory. They were really asking for trouble!

"Leader Quirk, this..." Fenix trembled.

Kyle ignored him. He knelt down on one knee in front of Braydon Neal and lowered his head, waiting for his orders.

As long as Braydon said the word, Kyle would kill all the warriors of the Jarrell family on the spot.

"Young man, may I ask where you are from?" Devin asked cautiously.

"You don't deserve to know!" Braydon replied calmly and gently.

Devin was instantly embarrassed.



But he did not dare to be arrogant!

The Jarrell family definitely could not afford to offend a person that even the head of the Preston dark division paid respects to.

The entire place was silent.

No one dared to say anything.

Everyone's gaze fell on Braydon.

"Hugo, come and talk to President Jarrell about the acquisition," Braydon said softly.

"Alright!" Hugo took a step forward and smiled. "President Jarrell, Warlord Jarrell, it's been two days, but you're still as elegant as ever!" "That's too high a praise!" Devin was like a mute who could not speak.

He had met Hugo before and discussed the acquisition of the new factory.

When Hugo faced him, he was calm and composed. It was obvious that he had confidence.

Now, Devin finally understood where Hugo's confidence came from.

This confidence was definitely given to him by the young man in white on the sofa!

The young man in white was the real owner of the new factory.

Hugo said generously, "Alright, let's start talking about the acquisition now. I didn't give you a reply a few days ago, but you went ahead and did things your way. You used the Jarrell family's connections to stop the production of my new factory." Devin's expression changed slightly.

Regarding this matter, he was extremely clear that it was Fenix's doing, and Fenix got his approval to do it.

The new factory was closed down, causing it to stop production.

This was not just to put pressure on Hugo.

It was also to force Hugo to submit and show him who was boss. If Hugo did not agree to the acquisition conditions proposed by the Jarrell family, the Jarrell family would make it so that Hugo could no longer live in the city!

Devin said this to Hugo personally.

That day, Hugo almost exploded with anger!

Now, Devin was thick-skinned as he explained, "This is a small misunderstanding. Our oil and gas group is really interested in the anti-gravity device project and wants to reach a cooperation with the Neal Corporation." Devin knew what situation he was in, so he changed the way he talked and made himself sound meek.

This kind of person was a typical example of bullying the weak and fearing the strong.

To say that he was smooth in handling matters was too high a praise!

"The Jarrell family wants to cooperate with the Neal family? Are you worthy?" Hugo sneered.

"Hugo Skeeter, don't go too far!" Lathan Jarrell's face was dark.

He had suffered a lot today. First, he was almost captured by the dark division. Then, he thought that Braydon was easy to bully, but in the end, he was someone he could not afford to offend.

Hugo, who had not taken him seriously before, had actually jumped on the heads of the Jarrell family.

"Since you are so powerful, then from today onward, the Jarrell family will be removed from Preston!" Braydon leaned back on the sofa and smiled.

Swoosh!

Kyle immediately stood up and said decisively, "Kyle Quirk of the dark division accepts your orders!" Kyle had received the Northern King's order!

Braydon raised his left hand slightly, indicating for him to step aside.

Braydon would not accept the favor of the dark division.

Lathan turned around and growled through gritted teeth, "Who exactly are you?!" "Young man, you are being arrogant. The Jarrell family is not considered a famous family in the provincial capital, but in Preston, when the Jarrell family was influential, the Neal family was not even visible!" Fenix was not scared.

Seeing Braydon speak so aggressively, he was furious.

In Preston, when had the Jarrell family ever been so humble?

Braydon stood up and stood in front of the window with his hands behind his back. He closed his eyes and sniffed. The fragrance of roses assaulted his senses. His thin lips moved slightly. "I'll give the Jarrell family four words!" "What?" Fenix was slightly stunned.

Braydon turned around and smiled. "You are seeking death!" Fenix was burning with rage. He had never seen such a tyrannical kid like Braydon.

Every word he uttered was filled with contempt and disdain!

It was as if he did not care about the Jarrell family at all.

Lathan said coldly, "Since there's a grudge between us, Dad, don't waste your breath on him. Just chase him away. Whatever tricks he has up his sleeve, the Jarrell family will take them on one by one. I don't believe that there's anyone in Preston who can suppress the Jarrell family!" This father and son of the Jarrell family had been bossing others around in Preston for too long.

It had been so long that they were arrogant in their nature.

Braydon stood in front of the window and shook his head with a smile. "In Preston, I can flatten your family with a single finger. In Hansworth, I can cover the sky with one hand!" The entire place was silent.

An existence like Braydon was absolutely ruthless!

Such domineering words, coming out of Braydon's mouth, seemed to be a light understatement.

However, in the ears of the father and son duo, it sounded extremely crazy.

Only an arrogant person could say such a thing.

This young man in white actually said that he could cover the sky with one hand in Hansworth!

He was simply a madman!

Lathan snapped back to his senses and cursed in a low voice, "You're a complete lunatic!" How could outsiders believe Braydon's words?

In fact, no one believed it.

The Jarrell family stood tall in Preston. After several generations of hard work, they had built such a large family business.

Now, there was a youth who actually said that he could wipe out the Jarrell family with a snap of his fingers.

This basically meant that eliminating the Jarrell family was as simple as crushing an ant.

Therefore, when the Jarrell family heard this, they thought that Braydon was crazy.

However, there was a person whose face was ashen. Bean-sized beads of sweat appeared on his face and flowed down his cheeks. His eyes were fixed on Braydon's back.

Braydon looked handsome and youthful. He was wearing a white cloth, and at first glance, there was nothing different about him.

This cloth was just like the ordinary clothes sold in the market.

However, if one looked closely, they would see that this cloth was entirely handmade. It was definitely made by a master. Moreover, there was a faint yellow pattern inside the clothes.

A golden Qilin image!

In the middle of the cloth, there was an embroidered cloud Qilin.

What did this mean?

Devin's face was covered in cold sweat. He was stunned for a long time.

Lathan sensed that something was wrong with him and could not help but say, "Uncle Devin, what's wrong?" "Who exactly are you?!" Devin was a little crazed at this moment. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was extremely nervous..

Chapter 528-I Have the Final Say, You Understand?

Devin Jarrell was drenched in cold sweat, as if he had just been fished out of the water.

Only then did Fenix Jarrell and his son shut up and look at Devin, who was acting strangely.

Braydon Neal placed his hands behind his back and smiled. "I am a nobody!" "No, that's not right. The golden symbol on your clothes is... the Qilin!" Devin's eyes were bloodshot as he said hoarsely, "Golden Qilin, northern cold sword, Northern King token... These are the three major symbols of the northern army!" "Uncle Devin, what are you talking about?" Lathan Jarrell walked forward.

Smack!

Devin slapped Lathan on the cheek.

A warlord level martial artist was extremely powerful!

Lathan was sent flying by Devin's slap.

"What are you doing, Devin?!" Fenix was shocked and furious.

"He said that he can flatten the Jarrell family with one finger and cover the sky with one hand. It's all true!" Devin's voice was hoarse, and a hint of despair flashed across his eyes.

Previously, he thought that Braydon had the same name as that big shot from the northern army!

In actual truth, it was not the same name!

This youth in white was the current Northern King!

Lathan covered his face, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth. He questioned angrily, "Uncle Devin, are you crazy too?" "I'm not crazy. Do you know who he is?" Devin asked calmly.

Lathan said resentfully, "How would I know?" "If you don't know, then so be it. It's a good thing to die a little muddle-headed." These words made the Jarrell family members panic.

Devin turned around and knelt down. He bowed down before Braydon's feet and placed his forehead against the ground. He said hoarsely, "Devin Jarrell, a martial artist from the Jarrell family in the provincial capital, greets Lord Northern King!" "Kneel. Don't lift your head!" Braydon looked at the roses outside the window with his hands behind his back. No one knew what he was thinking.

Devin's body trembled as he replied hoarsely, "Yes, sir!" The entire living room fell silent.

Fenix was dumbfounded and completely at a loss.

A moment later.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and said, "I asked you to kneel because I was wondering if I should kill you!" "There's no need for Lord Northern King to do anything. Please grant me death.

I'll bear all the mistakes. I beg Lord Northern King to let the Jarrell family off!" Devin suddenly raised his head and pulled out the snow-white dagger at his waist.

Outside the door, Old Man Zito's turbid eyes revealed a hint of fierceness.

However, Devin did not want to assassinate Braydon. He wanted to die to atone for his mistakes.

The moment he raised his hand, Braydon's white robe fluttered and released a force.

Bang!

Devin's body flew backward and smashed into the wooden cabinet. The dagger in his hand flew out and stabbed into the wall, making a buzzing sound.

"Did I ask you to raise your head?" Braydon slowly turned around and said indifferently, "Kneel!" The word 'kneel' sounded like thunder.

Everyone in the living room felt their eardrums ringing. Fenix and his son were so frightened that they knelt down.

Ordinary people could not withstand this kind of pressure at all.

Devin knelt on the ground, blood flowing from the corner of his mouth.

Braydon looked at Devin.

The invisible pressure caused the atmosphere to become extremely oppressive. Devin's face kept breaking out in cold sweat.

"Do you know what I hate about aristocratic family martial artists the most?" Devin did not dare to make a sound.

"It's your so-called belief that your family is supreme!" Braydon said.

"For the sake of your so-called family, you can trample on the ironclad law of the country!"



“For the sake of the family, you collude with the enemy and betray the country, including paying with your own lives. “This is precisely the reason why I want to kill all of you!” “You’re too dangerous!” Braydon said faintly.

The aristocratic families and powerful families were both ambitious.

All these years, they had tried their best to infiltrate the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions.

“It’s these organizations that support Hansworth and shoulder the heavy responsibility of protecting the people.

Once they were infiltrated by the powerful and aristocratic families.

They could control the fate of the country.

In their eyes, the common people were nothing but dogs!

Devin’s entire body trembled. A cold chill came from his spine and rushed to the back of his head. He knelt on the ground and trembled.

Coincidentally, at this moment, the phone in his pocket started buzzing non-stop.

Someone was calling.

Devin did not dare to pick up!

He did not dare to make any strange movements.

It was fine if the martial artists of the aristocratic families did not understand Braydon. For someone like Lathan, it was a good thing to be killed without knowing how terrifying King Braydon was.

A third-level warlord like Devin was different.

He spent most of his time in the provincial capital, so he had heard a lot about the legend of King Braydon.

He had heard a lot!

He knew how ruthless this young king was.

The Jarrell family of the provincial capital and the Jarrell family of Preston had the same roots. If they did not repent, do you think Braydon would dare to wipe out the entire family?

Definitely!

The Jarrell family was already a small aristocratic family and was a martial arts force.

If necessary, he could kill them!

Braydon would not do anything to ordinary people. Even if they provoked him, he would teach them a lesson and hand them over to the police.

But martial artists were different!

When dealing with martial artists, one had to use vicious methods to intimidate them.

Otherwise, these people would never know what fear was.

At this moment, Devin's phone was still buzzing.

Braydon bent down and whispered into his ear, "It's not up to you to decide whether to let your Jarrell family off or not. I have the final say, you understand?" "Lord Northern King, we didn't know that the Neal family in Preston was your family. Otherwise, how would I dare come?" Devin raised his head and broke out in cold sweat. He had to explain himself.

If he did not explain himself clearly, the entire Jarrell family would be in trouble.

Braydon's eyes were filled with killing intent. The temperature in the living room suddenly dropped, causing people to feel a bone-chilling chill.

Facing Braydon's cold gaze, Devin could not help but lower his head, his hands trembling.

His instinctive fear shut him up.

Suddenly.

"The Jarrell family is bullying me because I'm young!" Braydon smiled like the spring breeze.

Devin was stunned.

In the next moment.

Braydon said coldly, "The Jarrell family is bullying me for being young and inexperienced. That's perfectly fine!

"But I have already been back in Preston for more than twenty days. Everyone knows that the Jarrell family is part of the aristocratic families.

"Do you think I don't know that the oil and gas industry in the country is monopolized by three powerful families and six aristocratic families?

“So, which aristocratic family is the Jarrell family a pawn for?” Why would someone as demonic as the Northern King come personally today?

Did you think it was just for Hugo Skeeter?

The Northern King was no fool!

Hugo did not have that much power either!

He was not qualified.

Actually, after Hugo told him about what happened, Braydon had already sensed that he was the target.

Devin shook his head in fear. “No, Lord Northern King. It’s not like that. Trust me. It’s really not like that...” Braydon’s eyes were cold as he stared at the terrified Devin.

In fact, King Braydon’s guess was not wrong at all!

The Jarrell family must have the support of a powerful family and a large aristocratic family to take action against Hugo’s new factory.

However, Devin did not know about this..

Chapter 529-: Frediano and Braydon The only person in the Jarrell family who knew the inside story was probably their old master.

At this moment.

The terrified Devin Jarrell wanted to explain.

Braydon Neal bent down and whispered in his ear, “Do you know why I am hostile to aristocratic families?” “I, I don’t know!” Devin gulped, his eyes filled with respect and fear.

Braydon stroked his head with his left hand and placed his right hand behind his waist. A hint of tenderness and longing flashed across his eyes, and there was even a hint of reminiscence.

“It’s because Frediano died at the hands of the aristocratic families!” he said softly.

“What?” Devin suddenly raised his hand, feeling some unknown fear.

He did not know who Frediano was.

However, Devin knew the words ‘northern army’.

The northern army.

It was founded on two people: Braydon and Frediano.

This secret was not known to many!

If that was the case, Frediano was definitely an extremely important core figure in the northern army!

However, Frediano had actually died at the hands of an aristocratic family.

Braydon’s eyes flashed with memories as he said softly, “Frediano was the same age as me. He didn’t have a prominent family background like the Syrus and Tobey. He had no parents and was alone. He wandered outside and begged for a living until he was eight years old. He was then brought back to the northern rezion by our teacher!

“On the second day after Frediano entered the northern territory, we discovered that he was born with low intelligence. He was already eight years old yet didn’t even have his own name. He looked like a little fool and didn’t know how to tie his shoelaces.

“My teacher was traveling outside and took pity on him. He brought him back to the northern region and sent him to the northern military school. Those seniors and classmates were all geniuses that were recruited from all over the world every year.

“They were arrogant, and everyone was conceited. Compared to them, Frediano was as silly as a little fool. When others scolded him, he didn’t retort.

“He didn’t understand when others insulted him!

“He didn’t fight back when others hit him!

“When others bullied him, he never held a grudge.

“At that time, I was the coldest child of my generation in the northern military school. However, Frediano was close to me and stuck to me like a little stalker. Every time during lunch, Frediano would leave the best meat for me.

“He was a fool. He didn’t know that I was in the northern military school. When I was seven, I was accepted as a student. The teachers gave me private lessons one day a week. The teachers at the school respected me, and the seniors didn’t dare to get close to me.

“Because they all knew that I was the successor of my teacher. In the northern military school, if I ask for it, I can take all the resources in the school, let alone some meat.

“Frediano had experienced starvation. Every time he ate, he would eat the entire lunch box. He was mocked by others for doing that. They said that only dogs would lick their lunch boxes like he did.

“That day, I hit Frediano and taught him to love himself. Later on, I realized that I was wrong. Frediano had experienced unimaginable pain. He had taken moldy food from the garbage with puppies by the roadside just to survive.

“Our normal three meals a day are delicacies that he would have never dared to dream of.

“It was that night that I brought Frediano to the senior class and asked the two seniors who mocked Frediano to apologize to him.

“They refused to do it, so I crippled them and kicked them out of the northern military school.

“Later on, I was punished by my teacher and knelt in the rain for a night. Frediano was silly and knelt with me in the rain for the entire night. The next day, he had a high fever, and in his weakened state, he kept saying my name.

“From then on, I protected him. At that time, the little fool Luke was very naughty and often bullied Frediano.

“Of the two of them, one was as smart as a fox, and the other was such a fool that it makes one’s heart ache.

“Later, when I was nine years old, I became a War God and learned the Great Void of Kylo Art. I learned how to condense purple Qi to supplement the innate deficiencies of the human body!

“From then on, I secretly injected purple Qi into Frediano’s body every night to help him open his seven orifices, awaken his spirituality, and clear his consciousness!

“The purple Qi is really powerful. Frediano was born with low intelligence. It was seen as a congenital deficiency. It was actually nourished by the purple Qi, and his intelligence was restored to the same level as his peers.

“He started cultivating when he was nine years old. That year, he became a warlord. The next year, he became a War God at the age of ten!

“He became a marquis at the age of eleven!

“He was able to become a king at the age of twelve, but he didn’t break through.

“Do you know how amazing Frediano was back then? He wasn’t any weaker than me. He cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art with me and advanced at the same time. When we were twelve, we studied the eight techniques together!

“That year, I came up with the eight techniques and created a new martial art technique. It was extremely time-consuming and energy-consuming, and it consumed even more purple Qi!

“Frediano was able to become a king at the age of twelve, but he stopped cultivating and injected all the purple Qi he cultivated into my body every night to help me create the eight techniques.

“For a whole year, Frediano’s strength did not improve at all. All the purple Qi entered my body and helped me comprehend the eight techniques. He even gave up his own martial arts path and used his own body to practice the eight techniques for me.

“Frediano’s king-conferring ceremony was delayed for a whole year. He was only conferred king on the day he turned thirteen!

“What amazing talent he had!

“Frediano could have waited for a few years for me to perfect the eight techniques and become the strongest king to lay the foundation for the pinnacle realm in the future. But he didn’t. He wanted to test the strength of the eight techniques for me and used himself as a test subject to help me lay the foundation for the eight techniques!

“He was crowned king at the age of thirteen, but he died at the hands of the aristocratic families!”  
Braydon stood in the living room with his hands behind his back and talked about the past in the north.

When Braydon was 13 years old, it was the most difficult period for the northern army.



There were no kings there but strong enemies outside!

The eight foreign countries wanted to break through the defense line of the north. The powerful families and aristocratic families were constantly assassinating them, wanting to wipe out Braydon's generation.

The assassination back then was extremely vicious.

Frediano died at the hands of an aristocratic family.

The foundation of the northern army had died at the hands of a martial artist of the aristocratic families.

Why did you think Braydon had been killing the powerful families and aristocratic families?

Some grudges were blood feuds!

If Frediano was not dead, you would not be able to imagine how dazzling he would be.

It was a pity that he was already dead.

The entire living room was silent.

Devin's eyes were filled with fear. He vaguely understood how much the young Northern King hated the aristocratic families.

The blood feud between the two sides could not be resolved!

Braydon smiled tenderly. I'm sorry. On the day Frediano died, when I was thirteen, I made a solemn oath. For the rest of my life, I will kill the members of aristocratic families. There are thousands of

martial artists from aristocratic families. All of them must die and be buried with my Frediano!" Her words were gentle and made people feel like they were bathed in a spring breeze.

But if you listened to him carefully... You could feel the terrifying killing intent in his words.

Braydon had returned from the northern territory not only for the title, but also for the official rite ceremony.

There were some grudges that could not be forgotten even though seven years had passed..

Chapter 530-He's Threatening Me?

But Braydon Neal had never forgotten!

At this moment.

In the living room, Fenix Jarrell, who was kneeling on the ground, had a look of fear in his eyes. He seemed to understand how terrifying the white-robed youth's background was.

This was the commander of the northern army!

To them, it did not matter if they did not understand the term 'Northern King'.

But they should at least understand the words 'northern army'.

Hansworth's strongest elite northern army which had ten legions with millions of elite soldiers in black. Even primary school students knew about it, let alone ordinary people.

Kyle Quirk lowered his head, not daring to make a sound, but his heart was in turmoil.

This secret of the northern army was not even recorded in the secret vault of the dark division.

They also did not know that such a terrifying monster had appeared in the northern army.

Kyle realized that there was no way to resolve the grudge between the aristocratic families and the northern army!

Unless one side completely perished.

Otherwise, it would be impossible for the two sides to negotiate.

Braydon grabbed a chair and sat at the entrance of the living room. The rest of the people were kneeling at the side.

“Tell me, which family is the Jarrell family a pawn for?” Braydon asked calmly.

Whether it was a powerful family or an aristocratic family, as long as they fell into Braydon’s hands, once he had something on them, he would definitely kill them all.

Braydon had returned from the northern territory and was looking for evidence against the aristocratic families everywhere.

His goal was to clip the wings of the two great entities.

If the powerful and aristocratic families were to be wiped out at the same time, it would cause too much of a commotion, and it would involve too many people.

Just the hundreds of families in the capital had more than tens of thousands of people!

The aristocratic families were big and had tens of thousands of descendants.

However, they had even more branch family descendants!

The descendants of the branch family had spread their branches and leaves everywhere, forming small or large aristocratic families. As long as one investigated, they would definitely be able to link it all together.

There were at least hundreds of thousands of branch family descendants!

These hundreds of thousands of people, as well as their relatives and friends, if listed out, was another one million people!

That was why it was said that the various families in the capital were like old trees with roots, complicated and complex.

The network of relationships was simply unclear!

If they were to forcefully attack, the older generation like Duke Lowe would be worried that the foundation of the country would be shaken.

They were worried that the powerful families would cause trouble!

Once the powerful families started to cause trouble, the aristocratic families would definitely help them in secret.

It was fine if they stirred up trouble, but they would definitely implicate innocent ordinary people.

It was basically impossible for martial artists to go on a large-scale riot without involving the ordinary citizens.

At that time, the commotion would be huge, and it would be impossible to hide it.

Therefore, Dominic Lowe and the others had always wanted to avoid a direct conflict between the northern army and the powerful families in the capital.

Even if there was a conflict, they had to control the situation and not let it escalate.

The older generation like Dominic had many concerns when doing things.

In layman's terms, they were afraid of the big shots behind it all.

The younger generation was different!

If the capital did not do anything, Syrus Yanagi and Tobey Lapras could pierce the sky.

There was also the gray wolf, Hendrix Bailey, who was clearly not a kind person!

At this moment, Devin Jarrell shook his head. "Lord Northern King, the Jarrell family is really not what you think. There is a misunderstanding here." As soon as he finished speaking, the phone in his pocket started buzzing again.

He did not know who was calling him.

"Since you don't know, then ask the person behind you. Answer the phone!" Braydon smiled.

Devin took out his phone from his pocket. There were two words on the screen that was lit up. It was 'Old Master'.

Old Master Jarrell was calling personally.

Braydon's lips curled up slightly, outlining a shallow smile and a handsome appearance. Such a smile could easily trick people into letting down their guard.

This smile made the Jarrell family members tremble.

In the eyes of Fenix and the others, Braydon was an ambitious young man who was extremely dangerous.

Today, their lives were all in Braydon's hands.

Devin picked up the phone and said hoarsely, "Grandpa!" "Devin, how's it going?" An old and powerful voice came from the phone.

Devin clenched his fists and asked hoarsely, "Grandpa, do you know who owns this factory in Preston's new district?" "You don't need to know. Listen up, destroy that new factory at all costs. Buy it first, then demolish it. Remember, be quick!" The old voice was filled with solemnity.

The old man did not seem to know that Devin was about to die, yet he still asked him to destroy the new factory.

This was simply wishful thinking!

Before Devin could reply, he felt an invisible force wrapping around him. Even breathing was difficult, and his fingers could not help but loosen.

Braydon, who was sitting at the door of the living room, raised his left hand and released his force to suck the phone over.

"Old Master Jarrell, you seem to be in a good mood!" He chuckled.

"Who are you?" The old voice was filled with shock and anger. He did not expect a stranger to be beside Devin.

Moreover, he had given the phone to the stranger.

Braydon sat on a chair with the phone in his hand. He tilted his head and looked at the setting sun in the distance.

The sky was getting dark.

He said calmly, "Old Master Jarrell, you must be rather forgetful. Earlier, you ordered someone to destroy my Neal family. Now, you're asking me who I am.

Interesting." "Are you from the Neal family? What happened to Devin?!" The old voice was filled with shock and anger as he said in a low voice, "Kid, you'd better release Devin in one piece. Otherwise, I'll make sure that everyone in the Neal family won't be able to see the sun rise tomorrow!" Crack!

The phone in Braydon's hand instantly exploded.

The phone was shattered by the force!

Electronic components and screen fragments flew everywhere.

It made Fenix's eyelids twitch. Did the negotiations fail?

Then, what could they do?

"He's threatening me?" Braydon smiled and said, "It seems that I still have to go to the provincial capital today!" Old Man Zito immediately contacted the Preston main team to send their helicopter over.

As for how to deal with Fenix and the others... Before Braydon stood up and left, he glanced at Lathan Jarrell and asked, "Are you a martial artist?" "No, I'm not!" Lathan's eyes were a little fearful.

Braydon nodded and smiled. "The martial artists will be taken away by the Preston main team. Whether they are killed or locked up will be decided by Steve Xavier. The Jarrell family in Preston will be classified as dangerous, and the Jarrell family in the provincial capital will be classified as extremely dangerous. The files will be stored in the archives and reported to the governor office for filing. I'm the appraiser." Kyle, the leader of the Preston dark division, cupped his fists and shouted, "Yes, sir!" Braydon's words were the Northern King's order.

The Preston dark division belonged to the state. Who would dare disobey the Northern King?

In fact, Kyle had already been released by some people in the capital. He had cut off all ties and did not belong to any faction.

The reason was very simple. The Preston dark division were right under King Braydon's nose.

If they took Kyle under their wing, what if he caused trouble or made Braydon angry?

Who would dare to back Kyle up then?

If anyone dared to do that, the three governors would probably lead 80,000 capital garrison guards to look for that person.

The person would also be charged with the crime of assassinating the king and murdering the king.

How big was the crime?

There was no need to think too much about it. The crime would mean the annihilation of the entire family!

If the capital would not do anything about it, the northern army imperial guards would definitely move out to personally investigate.

The organization under the northern army was complete and perfect!