

Strongest 531

Chapter 531-I Said, He's Already Dead!

Preston's Jarrell family was not a threat, Braydon Neal did not put them in his eyes.

However, Braydon wanted to know who was using the Jarrell family as a pawn to test him.

Braydon had not left the Neal family manor for several days and was recuperating in the manor.

In the eyes of the outside world, Braydon lived in seclusion and did not care about the official rite ceremony on Mount Tanish.

Braydon did not care.

However, the four great entities could not ignore it!

If King Braydon carried with him the fate of the country, he would reach the pinnacle at the age of twenty.

That would be terrible!

Would Braydon give the martial artists from the four great entities a way out in the next few hundred years?

The schemes of the aristocratic families and powerful families had never stopped.

There were also the sects who were unwilling to lay low.

All the great entities had their own tricks up their sleeves.

They had experienced the era of the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood.

Everything that had happened fifty years ago was still fresh in the minds of the various great entities.

The current King Braydon was even more terrifying than Barrett back then.

Back then, Barrett was blind, but he was able to suppress the entire hall and make it unable to move.

He was a legend.

But King Braydon was even more terrifying than Barrett!

The Northern King controlled a million elites of the northern army and was in the military headquarters.

Putting aside the terrifying influence for the time being.

The most frightening thing was the Northern King's talent in martial arts.

Braydon was known as a genius that came every thousand years.

A once-in-a-thousand-year prodigy!

Once he reached the pinnacle, what would Braydon do to the martial artists from the four great entities with his iron-blooded methods?

Would you dare to imagine?

Back then, Barrett suppressed the three great entities, and they were unable to make any moves.

Braydon wanted to get rid of the four great entities!

The powerful families, aristocratic families, sects, and yin-yang were all on Braydon's must-kill list.

These people would definitely not sit still and wait for death.

If Braydon were to become a pinnacle at the age of twenty, none of the four great entities would be able to accept that.

To be more precise, Braydon becoming the pinnacle was equivalent to breaking the balance.

The balance between the major powers would be broken by Braydon alone.

But did Braydon care about the truth?

He did not care at all!

The feud between the great entities and the northern army was a blood feud.

It could not be resolved!

Braydon had millions of northern cold swords behind him. Sooner or later, the blades would hang all over the capital and slaughter the four great entities.

That day was not far away!

At this moment, the sun had completely set.

Dusk fell.

An S97 assault helicopter took off from Preston and flew directly to the provincial capital!

The person in the helicopter was naturally Braydon.

In the provincial high-tech zone, there was a three-story villa in a single-family villa district.

In the living room, a white-haired old man in pajamas was holding his phone. His face, which was covered in age spots, was extremely gloomy.

He was the old master of the Jarrell family, Harrison Jarrell.

It was this old man who had called Devin Jarrell to ask about the new factory and how it was going.

If this matter was handled well, it would be of great benefit to the Jarrell family!

Harrison sat in the living room. From the phone call just now, he vaguely realized that something might have happened to Devin in Preston!

Then, someone knocked on the door of the villa.

“Come in!” Harrison said in a deep voice.

Two middle-aged men pushed the door open and asked with furrowed brows, “Dad, what happened? Why did you ask us to come in the middle of the night?” “Something happened to Devin!” Harrison looked at his two sons and said solemnly.

“Devin is a third-level warlord. What could happen to him in Preston?” The thin middle-aged man was shocked.

“In Preston, even a small martial artist can stir up trouble. Warlord level martial artists are all big shots. If Devin wants to leave when he encounters trouble, even the Preston main team can’t stop him!” The middle-aged man frowned.

The Jarrell family of the provincial capital was no stranger to Preston.

On the contrary, they were very familiar with the strength of the martial artists in Preston.

Harrison sighed and said, “The problem probably lies with the Neal family. I called Devin, and he only picked up after half an hour. Halfway through my call, Devin’s phone was taken by a kid who claimed to be from the Neal family.” “The Neal family also has a warlord level martial artist? That can’t be right!” The thin middle-aged man’s face was dark.

Among the seven great families of Preston, if there were a few martial artists in their family, it would already be a good achievement. How could there be warlord level martial artists?!

Something was obviously wrong.

“I can’t get through to Devin’s phone, and Fenix’s phone is also switched off!” Harrison said.

“I’m going to Preston tonight to see how powerful the Neal family is. How dare they touch the Jarrell family’s people?” The thin middle-aged man, Dalton Jarrell, had a ferocious look in his eyes. A faint murderous aura was exuding from his body. He had definitely killed before.

However, a gentle voice came from outside the villa. “There’s no need to go to Preston!” The Northern King, Braydon Neal, had arrived!

Preston was only 60 kilometers away from the provincial capital. The S97 helicopter was flying at a speed of hundreds of kilometers per hour. How long do you think it would take to fly in a straight line in the dark?

It would not even take twenty minutes!

Moreover, Braydon's arrival in the provincial capital had alerted the Central Plains headquarters.

The current commander, Sammy Dudley, opened up an emergency route for them. Captain Hatcher Murphy personally led the guards to clear the entire route.

There were more than 2,000 imperial guards of the Central Plains surrounding the villa. All of them had drawn their swords and were wearing black scarves.

Tonight, not even a bird could fly out.

Braydon, who was dressed in white, stood with his hands behind his back and personally went to the Jarrell family in the provincial capital.

Dalton was a little shocked and furious. He did not even notice that someone had arrived.

He dashed out and threw out a palm, shouting, "Who is it?" As his voice rang out, his right fist, which contained dark force, slammed down.

Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back. He moved his feet lightly like a ghost and brushed past Dalton, entering the house in an instant.

Dalton missed his target at such a speed. His pupils constricted, and cold sweat trickled down his face.

He realized that this white-robed youth who had suddenly appeared was stronger than him!

Dalton was a seventh-level warlord!

A high-level warlord could not even touch the corner of Braydon's clothes.

This was a young War God!

Harrison suddenly stood up and said softly, "So, it's an honored guest. Please take a seat!" "Can't you tell who I am?" Braydon chuckled lightly.

Harrison was shocked. After Braydon spoke, he immediately recognized that this was the person who had talked to him through Devin's phone.

This youth in white was from the Neal family!

Instantly.

"Where is Devin?" Harrison asked darkly.

"He should be dead. The martial artists of the aristocratic families who are guilty must all die!" Braydon's tone was calm, and there was a slight smile on his face.

"What did you say?" Harrison asked angrily. "I said, Devin Jarrell is dead!" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

Any martial artist from the aristocratic families who fell into Braydon's hands would not be able to escape death.

Frediano of the northern army died because of the aristocratic families..

Chapter 532-He is the Northern King This blood feud would never be forgotten by Braydon Neal.

He had to kill all the aristocratic families' martial artists.

If Frediano did not die, and Braydon reopened the Qilin ranking, with Frediano's talent, he would surely be ranked and be a Qilin son.

Without a doubt in the world!

Once the Qilin ranking was reopened, with Frediano's talent, he would definitely be ranked in the top three.

He would become the Qilin son, second only to Braydon.

Frediano and Ludo were equally famous!

Unfortunately, Frediano was dead.

He had died at the hands of an aristocratic family.

After Frediano died, Ludo went into seclusion. During those two years, Eggy did not speak a word to Braydon.

Eggy had hatred and resentment in his heart!

Eggy hated Braydon for not protecting Frediano, and he hated the aristocratic families even more.

At that moment, Dalton Jarrell turned around and said angrily, "You killed the Devin "Why not?" Braydon's smile was like a spring breeze, filled with endless tenderness.

Dalton clenched his fists and said hoarsely, "Bastard!" "Kill him!" Braydon coldly glanced over and spat out two words.

In just three minutes.

He wanted to kill one person!

Why?

“What?” Harrison Jarrell was shocked and furious.

Swoosh!

Old Man Zito, who was standing at the door, had a mouth full of yellow teeth when he smiled. He looked extremely sloppy.

After hearing Braydon’s order.

Old Man Zito held the three-foot-long iron sword in his arms and instantly unsheathed it.

The three-foot-long iron sword was unsheathed like a swan.

The cold sword Qi was terrifying.

The sword Qi swept across the villa and cut through the starlight in the night.

Then, the iron sword returned to its sheath.

Dalton had been beheaded, and the wall behind him was split into two.

The entire place was silent.

Harrison's eyes were red as he watched his eldest son die. He shouted, "Dalton!" "I'll fight it out with you!" The square-faced middle-aged man watched his big brother being beheaded, and he attacked in shock and anger. "Back off!" Harrison said hoarsely.

"Father, he killed Dalton!" The square-faced middle-aged man could not believe it. He did not expect his father to stop him. Harrison said hoarsely, "This old thing is a king!" "What? He... The middle-aged man's eyes flashed with fear as he looked at the ordinary Old Man Zito. He was just like an old man from the countryside.

He was actually a king!

They did not know that there were different levels of the king realm martial artists.

And Old Man Zito was a ninth-level king!

He faintly comprehended his own pinnacle martial arts path with his sword.

As long as he improved a little more, he would be a half-step pinnacle.

Harrison panted heavily. He was already old, but he did not expect to experience the pain of losing his son tonight. He stared at Braydon and asked hoarsely, "Who are you?" "A nobody." Braydon seemed to have told a cold joke.

Damn it, the mighty Northern King introduced himself as a nobody?

This was not self-deprecation.

It was clearly a scam!

Moreover, the ruthless people of the northern army seemed to have a special liking for the word 'nobody'. They seemed to have some misunderstanding about the meaning of the word.

The ten ruthless men of the northern army could be granted the title of Great General.

More importantly, the ten ruthless men were regimental commanders.

A legion of 100,000 elites followed their orders.

They definitely had great power!

Yet they called themselves nobodies.

Were they not just trying to scam others?

The northern army was full of bad seeds.

None of them were good!

Harrison was not a fool. He said coldly, "You're a youth with a king protecting you. You call yourself a nobody?" "You might have misunderstood." Braydon smiled faintly as he sat on the sofa. He tilted his head sleepily as he leaned back on the sofa and slowly closed his eyes.

Going to someone else's house to rest in the middle of the night?

How tyrannical!

Harrison's eyes were red, but he didn't dare to move. He sneered, "Just now when he attacked, the sword Qi was extremely terrifying. He must be a king!" "What I mean is, I don't need Frazer's protection!" Braydon glanced at him.

With just one look, it made Harrison's hair stand on end. It was as if a peerless beast was staring at him.

At this moment.

Harrison's pupils constricted. He understood what the white-robed youth meant.

The youth did not need the protection of a king?

What did that mean?

This meant that the youth in white was also a terrifying king.

A young king!

To achieve this, one needed terrifying talent in martial arts and a great force to nurture them.

No matter how one looked at it.

The white-clothed youth who came to visit tonight was not someone that the Jarrell family could afford to offend.

"You're also a king?" Harrison asked hoarsely. "There are no geniuses like you in the provincial capital. If there were, your name would have been famous in the three provinces of the Central Plains. How could I not have heard of you?" "Perhaps you've heard of the young master's name before!" Old Man Zito smiled foolishly, revealing his big yellow teeth.

This smile made people feel disgusted.

Harrison's eyes were filled with hatred. It was this old thing who killed his eldest son!

Old Man Zito's next words shocked everyone in the Jarrell family.

“My young master’s surname is Neal, and his nickname is Northern King!” Swoosh!

Harrison’s scalp went numb, and his facial features were distorted due to excessive fear. He said in an extremely ugly and ferocious manner, “King Braydon Neal?” “Father, King Braydon Neal is...” The square-faced middle-aged man was terrified as he guessed who Braydon was.

But he wanted to hear a different answer.

Old Man Zito replied honestly, “Young Master is the king of the northern territory! ” The Jarrell father and son’s minds went blank.

They did not know how to answer. They stood there in a daze, not daring to move.

When they came back to their senses.

Harrison turned around and knelt down. “Greetings, Lord Northern King! ” he said hoarsely.

The father and son knelt down.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

Braydon leaned against the sofa and closed his eyes to rest. He asked calmly, “Tell me, which family is your Jarrell family a pawn for?” “What? I... I don’t understand what you mean!” Harrison knelt on the ground and lowered his head as he replied with a trembling voice.

Braydon smiled.

Harrison did not understand what he was saying?

It does not matter!

He might be able to understand what was going on after this.

Braydon raised his left hand and released his force.

The force was like a palm as it was instantly released.

Bang!

The square-faced middle-aged man was blasted into the wall. His bones and muscles were broken, and he could not even be extracted from the wall.

The middle-aged man screamed in pain. "Ahhh!" He knew that he had been ruthlessly crippled by the white-robed Northern King. He was alive, but he was a cripple.

"Lord Northern King, please show mercy!" Harrison knelt on the ground in shock and anger.

"You still don't understand what I'm saying?" Braydon asked with a faint smile, but Harrison knelt on the ground with his head lowered and did not say a word.

This made Braydon shake his head lightly. He raised his hand and an invisible force turned into a sharp sword that pierced through the middle-aged man's thigh and nailed him to the wall.

Fresh blood flowed out.

The middle-aged man gritted his teeth and let out a hoarse growl.

The extreme pain nearly made him faint.

Harrison kneeled on the ground and remained silent.

Braydon's flicked his left fingers, and his force materialized.

The invisible sword pierced through the middle-aged man's other thigh and nailed him to the wall..

Chapter 533-Kill the Entire Family!

On the sofa, Braydon Neal tilted his head. With a snap of his fingers and a chuckle, his force transformed into a long sword that pierced through the middle-aged man's leg.

Blood was still flowing out, but Harrison Jarrell still refused to speak.

Braydon's eyes turned cold. The old man in front of him was stubborn and refused to say anything.

Did he think that Braydon would not dare to flatten the entire Jarrell family in the provincial capital tonight?

Braydon had not even settled the score with him for using the Neal family to threaten Braydon!

Swoosh!

With a raise of his hand, Braydon released two waves of force.

The force was like a sword, piercing through the middle-aged man's arms.

His limbs were nailed to the wall.

It was extremely miserable to look at!

This was the consequence of an aristocratic family martial artist falling into Braydon's hands.

The people of the four great entities would definitely die in Braydon's hands!

But Harrison still refused to say.

Braydon suddenly stood up and walked out of the living room with his hands behind his back. He said coldly, "Kill the whole Jarrell family!" "Yes, sir!" The person who received the order was not Old Man Zito.

It was a young man in black standing quietly outside the villa.

He was Captain Hatcher Murphy!

Hatcher and the Central Plains guards had been waiting for a long time.

The Northern King's killing order had been issued.

Hatcher would make his move tonight and eliminate all the martial artists of the Jarrell family.

"What?" Harrison raised his head in shock and anger.

"What's wrong? Now you understand what I'm saying?" Braydon seemed to be smiling, but a fierce look appeared in his eyes.

All the martial artists of the aristocratic families deserved to die.

At this moment.

“Father, confess. We shouldn’t have agreed to those people!” The middle-aged man was nailed to the wall. He had lost too much blood and was close to fainting.

He gritted his teeth and said hoarsely, “King Braydon, although the Jarrell family is ranked among the small aristocratic families, we are at the bottom of the list in the provincial capital. We can’t be considered a big aristocratic family. If you have a grudge, go find the Youngblood family and other big aristocratic families!

“It was them who instructed the Jarrell family to do this. They asked us to send people to Preston to destroy the new factory that produces anti-gravity devices so that it would not affect the oil and gas industry!

“The Jarrell family is weak and has no choice!

“King Braydon, you hold great power. Why don’t you dare to settle the score with them? Why are you bullying a small aristocratic family like us?!” Before the middle-aged man fainted, he was putting everything into his last attempt to fight for his family.

He had to say it!

If the Jarrell family did not say anything, Braydon would have ordered the extermination of the entire Jarrell family.

After tonight.

How many people would be left in the Jarrell family?

If he did not say it now, the Jarrell family would be finished after tonight!

The Jarrell family was not supposed to be involved in this matter.

Those aristocratic families promised great profits, so why did they not dare to go to Preston?

Why did they not dare to provoke Braydon?

Because they could not afford to offend him!

The families behind them did not dare to provoke the Qilin Lord, Northern King Braydon.

What could the Jarrell family of the provincial capital use to challenge the Northern King?

This legend of the northern army was like a God.

The Jarrell family could not afford to offend them!

The middle-aged man confessed everything!

Braydon looked over calmly, his thin lips moving slightly. "Save him. Tonight, he is the main character. He cannot die!" "Yes, sir!" Hatcher stepped forward and pulled the middle-aged man out to bandage his wounds.

In the living room, Harrison and the others looked as if they had aged many years.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "There should be about a hundred people in the Jarrell family in the provincial capital. If we were to kill every single one of them, at least a thousand people would be killed." "If you were to kill like that, you would definitely be punished by the heavens!" Harrison's eyes turned red.

At this point, it was useless for him to deny anything. His son had already relented.

Harrison knew that he wanted to die, so he did not quibble.

Braydon, with his hands behind his back, looked up at the bright white moon in the night sky and whispered, "Frediano died because of the aristocratic families. From now on, killing a million aristocratic family people is nothing!" "General, should we send him on his way?" Murderous intent appeared in Hatcher's eyes.

Braydon walked out of the villa with his hands behind his back and said softly, "There's no rush to kill him. Within ten minutes, find out who he's working for.

If he lies to you, wipe out his entire family!" "Yes, sir!" Hatcher stepped into the living room.

Braydon sat at the door and looked at the bright moon with his deep eyes. His eyes were filled with longing.

What had happened today had brought back memories that Braydon did not want to recall.

He missed Frediano!

His death would be a pain in Braydon's heart for the rest of his life. It was also a pain in the hearts of the regimental commanders of the northern army.

Frediano was the last conscience of the northern army!

After Frediano's death, the core generals of the northern army changed. They became ruthless and vicious. They would kill their enemies without mercy, regardless of whether they were old or weak.

Once they became enemies, they would kill them all and leave no survivors.

This included Braydon!

Braydon sat at the door and said softly, "Hatcher, find out everything he knows. If he dares to lie to you, kill his entire family. With your skills in the Central Plains, it won't be difficult to find every single person

in his family, right?" "Commander, don't worry. In the main team's secret database, as long as it's a living person, their personal information can be obtained. We can find his relatives from generations back!" Hatcher turned around and bent over to reply.

Braydon nodded lightly. He did not show any mercy to the martial artists of the aristocratic families.

In the bright living room.

Hatcher stood in front of Harrison and said indifferently, "Tell me, who ordered you to target the commander?" "Leah Flitwick of the Flitwick family! "Zeno Youngblood of the Youngblood family!" "Jonathan Babcock of the Babcock family!" After saying those three sentences, Harrison closed his eyes and waited for death.

He knew very well that if he did not tell Braydon everything, all the martial artists in the Jarrell family would die.

Now that he had told Braydon, whatever the Jarrell family had done and the consequences that arose would end here in this villa.

Otherwise, the entire Jarrell family would be implicated. With the means of the imperial guards of the Central Plains, they could move out tonight and take all of them away.

"What did they ask you to do?" Hatcher asked again.

"Destroy the Neal corporation in Preston, the new factory that produces anti-gravity devices, and inquire about the eldest son of the Neal family and find out what he has been doing these few days." Harrison told Hatcher he had two things to do.

The first thing was to destroy the new factory.

The second thing was to find out what Braydon had been doing these past few days.

The aristocratic families and powerful families seemed to have been silent for a few days.

In fact, they had never stopped their little tricks.

They had thought of all sorts of ways to find out about Braydon's every move in Preston.

They were watching him!

Braydon suddenly stood up and walked out of the door. He asked softly, "Bring him along and let's pay a visit to the big shots in the provincial capital tonight!" Hatcher picked up Harrison and followed him out.

All the aristocratic families in the provincial capital were not easy to deal with.

For example, the Flitwick family was one of the big aristocratic families in the provincial capital. With the support of the Flitwick family in the capital, they could do whatever they wanted in the provincial capital.

Who could offend the Flitwick family?

Even the Central Plains main team would have to tolerate the Flitwick family.

They had a powerful family behind them!

The various powerful families in capital were extremely powerful and were not something the Central Plains main team could shake.

The foundations of the other families were not any weaker than the Flitwick family.

However, the current Flitwick family was already crippled!

Chapter 534-No Entry Without Permission The Flitwick family in the capital had been destroyed by Braydon Neal not that long ago. The entire manor had been destroyed.

All the experts of the Flitwick family were killed.

After the capital's Flitwick family fell, the provincial capital's Flitwick family, as a collateral family of the Flitwick family, was cleaned up by Braydon once because of Song Jin Goo.

The Flitwick family of the provincial capital was no longer as glorious as it used to be.

The reason why the Flitwick family had not fallen yet was because of a girl.

This girl was Leah Flitwick.

She was the tinder of the Flitwick family.

She was a king at such a young age; her future was bright.

The tinder of the aristocratic families was all chosen geniuses. Every generation would choose one person to either be hidden or sent to the sects to cultivate martial arts.

In the future, if there was a major change in the family, he would return to take charge of the situation.

With Leah's talent, she would definitely become a ninth-level king in the future.

If she took another step forward, she would be a half-step pinnacle.

She alone was enough to revitalize the Flitwick family.

They only needed to accumulate three generations to become another powerful family in the capital.

The background of the Flitwick family was not as simple as it seemed.

To be more precise, each family had been growing for at least hundreds of years and would not be so easily defeated. Plus, kings could live for 300 years.

If one generation was 30 years... After three generations, Leah would only be 100 years old. Even if she did not reach the pinnacle realm, a king could live for 300 years. She still had 200 years.

The new would replace the old. The older generation would go into hiding, and the new generation would rise.

Remember, this was seclusion, not death.

A king could protect seven or eight generations of the family.

After passing down the legacy from generation to generation, a cycle of 300 years was enough to accumulate a terrifying foundation.

This was a powerful family!

Ordinary families could not be compared to them at all.

Moreover, the aristocratic families liked to have arranged marriages between the families. According to them, the daughters of the aristocratic families could not marry into just any ordinary family. Ordinary forces in the outside world were not worthy of the daughters of the aristocratic families.

Not to mention ordinary people!

A marriage between two powerful families was called a match of equal status.

At the same time, this was also called a strong alliance!

If a big shot wanted to touch a powerful family, it was very likely that three to five families would come out to fight against him.

These powerful families also had allies!

The powerful families cooperated with each other, growing in power.

In Braydon's eyes, the powerful families had become a disaster!

It was imperative to clip the wings of the powerful families.

Otherwise, in another ten years, the powerful families and the aristocratic families would monopolize all kinds of industries in the secular world, and their personnel would infiltrate the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions.

They could then control the fate of the country.

At that time, there would be a great disaster.

Braydon was born in the northern territory and shouldered the fate of the country. There were some things that he had to do.

Hatcher Murphy brought Harrison Jarrell out of the villa area. At the same time, more than 2,000 black-robed guards appeared.

A total of 2,000 people, dressed in black and holding black cold swords, walked silently on the streets, following behind Braydon.

“Commander, should we wipe out the Youngblood, Flitwick and Babcock families?” Hatcher asked softly.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and smiled. “The Flitwick family is no longer a threat. We don’t have to worry about them. Let’s talk about the Babcock family.” “Alright, the Babcock family is a famous family in the provincial capital. They are not weaker than the Flitwick and Youngblood families at their peak.” Hatcher informed Braydon that the Babcock family was a famous aristocratic family in the provincial capital and belonged to the top forces.

The Babcock family had a lot of influence in the three provinces of the Central Plains.

In addition, the Babcock family in the capital supported them from behind, making the Babcock family a formidable force in the provincial capital.

As long as nothing happened to the Babcock family in the capital, the Babcock family in the provincial capital would not fall!

The Babcock family’s business was not small either. They occupied 40% of the oil and gas industry in the entire provincial capital.

This meant that if you lived in the provincial capital, you would have to fork out ten dollars for gas, and four dollars from that would go into the Babcock family’s pocket.

In the oil and gas industry, whether it was the civilian industry or the commercial industry, the Babcock family was behind it.

The Babcock family was a typical local tyrant in the provincial capital.

More importantly, this was a powerful martial arts family with a history of hundreds of years.

Their influence, connections, network, and so on were far from what a small aristocratic family like the Jarrell family could compare to.

The two were not on the same level at all!

Night had completely enveloped the provincial capital. As the provincial capital, the arrival of the night made the city more prosperous. People who worked during the day had free time only at night.

Most ordinary people would choose to go shopping or drink with their friends.

This place was extremely expensive!

However, a large company had built a manor that occupied more than ten acres here.

How big was an area of more than ten acres?

It was a manor with an area of nearly 8000 square meters. There were townhouses built inside, and there were even luxury cars coming in and out. There were also young and strong security guards patrolling at the gates.

The security was very tight, and the layout of the manor exuded the air of nobility.

This was the Babcock family's manor!

The top aristocratic family in the provincial capital.

A famous family.

When Braydon and his group arrived, they attracted the attention of more than 20 security guards at the entrance of the Babcock family manor.

The security captain held the walkie-talkie and said in a low voice, "Everyone, there are people coming from the east. Send someone to ask if they are distinguished guests invited by the family." "Captain, if the family had invited guests, they would have told us." Someone replied in puzzlement.

The security captain frowned. "Cut the crap. Go and ask." There was a security office at the entrance of the manor. Two young men with crew cuts immediately walked out and headed east.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. His steps were calm, and a faint smile hung on his lips.

However, there were more than 2,000 imperial guards of the Central Plains behind him. They were all wearing black scarves and holding cold swords in their left hands. Their thin bodies were filled with a murderous aura.

The crew-cut youth stepped forward and raised his hand, saying solemnly, "May I ask if you have an invitation to visit the Babcock family tonight?" "No, I just came to the Babcock family manor on a whim to discuss some matters." Braydon did not stop and continued to walk toward the entrance of the Babcock family manor.

The crew-cut youth immediately said warily, "Please stop, young man. Since you don't have an invitation, outsiders are not allowed to enter the Babcock family manor. Please make an appointment tomorrow." "This is rather urgent. I need to see Jonathan Babcock in person!" Braydon smiled like a spring breeze.

The crew-cut youth was on alert. He saw the 2,000 men in black behind Braydon, all of them holding sword.

He picked up the walkie-talkie and said in a low voice, "Captain, there's a situation here. These people don't have an appointment. They want to see the family head." "Ask them why they are here. I'll go and explain the situation to the family head. Wait for my response." The captain's deep voice came from the walkie-talkie.

The crew-cut youth put down the walkie-talkie and looked at Braydon. He said in a serious voice, "Everyone, please wait patiently.."

Chapter 535-Give an Explanation The security guard of the Babcock family manor asked Braydon Neal and the others to wait outside the door.

This in itself was a joke!

“What if we don’t want to wait?” Hatcher Murphy asked coldly.

“Then, you may leave!” The crew-cut young man’s attitude was domineering. As a member of the Babcock family, he was used to being domineering in the provincial capital.

Hatcher took a step forward, his eyes filled with killing intent. “What if we insist on going in?” “Then, please state your intentions and wait here!” The crew-cut youth did not give in.

Immediately after.

He added, “Here, you have to abide by the rules of the Babcock family!

After saying that, Braydon smiled faintly. He looked at the crew-cut young man and thought that this guy was very interesting.

They had to abide by the rules of their family?

“I’m here for one reason,” Braydon said softly. “I want to kill Jonathan Babcock.

Is that possible?” “What?!” The crew-cut young man’s eyes were filled with shock and anger.

Braydon continued, “You told me to wait here. This rule of the Babcock family is not a good one. You have to change it!” His soft voice fell.

Swoosh!

Hatcher pulled out the black blade from his waist.

The sword was unsheathed, revealing its sharpness.

Hatcher stabbed the young man's right shoulder and nailed him to the wall.

He then ordered coldly, "Anyone who stops us from entering the manor will be killed!" "Yes, sir!" More than two thousand Central Plains imperial guards emitted a murderous aura.

At the same time, the crew-cut young man screamed, "Ah, there's an enemy!" This fellow did not forget to warn the others. He was really a loyal dog.

However, this was not important to Braydon.

The most important thing was that the Babcock family had offended him!

That was enough.

The crew-cut youth's warning stunned the security guards at the manor's entrance.

It had been many years since the Babcock family had met such an arrogant person in the provincial capital.

Someone actually came knocking on their door!

More than 20 security guards were dispatched, but they could not stop Braydon at all.

Hatcher and Braydon did not even need to make a move. The imperial guards of the Central Plains had already cleared the path and defeated them in an instant.

The commotion at the door had already alarmed the Babcock family.

“Who dares to cause trouble here?” A strong male voice sounded angrily.

The sound waves surged!

A burly man released the pressure of a War God and swept across the entire scene. He arrived at the door at an extreme speed of dozens of meters per second.

The cold sentence caused Saylor Babcock, who had appeared, to be instantly shocked. He could not help but retract his War God pressure.

He was shocked. “Captain Murphy! These blind brats at the gates didn’t recognize you. Please don’t take offense!” “It’s fine. It doesn’t matter if you provoke me. If you provoke someone you shouldn’t, your entire family may not live.” Hatcher always had a cold expression on his face.

These words made Saylor’s eyes flash with coldness. He was neither servile nor overbearing. “Captain Murphy, it seems that you’re here for a certain reason. Since you’ve led your troops here tonight, something big must have happened.” The imperial guards of the Central Plains that ordinary martial artists feared like tigers were here.

But the War God of the Babcock family did not seem to be afraid.

This was the confidence of a big aristocratic family.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and smiled. “The Central Plains main team is in charge of the three provinces of the Central Plains. All martial artists must listen to their orders. The captain is here, and this is the Babcock family’s attitude?” “What you said is true. The Central Plains main team has jurisdiction over the martial artists of the three provinces in the Central Plains, but it depends on who they are!” A cold smile appeared on Saylor’s lips.

There seemed to be a hint of mockery in his tone.

The martial artists in the outside world were afraid of the five main team and regarded the five commanders as high and mighty figures.

Behind the five commanders, there were five captains who followed the orders of the governor office.

Now that Hatcher had come personally, Saylor did not seem to put him in his eyes.

“Of course, I know that the Central Plains main team is in charge of all the martial artists,” he said indifferently. “But it doesn’t concern the Babcock family. Usually, when the Central Plains headquarters does things, the aristocratic families in the provincial capital will cooperate and give way.

“Captain Murphy, you can’t be so naive as to think that the Babcock family is afraid of you, right?”

“What a joke. The Babcock family is merely giving face to the governor office behind the Central Plains main team!” Saylor tore down all pretense, not giving Hatcher any face at all.

Captain Hatcher Murphy led his troops here tonight, but Saylor made it so that he could not even enter the Babcock family’s gates.

His harsh words revealed the arrogance of a great aristocratic family. “Are you done?” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and smiled.

“Hmm?” Saylor glanced at Braydon, then looked at Hatcher and said indifferently, “What I said was just to let Captain Murphy know that he should not be too ostentatious. The Babcock family is giving him face because of the governor office!” These words were very strange.

The Babcock family did not even respect the captain of the Central Plains main team, yet they still claimed to respect the governor office?

What mockery!

Braydon smiled. "Since you're done speaking, die!" Old Man Zito held the three-foot-long iron sword in his arms. He smiled foolishly and took a step forward.

The iron sword was unsheathed like a shooting star.

A sword that pierced through the sky, startling the night.

Wherever the sword Qi went, nothing could block it!

Even Saylor, a second-level War God who is a big shot in the provincial capital, could not block it.

However, the ordinary and sloppy Old Man Zito was a ninth -level king.

"What? You dare to kill me?" Saylor was shocked and furious, and he wanted to counterattack.

If Old Man Zito made a move, there was no way he could survive. A sword pierced through Saylor heart and killed him on the spot!

This scene shocked everyone.

Braydon smiled like a spring breeze and walked over his body. His thin lips moved slightly. "The Central Plains main team has jurisdiction over the martial artists of the three provinces. Those who disobey orders can be killed on the spot!" "The Babcock family is way too arrogant!" Braydon's killing intent had never been calm.

How many of these arrogant martial artists did the Babcock family have?

No one knew!

However, if Braydon saw any of them, they would not be able to escape death. A group of people from the Babcock family rushed over from afar. A scholarly man's pupils constricted as he watched his biological brother fall into a pool of blood.

His eyes were bloodshot as he rushed over, shouting hoarsely, "Saylor!" "Cough... Be careful of his sword!" Saylor, who had fallen to the ground, was not dead yet. His consciousness had not completely dissipated.

This was the powerful vitality of a martial artist.

He could still hold on for a few more minutes. "Hold on," the elegant man said hoarsely. "I'll take you to the doctor." "Don't... Don't waste your energy. Be careful of him!" Before Saylor's gaze became unfocused, he pointed at a white-robed young man.

The young man was Braydon!

Saylor was not stupid. He realized that the most terrifying person among the people who came today was this white-robed young man. He actually had a powerful martial artist by his side as a servant.

Carter Babcock's eyes were red as he stared at Hatcher and said hoarsely, "Captain Murphy, how could the Central Plains main team be so tyrannical? I wonder what mistake my brother made?"

"What did he do that the imperial guards of the Central Plains are here personally?"

"If you don't give the Babcock family an explanation today, don't even think about walking out of the Babcock family's gates alive. Others may be afraid of you, but the Babcock family isn't!" Ruthless words came out of Carter's mouth..