

The Strongest War God chapter 130-160

The Strongest War God chapter 130-The Entire Northern Region Welcomes Your Arrival At this moment, Hudson Zamora wiped the cold sweat off his face. He knew what a stupid mistake they had made.

The five of them actually wanted a young War God to obey their orders.

This had to be the biggest joke in the world.

Every War God in the country was a figure that all parties were fighting for!

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Beside Hudson, his three colleagues were also wiping the cold sweat off their faces with handkerchiefs. They were all frightened.

Although he was a top-notch field officer, his ancient martial strength was only at the level of a level-nine warrior.

Of course, in front of Braydon Neal, this strength was nothing.

However, in the outside world, a ninth-level warrior was already not weak.

One step further and he would be at the warlord level, a person who could be conferred the title of general.

The three silver needles in Braydon's palm trembled slightly. The first needle was inserted into the Tianfu point, and the second needle was inserted into the Tianquan point, which was to activate the blood and clear the channels and collaterals.

Braydon then took out seven silver needles, each of which was nourished with purple Qi. He kept stimulating the major acupuncture points all over the old lady's body so that the blood in her body would flow.

Traditional Chinese medicine's principle was that if the blood did not flow, things were not good.

If a person's Qi and blood were smooth, their limbs and bones healthy, and their immune system naturally strong, they could heal themselves without taking medicine.

For old people like the old lady, when they had entered their twilight years, their Qi and blood would decline, and their bodies would continue to deteriorate. All kinds of illnesses would follow.

On the other hand, martial artists were the exact opposite. They cultivated ancient martial arts to strengthen their bones, muscles, and blood. However, any powerful ancient martial arts practitioner was someone with strong blood and Qi.

King level characters could live for three hundred years!

This was a publicly acknowledged fact.

Therefore, all the martial artists in the world yearned for powerful strength. They were not only obsessed with the feeling of being above others, but also wanted to live longer.

Just like the Daoist priests of Daoism, the cultivation of Daoism was to seek freedom and longevity.

Daoism's life-nourishment art was truly one of a kind.

One could get a glimpse of it from ancient historical books. Qi cultivators from before the 221 B.C. and ancient Daoists were mostly skilled in alchemy. Although they could make all kinds of strange things, they were still happy and never tired. What they wanted was the medicine of longevity.

Of course, the ancient alchemists had created one of the four great inventions, gunpowder, by randomly refining pills. This could also be considered as a contribution to mankind.

The old lady on the bed slowly woke up. Her Qi and blood had spread to her limbs and bones, causing the old lady to sweat all over. Her mouth was a little dry. "Braydon, you're here!" "Grandma, drink some water!" Braydon fed her water personally.

The old lady drank some water, and her mental state was obviously much better. She leaned against the bed and looked at the many people in the room.

"Grandma, you're finally awake!" Heather Sage said with tears in her eyes.

“Silly girl, even if Grandma is gone, you still have your brother Braydon. He will take care of you for the rest of your life!” The old lady said kindly.

Heather’s delicate cheeks flushed red, and she stomped her feet in embarrassment, “If I let him take care of me, I think I’ll die of anger!” Braydon stood aside quietly. Seeing that the old man was fine, he was ready to leave quietly.

“Where are you going?” Heather’s gaze was unfriendly.

“I’m just going out for a walk. Do I need to report to you?” Braydon laughed.

“Who cares about you? Go wherever you want!” Heather rolled her eyes. She was inexplicably angry when she saw that bastard Braydon.

“Braydon, “the old lady said kindly, “if you’re busy, go ahead. I feel much better.

“Grandma, take care of your health. If you feel unwell, ask her to look for me.” Braydon was referring to Heather. This girl had never been polite to him.

In the entire Preston, perhaps only these relatives were worthy of Braydon’s personal help.

If it were an outsider, not to mention letting Braydon make a house call, even if it was brought to his face, he would probably ignore it.

However, at the door of the ward, Hudson was suspicious when he learned that Braydon was a national doctor. This young War God was definitely a genius and had the support of a big force.

The key was that they could not find any information at all.

Hudson secretly reported it and asked for information about Braydon.

Suddenly, a mysterious phone call came in, and a low, hoarse male voice said, “Hudson Zamora, you’re investigating Mr. Neal?” “And you are?” Hudson was dumbfounded. He asked a colleague in the capital to transfer Braydon’s file.

In the end, he did not receive a call from his colleague. Instead, he received an unknown number’s call.

The man's voice was cold. "Some things can't be investigated. This is the first and last time. If you want to investigate, the north will always welcome you!" The call ended.

Anyone could understand that this was a warning!

No more investigation, or the people in the north will make a move.

Hudson was stunned and mumbled to himself, "The north? Isn't that the northern territory? The north's people taking action..." At this moment, Hudson's entire body quivered. His eyes were filled with shock.

Since it was related to the northern army, they could stop the investigation.

"How did it go?" the muscular man asked. "The appearance of such a young War God in Preston is no small matter." Hudson's phone rang again.

"Tristan, I was given a warning just now." Hudson picked up the phone and said to his colleague.

On the other end of the phone, the man's face darkened. "Who is the person you asked me to investigate? I just found out that the White-robed killer God Yuri Qualls from the north called personally. His intention was very clear. He's inviting me to be his guest. How would I dare to go?!" After Hudson heard this, he was stunned.

He thought that Braydon was just someone from the north, but he had underestimated this young man. Yuri Qualls, one of the ten most ruthless men in the north, had called him personally.

His identity was a little terrifying.

Braydon was already at the door. With his sensitive hearing, he chuckled. "The voice on the other end of the phone sounds familiar. It seems to be someone I know!" Hudson handed his phone to Braydon and wiped the cold sweat off his face. When he came back to his senses, he found that Braydon was already talking to the person on the other end of the phone.

The man on the other end of the line almost peed his pants.

Braydon was not the only one who found his voice familiar!

When the man heard Braydon's gentle voice, he felt that it was familiar. He felt as if he had been struck by lightning. He would never forget this voice for the rest of his life.

He, Tristan Yandell, was also born in the north!

Who could forget the voice of their own commander?

Every year, there was a quota for people to retire from the army in the north to take in new blood. There were bound to be old people who would leave the northern territory.

The rule of the north was that the strong stayed and the weak left.

Using force to decide the victor was simple and crude, and it was also the most convincing. This also caused the northern army to become more and more powerful. The eight countries outside Hansworth did not dare to make any moves.

Tristan was beaten to a pulp in the north back then. In the end, he packed up his things and left. He was a War God.

Under the heavens, only the north would chase out War Gods, but a bunch of forces outside fought to get them.

All the warriors from the north were invincible among their peers!

At this moment, Braydon took the phone and smiled. "Little monkey, do you still remember me?" "What the f*ck, it's really you!" In an elegant garden in a nursing home in the capital, a thirty-year-old man, who was sitting with his legs crossed by the fishing platform, staggered and fell to the ground. He was completely dumbfounded!

The Strongest War God chapter 131-Sitting Alone on the Peak of Mount Bliz, Who in the World Would Dare to Call Themselves King The young man was only thirty years old, but he was already a level-nine War God!

He was Tristan Yandell!

Only Braydon Neal would dare to call him little monkey.

Tristan almost peed his pants.

!!

Braydon held the phone and smiled. "You actually dare to investigate me. Yuri is inviting you for a drink. Let's go and have a chat." "Don't joke with me. The northern territory is a small place. People only go in and don't come out. Would that ruthless man in white be so kind as to buy me a drink?" Tristan was not stupid. He sneakily said, "He definitely wants to beat me up. I'm not going back!" "Tell me. You know my name, yet you still wanted to investigate me. Do you have some other motives in mind?" Braydon smiled.

Tristan's face was sullen. "When I was in the North, I didn't hear anyone mention your name for ten years. Especially when the old general was still there, no one dared to joke with you. They all called you young general.

"I didn't even dare to ask for your real name, and I've never heard anyone call you by your name!

"Later, everyone called you the young Northern King. When you were seventeen, you were conferred the title of king at the peak of the Mount Bliz. Everyone called you the Northern King. I didn't know your real name till today!" Tristan's face was full of grievance. He really did not know.

In the entire northern territory, if you dared to call Braydon by his name, in less than ten minutes, there would probably be tens of thousands of cold swords chopping you into minced meat.

Outsiders could not imagine the power of the Northern King in the northern territory!

Braydon laughed. "How's life in the capital? If you're not used to it, come to where I am." "Alright, wait for me. I'll be there in the afternoon!" Tristan's eyes lit up.

"See you in the afternoon then." Braydon nodded.

After hanging up the phone, Tristan put his phone away happily and looked at the six young men in black behind him. All of them were dumbfounded.

One had to know that their boss had already reached the peak of the ninth-level War God and was only half a step away from becoming a marquis.

He was in charge of the garrison of the capital, and his prestige was unattainable.

Now, he was as happy as a child. The six black-clothed warlords were completely dumbfounded.

Tristan got up and threw away his fishing rod. He started packing up. "Let's go to Preston. I quit. I'm going to play with my big brother." "Governor Yandell, this isn't right..." The six subordinates beside him were dumbfounded.

A person who was the governor, responsible for contacting the five great commanders, and also in charge of the elites of the capital's garrison, wanted to quit just like that? Did he think this was a game?

Tristan sneered in disdain. He already said that he was quitting, so he would see who could do anything to him!

With that, he went to pack his things and went to Preston to find Braydon.

The six subordinates looked at each other, each more confused than the other. They could guess who the person on the other end of the phone was. The only person who could make Tristan so obedient was the Northern King!

The genius of a thousand years, the Northern King!

The War Gods from the north were all his subordinates and loyal to him.

As long as Braydon gave the order, anyone from the north would have to obey.

Tristan wanted to run, but he was stopped by someone.

Tristan Yandell, one of the three great governors in the world, who had a high position and power, wanted to quit just like that? He was just creating a huge mess for them!

As for Preston, Braydon returned the phone to Hudson Zamora.

Gunter Bell wiped the cold sweat off his face. He realized that people with SSS-rank files were not people they could investigate.

Hudson was shocked. He knew who the colleague he contacted was. It was one of the capital's three great governors, Tristan Yandell, a level-nine War God. Yet this young man called him little monkey.

This young man's background was too terrifying!

Who was he?

Braydon saw that Gunter had been investigating him, and it became such a big thing that it alarmed Yuri Qualls in the north.

He walked out of the hospital and said calmly, "Ten years of glory outside the northern border, eight thousand miles of journey through the clouds and wind and frost, sitting alone on the peak of Mount Bliz. Who in the world would dare to call themselves king?" Braydon stopped and stood in front of the black car.

Everyone was shocked by his words.

Who in the world would dare to call themselves king?

How domineering!

This sentence came from the northern territory, from the Qilin overlord!

"Northern King?" Hudson's face turned pale, and he exclaimed.

The burly man and the other three were all stunned.

Sitting alone on the peak of Mount Bliz, under the heavens, only one person could go up.

That was the talented Northern King. Mount Bliz was his fief, and all the martial artists in the military department knew about it.

At that moment, Hudson and the others were stunned.

When they came back to their senses, Hudson finally understood who the young man in white was.

The current Northern King was in charge of millions of elites in the north. Although he wore plain clothes, his achievements were unparalleled. He alone guarded the north for eight thousand miles and intimidated the eight countries outside the border.

The forces of the north were invincible!

Hudson straightened his body and shouted in a trembling voice, "Hudson Zamora greets the Northern King!" "Northern King!" The burly man and the others all stood straight.

Now, they finally understood how stupid their words were when they first met Braydon. The young man in plain clothes in front of them was not a warlord, but a terrifying king!

According to last night's secret report, all the border soldiers received a shocking piece of news.

The northern territory had a new king!

What did this mean?

This meant that another person had been conferred the title of king, and that person was Marquis Colbie, Cole Colbie. From now on, he should be called King Colbie!

In the future, the two Northern Kings would be in the northern territory and would become an existence that would shock the world.

One should know that the two kings were both in their youth!

They had great potential for growth!

According to the internal information, other than King Colbie, the other nine of the ten most ruthless men in the north had become marquises. However, the north had sealed off the news until the ten most ruthless men of the north appeared in Preston a few days ago.

The news could not be hidden, so the north officially announced it!

Two kings, nine marquises, a hundred War Gods, and a million black-robed soldiers stood in the north.

In the hands of King Braydon, the northern territory had reached an unprecedented peak.

If there was a war in the future, the people of the north could wipe out an entire country!

Once the north made a move, the enemy's army would be destroyed!

The north was a magical place.

Gunter stood at the side, still in a daze. He would never have thought that the Professor Neal he knew, the eldest son of the Neal family, was actually the legendary Northern King.

No wonder Danny Que, the Wolf of the East, had personally come out to warn him.

He dared to investigate King Braydon; he was really looking for death!

Braydon took the car, and Logan Hall drove straight to Preston University.

In the car behind them, Hudson smiled bitterly. "No wonder we were warned not to investigate him. We're really lucky that we weren't targeted by the northern imperial guards!" "Why has the Northern King come to Preston?" The burly man was a little curious.

Gunter smiled bitterly. "He's from Preston. He left the capital when he was seven and went to the north. It's normal for him to return home now. He's the third-generation eldest son of the Neal family.

Hudson and the others looked at each other. They did not expect that King Braydon was actually from the same hometown as them.

The Strongest War God chapter 132-The Ninth Level of Light Force, Breaking the Wall with One Palm When Braydon Neal arrived at Preston University by car, he met the old man, Zachariah Sloan.

The old man had been very anxious for the past few days. The contract they had signed with Braydon stated that they had to teach at least one class a week.

In the end, Braydon had not shown up for eight or nine days, so he could only postpone his classes. Moreover, the Preston Research Institute's anti-gravity project was the highlight of Preston University.

Now that they had encountered a special situation, they really needed Braydon to come over.

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“You’re finally here,” Zachariah said with a bitter face.

“The research lab is almost done for!” “What’s wrong?” Logan Hall asked with a curious expression.

Zachariah’s face darkened. Yonah and old Qian are fighting because they have different opinions. But this is a small matter. The research server has been hacked by an overseas hacker.

Braydon frowned and entered the scientific research building.

Everyone in the research lab was in low spirits, and the atmosphere was heavy. The room had been cordoned off, and the special operations brigade from Preston’s garrison were armed with guns.

This was the special operations brigade!

Eighteen of them were in charge of security. At the same time, there were a few young people sitting at the server computers. Although they were dressed in military uniform, they were special talents who were proficient in network programming.

They sat in front of the server computers, their faces solemn. Their fingers were constantly moving, typing on the keyboard.

The captain of the special operations brigade, Quinlan Larry, stepped forward and frowned. “Non-research personnel are prohibited from entering!” Braydon was stopped, including Logan and Zachariah.

Zachariah’s face darkened. “He’s the chief engineer of the research lab. Get out of the way!” Yonah Zill, who was walking around the computers, heard the commotion and hurried over. He shouted, “Get out of my way, Chief Engineer Neal, you’re finally here!” “The rules of the research lab state that everyone who enters must hand over their electronic equipment and go through safety checks!” Quinlan Larry was unyielding. He was in charge of the security here, so he had to follow the rules and regulations.

The old man, Yonah Zill, had a bad temper. “You’re really crossing the line now! Even if everyone in our research lab leaks the secret, it’s impossible that Chief Engineer Neal would do that. The entire anti-gravity project was started by him alone!” Braydon chuckled indifferently. For the past thirteen years, he had never been searched!

In the northern territory, he had been confirmed as the next commander of the northern army since he was young. No one dared to disrespect him!

Searching King Braydon's body in this research lab?

That was impossible!

"Quinlan Larry, don't go too far!" Logan was furious.

"Someone from the Preston team? I'm sorry, but I'm on alert here. No matter who you are, you must hand over your electronic equipment for inspection!" Quinlan did not give the Preston team any face.

The military faced external forces while the special operations team faced internal forces. The two parties did not interfere with each other, so there was no need to say who was afraid of who!

Braydon chuckled and did not get angry. Anyone who was in military uniform in Hansworth was his brother.

Therefore, Braydon did not make things difficult for them. With a slight movement of his fingers, a white mobile phone appeared. The phone case was a cartoon mouse, which was Braydon's zodiac sign, given to him by Heather Sage.

It was a very feminine phone, but it was in Braydon's hands. Since it was turned on, it had not been charged, and the number of calls he made was no more than three.

"Here's my phone, but I'm afraid you can't do a body search." Braydon took out his phone and walked through the door.

As the captain of the special operations brigade, Quinlan was a field officer himself. With one punch, his light force exploded.

Smack!

Fifth-level light force!

A martial artist with a base strength of two hundred pounds would have an explosive force of six hundred pounds after three punches.

If an ordinary person was hit by a punch, even if they did not die, they would be injured.

Braydon's footsteps were calm, and his body easily avoided the fist. He raised his left hand indifferently, bringing up a hurricane, and nine crisp sounds rang in the air.

Nine levels of light force?

Quinlan could not withstand the ninth-level light force at all.

His entire body was instantly sent flying, and he crashed into the wall.

Boom!

The entire wall collapsed in an instant, revealing the head of the steel bar. The researchers in the room next door were dumbfounded and looked at this scene in horror. What a terrifying force that had blasted through the cement wall!

Blood seeped out of Quinlan's lips. His injuries were not serious. More than 99% of the force had penetrated his body and almost hit the wall.

It was like a tremor!

"Nine levels of light force, followed by dark force?" Quinlan was shocked.

Only when the dark force followed could it pass through the body. With the explosive force of the light force, it landed on the wall and instantly collapsed.

The light force had the explosive power of yang, and the dark force had the penetrating power of yin.

The two represented two major realms!

A warrior would cultivate light force, and a warlord would cultivate dark force. When the two types of energy were combined, they would become a War God!

The War God's palm could injure more than ten people.

Quinlan could not help but be shocked.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. "I gave you the phone because I didn't want you to be in a difficult position. If you attack me, it is regarded as disrespect. If the imperial guards were here, they would definitely kill you on the spot!" Everyone was stunned by his words.

Gunter Bell and the rest followed him in and were shocked and furious. "Impudent! All of you, stop!" "I think you guys don't know the immensity of heaven and earth. You actually attacked the Northern King. All of you, get lost!" Hudson Zamora entered and scolded him angrily.

Quinlan was stunned. There was only one Northern King in the world, and that was the commander of the northern army.

His face was pale as he turned around and handed over the phone with both hands. "Preston Garrison's Special Operations Brigade, Quinlan Larry, greets the Northern King!" Braydon chuckled, took the phone, and walked to the server computer without any further blame.

There were a total of seven young men, constantly typing on their keyboards, completely ignoring what was happening outside. Each of them had beads of sweat flowing down their temples. It was obvious that the problem they were facing made them all extremely nervous.

"What's the problem?" Braydon asked.

"There's an overseas expert who has sneaked in through the school's intranet, trying to steal the research lab's data. The server's firewall has automatically been locked down, and no one can enter, including us. The overseas hackers are constantly attacking the server now." The determined youth at the side explained the situation.

Another young man said in a serious tone, "The other party is very strong. In terms of technology alone, I'm afraid they can be ranked in the top ten of the country's blacklist. They should be a team working together. If they are alone, even the top three hackers on the blacklist can't stop them." "Let me try." Braydon smiled and patted the young man's shoulder, asking him to make room for him.

The young man stood up instinctively, but when he came back to his senses, he suddenly asked, "And you are?" "Don't ask!" Gunter walked forward.

As soon as Braydon sat down, he glanced at the jumping letters on the screen, which kept refreshing. The red warning light next to it kept flashing. The other party was indeed very strong.

However, for Braydon, his eyes were cold as he chuckled. Someone had picked the wrong target in targeting him.

Braydon's slender fingers moved and rewrote the defense program, which made the young man look over. The other six people were also stunned.

In a metal room in an underground research room outside the border, there were more than ten young people with blonde hair and blue eyes, both male and female.

One of them, a cold-looking man, was sitting in his own office. He spoke into the communication device next to him, "Attention, everyone! You must access the server of Preston University today and obtain all the information about the anti-gravity project!"

The Strongest War God chapter 133-My Surname is Neal, and My Name is the Northern King In an overseas organization, the cold-looking man spoke.

The other people stopped laughing and gradually became serious. If nothing unexpected happened, they would get what they wanted today.

All the information on the anti-gravity device was what the government behind them wanted the most.

They would not allow Hansworth's technology to be ahead of theirs.

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These people were all top foreign hackers without exception. Each of them had the ability to be listed in the top 30 of the domestic blacklist. They were capable and employed by the government.

However, at this moment, the cold man in the lone office had a slight change in his expression. The red light on the top of his room that was connected to the internet firewall was actually flashing.

Someone was targeting them?

The cold-looking man pressed his communicator and said anxiously, "Stop what you're doing. Someone's found us!" He shouted.

"That can't be. Our virtual addresses are spread across 246 countries in the world, with more than 3,000 virtual locations. How did they find us?" In the living room outside, the black-skinned man with golden hair and blue eyes was astonished.

They were very confident in their own network security system. Even if they left it alone, no one could break it.

What they were really curious about was how the other party had found them.

However, a second voice came from the communication device used by the cold-looking man.

"It's just some fake addresses," a calm voice said. "Your technique is too clumsy. It's not difficult to find you!" Braydon Neal's voice rang out indifferently, but it silenced the entire place.

Only twenty seconds had passed between the firewall being found and everyone being notified. The other party had come in directly and rewritten the voice system, which meant that they had entered their internal network.

Everyone's eyes were filled with shock. This was the first time they had ever encountered such a thing.

"You speak English," the cold-looking man said in a deep voice. "Are you from Hansworth?" "I'm not only from Hansworth, but I'm also from Preston. You're quite bold to try and steal the information of the project I'm in charge of!" Braydon sat in the research lab of the scientific research building and spoke calmly, which made Zachariah Sloan and the others completely dumbfounded.

He had thought that Braydon's computer skills were very good, but he did not expect them to be this good.

The young man next to him was dumbfounded. "He's counter hacked them. The other party is an organization. Every member in it can be ranked in the top 30 of the blacklist!" The seven youngsters all had gazes of respect. These past few days, they had found it extremely difficult to even defend against each other's attacks.

However, Braydon had come and settled the matter calmly and easily. He was even talking to the other party directly.

This was clearly a crushing strength!

In that foreign organization, everyone's expression changed.

The cold-looking man's fingers kept moving, trying to cut off the connection with Braydon using the computer in front of him. It was too dangerous.

He asked in a low voice, "Who are you, sir? What do you want to do?" Braydon smiled faintly. These people had attacked the research lab's server, and now that they had been caught red-handed, they actually had the audacity to ask what Braydon wanted to do!

Since that was the case, he would tell them!

Braydon said indifferently, "What do I want? You're bullying my people, yet you still want to escape unscathed? That's impossible, so you'll have to pay the price!" "Sir, please wait. We can surely discuss this matter!" The cold man was stalling for time.

More importantly, he knew that the opponent was of unknown origin. He did not know who he was on the Hansworth blacklist.

But one thing was for sure, he was definitely a top-notch expert.

To be able to treat more than ten people from their organization as nothing and come and go as he pleased, this kind of means was something none of them present could do.

If such a person wanted to, he could completely paralyze a city's power system and network.

Braydon chuckled and did not give them any room for discussion. Instead, he left them with a sentence, "I've checked your IP address. It's one of the eight nations outside the northern border, the Namar nation. Tell Tooki Namar that from today onward, the electrical power of the southern nation will be cut off for three years. If you dare to covet what belongs to Hansworth again, you will be killed without mercy!" This was the price they had to pay!

The eight foreign countries, no matter which one, were all regarded as enemies in Braydon's eyes.

Whether it was in reality or on the internet, if the eight foreign countries dared to provoke the place protected by King Braydon, they would have to pay a painful price.

Such a domineering warning made one's heart tremble.

And Tooki Namar was the monarch of the Namar nation!

"Wait a minute, sir!" The cold-looking man was shocked and furious. "What you're doing is equivalent to a cyber-terrorist attack. Are you trying to start a war between the two countries?" This sentence resounded throughout the entire research lab.

This caused the expressions of Gunter Bell and the others to change slightly. The implications of this matter were so great that they definitely could not make the decision.

They could not make the decision, but Braydon could!

The Northern King was young and in a high position. He held great power in his hands. This was not child's play!

"Professor Neal, shouldn't you reconsider this?" Gunter advised in a low voice.

"There's no need to reconsider. Whether it's in reality or on the internet, foreigners are strictly prohibited from invading any area in Hansworth. No matter who it is, kill them without mercy!

"They're bullying us because they think we don't have any power!

"The anti-gravity project is a national secret. Anyone who covets it must pay the price, no matter who it is!

"Hansworth was established based on martial arts. We have a strong army and one billion people. We are no longer the nation from a hundred years ago, where we allowed barbarians to bully us!

"If the Namar nation wants to start a war, my northern army's one million men will accompany you to the end!

“The cold sword stands in the north, unafraid of any enemy in the world!

“Those who bully Hansworth must die. The people of the north must fight with their lives. The country’s prestige cannot be humiliated. If the foreigners outside the country humiliate us, I will start a war between nations!

“Hansworth has stood in the world for thousands of years. We can’t allow you clowns to cause trouble and insult our country!” ... Braydon’s calm words were like thunder, making everyone’s ears ring.

He would not allow anyone to threaten the safety and security of Hansworth.

In the face of the threat from the eight foreign countries, Braydon had never been weak in front of the outside world since he was conferred the title of king on the peak of Mount Bliz at the age of seventeen and took full control of the northern army!

Don’t forget, Braydon was not even twenty years old yet.

A twenty-year-old young man was full of passion and vitality. In other words, Braydon was filled with a great amount of energy!

This was a common trait among young people, and King Braydon also had some.

It was because of this energy that King Braydon controlled the northern army and made the eight countries outside the borders restrain themselves from provoking him. Because if they dared to provoke him, Braydon would really dare to guard the country’s gate and start a war!

Using war to threaten the Northern King was the stupidest decision one could make.

The king of the northern region was not threatened by anything and would not compromise with outside forces.

When Braydon went to the north at the age of seven, it was the northern army that raised him. It was the country that gave him everything!

Therefore, Braydon guarding the northern territory was what he wanted to do in his life!

At this moment.

At a foreign organization.

“Who are you?” the cold man asked in horror.

“My surname is Neal, and my name is the Northern King!” Braydon replied indifferently.

Whoosh!

The dozen or so cold-looking men felt their scalps go numb as they collectively lost their voices. “King Braydon Neal!”

The Strongest War God chapter 134-This is the Price to Pay Everyone in the office, led by the cold-looking man, turned pale.

They had some personal files on Braydon Neal. This was the king of the northern region, known as the most terrifying man of the younger generation in Hansworth.

He stood in the northern territory and controlled the north. Who in the eight countries outside the borders would not be afraid of him?

Outside the borders, Braydon was described as the demon king.

!!

He was a supreme figure that could not be provoked.

Today, these people had actually provoked King Braydon. They must really want to die.

The cold-looking man no longer dared to provoke him. He knew that he would have to pay a painful price for anything he said today. The king of the northern territory was not going to be threatened by anything.

Braydon sat in the research lab and cut off the voice call.

In the next moment, the lights in this secret organization flickered and everyone’s computers were forcefully formatted, and all the information inside was wiped clean.

The ten plus men were unable to defend at all.

Braydon's eyes were calm as he stared at the screen in front of him. His slender fingers were constantly moving, forcibly breaking into the official website of the southern power network, entering their numerical control background, erasing all the administrator information, and directly cutting off the power.

The Namar nation was divided into two parts, the east and the west. The western region focused on agriculture and was relatively underdeveloped. The eastern region focused on industrial clusters and was able to keep up with modern times.

The first city that Braydon put his hands on was the eastern region of the Namar nation.

All the cities' power was cut off one after another, and a large-scale power outage swept across the country. It was as fast as a hurricane, not giving anyone any time to react.

At this moment, in the entire Namar nation.

People were used to power outages as they walked on the streets. After all, there was a power outage half of the time every month, unless the main city could guarantee power supply for 24 hours.

What they did not know was that their capital and major cities had all had their electricity cut off.

The official website of the electric power headquarters had been hacked and was out of control. Anything that went into the official website would be infected by the virus.

Braydon's fingers flickered as he wrote a program and implanted it on the official website of the Namar electric power headquarters. At the same time, he planted the virus in a way that it would also attack the browser.

Whether it was a PC or a mobile phone, they were all affected. Mobile phones were locked by the virus, and no matter how hard they try to turn on their phones, there was only a black sword logo on the screen.

Throughout the entire Namar nation, the power of cities was cut off. Companies with generators generated electricity and searched for news on the internet. In the end, when they opened the browser on their phones, their

mobile devices were infected by the devastating virus in less than ten minutes.

In an instant, the power was cut off, and the internet was ravaged by a virus. It affected 93 million people in the Namar nation, causing a great uproar on the internet.

All these changes were caused by one person, Braydon!

It was all his handiwork!

Braydon picked up the tablet computer next to him and implanted the virus back-end database into it.

The red numbers that jumped on the entire green screen were the number of infected devices.

The number of infected devices kept increasing.

From the initial 14,108, the number began to soar, and in a few short breaths, it broke through 100,000.

This meant that there were as many as 100,000 virus-infected devices.

However, to the 93 million people of the Namar nation, it was not even worth mentioning.

The Namar network security company went bankrupt in just half a day.

It was all because of the virus that the black sword had marked that all the network security companies had to face huge compensation overnight.

Many companies would hire a network security company to set up a security firewall and an online security database.

In the end, in just half a day, the firewall set up by these network security companies was simply unable to withstand a blow.

The black sword virus swept through the company's network databases, locked the back-end servers, and modified the permissions, causing the original administrators to be unable to enter.

In addition, the electrical power headquarters was not restored for a long time. The power company branches in various regions were all dumbfounded.

Under the double attack, the power was cut off and the virus on the internet was rampant. It affected the basic lives of the people in various cities and was bound to affect the economy.

The economic losses caused by all the major companies added up to hundreds of millions of dollars per hour.

The specific losses could not be estimated. After all, it involved all walks of life, and the scope was too wide to be calculated.

This was the price that Braydon was talking about!

If a foreign organization dared to meddle with the anti-gravity project here, it was a provocation to his authority.

Namar nation alone had to bear the consequences of this.

As for settling the score with Braydon, the northern army was in the north, and the ten most ruthless men were ready to be transferred at any time. How could the Namar nation dare to provoke King Braydon?

Back then, Braydon had slaughtered hundreds of thousands of elites from eight countries with a cold sword alone. He guarded the peak of Mount Bliz alone and roared outside the borders of the eight countries, making them tremble in fear.

Even the alliance of the eight countries did not dare to invade, how could the Namar nation alone dare to provoke King Braydon!

Not to mention that there were two kings in the north!

One was King Braydon, the other was King Colbie, and behind them were the nine great marquises.

It could be said that none of them were kind.

Moreover, the north had a backup plan. Once the northern territory was in danger, the Northern King's order would reach the whole world, and all the retired soldiers who had left the northern territory would return to their homes!

The northern territory was the home of these people. Once they had entered the north, they would be northern territory citizens for life.

There were five great commanders in the world, one chief, two deputy chiefs, three great guardians, and so on.

These important figures were all soldiers of the north!

They were all direct descendants of the Northern King.

This was the influence of the Northern King.

In Preston University's research lab, Zachariah Sloan, Yonah Zill, and the other old men were all dumbfounded by what they saw.

"What's the situation now?" Zachariah swallowed.

"Power outage in the entire Namar nation!" The young man at the side said respectfully.

Braydon held the tablet and looked at the number of infected devices on it. It had exceeded a million. He smiled. "The research lab's server has been restored. How's the anti-gravity device research going?" "The finished product has been created. We've expanded the technology. The anti-gravity device can carry a total weight of 200 tons at full load." Yonah took the lead and went to the experiment area outside the research lab.

The two new fighter jets were quietly parked in the experiment area. They had a wingspan of 9.34 meters, a length of 20.53 meters, a height of 6.01 meters, and a body of nearly ten tons. One of them had already been equipped with an anti-gravity device and an oval-shaped object at the bottom.

Yonah explained, "Fighter planes are different from passenger planes. The normal take-off weight is 14 tons, and the maximum take-off weight is 15 tons. Our anti-gravity device can carry 200 tons of load. It can support any take-off and landing at any time!" Zachariah was shocked by the introduction.

"Does this mean that this fighter jet can take off in any environment and weather?" he asked in shock.

"It's an aircraft equipped with an anti-gravity device. They can overcome all kinds of dangerous take-off conditions and landing environments. Come and

take a look!” Yonah asked someone to test it out, as he had already recorded the data.

It was a metal fighter jet that glowed with a gray light. Its entire body was like a sharp sword, and there was no landing gear on its abdomen. Instead, it was replaced by an anti-gravity device!

With the activation of the anti-gravity device, the fighter jet was suspended in the air for seven meters.

The Strongest War God chapter 135-The Technology is Fully Developed, Bid of Seven Billion The fighter aircraft was suspended in mid-air, but its engine had not been started. There was no movement, just like a silent ghost!

At present, countries around the world were studying the aircraft carrier ejection technology, as well as vertical landing and take-off.

These were all world-level problems.

Obviously, an anti-gravity device had perfectly solved this problem.

!!

This scene shocked everyone!

“Float 100 meters in the air,” Yonah Zill said in a deep voice. “All personnel retreat to 200 meters away. Leave some personnel at the scene to record data. Start the engine!” After a series of commands, the programmer who was holding a thick notebook next to him typed on the keyboard.

This gray fighter jet that was filled with a metallic texture took off.

At a speed of 10 meters per second, it quickly floated into the air. After reaching 100 meters, it steadily floated in the air. As the engine started, the fighter aircraft shook slightly.

This was a normal situation when a fighter jet was activated.

The person Gunter Bell had arranged to sit in the fighter was Quinlan Larry, the captain of the special operations brigade. He was extremely proficient in fighter aircraft tactics.

As he started the fighter, the entire gray fighter continued to increase in speed, soaring in the sky like a sharp sword unsheathed.

Above Preston University, he performed all kinds of somersaults, stunning the entire campus and causing the students to cry out in surprise.

Braydon Neal took out his communication device and said in a low voice, "Quinlan, turn off the engine and test the start-stop technology of the anti-gravity device!" "Yes, Sir!" Quinlan was dressed in a military uniform, and Braydon's orders were extremely dangerous, but he still did as he was told!

This was what a man in military uniform should do!

Even if they were to die, they had to listen to orders.

Yonah was shocked. "Chief Engineer Neal, that's too dangerous. If you turn off the engine, the entire fighter will lose control and crash!" Braydon ignored Yonah.

With him here, no one would die.

He was a king level figure who could save Quinlan at a crucial moment.

Now, Braydon wanted to see the various performances of this fighter. Braydon was personally in charge of this project. How could he create a project that was only for show but did not have proper functions?

Quinlan turned off the engine resolutely. The engine of the jet he was piloting stopped and lost its power, causing it to dive down from the air.

Under everyone's gazes, the students in the courtyard below turned pale and exclaimed in shock.

However, Quinlan's mental fortitude was not something that ordinary people could compare to. He calmly turned on the anti-gravity device, and the impact of the falling fighter aircraft continued to increase.

The operating system's cold voice rang out in the cabin of the aircraft: "Anti-gravity system load 5%, 8%... 13%. Beep, beep. Warning, the impact of the fighter aircraft's descent has reached 30%. All soldiers, please prepare for impact!" The anti-gravity device had a bearing capacity of 200 tons.

In other words, the weight of the fighter was around 10 tons. If the impact of the descent reached 30% of what the anti-gravity device could bear, it would be 60 tons of impact.

In such a situation, he had to either start the engine or trust the anti-gravity device completely.

Yonah, Zachariah Sloan, and the others below broke out in cold sweat.

Gunter Bell clenched his fists tightly. He was a little nervous as he stared at the fighter aircraft in the sky.

Only Braydon took off his gilded Qilin cloak and put his left hand on the black hilt. If the fighter went out of control, he would definitely destroy the fighter and save Quinlan.

At this moment, Quinlan was no longer controlling the fighter.

The anti-gravity device's intelligent control system automatically activated its intelligent operation when it sensed that the impact of the fall had reached the thirty percent limit.

The anti-gravity device was activated at full force, and the entire descending fighter plane's speed suddenly decreased. Quinlan's entire body seemed to have hit a huge rock, and his body was tightly bound by the seat belt.

The feeling of being short of breath caused Quinlan's vision to turn black, and he almost fainted on the spot.

It was at this moment that the anti-gravity display showed that the impact of the drop had soared to 80%.

This meant that the impact force was equivalent to 160 tons of force.

Then, the fighter aircraft stopped in mid-air!

This was the greatest ability of the anti-gravity device.

After all, it was only an anti-gravity device, not an anti-gravity propeller.

If the anti-gravity propeller was developed, it could replace the engine and be driven without energy. It would be a qualitative change for the entire fighter jet.

After a short silence, the crowd cheered.

They had all succeeded!

Braydon took out his communicator and ordered coldly, "Start the engine. Continue testing the anti-gravity device." "Yes, Sir!" Quinlan started up the fighter and kept doing all kinds of experiments in the air.

The data records below were all stored in the computer.

Gunter, Hudson Zamora, and the others had seen the success of the device with their own eyes. They suppressed their excitement and said in a low voice, "Professor Neal, can you sell this technology to the military?"

"7 billion dollars. I can represent the Academy of Sciences to transfer the patent fees to Professor Neal's account." Hudson said directly.

He had heard from Zachariah that Braydon did not like people calling him the Northern King in Preston.

However, no one dared to call the Northern King by his name, so he called him Professor Neal instead.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled.

Hudson thought that the price was too low and said, "Professor Neal, if you think the price is too low, we can still negotiate." "Get lost!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, and his one word stunned Hudson.

At this moment, Hudson's face was covered in cold sweat. He knew that the person in front of him was the Northern King, so he had no right to speak.

Zachariah's eyes were wide open. This amount of money was equivalent to the research funding of Preston University's scientific research building for decades.

Braydon had already said that Gunter needed the anti-gravity device technology, so he could just take it with him. Furthermore, Yonah and the others could be transferred away at any time to carry out their own research and development.

As for the money from the military, Braydon would not take a single cent.

Gunter pulled Hudson away to stop him from talking nonsense. He smiled bitterly. "Professor Neal, you didn't want the 10 million reward that was given to you earlier. The research lab equipment was provided by Starbright Manufacturing, the venue was provided by Preston University, and all the technology was provided by you alone!

"All the technology that Professor Zill and the others have mastered was taught by you. We feel bad for getting all these benefits for nothing." Gunter had a bitter smile on his face. He had really gained a huge advantage by getting all the anti-gravity techniques for nothing.

Braydon flicked his fingers and chuckled. "Do you know that I entered the northern territory at the age of seven and studied at the northern military school? This is a favor for raising me. Behind the northern military school is the military department, which represents the country!

"My teacher, the former commander of the northern army, the head of the five generals of the military department, treated me like his own son and raised me with all his heart!

"Crows feed in return, lambs kneel in front of their milk. Even animals know how to be grateful. How can I not know that!" "In this life, I, Braydon Neal, will guard the beautiful mountains and rivers of Hansworth. When I became a War God at the age of nine, my teacher forced me to make a serious vow. In this life, I will guard Hansworth with my life!

"Live in the north, die as a soul of Hansworth!" ... Braydon turned around and left.

This was the reason why the Northern King sat alone on the peak of Mount Bliz and controlled the northern territory.

The Strongest War God chapter 136-My Family's Young Master Doesn't Lack Money Hudson Zamora was stunned on the spot. He had a better understanding of the mysterious King Braydon Neal.

Although this young man in white was dressed in plain cotton clothes and had two sleeves that fluttered in the wind, he stood proudly in the north and did not care about power, but he frightened the eight countries outside the borders.

Xandra Milton had arrived. She was wearing a small suit that accentuated her slim figure. With short hair, she looked capable and was a rare beauty.

She smiled. "You guys don't have to waste your time. My young master doesn't lack money. As the eldest son of the Neal Corporation, the entire company will be his in the future!" !!

"The Neal Corporation?" Hudson was speechless. Of course, he knew about the Neal family; the head of the seven great families in Preston.

They were extremely rich and belonged to a truly wealthy family.

Braydon was not born in an ordinary family, but in the wealthy Neal family.

The Neal family wanted to go public recently. Once it was successful, it would not be difficult to estimate the market value to be at 200 billion. Braydon was the eldest son. Louis Neal only had him as a son, and Liam Neal only had one daughter, Ginny Neal.

There were two direct descendants in the third generation, and it was only natural for the eldest son to inherit the family property.

In other words, even if Braydon was an ordinary person, he could inherit hundreds of billions of family assets with his eyes closed.

Xandra's fair fingers brushed her hair behind her earlobe, revealing her delicate little ears. She looked at Braydon in the distance.

She said gently, "The young master is the head of the investment department of the Neal Corporation. A few days ago, he took charge of the investment department and used the company's book funds to buy the shares of Cloud Biopharmaceuticals. He made a net profit of 20 billion overnight. So far, he has made nearly a billion in Starbright Manufacturing. We are not short of money.

"This ..." Hudson was dumbfounded. She thought that Braydon was the eldest son of the Neal family and did not lack money, but he did not expect him to be so rich.

Who said that those who had been poor for three generations in scientific research were all poor? At least, this was not the case for Braydon.

"It's just that the young master doesn't like to show off. He doesn't seem to be interested in villas, sports cars, and luxury watches. That's why he doesn't spend money on them," Xandra replied.

Gunter Bell appeared much calmer. After all, he had known that Braydon was rich since a few days ago.

Hudson and the rest were stunned again.

Moreover, the anti-gravity technology was not only used for military use, but also for commercial and civilian use. Starbright Manufacturing was the beneficiary.

The Neal family had the core technology, and the Neal Corporation and Starbright Manufacturing had reached a strategic deep cooperation, which would make a lot of profits in the future.

“Xandra, is there any news from the exploration team?” Braydon asked, his hands behind his back.

“I just wanted to report to you that I’ve found three small mines, but according to the spiritual stone mines you described, I’ve been there personally, and none of the three small mines are what you’re looking for.” Xandra was also a martial artist and a very powerful warlord.

Naturally, she could identify spiritual stones.

“A spiritual stone mine?” Gunter exclaimed.

“There’s a spiritual stone mine in the Preston mountains!” Hudson and the other three were shocked.

If the news got out, the Preston mountains would be filled with warriors.

Modern spirit herbs had gone extinct. Due to the industrial revolution, the environmental pollution was extremely serious. All parts of the world had been developed. Special resources like spiritual stone mines had long been excavated.

Now, there was a spiritual stone mine in the Preston mountains. Who would not be tempted?

“Are you thinking about going for it?” Braydon smiled.

“We wouldn’t dare!” Hudson’s whole body trembled. Whoever dared to meddle with what King Braydon wanted was simply courting death.

Braydon did not hide the news about the spiritual stone mine.

The things he had his eyes on, he would always take them openly.

As for outsiders who wanted to snatch it by force, they could try it in front of Braydon.

Braydon played with the tablet in his hand and kept swiping the screen. The red number had multiplied several times, reaching 7.85 million.

This was the number of devices that had been invaded by the virus that Braydon had spread in the Namar nation.

The number was still increasing!

In the Namar nation, the people had given the virus a name: the black sword virus.

However, how could any martial artist not recognize that this symbol was a great enemy of the Namar nation?

This was the northern cold sword!

The Namar government knew very well why they were attacked. The electrical system was completely destroyed, and all the network control systems and servers were locked down.

If they wanted to recover them, they would have to change the server.

However, the cost of replacing a new server and activating a new internal network was extremely high.

The Namar nation sought help from overseas hackers to crack the black sword network virus, but they found out that the virus was spreading wildly on the internet. It was like an intelligent control program, extremely cunning, and could break into cities.

The power supply in Namar nation was cut off.

Companies that could generate electricity on their own were lucky to have avoided a disaster, but in the next moment, they found a virus rampaging on the internet and directly locking all the company's devices.

This situation was everywhere in the Namar nation.

Unfortunately, the instigator had no intention of stopping.

In the northern territory, the Namar nation was one of the eight countries outside the borders.

The northern army guarded the northern territory and had fought countless times with the Namar nation. They had a deep hatred for each other and many of the soldiers of the north had died at the hands of the martial artists of the Namar nation.

The foreign barbarian enemies were stained with the blood of the northern soldiers.

You want Braydon to be soft-hearted?

Who had ever seen this Northern King show mercy to foreign enemies?

Braydon was conferred the title of king, sitting alone on the peak of Mount Bliz. He once slaughtered 720,000 enemies with one sword.

They were all foreign enemies, not innocent people!

Foreign enemies who dared to invade the northern territory must die!

Without any pity, Braydon turned off the tablet and handed it to Xandra. He smiled. "Let me know when the number exceeds 30 million." "Alright!" Xandra made a mental note of this.

According to Braydon's calculation, once more than 30 million devices had been infected by the black sword virus, it would mean that about 30% of the power system in the Namar nation had been restored. At that time, Braydon was still going to take action.

Since he said he would cut off their electricity for three years... The Northern King never went back on his words!

This time, it was the Namar nation who had provoked them first and intended to steal the anti-gravity technology. Then, they should not blame Braydon for being ruthless.

When facing a foreign enemy, one had to use thunderous methods to directly crush them. One had to beat them until they were intimidated and afraid of the person.

They would be beaten so badly that when they see the three-foot cold sword, they would be terrified!

Otherwise, if another war broke out at the border, then the flames of war would rise everywhere, and who knew how many men in the north would fall in pools of blood.

Braydon had his own reasons for doing things.

The Northern King would not show any benevolence.

At the entrance of Preston University, an indomitable figure appeared. He was seven feet tall and stood in place, but he gave people a great sense of pressure.

He had a stubbly beard on his determined face, and six men in black followed behind him. Each of them was carrying a roll cover and a red bucket with military boots in it. The other few were holding fishing rods and other miscellaneous items.

He was Tristan Yandell!

This little monkey had finally arrived.

The security guard at the entrance looked suspicious. He stopped the seven of them and asked, "Who are you? The school forbids unauthorized people from entering." "They're not outsiders!" Braydon came to the door.

Tristan cupped his fists and bowed, "Subordinate of the north, Tristan Yandell, greets the Northern King!" "The six of us, under the command of the deputy governor of the capital's garrison, Tristan Yandell, pay our respects to the Northern King!" The six men in black put down the things in their hands and bowed. Cold sweat appeared on their faces. They felt great pressure in front of the overlord of the northern region.

The Strongest War God chapter 137-The Third Son of the North, Westley Hader If it were an ordinary person, perhaps the ignorant would be fearless.

However, the capital's garrison was made up of martial artists. How could they not have heard of the legend of the Northern King?

The millennial genius, King Braydon Neal, was a living legend.

Who would dare to be disrespectful!

!!

"Don't be so formal, little monkey. Seems like you've moved your whole house here!" Braydon smiled.

"That's right. I've been staying in the capital's recuperation center. I'm so bored that I'm about to fall sick. Can you transfer me back to the north?" Tristan Yandell was a man, but in front of Braydon, he was like an iron dummy. He scratched his head and stated his request.

Hudson Zamora and the others were so shocked that their jaws dropped. This was one of the three great governors, Tristan Yandell.

That's right, back then in the north, he was as famous as Luther Carden and the others. They were ranked among the five heavenly kings of the north.

"Westley is willing to let you go?" Braydon laughed.

"As long as you say the word, even if you give Dog Westley ten guts, he will let me go!" Tristan said.

However, a teenager was standing 100 meters away. He had bright eyes and handsome facial features. He looked to be about 17 or 18 years old, as if he was the same age as Braydon. He stood with his hands behind his back and looked at them quietly.

He was dressed in black casual clothes. He looked like an ordinary person, but his clothes were all handmade and fitting. The sleeves were embroidered with golden threads, and a flying fish picture was embroidered on the inside.

The golden thread flying fish painting could only be embroidered on official robes.

The golden thread flying fish official robe could only be worn by one person, and that person was the governor of the capital's garrison, Westley Hader!

It went without saying who the young man was.

Back then, there were three great geniuses in the north!

One of them was Braydon!

Braydon became a general at the age of seven and became a God at the age of nine. Everyone knew that he was confirmed to be the next general of the north.

The second, Cole Colbie!

The commander of the northern imperial guards, Cole Colbie, also served as the regimental commander of the northern's first army. He was known as a figure second only to King Braydon and was classified as an extremely dangerous existence outside the borders.

Like Braydon, he had never left the country.

The reason was very simple. For such a person to go abroad, it was to provoke the nerves of the foreign countries. If it was not handled well, a world-shaking war might break out.

The third person was Westley Hader!

This genius that was hard to come by in five hundred years was also a living legend.

He could compete with Cole for supremacy, could suppress the nine great ruthless men, and could single-handedly block one hundred thousand elites.

He, Westley Hader, was transferred from the northern territory at the age of 17 and went to the capital to take over the 70,000 elites of the capital's garrison. As the commander of the garrison, he sat in the palace and roared like a tiger in the capital.

He was also young and in a high position, holding a lot of power, and he was also full of hot blood, guarding the beautiful mountains and rivers of Hansworth!

At this moment, Tristan kept on calling him "dog" Westley.

The black-clothed youth walked over slowly and said gently, "Even if Dog Westley had ten guts, he wouldn't dare to stop Deputy Governor Yandell from coming to Preston!" "That's right, even if Dog Westley was scared to death, he wouldn't dare to stop me... What the f*ck! Why are you here?" Tristan turned around, his soul almost flying out of his body.

Then, his entire face turned green.

Who knew that Westley had secretly followed them?

If he had known, he would not have dared to scold him.

It seemed that a terrible beating was inevitable.

Tristan drooped his head and looked like a coward.

Hudson Zamora and the rest were shocked and did not dare to be arrogant. They went forward with their bodies straight and bowed down, "Hudson Zamora pays his respects to Governor Hader!" "Gunter Bell greets Governor Hader!" Gunter and the other four all saluted, not daring to be arrogant.

He was definitely a top figure. To be honest, even if Braydon was here, the five of them would still be more afraid of Westley Hader.

The commander of the capital's garrison could suppress the Eastern Hansworth team, Western Hansworth team, Southern Hansworth team, Northern Hansworth team, and the Central Hansworth team with a single sentence.

In other words, Westley Hader was the direct superior of the five great commanders.

Of course, in front of Westley, the dark division was also under his control.

Now you know how terrifying Westley Hader was!

This black-clothed young man was a ruthless man.

"Westley!" Braydon said softly.

"Brother!" Westley's steady tone became a little hoarse, and his eyes turned red.

These two were of the same age. They had known each other since they were seven years old. Under the tutelage of the old general Finley Yanagi, they bore all blame together, ate together, and played together. In other words, they were childhood friends.

The two of them grew up together and were inseparable in the north. They parted at the age of seventeen and had not seen each other for three years.

Both of them had great responsibilities on their shoulders!

At this moment, Westley did not put on any airs as a governor anymore. He stepped forward and hugged Braydon tightly.

The Northern King and the governor hugged.

Tristan was speechless and muttered in his heart, "Two perverts." "You've lost a lot of weight!" Braydon chuckled.

"I've grown taller, that's why I've lost weight." Like a younger brother, Westley turned around and knelt down on one knee. Just as he was about to cup his fists, Tritan's eyelids twitched, and the expressions of Hudson and the others changed.

"Get up!" Braydon did not accept the courtesy.

"Westley Hader, the Governor of the capital's garrison, pays his respects to the Northern King!" Westley shouted.

Braydon took him by the shoulders and had him stand up. He said with a dark face, "Do you know who you are? You're the governor of the garrison, in charge of 70,000 soldiers of the imperial army, the five main teams, and the dark division. In the vast Hansworth, there's no one worthy of you getting down on your knees. The three sons of the north, you, me, and Cole, no one is worthy of us kneeling before them!" "I don't care! I want to go back to the north!" Westley said.

In the end, Tristan was dumbfounded. The governor had the same thoughts as him. They both wanted to go back to the north.

Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Look at what you're capable of. You've been in charge of the capital city's garrison for three years, and you don't look like a governor at all today. When you and I were nine years old,

our fates had already been decided. I take over the north, and you take over the capital city's garrison. It's a decision made by our teacher!" Of the three sons of the north, only Westley was sent out.

However, in Westley's heart, the northern territory was his home.

Braydon chuckled. "Xandra, you'll drive. Westley loved fruit wine when he was young. You should prepare more." "Alright!" Xandra Milton called the Neal family's kitchen to prepare some food and wine.

The group got on the car and headed to the Neal family manor.

"I just found out too!" Hudson swallowed his saliva.

Only today did they know that the north had three sons. The first was Braydon, the second was Cole, and the third was Westley.

The three sons of the north were all at king level!

The three of them were of similar age.

Braydon was conferred the title of King at seventeen, Westley was conferred the title of king at nineteen, and Cole was twenty this year when he was also conferred the title of king.

The three youngest king level geniuses in Hansworth were actually childhood friends?

If this news was released, it would cause a huge sensation.

In the end, the six people that Tristan brought all stayed. The black-clothed youth in the lead picked up the fishing rod and said indifferently, "The matter of the three sons of the north is top secret. Are the five of you aware?" "We won't talk about it, won't ask questions and won't discuss it!" Hudson and the rest understood what he meant.

The six of them took the items and turned to leave.

The Strongest War God chapter 138-The Third Person Gunter Bell and the other four were warned not to mention a word about today's matter to anyone else.

Especially about the governor and King Braydon Neal.

If the five of them dared to mention it to outsiders, they must think that the capital's garrison was a group of people to be trifled with!

Or did they think that the imperial guards of the north were all kind people?

!!

They could not afford to offend any of the capital's garrison or the northern imperial guards!

At the Neal family manor, the black car entered the manor.

Ginny Neal was very cute as she waved her little hands. "Big brother!" "Who is this little girl?" Westley Hader asked curiously as soon as he got off the car.

Braydon i smiled. "My fourth uncle's child. She's my only sister. Her name is Ginny Neal. Ginny, this is your brother Westley Hader, and this is your brother Tristan Yandell. Greet them!" "Hello, Big Brother Westley, Hello, Big Brother Tristan!" Ginny was already ten years old and was very well-behaved and sensible.

Westley's eyes were filled with love as he caressed the little girl's head. He flipped his hand and took out a purple-gold token and handed it to Ginny, saying, "Ginny, keep this. When you grow up, go to the capital and play with Brother Westley." "Westley!" Braydon frowned.

This purple-gold token was a governor's token!

With this purple-gold token, all the elites of the capital's garrison had to listen to the order, as if they were seeing the governor.

Those who disobeyed the order would die!

Westley said helplessly, "The governor's order can protect Ginny. No one can bully her with it. After all, she calls me Brother Westley. How can I let Ginny call me that for no reason?" His soft voice revealed the loneliness of people like Westley Hader.

The north's three sons had become famous at a young age. Their destinies had been decided since they were young.

Braydon sat alone on the peak of Mount Bliz.

When the old general Finley Yanagi was still alive, he kept telling Braydon through other things that the king of the northern region could only be alone. He had to distinguish between his fellow soldiers and his subordinates.

Westley was no different!

When he was nine, someone from the capital went to the north to discuss with Finley Yanagi that one of the three sons of the north must be transferred out of the north to the capital to inherit the position of the garrison's governor.

The governor of the garrison was young and held a high position. He was in charge of the 70,000 elite martial artists of the garrison, as well as the head of the dark division and the five commanders. He had even more real power.

To the martial artists in the world, they were more afraid of this governor.

When Westley took over the position of the governor, it just so happened that martial artists were causing trouble in Ludwig.

A total of 9,000 solo martial artists had gathered in Ludwig.

In order to compete for the spiritual herbs unearthed from the ancient tomb, they attacked and killed each other.

As a result, more than a hundred people in the ordinary village at the foot of the mountain were affected by the martial artists and died tragically overnight.

After this incident.

The governor, Westley, was furious. He personally put on his armor and held his sword. He led 5,000 garrison troops from the capital to Ludwig and massacred all the martial artists in the mountain.

Not a single one was left alive.

It was a great taboo for martial artists to hurt ordinary people.

Anyone who crossed this line would die!

There were rumors that during the incident in Ludwig, there were not just 9,000 solo martial artists, but 90,000 people!

However, these martial artists were all killed by the governor, Westley, who had a three-foot iron sword.

From then on, Westley's fierce reputation was established!

This had caused the martial artists in the thirteen lands of Ludwig to suffer heavy losses and had yet to recover.

That battle was on the third day Westley had become the governor. That battle shocked all the martial artists in the world, and they did not dare to act recklessly.

In the bright hall, the food and wine were already prepared.

Braydon raised his glass and drank it all in one gulp. He smiled faintly "How's life been in the capital for the past three years?" "I'm not as comfortable as I was in the north!" Westley said.

"That's right, I want to go back to the north!" Tristan Yandell said enthusiastically.

"As one of the three great governors of the garrison, you have neglected your duty. Depending on the situation, you will be punished accordingly. Fifty military whips!" Westley shot a glance at him.

Tristan was furious. He wanted to say something, but he did not dare.

In front of Westley, he was just a little brother!

Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry at his cowardly appearance. He knew very well that if Westley did not want to let Tristan leave, he would not be able to come to Preston.

However, only by letting Tristan come to Preston would Westley have a reason to follow him. To the outside world, he could say that he was here to arrest Tristan, who had neglected his duty, and bring him back to the capital.

Of course, Westley's actual purpose was to take this opportunity to meet Braydon.

Tristan was obviously a scapegoat.

As for Westley, he also knew that it was impossible for him to return to the northern territory.

Back then, the capital city had been looking for the next governor for a long time, and in the end, they had set their eyes on the three sons of the north.

The three young geniuses.

All the major forces in Hansworth were envious!

Therefore, the appointment of Westley as the governor was decided eleven years ago.

How could he let him quit just because he said so?

If Westley did not do it, who could command the 70,000 garrison elites of the capital?

Who had the power to intimidate someone like Tristan?

Furthermore, Gordon Lowe and the other five commanders had to be managed by the three sons of the north who were born in the northern territory.

The reason was simple. People born in the north were arrogant. Each of them is more arrogant than the next.

If he was not someone they acknowledged, then who would someone like Gordon Lowe acknowledge?

There was also the Southern Hansworth troublemaker, Luke Yates, who was an even more lawless and ruthless.

Only people like the three sons of the north could intimidate them. If it were anyone else, even the old seniors who had been in seclusion for a hundred years might not be able to suppress them.

If Tristan took over as the governor, Gordon Lowe, Bryan Goldman, and Luke Yates would all beat the crap out of him.

Therefore, Westley could not resign from the position of the governor.

Now that Westley was clear about it, he did not mention it anymore. He glanced at Tristan and said, "Brother, are you going to bring him along?" "The little monkey has been stuck at the ninth-level War God level for too long. Let him stay with me, and when he becomes a marquis, I'll let him go back." Braydon knew that it was not easy for Westley to become the governor. He needed someone to help him, and it had to be someone from his own side.

That was why Westley had left the country alone and headed to the capital to take up the post of the governor.

At that time, Tristan, who was in the north, left the country and entered the capital city to help Westley.

Of the three great governors, one of them was the chief while the other two were from the northern territory.

How could Braydon bear to embarrass his brother?

Westley smiled brightly. "Then, I'm relieved. My brother is the best." "Alright, let's go back to the capital when we're full!" Braydon wanted to drive them away.

Westley took out a folder and said before he left, "Yeah, the garrison of the capital is very busy. I took the opportunity of Tristan's sneaky escape to come here and see you. This is the information on that person!" A folder fell.

Braydon had said it before, this time, he was coming back to kill three people.

The first was Gerald Neal.

The second was Harry Quinn.

Two of them were already dead. As for the third person, there was no news about him.

The third person was the previous top dog of Quill, Searle Lambert.

The Strongest War God chapter 139-Clues to the Spiritual Stone Mine, the Imperial Mausoleum of the Preston Mountains A cold glint appeared in Braydon Neal's eyes. He gently opened the envelope. There were seven pages of information inside, including Searle Lambert's photo.

Braydon must kill this man!

Westley Hader said, "I received news the moment you returned to Preston. On the same day, I asked Tristan to check on Gerald Neal, Harry Quinn, and Searle Lambert. The first two were easy to find in Preston, whereas Searle Lambert suddenly disappeared ten years ago. According to the information submitted by the dark division, he had died and disappeared." "I didn't believe it at that time!" !!

Tristan Yandell, who had his head drooped, suddenly became spirited.

At that time, he had secretly investigated this matter. The matters that the capital's garrison asked about, the dark division and the Special operations team had to assist.

After a thorough investigation, they finally found some clues about Searle Lambert.

This person had faked his death, changed his appearance, and forged an identity to hide in Lamar city.

As for why Searle Lambert was hiding... As the former leader of the dark division in Quill, he must have known about Braydon in the north. He was afraid that he would come back for revenge, so he faked his death and hid from everyone.

Ten years ago, Braydon had already become a War God before he even turned ten years old!

As the eldest of the three sons of the north, Searle Lambert could not afford to offend Braydon. He probably regretted it deeply. If he had known this, he would have eliminated Braydon back then.

Unfortunately, there was no medicine for regret in this world.

Back when the Neal family had an internal conflict, Gerald Neal had invited Searle Lambert.

Without external help, how could the Braydon branch have been defeated on that rainy night?

The third person that Braydon wanted to kill was him!

As a result, Braydon did not have a good impression of the previous chiefs of Quill.

“Brother, should I just disband Quill’s dark division?” Westley asked.

Westley’s words revealed his power. Quill was the provincial capital, and the leader of the dark division in Quill was equivalent to the deputy head of the Northern Hansworth team.

His status was extremely high!

However, in Westley’s eyes, he could disband Quill’s dark division with just one word.

The authority that a governor had was not something that ordinary people could imagine.

If Westley wanted to do it, the five great commanders could all be replaced overnight.

This was the power of a governor. He was in charge of the 70,000 elite soldiers of the capital’s garrison, the dark division and the five commanders.

Tristan Yandell scratched his head and said, “It’s not difficult. I’ll go to Quill myself. The leader of the dark division in Quill is Zander Zeller. If he dares to disobey my order, I’ll get rid of him!” As the three of them were talking, one could imagine how domineering they were.

No matter which one of these three went out, they would all be big shots with indomitable spirit.

Just Tristan alone was ranked among the three great governors.

He also had the right to disband any of the dark divisions.

Braydon chuckled. “Since there are special operations teams in every place, there must be a dark division to balance it out. This is the rule, and the rules cannot be abolished. You two governors should know this better than I do.” “But Quill’s dark division is getting restless!” Westley lived in the capital, but he knew everything about Preston.

Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry. He patted him on the shoulder. He did not need Westley’s help in his matters.

He could even settle some small matters by himself.

Before Westley left, he turned around and said, "Brother, on the day of your coronation, I will lead the 70,000 garrison troops of the capital to protect you!" "The garrison of the capital cannot be moved lightly, and the rules cannot be violated." Braydon said softly.

However, once Westley had decided on something, there were only a few people who could change his mind, and Braydon was one of them.

The north had three sons, and each of them was like a dragon!

In front of the Neal family's manor, a bamboo forest was planted outside. On a quiet path, Sebastian Wood carried a man covered in blood on his back, his steps uneven as he walked.

Sebastian was also heavily injured, and his path was filled with bloody footprints.

Logan Hall's expression changed, and he went forward to help him up. When he realized that the person covered in blood was Steve Xavier, he said in anger, "Team Leader, what happened?" "Please save the team leader, Northern King!" Sebastian knew Braydon's identity. He was the Northern King, and he should not have disturbed him, but Steve was seriously injured.

In Preston, only Braydon was a national doctor who could save people.

Without any hesitation, Braydon moved his fingers, and a touch of purple Qi appeared and entered Sebastian's body, sealing all the major acupuncture points in his body and slowing down his injury.

Sebastian's abdomen had a wound that was constantly bleeding.

Steve was more seriously injured. He was already covered in blood, and his breathing was weak. He was dying.

Braydon treated Steve on the spot. At the very least, he had to save his life.

After the arrival of the outsiders, Westley's temperament was indifferent and cold. His thin lips moved slightly, "What's going on?" "You are..." Sebastian was knowledgeable. He saw that Westley was wearing black casual clothes with a golden flying fish pattern embroidered inside.

He instantly started shivering all over.

There was only one person in the world who could wear the golden flying fish official robe.

That was the governor, Westley Hader.

“Preston team’s Sebastian Wood greets Lord Governor!” Sebastian’s face was pale as he bowed.

The special operations teams were directly under the jurisdiction of the capital.

The governor was the highest rank, and the five commanders had to follow his orders.

Sebastian had been in the Preston team for a long time, but this was his first time seeing the legendary governor.

Even Steve Xavier was not qualified to see Westley, let alone him.

Tristan glanced at the wound on Sebastian’s stomach. The blood was a little black, and there was some dark power left in the wound.

He frowned. “The wound was caused by a sharp claw. The yin energy lingering on the wound hasn’t dissipated yet. The person knew what he was doing!” “You encountered a zombie?” Westley was in charge of the garrison of the capital. He sat in the palace hall, but he knew about the major events of various places.

In this world, there were not only martial artists.

There was also the existence of the yin-yang people, which filled the entire society.

There was an ancient tomb in the Preston mountains, as well as an ancient imperial mausoleum that was built since the year 960. It was said that the seven emperors and eight tombs were hidden in the Preston mountains.

The capital of the country then was located in Preston. It was the capital for 167 years. Its long history had buried countless royal descendants. It was as famous as Mount Bellow in Lamar city. They were both imperial tombs.

The Preston team had been monitoring the Preston mountains all year round, and there were a few places with extremely strong yin energy.

A place with heavy yin energy was suitable for burying the dead and becoming a resting place.

A place with strong yang energy was suitable for the living. It could prolong one's life, strengthen one's Qi and blood, and prevent any diseases.

This involved fengshui, which had been passed down for thousands of years. The Preston team had specialized fengshui masters and even Daoist priests.

Westley's eyes were sharp. He could tell that there was a big problem with Sebastian's injury.

Sebastian nodded with a bitter smile. "A few days ago, there was an exploration team that excavated an ancient tomb. Spiritual stones appeared in the accompanying burial pit, causing a gathering of Preston martial artists. The team leader took us there, but we encountered zombies." For zombies, it was the resentment of the living who had not dissipated before death and had been buried in a site where corpses would not decompose naturally. After hundreds of years, they would definitely become spirits and come back to life whenever they met a living person.

Most people in the modern world did not believe this kind of thing because they had not experienced the beating of the zombie master. If they had, they would surely live an honest life. After all, when the zombies appeared in Carlston, it caused a lot of commotion.

The Strongest War God chapter 140-Preston Mountains' Double Summit After that incident.

It was obvious that the situation had gone out of control.

The local special operations team suffered heavy losses.

Otherwise, how could the news have leaked out and caused such a huge commotion in the city? If ordinary people knew about it, it would cause widespread Panic. Even the military was forced to send people to maintain stability.

!!

There were some things that ordinary people should not know.

If they knew, they would not be of any help. Instead, they would create panic and cause people to feel uneasy, affecting the entire city.

Hence, the existence of the special operations team was to deal with these matters and protect the cities they were in.

Steve Xavier was on the verge of death, and Sebastian Wood was also seriously injured.

The appearance of the ancient tomb in the Preston mountains, the accompanying burial pit, and the spiritual stones would definitely attract all the martial artists in Preston.

The warriors were like cats that had smelled blood when it came to spiritual stones and spiritual herbs. It was impossible for them not to be tempted, and they would definitely swarm over.

Now that Steve had been treated and was in Braydon's hands, his life was saved, but he had many fractures in his body.

Both his internal and external injuries were extremely serious!

"Take that half-spiritual herb from your Preston team and give it to Steve." Braydon turned around, took his cloak, and strode out of the door with the Northern King sword hanging at his waist. He planned to personally go to the Preston mountains to deal with this matter.

Now that Steve was injured to this extent, and Sebastian had lost his combat ability, the Preston team had lost a lot of power, so the situation at the Preston mountains was probably out of control.

Braydon was in Preston, and he could not tolerate any martial artists causing trouble.

Logan Hall stayed behind to take care of Steve and Sebastian and sent them back to the base of the Preston team.

Westley Hader followed Braydon indifferently. Since they had met, he would not sit back and do nothing.

Tristan Yandell loved liveliness the most, and he was bored out of his mind in the capital.

The three of them entered the Preston mountains together.

However, in the boundless mountain range, one could often hear the howls of wolves, as well as see the mineral water bottles and sanitary towels that were thrown down by the surrounding mountains and forests. They were all rubbish left behind by the tourist groups.

In the forest, there were shadows flashing by.

There were many warrior-level martial artists!

At the warrior level, one could run ten meters per second, six hundred meters per minute, and six kilometers in ten minutes. They were known as the scud that could travel sixty kilometers per hour.

At the warlord level, their speed would double, reaching twenty miles per second and one hundred twenty kilometers per hour. They would be faster than cars on the highway.

This was the strength of a martial artist. Ordinary people simply could not compare with them.

In this forest, Joseph Thomas rushed in head on.

Even he had received news that an ancient tomb had appeared in Preston, and there were spiritual stones in the accompanying pit.

Anyone with a brain would know that the tomb owner must have been a martial artist when he was alive, and it was unknown how strong he was.

It was this unknown element that had attracted a large number of martial artists to explore it.

If the owner of the tomb was not a warrior, where could he get spiritual stones to be buried with the tomb?

In ancient times, powerful warriors all had ancient martial arts cultivation methods, including martial arts techniques, secret skills, forbidden skills, and so on.

These were all things that modern martial artists desired the most.

If one were to go to the streets and randomly select two warriors, the martial arts that they practiced would not be complete.

Or it was a castrated version that an old senior had managed to complete using an incomplete technique.

Under all sorts of restrictions, the progress of a martial artist's strength was slow. They were limited by external conditions such as martial arts techniques and the lack of spiritual stones.

Therefore, when warriors heard that there was a complete martial arts technique or a spiritual stone, they would gather like crazy.

Joseph was a simple-minded man who was just here to join in on the fun.

The ancient tomb that was discovered the day before yesterday had probably attracted warriors from the surrounding cities over since it had been two days.

Beside Joseph was an old man. It was the warrior-level Stefan Thomas!

"Joseph, don't run around. Follow me!" Stefan's eyes were solemn. He had detected no less than thirty martial artists along the way.

Many of them were warrior-level!

If there was a conflict, the two of them would be nothing in their eyes.

"Grandpa," Joseph said in a low voice, "the matter of the ancient tomb at the Preston mountains is getting out of hand. Isn't the Preston team going to do something about it?" "I'm afraid even Steve Xavier can't handle so many warriors. I received news two hours ago that he has been seriously injured. That's why these warriors are so reckless and don't even bother to cover their tracks." Stefan glanced into the distance and saw three other figures flashing by at an extremely fast speed. More martial artists!

If Steve was here, these martial artists would not dare to be so reckless and increase their speed to show their strength.

Showing off in front of the special operations team meant they were tired of living!

“Steve is seriously injured? This means that Preston team is without a leader. Wouldn’t things fall into chaos here?” Joseph said.

“That’s why I’m asking you to follow me closely. Without the Preston team’s interference, there will definitely be chaos when martial artists from all over the world gather!” Stefan brought his grandson deeper and deeper into the Preston mountains.

However, above them, there were three figures, stepping on green leaves and flying through the air.

The three figures were all extraordinary.

“Brother Braydon, take me with you!” Joseph looked up in surprise.

“What?” Westley’s hearing was sharp, and he immediately noticed the two people under the tree. He stopped and placed his left hand behind his back, not moving an inch from the leaves.

“Your Excellency, Northern King!” Stefan did not dare to be careless.

“Old man, you’re being too polite!” Braydon quickly caught Stefan by the arm.

This old man was Braydon’s grandfather’s sworn brother, so Braydon did not dare to accept his bow.

Joseph looked at Tristan and asked in a low voice, “Brother Braydon, who are these two?” Stefan looked over and his expression suddenly changed!

The black-clothed young man on the left was wearing a golden flying fish robe, and his identity was obvious. He was the current governor, Westley Hader.

The other young man had a silver-threaded flying fish pattern on his clothes. He was definitely one of the two deputy governors.

“I, Stefan Thomas of the Thomas family, pay my respects to the two Lord Governors!” Stefan bowed in fear.

Westley chuckled, while Tristan appeared nonchalant.

“Brother Braydon, are you here for the ancient tomb?” Joseph was curious.

“What else did you think he’s here for?” Tristan stretched his waist lazily and brought the two of them along.

Stefan’s heart was pounding with fear along the way. He was afraid of the governor, Westley Hader, and he knew that he was a ruthless man.

Who would have thought that the gathering of martial artists in the Preston mountains would attract the governor?

If everyone knew that Westley was here, they would have fled in fear.

At the foot of a small mountain, many warriors were eyeing the stone gate that was exposed on the east side of the mountain.

The green stone door was two meters tall, and there were exquisite patterns and ancient characters carved on it.

Due to the heavy rain the day before, the tomb door buried in the soil was exposed and was later discovered by the geological survey team.

The stone door had already been opened, and Luca of the Preston team was standing guard.

Warriors from all over the world were hiding in the forest, watching coldly.

It was already the third day since the ancient tomb was discovered.

Martial artists came here for spiritual stones and the martial arts techniques of the tomb owner.

They had had enough!

Everyone had seen Steve break in and come out with serious injuries. He was on the verge of death when he was sent away.

The leader of the Preston team had almost died in battle, which was the greatest shock to all the unruly martial artists.

Finally, someone could not hold back anymore.

A bald warrior jumped out of the tree with a fierce look in his eyes and ran straight for the tomb door. He was going to force his way in.

“When the Preston team is working, whoever dares to cross the line will be killed without mercy!” Luca held his cold sword and led eight members to guard the entrance of the tomb.

The Strongest War God chapter 141-My Surname is Hader, and My Name is Westley Since the bald martial artist had decided to make a move, he would not be frightened by Luca.

It was not so easy to scare off martial artists unless you had the strength to crush them.

The bald martial artist came forward and threw a punch at Luca, causing him to spit out blood and fly backward.

This was the strength of a level-nine martial artist!

!!

Luca’s group of nine could not stop them at all.

The bald martial artist was ruthless. He dared to injure Luca and the others, but he definitely would not kill someone from the Preston team in public.

A martial artist attacking a special operations team member was a capital crime.

However, if he killed a member of the Preston team, he would be on the kill list of all the special operations team in the world.

Just like Bobby Glass in the past, the special operations team everywhere killed anyone they encountered.

Therefore, the bald martial artist did not dare to be so extreme.

He barged into the tomb door, wanting to enter the tomb to retrieve something.

After the first person entered, the other martial artists could no longer hold back.

In the next moment, hundreds of figures surged out.

There were more than seven or eight warriors, and their speed increased dramatically. They were clearly ahead of the ordinary martial artists, and they charged into the wooden door to find what they wanted.

The situation was out of control. More than a hundred martial artists stepped on Luca and the others' bodies and rushed into the tomb.

These martial artists were doing this on purpose.

To be able to trample on the Preston team members, whom they were usually afraid of, was undoubtedly satisfying to them.

Luca's body was curled up. Although he looked miserable, it was the best way to protect himself.

Some of the martial artists who stepped on him secretly stomped on him and broke several of his ribs.

The veins on Luca's forehead popped out, and his eyes were bloodshot. He clenched his fists and held the cold sword in his hand, but he did not say a word.

The members of the Preston team were all tough people.

This scene was witnessed by Braydon Neal, who had rushed over from afar. A cold murderous intent flashed in his deep eyes.

A martial artist wreaking havoc would be sentenced to death!

Challenging the authority of the Preston team in public was a capital offense!

Severely injuring Luca and the others was a capital crime!

There were three major Crimes. Today, more than three hundred martial artists would have to die.

Joseph Thomas secretly clicked his tongue. Why did so many people come?

Hundreds of martial artists were out of the control of the Preston team.

The situation was already in chaos.

Braydon stepped on a leaf in the air and jumped up. He landed on the top of the mountain where there was a rock. He turned around and sat down. He held the Northern King sword in his left hand, and his body was wrapped in a golden Qilin robe.

He sat quietly on the peak of the mountain.

In the forest, several martial artists had just arrived and were about to rush into the tomb.

Three of the martial artists happened to see a person flying over from the sky. He was sitting alone on the peak of the mountain, a hundred meters away from the ground.

The three of them looked up, and their pupils suddenly shrank. They saw a pattern on Braydon's cloak which was very conspicuous.

Golden silk Qilin.

The vivid picture was like a king Qilin, its four hooves stepping on the clouds, with the roar of a tiger in the wild.

"Heavens! The Qilin official robe! The Northern King has arrived!" "The Northern King has come in person!" "These people dared to attack members of the Preston team in front of him. Are they looking for death?" "Leave! Now!" ... The three martial artists' expressions changed drastically, and they were terrified.

Braydon intimidated them just by sitting on the peak.

However, Tristan Yandell flashed toward them and landed beside the three of them. He said in a deep voice, "Since you're here, why are you in such a hurry to leave?" The pressure of a War God was released, and the three of them could not move at all. They stood under the pine tree, their bodies trembling.

The oldest of the three martial artists, a man in his forties, looked at Tristan's black casual clothes. The sleeves were embroidered with silver silk, and the pattern was a flying fish!

The silver-threaded flying fish painting was definitely the governor of the capital.

The three martial artists' faces turned pale. As if the arrival of the Northern King was shocking enough, one of the three governors who shocked the world had also come!

Westley Hader shot a cold glance at him and said indifferently, "As a martial artist, wreaking havoc in the Preston mountains means death!" He stood with his hands behind his back, exuding a cold and murderous aura.

Tristan put his hand on his waist where a black sword handle emitting endless killing intent was at.

The older martial artist looked over and was dumbstruck. He knelt down instantly and said with a trembling voice, "Golden-threaded flying fish, we failed to recognize you. We didn't know that the governors have arrived. Please spare our lives!" "Governors?" The other two martial artists' faces turned pale.

Every martial artist knew of the five great commanders and three great governors.

Every one of them was an indomitable figure.

Who would have thought that the governor, Westley Hader, who usually lived in seclusion in the capital, would come to the Preston mountains?

At the peak of the mountain.

"The three of them are innocent, and your swords should not be stained with the blood of the innocent!" These words made the three feel as if they had been granted amnesty, and they knew that the person at the peak of the mountain was even more terrifying.

Tristan's hand that was holding the handle of the sword loosened.

The three of them were indeed innocent. They were lucky to have arrived late and not entered the tomb.

Today, anyone who entered the tomb would die.

In the next moment, the sounds of furious fighting came from inside the tomb.

More than thirty determined young men rushed out of the tomb passage with cold swords. When they came outside, they saw Luca on the ground, and they were all still alive.

The leader of the group was a member of the Preston team.

He clutched the wound on his abdomen, blood flowing out through the gaps between his fingers. He shouted angrily, "Take Luca and retreat!" "Fifth Brother, we can't retreat. Martial artists are wreaking havoc. We must fight to the death today!" Luca stood up with the help of his sword and panted as he spoke.

The fifth brother said in a low voice, "We've already lost thirteen brothers inside. If we don't leave, everyone will die here today. When that happens, the Preston team will only exist as a team. I'm bringing all of you out of here alive. I'll take responsibility for this. Leave!" There were too many martial artists wreaking havoc today.

If they did not retreat, they would die.

If all the members of the Preston team were to die here, these martial artists would no longer have any fear. They would cause a huge commotion.

The surviving members of the Preston team were all injured, and most of them had bone-deep wounds.

Seven or eight solo martial artists were chasing after him. The bald martial artist had an injury on his shoulder. He was enraged.

"Aren't you people from the Preston team usually quite arrogant?" he laughed viciously. "Today, I'll kill all of you, and the Preston team will be left with no one!" "Stop talking nonsense. Kill this group of people and save us the trouble of being hunted down in the future!" These martial artists had all killed members of the Preston team in the mausoleum.

In their eyes, killing one or two was the same.

He might as well go all out today, kill everyone, then escape Preston and go into hiding.

Luca and the others were all seriously injured.

This was a trap!

“How dare you threaten to kill my men in front of me?” Westley’s thin lips moved slightly. “It seems like it’s time to get rid of all the martial artists in the world!” “Who are you?” The bald martial artist was full of killing intent. He did not take Westley seriously at all as he saw that he was just a young guy.

However, the black-clothed youth in their eyes laughed lightly, “My surname is Hader, and my name is Westley!”

The Strongest War God chapter 142-I’m Following Orders to Send You on Your Way “Westley Hader? It sounds familiar. I think I’ve heard your name before!” The bald martial artist touched his head. He had indeed heard of it before. Now that his killing intent was strong, he suddenly could not remember, so he might as well not care.

However, one of the eight martial artists behind him was a warrior-level man.

He was nearly forty years old, and his eyes were filled with fear as he cried out, “The governor of the garrison, Westley Hader?” !!

“The governor, Westley Hader?” The bald martial artist suddenly remembered what the name meant.

Three years ago, the martial artists of Ludwig revolted and over 80,000 people were killed by the seventeen-year-old governor. Not a single one was left alive!

That battle had forced all the martial artists across the country to obey the jurisdiction of the special operations team.

From then on, no martial artist in the world dared to look down on the seventeen-year-old new governor.

Although the Ludwig incident was announced as the killing of 8,000 martial artists, many of the local martial artists in Ludwig said that this incident had caused the corpses of the people in Ludwig to form mountains and rivers of blood to linger in the mountains and forests.

Even today, in the dense forest of Ludwig, the wails of ghosts could still be heard every night when the moon was clear and the wind was strong.

It was like a vengeful spirit.

But now, this governor had personally come to the Preston mountains.

The entire Preston team looked on in awe.

They had never seen Westley before and had only heard of him.

Tristan Yandell curled his lips slightly. He knew what Westley wanted to do, so he took the black cold sword from his waist and handed it over.

The governor did not carry a sword!

If Westley left the capital with a sword, it would definitely alarm the powerful martial artist families and make them tremble in fear.

When the governor went out with a saber, it meant that a killing was about to begin. It was a strong killing signal to the outside world, which would make some people tremble in fear.

Therefore, in order to avoid unnecessary trouble, Westley usually did not wear a sword.

Westley did not even look at Tristan's saber. He actually looked down on it.

He raised his head and looked at the short mountain. Braydon Neal was sitting alone on the peak.

"Brother, can you lend me the Northern King sword? I haven't touched it in three years!" Westley smiled radiantly; his starry eyes filled with hope.

In front of Braydon, this high and mighty governor, Westley Hader, who sat alone, was like a little brother.

This side of him would only appear in front of Braydon.

Tristan knew that if he used this to tease Westley, the latter would make sure that he cries like a baby.

This was a ruthless man who controlled the 70,000 elite troops of the garrison of the capital.

How could he be kind!

As soon as Westley had finished speaking, all the martial artists, including Luca and the other members of the Preston team, looked up at the peak.

A white-robed young man was sitting alone on the peak of the mountain. No one could sit beside him.

Luca cupped his fists in surprise. "Members of the Preston team pay their respects to the Northern King!" "Northern King?" The seven or eight martial artists, including the bald man, looked defeated.

This was King Braydon of the northern territory!

Why was he here?

Such an important figure should be in charge of the northern territory. Why had he appeared in the Preston mountains?

One was the Northern King, and the other was the governor.

The two famous figures of Hansworth, both high and mighty, had appeared here at the same time.

The warrior-level fighter's face was ashen. He knew that he could not escape death.

In other words, none of the martial artists present today could survive.

Braydon sat alone on the peak of the mountain, his thin lips moving. "As a martial artist, you dare to challenge the authority of the Preston team? you will be sentenced to death!

"Attacking a member of the Preston team is a capital crime!

"Those who violate the ironclad rules of Hansworth must die!" Braydon suddenly stood up, and his sharp eyes burst with light. His golden Qilin robe fluttered in the wind, and his thin body gave off a sense of majesty.

In the next moment, the sheathed Northern King sword shot out from Braydon's hand.

The Northern King sword struck down and pierced through the bald martial artist's chest, nailing him to the mountain wall.

Westley walked forward and held the hilt of the Northern King's sword gently. Then, he glanced at the rest.

"Westley Hader shall heed the Northern King's orders!" He replied coldly.

The position of a governor was so high that there were only a handful of people who could compare to him.

However, in front of the Northern King, he only responded to his orders.

In the next moment, the Northern King sword was unsheathed, and the murderous aura was so strong that the wild beasts in the area of the Preston mountains were scared to death.

The blade Qi within the Northern King sword was too terrifying.

This sword was truly a vicious weapon.

It had once drunk the blood of hundreds of thousands of enemies and forged its own fierce reputation.

When Westley held the sword, his black casual jacket puffed up slightly, and an invisible pressure spread out along with his cold words, "Martial artists are wreaking havoc. Regardless of the reason, kill without mercy!" Westley then made his move.

When his sword fell, an invisible sword might swept across the eight solo martial artists in front of him.

With a single slash, all eight of them were dismembered.

Blood splattered across the sky. Westley held the Northern King sword and walked on the bloody path, as cold as ever.

The three sons of the north were all geniuses!

Westley Hader, a king-level figure, was the governor of the tomb. His strength could be said to be invincible among his peers. When he entered the tomb with the Northern King sword, it was not as dark as he had imagined.

The passageway was three meters high and two meters wide, and it was paved with bluestone bricks.

Westley's steady and powerful steps accompanied him as he walked deeper into the quiet path. Angry shouts could be heard from inside, but they quickly died down.

The Northern King had given the order to kill.

The 300 martial artists who had entered the tomb would all die.

Martial artists were powerful and extremely sensitive. If they were unruly and disobedient, they could be killed directly.

Braydon, who was at the peak of the mountain, glanced down the mountain. A large number of martial artists ran out in fear.

There were treasures in the tomb.

It had indeed caused everyone to fight for it, but there was an evil in the tomb that had almost killed Steve Xavier.

This place was filled with yin energy. When Westley entered, he found that the yin energy was even stronger. It was a natural and excellent place to raise corpses.

If a corpse was placed here, it would definitely bring disaster to a region after a hundred years.

When the martial artists inside encountered the evils, they were all killed.

With the addition of the black-clothed youth whose strength was even more terrifying, he showed no mercy to them.

More than half of the martial artists were scared and ran out.

Everyone's pockets were full, and one could vaguely see spiritual stones.

Tristan held his sword and attacked, killing the martial artists who escaped.

Under the Northern King's killing order, no one could live.

"Bastards! Who are you? Why are you attacking us?" One of the martial artists was furious.

“There’s a treasure in the tomb, and we didn’t get it. If you want to get it from inside, why do you want to kill us?” The skinny martial artist asked in despair.

Tristan’s eyes were cold and indifferent. “I, Tristan Yandell, am a nobody. I’m here to send you all on your way under the Northern King’s order!”

The Strongest War God chapter 143-Suppressing the Whole Scene with a Raise of the Hand “What? Tristan Yandell, one of the capital’s three great governors!” Most of the martial artists who had escaped death found it hard to believe it.

Such an important figure had actually come to deal with them personally.

However, the skinny martial artist’s eyes were filled with disbelief. He even questioned, “You’re following the Northern King’s order? Impossible! The Northern King is far away in the northern territory. How could he give you a killing order?” !!

Just as he had finished speaking.

“Look at the top of the mountain! Who is he?!” Tristan glanced at this group of reckless people.

The skinny martial artist raised his head and looked at the top of the mountain. There was a young man in white standing there. They might not recognize the young man, but they recognized the Qilin symbol on the northern flag!

Only the commander of the northern army could wear the gold gilded Qilin robe.

Only one person in the world could wear it, and it must be the Northern King.

The appearance of this great figure at the Preston mountains made all the martial artists despair.

With King Braydon here personally, none of them could escape.

Tristan held the sword in his hand and was about to kill these people when a black wind gushed out from inside the tomb passage, and he retreated on the spot.

A black monster with a pair of shriveled eyes rushed out from inside, grabbed a martial artist, and bit him.

As expected, this must be the monster that had injured Steve Xavier.

“What?” Tristan frowned. “This kind of place has really raised such a thing.” As soon as he finished speaking, Braydon landed on the ground from the top of the mountain. He was so fast that he reached the ground in the blink of an eye.

Tristan took a step back and stood beside Braydon.

“Give me the sword!” Braydon’s left hand moved slightly, and Tristan presented his sword with both hands.

When Braydon’s sword landed on the black human-shaped thing, a series of sparks appeared.

A corpse with copper skin and iron bones!

This scene caused the pupils of Luca and the others to constrict.

This was much stronger than the corpses they had dealt with in the past.

This thing must have been a martial artist when it was alive.

Then, the coffin was buried here, in a place with extremely heavy yin energy. After hundreds of years, it finally became the cause of disaster.

The black human-shaped thing dropped what it was biting and pounced on Braydon.

The surrounding martial artists were so scared that they quickly dodged. They had all seen how terrifying this thing was. Even a warrior-level warrior might not be able to do anything to it.

After all, this thing had great strength and could resist the explosive power of a warrior-level light force.

Braydon flicked his fingers and smiled. His fingers landed on the chest of the black figure.

Bang!

A terrifying power burst out from his fingers.

The black furry monster was sent flying and smashed into the mountain wall, creating a muffled sound of a giant hammer.

“He’s strong. If we let him gnaw on a few more people, even War Gods would have a headache.” Braydon then returned the sword.

Tristan took it with both hands. “This thing’s strength when it was alive should have been at the War God level, right?” “He was probably a marquis!” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, as if he was playing with a little pet.

The skinny man and the other martial artists were all in awe. It was hard to imagine that the owner of the tomb had been a marquis.

In the next moment, the black monster roared and charged forward.

Braydon raised his left hand and struck it on the chest.

This palm strike held nothing back.

Boom!

With one palm, the black monster’s entire body was torn into pieces. A foul smell spread out, and there seemed to be worms wriggling in its body. It could not be more dead.

This scene shocked Luca and the others.

The evil that even a War God would have a headache over had been killed by Braydon with one palm.

He had no power to resist at all!

The remaining 100 martial artists wanted to take the opportunity to escape, scattering in different directions.

“They’re all running away!” Joseph Thomas muttered.

Braydon glanced from the corner of his eyes. He slightly raised his left foot and suddenly put it down.

Bang!

Dust rose from the ground, and dozens of stones were thrown up. Braydon swung his Qilin cloak to sweep these stones away.

The sound of the stones breaking through the air was like a bullet being shot.

Swish... Every stone that landed on a martial artist's body instantly pierced through his body. The stone was covered in blood and nailed onto the trunk.

Almost all the martial artists felt a sharp pain on their backs. They looked down at their chests and saw blood flowing out of the wound.

The martial artists died one after another.

Braydon's deep eyes did not waver, as if he had just done something insignificant.

Hundreds of martial artists were killed in the blink of an eye.

This was the strength of a king!

More than 300 martial artists were all killed by Braydon and Westley.

Joseph was dumbfounded by the scene and did not come back to his senses for a long time.

Braydon walked through the door of the tomb and passed through a dark passage. The walls were inlaid with spiritual stones, but they had become useless stones after their spiritual Qi had been exhausted.

It could be seen how wealthy the tomb owner was when he was alive.

At the same time, it was not hard to guess that the cultivation environment in ancient times was definitely better than that of modern times. Otherwise, where did so many spiritual stones come from?

At the end of the passage was a huge stone chamber.

The entire belly of the hill had been dug out. With something so humungous, at least a thousand people would have been needed to build the mausoleum in ancient times.

“A king isn’t worthy of a tomb of this scale, but it’s more than enough for a noble!” Tristan said.

“That’s right. He’s indeed a king between the year 960 and 1127. He was a king when he was alive, and he was born during the rebellion between the two different empires then. In the end, he died on the battlefield!” Westley was standing in front of a stone tablet.

The stele recorded the life of the tomb owner.

The tomb owner’s surname was Zabka, and he was a descendant of the royal family during that time.

Braydon looked at the living room. Although it was covered in cobwebs and dust, it was filled with beautiful jade and other things.

Every single one of them was worth a city!

“Brother, do you like these antiques?” Westley turned around and smiled. “I’ll get someone to bring them back to the Neal family.” “The yin energy is too heavy for a dead person’s burial.” Braydon smiled, obviously uninterested in these things.

Westley chuckled. “That’s right. You’re a grandmaster-level sculptor. Your craftsmanship is much more exquisite than these artifacts.” “Not really. That Guanyin jade vase should be the work of a grandmaster.” Braydon glanced at the stone table in the distance. There were several items on it.

Tristan went over and played with a brush, saying casually, “This tomb owner was quite rich when he was alive. Look at all this porcelain. They are the Ru kiln, Guan kiln, Ge kiln, Jun kiln and Ding kiln; the five great kilns. They’re all here!” Westley chuckled. “The owner of the tomb was a king when he was alive. He was also a member of the royal family of Zabka. He also commanded three armies and fought against another empire. His contributions were unparalleled. It’s not surprising that he received such a reward.” The three of them were talking about the tomb findings.

Stefan Thomas and Joseph’s eyes were wide open when they came in.

One had to know that many people in the outside world were saying that no matter how rich you were, you could not match a piece of the Jun kiln.

Such a rare treasure could actually be found everywhere in this tomb.

Tristan casually played with it like he did not care at all.

“Brother Braydon, what are you looking at?” Joseph ran over.

Westley looked at Joseph, apparently surprised that Braydon would bring him along.

Not everyone was qualified to follow King Braydon.

Braydon was looking at the frescoes on the stone walls, which described the life of the tomb owner.

Two of the murals caught his attention.

The Strongest War God chapter 144-Clues to the Spiritual Stone Mine In the two murals, there was a man in armor. He had a tall and sturdy figure, and he was holding a black spear in his hand. He had the talent of a lord, so he should be the tomb owner. In the mural, he had actually come to the Preston mountains.

Preston at that time was the capital, and the Preston mountains were probably the hunting ground of the royal family.

However, the area of the Preston mountains was huge, and the hunting ground was only a small part of it.

The second mural showed that the armored man had come to the depths of the Preston mountains and led 3,000 soldiers to start an excavation. A shiny stone appeared.

!!

“Spiritual stone mine?” Westley Hader looked over with his sharp eyes.

“There’s a spiritual stone mine in the Preston mountains!” Tristan Yandell was shocked.

If such news were to be reported, they would be alerted and personally ask about it.

Nowadays, spiritual herbs were extinct, and the spiritual stone mines had long been excavated by the ancient people. The spiritual energy in the world was so thin that it had disappeared.

Whoever owned a spiritual stone mine would definitely become an elite.

In this day and age, if an ordinary person could own a mine, their net worth might exceed 100 million the next day.

If a martial artist owned a spiritual stone mine and cultivated in secret, he would become an elite in a few years.

“The professors from Preston University should have been to this area and found some spiritual stones in the burial pit outside. The real spiritual stone mine is not here,” Braydon Neal said softly.

“Why didn’t this guy bury himself in the spiritual stone mine when he found it? The spiritual energy would nourish his body, and it would be as if he had been frozen in ice, making his body immortal for a thousand years.” Tristan’s eyes were filled with suspicion.

Perhaps the owner of the tomb had died too suddenly in battle and did not have time to give instructions for his funeral, so he could only be buried in the royal tomb that was built by his descendants.

From then on, he would rest here forever.

On the last blurry mural, Braydon stood for a long time, frowning from time to time.

Too much time had passed, causing the frescoes to be corroded and severely damaged. The image was extremely blurry.

The last painting had a secret hidden in it!

It was not just about the spiritual stone mine.

On this mural, Braydon saw the outline of Mount Kylo.

What did the owner of the tomb want to express?

Even Braydon could not understand this mural.

This was because this mural did not match any of the previous murals at all. It was carved on the stone wall and was so blurry that even a God would not be able to understand.

Tristan groped around and found a stone door. He knocked on it lightly. It was obviously hollow.

If he was right, the main burial chamber was behind the stone door.

“Little monkey, stop!” Braydon stopped them from opening the stone door.

Tristan immediately stopped and turned around with some doubt.

Westley said softly, “The owner of this tomb was, after all, a king when he was alive. He died in battle against the barbarians and made an immortal contribution to protect Hansworth. He should be respected after his death!

“Understood!” Tristan was also a soldier of the northern territory, so he immediately understood why Braydon had stopped him from opening the stone door.

In the future, if they were to die in battle and be buried in the ground, they did not want their descendants to disturb their peace.

The tomb owner died in battle to protect Hansworth.

Although it had been thousands of years, the tomb owner was essentially the same kind of person as Braydon and the others. They wore military clothes and fought for their family and country. They did not retreat even if they died. They stained the battlefield with blood until they died in battle.

Such a character should be respected.

Therefore, the place of eternal rest after death should not be disturbed by the later generations.

“Clear the tomb and announce to the public that everything has been taken away by the Preston team. This will prevent other martial artists from having any ideas about this place.” Braydon turned around and left.

However, the next moment, the stone door opened automatically.

The stone door of the main burial chamber had actually opened up!

Braydon turned around and frowned.

Tristan was dumbfounded. He raised his hands and said, "I didn't do it!" "It wasn't me either!" Westley said innocently.

Braydon looked behind the stone door. It was the main burial chamber, which was even bigger than the area they were in.

A coffin was floating in the air.

The four corners of the coffin were tied to the stone wall by four huge iron chains, allowing the coffin to float in the air.

It was strange to place the coffin in the air without any earth energy staining it.

"What was the tomb owner thinking?" Tristan asked suspiciously.

"It's not stained by earth energy. That's quite interesting!" Westley was slightly surprised.

Braydon guessed that the tomb owner was buried in this way because he could tell that the place where he was buried was extremely heavy with yin energy. The low mountain where he was buried was blocked by two higher mountains.

As a result, the area around the short mountain had not seen sunlight for years and had become a place of yin.

The coffin of the tomb owner was suspended in the air without any earth energy to isolate the yin energy of this place.

Westley smiled faintly. "This tomb owner is indeed interesting. He's buried in a shady place, but he used a hanging coffin so that he wouldn't be stained by the earth's energy after his death. He's tormenting himself in such a way. Why would he still bury himself here?" There was no answer to this question.

Braydon also wanted to know the reason, but the person who could give him the answer was lying in the coffin and had been dead for a thousand years.

Unless the tomb owner opened his mouth and answered them, they would never know.

Braydon looked around. There were stone beds, stone tables, and other things.

“This tomb owner is also a weirdo,” Tristan said. “He’s lying in his coffin after his death. What’s the point of having a stone bed here?” “The dead lie in the coffin, the living sleep in the bed, this is a principle that has not changed for thousands of years.” Westley pulled out the sword from Tristan’s waist and gently brushed the dust away. There were black carbide materials below.

This was the trace of oxidation on the bedding and blanket.

It seemed that this stone bed used to be a place for living people to rest.

Tristan scratched his head. “A living person guarding the coffin? Where’s the coffin guardian?” “It might be that black-furred monster!” Westley walked to the stone table and swept the dust away. There were 64 gold pieces on the table.

Each piece was marked with words and pictures.

“Violent spear” This was a complete martial arts technique.

Moreover, it was a spear technique!

A king level technique was worth more than a city. It was extremely rare.

It was no wonder that many ancient martial art practitioners were obsessed with tomb raiding. This was the advantage.

Braydon picked up the gold piece and chuckled. “The spear technique is named the violent spear. It’s quite domineering.” “You’re going to cultivate it?” Tristan was suspicious.

Braydon did not intend to take it for himself. The Art of the God of War that he had cultivated was passed down from the Kylo ruins, which was much more profound than these.

There was no need to neglect the essentials and pursue the trivialities!

However, these gold pieces seemed to have been left behind by the tomb owner.

It was not recorded in a book, probably because he had foreseen that paper and bamboo sticks as a carrier would oxidize over time and nothing would be left.

Thus, he used gold pieces to record everything he had learned and left it for future generations.

A complete king level ancient martial arts cultivation technique.

In the outside world, it would probably cause countless martial artists to fight over it.

After all, a complete technique that was at the king level was rare.

Countless people at the marquis level had been unable to advance any further because their ancient martial arts were incomplete, and thus had no hope of becoming a king.

A profound ancient martial arts cultivation technique was too important for a martial artist.

However, Braydon and Westley did not need such things.

The cultivation techniques of the three sons of the north were all extraordinary.

“Bring these things back to the capital and use them as a reserve of martial arts. When the time comes, pass them on to the suitable people.” Braydon quickly left the tomb.

The Strongest War God chapter 145-Old Man Zito at the Village Entrance
From the beginning to the end, Braydon Neal did not have the desire to open the coffin.

King Braydon of this generation had his own noble and virtuous nature.

If Braydon wanted wealth or treasures, with his power and status, he could get anything he wanted!

That was why Braydon would never open a coffin and disturb a dead hero's soul to search through his burial objects.

!!

He was the Northern King, not a grave robber!

It was the same for Westley Hader. As one of the three sons of the north and the current governor, he had no interest in the tomb owner's things.

Before Tristan Yandell left, he told the Preston team to move all the porcelain in the stone room outside and bring them back to the Neal family's place.

If these things were not taken away, those martial artists would still think about the things here.

At that time, the tomb owner's coffin would definitely be opened up by others.

That was why in clearing out the place, outsiders would believe that all the valuable items in the tomb had been taken away by the Preston team, and that there was nothing else they wanted.

Now that the matter in the ancient tomb of the Preston mountains was over, it was time for Westley to leave.

"Brother, take care!" He said softly.

"There are many hidden elites in the capital. You should also be careful. If you have any difficulties, just look for me. Those ten ruthless guys in the north probably miss you too!" Braydon watched his younger brother leave.

"Okay, brother! I'll go to the northern territory to find them when I have time!" Westley walked away and waved his hand.

The two of them had only spent time together for a short while, but they had no choice.

Westley had the responsibility of governor. He was usually cold, emotionless, and aloof. It was already not easy for him to take a day off to come here.

However, Braydon did not leave the Preston mountains. He took out a document and threw it to Tristan, saying indifferently, "It's time to find him!" The third person, Searle Lambert!

It was time for the former top dog of Quill to find this person.

“I know where the old man is hiding,” Tristan laughed. “I’ll take you there now.” The two of them walked together and disappeared into the vast Preston mountains.

In a village far away from Preston, built with its back against the Preston mountains, the entire village had the surname Zito, hence its name Big Zito village.

Of course, there was also the Small Zito village, which was only three to five miles away from here.

The two villages had the same roots.

The person Braydon was looking for was in Small Zito village.

A village in the countryside did not mean that it was backward.

Small Zito village was backed by the Preston mountains. In recent years, tourism had developed. The people in the city had nothing to do and wanted to go into the wild for fun.

And Preston mountains were undoubtedly the most suitable area.

As a result, all the villages and towns along the periphery of the Preston mountains benefited from this. They opened small inns, and the villagers would act as guides for tourists.

Before the tourists entered the mountain, they had to rest in the village. They had to spend money on food and drink.

Therefore, all the villages had made a lot of money in the past few years. Every family had a small bungalow and small cars.

At the entrance of Small Zito village, a straight asphalt road was built to reach the various houses in the village.

Many tourists were coming in and out, all of whom were planning to go to the Preston mountains to play.

Braydon arrived at the village entrance.

A simple and honest old man with a pipe in his mouth was smoking, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth. His old face with orange skin was smiling like a chrysanthemum.

“Hey kid, you’re from the city, aren’t you?” he asked in a central plains’ dialect.

“Who are you calling a kid? If you say that again, I’ll chop you up!” Tristan stared at him.

Braydon raised his hand, signaling him to shut up. He smiled, “You can say that I’m from the city. Are you local?” “That’s right, I’ve been living here for more than half of my life!” The honest old man grinned. He was missing a front tooth, so his pronunciation was not all that accurate.

Tristan frowned. “Old man, I want to ask you about someone. Do you know this person in the photo?” It was a three-inch photo. It was Searle Lambert from ten years ago.

At that time, Searle Lambert was the leader of the dark division in the provincial capital of Quill. He was definitely a figure of power.

The honest old man squinted his eyes. “I’ve seen him before. Of course, I have. Why are you looking for him?” “We have our reasons of course!” “Where is he?” Tristan asked.

“I can’t tell you that. I think you’re here with bad intentions. We aren’t friends, so why should I tell you?” The honest grandpa was right.

Those who could live in this village were all fellow villagers. Who would help an outsider for no reason?

Tristan’s face turned black. He realized that this old guy was a little hard to deal with.

“Tell me, how much do you want? Is two thousand enough?” he said grumpily.

A stack of cash appeared in Tristan’s hand.

The simple and honest old man took the stack of cash without hesitation. With his fingers covered in saliva, he began to count seriously in front of them. He even checked the notes meticulously for fear of receiving fake money.

The veins on Tristan's forehead popped out. If the Northern King was not here, he really wanted to kill this old hooligan.

He was the governor of the capital's garrison, even though he was only a deputy.

He was a big shot, so why would he scam an old man of a mere two thousand?

"Hurry up!" Tristan said, "Where is he?" "I'll take the money, but I can't tell you about the person!" The simple and honest grandpa was all smiles.

"What?" Tristan was enraged. "Old man, you dare to trick me?" "Young man, don't be so angry. It's your moral obligation to respect the elderly and love the young." The honest old man put the money in his pocket and smoked his pipe.

Tristan was so angry that he took a step forward and put his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Whoosh!

This grandpa was not as simple as he looked.

The simple and honest old man was like a slippery fish, naturally avoiding Tristan's grasp.

Tristan was a level nine War-God level figure.

This old man was not someone simple!

Braydon's eyes were calm. He realized that he was not an ordinary person.

The central plains was a land of hidden elites. As for how many martial artists were hidden among the people, even Westley could not determine the exact figure.

Just like this old man. If you had not seen it with your own eyes, who would have known that he was an ancient martial arts practitioner?

"No wonder you dare to scam me! You're a martial artist!" Tristan was amused.

“There’s no rule saying that you’re the only one allowed to practice martial arts.” The simple old man was a slippery one. He took Tristan’s money and still had an infuriating look on his face.

There was no way Tristan would take this sitting down!

Whoosh!

Tristan unsheathed his black sword and said angrily, “Damn old man, I’ll chop you up!” “F*ck!” The honest old man was shocked and immediately exploded, “This is a cold sword?” “You recognize this sword?” Tristan took out his sword and attacked.

The simple old man was obviously not an ordinary person. His lean body was like a fish, and he was actually able to dodge Tristan’s attack.

Just this ability to dodge proved that the old man was not only a martial artist, but probably even a War God.

However, Tristan did not kill him. A level nine War God using his full strength against an old man was much too embarrassing.

The old man was shameless.

He, Tristan Yandell, was the deputy governor of the garrison of the capital. He was also a person who cared about his face!

Only then did the simple and honest old man seriously sized up Tristan’s identity and saw the flying fish image on his clothes.

He was shocked!

A black robe with a silver-threaded flying fish emblem was the standard governor’s robe.

It was one of the three great governors!

The simple and honest old man Zito put his hand on the back of his neck and called out, “You’re a big shot in the capital, a deputy governor with a high position, yet you’re bullying an old man from a good family. It won’t be nice if word gets out, right?”

The Strongest War God chapter 146-The Older Generation of Hidden Forces Won't Appear Without Military Orders The simple and honest old man called out, knocked the tobacco pipe in his hand against the stone and poured out the ashes.

Tristan Yandell's identity was not hard to identify.

He was wearing a black shirt embroidered with a silver flying fish. Any martial artist with some knowledge could recognize that he was a governor.

This scared the old man!

!!

Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled. "I thought that the Elusive Fish technique was lost. I didn't expect to see it here!" Just now, the simple and honest old man's movement was like a fish in water, avoiding Tristan's capture.

Braydon could see through his technique at a glance.

The simple and honest old man's surname was Zito. The villagers called him Old Man Zito, and his real name had almost been forgotten.

Old Man Zito's eyes were unfocused, and he was already scared.

After all, Tristan's background was so great. Even if he was beaten to death, he would not provoke such an important person.

With shifty eyes, he could not help but steal a glance at the young man in white.

However, the young man in white liked to wear cotton clothes. He had a cape with a golden Qilin embroidered on it. One look and one could tell that he was extraordinary.

"Look at this robe, is it handmade with gold silk?" Old Man Zito exclaimed.

His dirty hands tried to touch the golden Qilin on the cloak.

Tristan retracted his playful expression and said in a low voice, "If you don't want to die, don't touch it with your dirty hands!" The gilded Qilin was the

symbol of the northern army. It was the totem in the eyes of the soldiers of the ten legions, and it was extremely sacred.

This old man dared to touch it, which was blasphemy.

He deserved to be killed!

Old Man Zito looked at it seriously for a long time before mumbling to himself, "I've seen this small Qilin symbol when I was young..." He mumbled in a soft voice that was still in a dialect.

The key was that he was missing a front tooth, and his pronunciation was off.

Which normal person would understand?

"Old man, what are you mumbling about? Weren't you born and raised here? How would you be able to recognize the cold sword?" Tristan's gaze was not friendly.

Old Man Zito straightened his neck. "I do know him!" "It's not strange for a martial artist to recognize a cold sword!" Braydon opened his mouth, his eyes shining with a light smile. "However, only people from the northern territory would see the golden Qilin as their faith!

"As for you, why do you have such a look in your eyes?" His words seemed calm, but they contained a sense of majesty.

Old Man Zito's mumbling earlier was soft, but Braydon was a king level figure with amazing hearing. He could even identify a fly's position within a hundred meters.

Therefore, Old Man Zito's mumbling could not escape Braydon's ears!

More importantly, Old Man Zito had wanted to touch the golden Qilin on the cloak. He looked like he wanted to take a closer look but did not dare to profane it.

He really looked like the soldiers of the north!

Although Old Man Zito had hidden it well, Braydon had caught the special emotion in his eyes when he saw the gold gilded Qilin robe.

Tristan was slightly stunned. He squinted his eyes, and a cold light flashed past them.

At this moment, he no longer treated the old man as an ordinary old man.

Old Man Zito started to mumble again. "I'm just an old man from the countryside. I've never seen the world, and I've never harmed anyone. Why are you bullying me?" "Is that so? Do you recognize this token?" Braydon's left hand moved slightly, and a purple-gold token appeared between his fingers.

This was the Northern King's token, also known as the northern army commander's token!

An order was like an order to the general, and he could mobilize the ten legions of the north.

The ten most ruthless men of the north must listen to the orders!

In fact, the influence of the Northern King's token was not limited to this.

With King Braydon's influence, with his Northern King token, and based on Westley Hader's behavior in front of Braydon... If he gave an order, would the current governor, Westley Hader, who controlled 70,000 elites in the capital's garrison, obey his orders?

Would the three governors obey him?

Would the five great commanders listen to his orders?

They would all listen to his orders!

As a soldier from the northern territory, the mark of the north was forever engraved in his bones.

Even if he were to die, he would still listen to his orders!

This was the influence of King Braydon.

At this moment, when the Northern King token appeared... Tristan put his sword back into the sheath. His body was straight, and his eyes were firm and solemn. He did not dare to show any disrespect.

Old Man Zito held the cigarette in his mouth and smiled naively, revealing his yellow teeth. He looked very honest.

He did not seem to recognize the Northern King token!

Tristan felt a chill in his heart. There was no way this old man was an honest person!

“You recognize the cold sword and the golden Qilin robe, but you don’t recognize the Northern King token. Interesting!” Braydon seemed to be smiling, but his expression was cold.

Based on Old Man Zito’s age, there was no such person within the past ten years of the records in the north.

The north had strict rules. Old Man Zito looked like he was in his 70s or 80s.

Even if it had been twenty years ago, he would not have been able to join the northern army, let alone ten years ago.

It was because age was a rigid standard.

Therefore, in the past ten years, there was no one like this old man in the north in the past ten years of Braydon’s reign.

He was not from the northern territory and had never been to the north, but he had such a look in his eyes.

This old thing had a secret!

“General, don’t waste your breath on him,” Tristan said. “After dealing with Searle Lambert, take him away and send him to the Preston team for all kinds of torture. This old man will say anything you want to hear then!” “No, I didn’t come for him today!” Braydon came here for Searle Lambert today, not for Old Man Zito.

He had already wasted too much time at the village entrance.

If this dragged on and Searle Lambert escaped, it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack in the vast sea of people outside.

“I’m not interested in your past. Now, tell me where the person in the photo is!” Braydon took out Searle Lambert’s photo.

This was his last chance.

People like Braydon would not treat martial artists as gently as they treated ordinary people.

Old Man Zito was immediately terrified.

He said honestly, "The man in the photo came to live in the village ten years ago. He calls himself Sean Zant and lives in the west of the village. However, I saw that he was a martial artist, and his strength was not weak. He must have caused some trouble outside and is hiding here." "Then, isn't he the same type of person as you?" A dangerous light appeared in Tristan's eyes.

The old man in front of him was probably at the War God level.

There were not many War Gods in the country.

Every War God had a name, and no matter where they went, they would be treated with respect. All the major forces would fight to recruit them.

However, this old man lived in a small village and looked like he was in tatters.

In Tristan's eyes, the old man was the same as Searle Lambert. There was an 80% chance that he was someone who had made a huge mistake and was hiding in a small village like this.

It would be really hard for the special operations team and the dark division to track down someone like him.

Unless it was discovered by someone like today.

Old Man Zito's body trembled. He was not afraid of Tristan, but he was afraid of Braydon!

The northern army's commander, who was wearing a Qilin official's robe, was here. If he dared to admit that he had made a big mistake, he would definitely be killed on the spot.

"I'm not. It's true. Eighteen generations of my ancestors have lived here. My surname is Zito, and I was born and raised here. If you don't believe me, you can go and check it out!" The old man pulled a long face.

Tristan said, "You have the strength of a War God, but you are hiding in this village for no reason. Do you think I'm an idiot?"

The Strongest War God chapter 147-A Graceful Strike, The Third Person Dies
Old Man Zito rolled his eyes at Tristan Yandell's hostility.

"What's so good about being a martial artist? It's better to be an ordinary person. Otherwise, if you make a small mistake and get targeted by the special operations team, you'll be skinned even if you don't die." Old Man Zito's face was droopy as he led the way into the village.

Along the way, many villagers greeted him, "Old Man Zito, your relatives are here!" !!

"Have you ever seen a relative who's trying to kill you?" Old Man Zito's face was all scrunched up.

Normally, he relied on his War God level strength to live in the small mountain village. He could do whatever he wanted, and there was no one he could not take advantage of or offend.

No one knew that two big shots would come today!

One of them was the deputy governor of the capital city's garrison, and the other was a young man in white, who was even more terrifying. He was the commander of the one million black-clothed elites of the north.

Each of them could beat up this old man.

If he had known earlier, Old Man Zito would have gone into hiding this morning.

The three of them passed through the entire village and came to the westernmost side, where they saw an exquisite three-story western-style building.

This was Sean Zant's courtyard!

Searle Lambert, who had changed his name to Sean Zant, had been hiding in Small Zito village for ten years. He was afraid that the demon who had grown up in the north would come back to take revenge on him.

When the Neal family had an internal conflict, Gerald Neal had invited him over.

Searle Lambert, who had been the leader of the dark division in the provincial capital of Quill, was a warlord and had the dark division behind him.

With him in the Neal family, who would dare to interfere?

The Preston team did not even care!

Therefore, on that rainy night thirteen years ago, Braydon Neal's branch suffered a crushing defeat.

This made him, who was only seven years old, mistakenly think that all his family members had died. Because of that he had not returned to Preston for thirteen years.

Now that he had returned, Searle Lambert and the other two were targets that Braydon had to kill!

Old Man Zito stood at the door and shrugged. "There, Sean Zant is inside." "Then, let's go in together!" Tristan kicked his butt.

Bang!

Old Man Zito staggered, and his head knocked the door frame, directly breaking the door open.

Braydon entered the room with his hands behind his back, ignoring Old Man Zito's angry stomping.

Tristan sneered and glanced at Old Man Zito. If he revealed any ill intentions, he would definitely kill him on the spot today!

No War God level people were easy to deal with.

Including Old Man Zito!

No one would dare to treat the three great governors as fools. The three of them were led by Westley Hader and jointly controlled the capital's garrison. They were all figures who stood at the top of the world and sat high in the hall. No one dared to provoke them!

It was proof of one's strength.

Only when one's intelligence, tactics, and strength were high could one intimidate all the martial artists in the world.

Braydon entered the detached courtyard and smiled like a spring breeze. He looked at the woman who was drying the bedding in the courtyard. She was wearing ordinary clothes, but she had an air of nobility.

"Old Man Zito, why did you come in without knocking?" She was stunned for a while.

"Is Sean at home?" Old Man Zito asked in a low voice.

Then, a loud laugh came from inside the room. "Uncle Zito, you're here. Are you itching to have a drink again? What a coincidence! I also want to have a drink with someone!" As soon as he finished speaking, a man in a tunic suit walked out of living room. He was in his 50s, and he strode out of the door in big steps. When he saw Braydon, his bright smile froze on his face as if he had been struck by lightning.

He was stunned for a long time.

There was another young man in the room. He was about 25 or 26 years old and was wearing casual clothes. He asked in confusion, "Dad, what's wrong?" "Connor, run!" The man in the tunic suit was Searle Lambert. He had been hiding in Small Zito village under the alias Sean Zant for ten years.

His eyes were bloodshot as he opened his mouth and roared, shocking his son and wife.

They had never seen Searle Lambert in such a state in the past ten years.

Braydon smiled and said, "Chief Lambert, it's been thirteen years since we last met. I didn't expect you to recognize me at a glance. How surprising!" Tristan's finger gently touched the handle of the knife on his waist.

He could launch his fiercest attack at any time!

Searle's face was pale. He said hoarsely, "After 13 years, you finally came to me. I didn't recognize you. I recognized the symbol of the north army. It's the

golden Qilin!” Which martial artist in the world had not heard of the gilded Qilin robe!

Moreover, Searle had once been the leader of the Quill’s dark division. He knew more top secrets than solo martial artists.

“Dad, what’s wrong with you? Who are they?” Connor Lambert asked in surprise.

Connor did not know about the incident with the Neal family, and neither did his mother. Searle buried the matter deep in his heart.

What he said next shocked Connor.

“Who is he? The current Northern King, a thousand-year genius, the head of the three sons of the north, a king-level figure. Although he’s dressed in plain clothes, he’s in charge of the ten great armies of the north. At the age of seventeen, he was conferred the title of king on the peak of Mount Bliz. His achievements are unparalleled!” Searle said in a trembling voice.

He had never thought that the seven-year-old boy who had gotten involved in the Neal family’s internal struggle and escaped was actually a young dragon!

When the true dragon entered the northern territory, it displayed a shocking appearance.

That really was the king’s posture!

He entered the northern territory at the age of seven and became a warlord. At the age of nine, he became a War God and killed several War Gods outside the border with a sword. He became famous after one battle and shocked the world!

He was called the little Northern King.

Everything behind this white-robed young man was a legend!

Connor was stunned.

He was also a martial artist, and he had even reached the third-level lower warlord level. He was very strong.

However, Connor did not expect that such a big shot would come today.

“There’s no need to think about escaping,” Tristan said coldly. “No one can escape today!” No one could escape from this deputy governor alone.

“Dad, what happened?” Connor asked with a trembling voice.

However, Searle’s face was filled with despair. He stood in the courtyard and suddenly knelt down.

He knelt down in front of Braydon!

He did not want to say it!

“It seems that your son doesn’t know what happened thirteen years ago,” Braydon said with a light smile. “Then, I’ll tell you!

“Thirteen years ago, there was an internal conflict in the Neal family in Preston. The two older family heads had different opinions. Gerald Neal used external forces to invite the then top leader of Quill, Searle Lambert. He was an important figure in Preston back then!

“Gerald Neal easily cleaned up the Neal family. Graham Neal, my grandfather, was forced to die by his hands. After that, all the people in his family were killed!

“I was seven years old that year, and my mother took me with her on a rainy night to escape!

“That night, the whole of Preston city was filled with killing intent. A large truck knocked over the car I was in, and the wheel ran over my mother. She was forced to sit in a wheelchair alone for thirteen years. She suffered for thirteen years with a hidden illness!

“My father has been suppressed for 13 years and suffered humiliation!

“My second uncle died on a rainy night. My fourth uncle, Liam Neal, was forced to hide in Lamar city and suffered humiliation!

“And all of this is thanks to Chief Lambert!” ... Braydon told him about the past in a soft voice.

Without the help of Searle Lambert, how could Gerald Neal have overturned the Neal family and hurt all the relatives of Braydon’s family?

Connor was stunned when he mentioned this.

He really did not expect that his father had done this kind of thing, and that year, it was King Braydon's whole family branch that was harmed, causing his family to be destroyed.

Such a blood feud... Who in the world would be able to let it go?

The Strongest War God chapter 148-Not For My Own Use, Kill Without Mercy
Braydon Neal was not a saint!

It was better to leave the stupid act of returning good for evil to those idiots.

King Braydon adhered to the idea of killing as protection. He believed in the sword in his hand being able to kill all the enemies in the world!

Searle Lambert knelt on the ground. He had no intention of resisting this legendary Northern King.

!!

No resisting, admitting to your crimes, and bearing all the consequences alone!

If he did not plead guilty and instead resisted King Braydon, he would be sentenced to death and his whole family would be exterminated!

Braydon said softly, "When I was seven years old, it was my birthday that rainy night. I vaguely remember your arrival. Everyone in the Neal family was afraid of you and revered you like a God. You were the leader of the dark division in Quill. You appeared in Preston like a world-shaking big shot!

His soft voice fell.

Searle Lambert knelt on the ground like a weak piece of trash.

At this moment, the scene was extremely silent.

No one dared to speak.

Searle raised his head and said in a hoarse voice, "I am willing to die to atone for my mistake back then. Northern King, please spare my family. They are

innocent!” “You’re not qualified to raise any conditions!” Tristan Yandell looked over coldly.

Braydon said softly, “Stand up and pick up your weapon. It’s a disgrace to the dark division to be killed!” “The leaders of the Quill dark division are getting worse and worse. It’s time to disband the division!” Tristan’s words made Connor Lambert look at him in disbelief.

What did the silver flying fish mean?

It could not be more obvious!

This was an important figure among the three great governors.

If he said he wanted to disband the dark division of Quill, he would definitely be able to do it.

Searle stood up slowly and took out a long blade that had been sealed in dust.

When he held the sword, he released a powerful force.

The aura that belonged to a War God!

Boom!

He turned around, broke the door and windows, and threw Connor out. He shouted with his red eyes, “Connor, run. Don’t ever come back. Don’t even think about taking revenge when you’re out of the country. It was my fault back then. Having lived ten years is more than enough!” The roar fell.

Tristan wanted to pull out his sword and give chase.

“A cold sword should not be stained with the blood of the innocent. I said that I would kill three people when I returned to the capital. He isn’t one of the three!” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

Tristan understood that Connor was innocent.

After all, Searle Lambert was the main culprit thirteen years ago. Connor Lambert was completely innocent.

“Thank you, Northern King!” Searle knelt down and cupped his fists. “I, Searle Lambert, the former leader of Quill’s dark division, thank you for your

kindness!” “Draw your blade!” As a conferred king, Braydon did not bully him. He let Searle make the first move.

Searle knew that he would die today. He was already at ease hearing Braydon say that he would not kill his son.

He had no more regrets in this battle.

He took a step forward, and the pressure of a War God filled the air. A breeze blew in the courtyard. He held a long sword and slashed at Braydon.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. His deep eyes were like a pool of stagnant water, quietly looking at the sword that was in front of him in an instant.

Tristan’s hands were covered in cold sweat. He held the hilt of his sword tightly, ready to attack at any moment.

However, at this moment, just as Searle’s blade was about three centimeters away from Braydon’s cheek... The Northern King finally moved!

Braydon placed his right hand behind his back and his left hand on the handle of the Northern King sword at his waist.

Whoosh!

The world-shocking Northern King sword was unsheathed.

The battle sword was unsheathed like a graceful swan. A black light swept across the sky like a waterfall.

In a flash, the shocking killing intent was retracted, and it was completely graceful.

The Northern King sword returned to its sheath.

Braydon turned around and left. The golden Qilin cape on his shoulders fluttered. He was seven feet tall, and he walked steadily out of the courtyard.

On the other hand, the long sword in Searle’s hand was swept by the black light and was broken at the root. His entire body was split into two from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet. He died under the Northern King’s sword.

The smell of blood was pungent!

Searle Lambert was killed in one strike.

This War God of the lower three levels had fallen in the Small Zito village.

Ten years ago, Searle was already a level-nine warlord. So many years had passed since then, so there was nothing surprising about him advancing to the War-God level.

Braydon's terrifying strength could be seen. The War God, a well-known big shot, had been killed by him with one strike.

The Northern King's combat strength was unimaginable to outsiders!

Tristan did not feel sorry for Searle Lambert's death. Instead, his eyes were cold. All the enemies of the Northern King had to be pointed at by the swords of the people of the northern territory.

There was no regret, only killing without mercy!

However, after Searle's death, a sheepskin scroll on his body rolled to Tristan's feet.

"Huh?" Tristan opened it, and shock appeared in his eyes.

This sheepskin scroll contained a part of a map, and it clearly marked the location of the spiritual stone mine.

However, the map was incomplete, and the exact location was not marked.

Tristan quickly gave chase and said softly, "Searle Lambert was also looking for a spiritual stone mine." "We're not the only ones who know that there's a spiritual stone mine in the Preston mountains. He's lived here for ten years, so it's no surprise that he knows about it." Braydon took a look at the sheepskin scroll. It was one-tenth of a complete map, and he wanted to use it to find the spiritual stone mine.

It was undoubtedly a fantasy.

Braydon would not look for it himself. He left it to Tristan and let him do as he pleased.

Old Man Zito wanted to slip away, but Tristan put a blade to his neck and said, "Old man, now that we're done settling the score with Searle Lambert, shouldn't we talk about you?" "What are you talking about? I didn't do anything to you. It's noon. I want to go home and eat noodles!" Old Man Zito said innocently.

Tristan gritted his teeth in hatred. He really wanted to kill this old thing with one strike.

Braydon turned around. "There are hidden forces in the north all over the world. They are controlled by my teacher and are kept a secret. When I was young, my teacher suddenly disappeared, and all the hidden forces lost contact with the north. Later, some of them were restored, but some of them were lost forever!" "This old bastard is a hidden force?" Tristan's face was filled with disbelief. There was no one as shameless as him in the northern region.

Braydon continued, "The older generation of hidden forces would not show up without military orders. Although I've been in charge of the northern territory for many years and am the military commander of the north, the previous generation of hidden forces only listened to my teacher. It's not strange that they don't acknowledge the Northern King's order." "Commander, is our speculation wrong?" Tristan still did not believe it.

Old Man Zito's face was innocent, and his simple and honest appearance made people really believe that he was an honest man.

Braydon smiled. Only Old Man Zito knew whether he was telling the truth or not.

A portion of the hidden forces in the north was dead!

Without a military order, it was possible that they would not expose themselves until they died of old age.

What really surprised Braydon was that if Old Man Zito was a hidden force, why was he placed in Small Zito village?

What was his purpose?

But there was no need to ask about this.

Old Man Zito did not even admit his identity as a hidden force.

For him to reveal his purpose here?

Dream on!

People from the northern region were all tough.

Sometimes, even Braydon had a headache. The soldiers under him were tough and had strong tempers. Although they were determined, each of them was as stubborn as a donkey.

Tristan's eyes were not kind. "Old man, tell me the truth. Are you a hidden force of the north? If you are, then admit it. Damn it, the military commander is here. Why are you still hiding? What are you trying to prove?" Old Man Zito was so angry with Tristan that he kept swearing.

The little monkey's temper had always been bad.

"I'm really hungry. I want to go back and eat noodles!" Old Man Zito said innocently.

Braydon flicked his fingers and smiled. The veins on his forehead throbbed faintly. He was obviously angered by the old fox. If he was really a hidden force of the north, he would be even more infuriated!

Was there anything that made Braydon angrier than his own family not acknowledging their own commander?

Old Man Zito squatted there obediently.

Braydon chuckled. "He's a War God, and I don't know where he came from. I won't use him for myself. I'll kill him directly!" "F*ck!" Old Man Zito's face turned green with fear, and his soul almost flew out of his body!

The Strongest War God chapter 149-Antique Porcelain, As Many As One Hundred Pieces Tristan Yandell laughed coldly and clenched the battle sword in his hand. He really wanted to chop this old man into pieces.

"I've long heard that the king of the northern region is a lawless little devil," Old Man Zito said with a face full of despair. "It seems to be true!" Tristan's eyes flashed coldly, and a killing intent appeared.

Old Man Zito's words were disrespectful, so Tristan wouldn't let him go just like that!

!!

He wanted to kill him on the spot!

Moreover, Braydon Neal's words revealed another layer of meaning. As a War God, if he did not use him for himself, he could only kill him so that he would not be injured by this mine.

There was nothing wrong with this way of handling things.

After all, the dark division and the special operations team had done this kind of thing before.

"I'm already so old. I want to do something, but I don't have the ability to do so!" Old Man Zito said with a bitter face.

"War God level people have mastered the light and dark force. The force flows through the whole body, making the Qi and blood flow smoothly, strengthening the bones, forging the five internal organs, and extending one's life. They can live for a hundred years, and looking at your spirit, you can live for at least another thirty years." Braydon obviously did not intend to let go of such an old fox easily.

Since he had caught him today, he could forget about escaping.

Old Man Zito's face was filled with despair. "You are the Northern King, a king level character. I'm just an old man. I'm not qualified to be your bodyguard!" "What a coincidence, the Neal family needs a butler, and I think you're very suitable!" As Braydon talked and laughed, he held the handle of the northern cold sword.

If Old Man Zito continued to be sneaky, Braydon would really chop him up.

If Old Man Zito was one of the hidden forces of the north, and he was here fooling around with Braydon, which was like playing with the commander of the northern army like a monkey, the north did not need such a person!

Old Man Zito looked simple and honest, but he was very smart. When he saw Braydon holding the Northern King sword, his eyes twitched. "Alright, is there

food and accommodation? Three meals a day. Can I eat noodles? Do I get paid?" Braydon turned around and left.

Tristan's tone was not kind. "There's everything. Who's in your family? I'll help you settle them down." "Hehe, I'm all alone, so I only need to feed myself." Speaking of this, the old man was a little self-satisfied.

In the end, Tristan's eyes flashed. The more he looked at Old Man Zito, the more he seemed like a hidden force.

Only a hidden force would be alone.

Otherwise, when the hidden forces got married and had children, they would leave a bunch of ties. When the mission was completed and the hidden forces retreated to the north, how could they abandon their family and children?

If they could not, they would not be able to return to the north.

Therefore, most of the hidden forces were alone, seemingly integrated into the life around them, but could leave at any time.

Otherwise, how could a War-God level figure like Old Man Zito not have a single descendant?

It was clearly abnormal.

The three of them came to the village entrance where several vans were parked, all for picking up tourists.

A young man with a pointy face and monkey cheeks asked warmly, "Brother, do you want to take a ride? One hundred per person, and we'll send you to Preston!" "Forget it. Five per person. Fifteen for three people. Deal?" Old Man Zito started to haggle.

The young man's face turned green. "Old Man Zito, you're being too cruel. No, you have to pay twenty each, or fifty for the three of you!" Originally, the three of them had to pay three hundred. After Old Man Zito haggled, it became fifty for the three of them!

Tristan's face turned black. They were people with status. What did this look like right now?

"Get the Preston team to pick us up with a helicopter!" Braydon said.

“Alright!” Tristan took out his watch and informed the Preston team to pick them up.

As for picking them up by car, it was too slow!

It took two hours to drive from Preston to and fro. The helicopter was fast, so it took less than half an hour to fly back and forth.

The young man was stunned. He had never seen such arrogant people in his life. They even wanted to be picked up by a helicopter. What a joke!

His face darkened. “Are you crazy? You have a helicopter, but you’re here to have fun?” To be honest, the young man did not believe it.

Who did they think they were to be picked up by a helicopter?

However, just as Tristan had contacted the Preston team, a black helicopter took off from the Preston team’s base. Logan Hall personally went to get them.

Not long after.

At the entrance of Small Zito village, a helicopter was approaching. It was the latest black fighter.

The onboard horn sounded, and the pilot shouted, “I’m the pilot of the Preston team. I’m here to welcome Deputy Governor Yandell. Please wait there!” The black helicopter continued to descend and landed on the empty concrete ground at the entrance of the village, bringing up a cloud of dust.

The young man’s eyes were wide open. “What the f*ck! They really called a helicopter!” Many villagers and tourists in Small Zito village looked over curiously.

Logan opened the door and alighted. “Young Master Braydon, Deputy Governor Yandell!” “Let’s go!” Tristan followed Braydon and boarded the helicopter, at the same time carrying Old Man Zito, afraid that this wily old man would run away.

Old Man Zito’s face was that of an innocent person.

Logan did not dare to be careless. A person that was personally watched by a governor was definitely not a good person.

As the helicopter took off, its speed continued to increase, and it flew directly above the Neal family manor.

They were all martial artists in the helicopter, and they did not have to worry so much at the Neal family home. They could just jump down at a low altitude.

The Neal family manor looked as peaceful as it usually was.

“There’s an empty villa there. Logan, clean it up later!” Braydon said.

Logan immediately went to do it, knowing that Tristan and Old Man Zito would be staying there today.

When Braydon entered the house, he found that there were many bottles and jars, as well as some antiques.

Without exception, they were all porcelain from the ancient tomb in the Preston mountains.

Every piece of porcelain was worth a city!

On the table, the azure sunflower plate from the year 960 was very beautiful.

In fact, all the porcelain in the room was from the year 960 to 1127. They were all in perfect condition and of the highest quality.

In 2012, the azure sunflower plate had been auctioned once!

It was an auction which had antique porcelain and crafts. The so-called 900-year-old azure sunflower plate was sold for a sky-high price of two billion dollars after 34 bids.

However, the quality of the azure sunflower plate was far inferior to the one on the table.

After all, these items were buried with the tomb owner.

Every single one of them was of high grade!

However, Braydon could see that there were hundreds of porcelain pieces from that era in the living room.

They had all five famous porcelains from that era!

Even rarer were a few finished products from the Guan kiln.

As for the location of the Guan kiln, it had not been discovered yet!

This also meant that there was no Guan kiln porcelain in the world, not even an isolated piece.

However, Braydon had seven or eight of them, each one of which was exquisite and flawless. They were the best of the best in that era.

It was not hard to imagine how many antique collectors would be envious if the news was released in modern times.

The Guan kiln of that era was also known as Preston's Guan kiln. It was said that during the era where the two empires met, a kiln yard was set up near Preston to burn porcelain used in the royal family. Unfortunately, the location of the kiln had not been found yet.

"Why did you send these things to me?" Braydon asked.

The Strongest War God chapter 150-The Three Black Markets "The team leader asked us to move them here. The Preston team's base is filled with burly martial artists. They're brave and good at fighting. If they were to fiddle with antiques, they would definitely cut seven or eight of them into pieces with one slash." Logan Hall explained as he entered.

Therefore, it was better to send these things to Braydon Neal.

For martial artists, they rarely cared about antiques.

!!

There were only two things that they cared about. One was the spiritual herbs, and the other was the ancient martial arts techniques.

Braydon laughed but did not say anything. He could send it to anyone as a birthday gift.

Giving the five famous kilns as gifts was perhaps something only Braydon was brazened enough to do.

In the small courtyard, a ten-year-old girl was holding a bright red candied haws in her hand. She was wearing sports clothes, and her round face was very cute.

“Big Brother, where have you been? I’ve been looking for you!” She called out sweetly.

“Big Brother went out to handle some matters. Did you cultivate the heaven-patching art that I taught you?” Braydon doted on Ginny Neal a lot.

“I did,” Ginny said seriously, “but Uncle said that I needed spiritual stones for cultivation, so my father went out early in the morning to buy them for me.” Braydon felt a little guilty. He had forgotten about this.

Ginny’s cultivation of forbidden ancient martial arts required spiritual stones as a foundation. He had actually forgotten about this.

Liam Neal definitely did not want to trouble him, so he went out personally to find a way to buy spiritual stones.

But don’t forget.

Whether it was the Preston team or other places, the special operations team of every region strictly prohibited the trade of spiritual stones and spiritual herbs!

There was no reason to ban the circulation of spiritual herbs.

Once discovered, the spiritual herbs would be confiscated!

It was an invisible suppression of the solo martial artists. No one would care if they cultivated alone, as long as they did not harm ordinary people.

Although there was suppression everywhere, there were not many martial artists who were timid. Old-timers like Old Man Zito were an exception.

That was why there were black markets everywhere!

There was also a black market in Preston where martial artists bought and sold what they needed.

However, spiritual stones and spiritual herbs were rare.

There were more buyers and fewer sellers.

Basically, whoever had spiritual herbs to sell would attract many buyers at the same time.

It was already afternoon now. Liam went out in the morning and had not returned yet, which inevitably made people worried.

Among martial artists, there were quite a few cases of underhanded tactics.

Some martial artists who did not have money to buy spiritual stones would not care about paying up. Instead, they would take them by force.

When martial artists did things, they tend to use force to solve everything.

“Logan, where did my fourth uncle go?” Braydon frowned.

“Fourth Master Neal went to the black market this morning. He should be back by now.” Logan’s heart jolted, and he had a bad premonition.

He has not returned yet, so something must have happened!

“Take me there!” Braydon took off his cloak and said indifferently.

Logan did not dare to waste any time and immediately brought Braydon to the Preston black market.

There were three black markets in Preston.

The first one was the Antique Street. During the day, it was filled with tourists from other places. The locals came at night, bringing enough cash to buy newly unearthed dark artifacts, which were antiques with the smell of earth.

As long as they had some connections and resold antiques, they would have earned a lot of money in the past few years.

The second place was where people from all walks of life gathered. It was the least popular place among the three black markets.

Anyone with a bit of status disdained hanging around there.

Most of them were punks who were poor.

The last one was the black market for martial artists.

The black market, where martial artists gathered, was the most secretive. Without the introduction of the seniors, newcomers could not enter at all.

As for ordinary people, they surely could not enter.

Because this place was not prepared for ordinary people.

Even the rich and influential could not enter the place where martial artists secretly traded spiritual herbs or else it would expose the group of martial artists.

That would be stirring trouble with the Preston team!

At that time, the black market would probably be wiped out by the Preston team in less than two hours.

“Although this black market is well-hidden, it has been under the surveillance of the Preston team for many years, and there hasn’t been any major chaos!” Logan said on the way.

“Martial artists are strictly forbidden to gather and trade in other places. We will destroy every place we find. How are you allowing this to go on?” Tristan Yandell said shortly.

Logan smiled bitterly. “Deputy Governor Yandell, you’ve been in the capital for too long and don’t understand the situation here. If you destroy a black market like this today, it will reopen in another place tomorrow. With martial artists, there will definitely be a black market!” After he had finished speaking, Tristan fell into deep thought.

There were no fools in the car, so they knew that the black market was not the main point.

As long as there were martial artists, there would be transactions of spiritual herbs. It was impossible to stop that.

The black market would naturally disappear if all the martial artists in the world had been killed.

But this kind of thing was clearly never possible.

The black markets in various places had been banned repeatedly, so it was better to put them under the surveillance of the major special operations teams. Once there was a situation, they could respond immediately.

Therefore, the black market had always been under the Preston team's watch.

In the old district, there was an abandoned residential area. There were as many as five or six abandoned cement buildings. Only seven or eight floors had been built before they stopped. It was said that the developer's funds ran out, and the residential area became an abandoned area.

This place naturally became the black market for martial artists.

Some people had set up a base here, and it had become a gathering place for martial artists in the Preston region. Sometimes, martial artists from Lamar city and Quill would also come.

There were obviously people coming in and out of the entrance of the abandoned building.

Braydon was stopped at the door.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" There were six people at the gate post, and all of them were martial artists.

Since martial artists were guarding the door, it showed that the boss behind the black market was not an ordinary person. At least in Preston city, he could be considered a person with eyes and hands everywhere.

"I'm here to find someone," Braydon said.

"Go somewhere else. This is private property. Unauthorized personnel are prohibited from entering!" The elite martial artist guarding the door was not polite at all.

Tristan took a step forward and raised his palm.

Smack!

With just one slap, he sent someone flying.

"I'm giving you face!" Tristan attacked without any nonsense.

If the person guarding the door was an ordinary person, perhaps Tristan would have explained.

However, the other party was a martial artist, so Tristan did not show any mercy.

Half of the elite martial artist's face was swollen, and he trembled with anger. He said angrily, "Do you know whose territory this is?" "Do you know whose territory Preston is?" Tristan chuckled.

This rhetorical question stunned the elite martial artist.

Whose territory was Preston?

As a martial artist, it should be the territory of the Preston team!

"Do you know whose territory the 72 cities out of the three provinces in the central plains belong to?" Tristan asked softly.

It made the elite martial artist's eyelids twitch, and he forgot about the pain on his face. He looked stunned on the surface, but he was actually panicking.

There was no reason why. He was just panicking!

However, it was useless to panic!

A skinny martial artist beside him said arrogantly, "All martial artists in the three provinces and 72 cities of the central plains are naturally under the jurisdiction of the central plains' commander!" "Then, do you know who is in charge of the commander of the central plains?" Tristan tilted his head and asked.

The Strongest War God chapter 151-Mobilize the Preston Team and Raze This Place to the Ground The thin and weak martial artist was slightly stunned and reverently said, "Naturally, it's under the jurisdiction of the three great governors of the capital city!" "Do you know who I am?" Tristan Yandell sneered.

The skinny martial artist was stunned. He sized up Tristan and said in disdain, "A martial artist from Preston? Why are you acting all high and mighty? Let me tell you..." Bang!

!!

To such an idiot, Tristan flipped his hand and sent him flying in the air. He did not want to hear another word from him.

What an imbecile!

“I’ll tell you,” Tristan said indifferently. “My surname is Yandell, and my name is Tristan!” The entire place was silent... After a brief silence, everyone was stunned.

The thin martial artist fell to the ground, his pupils dilated. He looked at Tristan as if he was looking at a demon.

How many martial artists in the world did not know the name Tristan Yandell?

There were three governors in Hansworth.

Every single one of them was a shocking figure.

“Deputy Governor Yandell of the garrison of the capital?” the vigorous martial artist cried out.

“How is this possible?!” The few martial artists guarding the door could not help but tremble.

Braydon Neal passed by with his hands behind his back, and an invisible pressure was emitting from his thin body.

Whoosh!

All six of them flew back more than twenty meters and fell heavily to the ground, unconscious.

They were blocking the way of King Braydon!

As they passed by the entrance and entered the residential area, they realized that the interior had already been renovated.

The first floor of the unfinished building was the hall, and people in different clothes walked back and forth.

Without exception, they were all martial artists!

The arrival of Braydon and his team, who were new faces, attracted the attention of many martial artists.

A cripple walked up to him and asked, "Little brother, are you here to sell something?" "Selling things? I have something, but I don't know if you can afford it!" Braydon left.

As he said that, the surrounding martial artists were immediately attracted. One of them was a white-robed young man who had brought an extraordinary treasure.

If there were treasures, it would either be a bidding war or a martial artist riot, snatching them with their strength.

The cripple laughed. "Don't make a fuss, little brother. Who doesn't have some net worth to be able to come here? It's not difficult to come up with tens of thousands. If it's three to five hundred million, everyone can pitch in and come up with it!" "That's right. We have money, but you have to have good things. How much money do you want? We won't give you a cent less. We won't take advantage of your young age!" The middle-aged stall owner's voice was loud and clear, and it was easy for others to believe him.

There were thirty to fifty martial artists gathered around.

Their eyes all fell on Braydon, eager to see what good stuff it was.

Under the attention of thousands of people.

Braydon's left hand moved slightly, took off the black sword from his waist, and inserted it into the ground with its scabbard.

"It's a weapon? I thought that it was a hundred-year-old spiritual herb." The cripple looked disappointed.

"When it comes to weapons, we have to know their origin and material. What's the name of your sword?" The middle-aged stall owner was more like a merchant. Seeing that it was not a spiritual herb, he was not too disappointed. Instead, he asked about its origin.

His question piqued everyone's curiosity.

In any case, the many martial artists had nothing better to do, so they took this as a form of entertainment.

“The name of this sword is the Northern King!” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

His words silenced the entire audience.

When everyone came back to their senses, they looked at the sword carefully.

“Northern King sword?!” The middle-aged stall owner’s face turned green.

“Fck, are you kidding me?” “Do you want to die? Do you know what the Northern King sword is?” “Fcking hell, if you want to die, don’t drag us down with you. In the whole world, only the lord in the northern region has the Northern King sword!” “This idiot must be tired of living. The Northern King sword is the sword of the northern army’s commander. Only the lord of the northern army can use it!” “This idiot!” ... For a moment, the faces of the thirty to fifty martial artists who were watching turned green.

All of them exploded in anger.

As martial artists, they were all too clear about the power of the lord in the north. He sat alone on the peak of Mount Bliz, and millions of men in black under his command swore their loyalty to him.

If the northern territory knew about this, they would definitely kill all of them.

“Can you afford to buy this sword?” Braydon asked indifferently.

The cripple’s face turned green, and he almost went crazy!

He dared to say that he could buy the Northern King sword?

Who in the world would dare to claim that they could buy this sword?

He also knew that the Northern King sword was the war sword of a commander!

All the cold swords in the world were made according to size of the Northern King. The northern soldiers in the northern territory all wore cold swords.

The Northern King sword represented the northern army.

If you dared to say you want to buy the Northern King sword?

That would be blasphemy against the north!

Once the imperial guards of the north caught wind of the news and left the border, it would be the day of your death.

"I can't afford it. Little brother, don't torment me!" The cripple was a coward.

"Get going, everyone It's too scary!" The middle-aged stall owner asked the crowd to disperse.

"Don't be in such a hurry to leave," Tristan Yandell said lazily. "This is the Northern King sword you all think it is!" "Are you kidding me? The Northern King sword is the sword of the northern army's commander. How could it be here? Unless he is the northern... commander!" As the cripple was speaking, his eyes fell on the sleeves of Braydon's white robe.

There was a small golden Qilin embroidered on each of his sleeves.

What did this symbol mean?

Qilin official robe!

Who in the world could wear it?

Only the Northern King!

The cripple's eyes were filled with fear as he looked at the white-robed youth in front of him. He could not believe that he was the king of the northern region.

However, the reason why Braydon had gathered all of them here was not to show off the Northern King sword, but to find someone!

Among the thirty to fifty people, there was no Liam Neal.

"Fourth Master Neal came here this morning," Tristan asked. "Do any of you know where he is?" The middle-aged stall owner's expression changed slightly. He lowered his head and did his work without replying.

The others did not say anything!

Did he really not know, or did he not dare to say it?

A strange atmosphere quietly spread out.

Braydon's eyes were cold. He was almost certain.

His fourth uncle was in trouble!

Tristan was secretly angry. He knew his commander's personality. If something happened to his family, he would raze the entire Preston city to the ground in his anger!

The old generals of the northern territory had all heard the frivolous words of Braydon when he was young.

If his brothers were not around, what would he feel by sitting alone on the peak of the Mount Bliz?

If the north was not here, all the martial artists in the world would be buried with him!

Braydon grew up in the northern territory. When he became a commander at the age of seven, he wielded a saber and killed his enemies.

There was no other reason, but to be a commander, one must be stained with the enemy's blood!

This was the rule!

Thirteen years of life in the northern territory had forged the heart of King Braydon.

If they could not hand over Liam, Braydon would raze this black market to the ground.

The cold sword should not be stained with the blood of the innocent. But that was under the premise that they did not touch King Braydon's Qilin scales.

Those who touched the scales under the Qilin official robe would not just have their whole family killed.

Tristan asked in a low voice, "I'll ask one last time: where is Fourth Master Neal?" Still, no one replied.

The gathered people were actually about to disperse.

“You! You must be looking for death!” Tristan bellowed angrily.

“This black market is not a simple place. Brother, don’t ask for trouble!” The middle-aged stall owner lowered his head and reminded him in a low voice.

Tristan laughed out of extreme anger. “There’s no trouble I can’t afford to cause!” “Send word! Mobilize the Preston team and raze this place to the ground!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

Whoosh!

What?

The Preston team!

The Strongest War God chapter 152-Suppressing Hearts with Killing Intent At that moment, everyone’s expressions changed. They were all terrified.

“You’re from the Preston team?” The middle-aged stall owner raised his head in shock and anger.

“The Preston team is my people!” Tristan Yandell replied domineeringly.

“Who are you?” a martial artist in the crowd asked angrily.

!!

“I am Tristan Yandell of the garrison of the capital. I wonder if I have caught your attention?” The reason why Tristan was angry was because this group of people in front of him was completely seeking death.

Did they really think that they had nine lives to live after touching Braydon Neal’s family?

You should know that if the Northern King got angry, the eight countries outside the borders would be afraid of him!

All these years, because of King Braydon’s presence in the north, standing on the peak of Mount Bliz, he had intimidated the eight countries outside the borders. Two small, useless countries actually wanted to pay tribute to Hansworth and restore the ancient system.

One could see how terrifying the Northern King was.

At this moment, the entire place was silent.

The middle-aged stall owner's scalp went numb. He knew the meaning of the 'garrison of the capital'.

The special operations team and the dark division had to listen to the capital's garrison.

The garrison of the capital would listen to the orders of the three great governors!

And Tristan was actually one of the three.

Such a character had actually come to a small place like Preston.

The cripple martial artist beside him was drenched in cold sweat. He kept wiping his sweat with the corner of his sleeves, and he was faintly trembling.

He knew very well that the young man in white beside him was the most terrifying one!

The Northern King sword was really the military commander's sword.

And this white-robed young man was the Northern King!

As expected of a genius of a thousand years, he was already the king of the northern region at such a young age.

Such a great figure was standing right in front of him.

The Preston team received the order and immediately rushed to the black market.

"Where's my fourth uncle?" Braydon Neal asked again, his hands behind his back.

"Fourth Master Neal came to the market this morning and entered the innermost building. He hasn't come out since." The cripple lowered his head, not daring to look into Braydon's eyes.

He knew clearly in his heart that if he did not say anything, today would be the day of his death!

One must know that this young man in white was King Braydon!

Who in the world could afford to offend the myths of the northern region?

Braydon's eyes inadvertently glanced at an isolated building in the deepest part of the abandoned area. He pulled out the Northern King sword in a flash and appeared 50 meters away in the blink of an eye.

A speed of 50 m/s?

This really frightened everyone!

This capability was probably not as simple as being at the War God level.

This white-robed young man was actually a supreme figure who had surpassed the War God level?

Who was he?

The middle-aged stall owner's eyes were filled with shock. He realized that the most terrifying person here today was not Tristan, but this white-clothed youth.

Previously, Tristan had said that this sword was really the war sword of the commander in the north.

The Northern King sword could only be used by the Northern King.

In other words, the young man was him!

This important figure had actually come to Preston.

The middle-aged stall owner trembled. He realized that the black market had offended a shocking figure.

Braydon had already ordered the Preston troops to raze this place to the ground. This was definitely not empty talk.

The Northern King always kept his word.

The abandoned building was a restricted area of the black market.

The boss of the black market lived there all year round. Not just anyone dared to go in and disturb him. There were also two high-level martial artists guarding the door downstairs.

In the hall of the abandoned building, there were several rooms constructed after some simple renovation.

A young man was sitting on the sofa in the living room, his legs crossed and his left hand swirling a glass of red wine. He glanced at the dark-skinned man sitting opposite him who was a little uneasy.

“Mr. Wheeler, do you know who this black market belongs to?” the young man asked lazily.

“Of courses! It belongs to Boss James!” The dark-skinned man, Dustin Wheeler, lowered his head and said in a flattering manner.

“Do you know who Boss James is to me?” the young man sneered.

“How can I not know that? Boss James is Young Master Dixon’s father! The dark-skinned man was pouring wine for the young man.

He was the person who sold spiritual stones and released the news through the black market.

That was why Liam Neal came here to buy spiritual stones from him.

However, something seemed to have happened.

“But some people don’t know this and still dared to bid against me. They’re courting death!” The young man, Kaiden Dixon, sneered. He glanced at one of the rooms inside. A man’s muffled groan could be heard constantly, as if he was suffering great pain.

Kaiden continued, “This old man Neal has tough bones, but he’s a good-for-nothing!” “When Fourth Master Neal was young, he was also a famous genius in Preston.” Dustin could not help but sigh when he mentioned the past.

In their generation, the young Liam Neal was born into the Neal family, and his civil and military skills were comparable to Preston’s elite young generation of that time.

Unfortunately, after the Neal family's internal strife, he had been crippled for more than ten years and was no longer as glorious as he used to be.

Kaiden could not help but laugh, "Him? I think he's more like a piece of trash than a f*cking genius. If I don't cripple him today, he won't know that there are people in Preston that the Neal family can't afford to offend!" Dustin wiped the cold sweat off his face. He knew that the young master in front of him was only relying on his father's reputation.

Old Danes in the south and old James in the north.

Master James of the northern area of Preston had reached the warrior level two years ago. In this small Preston city, he was naturally one of the top martial artists.

None of the seven great families had warrior-level martial artists.

Therefore, in the past two years, Kaiden had become more and more unreasonable. He did not even put the people of the seven great families in his eyes.

"I'd like to see what kind of person my Neal family can't afford to offend!" However, a white-robed young man appeared at the door.

Kaiden put down his wine glass, his face dark. "Who the hell are you? Who let you in? This bunch of useless trash can't even guard a door!" "Impudent!" Tristan intended to draw his blade and take down Kaiden.

However, when he looked into the room, he saw a thin man tied to a wooden stake. Two strong martial artists with bare upper bodies were whipping the thin man with leather belts. The thin man's skin and flesh were split open, and he was covered in blood.

However, his bones were very tough. He had been tortured for an entire day, but he did not make a sound.

He did not beg for mercy, did not give in, and fought alone!

He was indeed a man!

It was Liam Neal!

The bones of the Neal family were very tough.

This included the Third Master Neal of the northern territory. He was also very tough, like he was a descendant of the same family.

Seeing this scene, Tristan was not angry but shocked. He instinctively peeked at Braydon's face.

As expected, Braydon was very calm. Without saying a word, he turned around and entered the inner room.

Tristan's face turned pale. He lived in the north for ten years. How could he not understand the Northern King?

Under his calm face, there was a monstrous killing intent!

Braydon entered the inner room without saying a word, his left hand gently placed on the hilt of the sword at his waist.

Whoosh!

At this moment, the Northern King sword was unsheathed again.

Braydon returned to Preston with pride, and often hung the Northern King sword on his waist, which in itself represented killing.

The two bare-chested martial artists turned around and asked, "Who are you?" Braydon did not speak, holding the sword in his left hand.

In an instant, his sword was like a graceful swan, and the black light was like a waterfall.

As the sword swished by, sword Qi rushed into the sky, and the killing intent suppressed people's hearts.

The Strongest War God chapter 153-The Wrath of the Northern King With just one slash, the two martial artists in front of him were killed on the spot, and their blood splattered all over the wall.

Liam Neal's blood-covered face squeezed out a smile, "Braydon, your fourth uncle has caused you trouble again!" "Fourth Uncle, do you know how hurtful your words are?" Braydon Neal cut off the rope and carried his uncle on his back.

!!

He continued in a soft voice, "When I first entered the northern territory, I thought that all my family members were dead. My heart was frozen. Ever since I was seven, there was nothing left in this world that I missed. I inherited my teacher's legacy and pursued the idea of killing as protection!

"When I knew that you were all alive, I realized that there are still people in this world that I, Braydon Neal, want to protect with my life!" Braydon said softly.

No one could understand the importance of family in Braydon's heart.

No one knew that Braydon felt guilty when he faced these newcomers.

If he had known that his family was still alive, he would have returned long ago!

Why would he have waited until today!

"Fourth Uncle, you, Ginny, Dad, Mom, Aunt, and Heather, are all people that I, King Braydon, want to protect!" Braydon said softly.

"I'll protect you all for the rest of my life!

"If I can't even protect you, how can I defend 8,000 miles of the northern territory and the magnificent Hansworth for thousands of years?

"I've said it before, the ones who bully you will die. Their whole family will die too!

"These words are a solemn oath!" ... Braydon's voice was very soft, as if only Liam could hear him.

However, in Tristan Yandell's ears, it represented the anger of the Northern King!

Braydon had not seen his family for thirteen years. He was also a son, and he owed his family.

He sat alone on the peak of Mount Bliz in the north, with no one to accompany him.

Under the rules of the northern army, no one dared to overstep the authority of the commander. Cole Colbie, who was known as the third son of the northern army, was also a subject under his command!

King Braydon's crown was extremely important!

To wear a crown, one must bear its weight.

But if you really want to bear it, try it!

At the age of nine, Braydon had to bear the weight of this crown and shoulder the heavy responsibility of guarding the northern territory and the defense line of 8,000 miles.

He also had to take over the north and manage the northern army. There were millions of elite martial artists in the ten legions!

He had to defend against the eight countries outside the borders!

All of this had been set in stone since Braydon was nine years old, when he was still the little King Braydon.

When his teacher Finley Yanagi was still around, Braydon still had time to grow.

However, on his eleventh birthday, a yin-yang person appeared, and the yin wind swept across the desert. His teacher Finley Yanagi disappeared, and no one knew if he was still alive.

The next king could only be Braydon!

The ten commanders swore their allegiance that night.

According to military rules, Cole Colbie had punished one hundred and twenty-two of his comrades to intimidate the army. He had commanded all of his comrades in the north, telling them that there was only one king in the northern territory, and that was Braydon!

There was only one commander in the north, and that was Braydon!

The might of a commander could not be overstepped!

That night, Westley Hader, who was also the third son of the north, threatened the capital with his life and transferred 70,000 garrison troops to the north.

One was to stabilize the position of King Braydon!

The second was to intimidate the eight countries outside the borders!

Whoever dared to invade the northern border while the old general Finley Yanagi was not there, the 70,000 elite soldiers of the capital's garrison would defend the country with their lives and not retreat in a bloody battle!

When Westley was nine years old, he was already set to be the next governor.

Thus, he had the right and the confidence to borrow these 70,000 garrison elites from the capital.

If the capital city dared to refuse, Westley would be bitterly disappointed.

When Westley grew up, would he go to the capital to take over the position of governor then?

A pile of nonsense!

In your dreams!

None of the three sons of the north were kind, and Westley was even more ruthless.

Thus, the capital had no reason to refuse, and did not dare to refuse. It was because they knew that the old military leader Finley Yanagi was not around.

Without their teacher's control, they would be disappointed. If they wanted Westley to be appointed as governor, they would probably not even care.

If he were to force it, it would be like how it was now.

The three sons of the north had already grown up. If one were to try and force them, things would turn out ugly.

They were king-level characters.

Most importantly, they were all childhood friends!

The three of them were childhood playmates. They had formed a friendship since childhood and had grown up to this day.

If you bullied one, the other two would dare to slaughter your whole family!

Therefore, when Westley was 17 years old, he rushed to the capital to take over as governor. He remembered the favor he owed back then and was willing to take up the position.

This also created the governor of a generation, Westley Hader, a king-level figure, who was in charge of the capital's garrison and intimidated the dark division and the five great commanders.

No one dared to disobey the governor's orders.

At this moment, Braydon was carrying his fourth uncle on his back as he walked out of the room.

"You're all grown up, but I'm old," Liam said in a low, hoarse voice.

"Not old. In my heart, Fourth Uncle will always be the high-spirited genius who crushed his peers in Preston all by himself!" Braydon had already come out of the house, holding the Northern King sword in his left hand.

"Bastard, you dare to kill my people? Do you know where this is?" Kaiden Dixon was furious.

This was the black market!

Lord James Dixon's territory!

But what could he do?

In the 8,000-mile territory in the north, Braydon faced the armies of eight countries outside the border alone in the past, but it was still a breeze.

A small Preston black market wanted to scare King Braydon?

This was the biggest joke in the world!

How could a frog at the bottom of a well understand how terrifying the Northern King was?

Braydon looked at him as if he was looking at a dead man.

“My father is James Dixon!” Kaiden roared again, “How dare you kill my people! Today, you and Liam Neal will both die!” “Is James Dixon very powerful?” Braydon looked at Tristan.

In the end, Tristan cupped his hands and said seriously, “There’s no such person in the War God level archives of the north. There’s no such person in the marquis level archives. There’s no such person in the king level archives. There’s no such person in the capital garrison’s database!” Those below the War God level were not accepted.

To put it simply, any small characters below the War God level were not qualified to enter the archives of these two forces.

This sentence stunned Kaiden for a long time.

“The northern territory... the capital’s garrison... Who are you?” Dustin Wheeler asked in shock.

“The governor of the capital’s garrison, Tristan Yandell, the plain-clothed King Braydon of the north!” Logan Hall quietly said from the entrance.

Kaiden was stunned for a long time. A dandy who grew up in the black market felt that he was the most powerful person in the world. He would not usually be bothered with information about people who were more powerful than him.

The people who surrounded him all year round only flattered Kaiden and never mentioned the powerful figures of the outside world.

That’s Kaiden’s condescending personality was cultivated!

Dustin’s eyes were filled with horror and fear. He knelt down and cried, “I have nothing to do with this. I picked up eight spiritual stones in the Preston mountains and wanted to sell them in the black market for some money. Then I met Fourth Master Neal. He was generous and fair, so we settled the deal.

“But when Kaiden Dixon received the news, he refused to pay a higher price than Fourth Master Neal’s, so he caught him and taught him a lesson, forcing me to sell the spiritual stones to him!” Dustin’s eyes were filled with fear.

Kaiden laughed coldly. "So what if I did it? Let me tell you this: I'm the boss here. This black market belongs to my father. In this place, you have to listen to me. I'm the rule, do you understand?" "I don't understand!" Logan said.

In Preston, all martial artists had to follow the rules of the Preston team.

Kaiden's embarrassment turned into anger. "You don't know what's good for you. Do you believe that I can make all of you die here with a single word?!" For this kind of hedonistic son of a rich family, he would not shed tears until he had seen his coffin!

He imprisoned Liam here and tortured him for an entire day. His methods were cruel, trampling on Liam's dignity and severely injuring him.

Kaiden was extremely arrogant.

At this moment.

"Kill them all!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Give my orders. The whole family of the father's side, mother's side, and son's side are to be exterminated!"

The Strongest War God chapter 154-Wiping Out the Black Market Braydon Neal's words were calm.

A merciless killing order!

Just a calm sentence, but it was thousands of times more powerful than any of Kaiden Dixon's words.

"Understood!" Tristan Yandell said.

!!

"Understood!" Logan Hall cupped his hands in salute.

Only Kaiden was stunned. His eyes flashed with disbelief.

He thought that his ears were deceiving him. This person wanted to exterminate his whole family?

This was simply crazy!

But that was the truth!

He said that his father was James Dixon. Was he very powerful?

He said that this was his territory, so he had the final say!

He said that Braydon and the others would all die here.

However, Braydon only had one sentence, which was to kill his whole family!

This was King Braydon's response!

Kaiden laughed so hard that he cried. He bent over and clutched his stomach, unable to stand up. "Haha, I'm dying of laughter. Do you really think that your Neal family can do whatever you want in Preston city? you want to kill me? What a joke!" Braydon carried his fourth uncle on his back and did not even glance at Kaiden.

A good-for-nothing young master had caused such a big trouble today without even knowing it.

A middle-aged man in a tunic suit walked in and frowned. "A guest?" "Dad, why are you back? This man said that he wants to exterminate our whole family. I'm dying of laughter!" Kaiden turned around and saw that his father had returned. He could not help but become even more arrogant.

"Who are they?" James Dixon frowned.

"The Neal family!" Kaiden's eyes flickered.

His father was a warrior, and he was definitely one of the strongest in the capital.

James glanced at Braydon and then at Liam Neal, who was covered in dirty blood, and said indifferently, "It's one thing for the Neal family to bully ordinary people, but don't be too arrogant in my territory. Get lost." His words were obviously biased toward Kaiden, telling Braydon to get out of here.

However, Braydon had already given the order to exterminate his whole family!

So, there was no need to say anything else!

Braydon carried Liam on his back and said softly, "Fourth Uncle, let's go home." Liam lay on Braydon's back and nodded slightly. He had already fainted.

Kaiden laughed coldly, "Kid, don't go. Didn't you want to kill my whole family? I really regret not crippling Liam Neal's four limbs in advance. That way, he would only be able to lie in bed in the future. Hahaha!" His maniacal laughter resounded throughout the building.

Dustin Wheeler's face turned green. He had merely wanted to sell a few spiritual stones, but it turned that Kaiden, this hedonistic son of a rich family, really did not know what was good for him!

One had to know that this was King Braydon!

Looking around the world, who could afford to offend the king of the northern region?

Once this man was enraged, he could order a million black-robed elites to leave the region and head to Preston. He would point his blade at the city and raze it to the ground.

Tristan did not leave. It was as if he was looking at a dead man, his fingers place lightly on the handle of his sword.

"You want to fight?" James' eyes were filled with cold sweat.

"By the order of the Northern King, I'm here to annihilate your whole family. Your father's family, your mother's family, and your son's family. I'm here to exterminate all of them. Not a single one of them will be left alive!" Whoosh!

The black cold sword was unsheathed, and Tristan made his move.

As the War God's pressure was released, everyone present felt as if there were two mountains on their shoulders.

"War God's pressure?" Kaiden exclaimed.

"The Northern King's order? Who are you?" James had been in the industry for so many years and had even opened a black market. Of course, he knew the meaning of the two words 'Northern King'.

He was just a small fry, so why would the Northern King order his death?

Tristan raised the blade in his hand, revealing the silver silk flying fish embroidery in his sleeve.

At this moment.

James understood!

The person in front of him was one of the three great governors in the world.

He was definitely a big shot that they could not imagine.

James did not even have the courage to resist. He looked at his terrified son and slowly closed his eyes. He already understood that this dandy and unfilial son had brought him a great disaster today!

As for the white-robed young man, he was most likely the current Northern King.

Whoosh!

The black light of the battle blade flashed past. James' head flew up and his hot blood splattered on the wall.

As for James' head, before his consciousness dissipated, he saw a small golden Qilin embroidered on the clothes of the white-robed youth at the door.

The symbol of the northern army's flag was a small golden Qilin.

There was no need to mention his identity.

"Dad, you guys..." Kaiden cried out in fear.

"Die!" Tristan's eyes were cold and emotionless. He would not show any mercy to a good-for-nothing like Kaiden.

If this kind of martial artist did evil, why not kill him now? What was the point of waiting?

Kaiden looked at the blood cold sword and said in a trembling voice, "Don't kill me..." Now, begging for mercy was meaningless and powerless.

Tristan's sword swept across the sky along with his hot blood.

Tristan sheathed his sword and turned to leave.

Meanwhile, in the abandoned district, the people from the Preston team had already arrived.

Steve Xavier had gathered more than a hundred members of the Preston, both official members and supernumerary members.

“The Preston team pays respects to the Northern King!” Steve, who represented the Preston team, stood straight and shouted with his head lowered.

This title shocked all the martial artists in the black market.

The white-robed young man he had seen before was the current Northern King.

Why was he here?

But no one would answer them.

Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly. “There are ironclad laws in the capital city’s garrison. Trading of spiritual herbs is strictly prohibited. Martial artists are forbidden from gathering. Once discovered, kill them without mercy!” “Understood!” Steve understood what he meant.

Today, the Preston team was going to wipe out the black market.

The black market had all sorts of illegal transactions, which should not have existed in the first place.

Not only was it not presentable, but it also violated the ironclad law.

Martial artists who violated the ironclad law must die!

At this moment, all the martial artists panicked.

However, Logan Hall had already made his move. He pulled out the long sword from his waist, and with a determined face and cold eyes, he brazenly swept the knife across and killed the middle-aged stall owner.

The purpose of the Preston team’s existence was to suppress martial artists.

Martial artists who violated the law would be killed without mercy!

Sebastian Wood was also there. He took action and cleaned up all the martial artists in the black market.

Braydon carried his fourth uncle on his back and left calmly. Tristan was following him.

Steve dealt with the aftermath and ordered indifferently, "From today on, the martial artist black market is strictly prohibited in Preston. Destroy it if you find one!" "Yes, Sir!" All members of the Preston team were to clean up this black market that had been around for more than two years.

From this day forth, the Preston martial artist black market would cease to exist.

In fact, the martial artists in the outside world were mentally prepared for this.

Over the years, black markets in various places had been wiped out by the special operations teams.

Unfortunately, after one was destroyed, the martial artists outside would open another one.

As long as there were martial artists, there would be black markets.

In the Neal family's manor, in a quiet villa.

Braydon did not alarm anyone, so his parents and Qahira Summer would not worry.

Liam Neal's injuries were all superficial.

He looked like he was in a sorry state, but his internal organs were not injured. His physical injuries could recover after a night's rest, but it would take a few days to heal.

"Braydon, I didn't expect to cause such a big disturbance on this trip." Liam smiled bitterly.

"Fourth Uncle, it's fine. The Neal family is not afraid of trouble. By the way, I just got an ancient martial arts cultivation technique. Take a look." Braydon took out a copy.

Spear technique: violent spear!

The Strongest War God chapter 155-Personally Taking Action and Helping Him to be Conferred the Title of Marquis This cultivation technique was left behind by the king-level tomb owner in the Preston mountains.

Before Westley Hader left, he had asked Tristan Yandell to make a copy of the king-level cultivation technique that he had cultivated before he died for Braydon Neal, so that he could share this cultivation technique with the north.

Liam Neal read it carefully and said in shock, "What a profound spear technique!" "Of course, this was left behind by a king." !!

Logan Hall's eyes revealed a trace of envy.

Liam was shocked. "Braydon, I can't take this. A King-level cultivation technique is extremely rare. It's a national treasure. If it's from the north, how can I, an outsider, cultivate it? I can't make things difficult for you!" That one sentence had revealed Liam's heart, whether it was in the past or present, his heart would always be with Braydon!

This was what being a family meant!

Braydon burst into laughter. He did not expect his fourth uncle to overreact.

Tristan scratched his head. "Fourth Master Neal, there's no need to reject him. This thing is not from the north. It's from an ancient tomb in the Preston mountains." Liam was stunned. Of course, he knew that there were many secrets buried in that place.

It was not strange for a king-level tomb to be unearthed.

It was because the royal mausoleum was there.

It was not surprising to unearth the royal mausoleum.

Only then did Liam read it in peace. The more he read, the more fascinated he became.

The violent spear technique was divided into sixty-four chapters and originated from sixty-four gold sheets. Each chapter contained nine styles, seven moves, and forty-nine variations.

This was a king-level technique.

It was extremely difficult to master it!

Therefore, in ancient times, it was not strange at all that it would take three to five years or even more than ten years to master a seemingly ordinary sword technique.

For a person like Braydon, once he unsheathed his sword, outsiders would just watch the show. It felt like he could cut down anything he saw with a single unsheathed blade!

However, martial artists like Tristan knew that King Braydon's sword was the overlord's blade.

He did not seek for variations. All he wanted was to unsheathe his sword and kill the enemy in one strike!

Braydon quietly left the bedroom and went to the living room. He picked up a tablet on the table. On the screen, there were green and red numbers. The number had already exceeded 10 million!

This meant that the power system in the south had been restored.

They had changed their power system, including the internet server.

However, the server at the Namar power company's headquarters stored the data of all the electricity users in the country.

All the information was locked in the server.

The Namar Electric Power Company had probably lost more than ten billion dollars.

With a new server, all the users had to register and open a new account. All the money they had saved in the past would be cleared, and most users would not have to pay the electricity bill.

Therefore, Namar had no choice but to replace the servers and restart the power grid.

After all, with a power outage throughout the country, they would have to suffer huge losses every day.

In the era of industrialization, when a city lost electricity, the losses of all industries would be in the hundreds of millions!

As the Namar's power system was slowly restored, the black sword virus that was constantly evolving on the internet made the people of the Namar citizens unhappy.

At home, computers and mobile phones were infected with a virus. Reinstalling the system did not work.

What was the difference between this and a power outage?

At this moment, the number of infected devices had already exceeded 10 million!

The total number was 10,250,221.

Braydon glanced at it and ignored it.

Tristan lazily sat on the sofa. He had been stuck at the ninth-level War-God level for many years.

"Little monkey, it's time to talk about you," Braydon said. "You've been stuck in the ninth-level War-God realm for so many years. What's going on?" "I'm also in despair!" Tristan was dumbfounded. He still could not break through to the marquis level, and he was also very anxious.

Of the three great governors, Westley Hader was one of the three sons of the north and a conferred king level figure!

The other deputy governor was made a marquis two years ago!

Only Tristan was unable to break through.

The three great governors, kings, marquises, and War Gods were really pleasing to the eye.

Fifty years ago, a deputy governor's strength as a ninth-level War-God was already very powerful.

However, at this point, Tristan, who was the deputy governor with only a War-God-level ability, was weak in Braydon's eyes.

At the very least, he had to be a marquis!

Only then would it make sense for the garrison of the capital to have one king and two marquises.

Braydon asked Tristan to go with him so that he could help him break through.

“Show me your full strength!” Braydon suddenly stood up and went to the small courtyard.

Tristan followed him. He knew that the Northern King was a martial arts genius that was hard to come by even in a thousand years. Although he was young, his martial arts attainment was even higher than the older king-level figures!

Some things really depended on talent.

It was useless to rely on hard work and sweat alone!

If sweat and hard work were useful, in this world, everyone would be king level.

Braydon stood there quietly with his hands behind his back.

In Tristan’s eyes, there was no way he could do anything to Braydon. However, in order to break through, he mustered his courage and took a step forward, releasing his War God aura.

In the small courtyard, the hundred herbs bowed, and Logan retreated back into the living room, not daring to come out.

He could suppress a hundred grass blades and suppress ten thousand people.

This was a War God!

Tristan’s iron fist fell. Braydon did not dodge but took the punch head on.

However, Tristan went all out and did not show any mercy. He knew that not to mention king-level people, even if a marquis-level person stood there and let him kill him, he would not be able to hurt him at all.

The reason was in this battle.

Tristan made his move.

Smack!

Nine crisp sounds were the nine levels of light force!

The light force was full of explosive power, and with a punch, it could split stones.

However, there were nine invisible waves in the light force.

This was dark force!

The dark force was invisible. Qi moved freely. It was extremely ruthless, and its penetrating power was even more amazing.

If the dark force landed, it could definitely turn a living person's internal organs into a pulp of flesh.

This was dark force!

It would cause you to look ordinary on the outside but hurt your internal organs.

Tristan punched out with all his strength.

His basic strength was as powerful as 250 pounds!

As a ninth-level War God, he was born in the north and held the position of governor. His strength was enough to crush other War Gods of the same generation.

The force of this punch was as high as 9,000 pounds!

A ninth-level War God was just that terrifying.

The power of one punch was as high as four to five tons.

Even a bull would be blown away.

Logan's eyes widened as he felt an extremely powerful pressure.

Tristan's fist landed on Braydon's chest.

Braydon's clothes were as white as snow. He stood quietly with his hands behind his back, his thin body not moving at all.

Only the white cloth in front of his chest was blown apart, revealing a fist-sized hole.

Tristan's entire body instantly flew out.

It was as if he had been injured by his own strength!

This was the power of a marquis!

Standing on the same spot without moving, all parts of his body could release light force and dark force.

Just like a marquis, if Braydon stood still and you put your hand on his shoulder, in the next moment, a marquis-level person could use force from his shoulder, and it was both light and dark forces that would instantly cause your palm to explode!

This was the power of a marquis.

Tristan flew out and fell flat on his face. His head was a little dazed, and his face looked extremely innocent.

He knew that he would be at a disadvantage!

The Strongest War God chapter 156-Thousand-Year Immortal Dragon Gall Spear Braydon Neal seemed to be standing still, but the light force and dark force released from his chest directly offset Tristan Yandell's attack and injured him.

This was a martial artist!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Warriors cultivate light force, and warlords cultivate dark force. War Gods combine the two forces into one and integrate them into the marquis realm. The two forces circulate through the whole body. With the strength of his steps, with the light and dark forces, he could jump more than ten meters high!" Braydon touched the ground lightly with the tip of his foot. Nine levels of light force and nine levels of dark force.

!!

At the same time, it exploded at the tip of his toes!

Boom!

The ground exploded into a basin-sized scorched pit. Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, his white clothes dancing in the wind. He was more than ten meters high in the air, overlooking the entire Neal family manor.

The Neal family was dumbstruck when they saw this.

Their young master could fly?

He was f*cking flying in the air!

“Big Brother!” Ginny Neal called out in surprise from afar.

Braydon looked over and smiled lovingly.

He only had one sister. Who else but him would dote on her?

Braydon landed back on the small courtyard. Everything seemed to be as light as the wind and the clouds, as if he had done something insignificant.

This caused Logan Hall’s eyes to stare straight at him. He stroked his crew-cut hair and revealed a deep sense of envy.

Braydon smiled. “Logan, stop peeking. Listen carefully. When you reach the ninth-level War God realm in the future, it will be useful for you to break through to the marquis level!” “Yes, Sir! However, can I reach the War God level?” Logan was not confident. In his eyes, even those at the War God level were great figures that could support the heavens.

How could he achieve that!

Tristan said with disdain, “Just look at you! Let me tell you. The people who follow the Northern King are all at the marquis level. Only Zayn Ziegler, that country bumpkin, is still a warlord!” Logan was speechless.

His face was full of despair, and he did not dare to answer at all!

Who was Zayn Ziegler?

He was the central Hansworth commander with the title of Warblade of the Central Plains, whose might shocked the three provinces of the central plains!

In the end, Tristan called him a country bumpkin.

How was Logan supposed to respond to this?

Commander Zayn Ziegler was the most respected person in his heart!

“Zayn is still young, and he has a chance to be crowned king,” Braydon chuckled.

If King Braydon said he could be conferred the title of king, he definitely could!

Don't forget that Zayn was not even thirty years old yet, but he was already a ninth-level War God.

He still had a few decades to live. After becoming a marquis, it would be a king.

It should be possible!

As Tristan scolded Zhang Zhongyuan for being a country bumpkin, he almost forgot that he was also a War God and not a Marquis yet.

In the next moment, Braydon made his move!

His white robe puffed up, and an invisible pressure pressed down. He raised his left hand indifferently.

His white fingers were extremely fast and landed on Tristan's chest.

The palm landed!

Boom!

Tristan was dumbfounded. Why did he fly up?

Only King Braydon could send him flying seven or eight meters high with one palm.

Next.

Tristan was blasted into the sky like a fool. Braydon put his right hand behind his back, raised his left hand slightly, and struck out a palm.

Just like that, Tristan flew up into the sky and then fell down again. Braydon then hit him with his palm.

This kind of attack did not hurt Tristan at all, but his whole body went soft, as if his bones and joints had been opened.

Logan's eyes were wide open.

The dignified deputy governor Tristan Yandell was being beaten like a sandbag in front of Braydon.

Tristan was dumbfounded. After being beaten for a long time, he felt that it was getting harder and harder for his body to gather energy.

He could also feel streams of air flowing from his body to his limbs and bones.

This power would help him speed up his comprehension of marquis level power.

War God level, mastery of light and dark force.

It could cause the explosion of light force and the dark force to follow like a shadow, erupting together to hurt the enemy.

The only shortcoming was that he could only exert force through his arms.

But marquis levels were different, they could use force from every part of their body.

It was just like how Braydon stood in place and allowed Tristan to attack him with all his might, but he was seriously injured in the end.

This was the difference!

Braydon continued to slap him and said calmly, "Feel this power carefully. Use your shoulder or leg to release your force. I've sealed the meridians in your arms. You can only rely on yourself from now on!" Braydon lifted his left hand slightly, and the penetrating force in his palm was the hidden force.

The hidden force was in Tristan's body. As the palm fell, the force would spread through the whole body.

Tristan only needed to follow this feeling and unleash his power.

As for his arms, all the meridians had been sealed by Braydon, and he had lost his intuition.

He could only rely on himself if he wanted to use light and dark force attacks!

Tristan got rid of all distracting thoughts and did not dare to act like a fool anymore. He knew that this was his only chance to break through.

A powerful king-level person, patiently helping him break through again and again.

Such an opportunity did not come by every day.

Tristan was like a sandbag, rising and falling for fifty minutes.

After a long time, a loud fart rang out.

Pfft!

Braydon's face turned black, and in the next second, he was standing at the door.

Tristan fell to the ground with a dumbfounded look on his face, his face looking very innocent. He did not know why Braydon did not catch him!

However, the moment he landed, the entire ground sounded with a bang.

Tristan's body bounced three to five meters high, and he fell heavily. His entire body was releasing the power of the dark force and the light force.

Tristan was used to using both hands to exert all his strength in one point.

Therefore, if it were any other part of his body, it would indeed be a bit difficult for him!

"You should be able to break through to marquis level after a few days of cultivation!" Braydon could see that Tristan was about to break through.

Tristan got up and smiled. He knew that he was about to break through, and it was all because of Braydon's help.

Logan looked at them for a long time.

"Logan, do you want to learn the violent spear?" Braydon chuckled.

"I dare not. It is a king-level spear technique. My talent is lacking, so I don't dare to learn it!" Logan hurriedly shook his head.

"You're good with swords," Braydon said. "There's no need to change your path for a king-level spear technique. Find some time and let the little monkey teach you the northern sword technique." "Alright!" Tristan agreed.

Which soldier from the north did not know the northern sword technique?

The northern military sword combat technique was fierce and domineering. It was created by the previous general, Finley Yanagi, and was later modified by Braydon to be widely used in the army. It was a marquis-level sword technique!

That's right, it was a marquis-level sword technique that everyone in the northern army could learn.

When used with cold sword, the power was extremely great!

"Many thanks, Young Master Braydon!" Logan was pleasantly surprised.

Braydon chuckled. He could tell that Logan was about to break through to warrior level.

Liam Neal walked out of the bedroom, holding the copy of 'violent spear' and constantly looking at it.

"Fourth Uncle, why are you up?" Braydon was stunned.

Liam had been hiding in Lamar city all these years, and under the restraint of his hidden illness, he had wasted his time.

Otherwise, given a dozen years, Liam could also reach the warlord level with his eyes closed.

After the black market incident, Liam realized that he had been crippled for too long. His current strength was not enough to protect himself.

He had to learn the violent spear.

“It’s just some superficial wounds, no big deal. I’m not that pampered. I saw an iron spear in your living room and wanted to use it to practice my spear skills, but I didn’t expect it to be so heavy.” “This is the weapon of violent spear’s master. It weighs 223 pounds!” Tristan was helpless.

In the living room, there was an 18-foot-long spear. It was completely black and cold to the touch. The tip of the spear was sharp and flickered with a cold light!

The Strongest War God chapter 157-Preston Chamber of Commerce, Presidential Election The black spear had not rusted even after thousands of years!

It was definitely a divine weapon!

Braydon Neal glanced at it and chuckled. “The forging material should be made of black iron. It’s a thousand-year-old stainless steel that won’t rot even after ten thousand years. It’s extremely hard and can cut through iron like mud!” The few of them chatted.

!!

Braydon walked into the living room like a tiger and easily pulled out the spear.

There were three small words carved on it.

Dragon Gall Spear!

Braydon held the spear and felt that it was cold. Although the spear was heavy, he could vaguely feel that the spear had once drunk the blood of the enemy and contained an amazing murderous intent!

“Good spear!” “This spear is comparable to the ice spear in Laird’s hand!” Braydon exclaimed.

“Laird Xenos has an ice spear. Back then, he guarded the eastern capital alone and killed the entire Namar army. Since it’s comparable to the ice spear,

it seems that the owner of this spear, the tomb owner, was not a good person when he was alive.” Tristan Yandell pouted slightly.

The owner of the tomb had led three great armies of the Soho Empire to confront the other empire at the time, the Lindon Empire. Of course, he was not a good person!

Braydon chuckled. “This dragon gall spear has been dormant for too long. It needs fresh blood to be unsealed. Only then can it be activated.” After saying that, Tristan ran away faster than a rabbit.

He was afraid that Braydon would sacrifice him to the spear!

Braydon laughed. He had seen the ancient martial arts technique ‘violent spear’ before.

“Fourth Uncle, I’ll show you my violent spear. Come and take a look!” He chuckled.

“Alright!” Liam Neal’s eyes were filled with anticipation.

With Braydon’s strength, he could certainly reproduce the power of the ancient martial arts technique.

At this moment, Braydon came to the small courtyard. His white clothes were spotless, and his thin body stood between heaven and earth. He was calm and composed, but a majestic aura was quietly emitting from his body.

In the next second, he moved!

Braydon held the dragon gall spear in his hand. The moment he struck out, it was like a black dragon emerging from the sea. The spear’s intent spread out, making Tristan, who was at the door, feel numb.

He knew that this was King Braydon’s true strength!

“The true meaning of the first chapter of violent spear should be the violence of the spear. There are nine styles, and each style has seven moves, containing many variations!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly, and the spear in his hand had already moved.

If the spear was wild, there was nothing in the world that could not be broken!

The long spear moved, and hundreds of afterimages appeared in the sky.

In a breath's time, hundreds of round holes appeared on the steel gate of the villa.

They were all pierced by the dragon gall spear!

This was Braydon's attack.

Such a concentrated attack scared Tristan, who was at the door, out of his wits. He thought that Braydon was going to sacrifice him to his spear.

One spear with a hundred holes was the true meaning of the first chapter of the violent spear. It was called violent spear and had a frivolous intent.

This was Braydon's talent!

It was a king-level ancient martial arts technique. Braydon had had a photographic memory since he was a child. He had only seen it once, but now that he was using it, he could display the true meaning of the violent spear.

The talent of a thousand-year-old genius in the martial arts world was fully displayed at this moment!

Braydon put away the spear.

There were hundreds of round openings on the villa's main door, which was a shocking sight.

Liam was dazed and did not react for a long time.

"What a terrifying spear technique. Who can block such an attack?" Logan Hall muttered.

In the eyes of a small martial artist like him, this was the most terrifying attack that he had ever seen. It was very easy to lose the will to resist.

Braydon said softly, "Although the first chapter's violent spear is light and wild, its attacks are like a storm. The disadvantage is that it causes one's attack power to be scattered. The second chapter makes up for this flaw!" After that, Braydon moved again and demonstrated the power of the violent spear to Liam.

Braydon had fully exerted the power of the violent spear!

The second volume of violent spear: spear like a tornado, breaking all things!

As the spear struck out, there was nothing in the world that could not be broken. All the power was concentrated at the tip of the spear. A cold light appeared, and the spear struck out like a dragon!

The long spear swept up the flowers and plants in the courtyard, forming a small wave.

In the next moment, Braydon's white clothes fluttered, and his eyes were cold and ruthless. The long spear in his left arm brazenly stabbed out, causing everyone to lose their minds.

Boom!

The long spear landed on the wall of the small courtyard and instantly pierced through it, creating a large hole as thick as a bucket.

Who could block such power if it fell on a human body?

Liam was in a daze for a long time.

"Braydon, what are you doing?" Laura Quinn asked angrily.

"Mom, I'm not fighting. I'm practicing martial arts with Fourth Uncle!" Braydon was rather helpless and threw the dragon gall spear to Tristan.

Only then did Laura's expression ease up a lot.

"Sister-in-Law, why are you here?" Liam put away his ancient martial arts book.

This made Laura feel a little helpless. She looked at the small courtyard. Braydon had destroyed the door and broken the wall within a short period of time.

"Louis is looking for Braydon," she said helplessly.

Braydon went into the house and changed his clothes. Then, he went out to his father's courtyard and said indifferently, "Have Old Man Zito change the door and fix the wall." "Alright!" Tristan went to find Old Man Zito.

After all, Old Man Zito was raised in the Neal family and could not be idle.

Tristan wanted to take advantage of these few days to find out the background of this old wily fox and see if he was a hidden force from the north.

In a small courtyard two houses away, Louis Neal sat in the pavilion drinking tea.

“Dad!” Braydon came forward.

Louis looked up. “Braydon, you’re here. I have something to talk to you about. It’s about our Preston Chamber of Commerce.” “Big Brother, the matter with the Chamber of Commerce in Preston hasn’t been completely settled yet?” Liam frowned.

The Preston Chamber of Commerce had hundreds of companies in Preston.

In the past two years, the center of the Chamber of Commerce’s companies had been the development of the new Preston district, involving various projects. Everyone was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and their relationships were intertwined like old trees.

Therefore, the relationship between them was very complicated!

However, as the Chamber of Commerce’s old president, Younes Canfield, grew older, he gradually became more and more powerless when it came to handling the Chamber of Commerce’s affairs. As such, there were plans to abdicate his position.

Hundreds of people had their eyes on the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

The president’s position was the dragon head!

There were hundreds of companies in Preston, coordinating all the resources. The influence and benefits were self-evident.

Who would not drool over the position of dragon head?

With the Neal family’s investment in the new district, they were determined to get the president position.

However, the other six great families were not ordinary people. They all had the intention to get involved, and even Harold Sage was involved.

Braydon listened quietly and noticed that his father was in a difficult position. He smiled lightly. "I'll settle this!" "Braydon, try not to use force. Peace is the most important thing in doing business." Louis gently advised.

To him, although it would be difficult to become the president, it would not be a problem.

But it would take time!

Now that the Neal Corporation was preparing to go public, he needed to sort out all kinds of materials and develop the Preston new district project. Both of these factors took up most of Louis' energy.

If he was caught up in the Preston Chamber of Commerce, he definitely would not have enough energy for that.

As for the president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce... Liam also advocated for it to be in the hands of the Neal family, not to use it for personal gain, but to prevent the other six great families from getting it and obstructing their Neal family!

As the sun set, the sky turned completely dark.

At eight o'clock that night, all the members of the Chamber of Commerce would head to the Preston Hotel.

They would hold a referendum, and whoever had the most votes would be the next president.

The Neal family's three cars quietly drove out. Louis and Liam each took a car.

Braydon brought his sister, Ginny Neal, over to broaden her horizons so that the little girl would not be bored at home.

Preston Hotel.

The Strongest War God chapter 158-The Help of Two Great Families The luxurious five-star hotel was full of guests at night.

But today, the Preston Chamber of Commerce had booked the entire place.

The members of the Chamber of Commerce were all big bosses, so they had nothing but money.

If someone wanted to join as members, they would need three internal members as guarantors, pay an entrance fee of five hundred thousand, and pass the examination before they could join.

!!

Every member had to pay a membership fee of two hundred thousand dollars each year for the daily operation of the Chamber of Commerce.

To the Neal family, the annual membership fee of two hundred thousand was not worth mentioning at all.

The real intention of the Preston Chamber of Commerce was to gather all the local merchants together. Everyone had been in various fields for many years and had all kinds of resources in their hands.

Exchanging resources and sharing information was much better than being alone!

To a merchant, resources and information were sources of income!

Business was not about fighting alone, and that would not last long.

The people from the seven great families of Preston would all be there tonight.

The Neal family's three cars entered the hotel's parking lot.

As soon as Braydon Neal got out of the car, he heard a surprised shout behind him, "Stinky Braydon!" He did not need to turn around to know that it was Heather Sage.

She smiled cheekily and pinched Ginny Neal's nose, saying jokingly, "Ginny is also here tonight!" "Sister Heather!" Ginny called out sweetly.

Harold Sage, who was wearing a suit, looked at Braydon with a helpless expression.

Everyone knew what they were doing at Preston Hotel.

The reason why Harold felt helpless was that the Neal family had sent Braydon as their representative.

No one could compete with this guy for the position of president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce.

After having spent some time together, Harold had a better understanding of how terrifying Braydon was.

The Northern King was in Preston, a young man who could not be compared to him in the three provinces of the central plains.

“Tonight, you’re competing for the president position of the Preston Chamber of Commerce. I’ll give you my vote.” Harold immediately gave up and told him.

Braydon chuckled. “My fourth uncle and the others are worried that the position of the president of the Chamber of Commerce will be a hindrance to the Neal family. After all, the Neal family has invested more in the new Preston district than any other company.” “I understand. You’re much better as the president of the Chamber of Commerce than those good-for-nothing people.” In Harold’s eyes, most of the members of the Chamber of Commerce in Preston were good-for-nothing and useless.

Harold was so young, yet he was able to manage the Sage Corporation. It was obvious that he was capable, and he naturally had the pride of a young man.

Among the seven great families, the number of people who could catch Harold’s eye could be counted on one hand.

The group entered the Preston Hotel. The main hall had been transformed into a dance hall. The socialites and successful bosses in suits raised their glasses and talked about life with smiles on their faces. All of them were in high spirits.

After all, in today’s society, everyone was after money.

With money, you are above the rest.

A businessman boss was a typical example. Once he had money, he seemed to be superior to others.

But when it came to money, Braydon had no concept of it ever since he was young.

Before he was seven years old, he lived in the north without any worries about food and clothing. He was born in the Neal family, the head of the seven great families. As the eldest grandson of the old master, Graham Neal, his status could be imagined.

It was almost certain that Braydon would be the future successor of the Neal Corporation.

Later on, the Neal family had an internal conflict, and the seven-year-old Braydon was sent to the north. Although he had suffered a lot, when Braydon entered the northern military school, he showed his amazing talent and was accepted as a student by the old commander Finley Yanagi.

The previous commander was his teacher. In the entire northern territory, no one dared to bully Braydon.

Moreover, although Braydon was small at that time, his strength was extremely terrifying.

A nine-year-old War God, there was no such precedent in the northern territory.

Therefore, Braydon grew up in the northern territory. In the northern army, there were special people in charge of clothes, accommodation, and transportation. He did not lack anything.

Until today, Braydon had long been the Northern King.

Although he donned plain clothes in the north, if Braydon wanted, he could easily get the power and wealth!

However, Braydon's goal was not that.

He inherited his teacher's will and became the commander of the northern army. He held the Northern King sword and sat alone on the peak of Mount Bliz. He pursued the power of killing as protection, intimidating the eight countries outside the borders, guarding the gate of the north, and intimidating the eight countries outside the borders!

This was Braydon's pursuit.

When Braydon reached the entrance of the hall, he was stopped by a doorman in a yellow coat. He politely reminded Braydon, "Young Master, tonight is an important gathering. Those who enter need to be dressed formally!" "Why did you not to change your clothes? Look at you being stopped outside the entrance!" Heather was gloating and was as happy as a little sand sculpture.

The corner of Braydon's mouth twitched. He felt that Heather was becoming more and more mischievous in front of him.

However, it did not matter if he wore a formal suit or not.

Braydon came here today to be the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

It was not a competition; he was here to be the president!

Logan Hall quietly appeared and held the doorman by the back of his head. He calmly said, "Let's have a chat over here!" "Sir, what do you want to do?" The doorman's face turned pale.

"Don't be nervous, we're just having a chat," Logan calmly replied.

Bang!

He struck the doorman with a hand knife and knocked him out. He leaned the doorman against the wall and tilted his body, saving himself the trouble of explaining.

This was the simplest and most direct way to deal with it.

They could not just kill him with a cold sword, right? After all, he was just an ordinary person, and they could not drag him into the Preston team's base to deal with him.

The Preston team's base was a place where they walked in standing and came out lying down. It was a place feared by martial artists.

No one was blocking the way now.

Braydon had his own reasons for not changing his clothes. Plain clothes were his lifetime.

Plain clothes meant two sleeves of breeze!

He also represented the Northern King!

It also represented the faith of the northern army.

Asking Braydon to take off his cotton clothes meant that he had to leave the northern army and the northern territory. The ten major legions of the northern army would not agree to that.

No one could take off King Braydon's plain clothes.

Once they entered the hall, people kept nodding to Louis Neal.

Of the seven great families in Preston, the Neal family was the last to arrive.

In the distance, Xana Thomas's eyes lit up and she waved her hand. "Genius Neal, Heather, I'm here!" "Brother Braydon!" Joseph Thomas ran over.

If it were not for the strict control of the Thomas family, Joseph would have definitely gone to the Neal family's house to play from time to time.

"Why? Does the Thomas family also want to be the president?" Braydon chuckled.

"I'm just here to watch the fun. Did the Neal family push you out to be the president? Don't say anymore, the Thomas family's vote is yours!" Joseph patted his chest and promised.

In the distance, Grant Thomas shook off the person in front of him and walked over with wide steps. He laughed heartily. "Louis, long time no see!" "Grant, how have you been?" Liam Neal revealed a smile.

The relationship between the Neal and Thomas families had been good all these years thanks to the older generation.

"Dad, the representative of the Neals is my brother, Braydon. Let's put our votes on him later!" Joseph said.

"Oh... No problem!" Grant knew what to choose.

The president position of the Preston Chamber of Commerce was very important and would be of great help to the Thomas family.

However, if Braydon wanted to get involved, the Thomas family would step back.

Grant also knew that Braydon's identity was extremely terrifying. Even his father, Stefan Thomas, had said that Braydon was destined to be the most powerful man in the Neal family!

The Strongest War God chapter 159-Great Kindness Should be Returned with a Bow Out of the seven great families in Preston, the Sage family first gave way, then the Thomas family followed suit and gave way.

"Well, the position of the president depends on our own ability." Braydon Neal laughed.

"The position of the president is also yours if it's based on your ability!" Joseph Thomas spoke the truth.

However, the president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce was Younes Cross. He was highly respected and had helped the older generation of the seven great families.

!!

After the Preston Chamber of Commerce was established, he was pushed to the position of president by the leaders of the great families.

As for the representatives of the seven great families, they would take on the positions of permanent members in the Chamber of Commerce.

The Chamber of Commerce had around a hundred official members!

Each person would represent one vote.

As for the representatives of the seven great families, each of them would have ten votes.

Usually, when something big happened, they would vote. Of course, the president also had the right to decide.

However, the members of the Chamber of Commerce always prioritized their own interests.

Sometimes, voting did not work.

All the people from the seven great families had arrived.

A silver-haired old man wearing a handmade suit and holding a dragon-headed walking stick came to the venue with the help of a middle-aged man with glasses.

Along the way.

“President Cross!” Quite a number of people greeted him.

“President, how are you doing?” “President, you have to take care of your health. Everyone is relying on you to lead them!” ... There were constant greetings and compliments.

The silver-haired old man was Younes Cross, and he said slowly, “I can’t. I’m old and should give the position to you young people. Back then, this position should have belonged to Graham, but he refused to accept it and insisted on pushing my old bones up into the spotlight. I’ve suffered for decades. Are the children of the Neal family here?” “Uncle Younes, Louis Neal of the Neal family pays his respects to you!” Louis came forward. His dignified seven-foot body actually knelt down in public to pay respects.

Liam Neal stepped forward and saluted, “Neal family’s fourth son pays his respects to you!” “You are Liam? My child, I thought you had already...” Younes was a little excited. He threw down his walking stick and caressed Liam’s face with his rough hands.

Younes Cross and Graham Neal were friends who had gone through life and death together.

The four sons of the Neal family had all grown up under the watch of the elderly!

Back then, the Neal family had undergone a huge change, and Younes was far away in the provincial capital.

Otherwise, on that rainy night, Louis definitely would not let Laura Quinn take little Braydon to the Quinn family for protection. Instead, he would have gone to Younes Cross!

As long as Laura and her son went over, the Cross family would protect them even if it meant risking their lives!

There was no need to doubt this!

Younes was far away in the provincial capital. After hearing about the Neal family's internal strife, he had driven over in the rainy night.

That night, the rain was pouring heavily, and there was a car accident on the highway.

That time, Old Master Younes Cross' eldest son almost died in a car accident. He had broken a leg, a comminuted fracture, and an infected wound, so he had to amputate it.

When Younes rushed back to Preston, he did not go to the Neal family. He did not see anyone from the Neal family, including Louis and his wife.

That day, the old man held a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce and gathered the elders of several other great families to put pressure on the Neal family together. The purpose was to protect the seven-year-old Braydon, as well as Louis and his wife!

Otherwise, did you really think that the Neal family at that time would let Louis and his wife off for no reason?

It was Old Master Younes who had used the Preston Chamber of Commerce to pressure the Neal family for three days.

If the Neal family were to go their own way and offend the entire Preston Chamber of Commerce, it would do no good to the Neal Corporation!

Therefore, this hindered Gerald Neal's ruthless intentions.

And Louis Neal and Laura Quinn were able to keep their lives and not suffer the Neal family's final fatal blow!

Even so, this couple had been monitored and suppressed for thirteen years under the Neal family's eyes!

The seven-year-old Braydon had been saved by Grandma Sage on that rainy night.

The idea of sending him to the north was also from Old Master Younes.

Because the Neal family did not agree to let the seven-year-old little Braydon live and wanted to kill him.

Old Master Younes informed Old Madam Sage to send someone to escort little Braydon to the north.

It was beyond Gerald Neal's reach!

The northern desert was eight thousand miles wide. If the Neal family wanted to go there and kill Braydon, it was simply a fool's dream.

It was because of Old Master Younes' constant negotiation, using all his energy, lowering himself, and owing a bunch of favors that he was able to protect Louis and Laura and save Braydon at that time!

However, very few people knew about this.

But Louis knew in his heart.

If no one protected him, he and his wife, Laura, would have died in the hands of Leonard Neal and the others as early as that night.

Therefore, Old Master Younes was worthy of this bow!

Younes Cross slowly said, "It's good that you're alive. When I die, I'll have the face to see Graham in the netherworld!" Louis and Liam stood up and were very respectful to this old man.

But Younes looked at Braydon and asked in surprise, "Who is this young man?" "Uncle Younes, this is Braydon. The Braydon you protected back then!" Louis said softly.

Younes nodded in surprise. "It's been more than ten years! Braydon's grown up! Great! The Neal family finally has a successor!" Louis explained briefly to the old man at the side.

Braydon suddenly understood why Gerald Neal had let his parents live when he was in charge of the Neal family. It was because of this old man's help.

Their entire family was indebted to this old man for saving their lives.

Braydon took a step back, spread his arms, bowed and said softly, "Braydon Neal thanks Grandpa Younes for saving my life. I should kneel to thank you,

but I'm in charge of the northern territory and the Northern King. I can't kneel in front of anyone!" With Braydon's character, he would not even bother to pay attention to a word from outsiders.

It was already rare for him to explain.

The king of the northern territory had never done anything wrong in his life!

If Braydon knelt down to thank him, he would really be forcing Younes Cross to die.

When the north heard the news, they would definitely send out the Imperial Guards and wipe out everyone who attended the banquet tonight.

The Northern King could only sit on the peak of Mount Bliz, guarding the northern Territory for 8,000 miles and leading a million soldiers in black.

He was a monument!

The monument was a legend in the north, and no stain could be allowed to appear on it.

It was not an exaggeration; it was the truth!

Younes slowly said, "Protecting you is what an old man should do. Your grandfather and I have known each other for decades. When we were young and wandering together, your father wasn't even born, let alone you!

"When your grandfather and I were young, everyone was poor. In the 1950s, no one had enough to eat. Your grandfather and I had one meal a day, and the two of us shared a piece of cake!

"The two of us carried carrying poles and sold daily necessities on the streets and alleys of Preston. Our days were much harder than it is now.

"I remember once my leg was bitten by a wild dog and a large piece of my flesh was torn off. It was Graham who carried me and ran more than twenty miles. In order to cure me, he pawned the jade pendant passed down by your Neal family!" ... As Younes brought up the past, he secretly wiped the corners of his eyes.

It was true that the older generation valued friendship.

Braydon listened quietly without any impatience.

When the old man had recovered, he leaned on his dragon-headed walking stick and said, "The position of the president back then should have belonged to Graham. Now that Graham is gone, this position should still belong to the Neal family. I announce that the next president is... Louis Neal!"

The Strongest War God chapter 160-he Seven Directors, Vying for the President's Position Everyone was silent.

The socialites and noble ladies who were walking around the hotel lobby no longer discussed in low voices.

Then, there was a commotion.

Clearly, many people did not agree with Younes Cross' suggestion.

!!

Many people had paid a huge price for the president's position tonight. They had done so to canvass for votes and for the position of the leader.

With Younes' words, the next president's position was given to the Neal family.

This messed up everyone's plans!

Before the outsiders could make trouble.

"I don't agree!" The person who spoke was actually Louis Neal.

This was beyond everyone's expectations.

Many people felt that Louis was stupid. He even rejected the old president's support?

"I don't agree either!" Harold Sage frowned.

"I also disagree!" Grant Thomas expressed his opinion.

According to what they had said earlier, the president's position should be given to Braydon Neal.

This way, the Sage and Thomas families would do their best to help.

But now, the position of president was going to be given to Louis. Things did not feel right.

In Harold's eyes, he would only be convinced if Braydon took on the position of president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce.

Braydon's tactics and wisdom were far better than everyone else present.

With the Sage family's help, they would also benefit in the end.

Harold looked apologetic. "Uncle Louis, I'm sorry. I have to consider the Sage family. The president's position should be given to Braydon." Louis did not blame him. He originally wanted Braydon to be the next president.

He was also the chairman of the Neal Corporation, so he knew that he had to consider the Neals. Although Harold was young, he shouldered the heavy responsibility of developing the Sage Corporation.

This young man, in the eyes of Louis' generation, was actually very talented.

Then, the representatives of the seven great families all disagreed.

The Larson family, Smith family, and the other great families did not agree because they wanted the position of president.

In order to canvass for votes these days, every family had paid a huge price.

How could he let this old man Younes have the final say!

The Quinn family had also sent a representative. It was Theodore Quinn, Braydon's second uncle.

However, the people of the Quinn family did not say a word. They did not object nor agree, as if they were just there to make up the number.

The second master of the Smith family, William Smith, said with a dark face, "President Cross, aren't you being too biased toward the Neal family by doing this? We've already agreed that the votes will decide the next president." "The votes will determine the next president. This is the rule that cannot be changed!" Fabien Larson spoke on behalf of the Larson family.

This caused everyone to echo in agreement!

Braydon glanced at these people. They were all familiar faces.

It seemed that the position of president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce was really important. None of the seven great families would give it up easily.

Younes' expression darkened slightly as he rapped the dragon-head walking stick on the ground.

The crowd quieted down and returned to silence.

After being the president for decades, he still had this bit of dignity!

“Grandpa Younes, it’s okay. Let’s have a referendum,” Braydon chuckled.

Younes laughed. “Young man. You’re really scheming. Is it because you don’t want to make things difficult for me? Or do you have other plans?” “It’s hard to convince the public if you get to the position of president through connections. It’s the same everywhere. Since you’re the president, you must first convince the public. What do you think, Second Master William?” Braydon’s white clothes fluttered, and a wave of pressure spread out from his thin body.

This is the pressure of a War God.

A pressure that could suppress a hundred grass blades and suppress ten thousand people.

A War God level martial artist!

“War God level?” Younes was shocked.

At that moment, the old man was dumbfounded.

He was also an ancient martial artist, and he was almost at the warlord level. However, he was too old, and his potential had been exhausted, so he did not reach that level.

He was in a state of confusion.

He really did not expect that the little guy he risked his life to protect back then was actually a young dragon. A true dragon entering the northern territory. His growth was astonishing!

Now that Braydon had returned to Preston, he was actually so terrifying!

William's face turned pale, and he lowered her head. "That's right, Young Master Braydon is right. If you want to be the new president, you have to convince the masses first." Braydon chuckled. He did not want to bully these people with force.

Since they wanted to use the votes for a referendum, then they would use the votes for a referendum!

"Braydon, which War God level are you at?" "Grandpa Younes, do you think that the Northern King only has War God level strength?" Braydon laughed.

For the old man in front of him, Braydon unconsciously regarded him as a family member.

He did not put on any airs as he saw him as a relative and appeared to be approachable.

Old Master Younes was once again dumbfounded. He suddenly came to his senses and remembered that the young man in front of him had already claimed to be the Northern King when he bowed before him.

Was he not the commander of the northern army?

There were few martial artists in the world who did not know about the northern army. The ten most terrifying armies of the north were located in the northern territory. They had beaten the eight countries outside the borders until they cried out in despair. Wherever the cold sword pointed, the eight countries outside the borders were intimidated into wanting to pay tribute and become subjects.

That was how terrifying the north was!

"The king of the northern territory, the commander of the northern army, the Northern King?!" Younes was shocked.

Braydon chuckled. He had never cared about titles.

But the middle-aged bespectacled man supporting Younes had a look of shock in his eyes. He really did not expect this young man to have such a powerful background!

Younes was really frightened.

The thousand-year-old genius from the northern territory was actually this young man in white in front of him.

The Neal family had a son named Braydon. He was destined to prosper!

Braydon remained calm and chuckled, "Everyone, it's getting late. Since we've decided to hold a referendum to decide the next president, let's begin!" "Then, let's do as we said earlier. The seven representatives of the seven great families are candidates. All the members of the Chamber of Commerce have the right to vote. No one can back out on their votes!" Fabien seized the opportunity and continued.

He knew that the eldest son of the first wife of the Neal family was not a kind person.

However, today was the business of the Chamber of Commerce. Even if he was an ancient martial arts practitioner, he should follow the rules of the Chamber of Commerce.

Everyone present participated in the referendum.

The seven great families each had their own representatives.

The representative of the Larson family was naturally Fabien Larson. His name appeared on the screen in the resplendent hall, and everyone saw it.

Everyone present was familiar, so there was no need to introduce the seven directors.

The second representative of the Smith family was the second master, William Smith.

The third was Grant Thomas, the representative of the Thomas family!

Fourth, Yackley family's third master, Kevin Yackley.

The fifth was Harold Sage of the Sage family!

The sixth was Theodore Quinn of the Quinn family who remained silent.

These six people were the representatives of the six great families.

Under everyone's gazes, something unexpected happened.

The Neal family's representative was not Louis Neal or Liam Neal, but the third generation's eldest son Braydon Neal!

A young man in white clothes stood with his hands behind his back, and his name appeared on the screen.

This caused an uproar.

How could a junior be the president of a Chamber of Commerce?

It was difficult to convince the masses!

Even if he forced his way up, no one would listen to him.

At this moment, the representatives of the great families all sneered at the same time, thinking that the Neal family was doomed to be eliminated this time.

"Let the voting begin!" Younes Cross announced.

"Wait, the Sage family will withdraw!" Everyone was stunned when Harold announced his withdrawal.

Under everyone's gaze, Harold turned around and voted for Braydon!

The Strongest War God chapter 161-The Yackley Family's Third Master This scene stunned many people. They thought that Harold Sage had gone crazy.

He had actually voted for this brat from the Neal family.

Harold's aloofness was well-known in Preston's circle. He was actually willing to quit and turn around to help Braydon Neal.

It was simply unbelievable!

!!

After all, the Sage family's withdrawal was to help Braydon with all their might.

Then, the Sage family's connections and the bosses who were close to the Sage family would all vote for Braydon.

When everyone had yet to recover from their shock.

“The Thomas family withdraws as well!” Grant Thomas said in a serious tone.

Just as he had finished speaking, he turned around and cast his vote for Braydon.

The two great families had given their all to help, and the votes were on Braydon.

The votes of two directors were equivalent to the votes of twenty ordinary members.

Such a turn of events caught everyone by surprise.

Even the members of the Chamber of Commerce who had good relations with the Thomas family and the Sage family did not know how to react.

Who should their votes go to?

At this moment, many people were anxious.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled.

“Everyone, please listen to me,” William Smith said in a low voice. “Since the establishment of the Preston Chamber of Commerce, we have always adhered to the principle of helping each other. We share our resources and information, and we all benefit from it!

“But the young master of the Neal family is an ancient martial arts practitioner. Since he’s a martial arts practitioner, why does he need to do business?”

“All the bosses here know that doing business is not about fighting, but about courage, ability, wisdom, and so on. So, if the president of the Chamber of Commerce is a young man, what kind of development will the Chamber of Commerce have?” ... William’s words were sharp, and he was obviously canvassing for votes.

Braydon was indifferent and did not bother to argue.

Harold stood up and said, “Second Uncle William, who said that ancient martial artists are all about fighting? Braydon is the best choice in all aspects. He is in charge of the investment department of the Neal Corporation and

made a net profit of more than 20 billion dollars overnight. Who here can achieve such a feat?" His clear voice reverberated throughout the hall.

At this moment, no one needed to hide anything.

The ancient martial arts practitioners believed in the strong.

All the big bosses in the business world pursued profits. Everyone followed and listened to whoever was more capable.

In business, how many people have you seen who could not get over money?

As soon as these words came out, the crowd was all riled up.

If this was true, then the Neal family's eldest young master was truly extraordinary.

No wonder he could attract Harold's help!

"Harold, everyone knows about the marriage between the Neal and the Sage families," Fabien Larson said calmly. "If nothing goes wrong, Braydon Neal will be the son-in-law of your Sage family in the future, your brother-in-law. There's a limit to how much you can flatter him!" Harold glanced at Fabien, then at William.

Obviously, because the Sage and Thomas families had sided with Braydon, the relationship between the seven great families in the hall had become a little delicate.

The Smith family and the Larson family seemed to have an alliance.

The Yackley family's third master, Kevin Yackley, exuded a domineering aura from his thin body. "Cut the crap. Let's go straight to the votes. The votes are king. Don't waste time!" "Then, let's start the voting!" Fabien and William looked at each other and then at Theodore Quinn.

It was obvious that these two families wanted to pull the Quinn family over.

No matter what was said, the Quinn family was also one of the seven great families.

Although the Quinn family was in the last position, they also held a director position. One director vote was equivalent to ten ordinary votes.

More importantly, everyone knew that the Quinn family had been single-handedly raised by the Neal family to become one of the seven great families.

Therefore, to be able to win over the Quinn family was the best attack on the Neal family!

It was undoubtedly a slap in the face!

If the Neal family's dog had turned to vote for someone else. This was also a sign to the members of the Chamber of Commerce that they knew who they should support.

If Theodore supported Fabien, then who in the Chamber of Commerce would support the Neal family?

"Theodore, you don't seem to be in a good mood tonight!" William walked over and smiled.

"Second Brother William!" Theodore quickly replied.

"No need to be so formal with me," William said enthusiastically. "I heard about the fall out between the Quinn family and the Neal family. The Neal family went a little too far. They kicked the Quinn family out completely and made you lose all your money." Theodore forced a smile, but his heart was filled with hatred.

The Quinn family's dozens of years of operation had been completely destroyed by Louis Neal.

The Quinn family was indeed in a crisis.

It was a huge debt crisis!

Fabien arrived quietly. "Theodore, don't be discouraged. The Neal family can't take over Preston's new district alone. Right now, both of our families have big projects worth tens of billions. Funds have been drawn in from all sides. When it's almost in place, we can bring the Quinn family along!" "One the project has been completed. If the Quinn family is involved, they can make at least ten points of profit from this project. The minimum is one billion!" William said quietly.

Theodore was tempted. To be able to cooperate with the Larson and Smith families was undoubtedly the biggest temptation for the Quinn family in this difficult situation.

Fabien chuckled. "The price to pay is very simple. I just need your votes to be on me. Think about it. You only have ten minutes!" Then, he and William turned around and left.

The number of votes on the screen kept increasing.

It was the era of technology now. There was no need to vote with pen and paper. One could vote anonymously by opening the website link on a mobile phone. It was simple, fast, and efficient.

Neither of them knew what the other was thinking!

Currently, there were seven directors.

Braydon Neal, 25 votes.

Fabien Larson, 19 votes.

William Smith, 8 votes.

Kevin Yackley, 31 votes.

Theodore Quinn, 0 votes.

Harold Sage and Grant Thomas had withdrawn from the voting and could not be voted on.

There was a total of 170 votes.

100 members were equivalent to 100 votes. The voting rights of the seven directors were equivalent to 70 votes.

What really exceeded everyone's expectations was the Yackley family's third young master, Kevin Yackley, who was ahead of everyone else!

At this moment, Fabien's face was dark as he looked at Kevin.

"The Yackley family's third master, you truly live up to your name, obtaining so many people's help in secret without anyone knowing!" He said in a low voice.

“Thanks for letting me win!” Kevin lightly smiled.

On the other hand, Harold’s expression darkened. He never thought that his people would be silently pulled away by Kevin.

Grant’s face was even gloomier.

He did not expect that he would be tricked as well!

This was how business was; there were no businessmen who were not unscrupulous!

There were no such things as solid allies. They were all profit-minded, and it was obvious that Kevin had given them more benefits.

In other words, other than the two votes from the Thomas and Sage families, there were only five people in the audience who voted for Braydon.

The votes were indeed a little low!

There were already 83 votes, and there were 87 votes left.

Without a doubt, apart from Harold and Grant, five director votes, which were equivalent to 50 ordinary votes, were held in the hands of the five great families.

In addition, there were 23 people who had not voted.

However, the votes were still moving.

Kevin looked at Braydon and smiled. “Young Master Neal, you can’t vote on yourself. Why don’t you and I vote for each other?” “I won’t bother with such childish tricks.” Braydon had actually rejected him.

Kevin’s eyes flashed with a cold light. He did not expect to be rejected.

Theodore, who was not far away, could not help but walk toward Fabien.

“My second uncle has some thoughts in mind.” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Theodore Quinn, what are you doing?” Harold was furious.

