

The Strongest War God chapter 193-200

The Strongest War God chapter 193-What Do You Know About a King-Level Person?

“Using cultivation to neutralize poison... According to what Master said, this is at least a king-level person.” Jax Jackman was shocked.

He had never seen a king-level person before.

Jade Jackman stood up, raised her fair arms, and bowed slightly. She said respectfully, “I am Jade Jackman from the Preston mountains’ Medicine Forest Sect, paying my respects to the deputy governor!” !!

“Sis, you...” Jax was stunned.

Jade softly said, “The flying fish embroidery represents the capital garrison. And the silver silk flying fish can only be worn by the two deputy governors. You are Deputy Governor Yandell, right?” “Is it true that he is one of the three governors?” Jax could not believe it.

Tristan Yandell was so angry that his nose almost went crooked. There was still a fool in the world who dared to impersonate the governor?

The capital garrison had jurisdiction over the five main teams, and all the special operations teams had to listen to their orders.

A martial artist impersonating a governor must be living a really carefree life and seeking death.

Tristan glanced at Jax and said, “Country bumpkin!” Bang!

His fingers moved slightly, and a force was released and landed on the ground.

A bowl-sized pit was blasted open on the ground. Dust flew everywhere and landed on Old Man Zito’s face. His mouth was filled with soil.

“Which f*cking dog is shooting off firecrackers for no reason?!” Old Man Zito was so angry that he cursed.

A wave of pressure pervaded the air.

Suppressing hundreds of glass blades, suppressing tens of thousands of people!

That sloppy old man outside was actually a War God?

Jax gulped and stole a glance at Tristan. He saw with his own eyes how Tristan had released his power. This was a king-level technique!

He suddenly felt that this villa was too scary!

Was this still the Neal family he knew?

This was too strange!

Tristan pulled Sammy Dudley away and said unhappily, "Let's go. We won't let her treat you. You're a ninth-level War God. Why would he not have a temper? After being a hidden agent for ten years, does it mean his temper has been worn out?" Sammy had a helpless expression. The commander was in the room, so how could he dare throw a tantrum?

On the other hand, Tristan was much more casual in front of Braydon Neal.

Jade was shocked. She did not expect Sammy to be a War God.

Moreover, he was an advanced level War God, one of the top three ranks.

Why were all these big shots gathered in the Neal family's villa?

Everything was too abnormal!

At this moment, Jax's head was filled with question marks. He did not dare to say anything else.

He realized that his smugness just now was a joke in the eyes of these people.

Braydon looked at the dark sky outside. It was time for dinner.

Since there were guests tonight, they naturally prepared a sumptuous banquet.

Braydon left a prescription in the room and said, "Logan, have the Preston main team collect these herbs. Then, take out one of the six spiritual herbs

that Namar's envoy sent over. Grind it into powder and divide it into ten portions. Mix each portion into the medicinal soup and boil it to treat Sammy's injuries." Logan took the prescription and went to collect the spiritual herbs.

Braydon stood at the door with his hands behind his back. He looked at the second floor with tenderness in his eyes and chuckled. "Heather, come down and eat with me!" Heather Sage held Ginny Neal's hand and followed Braydon to the bright hall to attend the banquet for Jade and her brother.

As for Tristan and Old Man Zito, he did not let them come over.

If these two people came over, Jax would be scared out of his wits.

Old Man Zito was an unreliable War God, but to Jax, he was a big shot.

There was also Tristan, who was one of the three capital garrison governors.

All the martial artists in the world were terrified of the capital garrison.

Therefore, if Tristan joined them, Jax and Jade would not be at ease.

In the main hall of the bright hall, the sumptuous banquet began.

Liam Neal sat at the head of the table and smiled brightly. "Alright, make yourself at home. Start eating. Jade, eat more." Jade picked up her chopsticks and looked curiously at Braydon.

If she was not curious, she would definitely be lying.

There were actually many experts hidden in the villa courtyard of this white-robed young man. There were three big shots.

Even the capital garrison, Tristan Yandell, lived here.

It proved that the eldest son of the Neal family was extraordinary.

"Braydon, you know Deputy Governor Yandell?" Jax could not help but ask.

No one expected him to address Braydon Neal as Braydon.

However, this was a family banquet, so Braydon did not care about such a small matter.

After all, Jax looked like he was five or six years older than the youthful Braydon, and he and his sister Jade and Liam were fellow disciples, so he called him by his given name.

Jade put down her chopsticks, her eyes filled with curiosity.

Heather bit her chopsticks and said softly, "They already know each other. Stinky Braydon is very close with them. They've known each other for many years." "What?" Jax's gaze was strange. "Are you Deputy Governor Yandell's student?" "To be able to obtain the favor of a governor and become his disciple, in the future, he will serve in the capital garrison. His achievements will definitely be above ours." Jade's thin lips moved slightly.

She had a quiet and indifferent personality, but she was obviously a little envious.

After all, Tristan was one of the three governors, and he had even mastered a king-level technique!

In the future Braydon would inherit the mantle and would definitely be able to hold a high position in the capital garrison.

Braydon smiled faintly. He had no interest in joining the capital garrison.

He was the Northern King. Would they dare to accept him joining the capital garrison?

The king of the northern territory would serve in the north for life.

As long as this young king was still standing, no one in the world could touch him, and no one could make the king stay or go.

Those who knew a little about the northern territory knew that the northern army's million men would not allow others to touch the northern army's leader!

No one could touch the legend of the north!

Jax shrugged helplessly. "Sis, you're not bad yourself. You're already a warlord. Braydon, you've become Deputy Governor Yandell's disciple, so how strong are you now?" After saying that.

Jade looked over and instinctively felt that Braydon, as a student of the governor, should be stronger than her.

Braydon could not help but laugh. In the blink of an eye, he had become Tristan's disciple.

If this matter reached Westley Hader's ears, Tristan would probably be pressed to the ground and beaten into a pulp.

Heather wrinkled her nose. She could tell that Jax was a little proud when he mentioned that his sister, Jade, was a warlord.

At such an age, becoming a warlord was also considered a top genius.

"Stinky Braydon's strength should be king level!" Heather said softly.

She was so silly that she did not know the strength division of ancient martial arts practitioners at all.

She did not know what king level meant to a martial artist!

When Jax heard this, his eyes went blank. He shivered and said with a red face, "Don't mess around and saying things like king level. That's too scary." "Do you know what a king is?" Jade frowned and looked at Heather. She had a vague feeling that this girl was just an ordinary person.

"I don't." Heather shook her head. "Stinky Braydon told me about it before. I forgot about it!" "You forgot what I told you? Why do you still look so confident?" Braydon could help but laugh. He took out a tissue and reached out to wipe the vegetable juice from the corner of her lips.

Just this action alone was filled with tenderness.

He doted on her!

The Strongest War God chapter 194-I'm King Level!

Such intimate actions.

Heather Sage was almost twenty years old. Her face was slightly red as she glared at him. "I'm not a martial artist. Why would I remember this?" "If you're not a martial artist, how can you talk about king-level strength!" Jax Jackman was a little unhappy.

!!

The word king was like a holy peak in the hearts of low-level martial artists. They could only look up to it and not compare in the slightest.

Heather was instantly furious. She was telling the truth.

Braydon Neal was a king-level person; many people had said so before.

In the end, Braydon helped her wipe away the stain on the corner of her lips and smiled lightly. "Heather doesn't need to cultivate martial arts. I will protect her for the rest of her life. No one in the world can bully her!" "You're too straightforward for your own good!" Heather rolled her eyes.

Although she was a little embarrassed, she knew that Braydon would never lie.

After interacting with him ever since he arrived, Heather understood how terrifying the man in white who wanted to protect her was.

He looked like he was seventeen years old, but he was forever young. No one in the younger generation of the world could compare to him!

He was the Northern King.

The people who pledged their loyalty to him were the strongest army in Hansworth, the northern army, and he commanded millions of cavalries!

Heather had never dreamed of having such a boyfriend.

If there was someone who could stand shoulder to shoulder with him, it would be capital garrison governor, Westley Hader!

However, such a person was a subordinate in front of King Braydon!

The Northern King was an immortal legend.

Jax and Jade Jackman naturally did not believe what Heather said.

Braydon looked too young. If he was a king, it would be hard to believe.

Moreover, Heather was not even a martial artist. She was obviously an ordinary person. The credibility of her words was undoubtedly reduced to the lowest point.

“Braydon,” Jax probed, “are you really not going to tell me? Is it because you’re not as strong as me?” Braydon was focused on wiping the corners of Heather’s mouth. When he looked at his younger sister, Ginny Neal, she was also pouting, wanting her brother to wipe her mouth clean.

Braydon could not help but laugh. His eyes were filled with tenderness and affection.

However, this smile made Jax’s face darken.

Was he looking down on him?

“I’m not as good as my sister,” Jax said in a low voice. “But I’m also an advanced warrior now. Are you really not as good as me?” “Heather, take Ginny out to play!” Braydon had never urged Ginny to do her homework.

On the contrary, on the second floor of Braydon’s villa, Heather had secretly renovated a video game room.

The two girls, one big and one small, often played video games.

Liam Neal and Qahira Summer still did not know about this little secret.

Moreover, there were several War God level figures in King Braydon’s residence, so no one could casually search it.

Heather and Ginny ate and drank their fill. They appeared to be carefree and happily went to play video games.

Braydon watched them leave. His thin lips moved slightly, and he said softly, “Sometimes, I really want to trade my hundred years of life for your innocence!” It was a very soft sound that no one could hear.

It could also be seen from the side how much Braydon cared about the two girls.

After they left.

Braydon looked at Jax and smiled. “What did you say?” He did not even explain and instead asked Jax what he said!

With Braydon’s status, he did not need to explain to Jax what he was thinking.

Jax's face darkened. He was ignored just now.

This was too disrespectful to him!

After all, Jax was someone who cared about his reputation.

"Jax wanted to ask if you're a martial artist." Jade smiled.

This sentence once again underestimated Braydon.

It was not that Braydon could not compare to Jax.

Now, he was directly asking Braydon if he was a martial artist.

The Northern King who was proud of the northern territory was not a martial artist?

Braydon smiled faintly. "I'm considered a martial artist. I started practicing martial arts when I was seven. It's been thirteen years now." "I'm a high-level warrior. What about you?" Jax's eyes were provocative.

Jade was curious. As the student of Deputy Governor Yandell, his strength could not be weaker than Jax's.

If that was the case, it would be completely unreasonable.

The capital garrison was the leader of all the major martial arts forces in the world.

Many martial arts practitioners dreamed of joining the capital garrison and enjoying the best resources.

Under the gaze of the siblings.

"I'm king level!" Braydon smiled.

The whole place fell silent.

Jax was stunned and rolled his eyes. "Come on, stop fooling around. You, king level? If so, I'm a ninth-level king!" Jax treated Braydon's words as a joke.

Braydon smiled lightly, not wanting to explain anything.

It was completely unnecessary!

He was about to get up and leave.

Jade was a very intelligent girl. She suddenly asked, “Sammy Dudley was poisoned five times. Did you use your cultivation to help him neutralize two layers of poison?” “Sis, what are you thinking? Only kings can use their cultivation to neutralize poison!” As Jax spoke, he turned around to look at Braydon’s back.

When he saw something, his eyes immediately glazed over.

Braydon stood up and walked to the entrance of the bright hall. A gust of cool night wind caused the black cloak on his shoulders to flutter.

Behind the cloak, a golden Qilin that was stepping on clouds seemed to be about to leap out as it danced. It was originally an auspicious beast, but it exuded a dignified and noble aura.

Golden Qilin as a robe!

In the entire world, only one person could wear it.

Not to mention martial artists, even ordinary people knew about this symbol.

This was the emblem of the northern army!

There were three symbols of the north.

One was the golden Qilin.

The second was the Northern Cold Sword.

The third was the Northern King’s order!

The three symbols were the symbol of the northern army.

Jade’s bright eyes were filled with shock. She covered her mouth with her fair hands and cried out, “The golden Qilin robe?” “Sis, this, he ...” Jax was so scared that he kept hiccupping.

He was not stupid. As a martial artist, he had heard of the most terrifying army in Hansworth, the northern army. It only respected the Northern King and defended against the eight countries outside the country.

Most importantly, should the Northern King not be in the northern territory?

Why was he here?

What was even more unbelievable was that he was actually a member of the Neal family.

Braydon's footsteps were like that of a tiger. He did not stop and left immediately.

Liam Neal smiled bitterly. "You don't have to be nervous. Braydon is like that. He was sent to the northern territory when he was seven years old. He has developed an indifferent attitude toward everything." "Senior Brother Neal, is he really the Northern King?" Jax still could not believe it. Recalling what he said earlier, he wished he could crawl into the ground.

He had actually mocked the Northern King just now!

The strength of an advanced warrior that he was so proud of was a complete joke in front of such a person.

Jade's face was pale as she understood why Tristan Yandell was here!

She also understood why there were so many War God level characters in Braydon Neal's courtyard!

Several big shots were living leisurely in the small courtyard of the Neal family's villa.

No matter how one looked at it, the owner of the villa was not an ordinary person!

Perhaps only the Northern King would be accompanied by a War God.

Because there were more than a hundred War Gods in the northern region.

Without exception, they were all subjects under the Northern King!

The Strongest War God chapter 195-Esteemed Guests, You're Here!

Jade Jackman and her brother really did not expect that in the Neal family's manor, the most terrifying person was not Tristan Yandell, but the eldest son, Braydon Neal!

The Neal family had actually nurtured such a big shot. It could be foreseen that in the next 300 years, the Neal family would be the number one family in Hansworth!

Unfortunately, the Neal family did not have many people.

Otherwise, with Braydon being born in the Neal family, if he produced a profligate son, no one would be able to control him.

!!

"I don't know much about Braydon," Liam Neal explained. "But from what I know, the five commanders are all his subordinates. That's why I asked you to come and take refuge here." "Of course. The five commanders are all from the northern army. The outside world knows that once you enter the northern territory and join the northern army, there is only one person who will be respected from then on, and that person is the Northern King!" Jade's eyes were filled with respect.

What she did not know was that not only were the five commanders from the northern territory, but the three garrison governors were all from the northern army.

The current governor Westley Hader was one of the three sons of the north.

Last night, Westley had even said something publicly in the hall.

That sentence was that he, Westley Hader, would only respect his brother in this life.

The information revealed by this sentence was shocking enough.

The influence of the northern region commander was extremely terrifying.

Even though they were thousands of miles away, the ten legions of the northern army would follow Braydon Neal's orders. They could start a war and sweep the eight countries outside the border with the power of the autumn wind.

Secondly, if the northern army went south, none of the seven legions in the country would be able to block the blades of the northern army!

How powerful was the north?

Just look at the cowardly looks of the eight foreign countries.

If the soldiers of the northern army unsheathed their swords, it would be just like last night, when millions of tigers in black roared at the border of Namar, scaring the eight countries outside the border, making them cowards.

The terror of Braydon Neal was not limited to this!

In the bright hall, Liam said, "It's getting late. Jade, you should rest early. You can stay in the Neal family from now on. I'll go find Braydon to help solve the problem at Preston mountains." "Sorry to trouble you, Senior Brother Neal!" Jade thanked him politely.

She heaved a sigh of relief. With the Northern King here, the trouble she and her brother had caused in Preston mountains would not be difficult to resolve.

This pair of siblings had come to the Neal family to take refuge.

Jax and Jade Jackman were arranged to stay in a villa. It was dark outside, and the stars hung high in the sky. The stars shone on the ground, making the world quiet.

In Braydon's villa.

"Braydon, are you asleep?" Liam asked.

"Fourth Uncle, what's wrong? Let's talk inside!" Braydon calmly descended from the roof.

Tristan Yandell and the others saw that Liam had something to talk to Braydon about, so they drank in the pavilion in the small courtyard and did not disturb the two of them.

Liam concealed his intentions. "It's Jade and Jax. They caused trouble in the Preston mountains. Yesterday, my teacher personally wrote to me and asked if it was convenient for me to let Jade come to the Neal family to hide. I agreed to it." "Who did she offend?" Braydon did not blame him, nor did he dislike him.

What the Fourth Master Neal thought was troublesome, in front of Braydon, it might be a trivial matter.

With Braydon's power, he could raze the Preston mountains with a single word, wipe out all the living beings in Preston mountains, and wipe out all the evil in it.

At this moment, Liam gently waved his hand. "You've been back to Preston for some time now. Have you heard of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains?" "The twelve bandits of Preston mountains? Fourth Master, you've offended them?" Logan Hall was startled and entered the room.

Tristan held a wine glass and said arrogantly, "Who cares? As long as they are martial artists, they will be killed without mercy if they commit evil!" "Big Brother Tristan, you don't know that Preston mountains is a vast area. It is located at the junction of three provinces. The landscape of tens of thousands of square kilometers of mountain forests makes the environment inside extremely complicated!

"In ancient times, Preston mountains was the imperial mausoleum of the Soho Empire. Countless secrets were buried there, attracting a large number of martial artists to hide in the Preston mountains. They wanted to spy on the tombs and the treasures buried inside.

"Among them, the twelve bandits of Preston mountains are the most arrogant!" ... Logan's voice was filled with helplessness.

With the strength of the Preston team, they could not do anything to the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

These twelve people were all extremely vicious people. As long as the Preston team received news of their whereabouts, they would report it to the provincial capital.

In the past ten years, the Quill team had been dispatched several times, but they had not even seen the whereabouts of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

It was all because of the complex topography of Preston mountains, with lush green forests. If a martial artist deliberately hid himself there, he would not be found even with a widespread and thorough search.

Therefore, the twelve bandits of Preston mountains had been hiding in the mountains. Those who had seen them were all dead.

Liam explained, "It was Jade who provoked them. She was hunted down in Preston mountains. Teacher couldn't protect her and Jax, so he sent them out of Preston mountains. In the outside world, the twelve bandits of Preston mountains wouldn't dare to do anything." Logan agreed with this statement.

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains were only active in the Preston mountains area and never left.

If they were to come to the cities outside and act recklessly, Zayn Ziegler, the Commander of the Central Plains, and the others would not just sit there and do nothing!

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains were able to survive because they knew that martial artists could not cause trouble in the outside world.

This was a red line!

If any martial artist wreaked havoc in the outside world and killed ordinary people, the special operations teams, the dark divisions, and the capital garrison would kill them if they encountered them.

"Fourth Uncle, I'm afraid you're wrong!" Braydon chuckled.

"What do you mean?" Liam was stunned.

Tristan said calmly, "Fourth Uncle, you have underestimated the ferocity of martial artists. According to Logan's description, these twelve people are ruthless in their actions. They don't leave any future troubles behind. They are considered ruthless among rogue martial artists.

"If they want to kill the two of them, they won't let it go." Logan was certain that the twelve bandits of Preston mountains would not let this matter rest.

One had to know that Jade was a beginner warlord. Her strength was not weak, but she was being chased.

There was also Fourth Master Neal's teacher, the old warlord. Even if he was not a War God, he was at least a ninth-level warlord.

In the end, he could not protect Jax and Jade.

It could be imagined that the strength of these twelve people had far exceeded the evaluation made by the Preston team.

They had appeared on the Preston mountains ten years ago.

After such a long time, the Preston team had no way of knowing how much their strength had improved.

However, he was sure that martial artists below the War God level would not be able to do anything to the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

With their strength, once they had the intention to kill, why would they put the Preston team in their eyes?

“I see.” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled. “It seems that there will be distinguished guests tonight.” “This subordinate is on night duty tonight!” Sammy Dudley knew what to do.

“Forget it,” Tristan said unhappily. “You haven’t fully recovered, and the poison hasn’t been completely neutralized. If you fight with others again, you’re going to get killed!” With Tristan and Old Man Zito around, it was not Sammy’s turn to make a move.

In this quiet night, a cool breeze blew across the lawn of the Neal family manor.

Two black shadows quietly flashed past.

Braydon moved in a flash and stood with his hands behind his back. He buttoned his Qilin robe and smiled. “Esteemed guests, you’re here!”

The Strongest War God chapter 196-Twelve Bandits of Preston mountains In the pitch-black night, the cold wind suddenly blew high, sweeping up a few fallen leaves and landing on the roof of the bright hall.

Braydon Neal stood on the roof of the bright hall with his hands behind his back. The bright moon was above his head, and the starlight fell on his white clothes, making him look even more tranquil and indifferent.

“Esteemed guests have arrived. Apologies for not welcoming you!” Braydon smiled faintly.

The honored guests were the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

!!

The two people who came to the Neal family's manor under the cover of the night were both shocked.

They had not expected that they would be discovered the moment they stepped into this place.

The two of them stopped at the same time and stood on the roof of the bright hall. They did not dare to underestimate the young man in white in front of them.

He could sense the two of them sneaking in.

There was an expert in the Neal family's manor!

The thin man with a pointy face and monkey cheeks was almost forty years old. He cupped his hands and said, "We took the liberty to come here tonight. Please forgive me. However, the Jackman siblings took something they shouldn't have!" "If you hand it over tonight, Ninth Brother and I guarantee that we won't hurt a single blade of grass or tree in the Neal family!" The man wearing a suit and a goatee released his aura.

Intermediate warlord!

With such strength, he could indeed chase after Jade and Jax.

The two of them were Eighth Goat and Ninth Monkey of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

The twelve bandits corresponded to the twelve zodiacs, and their strength was determined by their ranking.

Braydon smiled lightly. Tonight, two people who were listed as B-rank on the wanted list by the Preston main team had barged into his Neal family manor and even asked him to hand over the people in his place!

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains must think that they had control over Preston.

"Only the two of you among the twelve bandits of Preston mountains are here?" Braydon chuckled.

“The two of us brothers are enough. As far as I know, there isn’t even a warlord level martial artist in the entire city. Steve Xavier, the leader of the Preston main team, is only a warrior!” The thin man, Ninth Monkey, had a condescending attitude.

With their strength, they could indeed run amok in Preston.

The prerequisite was that they did not provoke the Neal family!

Eighth Goat was a little uneasy. He said in a low voice, “Hand over the Jackman siblings and we will leave. Otherwise, we will make your Neal family restless tonight.” Ninth Monkey’s faint warning and Eighth Goat’s cold threat.

Threatening the Neal family?

They must really think that the Northern King would not dare to slaughter the twelve bandits of Preston mountains!

From what Eighth Goat said, Braydon could not tolerate them.

Everything in the Neal family manor was the last soft place in Braydon’s heart.

Ever since he returned, he had spared no effort to protect everything in the Neal family manor. He could not bear to hurt even a single plant in the house.

Braydon would grant any request of his family.

But now, Eighth Goat actually dared to say he wanted to cause the Neal family to be restless.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. His thin body gave off a powerful aura as he laughed, his laughter resounding through the entire Preston city.

“Haha, the twelve bandits of Preston mountains wanting to make my Neal family restless!” Braydon’s eyes were like lightning as he glanced at the two.

Ninth Monkey’s entire body stiffened, as if he was being stared at by a peerless beast.

He shuddered.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Tristan, pass on the order to Zayn Ziegler. Send 8,000 imperial guards to suppress the Preston mountains. Find the remaining ten bandits before dawn!" "Understood!" Tristan stood at the entrance of bright hall and turned around to give the order to the Central Hansworth main team.

There were three governors of the capital garrison. Each governor's order was for the five main teams, so the five commanders had to listen to the orders.

In the provincial capital of Quill, on the top floor of the Central Hansworth Headquarters building.

Yelena Cross hurriedly entered the room and looked at Zayn, who was wearing a coat. She said, "Commander, Deputy Governor Yandell has issued an order in Preston. He wants the Central Hansworth imperial guards to head to Preston mountains and capture the twelve bandits before dawn." "Follow the orders and get the guards to move out!" Zayn had to obey.

Every time an order was issued, it would be recorded and sent directly to the capitals hall, so Westley Hader was in the know.

In addition, Tristan Yandell, as one of the three governors, was arranged to be by King Braydon's side.

This imperceptibly revealed Westley's stand.

Tristan staying by Braydon's side was to clear all obstacles before the coronation.

Therefore, Tristan's order was something that the five main teams had to obey. Whoever did not do their job well would most likely alert Westley.

Anyone from the north knew how monstrous Westley was.

The people of the north were all talented.

Other than the Northern King, no one else could suppress this group of people.

Cole Colbie could not do it, Westley Hader could not do it, and the ten ruthless men of the northern territory could not do it.

The north only respected the Northern King!

At this moment.

The 8,000 black-robed guards of the Central Hansworth Headquarters were the core elite force of the Central Hansworth main team. They were personally led by the commander, Zayn Ziegler. To mobilize this elite force, there must be a commander's order!

The strength of the five main teams' guards was to deal with emergencies like an A1 command.

Now that Tristan had personally given the order, Zayn had to follow it no matter what.

Although the few of them were comrades, they belonged to the capital garrison, so there was a difference between them.

At this moment, in the entire Neal family manor.

Braydon stood on the roof of the bright hall with his hands behind his back. His thin figure was filled with a cold murderous aura.

"Who are you?" Ninth Monkey asked in shock.

"Mobilizing the 8,000 imperial guards of the Central Hansworth main team requires the order of the commander!" Eighth Goat's eyes were filled with disbelief.

Before they came, they had investigated the Neal family. Although they were one of the seven great families of Preston, they were just an ordinary family. Even if there were martial artists, they could not stop the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

Tristan took a step forward, his body suffused with the might of a War God.

Suppressing hundreds of grass blades, suppressing tens of thousands of people!

As long as it was a martial artist, there was no one who did not know about this aura.

A War God!

Under the starlight, Ninth Monkey and Eighth Goat finally saw two people standing under the bright hall!

One was Tristan, who had received the order earlier!

He was dressed in silver flying fish clothes, and his tiger body exuded a majestic aura.

Just the pattern on his clothes alone caused shock and despair to appear on the two's faces.

Silver flying fish official robe, capital garrison governor!

Such a big shot was actually in the Neal family!

If the twelve bandits of Preston mountains knew about this, they would not have dared to come even if they were killed.

However, tonight, the twelve bandits of the Preston mountains who had dominated Preston mountains for ten years finally kicked an iron plate.

The reason why they were still alive all these years was because they had not offended any powerful figures.

Unfortunately, they had offended someone they should not have.

There were two people standing at the entrance of the bright hall. One was one of the three capital garrison governors, Tristan Yandell.

The other was Sammy Dudley, a hidden agent in the north!

Even though Sammy was injured, the iron bones in his thin body were filled with an extremely powerful pressure. The grass blades in the manor in front of him all bent over.

"Another War God?" asked Ninth Monkey in shock.

"Ninth-level War God, hidden agent of the north, Sammy Dudley, participating in the battle!" Sammy appeared and bowed to Braydon, answering the questions of the two people who were about to die.

This would show Eighth Goat who the eldest young master of the Neal family was!

He was a spy of the northern army and a ninth-level War God!

As for the white-robed young man at the top of the bright hall.

He was the plain-clothed man of the northern territory, the Northern King!

The Strongest War God chapter 197-Holding the Dragon Gall Spear, Attacking Preston Mountains at Night After these words, the entire Neal family manor was silent.

In the cool night, the afterglow of the setting moon shone on Ninth Monkey and Eighth Goat's faces, revealing their fear.

They looked at the roof of the bright hall. The white-robed youth turned around and stepped down from the sky. He wore a black cloak with a lifelike golden Qilin. He was like a king.

The three symbols of the north were the cold sword, the golden Qilin, and the Northern King's order!

!!

Without exception, there was no one in the world who dared to wear a golden Qilin robe.

Only the Northern King, Braydon Neal, would!

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains spread rumors tonight that the Neal family would be in chaos.

Braydon dared to investigate Preston mountains thoroughly, find the twelve bandits of Preston mountains, and kill them all.

As Braydon walked down from the roof of the bright hall, he saw Jade and Jax Jackman coming out from afar. They looked at him with respect.

Sammy Dudley and Tristan Yandell followed Braydon on the left and right respectively, stepping on the soft grass and drawing long shadows under the starlight.

Ninth Monkey and Eighth Goat trembled. The two intermediate warlords ran amok on Preston mountains, but at this moment, they were terrified!

Braydon walked over calmly.

Every step he took was crushing their psychological defenses. Every step he took was like stepping on their hearts.

This kind of absolute pressure made their breathing rhythm inexplicably follow Braydon's footsteps.

In just a few seconds.

"Pfft, run!" Eighth Goat spat out blood and was terrified. He had no intention of resisting the legend of the north and was injured by his aura.

He and Ninth Monkey turned around and wanted to run!

The two of them had just turned around when they were stunned in the next second.

Braydon's steps were slow, but in a flash, he appeared at the entrance of the Neal family manor.

A speed of tens of meters per second!

Eighth Goat and Ninth Monkey's eyes revealed despair.

"Can you escape?" Sammy asked indifferently.

That's right, could two intermediate warlords escape from King Braydon?

There was no hope of escaping.

"What did Jade Jackman take from you?" Braydon asked calmly.

Eighth Goat and Ninth Monkey looked at each other and hesitated.

Braydon smiled faintly. "It's fine. If you don't want to say it, then don't. Little Monkey, kill them!" His casual words made the two of them speak in shock and anger, "No, she took..." He would not even give them the chance to say a complete sentence.

King Braydon had given the order, and there was no possibility of changing it.

Tristan unsheathed the cold sword at his waist, and a black ribbon slashed across the necks of the two men, killing them on the spot!

“According to Hansworth’s ironclad law, the two of you have the special operations team’s B-rank kill orders on your backs. Any martial artist in the world can kill you on the spot!” Tristan sheathed his sword, not staining it with the blood of the innocent.

This was the eight ironclad laws of the north!

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains all carried B-rank kill orders.

Those who could bear such a killing order were mostly vicious people who had committed a huge mistake and had the blood of innocent people on their hands.

The twelve bandits had been roaming the Preston mountains for ten years, and the number of blood debts recorded by the Preston main team was around 30 to 50.

In the Preston mountains, there were nearly a hundred innocent martial artists who had died at the hands of the twelve bandits.

For this kind of martial artist, the danger level assessed by the Preston main team was definitely a red danger level. If they encountered them, they would kill them.

This kind of martial artist was too dangerous. If they were not careful, they would lose control and enter the city to kill. It would definitely cause panic among ordinary people.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, ignoring the two corpses at his feet. He said indifferently, “Aren’t you two siblings going to come out and explain?” Jade and Jax Jackman walked out from the darkness.

These two people had been in the Neal family for half a day, but they kept their mouths shut about what they had taken from the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

There were many opportunities during this period, but Jade did not reveal anything.

The Neal family had protected her, but in the end, she had hidden important information.

This kind of selfish person was not liked by any man in the north.

If it was in the northern territory, there would be no place for such selfish people.

Tristan's gaze gradually turned cold. "I haven't settled the matter of you blocking Logan's car during the day. Now tell me, what did you take from the twelve bandits of Preston mountains?" "We didn't take anything!" Jax retorted angrily.

Sammy glanced over and calmly said, "If you didn't take their stuff, would they leave Preston mountains and attack the Neal family at night to kill you two?" Jax thought he was smart. Did he think that Tristan was too kind? Or did he think that Sammy, who had been a hidden agent for ten years, was an idiot?

Tristan was one of the three governors, leading the capital garrison. He had five main teams and hundreds of thousands of people from the dark division. His wisdom, skills, and strength were all dragons among men.

There was also Sammy, who had been hiding in Namar's capital, Linar, for ten years and was the head of the eight deputy commanders of Linar's imperial army.

It proved his ability!

Jax still wanted to quibble.

"This is a private matter between my brother and me." Jade frowned.

"You're shameless!" Tristan was angered. He thought that Old Man Zito, that old fox, was already infuriating enough.

In the end, he did not expect that this pair of siblings would be even more shameless.

Tonight, if it was not for the Neal family protecting them, Jade and her brother would have died.

Ninth Monkey and Eighth Goat were both intermediate third-level warlords.

Battle generals were divided into three ranks and nine levels.

Lower rank third level, mastering three levels of dark force.

Intermediate rank third level, mastering six levels of dark force.

Upper rank third level, mastering nine levels of dark force.

Jade was a lower rank warlord, and Jax was an upper rank warrior. Facing Ninth Monkey alone, he could easily kill both of them.

These two people caused trouble for the Neal family, but they still refused to reveal the truth.

Tristan and the others found it hard to understand!

Those who came from the northern army ranged from the ten ruthless men of the north to Sully Cage, whom they had met before.

Their bones were like iron, and they held cold swords. They did not respect heaven and earth, nor did they fear ghosts and Gods. They only respected their commander!

It could be said that every man in the north had a heroic body.

It could be seen from their eight ironclad laws that the people of the north would rather die singing in the rain than live under someone else's roof.

They would rather die than accept the kindness of outsiders.

In this world, there were proud men of the north, and there was also shameless trash.

The same water and rice could breed hundreds of different people!

Braydon left with his hands behind his back, ignoring the siblings.

He helped them tonight because of his fourth uncle, Liam Neal.

The Neal family protected the two of them because of Liam.

Moreover, Braydon had already given the order to find the remaining ten bandits at dawn. At that time, Jade and her brother would have no reason to stay in the Neal family.

Braydon did not want to pay any attention to these kinds of people who had no dignity.

Braydon returned to the courtyard of the villa and pulled out a long black spear. It was the 18-foot-long dragon gall spear!

The spear tip flickered with a dim light. Braydon held it with his left hand, turned around, stepped on the roof, and flew across the sky.

They were going to attack the Preston mountains at night!

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains were all the same.

Ninth Monkey's wanted the Neal family to be in chaos.

These words stirred up Northern King Braydon's killing intent.

It was the twelve bandits of Preston mountains that caused this chaos.

In the Preston mountains, the cold wind was bone-piercing...

The Strongest War God chapter 198-The Captain Arrives, Seventh-Level War God!

The Preston mountains were filled with lush vegetation. Sometimes, one could see wolf kings howling at the moon. They were all wild animals.

The appearance of wild wolves on the outskirts of Preston mountains proved that the forest was recovering.

In the direction of the villas on Preston mountains, Braydon Neal held the dragon gall spear and stepped on the flying leaves. Under the moonlight, his white clothes were as white as snow, and he looked like an immortal.

Moving at a speed of 70 meters per second, this was Braydon's king-level ability.

!!

Tristan Yandell followed closely behind, and Logan Hall bitterly laughed as he stuck out his butt to follow. However, his movement speed was far inferior to the two great figures in front of him.

Logan had also broadened his horizons by following them daily.

Sammy Dudley was injured, so he and Old Man Zito stayed behind to guard the Neal family.

There were more than a hundred black helicopters in Preston mountains, all of which were the latest model of transport aircraft. Young men in black with the Northern King sword embroidered on their chests landed in the Preston mountains.

Eight thousand elites led by the central plains imperial guards' captain, Hatcher Murphy, arrived at the Preston mountains!

The tiger-eyed man, who was eight feet tall, wore a black robe, a black scarf, and a northern cold sword at his waist. His position was no lower than Zayn Ziegler.

There were five commanders in the five main teams.

Other than the five commanders, there were also five captains. They were not under the jurisdiction of the five commanders but were directly under the jurisdiction of the capital garrison.

In other words, the five captains took orders from Westley Hader, the capital governor in the capital hall.

The reason for this establishment was to prevent the five commanders from gaining too much power and not listening to orders.

The existence of the five captains controlled the five main teams and the core elite forces. They followed the capital garrison and increased the influence of the governor, Westley Hader.

They ensured that Westley's orders would be passed directly to the various main teams.

Hatcher Murphy led 8,000 black-clothed guards and silently gathered at the Preston mountains.

A total of 8,000 men in black stood on the spot. Their bodies were like tigers, unmoving like mountains. They were in an orderly formation, and each of them gave off an iron-blooded aura.

This kind of aura was extremely similar to the northern army!

Just based on this aura, one could conclude that the central Hansworth main team's black-robed guards were definitely military personnel.

The military aura they exuded could not be concealed.

A total of eight thousand men looked at the young man in white who was approaching from afar. He stood with his hands behind his back and stood on a towering tree.

Everyone's tiger eyes revealed fervent faith!

This kind of gaze, did it not look like the way the northern men look at the commander?

They really looked the same way!

Hatcher Murphy looked at Braydon Neal, who had just arrived. He pulled out the sword at his waist and placed it across his chest. "The Central Plains main team's Captain Hatcher Murphy greets the Northern King!" "The Central Plains main team's 8,000 imperial guards pay their respects to the Northern King!" A total of 8,000 bold men in black all pulled out their black blades from their waists.

The cold swords were stabbed into the ground, and they all knelt on one knee.

The iron-blooded voice of the eight thousand people was like a tiger's roar, breaking the silence of the dark night.

"There is no kneeling ceremony in the north," Braydon said softly. "Don't forget this!" "If the commander still recognizes me, then we won't kneel!" Hatcher Murphy sheathed his saber and laughed foolishly.

The captain, who was known for his ruthlessness, was a man who intimidated the three provinces of the Central Plains. He was feared by all martial artists.

Compared to Zayn Ziegler, solo martial artists were more afraid of Captain Hatcher Murphy.

The reason was simple.

Zayn was commander, and he would do things according to the ironclad law of the central Hansworth main team.

However, once Hatcher led the imperial guards out, more than one or two people would die.

The captains were dispatched to carry out the order to kill!

Any martial artist who saw them, regardless of good or evil, would die.

This was the core strength of the five captains and the five main teams.

It was extremely mysterious.

If any martial artists provoked them, they did not have to struggle, they would just have to wait for death.

Now, Captain Hatcher's words revealed an important piece of information.

He was from the northern army!

Not only was Hatcher from the northern army, but the eight thousand elites behind him were all from the northern army!

The retired people of the north were all selected by the five main teams.

So now, one should understand the influence of the Northern King.

The world was so big, but you could find people from the north anywhere you went!

In this life, the children of the north only respected the Northern King.

"I haven't seen all of you for many years. I'm relieved that you're all well," Braydon said softly.

"In this life, I've sworn to follow the commander!" As a seventh-level War God, Hatcher had been away from the northern territory for five years.

It had been five years since he had returned to the north, and he had not seen the commander the whole time.

Now, old friends meet again.

“Find the twelve bandits of Preston mountains!” Braydon ordered softly.

“Understood!” Captain Hatcher turned around and led his troops to search the entire Preston mountains.

Eight thousand warriors in black swept Preston mountains to search for the remaining ten bandits.

The Preston mountains was right next to Preston city.

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains were probably all warlords.

How could King Braydon allow unruly martial artists to threaten the safety of his family?

Moreover, the twelve bandits of Preston mountains had been wreaking havoc for ten years and had become the source of disaster for Preston mountains.

According to Hansworth’s ironclad law, they should have been arrested long ago.

Braydon chose a small hill and sat down gently. He looked up and saw a bright white moon. He inserted the dragon gall spear into the cliff.

Hatcher returned with a basket in his hand.

“Northern King, the mountain wind is bone-piercing at night. Drink some wine to drive away the cold!” Hatcher placed the food and wine on the rock.

Braydon chuckled. “Let’s sit down and eat together. Let’s talk about your life in the Central Plains main team for the past five years.” Hatcher’s identity was exposed in one sentence.

The north had hidden agents and open agents.

People like Hatcher Murphy, on the surface, seemed to have left the northern army.

However, all the martial artists in the world knew that even the retired men of the north were loyal to the northern territory.

The mark of the north could never be erased.

This type of person was an open agent.

“Commander!” Hatcher smiled bitterly. “We agreed that as a hidden agent, you can’t show yourself without the military order!” “It’s just the two of us. There’s no need to worry about it. I have something to tell you!” Braydon opened a bottle of wine.

Hatcher held the cup with both hands and downed it in one gulp.

“Commander, please give me your orders,” he said.

“Help me investigate a person in the Neal family’s manor. His real name is Grayson Zito, but I think it’s a fake name. I have a feeling that he’s a hidden agent from the north.” Braydon felt a rare headache when he said this.

The north’s hidden agents would never reveal their true identity in front of the commander.

What kind of person was Old Man Zito? Even now, he still could not be sure.

Hatcher’s expression was grave as he probed, “Is it the older generation?” “I can’t be sure. There’s no direct evidence. Based on his age, I’m guessing that he’s a hidden agent from the older generation.” Braydon toyed with the warm jade wine cup and downed it in one gulp.

The wine pierced through his throat and had a different taste.

“I’ll get someone to investigate right away!” Hatcher stood up.

“No hurry. We’ll talk after we deal with the twelve bandits of Preston mountains tonight.” Braydon asked him to sit down.

Hatcher was a little helpless. “The older generation’s hidden agents won’t show themselves unless they receive orders. Commander, don’t worry. Give me a few days. I’ll find some clues. The old hidden agent will have to show himself even if he doesn’t want to!”

The Strongest War God chapter 199-I’m Braydon Neal, the Eldest Son of the Neal Family!

As for the older generation, they would not show themselves unless they received military orders.

People like them only acknowledged the military orders of the old commander, Finley Yanagi.

This was the key point!

However, whether Old Man Zito was really a spy in the north or not, he could not be sure.

!!

That was why Braydon Neal asked Hatcher Murphy to investigate!

As the night deepened, the mountain wind was bone-chilling.

Braydon looked at Hatcher, who was wearing a single garment. He took off the black cloak on his shoulders and chuckled. "Put this on. The mountain wind is too cold at night." "Your subordinate doesn't dare to. Only the commander can wear the golden Qilin robe. This is an ironclad law, an ironclad law that cannot be overstepped!" Hatcher's expression changed drastically. He stood up and bent down.

Braydon looked helpless. The soldiers of the northern army under his command were stubborn. In their hearts, the ironclad laws of the north were red lines that could not be crossed.

In the hearts of the men of the north, the northern army was a sacred name.

It was not allowed to be stained!

It was this kind of atmosphere, these people, that had forced King Braydon to sit alone on the summit of Mount Bliz. From a young age, he had no one to accompany him. Even Westley Hader and Cole Colbie, who had grown up together, still regarded Braydon as their military commander.

The friendship between brothers and childhood friends was ranked behind the army commander.

Coincidentally, it was already three in the morning.

Hatcher's wristwatch beeped, sending him a coordinate. It was 80 kilometers away from where they were, in the hinterland of Preston mountains.

"The twelve bandits of Preston mountains have been found!" Hatcher raised his head.

In the next moment, Braydon raised his warm jade wine cup and downed it in one gulp. He then turned around and pulled out the 18-foot-long dragon gall spear that was stuck in the cliff and leaped down from the peak of the hill.

The wind was billowing. Braydon's golden Qilin robe danced on his shoulder. He flew in the air, his feet gently tapping on the falling leaves, heading toward the coordinates.

Along the way, grass blades bent over.

There were twelve wooden houses beside a lake.

Within a radius of 30 miles, there were guards surrounding this place.

Seven people were trapped in front of a wooden house.

They were the twelve bandits of Preston mountains. Now that they were trapped in the wooden house by the imperial guards, it was impossible for them to escape even if they had wings.

In the wooden house.

A big fat man with a fat face and big ears held a copper rod in his hand and shouted ferociously, "Tonight is really exciting. The twelve of us brothers were able to trigger the central plains main team's 8,000 imperial guards. Is Captain Murphy still not going to show himself?" Hatcher flashed to the front of the wooden house and said calmly, "Come out and die!" Just these four words instantly made the seven people in the room despair.

Captain Hatcher Murphy actually came personally!

He was leading 8,000 black-robed guards to kill them overnight.

The fat man was Twelfth Pig, one of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

They were all nicknames, not real names.

They were arranged according to the twelve zodiac signs.

“Tonight, if I’m going to die, I have to die knowing the truth,” he said hoarsely. “May I ask if the twelve of us have offended the central plains main team?” “No!” Hatcher was very cold.

“What?!” Twelfth Pig was furious. “Then why did you lead 8,000 guards to kill us?!” “Because you’ve provoked... the commander!” Hatcher’s eyes were cold as if he was looking at seven dead people.

As soon as he finished speaking.

Braydon stood on the lake and floated quietly on the surface of the water.

Floating on water?

This lost ancient martial arts technique was recorded in the scripture depository of the northern territory.

Moreover, the ancient martial arts technique of floating on water was not like Braydon Neal, who could float quietly on the surface of the water and only create a layer of ripples.

“Commander!” The eight thousand men in black bowed.

“Commander?” When Twelfth Pig heard this, he cried out involuntarily.

He looked at the water surface of the lake and saw a young man in white walking over. There was a faint smile on his handsome face. “They are all my men. It’s reasonable for them to call me commander. Do you have any objections?” His soft question stunned the seven people in the wooden house.

A man with a donkey face looked at the golden Qilin robe. This golden Qilin symbol was too eye-catching in the dark night!

There was no need to repeat the three symbols of the north.

“Lord Northern King!” Seventh Horse cried out in shock.

“Northern King?” The people in the wooden house found it hard to believe.

“He’s a plain-clothed man in the north, a genius of a thousand years. Northern King Braydon is here!” Twelfth Pig said in despair.

“How is this possible? We have never provoked him... It’s the Neal family!” Before Seventh Horse could finish his sentence, he suddenly remembered that the twelve bandits of Preston mountains had sent Ninth Monkey and Eighth Goat to the Neal family in Preston city.

“I’m the eldest son of the third generation of the Neal family, Braydon Neal!” Braydon smiled faintly.

Boom!

The ears of the seven people in the wooden house rang in unison.

Seventh Horse was even more agitated. He was already a warlord level martial artist. His mind was distracted, and the force in his body was violent. His blood flowed backward, and blood flowed from his mouth and nose. He almost died.

They finally understood where everything that had happened tonight had come from!

The king of the north was born in the Neal family of Preston and was the eldest son.

They were really courting death by provoking the Neal family.

With King Braydon’s power, it was a piece of cake for him to mobilize 8,000 black-clothed guards from the central plains main team to kill them at the Preston mountains.

If the Northern King wanted to, he could send the ten most terrifying armies of the north to the south, point their blades at the Preston mountains, and slaughter everything here.

Since they had offended Braydon Neal, the twelve bandits of Preston mountains would die tonight!

Braydon held the spear in his left hand. The tip of the spear was pointing downward, drawing a shallow mark on the ground. He was calm and composed.

“Tell me, where are the remaining three bandits?” Braydon asked.

Twelfth Pig and the others naturally did not want to say anything.

The twelve of them were sworn brothers who had lived here for ten years. Now that they knew that they were going to die, they would not betray their brothers.

After a brief silence.

Hatcher's eyes turned cold. "They are courting death. Transfer the secret files of the central plains main team. Find all the relatives and families of the twelve of them!" "What?" Seventh Horse's eyes were filled with shock and anger. It was obvious that he still had relatives in the outside world.

The lean Sixth Snake said coldly, "Do the central Hansworth imperial guards want to implicate the innocent?" "In the eyes of the imperial guards, there is no one innocent in this matter. If a martial artist breaks the ironclad law, they will be killed on the spot. Those who disobey will be punished severely!" Hatcher's eyes were cold, almost devoid of humanity.

This was the special operations team's only bargaining chip to intimidate the various martial artists.

In the wooden house, the seven people had ugly expressions on their faces.

They knew very well that with the ability of the central plains main team, it would not take too long to find out the background of the twelve of them.

The five main teams had the most complete information system.

As long as they wanted to investigate, there was nothing they could not find out about.

They could even investigate several generations of someone's ancestors.

Seventh Horse said in a low voice, "First Rat took Second Brother and Third Brother out for the night. They should be in the Preston mountains. We don't know where they are exactly!" "I'm curious. What is the purpose of the twelve bandits occupying the Preston mountains for ten years?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

This sentence caused the entire place to fall into a dead silence.

Obviously, the seven people in the wooden house did not want to say anything.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled. "Since you don't want to tell me, I won't force you. I'll let you take the secret to your grave!" Her soft words caused the pupils of the seven people in the room to shrink.

"Kill them all!" Hatcher's left hand moved slightly.

"Run!" Sixth Snake was shocked and furious. He roared and wanted to break through the door and charge out.

The Strongest War God chapter 200-Killing Seven Bandits with a Spear The seven bandits wanted to kill their way out of Preston mountains.

What a whimsical idea!

Braydon Neal and the captain, Hatcher Murphy, were not the only ones who came today.

There were also eight thousand black-robed guards from the central plains, all of whom were martial artists who were skilled in killing.

!!

With eight thousand elites standing here, where could the seven of them escape to?

Braydon was very calm. He glanced at Twelfth Pig and the others who had charged out of the door. The dragon gall spear in his hand flashed with a dim light.

Following that, the dragon gall spear moved!

The spear shot out like a dragon shooting into the sky, the stars falling on the earth and the moon sinking into the river.

It was Laird Xenos' spear technique.

Braydon also knew a little about it. He held the dragon gall spear, and a cold light flashed. The spear shot out like a dragon and pierced through Sixth Snake's chest.

Instantly, a bloody hole appeared!

Sixth Snake's body froze on the spot. He lowered his head to look at his chest, and blood kept oozing out.

This was a fatal injury!

The spearhead pierced through his heart and his back. It was difficult for even the Gods to save him.

"Sixth Brother!" When Seventh Horse saw this scene, his red eyes were about to split open. He turned around and pounced toward Braydon. Nine crisp sounds appeared from his palm, accompanied by an invisible dark force. One palm could shatter bones.

"I'm going to kill you!" His eyes were red.

Swoosh!

Captain Hatcher pulled out a three-foot-long blade from his waist.

The sword rose and broke the wind and clouds. It slashed horizontally like a black ribbon and instantly cut Seventh Horse in half from the waist. The two halves of his body fell to the ground and kept twisting.

The cold and ruthless captain was extremely decisive.

"Those who violate the ironclad law of Hansworth will be killed without mercy!" Hatcher only had this to say.

The twelve bandits had occupied Preston mountains for ten years!

They were walking on a tightrope, not triggering the big shots to come and kill them.

Now that the captain of the central plains main team, Hatcher Murphy, had arrived, he would definitely kill the twelve bandits of Preston mountains.

Twelfth Pig was extremely ferocious. Seeing that he had no hope of escaping, he turned around and slashed at the robe behind Braydon. The blade was about to cut the golden Qilin.

Hatcher's eyes turned cold, but he was not worried.

This was because the golden Qilin robe was impervious to fire and water!

Ordinary weapons would not leave a mark on it even if they were to slash at it forcefully.

Braydon's back was facing Twelfth Pig as the robe behind his shoulders fluttered outward. It seemed to have a force that instantly sent his fat body flying more than ten meters away.

When Braydon turned around, his left hand held the dragon gall spear and moved in an instant.

The spear then shot out!

At an extremely fast speed, the dragon gall spear pierced through Twelfth Pig's chest. The spear tip was nailed to a towering tree, and blood flowed down the trunk.

Lower-rank warlord spear nail!

To Braydon, all of this seemed insignificant.

Braydon had risen from the northern territory, and along the way, he had been accompanied by killing.

King Braydon's path of martial arts was forged through killing!

The eight-thousand-mile defense line in the north was able to stand because of this path he was on.

The concept of killing as protection!

It was carried out by everyone in the northern army.

Braydon was the commander, and he had never wavered in his belief.

On this night, deep in the Preston mountains, the seven bandits were all killed.

In addition to the two people who died in the Neal family's manor, Ninth Monkey and Eighth Goat.

Out of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains, nine had fallen.

Where were the remaining three bandits now?

Braydon held the spear in his left hand and placed his right hand behind his back. His thin lips moved slightly. "Investigate and kill the remaining three bandits!" "Understood!" Eight thousand black robes spread out, searching the mountain range of Preston mountains for the remaining three bandits.

Hatcher Murphy knew that he could not let any of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains live.

If one of them escaped, it would definitely be a disaster.

"Did you bring the two dogs from home?" Hatcher turned around and asked.

"They're already here!" The black-clothed young man beside him led two German shepherds that were half the height of a human into two houses not far away.

The twelve wooden houses should be the daily residences of the twelve bandits.

Dogs' sense of smell was about 1200 times that of a human's!

The central plains main team was not only made up of martial artists. It had nine divisions under its jurisdiction, each with their own duties. There were geomancers who observed the weather, distinguished yin and yang, and knew fengshui.

There were also Daoists who were proficient in yin-yang spells!

There were even old fellows who were proficient in divination.

There was also the Murder Department, which had raised countless dogs of all kinds.

It was said that a group of huskies were brought in last year to be trained as tracking dogs. When they were on a mission, it seemed that they had colluded with the enemy and ran away with others!

Zayn Ziegler was so angry that he ordered the rest of the huskies to be slaughtered and eaten.

The two German shepherds entered the house and sniffed around. Then, they ran out of the house and rushed toward the south. Their running speed was not inferior to that of a warrior level.

Braydon stepped on the leaves and chased after them.

However, his speed seemed to be faster than the dogs' speed... A German shepherd's speed could exceed 10 meters per second.

As a king, Braydon could reach 70 meters per second.

He was truly faster than a dog!

The eight thousand black-clothed elites were all holding swords in their left hands.

All of them were left-handed. Braydon was to blame.

The military sword technique of the northern army was created by the thousand-year-old genius, Braydon Neal.

However, Braydon was left-handed. When he was fifteen, he created a sword technique that was combined with the overpowering sword technique to create a marquis-level sword technique.

As a result, all the soldiers of the northern army became left-handed after learning it.

Braydon had to take the blame for this.

The many black-clothed elites swept through Preston mountains and rushed toward the hinterland.

On the way, they encountered five grave robbers who were almost scared out of their wits.

No matter who it was, who would not be afraid when encountering nearly ten thousand men in black in the middle of the night in the forest? Moreover, their speed was more than ten meters per second. They were all filled with killing intent.

The young man in the tomb-raiding gang had a miner's lamp clasped on his head. He watched as the black shadows passed by him without stopping.

Each of the men in black wore a black scarf and held a black sword. Their murderous aura was terrifying.

He was scared silly on the spot and said in a trembling voice, "Lord... Lord Scar, could this be... Ghost soldiers?" The faces of the few foolish grave robbers turned pale when they heard this.

The man, Lord Scar, was nearly fifty years old, and his hair was slightly white. He said in a trembling voice, "Ghost soldiers are crossing the border. Don't look directly at them. Kneel down!" "Alright, alright..." The small group of five knelt on the ground.

They were all lying on the ground with their faces buried in the soil.

Only after everyone had passed did the five of them raise their heads, their eyes revealing their shock.

However, the young man looked up into the sky. Under the bright white moon, a young man in white clothes with a black gilded Qilin robe and a black spear in his hand crossed the sky on tree branches!

Was this person flying?

This could only be seen in movies!

Unless he was not human?

The faces of the five tomb raiders turned even paler.

As grave robbers, they must believe in ghosts and Gods and had already regarded Braydon Neal as the leader of the ghost soldiers.

Braydon glanced at them from the corner of his eyes. He stepped on a branch with the tip of his spear and jumped 18 meters away. He landed on a big tree and stared at the five grave robbers with a cold gaze.

"Sir, we have no intention of offending you. We have offended you by trespassing here tonight. In the future, we will definitely burn enough paper money to apologize to you!" The person called Lord Scar knelt on the ground and kept kowtowing.

With this level of courage, they actually dared to rob a tomb in the middle of the night.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly and spat out two words, "Get lost!"