

The Strongest War God chapter 201-224

The Strongest War God chapter 201-Grade Kill Order With just one word, Lord Scar and the others felt as if they had been pardoned. They did not care about cleaning up and turned around to escape.

After all, they were ordinary people, not martial artists!

If a martial artist dug up the Soho Empire imperial tombs without permission, they would be killed without mercy.

However, Lord Scar and the others were ordinary people.

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Ordinary people had their own social police and laws to punish them.

The members of the special operations teams were not that free either. They would normally expend most of their energy to keep the martial artists in check. How would they have the time to care about ordinary people?

When ordinary people did evil, no matter how big a thing it was, they would not be able to cause any big commotion.

Many ordinary people did not even dare to kill a chicken.

As for martial artists, not to mention killing chickens, even killing people was a matter of lifting a blade.

When a martial artist did evil, he would cause trouble. For example, if a warlord level martial artist did evil, he could kill and injure thousands of people in an hour.

Therefore, the dangers that ordinary people presented were completely incomparable to martial artists.

It also caused the five main teams to adopt a tight-leash approach toward martial artists. They would not relax their hold.

If they were to relax their hold for even a little, there would be a huge mess.

The five foolish tomb raiders were just a small interlude.

The two German shepherds crossed two mountains and finally found the place.

There was a Taoist temple hidden in the Preston mountains!

The Taoist temple was hidden in the mountains.

For ordinary people, such a find would be very strange, but martial artists were used to it.

When Daoists cultivated, most of them would choose a quiet place, far away from the mortal world.

On the other hand, if they built the temple in the middle of the city, they would be monks. They would take the opportunity to collect money from the people and live a relatively wealthy life. If they were to encounter a period of war, they would decisively close the mountain gates and refuse the pilgrims.

Those people without hair on their heads had done something like this many times.

According to the records of the Preston main team, there were many martial artists hidden in the Preston mountains.

For example, Liam Neal's master, the old warlord, chose to live in the Preston mountains in his later years, far away from the city, which was in line with the style of martial artists.

Moreover, in the mountain forest, there were very few people. The people of the Preston main team were not bothered at all, and the martial artists could do whatever they wanted here.

Therefore, martial artists were more carefree here.

In addition, martial artists and ordinary people were not the same kind of people.

If the two clashed, no matter if it was right or wrong, the Preston main team would definitely take the martial artists away. Those who should be killed would be killed, and those who should be locked up would be locked up!

Martial artists were under the special operations team's jurisdiction, while ordinary people were naturally under the jurisdiction of the relevant departments and were bound by the law.

At this moment, 8,000 black-robed elites surrounded the entire Daoist temple.

Two German shepherds were barking on the steps of the Daoist temple!

Braydon Neal glanced at the signboard of the Daoist temple and chuckled. "Quon Temple!" "It's a little difficult to deal with a Daoist temple that has secluded martial artists. Should we contact the association?" Hatcher Murphy frowned.

The Dao Association was divided into two parts. One part dealt with ordinary people.

The other part was naturally to manage the martial artists of the sect!

The Dao Association was not to be trifled with!

At the very least, there were a few old fogeys who were rumored to have reached the end of their lives a few years ago and were already dead!

However, according to the information that the central plains main team had, those few oldies were still alive.

Braydon smiled lightly without any scruples!

No matter how strong the Dao Association was, could it be stronger than the northern region?

The 8,000 miles of land in the north gave birth to the northern army.

The northern army roared at the eight countries outside the border, but once the order was given, it could roar at the major forces within the country!

For example, the Dao Association and the aristocratic families had hundreds of years of history.

If these people dared to make any moves, Braydon would order the northern army to go south and wipe them out!

King Braydon had once said that he had sworn an oath when he was nine years old to protect Hansworth, to protect the well-being of the billions of people, and to protect the beautiful rivers and mountains of Hansworth!

This was not empty talk.

He was using this life to live up to this sentence!

“Put away your sword, sheath it, and knock on the door!” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and said indifferently.

Hatcher personally knocked on the door. Just as he reached the door, the closed mahogany door slowly opened, accompanied by an old voice, “The Heavenly Lord of Boundless Blessings is merciful and merciful. I didn’t know that an honored guest would come to visit so late at night. I’m sorry for not welcoming you!” As the old voice fell, an old man with white hair and a youthful face appeared.

He wore a felt hat, had a snow-white goatee, and was very thin. He had on a Daoist robe and small cloth shoes as he appeared in front of everyone.

His name was Yuzo Quon.

The old man had just stepped out of the door when he saw the person at the door and exploded on the spot.

“F*ck!” he said in a daze.

“F*ck?” Hatcher instinctively repeated what he said, and his face instantly darkened.

The old man in front of him had a sage-like appearance. The moment he opened his mouth, it ruined his seemingly wise appearance. Why did he look unreliable?

Yuzo gulped as he looked at the surrounding martial artists who were wearing black scarves and wielding cold swords in their left hands.

He almost peed his pants!

He thought that the northern army guards had come here.

However, after taking a closer look, Yuzo realized that these people were not the imperial guards of the north, but the imperial guards of the central plains!

The imperial guards of the central plains came from the central plains main team, but they were not to be trifled with.

Yuzo did not dare to be arrogant as he hurriedly bowed. "This poor Daoist is Yuzo Quon. I didn't know that Captain Murphy had arrived so late at night. How negligent of me. Please come in!" His posture was rather humble, as if he was admitting his mistake.

Hatcher's lips twitched slightly. He had not even said why he was here, nor did he even question Yuzo Quon.

In the end, this old man was so cowardly.

Moreover, he had an apologetic attitude.

Hatcher realized that he was an old fox.

From the looks of it, Yuzo had quite a number of dealings with the central Hansworth main team when he was younger.

A black-robed young man beside him said in a low voice, "Yuzo Quon, his actual name is Ernest Lanford. Forty years ago, he was an A9-grade must-kill character of the central Hansworth main team!" "What?" Hatcher's pupils constricted.

The hair on his entire body raised with those words!

A9 wanted criminal?

What did this mean? That he was a ninth-level War God!

He was a ninth-level War God forty years ago.

Now that forty years had passed, no one knew how powerful this old thing was now.

A-grade kill order, corresponded to War God levels.

War Gods were also divided into three ranks and nine levels.

A1, A2, and A3 kill orders corresponded to War Gods of the lower rank three levels.

A4, A5, and A6 kill orders corresponded to War Gods of the intermediate three levels.

A7, A8, and A9 kill orders corresponded to War Gods of the upper rank three levels.

Yuzo Quon, this old fellow, already carried an A9-grade kill order forty years ago.

The ninth-level War God from 40 years ago!

Most importantly, this kind of arrest and kill order was not issued even once in three to five years.

For a War God to reach this level, he must have cultivated for decades. His endurance and tenacity were not something ordinary people could compare to. He would not be calculative with ordinary people, nor would he violate the ironclad law.

However, once a War God was enraged, he would disregard everything and become quite terrifying.

Such a martial artist could slaughter ten thousand people in the downtown area!

The second B-grade kill order corresponded to the warlord level.

A C-rank kill order corresponded to the warrior level.

Right now, Yuzo had an innocent look on his face as he stood at the entrance of the Quon Temple.

Braydon quietly stood under the tree; his lips slightly curled up as he became interested.

Hatcher regained his calm. He knew that with the commander here tonight, no matter what kind of vicious person Yuzo Quon was, even if he was a king, if he dared to resist, the commander would be able to kill him!

“What did he do when he was young?” Hatcher asked in a low voice.

The Strongest War God chapter 202-The Vicious Man From Forty Years Ago
When Yuzo Quon was younger, he had an A9-grade kill order. Yet, he was still able to survive until now.

It was indeed a strange thing!

That was why Hatcher Murphy asked what he had done when he was young.

“According to the secret records, Ernest Lanford killed 9,621 people when he was 22 years old!” the black-robed youth said in a low voice.

!!

“What?!” Hatcher was stunned.

Yuzo Quon, this unremarkable old man, was actually so fierce when he was young?

He did not commit a crime in the country but went overseas and slaughtered 9,621 people from the country, Sagaz.

That was much too arrogant of him!

Yuzo felt a little awkward as he stood with his hands behind his back. He raised his head at a 45-degree angle and looked at the bright white moon. He then pretended to let out a long sigh, “It’s an old matter. I was young and frivolous. The past is like smoke. I can’t bear to look back!” Hatcher was speechless. He looked deeply at this pretentious old man. He did not dare to underestimate him.

He was so arrogant when he was young, crossing the border to kill his way into Sagaz and killing nearly ten thousand people.

He was clearly a ruthless person.

Hatcher did not believe that Yuzo was a kind-hearted person.

“According to the secret records, the sword he used at that time was a black-gold saber!” the black-robed guard beside him said in a low voice.

“What?” Hatcher’s eyes were filled with disbelief.

The Yanagi army had been officially renamed to the northern army when Braydon Neal was seventeen years old and was crowned king at the peak of Mount Bliz!

When Finely Yanagi was in charge of the northern army, it was called the Yanagi army.

Did it not sound like a private army?

To avoid suspicion, Braydon officially changed its name to the northern army.

The name of the northern army had a deeper meaning. The name of the sword was changed from black gold sword to northern cold sword.

“Black gold sword, also known as cold sword!” the black-robed guard hurriedly explained.

“I know, he’s from the north?” Hatcher had always been cold and heartless, and he rarely lost his composure like this.

The young guard used his watch and continued to look at the files. He shook his head and said, “He’s not from the northern army. He was born in a village in the north...” “Alright, there’s no need to say anything else. This file is fake!” Captain Murphy was not a fool.

He could tell that this file was fake!

Falsified files were a common occurrence for the dark division, the five main teams, and the northern army.

For example, the personal files of the hidden agents had to be falsified to make it easier for them to infiltrate the eight countries.

Yuzo Quon, also known as Ernest Lanford, was a twenty-two-year-old ninth-level War God!

What kind of ability did he have?

However, even with such abilities, if one wanted to have such achievements at such a young age, one must have advanced ancient martial arts cultivation methods and supporting resources to nurture them.

Otherwise, no matter how talented you were in ancient martial arts, it would be a waste.

Without a cultivation technique, what would one be cultivating!

Even a clever housewife could not cook without rice!

The principle since the ancient times was that the poor became scholars whereas the rich learned martial arts.

If Yuzo was born in the countryside, to be able to become a ninth-level War God at the age of twenty-two would truly be a miracle.

Of course, he could not rule out the possibility that Yuzo had some fortuitous encounter.

Compared to the possibility that Yuzo had gotten so lucky, Hatcher was more convinced that this secret record was fake.

“Who organized this secret file?” Hatcher asked calmly.

“The former commander, but he’s already dead!” The young imperial guard felt helpless.

Hatcher glared at him. “Don’t be disrespectful to the old commander. Take a look. Why did this old man charge into Sagaz when he was young? Why is he still alive even though he has an A9-grade kill order? There must be some other reason.” The young guard used his watch to pull out another secret file.

This secret document recorded the reason why Yuzo had slaughtered his way into Sagaz and killed nearly 10,000 people.

“The people Ernest Lanford killed were in a bridal procession!” The young guard said in a daze.

“Interesting!” Under the big locust tree, Braydon’s lips curled up slightly, and his starry eyes revealed a smile.

His white clothes were as white as snow, and the starlight fell on his body, giving him a somewhat otherworldly aura.

“You are...” Yuzo’s small eyes swept over the white-robed young man. His gaze landed on the sleeves of Braydon’s white robe, which had a golden thread pattern within.

This pattern was the little golden Qilin!

With the three symbols of the north on the robe, it must be the golden Qilin robe.

Only the Northern King could wear it!

“The Northern King?” he asked in horror.

“Your eyes are quite vicious!” Braydon smiled faintly.

Plop.

Yuzo knelt down right away, giving everyone a fright. The surrounding imperial guards all drew their swords and pointed them at him furiously, wondering what this old fool was up to.

In the end, they did not expect him to kneel down.

“What are you doing?” Hatcher frowned.

“I’m scared!” Yuzo patted his knees and cleaned the dust before standing up.

Braydon’s deep eyes flashed with a bright light as he chuckled. “Continue, why did he kill the bridal procession in Sagaz?” “Forty years ago, the eldest daughter of the monarch of Sagaz, Francesca Sagaz, was to have her wedding on July 7th. She was supposed to marry Cameron Linar, the current ruler of Namar!” When the young guard saw this secret, he was also shocked.

The wife of the current ruler of Namar was not called Francesca Sagaz.

Yuzo was very calm as he stood at the entrance, his face expressionless.

He no longer had that cowardly look on his face!

He stood there quietly, thinking about something.

The black-robed guard continued, “According to the secret records, on the day of the wedding, Francesca Sagaz committed suicide by taking poison in the

carriage. The reason is unknown. On the same day, Ernest Lanford killed his way into Sagaz. There were 9,621 people in the bridal escort team, but none of them survived. They were all killed by Ernest Lanford!

“This battle angered Sagaz and Namar and pressured... the northern territory!” The black-robed guard was stunned.

What kind of method was this?

What relationship did Ernest Lanford have with the northern territory?

“Continue!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Yes, Sir. Later on, the two countries put pressure on Commander Yanagi. Due to the circumstances, the central plains main team issued an A9-grade kill order to Ernest Lanford. However, no one executed it, and no one accepted the order!” Everything the guard in black said was strange.

Back then, Ernest Lanford, who was now Yuzo Quon, had an A9-grade kill warrant.

In the end, none of the five main teams, including the capital garrison, carried out the order.

This secret document omitted too many things.

There were no fools present. They knew that Yuzo would not go and slaughter the bridal procession in Sagaz for no reason, and even cause a huge disaster.

This person was actually alive and well!

Back then, there must have been a powerful figure protecting him.

Moreover, it had to be a shocking figure. Otherwise, if he had caused such a huge disaster, ordinary people would not have been able to protect him.

Was it not a shocking figure if he could intimidate the five main teams and even the capital garrison?

It was so intimidating that they did not even dare to receive the A9-grade kill order, much less touch Yuzo Quon.

A secret from forty years ago had quietly surfaced.

But this was his private matter.

Hatcher said calmly, "As juniors, we don't want to ask about your private matters. I only want to ask you one thing. Are you a son of the northern army?!" His words silenced everyone.

The night wind blew, blowing the fallen leaves.

The eight thousand black-robed elites' eyes all landed on Yuzo.

This was an important question.

Because Hatcher and the others were from the northern army.

The eight ironclad laws of the north stated that one should not point a sword at one's comrades.

This was the red line.

If they were comrades, this Quon Temple could not be touched tonight.

Otherwise, if a martial artist obstructed the imperial guards of the central plains, they would be killed without mercy!

The Strongest War God chapter 203-According to the Ironclad Law, Killed on the Spot!

If they were not comrades, the black-robed guards would sweep through the Quon Temple tonight and kill the remaining three leaders of the twelve bandits.

Yuzo Quon rubbed his nose and said in a low voice, "No..." "If you are not from the northern army, where did you get the cold sword you used back then?" Hatcher Murphy asked again.

"It's a gift from an old friend!" Yuzo replied, feeling wronged.

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"Who gave it to you? Tell me." Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back, with a smile that was not a smile on his face.

He, the commander of the northern army, was here. Whether Yuzo Quon's words were true or false, Braydon only needed to contact Cole Colbie and use the secret files to find out.

Every northern cold sword had a special serial number. One person had one sword, and there would never be repetitions!

Therefore, it was easy to find out the origin of each cold sword!

Even if an outsider picked up a cold sword, they would not dare to use it.

If the northern guards knew that a martial artist was using a cold sword, they would think that the owner of the sword had died in that person's hands.

What was the outcome of killing someone from the north?

There was no need to say anything else!

Yuzo Quon could still spout nonsense in answering Hatcher Murphy's question.

If this old man dared to spout nonsense in answering Braydon's question, if he was not careful, he would be killed.

Outsiders could not use the cold sword.

Yuzo's cowardly and fearful look made Hatcher feel extremely disgusted.

Forty years ago, a twenty-two-year-old ninth-level War God was definitely a pride of that era.

He was still alive up until now. How strong was Yuzo Quon?!

At this moment, a black shadow flew over the wall as if it wanted to escape.

Hatcher glanced over and sneered. "Get him!" "Yes, Sir!" The entire Quon Temple was surrounded by the imperial guards of the central plains. Not a single bird could escape.

Braydon plucked a green leaf from the figure that had rushed out of the wall and shot it out with a flick of his finger, injuring the person directly. He was then brought right in front of the door.

“Which one of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains are you?” Braydon glanced at him.

The tiger-eyed man who was kneeling on the ground and struggling said in a low voice, “Third Tiger!” “Kill him!” Braydon raised his hand slightly.

There was no need to say anything else. Tonight, all twelve bandits of Preston mountains must die.

When Yuzo heard these words, his eyelids twitched. He looked at the white-robed young man, the Northern King, who was standing before him. With a flick of his finger, he had killed a person, causing him to feel even more terrified.

Braydon glanced at him and chuckled. “Remember who gave you the cold sword? You owe me an explanation!” With that, he held the spear in his left hand and stepped into the Quon Temple.

This Quon Temple should have been built during the Qero Dynasty. After hundreds of years, it was already dilapidated. However, after some repairs, it was still habitable.

In the small courtyard overgrown with weeds, there was a three-legged iron cauldron covered in incense ashes.

“Of the twelve bandits of Preston mountains, ten have been killed,” Braydon said calmly. “Do you still want to hide?” His soft voice resounded throughout the entire Quon Temple.

Eight thousand black-robed elites were all on standby with cold swords in their hands. No one could escape tonight.

The twelve bandits of Preston mountains had to be exterminated.

This was the Northern King’s order!

In the main hall deep in the Quon Temple, two people finally walked out.

A thin man with a mustache and triangular eyes was First Rat of the twelve thieves of Preston mountains.

The other one had a stocky build and was tall and mighty. He was Second Bull.

These were the two most powerful and most difficult characters among the twelve bandits.

First Rat said in a low voice, "What did the twelve of us do that Captain Murphy of the central plains would come here personally?!" "I'm not the only one who's here!" Hatcher stood behind Braydon.

Tristan Yandell was carrying Logan Hall, and despite his slow pace, he had finally arrived.

First Rat looked at Tristan and his pupils constricted. "Silver flying fish robe, capital garrison governor!" "What's wrong? Are you not convinced?" Tristan raised his hand and released an invisible force.

Bang!

First Rat's chest seemed to have been hit hard, and he flew back into the main hall of Quon Temple. Blood flowed out of his mouth, and his eyes were filled with shock.

"Force release, king-level technique!" This scene shocked First Rat.

"Big Brother Tristan, you..." Hatcher exclaimed.

"Are you surprised?" Tristan looked smug.

War God level using a king-level technique.

He, Tristan Yandell, must be the only one.

Braydon glanced over. "Three years without any improvement. Greedy and reckless. Grasping the king-level technique and almost killing his own martial arts path. What is there to be proud of!" Tristan smiled awkwardly.

First Rat and Second Bull's eyes were filled with shock and doubt. Only then did they seriously size up the young man in white standing at the front.

He had a black spear in his hand and was standing quietly on the spot. His body emitted a calm and indifferent aura.

What really shocked First Rat was that Braydon was wrapped in a black robe with a golden Qilin on his shoulder.

This was the commander of the northern army!

He actually came personally!

It was no wonder that the central plains main team's eight thousand imperial guards were under his command, and the famous Tristan Yandell and Captain Hatcher Murphy were willing to stand behind him.

Such a shocking figure had actually come for them.

"The twelve bandits of Preston mountains sent people to my Neal Family. What do they want from Jade Jackman?" Braydon asked softly.

"You..." First Rat did not manage to finish the sentence.

Tristan sneered. "You country bumpkin. You dared to send people to the Neal family without investigating properly beforehand. Do you know that my eldest brother is the eldest son of the Neal family?!" First Rat and Second Bull froze. They finally understood why the imperial guards of the central plains had come to the Preston mountains in the middle of the night to hunt them down!

Everything was caused by the Neal family. It was definitely the killing order given by this Northern King Braydon.

"Tell us! What do you want from Jade Jackman and her brother?!" Tristan said disdainfully.

After saying that.

Hatcher gently placed his left hand on his waist.

If these two did not say anything, they would die a horrible death tonight!

Martial artists in the outside world had heard of the imperial guards' methods.

If they wanted to find out, they would definitely be able to dig it out.

If you did not tell them, they would break your bones bit by bit until you give them the information they want to know. Only then would they give you a quick death.

The scene was silent for a moment, and a cold breeze blew.

Hatcher raised his hand slightly, and the imperial guards moved, intending to attack.

“Where are my other brothers?” “With a B-grade kill order, according to the ironclad law, they have been killed on the spot!” Hatcher disdained deceiving people who were about to die.

First Rat smiled sadly. He had expected this outcome.

He laughed at himself hoarsely. “Twelve of us brothers dying in the hands of the imperial guards of the central plains. It’s not an insult to us. It’s meaningless for a dying man to leave with secrets. The Jackman siblings took something they shouldn’t have!” “What is it?” Tristan asked.

“It’s a map,” First Rat said in a low voice. “A spiritual stone mine is marked on it. This is why the twelve of us have been staying in Preston mountains for ten years and refuse to leave!” Hatcher’s eyes lit up when he heard about the spiritual stone mine.

“A spiritual stone mine again!” Braydon chuckled.

“It seems that there are many people who are eyeing the spiritual stone mine in Preston mountains!” Tristan said coldly.

They had some clues about the spiritual stone mine.

But where was this spiritual stone mine hidden?

This was a secret!

The Strongest War God chapter 204-Why Did You Let Her Down?

First Rat sighed. “I’ve said what I need to say. I know what I’m doing. The twelve of us have done so much evil that we can’t escape death. I just hope that after we die, we can be wrapped in cloth and buried somewhere.” “Sure!” Braydon Neal saw that First Rat and Second Bull were both men and did not beg for mercy.

Perhaps they also knew that begging for mercy was useless.

!!

The bloodlust of martial artists was vividly displayed on them.

Then, the dragon gall spear left his hand and turned into a black light. It shot out and pierced through First Rat's chest, killing Second Bull who was behind him.

He killed two people with one spear and nailed them to the holy statues in the main hall.

Yuzo Quon's face turned green as he muttered, "Dear Heavenly Lord of Boundless Blessings and my ancestors, please don't blame me. I'll definitely rebuild the statues for you!" Not only were there killings in the main hall, but the dragon gall spear was even nailed to the statue.

Braydon had always been frivolous.

If the Dao Association knew about this, they would definitely be dissatisfied.

However, this King Braydon was not afraid of ghosts and Gods, so he did things without any scruples.

Hatcher Murphy glanced at First Rat and his brother's corpses and said softly, "What a pity. If they didn't choose the wrong path and had joined the north, they would have definitely been powerful!" "Prepare twelve coffins and bury them together." Braydon instructed as he withdrew his dragon gall spear.

Hatcher immediately arranged for people to transport the corpses away and bury them.

Braydon was not in a hurry to leave. He sat on the bluestone steps and looked at the bright white moon.

Tristan Yandell and the rest stood behind him, not daring to sit together.

Yuzo stood at the side with a cowardly look on his face.

"Daoist Priest Quon, are you the only one in the Daoist temple?" Braydon asked calmly.

"That's right! This penniless priest is alone!" Yuzo shuddered.

"You became a ninth-level War God at twenty-two years old. Where did you learn martial arts, and what technique did you cultivate?" Braydon glanced over indifferently.

Yuzo had to answer these questions from the Northern King.

“I cultivate Innate Qigong and practice sword techniques,” he answered honestly.

“The Innate Qigong comes from the Quinto sect of Mount Nubis. Which sect did you learn it from?” Braydon seemed to be having a normal conversation with him.

It was this kind of casual chat that made Tristan’s face and palms sweat profusely.

Hatcher was also extremely cautious.

This kind of casual chat was the most frightening!

The majesty of the Northern King had been deeply imprinted in their bones from the beginning to the end.

Yuzo could sense that something was amiss. It was not a good thing for this major character to be interested in him.

If he did not answer the question properly, he would have to die.

He lowered his head. “My teacher is from Mount Nubis’ Zento Sect. My teacher is the eighty-second generation sect master, Yuzo Yuto.” “Mount Nubis is backed by the Qali river, which is 800 miles away. It’s known as the ancestral court of the world. You’re the direct disciple of the sect master, so how did you end up in Preston mountains? And why are you here cultivating all alone!” Braydon’s deep eyes flashed coldly.

A faint killing intent lingered around everyone, causing the entire place to fall silent.

Why did Braydon want to kill him?

The reason was simple!

This old thing was lying.

There must be something hidden in his lie. When he became a ninth-level War God at the age of twenty-two, it was clear how powerful his ability was.

Such ability in this day and age could also be called the bearing of a king!

Now that forty years had passed, Yuzo Quon had definitely reached king level!

One who was a king, hidden in the Preston mountains, having the central plains main team's A9-grade killing order; there was definitely something wrong. How could Braydon ignore it!

A king could slaughter a city in Preston.

In Braydon's eyes, no matter which sect you belonged to, whether you were cultivating in the secular world or in seclusion, your background must be clean. All the martial artists in the world must obey the jurisdiction of the five main teams!

Those who refused to be disciplined would be killed without mercy.

The five main teams could not be blamed for being overbearing. It was the group of martial artists that was too special, so they did not dare to relax at all.

Yuzo hurriedly explained, "When I was young, I wandered around the Preston mountains, and I saw that this place was very suitable for living in seclusion. I was born to be quiet and indifferent to fame and fortune..." "You were born to be quiet. When you were twenty-two years old, you crossed the border to Sagaz and slaughtered 9,621 people in the bridal procession!" Braydon's eyes were sharp as swords, and he said coldly, "You learned in Mount Nubis and practiced sword techniques. Yet, you used a cold sword and started a massacre in Sagaz!

"Your words are all lies!

"As a martial artist, your background is unclear, and you have an A9-grade killing order on your back. If anyone finds you, you have to die!" ... Braydon suddenly stood up, and the stone steps under his feet instantly exploded.

Crack!

Cracks appeared under his feet, and his golden Qilin robe fluttered even though there was no wind.

His killing intent was revealed!

The dragon gall spear weighed 223 pounds, was pitch-black and cold to the touch. The tip of the spear was sharp and flickered with a cold light as it stabbed forward.

Yuzo's soul almost flew away in fright. Who knew that the Northern King would attack whenever he wanted?

Such a decisive character.

In just a few words, he had listed Yuzo Quon as someone he must kill.

This bloodthirsty character was worthy of being the northern army commander who grew up in the northern territory.

The dragon gall spear brushed past Yuzo's face and pierced through the pillar of the main hall.

The one-meter-long red pillar was pierced through by the spear.

If it landed on a person, they would be killed on the spot.

"Wait, I'll explain everything. Please spare my life!" Yuzo Quon, that old fool, was truly shameless. With a plop, he knelt down in front of Braydon and hugged Braydon's thigh.

Such a shameless act made it hard for Braydon to kill him.

Braydon withdrew his spear and stabbed it into the ground.

Bang!

The long spear pierced deep into the bluestone steps. Braydon Neal said indifferently, "Let go!" Only then did Yuzo let go of Braydon's thigh and obediently squatted down by the side, looking very cooperative.

There were many mysteries surrounding him.

However, he had to make everything clear.

If he could not explain clearly, Braydon would take his life.

"Why did you cross the border and invade Sagaz forty years ago?" Hatcher frowned.

“I did it for a girl. She didn’t want to marry that hypocrite Cameron Linar. Since death threats didn’t work, that was the only way I could think of.” Yuzo squatted down on the ground, holding a rock as he drew circles on the ground.

Braydon’s deep eyes were filled with ripples.

He could guess that the girl Yuzo was after was Francesca Sagaz, the eldest daughter of Sagaz’s monarch from forty years ago.

Hatcher’s eyelids twitched. He knew that Yuzo was not a good person.

He was a ruthless person!

He was furious because of a girl. He crossed the border alone and slaughtered the Sagaz bridal escort team. According to the records, there was a marquis-level person escorting them.

In the end, he died in the hands of Yuzo.

With the strength of a ninth-level War God, it was indeed extraordinary to fight against a marquis.

Yuzo crouched down, his voice sounding a little low, “I had known Francesca for a long time, but our identities were different. I was just an ordinary boy; how could I be worthy of the eldest daughter of Sagaz’s ruler!

“Moreover, she was from the eight countries outside the borders. The relationship was not meant to be. Until the day she got married, she sent someone to deliver a late farewell letter...” Yuzo let out a breath of turbid air.

It had been forty years since he wore the Daoist robe, but when he thought about the past, his heart still stirred.

“You received the letter, but you still crossed the border!” Braydon said softly.

“I owed it to her. I’ve never been weaker than anyone else in my life, and I’ve never let anyone down. She was the only person I let down!” Yuzo clenched his fists tightly.

As a captain, Hatcher was cold and merciless to the outside world. He looked at things at its essence.

“Why did you let her down?” he asked.

The Strongest War God chapter 205-King-Level Ernest Lanford These six words were extremely heavy.

It caused Yuzo Quon to fall silent. Did he not want to say it?

Tristan Yandell immediately perked up and said disdainfully, “Coward, a man born into this world should dare to love and hate. You shouldn’t care about her status. She’d be your wife if she married you. The eight countries outside the borders are targeting us, but what does it have to do with a girl like her?” Tristan hated the eight foreign countries, but that did not mean he could not distinguish right from wrong.

!!

Yuzo shot a glance at Tristan as a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

It was precisely this cold light that accompanied Yuzo’s frail body as a wave of aura rose up.

An extremely powerful king aura!

His aura was like a hurricane that swept out and filled the entire Quon Temple.

Braydon Neal sat calmly on the spot, unmoved and unaffected.

However, Tristan suffered the aura’s effect. He had spoken carelessly and was hit by the king aura. The force he released was much more terrifying than someone who had grasped a king-level technique!

Bang!

Tristan fell headfirst onto the ground and rolled down the stone steps, his face bruised and swollen.

Hatcher Murphy was shocked. “You are indeed king level!” Braydon turned a blind eye to it, and with a flick of his finger, a stone pierced through the entire Quon Temple.

Yuzo’s king aura instantly dissipated into smoke, like a balloon that had been punctured.

Braydon turned a blind eye to him teaching Tristan a lesson and said indifferently, "It was your personal choice to let your lover down. It's enough to make you suffer for the rest of your life. Outsiders can't comment on it. Continue!" This was Yuzo's choice.

He would definitely live in pain for the rest of his life.

Yuzo spoke again. "I received her letter of farewell and immediately set off for Sagaz. In the end, I was still a step too late. She had consumed poison in the carriage and would rather die than marry Cameron Linar!

"This accident shocked the higher-ups of Sagaz and Namar. They immediately chose to cover up the scandal. The bridal procession went to Namar as usual. Francesca had to become Cameron Linar's wife even though she was dead!" Yuzo revealed a secret that the central plains main team had never recorded.

"That angered you!" Hatcher Murphy frowned.

"That's right. Francesca would rather die than marry Cameron Linar. I owe her so much. In a fit of anger, I slaughtered 9,621 people from Sagaz's bridal procession. I didn't leave any survivors. I killed them all!

"After that, I buried Francesca. Sagaz covered up the scandal and pinned her death on me. In addition, I killed everyone who went along with the bride. Sagaz painted it in such a way that placed me as the murderer of her and everyone else!" When Yuzo brought up the past, it was still vivid in his mind. Even after forty years, he still could not forget it.

What happened next was the main point!

The fact that Yuzo had caused such a disaster was irrefutable evidence. If he did not die, Sagaz and Namar would not let this matter rest.

"With irrefutable evidence, the anger between the two countries was enough to take your life!" Hatcher said coldly.

After Tristan heard this, he limped forward and curled his lips slightly.

He felt disdain in his heart!

Who cared about Sagaz and Namar's anger? It might be useful to other people, but in the eyes of the people of the north, it was nothing!

If this had happened in the northern territory, with Braydon Neal and the ten ruthless men's personalities, they would not have paid any attention to Namar and Sagaz, nor would they have handed over the person!

From Sammy Dudley's incident, it could be seen how powerful the core members of the northern army were. They were really suppressing the eight countries.

Yuzo let out a light breath. "I've caused a huge disaster in Sagaz. According to the capital, I was the one who acted recklessly. I should be the one to bear the consequences!" "The capital wants you to die to appease the anger of the two countries?" Even though Tristan had just been taught a lesson by Yuzo, he did not feel any resentment at all.

When Yuzo was young, he was enraged because of love and slaughtered his way into Sagaz with a single blade, slaughtering tens of thousands of people. Tristan respected him as a man!

The men of the north were all like this, they believed in the strong!

Yuzo said softly, "I've never blamed the capital. The trouble that I've caused should be borne by me alone!" "But in the end, someone protected you!" Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

Yuzo nodded his head slightly. There was naturally someone protecting him.

But who was this big shot?

Yuzo refused to say!

Braydon smiled faintly. "A big shot from forty years ago. To be able to withstand the pressure of the capital and protect you without any harm, to not be afraid of Sagaz and Namar outside the borders, such a figure can be counted on one hand!" "Was it the old commander?" Hatcher shuddered.

Tristan's eyes lit up. "A twenty-two-year-old ninth-level War God using a northern cold sword. If he is not one of our comrades, who would dare use this sword?" Braydon's eyes flashed with longing.

Forty years ago, the person who overbearingly protected Yuzo was definitely the old commander, Finley Yanagi!

Only this teacher would do such a thing, to resist the pressure from the capital, to protect Yuzo from harm, and to turn a blind eye to the anger of Namar and Sagaz.

Only the old commander, Finley Yanagi, could intimidate the capital garrison and the five main teams back then.

The capital garrison was facing Yuzo Quon, who had an A9-grade killing order on his back, yet they did not dare to touch him in the slightest!

Even if the people of the northern territory committed a heinous crime, it was not up to outsiders to teach them a lesson!

The northern army had its own rules!

If outsiders bullied them, they would be provoking the north and would be targeted by the swords of the north.

Following that, Yuzo let out a breath of turbid air. "I was escorted by that lord to Mount Nubis and was accepted into the Zento sect. I concealed my real name and went by the Daoist name Yuzo Quon. I have lived in seclusion in Preston mountains ever since!" Tristan and Hatcher listened quietly.

Braydon pulled out his dragon gall spear and smiled faintly. "Alright, your background is clean. Follow me!" "Big brother!" Tristan was shocked.

Yuzo was a ruthless fellow. When he was young, he had slaughtered his way into Sagaz and killed over ten thousand foreign martial artists.

This was called having a clean background?

This was not the way to use the word "clean"!

Hatcher said softly, "Killing ten thousand people in a foreign country proves that he is not a hidden agent from other countries. Just this alone is enough." "Old man, are you really not a hidden agent from the older generation?" Tristan knew that the north had hidden stakes all over the world.

This world referred to the entire world!

The north's hidden agents were controlled by the second most powerful person in the northern army, Cripple Carden.

Tristan had heard a rumor when he was in the north. There were hundreds of thousands of hidden agents from the north all over the world, providing the north with information through various channels.

There were 100,000 people in hiding!

One could imagine what kind of power this was.

Yuzo reverted back to his cowardly look as he shook his head. "I'm not a hidden agent." "If you aren't the north's hidden agent, why would the old commander be so free to protect you?!" Tristan frowned at him.

He had already categorized Yuzo as someone similar to Old Man Zito.

However, Yuzo was indeed not a hidden agent from the north!

And he definitely was not a hidden agent from the older generation!

"He's not a hidden agent of the older generation!" Braydon shook his head.

"Huh?" Tristan was a little confused.

"You have forgotten the rules of the north," Hatcher reminded him helplessly. "Rare talents are not allowed to be hidden agents!" Tristan instantly recalled this rule!

In the northern territory, there would be people who would assess your potential and martial arts ability during your first year in the north.

They were divided into ordinary, good, excellent, genius, rare talent, ghost talent, and finally, Qilin talent!

The Strongest War God chapter 206-The Three Sons are Qilins Back then, Braydon Neal was deemed as a Qilin talent.

Qilin talent, King Braydon.

His talent was rarely seen even in a thousand years.

Therefore, when Braydon was young, he was confirmed as the next northern army commander.

!!

The north graded everyone's talent and potential into seven levels.

Every man in the north, before the age of twenty-two, would be graded as such:

Becoming a martial artist was considered good.

Becoming a warrior was considered excellent.

Becoming a warlord was considered a genius.

Becoming a War God would make him a rare talent.

Becoming a marquis would make him a ghost talent.

Becoming a king was considered Qilin talent!

As such, the three sons of the north were all Qilin talents.

Braydon was conferred the title of king at seventeen, Westley Hader at nineteen, and Cole Colbie at twenty.

All three of them were crowned kings before the age of twenty-two!

Why was it set at twenty-two years old?

A person's sixteen-year-old to twenty-two-year-old period was the six-year golden cultivation period.

After the golden cultivation period, the speed at which a martial artist's strength improved would be greatly reduced.

This was the experience of thousands of years of experience.

And the ten ruthless men of the north were all young. Although they were not kings, they were all marquises!

They were all ghost talents.

It could be seen how terrifying the northern army of this generation was.

None of the upper echelons of the north were weak.

One had to know that in the outside world, like the five main teams or the capital garrison, to be able to discover a rare talent martial artist, they would probably go crazy with joy.

A rare talent, if he did not die, would definitely become a marquis and have the potential to become a king!

For example, Yuzo Quon, a twenty-two-year-old ninth-level War God, a rare talent with the highest level of talent was a true king-level character now.

There was a rule in the north that rare talents were not allowed to be hidden agents.

This was a bloody deal.

If they were to have a rare talent be a hidden agent, it would be a huge loss to the army.

A rare talent with a chance of becoming a king sent to the enemy as a hidden agent just for some information in return?

If a rare talent was crowned king, he could protect the power behind him for three hundred years.

Compared to sending him as a hidden agent, it was clear at a glance which was more important.

Yuzo had been hiding in the Preston mountains for forty years, so there was no need to suspect that he was a hidden agent from the north.

Even in the northern army, they would have nurtured such a person.

The outside world's major powers would not be able to get a single martial artist with a rare talent that easily.

It was extremely rare!

"If he's not the north's hidden agent, then who could he be?" Tristan Yandell mumbled.

Perhaps only Yuzo Quon knew the answer.

Braydon wanted to take this old man away.

“Is it alright if I don’t go?” Yuzo asked with shifty eyes.

“If king-level characters aren’t of any use to me, I will kill them on the spot!” Braydon said.

Yuzo’s eyelids twitched, and he was instantly scared out of his wits. He followed behind Braydon and left Quon Temple. He gently closed the red door and took a glance at the place that he had lived in for forty years. If there was no reluctance in his eyes, it would surely be fake!

Just like that, Yuzo was taken away by Braydon.

However, in Quon Temple, it was completely silent.

At the back of the main hall, there was a side hall filled with memorial tablets!

There were probably thousands of them.

On both sides of the highest memorial tablet, there was a row of words written vertically on one of the tablets.

Here Lies Ludwig Army Frazer Zito If the north’s ten ruthless men’s Blake Matthews was here, he would know the name Frazer Zabel.

He would definitely know whose memorial tablet this was!

This was the name of the son of the sect leader of Mount Sino forty years ago.

He was the eldest senior brother of the first generation of Mount Sino swordsmen.

The next leader of Mount Sino!

Unfortunately, his memorial tablet had appeared in this side hall.

The sword technique that Blake Matthews practiced was created by Frazer Zabel.

A person who created a sword technique that was infinitely close to king level, how amazing was he when he was alive!

Unfortunately, such a person was not born in the same era as Braydon Neal.

What was even more unfortunate was that he was not born in the northern territory.

Otherwise, he would definitely be a world-shaking big shot!

No one in the quiet Quon Temple had expected such a secret to be hidden inside.

On the way back to the Neal family manor.

“Old man, what level are you at?” Tristan asked curiously.

“Level one!” Yuzo said confidently.

Braydon stepped on the flying leaves and crossed the night sky. His thin lips moved slightly. “It’s not a good habit for priests to lie!” Yuzo smiled in embarrassment.

He could scare Tristan, but if he wanted to fool the strongest king, Braydon Neal, he would never be able to do so.

The group of people quickly left Preston mountains. Eight thousand imperial guards of the central plains, wearing black scarves, marched silently and followed them.

In the end, when they arrived at the periphery of Preston mountains, the five-man gang who had just raided the tomb earlier was there. Lord Scar was so tired that he was foaming at the mouth. He said, “Alright, we’re finally out. Sit down and rest!” “Lord Scar, do you think the ones we met just now were really ghost soldiers?” The young man next to him was a little scared.

Lord Scar pretended to look all serious. “Flying on the leaves, moving across the sky, traveling with tens of thousands of people, walking silently. If he wasn’t human, he’s got to be an immortal!” He pretended to sigh, scaring the young man and the others so much that their faces turned green.

They did not expect to encounter such a terrifying thing.

When the young man raised his head, he was completely dumbstruck. He looked at the bright white moon in the sky. A young man in white holding a black spear was flying over his head.

The masked men in black whom they had seen earlier were actually here again!

“What’s wrong with you now?” Lord Scar turned his head.

“Lord... Lord Scar, the Great Immortal is here!” The young knelt on the ground with a plop, and his face was buried in the soil.

Lord Scar’s entire body trembled. The moment he turned around, his face turned green.

He saw a young man in white standing silently in front of him.

“Oh my God! Oh, Great Immortal!” Lord Scar’s soul almost left his body.

Behind Braydon, eight thousand men in black stopped and followed him silently.

One could imagine how much pressure this invisible pressure had exerted on these five people.

It really scared them!

The five tomb raiders knelt on the ground and kowtowed.

“Get lost!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Thank you for sparing my life, Great Immortal!” Lord Scar and the others had been running for the whole night and had yet to catch their breaths when they were forced to run again.

These kinds of tomb raiders were not worth the central plains guards’ attention. They just had to chase them away.

Now, they were at the villas on Preston mountains.

Hatcher Murphy led the imperial guards of the central plains and said softly, “Commander, I will lead my troops back to Quill!” “Go!” Braydon Neal watched the imperial guards leave.

They were all born in the north and had fought bloody battles in the northern territory. Now, they were working in the central plains. It was a good thing for them to be away from the battlefield in the northern territory.

Yuzo was brought back to the Neal family manor.

At this time, the sky was already bright.

Old Man Zito pulled out all the flowers and plants in Braydon's courtyard, saying that these flowers were useless, and that it was better to plant some vegetables.

Most importantly, the vegetables he planted were all chives. It was also called aphrodisiac grass.

Yuzo entered the Neal family manor. As he was walking, he was stunned by the sight. The entire Neal family manor was even bigger than Quon Temple. It was probably several tens of acres in size.

This was a truly wealthy family.

When Yuzo entered the small courtyard of the villa, he saw sloppy Old Man Zito squatting on the ground and planting chives. He could not help but be slightly stunned.

The Strongest War God chapter 207-The Two of Them Have a Secret At this moment, Yuzo Quon's eyes were filled with doubt and shock.

Braydon Neal was extremely sharp. He asked gently, "You know him?" "No, no, I don't!" Yuzo was not trying anything funny.

!!

On the contrary, he was a little absent-minded, and his breathing was a little erratic.

The moment Tristan Yandell entered, he saw the mess in the courtyard and almost exploded in anger. "Old Man Zito, what are you doing?!" "I'm planting vegetables. These flowers and plants are good-looking but useless. It's better to plant some vegetables." Old Man Zito stuck out his butt and said honestly.

Tristan was so angry that he laughed. "You country bumpkin. The Neal family is such a big manor, do you think they lack vegetables? These flowers are

worth at least 100,000 if you buy them outside.” Old Man Zito acted as if he did not hear him and continued to play with his chives.

Yuzo was at the side, and it was obvious that something was wrong.

“Old Man Zito, get up. I brought you an old friend!” Braydon said softly.

“You went to Small Zito village?” Old Man Zito stood up abruptly, thinking that someone familiar from Small Zito village was here.

Braydon stood there with his hands behind his back. He looked calm and collected, but he was looking at Old Man Zito and Yuzo’s expressions.

In the end, the moment the two old fellows looked at each other, Old Man Zito’s face darkened. “Where did this old Daoist come from? What old friend? I don’t even know him!

“He doesn’t look like him!” Yuzo sighed softly. He was someone who had died forty years ago. How could he be an old friend?

“Who?” Tristan asked curiously.

“A friend who died forty years ago.” Yuzo’s expression was a little desolate.

Clearly, a figure like him also had a past.

Old Man Zito pretended not to hear him and continued to plant chives. However, he was squatting with his face facing the soil. His eyes were small to begin with, but they suddenly narrowed into a slit. There were faint tears at the corners of his eyes.

Who knew what Old Man Zito was up to this time.

Tristan’s gaze was unfriendly. “Old Man Zito, you’re already in your seventies or eighties. Why are you still planting aphrodisiac grass? Are you thinking about finding an eligible woman so that you can have someone carry your family name?” “Get lost!” Old Man Zito was angry.

Tristan’s gaze was suspicious. He tilted his head and looked at Old Man Zito with a dumbfounded expression. “Are you crying?” “No! There’s dirt in my eyes. Blow it out for me.” Old Man Zito shamelessly asked Tristan to blow at his eyes.

Tristan had goosebumps all over his body. He said in disgust, "You should just die." Tristan entered the house and saw Braydon in the living room, teasing Ginny Neal.

"What did you see?" Braydon asked indifferently.

"These two old men are not easy to deal with. They both have secrets!" Tristan was not a fool. His gaze gradually turned solemn.

Tristan had been able to get information from Old Man Zito from time to time. Now, there was Yuzo Quon, and he was a king-level character.

He had to investigate thoroughly.

When Yuzo entered the Neal family manor, something was amiss the moment he saw Old Man Zito.

In the end, Old Man Zito acted even more strangely. He squatted on the ground and started crying secretly.

Tristan felt disgusted by what he saw.

Braydon pinched his sister's round face and chuckled. "Ginny, you've gained weight!" "Brother, that's baby fat!" Tristan muttered softly.

Braydon glanced at him, feeling that he truly deserved the beating he had received from Yuzo back at Quon Temple.

"There's a parent-teacher meeting in the afternoon. Big Brother, can you send me there?" Ginny said innocently.

"Alright!" Braydon pinched her nose dotingly and had her go to the manor to play by herself.

After the little girl left the living room.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Contact Luther. Tell him to investigate Old Man Zito and Yuzo Quon. The secrets of these two old bones have piqued my interest." "Yes, Sir!" Tristan also wanted to find out the secrets Yuzo and Old Man Zito were hiding.

In the small courtyard of the villa, the two old men quickly started chatting. They seemed to get along very well as they talked about what kind of vegetables were better.

“Elder brother, how many years have you known Lord Northern King?” Yuzo was a little curious.

“I came two days earlier than you!” Old Man Zito gritted his teeth.

“Were you coerced into coming here?” Yuzo probed.

“You too?” Old Man Zito’s face darkened.

In the end, Yuzo silently nodded his head.

Both of them had been threatened by Braydon Neal.

The threat was the same. If they were of no use to him, he would kill without mercy.

Instantly, the two old men felt even closer, as if they were bosom friends who had fallen from grace.

Tristan leaned against the window and looked at the two old men. He muttered, “Why are my eyelids twitching when these two old fellows are together?” He muttered to himself.

Louis Neal came to the small courtyard early in the morning and saw that there were more and more people in his son’s villa. There was also an old Daoist priest.

“Braydon, who is that old Daoist priest?” he asked.

“I caught him last night at Preston mountains. From now on, let him live in the Neal family manor.” Braydon explained.

Louis nodded. “That’s not a problem. Let me tell you some good news. Our Neal Corporation has successfully gone public and passed the initial public offering. The investment department under your name is now an independent subsidiary. It’s a wholly owned subsidiary of our Neal Corporation!” Braydon did not know much about this matter.

The investment department had been handed over to Xandra Milton to manage.

Louis said, "You and your fourth uncle are both the vice general managers of the Neal Corporation. I want your fourth uncle to be in charge of the Starbright manufacturing project. What do you think?" "Sure. When the time comes, let Fourth Uncle contact Colin Spades, the representative of Starbright Manufacturing. The two sides will cooperate. The Neal family will provide the core technology of the anti-gravity device and the management of the factory's production line. Starbright Manufacturing will be in charge!" Braydon sat down.

Colin Spades had already revealed his thoughts on this matter.

However, Louis wanted Braydon to stay in the Neal Corporation and work there in the future.

"Braydon, you're the eldest son of the Neal family," he said earnestly. "You'll inherit the Neal family in the future. The Neal Corporation is also yours. You can't leave everything to Xandra." "I'll go to the company often in the future." Braydon smiled lightly and did not explain anything.

The corner of Tristan's mouth twitched slightly. In regard to Louis' words, he clearly had some thoughts.

Braydon was the commander of the northern army!

As long as Braydon was alive, he would forever be the Northern King.

The Northern King had the final say in the eight-thousand-mile territory of the north.

The Neal Corporation seemed to be very rich, but compared to the position of the Northern King, it was insignificant.

Therefore, Braydon's focus would not be on the Neal Corporation.

Braydon would not inherit everything from the Neal family.

What he wanted to inherit was the eight-thousand-miles of land in the northern territory, as well as the entire northern army.

These things were not easy to explain to Louis.

Louis was responsible for the rise and fall of the Neal Family, and he only had the Neal Family in his eyes.

However, Braydon was not only the eldest son of the Neal family, but also the Northern King. He guarded the mountains and rivers in the north and shouldered the expectations of millions of his comrades.

The Strongest War God chapter 208-Chessboard Game, White Pieces Like a Dragon A small Neal Corporation, even if it became a listed company with a market value of trillions, still could not compare to the northern territory.

Louis Neal said softly, "Your mother is fine in the manor. She has returned to Preston University and is still a lecturer. What do you think?" "As long as Mom is happy. I'm going to accompany Ginny to the parent-teacher conference in the afternoon." Braydon Neal told him his plans for the afternoon.

!!

Louis nodded slightly. Now, Liam Neal was also taking over the matters of the Neal Corporation and could not get away.

After all, such a big group could not be supported by Louis Neal alone, or he would be exhausted sooner or later.

In the entire Neal family manor, there was only Braydon who was idle.

However, Louis did not know that the most important reason for Braydon to return to the Neal family was to recuperate. He also had to prepare for his 20th birthday and coronation!

Braydon did not share these things with his family.

If he shared all these with them, it would only make his parents worry.

Louis got up. There were many things that needed to be dealt with in the corporation.

The Neal Corporation had already gone public, and its industrial centers were all in the new district of Preston, involving dozens of projects.

Previously, Braydon had promised to invest a trillion dollars, which was not a small sum of money.

A large amount of hot money was being poured into Preston's new district. Many projects required Louis to personally intervene. All the money going out was money spent.

In the future, not only would he have to recoup this cost, but he would also have to make a profit!

On the company's account, the one trillion dollars was PG Corporation's money, and the Neal Corporation was only investing on behalf of PG Corporation.

Louis did this for Braydon's own good. Otherwise, accepting so much money from PG Corporation for no reason would be a huge favor from them. In the future, Braydon would be under Silas Queen's control, and that would be troublesome.

However, he did not know that his son's title as the Northern King was enough to make him famous all over the world.

Even if Silas Queen had ten guts, he would not dare to use this to threaten Braydon.

That was simply courting death!

After Louis left, Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back and looked at the two old men outside the courtyard. They had stopped playing around with the aphrodisiac grass and had taken out a chessboard. They were actually playing chess.

Tristan Yandell leaned against the window and muttered, "Big Brother, I feel that something will happen sooner or later if these two old fellows stick together." "They're all old foxes. We can't tell their background just by peeking." Braydon had a faint smile on his lips as he pulled his black cloak over himself.

The morning wind was a little chilly.

Logically speaking, with Braydon's age and cultivation, the morning's coolness would not affect him at all.

However, Braydon seemed to be afraid of the cold.

This situation was probably related to his injuries.

Braydon walked out of the living room and looked at the two old men sitting in front of the stone table, playing chess. Yuzo Quon was doing alright, but Old Man Zito would always regret his moves.

Because of this matter, the two old men almost started fighting!

The two of them were over 150 years old; they were just like old children.

“Old Man Zito, get up and let me make the next move!” Braydon sat down calmly, wrapped in a gilded Qilin robe.

“Is the Northern King injured?” Yuzo frowned.

“You just realized that now?” Braydon’s fair left hand picked up the white chess piece and calmly placed it down.

“I can vaguely sense it,” Yuzo said bluntly. “There’s a cold and sinister energy within the Northern King’s body. It’s like a maggot in his bones. It’s entrenched within his body and wouldn’t dissipate.” “Your turn!” Braydon reminded Yuzo that it was time for him to make his move.

It was a messy game.

The white pieces were on the chessboard, crossing the chessboard like a huge dragon, almost suppressing the black pieces, unable to fight back.

Yuzo had the absolute upper hand, which was why Old Man Zito had been constantly regretting his moves. Otherwise, he would have lost.

Braydon held a black chess piece and calmly placed it down.

This caused Yuzo to be in a daze!

Playing chess was also a form of cultivation and could also be seen as a form of competition.

Yuzo was holding a white piece. Although the white piece he was holding had the absolute advantage, Braydon’s piece was like the tip of a knife, pressing against Yuzo’s weak spot.

Both of them had their own style of playing chess.

Braydon's temperament seemed calm and peaceful, but his moves were like blades, and he was quite domineering, intending to kill the dragon!

Yuzo held onto his white chess piece and continued to place it down. He was completely focused and no longer had the time to chat with Braydon, nor did he have the energy to worry about Braydon's injuries.

Braydon was unusually calm. When Yuzo's white piece landed, Braydon's black piece followed closely behind.

With every step he took, it caused Yuzo's face to turn paler.

This scene stunned Old Man Zito. "The situation has been reversed?" "When we were in the northern territory, only Second Brother Carden could fight against Eldest Brother. The others couldn't even withstand a single blow!" Tristan rolled his eyes.

The Northern King, a genius of a thousand years, was not called that name for nothing.

If people of the same generation knew about Braydon's talent, they would probably feel despair.

Right now, on the chessboard, the white dragon was leaning against the black piece that was originally blocking it. It had slowly formed a black sword shape, and the sharp sword was pointed at the white dragon.

Until the twelfth black piece in Braydon's hand fell.

The moment the black piece landed, an invisible aura formed.

This was the aura of the overpowering sword. It exploded outward. On the chessboard, the white dragon was cut in half at the waist, as if a black sword was stabbed diagonally into it.

Yuzo's face was deathly pale as blood seeped out from the corner of his lips. He stood up abruptly and left his seat.

Braydon sat quietly. "Chess can also be used as a game. It can be combined with martial arts, and it can suppress people's hearts!" "The Northern King's chess skills are far above mine!" Yuzo had been injured by the overall momentum of the game, and he no longer dared to look at the chessboard.

On the chessboard, the white pieces were like a dragon and the black pieces were like a sword!

It was a northern military sword. Wherever the blade pointed, it could slay dragons and break people's hearts.

In the chess path, there was Braydon's conferred king title.

The elders of the north knew very well how terrifying Braydon's cultivation path was.

The overpowering sword he cultivated was superior to all ancient martial arts techniques in the world. When the Northern King sword was unsheathed, it could break thousands of techniques and kill tens of thousands of people!

This was the overpowering sword!

"It's still early. Let's play another round!" Braydon smiled faintly.

"I wouldn't dare!" Yuzo was terrified.

"Move aside, let me do it," said Old Man Zito arrogantly.

"I'll hold the white piece, and you'll hold the black piece. I'll let you go first!" With Braydon's status, he naturally did not want to be the first to go.

Old Man Zito did not refuse. He picked up the black piece and placed it at the corner of the chessboard.

Braydon calmly placed his piece, his thin lips moving slightly. "You know Ernest Lanford, right?" "We just met today!" Old Man Zito replied in a low voice.

These words were simply fooling ghosts!

Braydon raised his eyelids slightly, his deep eyes quietly watching Old Man Zito.

This invisible gaze caused even Yuzo, who was standing at the side, to feel a sense of pressure.

Although the Northern King was young, he could not be bullied!

A young man in white, sitting alone on the top of Mount Bliz, could suppress the millions of unruly men in the north.

The Northern King's aura had been in a high position for a long time, and ordinary people could not withstand it.

Braydon did not like people lying to him.

This included an old fox like Old Man Zito!

If he lied too much, Braydon's patience would run out.

Old Man Zito rubbed his nose and said in a low voice, "I do know him." "You used to belong to the same faction?" The white pieces between Braydon's fingers kept falling.

The Strongest War God chapter 209-The Survivors of the Ludwig Army Old Man Zito acted as if he had not heard the question and focused on the chessboard.

His chess skills were far inferior to Yuzo Quon's, yet he still wanted to play against Braydon Neal? He was simply asking for trouble.

The white chess pieces on the chessboard were like tigers, and they had the power to swallow mountains and rivers. The tiger occupied half of the chessboard, and it could eat up half of Old Man Zito's black chess pieces if they went forward. The retreating chess pieces were impregnable, and there were no loopholes at all.

Yuzo was completely engrossed in the sight as he said in shock, "No wonder the northern army has never lost a single battle in the northern territory since its establishment. You can see why from the chessboard." !!

Playing chess was like life, and it was more like the movement of the troops and setting up an array to fight.

Braydon's chess style was overbearing. He had the power of the Northern King in his chess-playing. His power suppressed both the black and white sides of the chessboard, oppressing Old Man Zito until he could not fight back.

Today, Braydon's chess game was secondary. His main purpose was to interrogate Old Man Zito.

Yuzo was a crafty old fox, a king, and a ruthless one at that. It was not easy for him to break through.

Even though Old Man Zito was slippery, he was easier to deal with than Yuzo.

However, Old Man Zito looked desperate. "We're just old men. There's really nothing special about us. You're young and in a high position. You're the leader of the northern territory. You're the leader of the powerful black-clothed army. You sweep the world with your power. Can you let me go?" "So, you two belonged to the same faction forty years ago!" Braydon's eyes shone brightly.

Old Man Zito hung his head low while Yuzo lowered his head to count the ants.

The two old men respected and feared Braydon!

They respected the golden Qilin on Braydon's body, but they were afraid of this youth's intelligence.

Every time they talked, it was as if the other party could see through their thoughts.

This kind of person was too terrifying!

Braydon moved his fingers slightly and placed the last white piece. The entire chessboard was in a dead end, and the black piece was completely defeated.

"I don't care about your strength," he said calmly. "What I care about is the story behind you two!" "I want to confirm if there are still any survivors of the Ludwig army back then!" Braydon stood up calmly and walked back to the living room.

"Ludwig army?" Tristan Yandell's pupils constricted. "They..." However, when Old Man Zito heard the words 'survivors of the Ludwig army', the black chess piece between his fingers was crushed into pieces.

His murky eyes revealed anger!

The Ludwig army only had veterans, no survivors!

Yuzo turned around and spoke in a hoarse voice, "You are wearing a golden Qilin as your robe! How could you humiliate the Ludwig army!?" "We're not survivors!" Old Man Zito's eyes turned red.

"Uncle Zito, what's wrong with you?" Logan Hall was shocked by how Old Man Zito was acting.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. He stopped at the door of the living room and said softly with his back to the two of them, "Looks like there's no need for Luther to secretly investigate your identities!" There was no need to investigate Yuzo Quon and Old Man Zito's identities.

Just based on their current appearance, it was not difficult to tell that they must have belonged to the Ludwig army forty years ago!

Unfortunately, the Ludwig army had already vanished.

Tristan's expression was very ugly. He really did not expect that these two old things had such a great background. They were actually survivors of the Ludwig army.

The matter of the Ludwig army was extremely complicated. All the elites had been killed forty years ago!

"If that's the case, please leave the Neal family," Tristan said in a low voice.

"Scared now?" Old Man Zito's previous unruly attitude was swept away, and a cold smile hung on his lips.

If it was in the past, Tristan would probably be angry.

"I don't need to say anything more," he said softly. "The two of you should know that if people find out that the commander has come into contact with the survivors of the Ludwig army, he will be in great trouble!" When Yuzo and Old Man Zito heard this, a self-mocking smile appeared on their lips.

Was their status that unbearable?

Did they just cause everyone to hate them?

Was the Ludwig army really a disgrace?

When the matter from forty years ago was brought up, Old Man Zito and Yuzo's eyes turned bloodshot, as though there were flames burning within them.

This was anger!

Even though forty years had passed, the people of Ludwig were still not over it!

Those who belonged to Ludwig were not rebels!

"Little Monkey, bring Logan down!" Braydon calmly said.

"Big Brother!" Tristan was shocked and wanted to say something.

"Go down!" Braydon's gaze turned cold.

"Yes, Sir!" Tristan turned around and left with Logan.

At the entrance of the villa.

Tristan sighed and asked, "Do you have any cigarettes on you?" "Yes, Big Brother Tristan. What did you mean by 'survivors of the Ludwig army'?" Logan stepped forward to help light the cigarette.

Tristan took a deep breath and exhaled smoke. His eyes were filled with memories.

He was silent for ten minutes.

"The great Yanagi army was the predecessor of the northern army," he said softly. "Do you know who the predecessor of the Yanagi army was?" "This..." Logan had guessed it, but his eyes were filled with disbelief.

Could it be the Ludwig army?

"It's indeed the Ludwig army!" Tristan said in a low voice.

"Oh my God!" Logan was stunned.

The northern army's predecessor was actually the Ludwig army!

Outsiders did not know about this secret at all.

“The Northern King is the commander of the northern army,” Tristan said softly.

“The great Yanagi army’s commander was my teacher, Finley Yanagi!” “The commander of the Ludwig army was Xandros Hader!” ... This was the secret file of the northern army, and only a handful of people could access it.

Back then, Tristan had secretly seen some of it.

Logan lit a cigarette for Tristan and probed, “But why is there no record of the Ludwig army in the five main teams?” “Because they are rebels. All traces of their past have been wiped clean!” Tristan fell silent after saying that.

Logan was completely dumbstruck.

The predecessor of the northern army was actually a rebel army.

How was this possible?

The ten legions of the north guarded the bitter and cold land of the north. There was no grass for thousands of miles and no one for hundreds of miles. They defended the ten national gates with their lives and resisted the attacks of the eight foreign countries.

This loyalty was well known to everyone.

The northern army’s predecessor, Ludwig, was actually a traitor.

How was this possible?

In the living room of the villa, there were only three people left.

Braydon Neal, Old Man Zito, and Ernest Lanford!

“Sit down. No one can touch you in my house!” Braydon’s words were steady and powerful.

“In your eyes, do you also regard us as the survivors of Ludwig and the rebels?” Old Man Zito was very stubborn.

“The Ludwig army has never betrayed us!” Braydon’s eyes turned cold.

Old Man Zito’s eyes turned red.

Ernest no longer referred to himself as Yuzo Quon as his lips quivered, “Back then, we had a total of 700,000 comrades from Ludwig. They were all killed in one night. We hate them!” His eyes were bloodshot. Even if he died, he would not be able to rest in peace.

The Ludwig incident was riddled with many mysteries back then, and even now, they had not been able to explain it clearly.

Braydon said softly, “Let’s sit down and talk. Back in Small Zito village, I suspected that Old Man Zito was either a hidden agent of the old generation of the north or a survivor of the Ludwig generation.” That was why Braydon wanted to find out!

No matter what kind of person they were, they were all people that Braydon had to protect.

He had never stopped searching for the people of Ludwig from forty years ago.

Coincidentally, at this moment.

“Big Brother, Hatcher is here!” Tristan hurried over.

“Commander, I found it!” Outside the door, Captain Hatcher Murphy had no idea what was going on and hurriedly barged in. When he saw Ernest Lanford and Old Man Zito in the room, his eyes turned cold.

The Strongest War God chapter 210-Vice Commander Old Man Zito Braydon Neal glanced over.

Hatcher Murphy said seriously, “Last night, you told me to investigate Old Man Zito secretly. I activated the central plains main team’s eight hidden agent information system channels. The information about him has been sorted and compiled. His surname is Zito, but he’s not a native of Small Zito village. He went to Small Zito village forty years ago!

“Forty years ago, he was severely injured and was saved by the village doctor of Small Zito village. He then continued living in the village.” Hatcher was giving clues.

!!

Following this clue, he found out something even more shocking.

Old Man Zito's identity was actually related to the Ludwig army back then, and he held a high position!

Braydon chuckled. "I know all this. Since you're here, you two should sit down and listen." "Yes, Sir!" Hatcher stood quietly at the side.

Tristan Yandell looked at Old Man Zito and Yuzo Quon, trying to guess where these two old fogeys had been in the Ludwig army.

Back then, the Ludwig army had no lack of geniuses!

Old Man Zito slowly stood up and bowed to Braydon from afar. He was not bowing to a person, but to the golden Qilin on his cloak.

This symbol had never changed from the Ludwig army to the northern army!

This was the faith of several generations!

The golden Qilin did not belong only to the northern army.

At this moment, Old Man Zito's gaze was as sharp as a sword. He knelt down on one knee and said softly, "Frazer Zito from Ludwig pays his respects to the Northern King!" "Cesar Lichtman from Ludwig pays his respects to the Northern King!" Ernest Lanford knelt on one knee.

He finally said his real name.

At this moment, there was no need to hide his identity anymore.

As long as someone from Ludwig was still alive, Braydon would protect them for the rest of his life!

"Frazer Zito?" Tristan asked in shock. "Forty years ago, the vice commander of the Ludwig army, Vice Commander Frazer Zito?" "That's me!" Old Man Zito let out a breath of turbid air.

Tristan's eyes were filled with disbelief as he looked at Old Man Zito's face. His hair was messy, and he looked a little sloppy. He was also missing a front tooth.

He really was not like the unparalleled vice commander Frazer Zito from back then!

According to the secret history of the north, Frazer Zito was dressed in white like an immortal. He was seven feet tall, tall like a pine tree, and had a jade-like face. He had trained under Mount Sino sect, and his father was the sect master of Mount Sino.

Although he was young, his talent was shocking. With his young appearance, he was the best in the three armies. At the age of twenty-one, he was conferred the title of king and was ranked as the vice commander of Ludwig. His status was second only to the Ludwig army leader, Xandros Hader.

He stood alone in Ludwig with his sword. He had made great contributions and was one of the three vice commanders.

With his illustrious battle achievements and terrifying talent, the position of the next Ludwig army commander would definitely belong to him.

Unfortunately, forty years ago in the Ludwig mountain range, the great change caused the blood of 700,000 heroic men to spill in the mountains!

“Blake often talks about you,” Tristan muttered softly. “He said that you are the most outstanding swordsman of Mount Sino. You are ten times better than him...” However, no one expected that the Ludwig vice commander, Frazer Zito, had actually survived until now!

Moreover, he was in such a state.

How could he not feel sad?

Hatcher looked at Ernest Lanford and said softly, “Cesar Lichtman, promoted to War God at the age of twenty. At the border of Ludwig, you killed three War Gods from the enemy country. With your battle achievements, you became the third regimental commander of the Ludwig army. Among the seven regimental commanders, you were the most talented and became a ninth-level War God at the age of twenty-two!” “I’m not as good as Little Seven!” Ernest Lanford said softly.

The Little Seven he was talking about should be the regimental commander of Ludwig’s seventh army.

Now, the secrets of these two old men had been revealed.

His identity was truly shocking!

“What happened in Ludwig on that night forty years ago?” Braydon asked.

It was a secret about Ludwig.

The secret history of the north only recorded the general information, and all the details were deleted.

Even commander Braydon Neal, as the successor, could not find any detailed records.

Perhaps his teacher did not want Braydon to be involved in that matter!

However, there were some things that were black and white!

Even if forty years had passed, he still had to give an explanation.

As for Braydon’s question, only the two people involved could give an answer.

Ernest spoke. “There was no sign of the great change that night. The seven legions under Ludwig were stationed in the Ludwig mountain range. They guarded the borders and the country gates!

“But a piece of paper fell in Ludwig!

“There was only one order. The troops of Ludwig must take off their armor and swords and switch the guards. The seven legions must obey the order!

“But the elites who came in replacement was the capital garrison!” Ernest’s eyes were bloodshot and filled with hatred and killing intent when he recalled the past.

Only Tristan was in disbelief. “How is that possible? The responsibility of the capital garrison is to protect the capital, intimidate the five main teams and the dark division, and manage the martial artists in the country. Why would they switch the guards?!” “Yeah, why would they switch the guards?” Ernest smiled coldly. “The capital garrison came to switch with our guards. We were also suspicious and asked them. If they came to guard Ludwig, what would the capital do?” “Hector Sattler, the governor of the capital garrison, only replied with one sentence!” Ernest’s eyes were filled with killing intent.

“What words?” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“I hereby issue the order of the country. All of you from Ludwig, hand over your swords and remove your armor. If you don’t obey my orders, you will be seen a rebel!” Old Man Zito held his pipe pot with trembling hands.

On that night forty years ago, all of his comrades died. How tragic was that?

It was Hector Sattler’s words that pressed down on the heads of the 700,000 heroic men of Ludwig. They had to listen!

Because the Ludwig army would rather die than become a rebel army!

They were loyal to Hansworth. Even if they died, they would not frown.

They would rather die than betray the country!

This was an ironclad law, a military rule, and the pride of every generation of young people.

Ernest waved his hand softly. “Under the supervision of the capital garrison, the brothers of the seven Ludwig legions removed their armor. They handed over the swords that had accompanied them for many years. They did not receive glory, but what they received was a butcher’s knife!

“That night, the armies of the three countries outside the borders seemed to have received the news long ago. Millions of troops crossed the border and charged into the Ludwig mountain range, but the capital garrison took away all our swords and armor!

“At that time, Big Brother Frazer was forced to kneel in front of Hector Sattler to beg him to return the swords and armor of the Ludwig army so that the men of Ludwig could fight against the foreign enemies!

“However, Hector Sattler rejected him and left behind an order. Ludwig was waiting for a change of defense. Anyone who used weapons would be a rebel!” ... Ernest covered his face with his rough hands as tears rolled down his face.

“Damn it!” Tristan was enraged. “Hector Sattler betrayed his country!” Heavenly King Yandel of the north was completely enraged!

He could not accept this!

This was the behavior of a traitor.

This was treason!

Back then, millions of troops from the three countries invaded their borders.

Hector Sattler actually took away the armor and swords belonging to the Ludwig army, leaving behind 700,000 iron-blooded men. They were unarmed and used their flesh and blood to block the powerful enemies from the three countries.

If this matter were to happen to the northern army... With Braydon's personality, he would dare to lead ten ruthless men and kill his way through the capital. He would want an explanation!

The Strongest War God chapter 211-I'm the Only Commander in the Northern Territory of Eight Thousand Miles!

What happened next did not have to be uttered.

The 700,000 men of the Ludwig army were exposed to the enemy's butcher knife. How could they have survived?

Just like the northern army, when they encountered the armies of the eight foreign countries, the blood feud between the two sides was so deep that they would not give the other side a way out.

Braydon Neal sat quietly, wrapped in a golden Qilin robe. His fair fingers held a warm jade teacup with boiling green tea inside.

!!

Crack!

The entire teacup turned into dust in an instant!

Braydon was expressionless. His thin lips moved slightly. "Continue!" "Capital garrison's governor, Hector Sattler, took away all the equipment of the Ludwig army. However, as long as we were stationed in Ludwig, we would not allow foreign countries to cause trouble!" Old Man Zito's eyes were filled with conviction.

"So, you chose to fight the enemy with your flesh and blood?" Braydon sighed.

Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford were silent.

The entire living room was dead silent.

Not everyone had the courage to face death so sacrificially.

“You fools!” Braydon said softly.

“Northern King, if it were the northern army, I’m afraid you would make the same choice as us!” Old Man Zito said with certainty.

The northern army and Ludwig were of the same origin!

Faith that came from the same source would definitely make the same choice.

“No!” Braydon smiled faintly.

Old Man Zito was stunned.

“What happened to the Ludwig army won’t happen to us,” Braydon explained. “Do you think my years of planning are just child’s play?” “Big Brother!” Tristan Yandell’s expression changed slightly.

“It’s fine. There are no outsiders here. It doesn’t matter if I tell them.” Braydon lightly smiled. He then told Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford that the three garrison emissaries of the capital were all men of the north!

Governor Westley Hader was Braydon Neal’s younger brother!

There were five main teams in the special operations team.

Eastern Hansworth commander Luke Yates only listened to his big brother, Braydon Neal.

Southern Hansworth commander Gordon Lowe was the Holy Right-Wing Guard of the Northern King.

Western Hansworth commander Bryan Goldman only respected the Northern King!

Northern Hansworth commander Carl Mason would always be a northerner!

Central Hansworth commander Zayn Ziegler was willing to die for Braydon Neal.

As long as Braydon Neal said one word, the five commanders would be willing to die for him.

There were also the five captains, like Hatcher Murphy and the others, who were also from the north!

Now you should understand why Braydon dared to say that what happened to the Ludwig army would not happen to the northern army.

The northern army was not pitiful!

Such a miserable thing would never happen.

There were many schemes in the capital hall, mutual deception, and the shadows of swords and sabers. How could the demon-like King Braydon Neal not be on guard?

They were guarding against the hearts of the people, and they were guarding against hidden dangers!

Braydon was the army commander. He must protect the millions of men in the north. Even if the men of the north died, they must die on the battlefield.

He absolutely could not allow himself to die in the shadows.

At this moment, Old Man Zito and Ernest's eyes were dull as they listened to him.

The two of them were completely dumbfounded!

He did not expect that this Northern King had secretly set up so many plans.

Although the Northern King was young, he could not be bullied!

This young man in white was as terrifying as a demon.

Braydon smiled. "There are more than 100,000 people from the north all over the world. I'm the only commander in the eight thousand miles of the north!"

“Although I’m a plain-clothed person wanting to keep my hands clean, all I want to do is protect the mountains and rivers of Hansworth and the one billion people of the country!” Braydon said calmly.

However, everyone present could tell that anyone who dared to interfere and secretly target the north would be killed without mercy!

The current northern army was not the Ludwig army of the past!

“Why did the Ludwig army become known as a rebel army?” Hatcher Murphy asked softly.

Old Man Zito continued, “It’s because we disobeyed Hector Sattler’s orders. The foreign countries have crossed the border and were attacking us. We, the 700,000 comrades of Ludwig, couldn’t ignore them. We had to fight them with our own bodies!” There was no need to say anything else!

700,000 elites had all died in the hands of the enemies outside the borders overnight. The shocking smell of blood was like a living hell. The wild beasts in the Ludwig mountain range were so scared that they fled the forest and ran toward the cities.

The Ludwig army went against Hector Sattler’s orders.

They were considered elites good at using weapons!

In the end, they ended up being labeled as rebels.

From the beginning to the end, it felt like they had been schemed against.

Someone had plotted against the Ludwig army, forcing them to a dead end with every step.

Old Man Zito was immersed in his memories. “That year, the Ludwig great change happened. Seven hundred thousand black-armored soldiers died tragically in the mountains. That night, the loyal souls roared indignantly and shook the Ludwig mountains...” He was still smoking. His body was a little hunched, but he did not continue speaking.

But his fingers were trembling.

A shocking event happened in Ludwig forty years ago, and all the hidden secrets had surfaced.

However, the traces of this matter had been erased.

Until now, almost no one knew about it.

It was even regarded as a taboo, and no one dared to talk about it.

The former vice commander Frazer Zito had now become an old man in the countryside. He planned to spend the rest of his life in seclusion.

Ernest Lanford had been hiding in Quon Temple for forty years.

Braydon had dug out all the secrets of the two old men.

Some things should be settled now that so many years had passed!

Back then, his teacher, Finley Yanagi, wanted to settle this score. However, because of the northern territory, he was constantly delayed until Finley Yanagi disappeared.

The two old men who had revealed their secrets looked desolate.

Braydon stood up with his hands behind his back and chuckled. "Vice Commander, how about accompanying me to the capital?" "Big Brother, the Ludwig incident is extremely complicated. I'm afraid the inside story isn't that simple!" Tristan Yandell braced himself and tried to persuade him.

He had been in the capital for three years and served as a deputy governor. He knew how deep the waters in the capital were!

It was definitely not as simple as it seemed!

The capital was not as pure as the northern territory.

Within the eight thousand miles of the north, there was only the northern army. No one could infiltrate the area. Even if they did, they would be killed if they were caught.

The various factions of the capital were entrenched like old trees, crisscrossing each other. Under the calm lake, monstrous waves were hidden.

"It's been forty years." Old Man Zito exhaled. "Can we bring up the past again?" "Why can't I?" Braydon asked softly. "Back then, 700,000 loyal souls

guarded the Ludwig border for 15 years. Why were they labeled as rebels overnight?

“Why is it that overnight, an enemy army from a foreign country entered the country and hid in Ludwig, and no one said anything or did anything about it!

“Why did they order the 700,000 elites of Ludwig to put down their weapons and not resist?

“Why were all the 700,000 men of Ludwig killed in the Ludwig mountain range overnight?!

“700,000 elites died tragically! ” ... Braydon could not ignore this matter, let alone be a bystander.

Back then, the Ludwig commander Xandros Hader and Braydon’s teacher, Finley Yanagi, were fellow disciples!

Xandros Hader was Braydon’s Uncle-Master, an elite of his generation who had fallen in Ludwig mountain.

Braydon let out a breath of turbid air. The cold killing intent in his eyes had never subsided. He said softly, “Inform Westley that I will personally be at the capital at noon!”

The Strongest War God chapter 212-Little Fool, the Twin Jades Braydon Neal was going to the capital!

Tristan Yandell’s expression changed into shock, and he tried to stop him. “Big Brother, it’s not appropriate to go to the capital now. Your coronation is imminent, and your body is injured. You need to recuperate in Preston!” At this moment, he had to persuade him.

The Ludwig incident was too complicated.

!!

It was far from being as simple as Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford had said.

With King Braydon’s personality, if he participated in this matter and went to the capital, he would definitely kill.

At that time, there would definitely be big trouble, and it was very likely that it would affect the northern army.

Old Man Zito and Ernest looked at each other and cupped their fists. “The northern army is the continuation of Ludwig. As long as the northern army is well, we have no regrets!” “Shut up, you two!” Braydon’s eyes were like swords as he stared coldly at Tristan and asked, “Little monkey, tell me, did you already know about Ludwig?” Hatcher Murphey was shocked by this question.

None of them would hide anything from King Braydon.

This little monkey Tristan Yandell, what was he playing at?

Coincidentally, in the Neal family manor, a loud voice sounded, “Here I come! Awoo, hahaha! Brother, I’m coming!” From far away, he knew who it was just from the voice.

Other than that little fool Luke Yates, no other person dared to act so casually in front of King Braydon.

Luke Yates barged into the Neal family’s manor with candied haws.

“Why is this demon king here?” Hatcher’s mouth twitched.

“How would I know!” Tristan felt a headache coming on.

The Neal family manor was already in a mess. Why did Luke Yates, this little fool, suddenly come over to join in the fun?

When Luke arrived at the Neal family’s place, he was naturally familiar with the place as he ran over very quickly.

“Why are you here?” Braydon frowned.

“To play with you. Brother, don’t worry. Even if I’m not around, no one in the six provinces of southern Hansworth will dare to cause trouble!” Luke patted his chest and swore.

The corners of Hatcher and Tristan’s mouths twitched slightly. They roughly understood why the martial artists of the six provinces of southern Hansworth did not dare to cause trouble.

Because Luke Yates was not a good person!

Even if the martial artists were well-behaved, this fellow would still go and torment them for no reason.

There were countless martial arts clans living in the six provinces of southern Hansworth. Every year, there were as many as a hundred people who went to capital garrison to sue Luke Yates!

All of them were suppressed by Westley Hader.

If the little fool had not been born in the northern army and had not grown up with the three sons of the north, Westley Hader would have dealt with him long ago.

Luke's nickname was not only the Great Demon King, but also the Rolling Meat Knife!

He was the biggest troublemaker in southern Hansworth, with a main team of ten thousand guards under him.

Last year, there were rumors that the southern Hansworth main team had secretly supported the opening of the largest black market in the country for martial artists to trade spiritual herbs. Every time the market opened, tens of thousands of martial artists would gather.

The commander of southern Hansworth actually supported the establishment of a martial arts market.

This was a blatant challenge to the ironclad law!

In the end, it alarmed the governor of the capital garrison, Westley Hader. He was furious and personally led his troops to southern Hansworth.

God knows how the little fool got the news in advance.

He had actually taken the initiative and openly led his troops to sweep through the entire black market. He directly confiscated all the spiritual herbs.

Westley did not even get a single hair when he went over.

The little fool made him so angry that he trembled, but he could not find any evidence.

There were also many other things that were done by the southern Hansworth main team.

The main team members under this little fool held the ashes of the ancestors of the martial artists' families hostage and extorted spiritual herbs from them. They were so angry that they went to the capital garrison to complain.

In the end, the little fool actually fed the ashes to the dogs.

His tricks were endless; there were simply too many to count.

The martial arts forces, sects, aristocratic families, and families of the six provinces of southern Hansworth had all suffered in recent years.

Therefore, there was no need to worry about southern Hansworth at all.

With Luke Yates there, the martial artists of the various families would rather hide from all the trouble. Who would dare to provoke this troublemaker?

Currently, in the villa courtyard.

Luke nibbled on the candied haws, looking completely out of place.

"Commander Yates!" Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford cupped their fists.

"You two old fogeys are the survivors of the Ludwig army, right?" Luke tilted his head and grinned.

"Frazer Zito, the vice commander of Ludwig, and Cesar Lichtman of the third legion!" Hatcher explained.

However, Luke was not surprised at all. It seemed that he had received the news in advance.

He had come for this matter.

Luther Carden was in charge of the 100,000 hidden agents in the north. After receiving the secret order from Braydon, he started to investigate Old Man Zito and Ernest. In the end, he investigated the southern Hansworth region as well.

The mountains of Ludwig belonged to southern Hansworth, and Luke Yates was alerted. Thinking that there was something good to be gained, he went over.

The little fool was from the northern army and was very familiar with the black-robed guards. When he received the news, Luther asked him to personally go to Preston to deliver something.

This item was a jade scepter.

It was green in color and was exquisitely carved. There was a lotus flower on it that was extremely lifelike.

Luke took it out from his bosom and pouted. "This is what Second Brother Luther asked me to send over. I couldn't figure out what it was even after fiddling with it for such a long time. Second Brother Luther said that you will know once you see it." Everyone looked at the jade scepter.

Old Man Zito looked over and asked in a low voice, "Where did you get this?" "The imperial guards of the northern army secretly investigated your identities and obtained it in the Ludwig mountain range." Luke had a candied haws in his mouth. He glanced at Old Man Zito from the corner of his eyes and muttered in his heart. Was this really the former vice commander of Ludwig, Frazer Zito?

It did not look like it!

As the commander of southern Hansworth, Luke had been entrenched in Ludwig for many years.

Luke knew a lot about the event forty years ago.

When Luke was appointed as the commander of southern Hansworth, he had received a secret order from Braydon to investigate everything about the Ludwig army forty years ago.

This matter was a secret investigation. Second Brother Luther and the others did not know much about it.

Braydon took the jade scepter and flipped through it gently, saying, "A grandmaster-level carving skill. It should be the twin jades from the Ludwig army, right?" "Yes, Sir!" Old Man Zito did not deny it.

He was in charge of this item back then.

It was later lost.

Unexpectedly, the twin jades had appeared once more.

“The twin jades of Ludwig is rumored to be related to a shocking secret. Only the successive successors of the Ludwig army can inherit this item,” Tristan said in shock.

“Back then, the next commander of the Ludwig army had already been confirmed to be vice commander Frazer Zito.” Luke knew about this part of history.

Old Man Zito squatted on the ground and continued smoking without saying a word.

The peerless figure of the past had now ended up like this.

Braydon took a closer look at the jade scepter, but he could not see any secrets in it, so he threw it out.

Old Man Zito was shocked and furious. He suddenly stood up and caught the jade scepter firmly. He said in shock and anger, “What are you doing?” “The twin jades was under your control back then, so now it also belongs to you!” “The former vice commander of Ludwig shouldn’t be so dispirited!” Braydon stood with his hands behind his back.

The Strongest War God chapter 213-Am the Taboo Braydon Neal’s words were a little harsh.

Old Man Zito carefully put the jade scepter on him and said in a low voice, “The former vice commander Frazer Zito has already died along with the fall of the Ludwig army. He no longer exists in this world!” “The only one alive now is Old Man Zito.” Old Man Zito was lethargic, like a rotten piece of wood.

!!

However, Braydon could bear to see this.

“What if I say that I can help you rebuild the Ludwig army and reunite the old troops of the Ludwig army? Can the vice commander of the past regain his former glory?” His thin lips moved slightly.

“What?” Old Man Zito stood up; his eyes filled with disbelief.

He could not believe that someone of Braydon’s status would be willing to get involved in this troublesome matter.

One had to know that the 700,000 elites of Ludwig had all died tragically in the Ludwig mountain range.

Anyone with a brain would know how terrifying the person who schemed against Old Man Zito and the others back then was.

“Big Brother, that is considered a taboo!” Tristan Yandell was shocked.

“Taboo? I, Braydon Neal, am a taboo!” Braydon stood there quietly, a wave of pressure spreading out.

A bitter smile appeared on Tristan’s lips, and he did not dare to say anything else.

The Northern King was indeed a taboo.

A living taboo!

He was a taboo within the country, and he was even more of a taboo for the eight countries outside.

King Braydon was not afraid of the so-called taboo that Tristan spoke of.

The Northern King sword stood between heaven and earth, breaking these so-called taboos.

Braydon returned to the living room, holding a teacup. Looking at the light green tea, he chuckled. “The men of the north are not afraid of the storms of the world. The incident at Ludwig is a pain in my heart and a thorn in the northern army’s body.

“This is a hidden injustice in the history of the northern army!”

“Even though forty years have passed, some people have to give me, the northern army commander, an explanation!” Braydon picked up the teacup and pursed his lips. Half a cup of bitter tea entered his mouth.

The entire living room was silent.

Hatcher Murphy lowered his head and stood at the side silently.

At this moment, anyone who interrupted would be challenging the might of the Northern King!

Even Tristan should have understood Braydon's intentions by now. The Ludwig matter would not be settled like this!

Suddenly.

Tristan broke out in a cold sweat. He suddenly realized that this big brother who was sitting on the sofa drinking tea had probably not just thought of investigating the Ludwig army matter today.

He had probably started investigating a long time ago!

Otherwise, would Luke Yates really be here just to fool around?

Out of the five commanders, it had to be Luke Yates from southern Hansworth, who was in charge of the Ludwig area, who was here today.

Thinking of this, Tristan broke out in cold sweat.

He was also a part of the northern army and was one of the Five Heavenly Kings of the north.

Other than the top three of the ten ruthless men of the northern army, Tristan was not afraid of anyone.

He was someone who accompanied the Northern King, but he did not understand what the Northern King was thinking.

Cold sweat appeared on Tristan's face. He cupped his fists and said in a low voice, "Commander, I know my mistake now!" "You've been disobeying your brother's wishes so many times. Now you realize that you've made a mistake?" Luke rolled his eyes.

The little fool was not stupid. He grew up in the northern territory, and all of them knew the rules of the north.

The Northern King's words were military orders!

Braydon's will was the will of the north.

In other words, no one could change or question Braydon's words and actions!

Anyone who belonged to the north only needed to listen to orders!

Because of the Ludwig army incident, Tristan had tried to persuade him several times. Luckily, the ten ruthless men of the north were not here, or else they would not have spared Tristan.

Braydon said softly, "No worries. You will become a marquis within a month. This time, follow me back to the capital and stay by Westley's side." His indifferent words caused Tristan's face to turn pale!

Tristan pulled out his cold sword, causing Luke Yates to be shocked and furious. "What the f*ck! What are you doing!" The little fool thought that Tristan had drawn his sword out of embarrassment.

This was completely insane!

However, Tristan pulled out his sword, knelt down on one knee, stabbed the blade into the ground, and lowered his head without making a sound!

He had made a huge mistake today!

He actually wanted to control the Northern King's will.

He had indeed made a mistake.

Because of this mistake, Tristan felt that he was being chased back to the capital to defend the garrison. He really did not have the face to face Westley Hader.

Perhaps this was the pride of the men of the north.

People like them were not afraid of life and death. They were not afraid of the wind and rain in the world. They believed in the sword in their hands and only obeyed the orders of the Northern King. As long as Braydon gave the order, the people of the north would definitely listen to it!

But now, Tristan was kneeling on one knee, not saying a word.

"Get up!" Braydon felt a headache coming on.

“Commander, please punish me instead! Don’t chase me back to the capital garrison!” Tristan said in a muffled voice.

He really had no face to go back!

When Tristan returned, Westley would definitely ask him why he had returned.

What would Tristan say?

Could he actually say that he was chased back by Braydon?

Thinking of this, Tristan’s mind exploded.

Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry. He glared at Luke and said helplessly, “You believe the words of the little fool? He was just pulling your leg. I merely want you to go back to the capital to help Westley.

“He really doesn’t need help now.” Tristan looked unwilling.

Governor Westley Hader sat high in the governor’s hall. The capital garrison listened to his orders. He no longer needed help.

Braydon chuckled. “You told me earlier that the situation in the capital is complicated. The various aristocratic families are entrenched in the capital, and their forces are crisscrossing. Have you forgotten?” “Then, we’ll follow our previous agreement. I’ll go back after I’ve become a marquis.” Tristan stood up, unwilling to return to the capital no matter what.

“The commander asked you earlier. Did you already know about the Ludwig army when you were in the capital?” Hatcher Murphy suddenly added.

Tristan’s face turned green!

Originally, he had already managed to get away with this question, but Hatcher stabbed him in the back and brought it up again.

Tristan’s face darkened. He nodded slightly and secretly looked at Braydon’s expression.

The Ludwig incident involved many people.

One of these people was Westley Hader!

Back then, the Ludwig king was Westley Hader's grandfather.

Earlier, Tristan kept saying that the Ludwig army incident was extremely complicated and had many hidden secrets because this fellow had more information.

But he did not dare to say it!

Once he said it, Braydon would definitely head to the capital to help Westley.

This was because the Hader lineage was one of the strongest aristocratic families in the capital back then.

Unfortunately, on that night several decades ago, they were brutally exterminated!

Those with the surname Hader were all killed!

This matter was also related to the Ludwig army.

The two incidents happened on the same night.

Now, you should understand why Tristan kept saying that the Ludwig incident was not as simple as what Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford had said!

"Hector Sattler is still alive?" Braydon put down his teacup.

He suddenly asked, filled with killing intent!

Tristan's eyelids twitched. "He's still alive. He's in the capital!" "Then, let's make a trip to the capital!" Braydon stood up calmly.

The Strongest War God chapter 214-The Three Leaders Appear Together As for Logan Hall, he had left earlier to go to the Preston main team and prepared a helicopter.

Braydon Neal's view toward the Ludwig army matter was very simple.

No matter how complicated it was or which faction was involved, now that he knew Hector Sattler was the main culprit, Braydon would kill him.

If it was related to the Ludwig incident, he would kill every person he found.

!!

“Brother, Second Brother Luther feels that you shouldn’t go to the capital.” Luke Yates scratched his head.

“He’s the one with a lot of opinions since he was young. If he were to say all of them out loud, it would be enough to write a book!” Braydon said sarcastically.

When Luke heard that, he felt that it was indeed the case.

Among the few of them, only Second Brother Luther was that thorough.

Luke was indeed a simple-minded person. He chose to forget what Luther Carden had told him and followed Braydon to the capital.

“I’ll go too!” Sammy Dudley came down from upstairs and said.

“The poison in your body hasn’t been cleared up yet. Rest at home!” Braydon pulled out the black dragon gall spear in the courtyard and brought it to the helicopter.

The reason why he brought the dragon gall spear was because it was not appropriate to unsheathe the Northern King sword in the capital.

If the Northern King sword was unsheathed in the capital, the signal it released would be too strong. It would startle some people and cause trouble for Westley Hader!

The black helicopter landed on the landing pad of the Neal family manor.

Braydon had just arrived at the airport with a group of people when he suddenly stopped.

“Brother, what’s wrong?” Luke asked suspiciously.

“We have guests!” Braydon’s hearing was amazing. He could clearly hear the footsteps from a few hundred meters away.

Tristan Yandell placed his left hand on his waist and on the hilt of his sword. He was on guard.

Zander Zeller, the leader of the dark division in Quill, led a hundred members of the dark division and arrived at the Neal family’s manor.

“Someone from the dark division?” Tristan frowned.

“Zander Zeller, the leader of Quill’s dark division!” Hatcher Murphy’s expression turned cold.

It was common knowledge that the special operations team and the dark division did not get along.

Captain Hatcher was no exception. When he saw the people from the dark division, he would not be polite.

“The leader of Quill’s dark division, Zander Zeller, greets Lord Northern King!” Zander had suffered a loss in the bar last time, so he now knew proper etiquette.

Beside him, a young man in black sportswear said with arrogance, “Holton Scholl, the leader of the Lamar city dark division, greets the Northern King!” “Kyle Quirk, the leader of the Preston dark division, greets the Northern King!” The man on the right bowed.

In every part of the country, whenever there was a special operations team, there would be a dark division to control and supervise each other.

This was the rule!

However, the dark division and the special operations team were under the jurisdiction of the capital garrison.

“What brings you three here?” Tristan frowned.

“Deputy Governor Yandell, we have received a secret order to arrest the surviving members of Ludwig!” Zander stated the purpose of his visit.

Tristan’s expression was unsightly. He was already mentally prepared to face any trouble that might appear at any moment after being embroiled in the Ludwig incident.

However, he did not expect the trouble to come so quickly. The first one to appear was the dark division.

“It’s not up to the dark division to interfere with the central Hansworth headquarters’ matters. Get lost!” Hatcher said indifferently.

“Captain Murphy, today’s matter is not the dark division targeting the central Hansworth main team. The secret order came from the capital, so we can only follow the order!” Zander’s explanation was not just for Hatcher.

It was even said for Braydon to hear.

Today, if they provoked the Northern King, and he killed all 100 members of the dark division in the Neal family. Zander could guarantee that the headquarters of the dark division in the capital would not stand up for them.

The northern army was very powerful now; not just anyone could provoke it.

The leader of the northern army was here!

Tristan sneered. “An order from the capital. Why wouldn’t I, the deputy governor, know about it?” “Deputy Governor Yandell, the secret order really came from the capital. With your authority, you can directly check where this order came from.” Zander lowered his head and replied in a very humble manner.

Of the three great figures present, none of them was someone that he, Zander Zeller, could afford to offend.

The Northern King, Braydon Neal, Deputy Governor Tristan Yandell, and Captain Hatcher Murphy.

These three figures were not to be trifled with.

More importantly, they were all from the north!

Take Captain Hatcher Murphy as an example. Today, if he had killed the three leaders of the dark division, the dark division would never dare to touch him, let alone deal with it on their own!

Even if the people of the northern territory had committed a grave mistake, they had to be sent back to the northern army to be dealt with.

No matter who it was, if an outsider dared to mess around and stain the blood of a northern territory person with his blade, he would have to pay with his life.

Blood for blood was the fighting style of the northern army!

This rule had always intimidated all martial artists in the world.

No one dared to touch the northern army!

Tristan did not say anything else. He took out his wristwatch and checked the secret order that Zander had mentioned.

There really was such an order!

The secret order came from the governor office!

In other words, this secret order came from the capital garrison.

Tristan did not curse or get angry. A cold light appeared in his eyes as if he had guessed something.

This order might not have been approved by the governor, Westley Hader, but it was issued in the name of the governor office.

The waters of the capital were much deeper than one would imagine!

Braydon glanced over. Needless to say, he could already guess the result from Tristan's subtle expression.

He, Braydon Neal, would definitely protect the survivors of the Ludwig army!

Not to mention these three small leaders, even if it was the capital's dark division, Braydon would not hand them over if those old leaders came!

The king of the northern territory would not be coerced in any way!

Zander raised his head and asked tentatively, "Deputy Governor Yandell, you've also seen this secret order. Is this person..." "Brother Zeller, we're just following orders. There's no need to be polite with them. Just take them away. Let's see if they dare to touch us!" Holton Scholl, the leader of Lamar city's dark division, seemed to have lost his patience.

Zander's expression changed drastically. The dark division was born to check and balance the special operations team. They had a special status and could control all the martial artists in the world. It could be said that they were high and mighty.

They could bully martial artists, but in front of the Northern King, they were nothing special!

Back then, the dark division had more than 3,000 people rooted in the northern territory.

Because of that person's death.

The Northern King ordered for everyone to be killed in a fit of anger!

The imperial guards of the north had slaughtered the leaders of the dark divisions in seven provinces, to the point where the old leader of the dark division in the capital personally went to the northern territory to apologize.

The north had only attacked once, but they had intimidated the dark division for ten years. They did not dare to send people to infiltrate the northern territory!

This was the might of the northern army!

Just as Holton had finished speaking, Braydon glanced over and stood there calmly.

Hatcher instantly drew his sword. The black cold sword was unsheathed, accompanied by the terrifying killing intent of a seventh-level War God and his cold voice, "Anyone who provokes the commander will be killed without mercy!" "Kill them!" In the Neal family's manor, all eight thousand men in black appeared. They all held swords in their left hands and wore black scarves on their faces, revealing their determined tiger eyes. They were in an orderly formation and pointed their swords at the hundred people from the dark division!

When the captain makes a move, the guards follow him.

This was the rule!

The five captains controlled the core strength of the five main teams and were born to kill.

Every time they moved out, it was a day when martial artists were terrified.

At this moment, the expressions of the three leaders changed drastically.

The Strongest War God chapter 215-All the Men Under His Command Kyle Quirk's face turned green as he cursed Holton Scholl in his heart.

Was Holton Scholl a real tiger or a f*cking idiot?

The white-robed youth before him was the king of the northern region. He was the only one who reigned supreme in the eight thousand miles of northern territory. The eight countries outside the tiger's roar were terrified!

A young king like this had crossed the border alone not long ago and entered Namar's territory. With an injured body, he had killed several conferred kings.

!!

In Namar Palace, he had his sword held against Namar's ruler, Cameron Linar's neck, demanding he hand over the north's hidden agent.

How domineering.

How many people in Hansworth could have such courage?

With this deterrence, Namar did not dare to make any big moves.

This was the might of the Northern King!

Usually, everyone would hide, and no one would dare to provoke them.

Today, if he had not received the secret order, he, Kyle Quirk, the head of the Preston dark division, would not have come over even if he was beaten to death. He would rather hide far away than come over to bring bad luck upon himself.

Hatcher Murphy had already unsheathed his saber, and the eight thousand imperial guards of the central plains had all unsheathed their swords. Their bloodthirsty killing intent soared into the sky.

More than half of the members of the dark division revealed fear in their eyes.

They were panicking!

Many people were probably cursing Holton's ancestors in their hearts.

Of all the people he could provoke, he had to provoke these lunatics from the northern army.

Tristan Yandell said ruthlessly, "Take him down, cripple him, and throw him out of the Neal family!" "Deputy Governor Yandell, please calm down. Leader Scholl is young and ignorant. Regardless, he is still your subordinate!" Zander Zeller hurriedly pleaded.

"I don't have such an idiot under my command!" Tristan's face was filled with disdain.

"Holton Scholl, kneel down and admit your mistake!" Zander Zeller's eyes were filled with the desire to eat someone alive.

Holton did not expect that a single sentence from him would cause so much trouble.

Eight thousand imperial guards were stood there.

Holton's face turned green. If he had known that this would happen, he would definitely have restrained his arrogant personality.

"Lord Yandell, I was wrong!" He bowed and said in a low voice.

"Kneel down!" Only the martial artists of the three provinces of the central plains knew how cold Captain Hatcher Murphy was.

A War God's pressure swept over. Holton instantly knelt down on both knees, his knees deeply sinking into the soil.

He was just a ninth-level warrior. He could not withstand the pressure of a War God!

That's right, Holton Scholl was only a warrior!

Lamar city and Preston city were of the same size. The leader of the Lamar city main team and the leader of the dark division were all at the warrior level.

Only the leader in the provincial capital, Quill, was a warlord!

Holton knelt down and lowered his head, feeling humiliated.

But he had brought this upon himself.

Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back and smiled. "I understand that you came here under a secret order, but I'm very confused about the

survivors of Ludwig that you mentioned!” Zander was slightly stunned and did not react.

“If Lord Northern King has anything to say, it’s fine,” he probed.

“Then, I’ll get straight to the point. I was born in the Neal family manor. Other than you, there are only the Neal family members and the children of the north here. There are no survivors of Ludwig!” Braydon said softly. He looked at the imperial guards and said, “Put your swords back into your sheaths and retreat!” “Yes, Sir!” The eight thousand imperial guards of the central plains not only listened to the captain, Hatcher Murphy, but also to their former military commander, Braydon Neal.

As long as Braydon gave the order, these eight thousand heroic men were willing to die for him.

At this moment, Zander was instantly stunned.

Kyle’s eyelids twitched slightly. He seemed to have understood something and immediately shut his mouth.

According to his plan, he just had to make a trip here today.

Did he really want to take them away in front of Braydon Neal?

That was definitely courting death!

Holton knelt on the ground and pointed at Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford. He said in a low voice, “Lord Northern King, the two old men beside you are the survivors of Ludwig.

“His name is Frazer Zito. He was the vice commander of Ludwig in the past. He was a terrifying figure and extremely dangerous!” “His name is Cesar Lichtman. He was the commander of the third legion of the Ludwig army. His title was the Underworld Blade. His blade strikes the underworld and breaks the devil’s gall!” ... Holton’s words triggered Hatcher’s killing intent.

Even Tristan’s gaze was cold.

In the Neal family manor, they had just found out the identity of the two old men.

In the end, the dark division found out about it within a short period of time!

This Neal family manor was under the surveillance of the dark division.

Only Braydon's tone was calm. "Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford are the hidden agents of the old generation of the northern army. Do you understand?" The last three words were a very calm question.

Hyle felt a chill run down his spine and cupped his hands on the spot. "Understood. We shall now bid you farewell!" Kyle turned around and left.

If he dared to say that he did not understand, he could be killed!

Braydon said that these two people were the hidden agents of the old generation of the northern army, so they were from northern army.

If the dark division still dared to say that Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford were the survivors of Ludwig, in the eyes of the northern army, it meant that they wanted to touch their comrades.

Those who touched the northern army would die.

If he did not answer this question well, no matter how many people from the dark division came today, they would all die.

Braydon boarded the helicopter and said calmly, "If your dark division dares to touch someone from the northern army, I will use the name of the Northern King to propose to the capital to abolish the dark division!" His loud voice resounded throughout the entire Neal family manor.

His words revealed the power of the Northern King.

Everyone's pupils constricted.

Braydon was a man of his word.

In the name of the northern army, if he proposed to abolish the dark division, the success rate was over 90%.

The division would almost certainly be abolished.

It was only because the capital garrison's three governors were all from the northern army.

It was because the ten legions of the northern territory had too many battle achievements!

Zander's face was pale as he said hoarsely, "We won't dare!" The people from the dark division were drenched in cold sweat. Usually, they could even touch the people from the various large special operations teams. After all, they were born to restrain them.

All the martial artists in the world would be trembling in fear when they saw the members of the dark division.

The members of the dark division were nurtured to be arrogant and condescending.

But now, in front of Braydon Neal, the arrogance of the members of the dark division was not worth mentioning.

In this world, there were existences that the dark division needed to respect.

Unfortunately, Braydon was one of them.

Luke Yates boarded the helicopter and walked past Hatcher. The corners of his mouth twitched. "Cripple him. If you want to kill him, then kill him. I'll bear the responsibility!" Hatcher revealed a bright smile. It was sincere and filled with longing. The old Big Brother Luke had not changed at all.

He looked up and watched the helicopter take off.

Hatcher needed to lead his troops back to the provincial capital, so he turned around and said coldly, "Everyone, let's go. I'll send you back!" "No need for Captain Murphy to worry about us!" Zander's eyelids twitched slightly.

If the imperial guards of the central plains sent them back, who would not be afraid?

But it was not up to them!

The eight thousand imperial guards escorted them to the Neal family manor's gate.

Hatcher's eyes turned cold as he drew his sword. The black light was like a thunderbolt as it pierced through Holton's abdomen and nailed him to the wall.

The scene was silent.

There were more than a hundred people in the dark division, and every face showed shock, fear, and anger.

This scene stunned everyone.

“Captain Murphy?” Zander cried out involuntarily.

“You... Cough!” Holton’s eyes bulged and were bloodshot. His hand was grabbing Hatcher’s shoulder.

He could not believe that he was attacked when he was walking out of the door.

Hatcher’s thin lips moved slightly. “In front of the commander, anyone who dares to act presumptuously must die!”

The Strongest War God chapter 216-Capital Garrison, Greeting the Northern King Everyone was stunned.

Holton Scholl finally understood why he was stabbed.

He was not wronged!

The people of the dark division had to avoid the people of the northern territory.

!!

Otherwise, this would be the outcome!

Hatcher Murphy pulled out his sword and returned it to its sheath. He turned around, leaving behind a cold figure. He led the eight thousand imperial guards and gradually walked further and further away. He was cold and heartless. He was decisive and would kill without hesitation.

This was the captain!

Zander Zeller rushed forward to support him. Seeing that Holton was still breathing, he shouted in a low voice, “Penetrating wound. Send him to the hospital!” The people from Lamar city’s dark division quickly carried the man to the hospital.

Zander did not go. He sighed lightly and said, "Sigh, the Captain is merciful. The blade avoided the vital parts, and he's able to keep his life. I'm afraid he'll be crippled for the rest of his life." "Leader, since the people from the central plains are so arrogant, should we report this to the provincial capital's dark division?" A young man beside him was filled with unwillingness.

Zander looked at him deeply and did not reply in the end.

There were some things that ordinary members of the dark division would not understand.

The positions of the five captains were unshakable.

These five lords were under the direct jurisdiction of the governor, Westley Hader, and each of them was personally appointed by him.

The dark division could not shake these five!

The relationship was more complicated than what outsiders could see.

The three governors of the capital garrison were all from the northern army, and the five captains were also from the northern army.

It was not difficult to understand this.

The dark division could not afford to offend the five captains!

These were the five open agents of the northern army!

If the hidden agents were stationed out in the open, they would be open agents, but both parties could not be messed with.

The entire Neal family manor returned to its peaceful state, and Sammy Dudley stayed behind with Logan Hall to recuperate.

However, in the northern region, on the peak of Mount Bliz, under a ginkgo tree, sat a girl in a white dress. Her figure was graceful, her facial features were exquisite, her eyebrows were picturesque, and her nose was slightly wrinkled. She was like a fairy in a painting, spotless.

"What's wrong?" She wrinkled her nose.

"Young Master went to the capital!" A hoarse voice came from the dark.

The girl in the white dress was Sadie Dudley.

She swayed on the swing, curiosity flashing across her bright eyes. “What is Young Master going to the capital for? He likes to be quiet, and the capital is filled with materialistic desires. That is not a place he likes!” “It’s about the Ludwig army,” the hoarse voice replied.

Sadie got off the swing and walked lightly, pushing open the wooden house that belonged to Braydon Neal. Inside, there were many sealed files.

One of the sealed files had one word written on it.

Ludwig!

Her fair hands opened the sealed file. Sadie frowned. “Young Master knows about the Ludwig incident? How much does he know?” “He should know about the first level. The Ludwig matter is divided into four levels. If Young Master had understood everything, he wouldn’t have gone to the capital.” The voice in the dark was ethereal, making it impossible to determine its location.

Sadie’s brows furrowed slightly as she flipped through the Ludwig secret file. The things recorded on it made her somewhat shocked.

The 700,000 Ludwig army soldiers died tragically.

There was a key figure in this matter.

His name was Hector Sattler!

Sadie drew a red circle with her white jade fingers and circled the name. Her cherry lips opened slightly. “Bring this person here!” “He’s a direct descendant of the Sattler family!” The voice sounded hesitant.

Sadie’s slender fingers gently brushed her messy black hair and smiled sweetly. “Are the people from the Sattler family very powerful?” “Yes!” The voice of the person in the dark trembled slightly.

Sadie said coldly, “Hector Sattler, whether he’s dead or alive, it doesn’t matter. Young Master has gone to the capital. Go there personally. If there are any hidden dangers, eliminate them!” The person in the dark quietly retreated.

Sadie was left alone. She rested her chin on her hands and looked at the young man's painting hanging on the wall. Her bright eyes were in a daze. As the cold wind blew through the open door, she woke up.

Sadie burst out laughing. She was like a blooming lotus flower, causing the entire room to faintly brighten up.

She said gently, "What a torturous little brother. How worrying. He even has to get involved in this troublesome Ludwig matter!" Sadie was not worried about Braydon's safety.

The Northern King was going to the capital, how could she let anything happen to him!

Think about it. If the Northern King had an accident in the capital, what would the northern territory think?

What would the ten ruthless men of the northern army think?

What would the northern army think?

The elite troops of the northern army were stationed in the northern territory, and they not only intimidated the eight countries outside the border, but also the various aristocratic families and religions!

If anything happened to the Northern King, it would be the day the northern army went south and swept the world.

The black helicopter that had taken off from Preston had just left the skies above Preston when the capital was already bustling with activity.

In the magnificent hall of the governor office.

Westley Hader sat at the head of the table, and below him were all the important figures of the capital garrison.

Moreover, the second most important person in the capital garrison, who had been missing for many years, had also appeared!

The second-in-command of the capital garrison was the same as Tristan Yandell. He was a deputy governor and wore a silver flying fish robe. He was a marquis, Nico Yates!

He was the little fool's elder brother.

Moreover, he was his biological brother!

However, whether the two brothers were born from the same parents was a question that had revolved around the northern army for more than ten years.

Because the difference in their personalities was too great.

Westley sat at the head of the table. Nico, who was wearing a straw cape and a bamboo hat, looked like a woodcutter in a common household. He was very inconspicuous.

The key was that the entire governor office was dead silent as he stood there.

No one dared to make a sound!

"Nico, Big Brother is here today." Westley chuckled.

"Yeah!" Nico nodded.

"Is the welcoming ceremony ready?" The corner of Westley's mouth twitched.

"Yeah!" Nico nodded again.

This made Westley's face turn black. He said in a bad mood, "That little fool is also coming today!" "Chase him away!" Finally, Nico did not reply with a mere 'yeah'.

However, his responses were still very short.

He wanted to chase the little fool away with one sentence.

Westley was both angry and happy. "He's coming with Big Brother. I can't chase him away. Alright, get ready to welcome the legend of the northern territory!" He suddenly stood up, his eyes shining.

King Braydon's arrival represented not only him, but the entire northern territory!

The arrival of the Northern King in the capital was a major event.

The gates of the capital would be opened for him. Ten miles of red robes and 70,000 soldiers of the capital garrison would all change into formal attire, and they would welcome the return of the Northern King with the nation's etiquette!

King Braydon had never set foot in the capital in his life.

Even though the capital invited him every year, Braydon directly declined the invitation with the excuse of the important task of guarding the northern border.

Now that Braydon was coming, all the aristocratic families in the capital were shocked.

What kind of etiquette should the Northern King be treated with when he arrived in the capital?

Without a doubt.

It naturally had to be a national etiquette!

A black helicopter arrived in the sky above the capital. The flight route in this area had been designated as a no-fly zone today. Everything was done so that King Braydon could arrive safely.

The helicopter from the Preston team slowly landed on the tarmac outside the city gate of the capital.

At this moment, the main gate of the capital opened.

The main entrance slowly opened, revealing a boundless red carpet. Both sides of the street were filled with ginkgo trees.

Eighty miles of ginkgo trees bloomed for the Northern King.

The flowers bloomed for eighty miles, and the fragrance lingered in the entire capital.

Westley Hader, who was wearing a gold-rimmed flying fish robe, took the lead, and Nico Yates and seventy thousand capital garrison elites followed behind him. This was accompanied by a shocking welcome from all of them. "The capital garrison welcomes the Northern King to the capital!"

The Strongest War God chapter 217-The Real Cloud Treading Qilin The voices of seventy thousand people resounded throughout the capital.

At this moment, all thirty million people in the capital were shocked.

They finally understood why the main street was closed today and covered with red carpets. It was because the War God of the northern territory of Hansworth had returned!

The War God of the North, King Braydon Neal.

!!

It was him!

At that moment, the entire capital was out of control.

That's right, the capital was out of control.

Tens of thousands of people rushed into the empty alleys, ignoring the ban and leaving their homes.

They were going to the streets to welcome the youngest War God of the northern territory in the history of Hansworth.

They wanted to welcome the return of the strongest army in Hansworth, the northern army!

In the modern society where the media was developed, almost every household knew about the legend of the northern army. There was an army in the northern territory, named the northern army. It was stationed in the bitter cold land and guarded the eight-thousand-mile defense line. It guarded the ten national gates and defended against the enemies of the eight foreign countries!

For decades, the foreign enemies had never crossed the border.

It was an iron defense line.

The northern army was ranked among the top ten armies in the world and could be ranked in the top three.

The military commander, King Braydon, was the subject of frequent reports in the military magazines and trending magazines of foreign countries.

On the internet, almost all the boys in the country were fans of the northern army. Sometimes, they would even go to the internet to fight with people outside the country. They would turn into internet trolls and scold each other.

They believed that the northern army was the strongest army in the world!

That fanatical worship and belief was the influence of the northern army.

The people were not stupid. They all knew who was silently protecting their happy lives now.

It was the northern army!

If there was no border defense army that guarded the border all year round and resisted the enemy outside the country gate, ordinary people would not be able to have a blissful life.

Looking at the countries in the world, no matter how weak they were, they could not weaken their borders!

Once the border defense was lost and the flames of war spread to the country, would you still want to live an ordinary life?

That would simply be a dream!

Thus, the arrival of the legendary commander of the northern army, King Braydon, caused the entire capital to boil!

The residents of the capital flooded the streets, unable to be controlled at all. All of them stood on the streets, their gazes uniformly looking at the open gate.

The gate was nine meters high and five meters wide, which was the number of ninety-five.

When the main gate opened, it was bound to be a big shot.

The arrival of King Braydon should be treated with the etiquette of the country and should not be neglected.

Braydon Neal walked out of the landing tarmac, and the gate opened. Westley Hader led his troops to welcome him personally.

“Capital garrison governor, Westley Hader, greets the Northern King!” In public.

Westley bowed with both hands folded.

Braydon’s arrival in the capital represented the entire northern territory.

Nico Yates, who was someone extremely quiet, bowed and said, “Nico Yates, capital garrison governor, greets the Northern King. Please change your clothes!” After saying that.

He held a gold-rimmed Qilin robe in his hands.

There was a picture of a Qilin stepping on clouds embroidered on it!

This was the real official robe of the Northern King.

Ever since Braydon was conferred the title of king, he had been given the title of the Northern King.

The key was that Braydon did not accept it. He rejected the Qilin clothes and chose to wear plain clothes until today.

Only Braydon could wear this cloud treading Qilin robe.

“Brother, put on the Qilin robe!” Westley Hader advised.

This cloud treading Qilin robe had been sealed for three years!

Ever since the day it was made, Braydon had never touched it.

Today, Braydon had arrived in the capital. Would he still refuse to wear this cloud treading Qilin robe that only belonged to the Northern King?

If Braydon did not wear it, it meant that he had not accepted the title of the Northern King.

It had been three years!

Braydon did not even glance at the robe Nico was holding with both hands. His steps were like a tiger's, and his thin body exuded an imposing aura.

This invisible aura was extremely oppressive, and all the flowers and plants on the roadside bent over.

Westley and the others followed behind him as they walked toward the capital's gates.

The capital garrison troops lined up on both sides of the wide road that led straight to capital. The red gate was already completely open.

Braydon stood in front of the gate with his hands behind his back for a long time.

The people guarding capital all lowered their heads. No one dared to look directly into King Braydon's eyes.

This young man in white was the most legendary figure in the northern territory.

Now that he had arrived in the capital, no one dared to disrespect him!

Luke Yates and Tristan Yandell stood silently behind him with Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford.

If it was not for the Ludwig army, Braydon would not have come to the capital!

Perhaps he would never even set foot in the capital for the rest of his life.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Westley were you the one who ordered the three leaders of Quill, Lamar, and Preston to break into the Neal family and capture Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford?" "No!" Westley was stunned.

As soon as he finished speaking, Braydon's deep eyes flashed with coldness.

Things in the capital were more complicated than he had imagined.

It was a small matter that someone had bypassed Westley and ordered the dark division to capture Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford, the two remaining Ludwig army survivors, through the capital garrison.

The person probably wanted to use this opportunity to beat Braydon Neal and see King Braydon attitude!

Every small matter had a special meaning when it came to the capital.

It was clear that the capital was testing Braydon.

Now, the Northern King had come personally!

Westley wanted to say something but hesitated. He wanted to ask for an explanation, but it was not the right time. He turned to Tristan and asked what was going on.

Tristan's thin lips moved slightly; his voice soft as he briefly explained the situation.

In the next moment.

Westley was furious and said coldly, "Secret order: all the garrison troops of the capital are to enter a state of combat readiness. If anything happens to my brother today, I will kill my way through the capital!" This young governor was finally enraged!

Someone had bypassed him, the governor, and directly ordered the capital garrison to send the three leaders of the dark division to break into the Neal family manor to capture people.

He wanted to test Braydon regarding the Ludwig army matter!

He was provoking the northern territory.

However, this person had made things difficult for Westley.

No wonder Westley was so angry. Borrowing the hands of the capital garrison meant using Westley to test King Braydon.

It was just a small matter, but he had other intentions!

Trying to drive a wedge between the three sons of the north?

The person in the dark had probably underestimated Westley. This matter concerned Braydon, so he would dare kill his way through the capital.

In the end, Braydon still walked through the main entrance and stepped onto the red carpet.

The Northern King had finally entered the capital.

The moment he stepped through the door, an invisible aura locked onto Braydon.

Braydon did not seem to notice. He stood with his hands behind his back and took his second step on the red carpet.

Boom!

The second wave of pressure quietly descended.

Deep footprints appeared on the red carpet under Braydon's feet.

Someone was pressuring him?

Braydon smiled faintly as he walked through the main entrance and onto the bustling main road of the capital.

At this moment, the ginkgo trees on both sides of the main street were blooming for a stretch of eighty miles, and the fragrance pervaded the air.

The two rows of capital guards lowered their heads and respectfully said, "Welcome, Northern King!" "Wow, Brother Northern King!" Behind the capital garrison was a dark mass of people. They were all residents of the capital, and their faces were filled with excitement. They kept waving their hands and shouting, "Northern King!"

The Strongest War God chapter 218-In the Capital, Killing a King On the main street, red carpets were laid out.

The ginkgo trees bloomed, and the petals floated in the sky.

Braydon Neal walked like a tiger on the main street and nodded slightly.

The excited people on both sides, especially the hot-blooded men, shouted, "Northern King, you've finally come to the capital!" !!

"Are the ten War Gods of the northern army here with you?" "Did the northern army come with you?" "The capital welcomes the Northern King. I'm a diehard

fan of the northern army!" "Brother Northern King, look over here!" ... Among the crowd, there were men in their forties or fifties and youths in their twenties. They were all shouting excitedly. They finally saw the northern army commander!

The northern army had influenced more than just a generation!

There were all kinds of stories about the legend of the northern army on the Internet, but every story vaguely revealed the horror of the northern territory.

Now, the legend of the northern territory was making a public appearance in the capital, and the people were flooding the streets.

There were also many young girls who were dressed up beautifully. They looked at the young man in white walking on the main street and could not believe that this was the Northern King!

He was really too young.

It was because of this youth that he became a legend in the northern territory.

He became the idol of the younger generation.

It was this young man in white who was in charge of the ten legions of the north. He wielded the Northern King sword and made all the countries outside the borders tremble in fear.

The capital garrison was on full alert against the boiling enthusiasm of the people. They did not dare to make the slightest mistake. If there was a mistake, they would not be able to bear the consequences.

There should have been nothing in front of the red carpet. However, at this moment, five-year-old little girl dressed exquisitely like a cute porcelain doll was standing in front of him, looking a little scared.

The little girl was at a loss.

Westley Hader's eyes flashed sharply as he glanced at the capital garrison troops on both sides.

The eight young guards who were responsible for guarding the side turned pale and wanted to take the little girl away.

Braydon Neal was dressed in a snow-white robe with a black gold-gilded Qilin robe on his shoulders. He bent down gently and picked up the little girl, causing the surrounding people to roar even louder.

“Little girl, where’s your family?” Braydon carried the little girl and continued to walk on the red carpet.

“There are so many people,” the little girl said timidly. “I don’t know where my mother is.” “Don’t be afraid. I’ll bring you to your mother later!” Braydon hugged her, his heart already filled with anger.

From the moment he passed through the main entrance, the aura pressure in the dark had never stopped!

It was only targeting Braydon!

There were already nine auras pressing down on Braydon like mountains.

This was to make him, King Braydon, embarrass himself in public!

If one could not withstand the tyrannical pressure, the outcome would be very miserable. In a lighter case, one would stagger and lose their balance. In a more serious case, one would directly kneel on the ground and find it difficult to get up.

This was the pressure of martial arts!

But now, the little girl in Braydon’s arms was an innocent child. She could not resist the pressure of a powerful king.

The pressure of the aura that fell on the little girl’s body could directly take her life.

On the red carpet, Braydon walked all the way, leaving deep footprints.

It proved how strong the pressure he was resisting was!

“You don’t even care about the lives of innocent children just to embarrass me?” Braydon asked softly.

A soft sentence was exchanged for nine more powerful presences!

Nine auras were pressing down like nine mountains.

Braydon's thin body was as tall as a spear. He suddenly stopped because the little girl in his arms was a little pale. She said timidly, "Big Brother, I feel terrible!" The nine king auras were all aimed at Braydon.

It was impossible for the little girl to not be affected at all!

Braydon looked at the little cutie in his arms and said dotingly, "Listen to your brother and close your eyes, okay?" "Okay!" The little girl's voice was tender and innocent.

In the next moment, Braydon moved!

He held the little girl in his right hand and moved at a speed of 70 meters per second.

Under the eyes of ten thousand people.

Braydon actually made a move!

He unleashed his king-level strength.

70 meters per second. Ordinary people's naked eyes could not capture this speed at all.

Braydon tapped the ground lightly with the tip of his toes and leaped more than ten meters into the air. The Northern King sword at his waist was instantly unsheathed.

The black sword light landed on the roof of a nearby pavilion.

A middle-aged man with his hands behind his back stood in the pavilion. He had a cold smile on his face and an extraordinary aura. He was releasing an extremely powerful pressure on King Braydon, who was walking on the red carpet.

Braydon had already sensed the locations of the nine auras.

They bullied him because of Braydon's youth.

However, Braydon had walked all the way here without giving them any response for thirteen miles!

In exchange, they were insatiable.

Today, he had implicated an innocent child. It was forcing Braydon to start killing again.

Braydon's speed was too fast, this was the strength of a peak king. With a slash, the entire building was split in half.

The man's eyes were filled with fear. He stood on the spot, his breath cut off, and a bloody scar appeared between his eyebrows. He died instantly.

Out of the nine king-level presences, one was missing.

The other eight were all shocked!

They really did not expect that the Northern King would dare to make a move in front of three thousand people as the people of the capital flooded the streets!

Unfortunately, Braydon was too fast. From the time the Northern King sword was unsheathed to the time it was sheathed, it took less than a second.

The people on the main street were still boiling with excitement.

In their eyes, King Braydon was still standing quietly on the spot, holding a delicate little girl who looked like a porcelain doll in his arms as he continued to walk forward!

No one knew what was happening in the dark.

But in the capital, the aristocratic families were entrenched, their forces crisscrossed, and there were countless powerful martial artists.

The moment Braydon pulled out the Northern King sword, many of the older generation felt a flash of shocking killing intent.

Who would have thought that the Northern King would draw his saber after being provoked?

Iron-blooded methods were truly overbearing!

On the noble and cold eighty-mile road, the residents of the capital were boiling over, constantly shouting the name of the Northern King.

Braydon calmly walked along the street. His thin lips moved slightly. "The northern army is not the Ludwig army of the past!" One sentence was enough to tell the capital!

The northern army was not the Ludwig army of the past.

Although the plain-clothed man in the north was young, he could not be bullied!

Braydon did not care who the nine kings were. Today, they were targeting an innocent child. Braydon would kill them with his sword!

Some of the aristocratic families in the capital might have some older generation martial artists.

They wanted to show Braydon, who had just arrived in the capital, their might?

Then, this Northern King would use the sword in his hand to respond to them in anger!

He did not respond for thirteen miles not because he was afraid of the experts of the capital!

He, Braydon Neal, did not respond for thirteen miles because he was respecting Hansworth.

For Hansworth!

For the one billion people in Hansworth!

Because this was the capital, the capital of a country, sacred and inviolable.

That was why Braydon did not respond for thirteen miles; in respect to Hansworth.

But today, Braydon had drawn his sword and killed one of the nine kings. He was defending the ironclad law of Hansworth.

As a king, if he had no injuries, he could live for three hundred years!

Such a person had cultivated to this stage and had a respected status. However, in the end, in order to target Braydon, he did not hesitate to hurt an innocent child. That was courting death.

Westley Hader and the others walked among the crowd.

Only Braydon could walk the eighty-mile red carpet.

The Strongest War God chapter 219-Another Title Should Be Conferred Today, the capital was welcoming only one person, Braydon Neal, the Northern King. As such, no other people could walk the same path he treaded.

Braydon continued on his way, and no one dared to target him.

After all, that scene had shocked the other eight kings.

In front of tens of millions of people, he killed a king without alerting anyone.

!!

His strength was above normal kings.

If they provoked the Northern King again, they would be courting death.

At the end of the red carpet stood an old man in a suit. He was over ninety years old and had white hair and a youthful face. He led nearly a hundred people, all of whom were from the older generation, and stood on the stone steps waiting.

“Northern King!” The old man in the suit cupped his hands and bowed.

Braydon put down the little girl in his arms and returned the greeting. “Old Governor, you’re much too polite. You are of the same generation as my teacher, so you don’t have to bow to a junior!” “The king of the north is born noble. We must not disrespect you!” The old governor had spoken to Braydon on the phone earlier.

It was the night when the tiger roared in Preston. Before he left for the south, he received a call from the old governor.

Now that the older generation was welcoming him, they were indeed giving him the appropriate level of welcome.

As for what had just happened, Braydon had drawn his sword and killed a king.

No one mentioned it!

It was as if nothing had happened.

There was also a little girl who was carried away by Westley Hader to look for her parents.

The little girl waved her chubby little hands and shouted innocently, “Big Brother, goodbye!” “Goodbye!” Braydon smiled and watched the little girl leave. His thin lips moved slightly. “Don’t make things difficult for her family.” “Alright!” Westley dispelled any other thoughts he had in mind.

If Braydon had not mentioned it, Westley would have asked someone to investigate the whole thing using the little girl as a clue.

How did a little girl appear on the eighty-mile red carpet?

One had to know that Braydon was carrying this little burden. When faced with the pressure of the nine kings, he was distracted. If he was not careful, he would be injured by the nine kings’ auras and would be embarrassed on the spot.

“Find the remaining eight kings and kill them on the spot!” Braydon chuckled.

“I’ll do it myself!” Westley had long wanted to kill them.

If it was not for the fact that today was a special day and the streets were filled with ordinary people, he would have attacked the nine kings in the dark long ago.

“This way please, Your Highness.” The old governor smiled brightly. “The welcoming banquet is ready!” “Let’s go straight to the governor office. My sister has a parent-teacher meeting in the afternoon. I have to go back!” When Braydon mentioned Ginny Neal, the dotting look in his eyes could not be faked.

Tristan Yandell secretly rolled his eyes. He knew that Braydon was practically a crazy demon who doted on his sister whenever he returned to the Neal family.

Ginny was the apple of the Neal family’s eye!

The old governor's eyes were dull, and the corners of his mouth twitched slightly.

The Northern King's arrival in the capital today was a major event. He had to at least stay in the capital for two or three days so that he could meet various people.

Actually, more than 99% of the people in the capital had never seen Braydon in person.

However, Braydon had never liked these superficial courtesies.

He had a quiet personality and had not been to the capital. There were many reasons, and the matters arranged by the old governor was one of them.

"Old man, long time no see!" Luke Yates grinned.

"It's you, little fool!" The old governor revealed a loving smile.

Luke's face darkened. "You're the fool, you old fool!" The old governor laughed heartily. He liked this generation of the northern army's youngsters very much.

The group changed their route and headed straight for the governor office.

In the magnificent hall.

The hundred or so guards of the capital all stood in the palace, secretly sizing up the white-robed youth.

At the head of the hall, in front of the golden dragon chair.

"Brother, sit!" Westley said softly.

"Since the old governor is here, he should sit!" Braydon was neither arrogant nor proud, so he did not take the main seat.

The Golden Dragon Seat was the position of the Guardian.

Braydon Neal would not do something like a sparrow occupying a dove's nest. Moreover, the hall was filled with people from the capital garrison. Doing so would only damage Westley's prestige as the governor.

The old governor, Stanley Weasley, said softly, "There's no need to stand on ceremony, Northern King. Today, you are the most honorable guest of the entire capital. At 7.30, the sovereign wanted to have a banquet for you..." "There's no need for that. Tell the sovereign that I, Braydon Neal, will only be loyal to Hansworth in this life. I'm willing to protect Hansworth with my own strength!

"I inherited my teacher's ambition and pursue the concept of killing as protection. Although the northern territory's men are unruly, they are good at fighting, and each of them has outstanding military achievements!

"The northern territory is a bitter and cold place. It lacks resources and is accompanied by sandstorms. The environment is harsh, which has forged the fierce character of the northern army!

"But in the hearts of the men of the northern army, they have never forgotten that loyalty!" ... Braydon rejected the invitation.

The capital was a land of wealth.

The prosperity of the capital far surpassed any city in the country. Under the superior environment, many people lived a luxurious life.

After Braydon entered the capital, he felt that he was out of place here.

The extravagant atmosphere of urban life could easily obliterate a martial artist's killing intent.

However, the killing intent of the young king in charge of the northern territory could not be erased.

They pursued the concept of killing as protection.

Once they lost the desire to kill, would their so-called ideals still exist?

The answer was self-evident.

Some people were born for the northern territory. The bustling city was charming, but in the end, they did not belong to people like Braydon. When they wore cold swords, their fate had long changed.

At this moment, Stanley took a step back and bowed deeply. "The Northern King's loyalty belongs to the capital. I will definitely remember that. The

sovereign has never forgotten the merits of the northern army!” “Old Governor, if I take credit, what kind of title should I be given?” Braydon teased.

If Braydon wanted to claim credit, he would not just be a king!

“If the Northern King wants to be conferred a title, I’ll send a letter to the sovereign. It’s only right and proper to confer a title upon you!” Stanley said solemnly.

Braydon shook his head slightly. Clearly, this was not what he wanted.

He, the Northern King, really did not care about fame and fortune.

However, a clear voice came from outside the governor office, “With the Northern King’s achievements, if you want to be conferred a title, you should be conferred the title of Garrison King!” His words stunned the entire governor office!

These words could not be said casually.

Braydon was originally from the northern territory. After he was conferred the title of king, some people called him Northern King.

This was already a great honor.

However, the words ‘garrison king’ must not be mentioned.

This was a taboo!

Back then, there was a garrison king. Later on, everything related to this figure was wiped clean.

A middle-aged man walked in from outside the door. His square face revealed tiger eyes, and his temples were white. The vicissitudes of life in his eyes did not match his appearance.

However, he had the aura of a ninth-level king.

He was a ninth-level king!

As long as he took the final step, he would be able to surpass king level.

Unfortunately, this final step was too difficult to surpass.

When this person appeared, everyone in the capital garrison hall bowed and said respectfully, "Duke Longbottom!" "What the f*ck?" Only the little fool was terrified. "Why is this old monster here?"

The Strongest War God chapter 220-I Must Kill This Person!

Dominic Longbottom, who was titled Duke, had actually come!

Luke Yates actually cowered when he saw him.

Usually, the little fool relied on Braydon Neal to do all kinds of evil. He was a chaotic demon king, and there were few people he was afraid of.

This was an important figure!

!!

The word, Duke, only had one meaning, and that was the head of all officials!

"What brings you here today, Duke Longbottom?" Stanley Weasley turned around and bowed.

"The Northern King has come to the capital. Of course, I have to meet him!" Dominic Longbottom stood with his hands behind his back and walked into the main hall of the governor office. Everyone lowered their heads.

He was a ninth-level king, his strength was unfathomable.

"Duke Longbottom!" Braydon Neal chuckled.

"Northern King!" Dominic cupped his hands and bowed. It was actually a greeting of equals.

This small courtesy caused the eyes of everyone in the capital garrison to reveal shock.

Those in the capital garrison held positions in the capital and acted all high and mighty. They felt that no matter how noble the Northern King was, he was only a martial artist from a remote and cold place. He had to be obedient in the capital, like a dragon coiled up or a tiger lying down.

After all, there was no shortage of important figures in the capital.

Just by strolling around the streets, one could meet big shots of all levels.

But ever since the white-robed youth had arrived, the attitudes of the various important figures had caused the members of the capital garrison to be secretly alarmed.

Duke Longbottom was also a peerless figure when he was young!

In the entire capital, no one dared to disrespect Dominic Longbottom.

More importantly, Duke Longbottom was the head of the officials. If he secretly said something disobedient, his power would reach the heavens. Stanley Weasley and the other old governors could not compare to him.

For such a great figure to bow in front of Braydon, it portrayed equal standing.

This Northern King was not as simple as everyone thought.

“Duke Longbottom, please take your seat!” Braydon chuckled.

“I wouldn’t dare. Northern King, please sit!” Dominic stepped forward and gestured for him to sit down.

Braydon smiled faintly. “There are crouching tigers and hidden dragons in the capital. Everyone is born to be proud. I’m a country bumpkin from the bitter cold of the northern territory. Today, if I dare to sit on the governor’s dragon chair. I’m afraid I won’t be able to walk out of the capital alive!” His indifferent words silenced everyone.

Many of the capital garrison members in the hall had pale faces and cold sweat on their temples. They all felt a stifling atmosphere quietly spread.

The Northern King had come to the capital for the first time but was unable to leave the capital alive?

If these words spread out of the hall, within ten minutes, it would be known by the northern army.

Don’t forget, the northern army’s 100,000 hidden agents were not to be trifled with.

Once the northern army learned of this, no one knew how they would react.

However, no one expected Dominic to reply like this, "In the capital, I'll protect you. No one can hurt you in the slightest!" Duke Longbottom's words carried a lot of weight, so there was no need to say more!

Stanley was shocked. He was already wondering what this old fox was doing in the governor office.

In the end, he came to express his stance!

Dominic's words would probably spread throughout the capital before long.

All the families had to stop.

Otherwise, Dominic's anger could wipe out a family in half a day!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. "I belong to the northern army. I don't accept the kindness of outsiders. I appreciate your kindness, Duke Longbottom!" "We're all family. There's no need to be so formal!" Dominic had other intentions for publicly expressing his stance.

Otherwise, would King Braydon need his protection?

From the age of eleven, Braydon had to face the threat of the eight foreign countries. He had grown up in an extremely dangerous and high-pressure environment. His wisdom, skills, and strength had turned the entire capital upside down. No one in the younger generation could compare to him.

If someone dared to provoke Braydon, they would be courting death.

Dominic knew that with King Braydon's strength, he was not afraid of any danger.

What he was afraid of was that Braydon would start a killing spree in the capital.

People from the northern territory were all ruthless.

Dominic was very clear about this.

Stanley changed the topic and asked with a smile, "Duke Longbottom just said that the Northern King should be conferred the title of Garrison King. Are you

preparing to do so?” “That’s right, we shall confer him the title tonight!” Dominic admitted it personally.

After Braydon had arrived, the capital was ready.

The Northern King was conferred the title of Garrison King!

He was conferred the title of Viceroy of the Capital!

The purpose of giving Braydon two titles in succession was in hopes that Braydon would wear the cloud treading Qilin robe.

This was the meaning behind Dominic’s intention.

The entire place was silent.

He was constantly adding titles. He was trying to push Braydon to the altar.

If it was not the modern times right now, Braydon Neal would definitely be conferred the title of a God!

Dominic’s lips moved slightly, and his voice was soft. “The Northern King’s twentieth birthday is the coming-of-age ceremony of a martial artist. The location of this coronation will be set at Mount Tanish, which will be held at the same time as the official rite ceremony. The three titles ‘Northern King’, ‘Garrison King’ and ‘Viceroy of the Capital’ will be conferred upon Braydon Neal. It will attract the blessing of the country and help the Northern King surpass the level of a king!” This top-secret information was shared with the few people present.

There were no outsiders standing on the stage.

Stanley was an old governor. If he was a foreign enemy hiding in the shadows, the entire governor office would have exploded long ago.

As for Westley Hader, he would kill his way through the various countries outside the borders so that the news would not reach the outside world.

Nico Yates and Tristan Yandell were the Five Heavenly Kings of the northern army back then, and the little fool Luke Yates was not an outsider.

When Dominic finished speaking, Westley’s eyes gleamed as he turned around and raised his left hand. He said coldly, “All of you, retreat!”

“Understood!” The War Gods guarding the capital, like Frodo Lance and the others, all tactfully retreated.

The important figures present were discussing something that was not suitable for them to listen to.

“There’s no need to avoid suspicion. I’m only here for one thing!” Braydon chuckled.

“I know. I’ll give you an explanation for this in the future!” Dominic looked at Old Man Zito, who was at the back of the crowd, and sighed softly. “Frazer, are you still unwilling to come out and see me?” “I have nothing to say to you!” Old Man Zito turned around and was about to leave.

“Stop!” Braydon’s eyes turned cold.

“I don’t trust him!” Old Man Zito’s voice was hoarse.

There was a brief silence.

Dominic sighed and was about to speak.

Braydon turned around and sat down on the golden dragon chair. The moment he sat down, a supreme aura spread out.

The Northern King’s aura filled the entire hall.

Frodo and the other War Gods of the capital garrison found it difficult to breathe. They could not help but lower their heads, secretly shocked.

Was this the demeanor of the Northern King who sat alone on the peak of the mountain and commanded the northern army?

Everyone’s eyes changed, and they were filled with respect!

The young man in white had his own style!

Braydon sat on the golden dragon chair and untied the Northern King sword at his waist. Dominic’s eyelids twitched slightly. He knew how powerful this sword was.

Under everyone’s gaze.

“You don’t believe him, but do you believe me?” Braydon asked indifferently.

“Do you believe this cloud treading Qilin?” The pattern on Braydon’s clothes was this cloud treading Qilin.

The picture and the person were one!

Old Man Zito had never thought that this young man, Braydon Neal, would not hesitate to go this far today for the sake of the survivors of Ludwig. He did not give Dominic any face.

“Yes!” He nodded heavily.

“I’m here today for the Ludwig army,” Braydon said indifferently. “I want to kill someone in the capital this time. His name is Hector Sattler. I don’t care who he is. It doesn’t matter if there is a powerful family, aristocratic family, or sect behind him!

“I, Braydon Neal, will definitely kill this person today!” In the hall, a white-robed youth sat at the head of the table.

A majestic voice!

It resounded throughout the entire governor office.

The Strongest War God chapter 221-Dominic Lowe Is a Liar!

King Braydon Neal was going to kill this person today.

Even if Dominic Lowe, the Duke, was here, Hector Sattler would definitely die!

Braydon had been conferred the title of king at the age of seventeen and had been secretly investigating the matter of the Ludwig army for three years. The more he investigated, the more despaired he was.

King Braydon sat on the golden dragon chair. His tone was domineering; no one could match it.

!!

Stanley Weasley and the others were silent.

“Nico, bring Hector Sattler here. Alive or dead!” Westley Hader said decisively.

“Wait!” Dominic Lowe sighed lightly and said, “Whatever it is, he’s from the Sattler family. If the capital garrison personally captured him, not giving Old Hector any face, it would only cause trouble in the future. I’ll go negotiate. I’ll bring him here before dark!” It was a personal promise.

Braydon stared at him. He was not naive enough to trust Dominic completely.

“Luke, take a northern military sword token. Have Duke Lowe give it to the Sattler family. Consider it a token of the northern army’s appreciation!” “Haha, I still have twelve tokens with me. Why don’t I give them all to the Sattler family?” Luke Yates grinned.

As expected of the little fool, his words were very coquettish.

The northern military sword token was not a cabbage!

Most importantly, this token was something that could kill.

It was not a treasure, yet he still wanted to give a few more. He wanted to slaughter the Sattler family!

Dominic’s face darkened. He took a deep look at the little fool, who was causing trouble for him.

In the end, a northern military sword token was presented to Dominic.

He took it, sighed, and left the governor office.

This military sword token represented Braydon Neal of the northern army, as well as the ten great armies of the northern territory.

Those who received the token would have their whole family killed!

This northern military sword token was for Hector Sattler.

If Hector Sattler came with the token to face his death, Braydon Neal would naturally stop.

If Hector Sattler escaped, the Sattler family would be prepared to suffer the wrath of the northern army tonight.

After Dominic left, Braydon took out his phone and made a call.

In the Neal family manor, Ginny Neal was watching a TV series in her brother's villa. The phone hanging around her neck rang.

"Big Brother, where are you? When are you coming back?" she asked happily.

"Ginny, Big Brother has something on today. I'm afraid I'll only be back at night. I won't be able to make it for the parent-teacher meeting!" Braydon said apologetically.

The little girl was a little disappointed, but she quickly smiled sweetly. "It's okay, Big Brother. You can go ahead with your work. I'm watching a TV series." Braydon hung up the phone gently. After some thought, he called Heather Sage and asked her to accompany Ginny to the parent-teacher meeting.

However, Heather's phone was turned off. It was probably because she was in class.

Braydon sent her a message.

In the main hall of the governor office, Frodo Lance and the other War God level figures left one after another.

King Braydon's visit to the capital had nothing to do with their capital garrison.

The old governor, Stanley Weasley, smiled bitterly and said, "Northern King, there are too many secrets regarding the Ludwig army incident. Duke Lowe came and promised to confer you the title of Garrison King and Viceroy of the Capital. He wants to push you to the altar!" If he were to be conferred these two titles tonight, and Braydon would soon be crowned king, attracting the fate of the country on the peak of Mount Tanish, surpassing the level of a conferred king, then Braydon would definitely be pushed to the altar and become the most dazzling star of the younger generation in Hansworth.

To everyone's surprise, Braydon refused!

The additional titles were to make Braydon give up on investigating the Ludwig army and specifically kill Hector Sattler.

There were two things that Braydon had to choose from tonight.

The first matter was the banquet at 7.30. Duke Lowe and the other officials would be present to witness the coronation ceremony of the Northern King. He would be conferred the title of Garrison King and Viceroy of the Capital!

The second matter was Hector Sattler's matter which was backed by the Sattler family.

Tonight, there were two things, one choice.

If Braydon took a step back and went to the banquet to accept the titles and receive the supreme glory, he would definitely shine brightly.

If he took a step forward, he would kill Hector Sattler and oppose the Sattler family.

It was obvious that Braydon had chosen the latter. He had publicly announced that he would kill Hector Sattler today. The northern military sword token had already been issued, and there was no way he could take it back.

Braydon sat alone on the golden dragon chair. He was very calm. He ignored the benefits that Duke Lowe had faintly revealed!

What did a Garrison King even mean to him?

Braydon stood in the human world as the commander of the northern army. He had the pride of the northern army.

The 700,000 elite troops from Ludwig could not die without knowing the reason, and they even had to bear the name of a rebel army.

Outside, the people of the capital were in an uproar. The War God of the North had arrived in the capital and had become the topic of discussion among the locals. Most probably, many people had not expected that he would be so young!

Since Braydon was granted the title of king at the age of seventeen, he had always been young and never aged.

A king could live for three hundred years. Braydon Neal was not even twenty years old, so it was normal for him to look like he was seventeen.

Even if Braydon's cultivation base did not improve in the future, causing his appearance to change and show signs of aging, it would still take a hundred years.

It was this young and handsome appearance that made countless girls fall in love with him.

Girls with noble temperaments quietly came to the governor office.

Most of them were from aristocratic families and powerful families. They were probably instructed by the elders behind them to come and see King Braydon.

Unfortunately, they did not even enter the main door of the governor office.

Westley Hader had already given the order that the entire governor office was under martial law. Outsiders who trespassed would be killed on the spot.

Everything was done to ensure Braydon's safety.

With Braydon in trouble in the capital, the northern army would definitely head south. The ten legions would sweep over, and the consequences would be unimaginable.

For both public and private reasons, the Northern King's arrival in the capital could not be met with any mishaps.

Otherwise, why do you think Duke Lowe would treat Braydon Neal as an equal and not dare to take advantage of his seniority?

It was because this Northern King had great influence!

Braydon sat alone in the hall. He liked to be quiet and patient as he waited for the sun to set.

As dusk fell, it quietly descended upon the capital.

Dominic Lowe did not send the person he wanted!

Duke Lowe had broken his promise!

Braydon suddenly stood up, the Qilin robe behind his shoulders fluttering. Westley and the others silently accompanied him.

“Dominic Lowe lied to me!” Braydon’s eyes turned cold.

It was Dominic and Braydon’s first meeting today.

However, the impression he left on Braydon was that of a swindler.

“I told you; he can’t be trusted!” Old Man Zito said in a low voice.

“The northern military sword token has been issued. From tonight onward, the Sattler family will be removed!” Braydon strode out of the capital garrison hall like a tiger.

This sentence resounded throughout the entire governor office.

Outside the door, Frodo Lance and the other War Gods were all shocked. One had to know that the aristocratic families could not be easily touched.

The aristocratic families that could establish themselves in the capital were all the top superpowers in the country.

Touching a powerful family was very likely to involve many important figures.

Stanely’s heart skipped a beat. “Northern King, you need to think twice about this!” There was no need to think twice!

Because of Dominic’s appearance, Braydon had given the capital one day.

However, the person he wanted was not sent over!

Braydon would personally take action!

The Strongest War God chapter 222-I Want to See Your Elegance A pitch-black dragon gall spear was held in Braydon Neal’s left hand as he walked out of the doors of the governor office.

Westley Hader, Nico Yates, and Tristan Yandell; the three governors followed behind him!

At this moment, people with discerning eyes could tell which side the three governors were on.

King Braydon was standing here. Anyone who belonged to the northern army would obey his orders.

!!

“Northern King, Westley, don’t mess around!” Stanley Weasley said with a pained heart.

Westley stood with his hands behind his back and replied softly, “The northern army belongs to the Northern King!” “You’re the governor of the capital garrison!” Stanely could not help but get angry.

Westley chuckled as he tore off the black robe embroidered with a flying fish on him, causing Stanley’s pupils to constrict.

Outside the hall, Frodo Lance and the others’ expressions also changed drastically.

What did he mean by removing the golden silk flying fish robe?

There were no fools present. Everyone understood!

Westley smiled faintly. “I’ve never wanted the position of the capital garrison’s governor. If you want to take it back, I’ll return it to you!” “Old man, to be honest, I’ve long been sick of staying in the capital!” Tristan’s fingers were on his chest, and his entire robe was ripped apart.

There was also Nico, who was silently doing the same at the door. He said coldly, “I quit!” The three governors were all going to quit tonight?

Stanley, who was already so old, felt that his lungs were about to explode.

He had originally thought that of the three governors, only Tristan was somewhat hard to predict. But today, he discovered that these three young men who had served in the capital garrison for three years were all waiting for an order deep down.

That was the Northern King’s summoning!

As long as the northern army summoned them, Westley and the other two would definitely return.

All the members of the capital garrison were enraged.

The three governors had all stripped their own positions and quit!

This was like child's play to them!

Stanley was a little troubled, but Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and walked out of the governor office with a spear in his hand.

"Stop them!" Stanley had no choice but to give the order. "I'm going to risk my old bones tonight. I can't let you young brats cause trouble in the capital!" As the old governor, he still had some dignity.

Stanley gave the order, and the capital garrison moved. More than ten War God level figures drew their swords and blocked the entrance of the governor office, blocking the way forward.

The guards of the capital were pointing their blades at King Braydon?

This was huge trouble!

Braydon stood there quietly. He had yet to make a move. These people still had a way out.

Otherwise, if he attacked, these people would all die.

Luke Yates touched the twin swords at his waist and said coldly, "Pointing your swords at my brother is considered a declaration of war against the northern army!" His cold words made everyone's hearts turn cold.

This was not a joke!

The little fool was Braydon's holy left-wing guard. He only needed to send a message to the outside world and the northern army would make a move.

Stanley flew into a rage. "How dare you! I told you to stop him! Who told you to draw your swords? Put your weapons away!" The old man was about to explode from anger. He cursed Dominic Lowe in his heart. He still had not shown up at this point!

He alone could not stop the Northern King.

Braydon ignored everyone and continued walking toward the door.

More than ten War God level characters in front of them, led by an old War God, kept retreating.

Although they were War Gods, they might not have the courage to attack Braydon.

This white-robed youth was an existence that even Duke Lowe had to respect.

Tonight, Braydon wanted to kill Hector Sattler.

No one could stop him!

“Westley, stop fooling around!” Stanley said with heartache.

“Old Govenor, is this called messing around? The 700,000 elite soldiers of the Ludwig army were all killed in the Ludwig mountain range in one night. 700,000 loyal souls were buried in the mountains, branded as a rebel army!

“That night, all thirty-six islands of the Ludwig Islands were occupied by foreign countries and have not been taken back yet!

“Why was the Hader family wiped out by an unknown expert that night? All of our family members were killed, even the children!” ... Westley’s eyes were cold.

The capital really treated him, Westley Hader, as a child.

All these years, he had never stopped investigating. Many of the matters were handled by Tristan Yandell.

Therefore, the little monkey knew a lot of inside information about the Ludwig army.

Tonight, they really thought that Braydon and the others were fooling around!

Stanley’s body stiffened, and his eyes were filled with disbelief. “You already know?” “The information gathering ability of the northern army’s hidden agents is ten times that of the capital garrison!” Westley revealed a portion of the information.

As one of the three sons of the north, he knew the north like the back of his hand.

Westley had been in charge of the governor office for several years. Comparing the difference between the two, he naturally had the most say.

Regarding these small interludes.

Braydon turned a blind eye to it and slowly smiled. "Vice Commander Zito, I told you at the Neal family to accompany me to the capital. I will kill Hector Sattler tonight!

"But don't forget what you promised me!

"You have to let this king see the glory of the former Ludwig vice commander!

"The first disciple of the Mount Sino Sword Sect, the unparalleled vice commander. When I was nine years old, I saw your records in the secret archives of the north. Tonight, I want to see your elegance!" ... At this moment, Braydon's voice was clear and full of heroic spirit.

Ever since they arrived in the capital, the silent Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford finally raised their heads.

Stanley's pupils constricted as if he had thought of something.

If the former Ludwig vice commander, Frazer Zito, was not dead, how terrifying would he be now?

He was a person who was conferred the title of king at the age of twenty-one!

Now that forty years had passed, with his talent, how terrifying would his strength be?

In order to restore the vice commander's glory, Braydon did not hesitate to descend upon the capital.

He really could not bear to see this peerless figure from back then be crippled just like that!

Such a talent should not be unable to recover and sink into nothingness like this!

Old Man Zito's eyes were murky, but they were filled with splendor. In the end, like a man in his twilight years, he said, "There is only Old Man Zito in this world; there is no more Ludwig Vice Commander Frazer Zito." "It's alright. Tonight, I will bring you to kill our way through the Sattler family!

“Tonight, if I don’t see the once magnificent vice commander of Ludwig. I will never put away this dragon gall spear!” Braydon said softly.

The Northern King, who was dressed in white, walked out of the door.

The ten plus old War Gods of the capital garrison cupped their fists and said in a low voice, “Please return, Northern King!” Boom!

Braydon did not make a move, but he gave off a terrifying aura.

His aura was like the scorching sun, majestic and terrifying, suppressing everyone present.

The old War Gods all bent down, their faces pale. They could not withstand this pressure at all.

“Get lost!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

As soon as the words fell, it was like a clap of thunder, causing the old War Gods’ eardrums to ring. Their vision turned black, and they were directly stunned by the aura.

The Northern King’s path was not something they could stop.

If these people were not Westley’s subordinates, Braydon would have killed them with his spear just because they dared to draw their swords and fight back.

The Strongest War God chapter 223-The Three Great Entities in the World
Braydon Neal had just walked out of the door.

A man in a tunic suit walked toward them, followed by more than twenty people. Without exception, they were all powerful martial artists, and each of them had a murderous look on their faces!

All of them were men, wearing gray tunic suits with a word embroidered on their chests.

Sattler!

!!

It was not difficult to recognize this symbol as someone from the Sattler family.

The man in the lead, who looked to be in his forties, looked at Braydon, who was dressed in white, and shouted coldly, "Are you Braydon Neal from the northern territory?" Braydon smiled brightly. His eyes were like torches, making it easy for people to get close to him.

"Phineas Sattler from the Sattler family!" Westley Hader looked over.

"Governor Hader and the old governor are also here. Then, please tell me, where is my big brother?" Phineas Sattler's words were filled with killing intent.

"Hector is gone?" Stanley Weasley was shocked.

"Old Governor, Braydon Neal had publicly announced that he would kill my brother. We were planning to settle the matter before dark and end it at the same time. However, the northern army has gone too far. They even secretly kidnapped my brother. Do they think that the Sattler family is weak and easy to bully?" Phineas' eyes were filled with anger.

Stanley was completely dumbfounded.

Hector had disappeared?

And he was taken away by someone!

Could it be that Dominic Lowe had taken him away?

That should not be the case. If Dominic had taken him away, he should have sent him to the governor office. That way, Braydon would not have made such a big fuss tonight.

If Dominic did not take him away, and Braydon had not done anything the entire day, then who took Hector Sattler away?

This matter had to be made clear.

Stanley opened his mouth but did not say anything.

Braydon flicked his fingers and chuckled. "It's alright. Have you received the northern military sword token?" "This small metal card? Hmph, I'll return it to

you!” Phineas saw the northern military sword token that Braydon had given out during the day.

Kill order!

“Since Hector is missing, it’s the same even if you accept the order!” Braydon smiled faintly.

After saying that.

“No!” Stanley was shocked.

“Kill them!” Killing intent rose in Luke Yates’ eyes.

At this moment, Braydon did not need to hesitate.

He had waited until now. If Dominic did not send Hector Sattler over, Braydon would personally take action.

Braydon, who was dressed in white, held the dragon gall spear in his hand.

The spear was like a black dragon, and a cold light lit up the night sky.

The cold light was terrifying.

“Let’s see how capable the famous Northern King is!” Phineas shouted. “Let’s see how capable he is to be able to command the northern army!” “Country bumpkin!” Tristan Yandell spat.

Phineas had grown up in the capital and had the arrogance of a capital native. He had no idea that outside the capital was another great world.

He was a marquis-level character, if he fought Braydon head-on, he would be courting death.

One had to know that amongst kings, no one could take a single strike from Braydon.

Now that Braydon had the dragon gall spear, it was the same principle.

The black spear was like a dragon as it shot into the sky. The cold light pierced through the dark night and instantly went for the kill.

At this moment, Phineas' expression changed.

He waved his hand, and the dark and light forces he released were easily penetrated by the black spear.

"A king-level weapon?" Phineas had just finished speaking.

Whoosh!

The dragon gall spear's tip pierced through his left shoulder. This scene shocked everyone.

Braydon held the spear in his left hand and easily picked him up. He avoided his vitals and pierced through his left shoulder, lifting him up.

Killing humiliation!

Phineas' face was pale, and his miserable cry resounded through the night, "Ah!" The mournful cry made one's hair stand on end.

Braydon smiled. "This is what you wanted to see. I can kill kings like dogs. You are a marquis-level martial artist who hasn't been through a brutal battle. You can't even take a single blow!" "Marquises from the northern army can kill ten ordinary martial artists of the same level!" Nico Yates was silent as he commented.

Military martial artists and normal martial artists were two completely different concepts.

Military martial artists had experienced the baptism of the battlefield. To put it bluntly, they were martial artists who had climbed out of a pile of dead people. How could they compare to normal martial artists?

The aura and combat strength of the two sides were simply not equal.

Braydon's spear attack on Phineas provoked more than twenty martial artists from the Sattler family, who drew their swords and charged at Braydon.

Westley Hader's eyes turned cold.

Braydon put away his spear and threw Phineas aside. He said indifferently, "All of you retreat. This has nothing to do with the capital garrison!" After he

finished speaking, Braydon's dragon gall spear pierced through the Sattler family martial artists' chests like a ghost.

This was a killing move!

Tonight was the night to kill!

The Northern King had only come to the capital for the matter regarding the Ludwig army. He had given up the opportunity to be granted the title of the Garrison King and the title of the Viceroy of the Capital.

The Ludwig incident should not be settled just like this!

In the dark night, Braydon could pierce through anything he pointed his spear at!

It was accompanied by a bloody storm.

Braydon looked at Old Man Zito from the corner of his eyes. He used the soul-seeking steps and killed a person in three steps in the dark night. He said softly, "I wonder if the former Ludwig vice commander was also this elegant!" His words were meant to provoke Old Man Zito.

The Frazer Zito of the past should not be like a cripple.

Braydon wanted to help him regain his former glory, to help him regain the unparalleled grace of the Ludwig vice commander!

Braydon wanted to take this vice commander under his wing!

At this moment, in the dark night.

In just a short moment, no one from the Sattler family stood up.

There were spear holes in their chests, and blood was flowing out.

Braydon looked at the moon in the sky with his deep eyes. The stars shone down, and he said softly, "Those who have plotted against the Ludwig army must die. I've said before that the three great entities: powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects should not exist in this world!" Back then, Braydon had advocated killing all the powerful families in the world.

These families had been passed down for hundreds or even thousands of years. They were deeply rooted. Even in the modern era, they still retained the old rules. They were good at scheming and were too calculative!

Every powerful family had their own businesses in the local cities, which they secretly controlled, earning a lot of profits every year.

Sometimes, it could affect the rise and fall of certain industries.

Braydon was in charge of the northern army, so he was very clear about these secrets.

There were many hedonistic sons of powerful families who committed crimes, just like Tyler Zak in the Quill main team. If it were not for Lucian Cross' incident, Tyler Zak would have continued to do evil. No one would have been able to stop him.

If you wanted to shake these powerful families, you would have to break your head and bleed. You would not be able to shake the doors of these powerful families, let alone pry into the terrifying energy inside the powerful family.

Ordinary people could not afford to offend them!

But King Braydon could afford to offend them!

There were many powerful families and aristocratic families in the world. They occupied various places and were a part of all walks of life.

There was once a saying.

It was said that seventy percent of the martial artists in the world came from aristocratic families!

Seventy percent of the world's high-level experts came from powerful families.

The older generation who cultivated in seclusion were all in sects!

The influence of the aristocratic families, powerful families, and sects was extremely great.

The Strongest War God chapter 224-Ordinary Old Man Zito In ancient times, some powerful families could control the imperial power and control the

situation of the world, sacrificing the interests of the people for their own personal gain!

The founder of the Togo Empire, the Lestrangle family, originated from Thal. It was the most terrifying powerful family in ancient times. In the end, it took advantage of the chaos to establish the imperial power of the Togo Empire.

There were many secret records in the northern army's secret vault.

At this moment, Braydon Neal held the spear in his left hand and glanced at the heavily injured Phineas Sattler. He said softly, "Hector Sattler is missing. Since you have accepted the northern military sword token, I will send you on your way!" !!

Braydon said calmly.

The dragon gall spear was like a black light as it instantly pierced through.

Accompanied by an extremely powerful pressure, he said angrily, "Stop!" Boom!

The terrifying aura of a ninth-level king swept over. It was like an invisible force was stirring up a storm. Leaves and dust flew, forming a special attack.

Braydon turned a blind eye to it, as if he did not sense it.

This was clearly abnormal.

With Braydon 's strength, he could break this attack with a mere thought.

Strangely, he did not block it, as if he did not feel this attack.

Even Dominic Lowe, who had suddenly descended, was shocked and furious.

He had wanted to stop Braydon from killing Phineas.

However, he did not expect Braydon to ignore his attack in order to kill him.

This was going to be troublesome!

Dominic was shocked and furious. He wanted to stop, but it was already too late.

If he, Duke Lowe, publicly injured Braydon, then something big was going to happen!

Dominic, as Duke Lowe, attacked the Northern King in public. When the outside world heard the news, they would see it as the capital wanting to kill the Northern King!

When the news reached the northern territory, the northern army would definitely head south overnight.

Once this happened, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Dominic felt his scalp go numb.

Braydon did not dodge his attack. It was obvious that he wanted to make things difficult for Dominic.

Westley Hader and the others did not expect their big brother to actually not resist. Was it because the hidden illness in his body had relapsed?

At this moment, an invisible aura fluctuation swept up a strong wind and landed on Braydon's back.

Braydon felt as if he had suffered a heavy blow. He spat out a mouthful of blood from his thin lips. The black spear in his hand stabbed forward, piercing through Phineas' chest and his heart.

Was this person killed by Braydon or Dominic?

As for how this matter was evaluated, it was not important at the moment.

A marquis of the Sattler family might seem to have a noble status, but in the situation tonight, he was just a nobody.

What made people's scalps go numb was that Dominic had attacked and injured the Northern King.

This was simply the biggest joke in the world.

Westley released his king pressure, and his killing intent exploded, "Dominic Lowe, you're courting death!" The people of the northern army did not care about Duke Lowe's status and wanted to make a move on the spot.

Dominic's face turned green.

He had really gotten into big trouble.

He was on the verge of tears. Who would have known that he would be tricked so miserably by this white-robed youth?

This attack had truly injured Braydon. It would definitely make him, Dominic Lowe, top of the northern army's must-kill list.

However, at this moment, Westley and the others were not the only ones who were shocked and furious.

A dirty and sloppy old man was even angrier. "Those who hurt the Qilin must die!" The golden Qilin was the faith of the northern lineage!

It was this faith that had supported several generations!

A terrifying sword intent rushed into the sky and broke through the night, shocking the ancient capital!

His aura was like a sword!

This sword seemed to have been sealed for forty years, and now it finally erupted.

This human sword was finally unsheathed.

The former Ludwig vice commander had finally returned!

Everyone looked over. The person who released this powerful aura was not an outsider, but the sloppy, ordinary Old Man Zito.

At this moment, his skinny body was as straight as a giant sword!

This sword had been sealed for forty years, and it had finally been revived!

Braydon's lips were bleeding. He glanced over and could not help but smile.

He finally saw what he wanted!

Braydon, whose mind was almost demonic when he was young, had his methods to restore Old Man Zito's glory as Ludwig's vice commander.

At that moment, Old Man Zito straightened his back, and the sword intent he released shocked the entire capital.

This sword intent was too freaking strong!

The long swords worn by the members of the governor office were faintly trembling as if they were worshipping Old Man Zito.

“Frazer?” Dominic was shocked.

“Those who hurt the Qilin must die. And you should have died forty years ago!” Old Man Zito took a step forward. With him as the center, everyone leaned back.

This aura was too strong.

Especially the sword intent on his body, it could break people’s hearts.

Old Man Zito had been conferred the title of king forty years ago at the age of twenty-one.

He had been silent for too long!

Now that he saw Braydon as a Qilin and the golden Qilin that he believed in being stained with blood, he was completely enraged.

Back then, he, Frazer Zito, was unable to protect the golden Qilin. Now, he saw the successor of the Ludwig army, which had grown into the northern army. The commander was Braydon Neal!

This was the successor of their Ludwig bloodline!

The golden Qilin was proof, and so was the cold sword.

Today’s northern army was the successor of the Ludwig army.

Old Man Zito was finally enraged. With every step he took, the wind and clouds in the sky changed colors, and the fallen leaves were carried away by the strong wind.

The first disciple of Mount Sino had finally exploded.

“So strong!” Westley exclaimed in shock.

“F*ck, this old man isn’t a War God!” Tristan Yandell was dumbfounded.

“Silly dog,” Luke Yates said disdainfully. “He was already a king at the age of twenty-one!” “Little fool, do you want to fight?” Tristan was instantly enraged.

Westley’s face darkened. “Shut up, both of you. Especially you, little fool. Stop it. Don’t ruin Big Brother’s plans!” Luke huffed and puffed, but he did not cause any more trouble.

The quarrel between the brothers did not affect Old Man Zito.

Old Man Zito had been silent for forty years, but once he exploded, his entire person entered a state of emptiness.

At this moment, he was the sword, and so was the world.

Blood trickled down from Braydon’s lips. He chuckled. “Being one with the sword allows one to break through the shackles of the king!” One sentence proved that Old Man Zito had hope of surpassing king level in the future!

Dominic was doomed!

Old Man Zito stepped into the sky. Every step he took formed a terrifying sword aura. He shouted, “Sword, to me!” The sound of a sword striking stunned the entire capital.

All the iron swords in the governor office flew backward. Hundreds of swords flew toward Old Man Zito.

The symbols of the Mount Sino Sword Sect were sword manipulation and sword summoning!

Ernest Lanford’s eyes brimmed with tears as he secretly rubbed his nose and sobbed, “It’s been forty years. I’ve waited for forty years. Finally, I see you again. You’ve picked up your sword again!” At this moment, Old Man Zito was extremely domineering. He summoned a hundred swords and took one of them.

The moment he held the sword, his entire body released an even stronger sword intent.

He broke the night with a single sword.

The sword became light, causing everyone to lose sight of the other scenery in front of them, leaving only this sword that was imprinted in their hearts.

A stunning sword that could break everything.
