

The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 21-his is Not Up to You The man in the suit felt that his old man was making a mountain out of a molehill!

Howard Larson frowned and said in a profound tone, "The Sage family may seem weak. However, among the seven great families, there are only a few who dare to touch the Sage family. As long as this old woman is alive, the Sage family won't fall!" Just as he had finished speaking... "Which deity is this, talking about this old woman!" A black, dragon-like convoy arrived.

The first car stopped steadily, and old lady Sage got off with her dragon-headed walking stick. The person holding an umbrella for her was the elegant and refined Heather Sage!

"It's me, your second brother Howard!" Howard Larson laughed out loud.

"I was wondering who it was. It's second brother Gerald's birthday tonight. Did you have to come personally to offer him your wishes?" Old lady Sage said with a faint smile.

In the end, Howard said disdainfully, "He's nothing. He's the one who killed his brother and seized all the power. He wants me to wish him happy birthday? Dream on!" "Then, what's going on?" Old lady Sage smiled kindly.

"Spencer was here to celebrate his birthday, but he was injured instead. The Neal family has to give us an explanation!" The man in the suit said.

"Shut up, you embarrassing thing. Isn't it embarrassing enough already?" Howard glared at him. He felt that such embarrassment should not be openly talked about in such a situation.

However, Bryan Goldman's lips curved up slightly, and he said, "What kind of explanation does the Larson family want?" Before the Larson family could question him, Braydon Neal, who was dressed in plain clothes, walked over calmly.

Heather was pleasantly surprised and said, "Bray..." "Silly girl, go ahead and shout out loud. That's your brother Braydon!" Old lady Sage smiled lovingly.

Braydon walked to the front and took the umbrella from Heather. He held the umbrella for the old lady and greeted her softly, "Grandma!" Heather let go and rolled her eyes.

In a car not far away, Spencer Larson was extremely agitated. "Grandpa, he's Braydon. The man beside him was the one who hurt me!" He said.

When Luke Yates heard this, his mouth was crooked from all the grinning.

There were still people who were not afraid of death in this world.

This guy Spencer still dared to provoke him!

Howard said angrily, "Neal family's juniors, step aside. Have second brother Gerald come out to welcome me personally!" "I'm afraid that'll be a little difficult!" Bryan smiled like a spring breeze.

The dozens of people from the Larson family all glared at him, not understanding what this young man was smiling about!

He was clearly disrespecting old master Larson!

"Old master Larson, I'm afraid that his body is already cold. How would he be able to greet you himself?" Bryan said once again.

"Second brother Gerald is dead?" Howard's pupils constricted. He asked in shock and anger, "It's that old thing's eightieth birthday today. Did he die from a stroke?" "He committed suicide!" Bryan answered all his questions frankly.

Old lady Sage, who was beside him, sighed. She seemed to have guessed something. It was Gerald Neal's eightieth birthday tonight. How could he have committed suicide?

The old lady's heart was as clear as a mirror. She knew that all of this must have been done by Braydon.

"Second brother Howard," Old lady Sage reminded him, "I think we should just forget about Spencer. It's pouring heavily now. Let's talk about it tomorrow!" A good word of advice had little effect.

The Larson family's eldest young master was seriously injured, and they had come to question the culprit tonight. How could they be sent away just like that?

However, Howard was a man who had lived a long life and seen a great deal. Gerald Neal had suddenly died, and with the addition of old lady Sage's advice, he smelled danger and said decisively, "In that case, I won't disturb you any longer. Let's go home!" "Grandpa, are we just going to let this slide?" Spencer's eyes were filled with disbelief.

When had the Larson family ever suffered such a huge loss!

Fabien Larson, the man in the suit, frowned. "Dad, Spencer's injury isn't a joke. He was stabbed through by a sword and nailed to the ground. If this matter doesn't have an end, the Larson family will never be able to lift our heads up in front of the Neal family!

The Neal and Larson families had been at loggerheads for decades.

Old master Larson's anger rose when he heard that.

"Second brother Howard, please think twice about today's matter. It's not easy for the Larson family to accumulate a hundred-year-old foundation. Otherwise, if the seven great families in Preston become six in the future, we'll be a joke to outsiders!" Old lady Sage once again offered words of advice.

These words caused the old and young of the Larson family to be greatly shocked.

Was this old lady just bluffing them?

Or did the Neal family really have someone they could not offend?

Who could be sure?

Howard's old face gradually turned solemn.

However, Fabien Larson held back his anger and said, "The seven great families of Preston all know each other. It's true that that kid is your Sage family's son-in-law, but you're saying all this for him. Do you think the Larson family is scared of you?" "Dad, you can't let him go!" Spencer struggled to get out of the car. His shoulder was wrapped in gauze, and blood was seeping through.

This tragic sight further incited Fabien's killing intent!

Fabien Larson had his own motives. He had been the head of the Larson family for fifteen years.

For the past fifteen years, he had not lived a comfortable life.

Fabien's two younger brothers were both in the upper echelons of the Larson group. They were both capable and wanted to make their sons fight for the next head of the family!

Fabien was aware of this, and this made him anxious.

All these years, he had been training his eldest son, Spencer Larson, to become the leader of the Larson family's younger generation.

Tonight, Spencer had been crippled in the Neal family's home, and he had lost all dignity.

If he did not get back his dignity, no one in the younger generation of the Larson family would listen to Spencer!

Fabien would not allow anyone to shake his position as the eldest son of the Larson family!

Fabien refused to leave and demanded an explanation from the Neal family for his son's sake.

Old lady Sage leaned on her dragon-headed walking stick and said, "Of course the Larson family isn't scared that easily, but Braydon isn't someone you can mess with. Second brother Howard, that's all I have to say. You better be careful!" "Wait, no matter what happens tonight, I, second brother Howard, will accept Sister Sage's favor!" Old master Howard's face was dark as he said, "But the person who was injured tonight isn't a branch family descendant. He's my eldest grandson, the eldest son of the Larson family. If the Neal family hands over the person, we will live in peace. If they don't, tonight will be the day the Neal and Larson families have a fall out!" The old man's words showed the Larson family's attitude!

"I'm afraid I won't be handing this person over tonight!" Braydon was as calm as ever. If old lady Sage was not here, he would have asked Luke Yates to destroy this group of small fries.

"That's not up to you to decide!" Fabien snorted.

Today, the Larson family was using all their power to oppress him, so in Fabien's eyes, the Neal family would just have to hand him over!

"You want me to hand Luke over? The Larson family doesn't deserve it!" Braydon replied softly!

"Why you!" The Larson family glared at him.

Braydon glared at them coldly, full of killing intent. The Larson family members felt as if they were struck by lightning.

Braydon stood between heaven and earth with his hands behind his back, looking quite majestic.

"Five years ago, little Luke caused a huge disaster. Thirty-six War God level experts from five countries joined forces to attack my northern territory and forced me to hand over Luke. If I didn't hand him over, they threatened to massacre my northern territory and that not even a blade of grass would grow there!" He said indifferently.

"I had no choice but to use the Northern King sword. I killed all thirty-six foreign War Gods who invaded the northern territory!"

"Luke Yates is my brother. The Larson family is nothing in my eyes! How dare you ask that I hand him over?" As soon as he finished speaking, Braydon's eyes turned cold and murderous. Everyone could not help but wrap their clothes tightly around them. They felt that the wind and rain tonight was bone-chilling!

Everyone was silent!

A man in a tunic suit walked out of the Larson family's crowd and said in a low voice, "Brat, don't go too far with your bragging. There hasn't been a single War God level figure in Preston in the past hundred years. No one has even seen one before, so how did you even kill one?" "Who are you? Report your name!" Gordon Lowe coldly asked.

"Felix Larson from the Larson family!" The man in the tunic suit said proudly.

"It's him. Brother Braydon, be careful. He's very powerful!" Heather's eyes were very intelligent, making people feel that they were beautiful at first glance. She spoke those words in a hurry.

Braydon turned around and smiled tenderly, and even Bryan Goldman let out a smile.

Old lady Sage also smiled.

Heather's face turned red and hot, and she stomped her feet in embarrassment!

"Silly girl, your brother Braydon said that he can protect you for the rest of your life. He isn't lying to you!" Old lady Sage felt that her granddaughter was so silly that she was adorable.

"Uncle Felix is one of the top ten martial artists in Preston city," Heather said softly. "He's ranked fourth. Grandma, you said that he's very strong!" "Haha, not just Felix Larson, even the number one expert in Preston, Daoist Jonas Quill, is like an ant in front of your brother Braydon!" Old lady Sage had been in contact with Braydon all these years.

All these years, Braydon had only reported the good news and not the bad news in his letters. As long as it was something good, he would definitely inform her in his letters to make her happy.

"You've never seen a War God before?" Luke said in disdain.

"Hmph, have you seen one before?" Felix sneered.

In the next moment, Luke released his aura.

An unrestrained terrifying aura burst forth as his long hair fluttered behind his head, making him look like a Great Demon King.

The strong grass in the manor's lawn was bent, the trees were leaning backward, and no one could straighten their backs!

Felix's eyes were filled with shock.

He could suppress a hundred blades of grass and ten thousand people!

This kind of aura was the symbol of a War God!

He was a formidable War God!

The Strongest War God chapter 22-Make Way Under everyone's shocked gazes.

"War God level, I am!" Luke Yates said proudly.

Whoosh!

Old master Howard Larson's body staggered, and he almost fell to the ground.

No one was more afraid than him!

Provoking the War God? The Larson family must be seeking death!

No one doubted Luke Yates' strength. He was the standard of a War God!

Heather Sage's eyes blinked with curiosity.

Braydon Neal noticed her confusion and chuckled. "Luke, stand down. I want to see how powerful the top ten martial artists of Preston are!" "Let me do it!" Luke was rather eager to do it.

"Is it fun for you to bully a junior martial artist?" Bryan Goldman did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Luke rolled his eyes and muttered to himself, 'Braydon is a monster at the level of a king. If he were to deal with a martial artist, that would be considered bullying!' Felix Larson gasped and said cautiously, "You're the abandoned son of the Neal family?" "How dare you! Do you really think that I won't dare to kill you?" Luke's aura was released, and his killing intent was shocking, intimidating everyone.

Felix realized his mistake and corrected himself, "You're Braydon Neal!" "You can make your move!" Braydon wanted to show Heather that her brother was not as weak as she had thought. He also wanted to give this girl a lesson on the difference in strength when it comes to martial artists!

Felix gritted his teeth and threw a punch.

His fist was like a tiger's roar, powerful and heavy, with an extremely strong and oppressive force.

This was the Roaring Tiger fist, the fist technique of the Larson family.

Heather was a little worried. In the end, she still did not understand. All she knew was that Felix was very powerful in Preston.

Braydon put his hands behind his back. He was so fast that Felix could only brush past him, but he could not touch him.

This was complete suppression and contempt.

Braydon chuckled. "Heather, remember this. We have thousands of years of heritage. The heritage of ancient martial arts can be traced back to the era of the first king. It has continued on to this day. Martial arts are weak!

"However, there are still different levels of strength between the ancient martial arts practitioners!

"At the lowest level, we have martial apprentices who serve tea and are as humble as ants. They are not much better than ordinary people!

"Further up are martial artists. Only people like him, who have just begun to possess the strength of a martial artist, are considered experts to ordinary people!

"Above martial artists are those at the warrior, warlord, and War God levels!

"The mark of a War God is the ability to suppress ten thousand people. I said that I can protect you for the rest of your life, and I'm not trying to scare you. In the north, I have more than a hundred War Gods under my command!" Braydon's smile silenced the audience!

Who would dare to believe this?

The Larson family was shocked!

"You don't have to specifically tell me that!" Heather was a little embarrassed.

"Actually, above the War God level, there's still a difference in terms of strength. My brother is a King; he has been a King since the age of seventeen. In the north, he's the current Northern King. Since he said that he can protect you, then no one in the world would dare to touch you!" Luke said arrogantly.

He, the Great Demon King, had the most experience. Without Braydon's protection, he would have died a hundred times over the years.

Howard gasped!

Bang!

A muffled groan woke everyone up from their stupor. Braydon raised his hand and wrapped an invisible air current around it. Felix was sent flying from the gush of air, and he fell to the ground. He was seriously injured and coughed up blood.

He had defeated him in one strike!

Braydon's strength was terrifying!

At this moment.

The rain in the middle of the night was like a downpour, causing a murderous aura to appear at the Neal family's gate.

A burly middle-aged man with white sideburns walked out from the rain. His loud voice rang out, "I didn't know that Second Uncle Howard has arrived. My apologies for not personally welcoming you!" "You've returned to the Neal family?" Fabien Larson was shocked.

Louis Neal, Fabien Larson, and the other members of this generation had known each other since they were young.

Howard Larson was secretly shocked and felt that something huge was going on with the Neal family tonight!

Even if Gerald Neal, that old man, was dead, the Neal family should be taken over by his eldest son, Larry Neal. No matter how bad things were, there would still be his second son, Leonard Neal.

But the person who had appeared was Louis Neal!

All the great families in Preston knew about the Neal family's misfortune thirteen years ago.

Louis was born into a rich family, so he had proper etiquette and manners. Because of Braydon's return, the anger from thirteen years ago was being released.

With his eldest son Braydon, he, Louis, was not afraid of anything!

Why should he be afraid of the other six great families of Preston?

Luke held up a black umbrella. "Uncle Louis, it's pouring heavily right now. What are you doing out here? Just leave it to us!" "It's fine. Your Uncle Louis is happy today!" Louis walked in the rainy night.

He was pouring out his hatred in one day.

He stepped forward and saluted again, "Second Uncle Howard, Braydon and the other juniors don't know any manners. Since you've come here personally, we should open the bright hall to welcome you!" "At least you know your manners!" Howard was completely fearless and directly entered the Neal family's home.

The fifty people from the Larson family all followed suit.

However, in front of them, there were one thousand black-robed young men with military swords in their hands. They were standing silently in the rainy night like one thousand wooden stakes!

The rainy night was dark, so no one had seen it clearly before.

Now that they were seeing it clearly, who in the Larson family would not be shocked!

Thousands of people wearing black scarves standing with swords in their hands; who would not be afraid of such a murderous aura?

"Braydon!" Louis said.

"Dad, I got it. Make way!" Braydon said.

The one thousand people divided into two rows, and they stood silently at the side. The thousand pairs of determined and merciless eyes were gathering an invisible aura.

The Larson family was shocked!

Old master Howard was indeed not an ordinary person. He walked like a tiger and had no fear at all. Instead, he praised, "Gerald Neal, that old thing, has been hiding his true powers. He's been secretly hiding thousands of people in this manor. If I hadn't seen it for myself today, who among the seven great families would've know about the true background of your Neal family? "

“Second Uncle Howard, you flatter me. Please!” Louis cupped his hands and strode into the bright hall.

In the bright hall, the hundred people from the Neal family had just left, but the entrance of the bright hall was covered in blood.

Leonard Neal was kneeling at the door, unconscious.

“Leonard?” Fabien Larson was shocked.

“This...” The people of the Larson family were shocked having recognized one of the three leaders of the Neal family, Leonard Neal.

Who would have thought that he would be kneeling here today with his legs crippled!

Fabien was shocked.

However, old master Howard turned a blind eye and strode into the bright hall with his usual expression.

He had already started complaining deep down as he regretted not listening to old lady Sage’s advice. Today, the Neal family had obviously undergone a great change once again, and others could not wait to hide!

But now, their family actually rushed over.

Leonard was one of the top ten martial artists in Preston!

Even he had been crippled and was kneeling in front of the Neal family’s bright hall.

There was obviously a powerful ancient martial artist here tonight who could kill Leonard Neal in seconds.

Who was it?

Was it Luke Yates or Braydon? Or was it someone else’s doing?

The Larson family did not know!

But they definitely could not afford to offend him.

“Tea!” Louis then said.

Hot tea was served in the bright hall, and Heather also entered the bright hall with her grandmother.

“Grandma, please take a seat!” Braydon said softly.

“There are so many important people here tonight. How could an old woman like me dare to take a seat!” Old lady Sage was not being modest. She knew that the five commanders around Braydon were all influential figures.

If Braydon did not take a seat, Luke Yates and the others would not dare to do so either!

Old lady Sage was helped to her seat.

“Achoo!” Heather sneezed from having been under the rain.

The Strongest War God chapter 23-The Graveyard in the Western Suburbs
Laura Quinn was at the side door, looking very anxious. She was worried about her daughter-in-law, but she did not go over.

This was because there were many rules in the great families. For example, women could not enter an important place such as the bright hall.

“Heather, go check on your Aunt Laura!” Old lady Sage said.

Heather Queen obediently went to the side door and said in surprise, “Aunt Laura!” “Heather, did you already see your brother Braydon?” Laura asked.

Heather’s face was slightly red as she said, “Yes, I did. It’s cold outside. I’ll push you back into the hall!” Then, the bright hall fell into a short silence.

Outside the door, a thousand black-clothed men stood silently in the rain.

Who in the Larson family would dare to be impudent with this kind of intimidation?

Compared to the arrogance at the entrance, Fabien Larson was also stunned at this point.

“Second Uncle Howard, have some tea!” Louis Neal laughed.

“Good, drink some tea. Have you returned to the Neal family, Louis?” Howard Larson smiled kindly.

“It seems that Louis is now the new head of the Neal family!” Old lady Sage said affectionately.

Howard’s fingers that were holding the tea trembled.

“I’m not that capable. In the future, I’ll have to rely on the two elders to help me take care of the Neal family!” Louis cupped his hands.

“You’re too humble!” Howard could not taste a thing when he took a sip of the tea.

Louis turned around. “Let me introduce you. This is Braydon, the eldest son of the third generation of the Neal family!” He said.

“Like father, Like son. The Neal family has a son, and the Sage family has found a good son-in-law!” Howard said with a hint of jealousy. The old man was obviously jealous.

Who would have thought that the seven-year-old child who had left the capital thirteen years ago would return this time in such a terrifying manner?

“You must be joking, Second Brother Howard. There are many rising stars in the younger generation of the Larson family such as Spencer and the others!” Old lady Sage laughed.

“It’s not even worth mentioning. Compared to Braydon, they are utter embarrassments!” Howard stood up, cupped his hands, and bid his farewell. He did not mention anything about Spencer Larson.

This matter was clearly over!

At this point, how would the Larson family dare to harp on this matter?

Even War God level figures were holding down the fort at the Neal family. Unless the Larson family wanted to seek death, the only thing for them to do was back down. If they continued to pester, they would be courting death.

“Grandpa, Dad!” Spencer Larson, who was outside, said with grievance.

“Shut up!” Fabien Larson’s eyes burned with anger.

Spencer had almost brought calamity upon the Larson family!

Howard sat in the car and seemed to have aged a few years. He closed his eyes and sighed. "The abandoned son of the Neal family has returned. I'm afraid Preston's weather is going to change!" ... In the bright hall in the Neal family manor.

"I'm relieved to see that your family is fine!" Old lady Sage smiled kindly.

"It's so late now, Grandma, you should stay the night!" Braydon asked her to stay.

Old lady Sage refused to stay and brought the Sage family back. However, she seemed to have forgotten one person, and that was Heather.

When everything was settled.

Heather Queen and Laura Quinn were in the room when Braydon pushed the door open and entered.

"Braydon, where's Grandma Sage?" Laura looked outside the door and found no one.

"She's already left!" Louis said softly.

"Ah? Why didn't you get me!" Heather was secretly angry.

"Stay with me tonight," Laura said softly. "Let Braydon send you home tomorrow!" "Aunt Laura, I can't. I have an exam tomorrow!" Heather was the same age as Braydon. She was twenty years old and was a second-year student at Preston University. She had an exam tomorrow morning.

Laura was angry. "Don't you want to accompany me?" "Aunt Laura, I..." Heather's face was a little red. She had already rejected the betrothal to Braydon. She had always felt that it was a little old-fashioned and would be laughed at if anyone else were to find out.

If she were to stay the night with the Neal family, what would others say in the future?!

"Alright, Braydon and I won't disturb your rest!" Louis laughed.

Braydon and Louis turned around and closed the door, returning to the bright hall.

However, Braydon did not plan to rest. He put on his black cloak and walked out of the door in the rainy night.

“Braydon, it’s already so late. You’re still planning to go out?” Louis shouted.

“I want to see Second Uncle and Fourth Uncle!” Braydon replied in a low voice.

Louis sighed and could only let Braydon go.

The five great commanders and the thousand guards followed silently.

The western suburbs’ graveyard looked gloomy at night.

This was the west side of Preston, backed by a long mountain range. The biggest graveyard in Preston was here.

Most of them were cheap graveyards, so ordinary families could afford to buy a piece of land here.

As it was cheap and large, there were many corners that were left untidied, making it look extremely messy!

On the way, Luke Yates asked, “Brother, when will the ceremony be held?”
“On my birthday, I guess!” There was still one month and three days to Braydon’s birthday!

Braydon’s return meant that he was being crowned!

This was related to one’s future martial arts path. It was extremely important that one’s family members personally crowned him in his birthplace!

He could not afford to be careless!

Therefore, even the Great Demon King, Luke Yates, was extremely concerned about this matter.

Braydon walked to the gate of the graveyard. The security guard at the gate said through the glass, “Who are you guys?” Whoosh!

A black Northern Cool sword pierced through the glass and was nailed to the wall.

The security guard immediately trembled and did not dare to make a sound!

Braydon walked into the graveyard in the western suburbs and walked to the northwest corner of the deepest part. There were messy debris and weeds all around. It was obvious that no one had cleaned it all year round!

More importantly, there was a tomb in front of him. The tombstone was upside down, and the tomb had been dug open. The urn inside was gone!

Braydon stood alone in the rainy night, and there was a faint murderous intent.

On this gravestone, the words 'Lowell Neal's tomb' were engraved. It was so simple that there was not even a birth date or the name of the person who set up the gravestone.

It was as if he had been casually buried here!

Second Uncle Lowell's grave had been opened!

The whereabouts of the ashes were unknown!

"Investigate!" Braydon's voice was bone-chillingly cold.

Zayn Ziegler's eyelids twitched. He turned around and went to the security room with his men.

"What are you... doing?" the security guard asked in fear.

"Who took away the ashes of Lowell Neal and Liam Neal from the two graves in the northwest corner of the graveyard?" Zayn's eyes were filled with anger.

"I don't know!" The security guard trembled.

"You don't know?" Zayn pulled out his sword that glinted with a cold light.

The security guard closed his eyes in a panic, his hands and feet shaking. "Ah, Sir, don't kill me. I didn't see anything, but the ashes in the two tombs were stolen by a young man and woman!" "When did it happen?" Zayn asked.

“Seven years ago!” The security guard opened his eyes and said, trembling.

“Bullsh*t, you can remember what happened seven years ago so clearly?” Zayn instantly exploded.

The security guard was almost in tears. “Sir, I had polio when I was a child. It’s not convenient for me to walk, so I asked someone to find a job at the graveyard. I’ve worked here for ten years. I remember clearly that seven years ago, it was that man and woman who gave me 100,000 dollars and told me not to tell anyone!” It was not because the security guard could remember well; it was because he had received a hundred thousand dollars of hush money seven years ago. He probably would not have this kind of opportunity again in his lifetime.

At that time, 100,000 dollars was more than three years of his salary!

He would never forget this kind of fortune even if it had been seventeen years, let alone seven years.

Give him 100,000 dollars in cash! Zayn said.

“Yes, sir!” Someone quickly took out 100,000 dollars in cash.

The Strongest War God chapter 24-Find Them and Kill Them on Sight The security guard was stunned. He did not expect to get a windfall just by looking after the graveyard. He immediately told them everything he could remember.

This amount of money was nothing to Zayn Ziegler!

In the Preston team alone, supernumerary members were given a monthly salary of 30,000, 50,000, 70, 000, and 100,000 dollars!

And that was only the salary of non-staff members!

If money could solve the problem of salary, Zayn and the others would not mind at all. However, for the official members, they were all martial artists, and what they wanted was not money.

What they wanted were spirit herbs and spirit medicines!

Unfortunately, these things were becoming more and more difficult to find in the modern industrial era. You could not buy them even if you had money.

In the northwest corner of the graveyard, Braydon lifted the tombstone and wiped it with his black cloak. He did not cry, laugh, nor speak. He just stood there, letting the wind and rain hit him, as if he felt nothing!

Braydon was a young man, but he grew up in the northern territory. Only the northern soldiers followed him.

In the memories of his carefree childhood, the two most important relatives were his fourth uncle and second uncle!

His fourth uncle, Liam Neal, was a famous talent in the capital!

At that time, his fourth uncle was nineteen years old. He alone suppressed all the young people of the same generation of the seven great families. No one could compare to him in both the civil and military field.

At that time, Liam Neal was known as the most promising warrior in Preston city.

During that period of childhood, young Braydon stuck to his fourth uncle, Liam Neal, the most.

Unfortunately, everything had become a memory!

When Zayn came back, Braydon was wiping the tombstone. "Have you found out?" "Yes. Seven years ago, a young man and woman came and took away the urn!" Zayn took out two pieces of white paper. These were the two portraits drawn by the guards according to the security guard's description.

It had been too long, and it was not easy for the security guard to remember some of the characteristics. He could only draw a portrait that was roughly 20 to 30% similar.

Braydon took a look and ordered coldly, "Find them and kill them on sight!" "Yes!" Zayn's heart trembled, and he looked at Bryan Goldman and the others.

Obviously, he could not rely on himself for this matter!

The five great commanders simultaneously issued orders through the internal system to all the special operations teams to search for these two people.

Even though seven years had passed, he still had to find them!

Braydon returned home and stood at the top of the bright hall, facing the fierce wind and rain, his black cloak fluttering in the wind.

Bryan and the other four followed silently behind him, not avoiding the wind and rain.

“Go back, everyone!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

Each of the five great commanders had their own duties and were in charge of the five main teams. They intimidated all martial artists in the world, suppressed an area, and protected the peaceful lives of ordinary people.

In fact, it was already against the rules for the five great commanders to gather in the Central Plains.

However, the return of King Braydon was not something they could miss, so no one had expressed their dissatisfaction until now, allowing such an exception.

However, the five commanders had heavy responsibilities and could not act rashly.

“Carl Mason will be the emissary of Northern Hansworth and control all the martial artists in the five provinces of Northern Hansworth. He will exercise his authority as the commander and lead all the special operations teams. Go!” No one dared to disobey the words of the Northern King.

Gordon Lowe turned around and left. In a few breaths, his thin body disappeared into the wind and rain.

The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, and Carl Mason cupped their hands and left!

After everyone had left.

Braydon looked at the southern suburbs of Preston, where the Quinn family was.

He wanted to kill three people when he returned to the capital. The second person was the Quinn family’s Harry Quinn!

Braydon left the bright hall in a flash. His room was brightly lit, and his father, Louis Neal, was sitting at the desk.

It was midnight, and Louis was flipping through the account book with a serious expression.

“Dad, it’s time to rest!” Braydon took off his cloak and covered Louis with it.

The black cloak was embroidered with golden silk patterns. It was a golden Qilin!

This was a symbol of status!

In the entire northern territory, only one person could wear the symbol of the military flag, and that was Braydon!

“Braydon, sit!” Louis rubbed his temples.

Braydon sat calmly at the side and glanced at a stack of account books on the table. The red lines on the account books were shocking.

Was there a problem with the account books?

Louis sighed. “These are the family’s account books. There are no problems with them. The problem is the Neal Corporation!” The Neal Corporation was founded fifty years ago. They started out in the construction industry and later transformed into a real estate developer. Thanks to the boom in the real estate industry in the past few years, the Neal family had developed rapidly and made at least one billion dollars in hot money every year!

To make the Neal family the head of the seven great families, over the past few decades, the Neal family had split their assets, reorganized their assets, opened up new businesses in the capital market, controlled two listed companies, and had shares in seven listed companies!

The Neal family’s assets were over 30 billion!

These was their assets on the surface, but their real assets were 40 billion in total.

That was why Braydon who was born into a rich family with the identity of the third generation’s eldest grandson could have grown up with a silver spoon in his mouth. Even if what had happened back then did not happen, and he did not become King Braydon, he would be at ease in the Neal family. He would

be a young master who did not have to worry about food and clothing when growing up!

Louis opened his mouth again. "In fact, I should have expected it. The bank's mortgage interest has increased, and the real estate restrictions in cities all over the country have increased. They have been constantly attacking the real estate market. Real estate companies all over the country have gone bankrupt. How could the Neal family be spared?" Braydon listened quietly and took the account books.

The Neal family's biggest project expenditure in the past two years was the development of the Rose Garden in Preston's new district!

This project could not be taken over by just one company.

As the head of the seven great families, the Neal family took the lead in building the most luxurious villa area in the new district, including the development of Rose Park, the construction of an elementary school, and the building of an integrated community!

Just the land alone needed a cash flow of five billion!

The Neal family had collected funds and bought land. Construction needed a large amount of capital, so they could only borrow and use high-interest leverage loans to continuously inject capital!

They had invested a lot of manpower and resources in the past two years, but the project was not completed yet. The progress of the investment was not ideal, which put the Neal family in a dilemma!

Such a huge feat was basically swallowing up all their money!

The other great families were happy to see the Neal family embarrassed, and no one was willing to help!

"The Neal family controls two listed companies and seven listed companies. We can cash these out in the stock market!" Braydon flipped through the account books and said.

"The Neal family has used them as collateral!" Louis took out another account book.

The Neal family had a lot of assets, but their debts were even higher.

Previously, in order to get a loan from the bank, Larry Neal and the others had mortgaged their company shares to the bank.

The most urgent thing at the moment was that the repayment date was approaching. If they could not repay the loan, these shares would be auctioned off by the bank or sold in the stock market.

The Neal family owed the bank a total of eight billion dollars. This was debt!

There were also the borrowed funds, which were all recorded in the account books in a mess.

The amount of liquid funds in the Neal Corporation's account was less than ten million. For the Neal Corporation that had five hundred employees, this amount of liquid funds was pitifully little!

"I'll take care of it!" Braydon smiled.

The Strongest War God chapter 25-Silas Queen Braydon Neal had never been troubled by money all these years.

The northern region's King Braydon was young and in a high position. He held a lot of power, so what was money to him?

"Braydon, that's not a small amount!" Louis Neal was shocked.

"Old Neal, how can you make things so difficult for your own son!" Laura Quinn came in her pajamas.

Heather Sage pushed the wheelchair and said with a lack of confidence, "I'll give Grandma a call and ask the Sage family to help Uncle Louis!" "No!" Laura stopped her, and Louis was even more against it.

Heather was not married to the family yet, so how could they let her ask the Sage family for help?

If this matter were to spread out, how would the couple face them? Outsiders might misunderstand this matter and think that the couple was lying to their silly daughter-in-law.

Braydon picked up Louis' phone on the table and pondered.

Laura's heart ached. "Braydon, don't worry about this. Let your father think of a way!" Louis also wanted to open his mouth, not wanting to make things difficult for his son.

However, Braydon was not in a difficult position. He had forgotten the number of that person.

Following that, a string of overseas calls was made.

"Hello, the president is already resting. If you need to see him, please make an appointment at 9 a.m. tomorrow!" A clear voice came from the phone.

"Wake him up!" Braydon's calm words could not hide his domineering tone.

The secretary on the other end of the line immediately said in an unfriendly tone, "Sir, I've made myself clear just now. The president is already resting." "Tell him that cotton-clothe from the northern region is looking for him. Call me back in one minute!" Braydon then hung up the phone.

Laura did not know whether to laugh or cry at how straightforward he was. "Braydon, how can you ask for help like this!" "Such bad temper. Where did you get that from!" Heather rolled her eyes.

"Who's on the other end of the line?" Louis asked.

"He's a nobody. Three years ago, his plane crashed in the north and almost hit the camp. I destroyed his private plane and saved his family!" Braydon was in charge of the northern territory, and he only killed the enemy, not save the people.

However, the plane that had crashed had landed in the camp. Once it exploded, it would definitely cause casualties to the northern army, and that was why Braydon would take action.

Two minutes later.

Heather made a face and teased, "You're so bad-tempered! You're asking him for help, but you don't talk properly. He's ignoring you now!" "Little girl!" Braydon did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Toward his family, Braydon did not have the majesty of the War God of the North. Instead, he was like a little brother next door, easygoing and indifferent.

Seeing that it was getting late, Braydon went out and asked the kitchen to prepare some supper.

Just as he stepped out of the door, his phone rang.

Louis looked at the overseas number and was stunned.

“He’s really calling back?” Heather was a little surprised.

“Braydon’s personality is cold and arrogant. I’m afraid the person will say something to reject him!” Laura smiled helplessly. All these years, she had learned the ways of the world.

Louis sighed. “The money we need isn’t a small amount. You can’t blame them if they don’t want to help!” At this moment, on a holiday island overseas, the sky was getting bright.

The villa on the island was equipped with the best security system, which cost no less than 50 million dollars, and hundreds of security guards patrolled it 24 hours a day.

A young female secretary came into the bedroom. She was then covered in incense. She quietly took off her high heels and walked barefoot on the carpet without a sound.

“President, someone’s calling you.” The sleeping white man, who was about 50 years old, frowned.

A frown was a sign of hidden anger.

The female secretary’s face turned pale, and she was about to leave.

“Who is it?” the man asked with his eyes closed.

“He didn’t say his name!” The female secretary was a little nervous.

The atmosphere in the bedroom suddenly became extremely oppressive!

“Get lost!” The man was infuriated.

The female secretary went out in a panic. As if she remembered something, she hurriedly said, “He said that he was some cotton-clothe from the northern

region.” “What?” The man suddenly opened his eyes like an angry lion. He stood up naked, which scared the female secretary.

“President, please!” “What did he say? Tell me without missing a single word!” The man’s eyes were fixed on the female secretary, and he looked very majestic.

The female secretary hurriedly replied, “I said that you were resting. If there’s anything he needs, he should make an appointment at 9 o’clock tomorrow. But he said that you have to call him back in one minute.” The man did not have time to reprimand the female secretary. He put on his pajamas and ran to the study barefooted. At this moment, five minutes had passed.

His face was covered in cold sweat. He calmed down and made a video call.

Ring... The call was then connected.

There were three people in the video, as if they were a family of three. It was a heartwarming scene.

The man was stunned. There was no Braydon!

Louis looked at the person in the video. His pupils shrank, and he did not feel good.

“He’s... Silas Queen!” Heather exclaimed.

There were not many people in the world who did not know this man!

He became the world’s richest man at the age of thirty-nine, and his personal wealth had never fallen from the top three in the world for more than ten years.

He was a business legend!

Louis was also confused.

The nobody that his son was talking about was actually this great person?

This was a nobody?

Laura could not even speak.

“May I know who you are?” the blonde man, Silas Queen, asked politely.

“My son, Braydon Neal, called you just now. He’s gone to prepare supper. If Mr. Queen is busy, I’ll ask him to call you later!” Louis was a little nervous and was stuttering.

Silas instantly understood.

No wonder he felt that the woman in the wheelchair in the video looked similar to the Northern King. It turned out that they were his parents!

“No, no, I’m on vacation today. I have plenty of free time!” Silas laughed.

Louis was immediately overjoyed and did not dare to push him away.

How could he have known that Silas was even more surprised than him!

Just as they were chatting happily, Braydon came into the room with a plate of fruits and some food. He smiled and said, “You’re having a good time chatting.” “Braydon, Mr. Queen is looking for you!” Louis quickly handed over the phone.

When Silas saw Braydon, he suddenly became excited. He knew what kind of person he was!

He was also a warrior himself, so he naturally knew how terrifying Braydon was.

He was extremely wealthy and had unparalleled business talent, but when it came to cultivation, his talent was not just a little bit lacking! His warlord-level strength was obtained through money!

In the eyes of ordinary people, a warrior-level was also considered a powerhouse.

However, in front of a War God?

As lowly as an ant!

It was his honor to meet Braydon today!

Three lifetimes of good fortune!

