

## The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 51-A Romantic Ball The corners of Braydon's lips curled up slightly, and a smile appeared.

"Braydon, why aren't you drinking?" Joseph asked suspiciously.

"I have an alcohol prohibition!" Braydon gave a rare explanation.

Usually, Braydon probably would not even bother to reply if he was not in the right mood.

"It's fine, it's the same for the drinks!" Joseph said casually.

"Since we're here for a drink, why don't we get drunk then?" Zane Smith who was next to him said in an unkindly tone.

Zaester Larson jeered, "That's right. It's Xana's birthday today and you're not showing her any respect if you don't drink!" The two of them chimed in one after the other, putting Braydon in a tough spot.

"Don't you two stir up trouble!" Joseph said as he frowned.

"I'll drink for him!" Heather said.

As a result, there was a wave of jeering. They sighed and felt that Braydon was too useless.

No man should be so cowardly!

Braydon's left hand moved slightly and held Heather's cold little hand, stopping her from drinking.

Heather rolled her eyes. "It's fine. I'll just drink on your behalf. It's Xana's birthday today!" "Braydon, are you still a man?" Zaester looked at Braydon contemptuously.

Heather wrinkled her nose slightly. "Shut up, this is none of your business. You'd better not provoke him!" "Pfft, Heather, don't try to scare me. He's just an outcast of the Neal family and is equivalent to a stray dog that was driven out of the family!" Zaester's tone was disdainful.

Before Heather came, they had discussed about Braydon and knew about his background. Luckily, he was the future son-in-law of the Sage family. Otherwise, they would not have allowed Braydon to come to this party today!

This was because Braydon was not qualified to them!

Joseph was furious. "Zaester, if you want to cause trouble, I'll play along with you. If you don't dare to do so, then just shut up and drink. It's my sister's birthday today. I'll beat up whoever dares to make trouble!" Joseph was the devil king of Preston City so he was not someone to be trifled with.

This guy was a man of his word and had a lawless personality. Many of those from the younger generation of the seven noble families did not dare to provoke him.

Braydon sat quietly as he held Heather's hand without letting go. After that, he gently took the glass of whiskey.

"What are you doing?" Heather asked.

Everyone looked at Braydon and was stunned.

Braydon smiled slightly. "I've never let a girl drink on my behalf before in my whole life. Since I promised to protect you for the rest of your life in front of grandma, how could I dare to break my promise?" "Nauseating!" Xana felt jealous.

Heather felt an inexplicable sweetness in her heart and said helplessly, "Don't you have an alcohol prohibition?" The promise and the ban were contradictory. Braydon used facts to tell Heather what he chose.

Rules were dead, but people were alive.

Braydon was not so pedantic and he raised his glass and drank it all in one go.

Joseph laughed heartily. "Haha, Braydon, your alcohol tolerance is not bad. Since we've already made an exception, let's have another toast!" "Alright!" Braydon was in the bar and was inexplicably infected by the atmosphere here.

In the northern desert, Braydon had never been to a bar since he was young.

Moreover, in the Northern Territory, the dignified Northern King Braydon was the commander of the northern army. Who dared to slam the table and drink in front of the commander?

Braydon finished his drink in one gulp.

Joseph smiled brightly and said, "Come on, let's continue drinking. Let's go to the disco. I like drinking!" "You didn't call me when you were drinking!" Not far away, a young man in a camouflage suit walked over. He had a crew cut and combat boots which made his movement look as swift as the wind. He headed to the table directly.

"Freddie, why didn't you say anything when you came back?" Joseph laughed.

"It's Xana's birthday, so of course I have to come and celebrate it!" Freddie changed to a bigger wine glass and drank everything in one go.

Xana and Heather held hands and went to the dance floor.

At the large gathering, dozens of people were looking for people they could get along with to drink and chat.

Joseph said enthusiastically, "Freddie, let me make the introduction. This is Braydon Neal, you should have heard of him!" "I've heard of him. Come, let's drink first!" Freddie grabbed the large wine glass and drank it in one gulp.

"Drink less if you have internal injuries!" Braydon smiled lightly.

"Eh? You even know medicine?!" Freddie was a little surprised.

"I know a little!" Braydon put his glass down.

"What happened, Freddie?" Joseph was a little surprised.

One should know that Freddie was one of the six young martial arts practitioners in the younger generation in Preston City.

With his strength, he was on par with the older generation of martial arts practitioners. How could he have suffered internal injuries?

Freddie, who was a rough person, said in a bad mood, "Don't mention it. I'll get angry at the mention of it. Don't I belong to the special operations brigade

in Preston Frontier Corps?” “I know, you’re also the squadron leader!” Joseph listened curiously.

Freddie said angrily, “In order to prepare for the special combat exercise in the Central Plains District, my Captain invited a demon from somewhere. Damn it, I couldn’t even take ten moves from him!” “Warrior level?” Joseph was really surprised.

Freddie nodded solemnly. He noticed that Braydon was here and did not want to talk about it anymore, so he changed the topic and said, “Forget it, let’s drink!” “The person who injured you shouldn’t have reached the warrior level. Otherwise, your injuries wouldn’t be so light!” Braydon chatted.

This shocked Freddie.

Braydon could guess the strength of the person who had injured him simply by looking at him.

Wasn’t this a little too bizarre?

“Braydon, you’re also a martial arts practitioner?” Joseph was surprised.

“I guess so, similar to you guys!” Braydon was very modest.

The result stunned Joseph. Freddie and himself were both martial arts practitioners, and they were part of the six major martial arts practitioners among the younger generation in Preston City.

In the end, Braydon said that he was about the same as them.

Was he also a martial arts practitioner?

Yue Feng laughed heartily. “I’m sorry, I’ve been disrespectful. I was wrong just now and thought that you didn’t know ancient martial arts. However, I’ve heard that there is a potential to listen and feel in medicine but Braydon, you can tell that person’s strength just by looking at me?” Braydon was about to answer when he glanced at the dance floor.

Heather was beautiful, with a slim figure and an extraordinary temperament and couple Xana, the two girls naturally attracted the attention of the other people on the dance floor.

A handsome young man leaned over with two cocktails in his hands and smiled gently. "Two beauties, how about a dance?" "No thanks!" Su Qinghe rejected him without hesitation.

Xana's face was slightly red, and the alcohol was starting to kick in. She took the two cocktails and handed one to Heather as she smiled and said, "We can drink but we can't dance! Cheers!" Heather clinked her glass with hers and she was not on guard, so her cherry lips had already touched the wine glass.

A cold smile appeared on the handsome young man's face.

At this moment, Braydon quietly came to the side and easily took the wine glasses from the two girls.

Joseph and Freddie looked at each other in shock. "What fast speed!" "This speed should be at the warrior level, right?" Freddie was not sure.

The three of them were originally chatting, but they had separated by at least thirty meters in the end and Braydon seemed to have arrived there in an instant.

This speed was a little terrifying!

Xana shouted coquettishly on the dance floor, "Braydon, give me back my drink!" "You're causing trouble again!" Heather rolled her eyes.

"Brother, you've crossed the line!" The handsome young man's eyes turned cold.

Slap!

Braydon did not even turn his head. He slapped the young man and sent him flying.

Instantly, the men and women on the dance floor around him were frightened and quickly dodged to the side.

"Braydon, what's wrong?" Freddie strode over.

Braydon handed the two cocktails to Joseph.

Joseph understood immediately. He sniffed the cocktails with the tip of his nose, and his expression turned frighteningly gloomy. "There's something

mixed in the wine which is most likely an aphrodisiac!" "Brat, I think you're sick of living!" Freddie's eyes were filled with a murderous intent.

The Strongest War God chapter 52-An Abandoned Son Cannot be Compared to a Dog They were the children of the seven noble families, so which one of them wasn't powerful and influential? It was already good enough if they did not bully ordinary people but now they had almost fallen into someone else's trap.

If word got out, it would be extremely embarrassing.

The bar's security guards quickly sent eight people over. The captain of the security guard shouted coldly, "Who's causing trouble in this place? Don't you want to live anymore?" "Who do you think you are? Ask Jude Danes to come over!" Joseph glanced over.

The captain of security guard was shocked. He did not expect this young man to ask for Jude.

"May I know who you are?" He asked politely.

"Joseph Thomas from the Thomas family!" Joseph's cold voice was proof of his confidence.

The reason why Xana chose to hold the party here was simple. Jude had the Thomas family's support in the past to gain a foothold in the Southern Territory and build this business.

In the eyes of the Thomas family, which was one of the seven noble families, Jude from the Southern Territory was like a dog they raised.

The captain's expression changed slightly. He turned on the walkie-talkie and said in a low voice, ""Seventh floor, reply when you receive this!" "Received on the seventh floor, speak!" A cold female voice was heard.

The captain of the security guard did not try to hide the truth and said, "There's a disturbance on the second floor. The other party reported his name and said he is Joseph Thomas from the Thomas family." "What? Please take good care of this young master and Chairman Danes will leave immediately!" The female voice cut off the communication.

The security captain's face was covered in cold sweat. He bowed humbly. "Mr. Thomas, please wait a moment. Chairman Danes will be down soon!" "I'll give him one minute to get down here!" Joseph's expression was ugly.

His sister had almost been drugged in Jude's territory. What a joke.

The handsome young man was a little frightened. He did not expect that he would provoke a big shot today.

The elevator on the second floor opened and a well-groomed man in his fifties wearing a loose training suit, quickly came to the second floor.

"Chairman Danes!" The security guards bowed and lowered their heads.

He was Jude and he hurried forward and asked, "What's going on today that brought you here, Mr. Thomas? All expenses will be free of charge. This is my territory so you can eat, drink, and have fun as you please!" "My sister is here and she was almost drugged!" Joseph held the cocktail and splashed it on Jude's face.

Preston City's devil king was not someone to be trifled with. He splashed wine in public, causing the faces of the young men and women around him to turn pale. They had all heard of Jude's name.

But he was frighteningly humble in front of this young man.

Jude's eyelids twitched slightly and he looked at Xana in shock. He knew that it would be a disaster if anything had happened to her in his territory!

"Drag the man out and break both his hands!" Jude turned around.

"Yes!" The security guard pulled the handsome young man out.

The young man said in horror, "Don't do that, Chairman Danes, I was wrong!" "Is this okay with you, Mr. Joseph?" Jude bowed and asked.

Xana blushed and said, "I'm tired from dancing. Is there a private karaoke room upstairs?" "I'll make the arrangements immediately!" Jude turned around and prepared the private room himself, giving Braydon a second look.

When they reached the corner, Jude's expression was extremely gloomy. He said in a low voice, "Keep an eye on that brat. He's the one who injured

Hunter!” “Why don’t we take him down now?” The female secretary beside him asked.

Jude hid his anger. “You must be confused. That brat, Joseph is here, as well as the descendants of the Sage family. We can’t afford to mess with the people from the noble families. Bring him back to me secretly after they are done playing and leaves.” The female secretary left quietly and arranged for the security captain to keep an eye on Braydon.

Xana and the others went to the third floor. It was a luxurious private karaoke room which was more than enough to accommodate thirty people.

Freddie and Joseph had no interest in singing.

Before he entered, Freddie frowned and turned his head abruptly, his sharp eyes glancing at the corner.

“Freddie what’s wrong?” Joseph was stunned.

“Someone’s following us!” Braydon chuckled.

Joseph was suspicious. “I don’t think so. Even Jude himself wouldn’t dare to monitor us in this place even if he was scared to death. Let’s go in and have a drink!” Braydon did not care. With his strength, he was not afraid of anyone.

Freddie continued the topic and asked, “Braydon, you haven’t replied to my question earlier. How did you know that the person who injured me wasn’t a warrior-level?” Joseph was also a little curious.

Braydon replied indifferently, “When a martial arts practitioner reaches the warrior level, there is a very obvious characteristic. He needs to comprehend the light force on his own!” The power of light force was the use of one’s own strength.

Some people had very good physical fitness, but they could not punch perfectly with their own strength.

However, warrior-level martial arts practitioners were different. When they punched, all their strength would be concentrated in one punch.

With one punch, the door could be shattered in the blink of an eye.

Joseph immediately understood that if Freddie had been injured by light force, he would probably be lying on the bed by now. How could he still be alive and kicking?

“I’ve learned a lot!” Freddie said seriously.

Braydon was a king-level figure so talking about these basic things was child’s play to him.

Xana blushed. “What are you three talking about? Sing!” “Let Bianca sing. She’s a celebrity and she’s best at singing!” Joseph diverted her attention.

A cold girl with a slender figure and exquisite attire sat not far away. She was a third-tier celebrity.

“Xana, I’m not feeling well tonight!” She said apologetically.

“Hey, Braydon, why don’t you sing a song? You’re not drinking or singing. Aren’t you going to show some respect to Xana at least?” Zane started to jeer again.

Bianca’s eyes were filled with contempt.

She was also a native of Preston City. She had heard about Braydon, the abandoned son who was expelled by the Neal family.

In the end, Braydon didn’t even pay attention to Zane who was treating him as a clown.

“Zane, he’s not only disrespecting Xana but it seems as if he does not respect you much either!” Zaester said in a strange tone.

“He’s from the Neal family, so it’s understandable that he’s arrogant!” The young man beside him sneered.

Instantly, many people in the audience laughed.

Even Bianca laughed.

Zaester said disdainfully, “He’s just an abandoned son of the Neal family. The only reason he’s here today is because of Heather. Does he really think he’s some big shot? Haha!” “Alright, that’s enough. It’s fine as long as everyone

knows that an abandoned son cannot be compared to a dog. It'll be a little too much if we say it out loud!" Zane said deliberately.

Braydon became the laughing stock of the private room and the target of ridicule and bullying.

This seemed to bring Zane and the others joy!

Braydon sat quietly and ignored him but he had a cold look in his eyes.

What happened thirteen years ago had always been a pain in Braydon's heart, although it was already in the past.

However, it was a little too much for these people to tear open other people's scars and use them as capital for ridicule!

Boom!

Joseph's kick caused Zaester's body to stagger and he almost fell to the ground.

"You like to talk nonsense? If you don't want to drink, then get lost!" Joseph cursed at him immediately.

The little devil king of Preston City had never been afraid of anyone.

Zane said angrily, "Joseph Thomas, you're willing to offend me for a piece of trash like him?" "You think too highly of yourself, due. Do you believe that nothing will happen to me even if i turn you into a cripple before i go home today?!" Joseph was not kidding and he had a cold look in his eyes.

The Strongest War God chapter 53-Logan Hall of Preston City Pays His Respect to the Northern King Joseph was one of the six great martial arts practitioners of the younger generation in Preston City.

Youth was potential. Joseph was not even twenty years old yet but he was already a junior martial arts practitioner.

Give him ten years and he would definitely be able to reach the warrior level!

Whether or not they could reach the warlord level before fifty years old would depend on the Thomas family's resources.

And Zaester was a hedonistic son of a rich family. In terms of weight, even ten of him could not be compared to Joseph alone.

“You win, let’s wait and see!” Zaester was about to slam the door and leave.

At this moment.

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

“What’s the matter with you? You’re just an abandoned son who cannot even be compared to a dog. Did you really think that I wanted to talk to you just now? I only thought of you as a stupid dog and was just teasing you!” Zaester walked to the door and smiled coldly.

In the private room, many people had disdainful eyes. Most of them had the same mentality.

Braydon put down the glass with his fair fingers.

In the next second.

Everyone’s vision blurred. No one saw clearly that Braydon had already reached the door with his right hand behind his back. He held Zaester’s neck with his left hand and lifted him up easily.

Everyone’s pupils shrank.

“An ancient martial arts practitioner?” Bianca was shocked.

“He’s a martial arts practitioner?” Zane was dumbfounded.

“Zaester, do you know what a clown is?” Freddie sneered.

“It’s you who doesn’t know any better!” “Braydon’s strength is far above mine and Joseph’s. He simply didn’t bother to argue with you earlier and you really thought that you were so amazing!” Freddie watched coldly from the side.

Zane’s face was flushed red. His tongue was sticking out and his eyes were wide open in fear.

Heather stepped forward and pulled Braydon as she shouted, “Braydon, let go! He’s dying!” Braydon remained unmoved.

Freddie was shocked as he sensed ning bei's murderous intent. He frowned and said, "Braydon, just teach him a lesson. If he is killed, the special operations team will probably intervene in this matter!" Zaester suddenly came to a realization. "That's right, you're a martial arts practitioner so the special operations team definitely will not let you off if you dare to kill ordinary people!" However, they did not know that not only the Preston City main team, but even the Hansworth main team did not dare to control Braydon.

What's more, Zayn, the commander of Central Plains was also under Braydon's command!

The five great commanders in the world were all under Braydon's command!

Who would dare to point a sword at Braydon?

The swords used by the special operations team members were northern cold swords.

And the real northern cold sword was with Braydon.

Pointing a cold sword at Braydon was the biggest joke!

"What's there to be afraid of when it comes to the Preston City main team?" Braydon said softly.

These six words caused Freddie's pupils contract. He knew that Braydon had the intention to kill.

Freddie then stepped forward to stop him. "Bro, don't act impulsively. You don't have to sacrifice yourself for such a piece of trash. We really can't mess with the special operations team or we'll be in deep trouble!" "Freddie, what are you afraid of? This bastard is the one courting death!" Joseph said.

"Shut up, don't add fuel to the fire!" Freddie shouted angrily.

Joseph did not think much of it. He stood at the door and looked at the end of the corridor. There was a short-haired young man in a black shirt with a white blade symbol on his chest.

"Freddie, look south!" He said in a low voice.

“Damn it, we really ran into a member of the special operations team. Joseph, stop Braydon. I’ll stop him. I hope my identity works!” Freddie exhaled lightly and walked to the corridor.

The short-haired young man strolled over and said, “The special operations team is on duty. Anyone who obstructs us will be killed without mercy!” His words made everyone’s goosebumps rise.

Who knew that they would meet a member of the special operations team of Preston City main team in this entertainment center?

However, from his clothes, he should be a non-staff member.

Non-staff members were generally weak, and most of them were at the level of martial arts apprentices. If they could become martial arts practitioners, they could basically become official members and live in Preston City’s main team’s headquarters.

However, the special operations teams would sometimes recruit casual martial artists or martial arts practitioners who had made small mistakes and assign them as non-staff members to assist the special operations teams.

The short-haired young man was obviously this kind of person.

This was a rank nine martial arts practitioner!

Freddie clasped one of his hands over the other and asked, “Brother, do me a favor. I’m Freddie Yackley from the special operations brigade of Preston City Frontier Corps. You should have heard of me.” “The Preston City main team is working and anyone who obstructs us will be killed without mercy!” The short-haired teenager walked seven steps away from him. He touched the black hilt on his waist and held it with his right hand.

Freddie’s face was covered in sweat. He clenched his teeth as he was overwhelmed by the aura.

“I’ll have to offend you then!” He shouted as he swung his hands like tiger claws.

Boom!

Since Freddie dared to attack, the short-haired teenager's speed suddenly increased. It was completely out of Freddie's imagination. He pushed himself up on his knees, causing Freddie to spit out blood. His eyes were bloodshot, and he instantly lost his combat power.

He was already injured and the short-haired young man's strength was not any weaker than the demon that their captain had invited.

Joseph was shocked and furious. "Freddie! Damn it, so what if you're from the Preston City main team? F\*ck you!" Joseph stepped forward, raised his leg, and kicked sideways.

It was a pity that junior martial arts practitioners really could not even withstand a single blow from the short-haired teenager.

The difference in strength between the two sides was huge.

The short-haired teenager held the hilt of his sword in a domineering manner.

The moment the sword was unsheathed, it was accompanied by a cold killing intent, as if the smell of blood was permeating the air. The black light was so fast that it was aimed at Joseph's throat.

"Stop!" Braydon spoke.

The short-haired young man pointed the cold blade at Joseph's neck. The sword had already cut through the skin and a drop of blood flowed out.

This scene frightened everyone.

The short-haired teenager really dared to kill!

Braydon threw Zane to the ground. When he turned around, he saw the short-haired young man's sword pointing at his face.

The cold sword was pointed at Braydon!

The short-haired teenager did not know what this meant!

He said indifferently, "As a martial arts practitioner, you have violated the law and used weapons against ordinary people without authorization. You will be imprisoned for three years if you injure others, ten years if you disable

someone, and killed on the spot if you kill someone!" The cold words made everyone shudder.

Braydon asked softly, "Then you should also know that those who hold cold swords cannot point their cold swords at their comrades? This is also the rule!" "Who are you?" Of course, the short-haired teenager knew this rule.

This was something he had remembered in his heart ever since he had received the cold sword with both hands.

Braydon was furious. He drew the Northern King Sword from his inner sleeve and held it in his left hand.

Heather rolled her eyes. She did not expect that Braydon would lie to her and even carry this sword with him.

The short-haired teenager looked over, and his face turned pale as if he had been struck by lightning.

The next moment.

It was beyond everyone's expectations.

The short-haired teenager sheathed his sword and knelt down on one knee. He cupped his fists and shouted, "Logan Hall of the Preston City main team pays respect to the commander!" His words shocked everyone around him.

Freddie was bent over and he was completely dumbfounded. According to his understanding, there was only one place in Hansworth and only one person could be called the commander!

That was the Northern Territory.

The Northern King of the northern army was a legendary figure who was conferred the title of king at the age of seventeen. He was an immortal legend in their military department and was also known as the commander. He was young and held a high position, and he held great power!

At this moment, Logan knelt down on one knee and was completely dumbfounded.

"The Northern King Sword, you're the Northern King!" Freddie murmured.

The Strongest War God chapter 54-Give You An Explanation Freddie was alone and he was stunned for a long time.

Braydon saw that Logan was aware of his mistake and he had never been too harsh on his own brothers. So, he said, "Get up. There is no kneeling ceremony in the northern army. The martial arts practitioners who hold the cold sword in front of the Northern Territory will die in battle but will not fall. This is the pride of the northern army!" There was no kneeling ceremony in the northern army and everyone was disdainful!

The people in the room were all stunned. The abandoned son of the Neal family that they had just mocked had such a terrifying background.

"Take him away. Let the Smith family go to Preston City to get their man back!" Braydon pointed at Zane.

Logan picked Zane up and left quickly.

Zaester was the only one left.

"Girl, lend me your phone!" Braydon spoke again.

"Okay, but don't fight anymore or I will tell Aunt Laura about it!" Heather handed over her cell phone.

Braydon flipped through the address book and found Howard's phone number.

An old voice sounded, "Who is it?" "Me!" Braydon said calmly.

Howard's eyelids twitched slightly. He could not forget this voice so he could not help but say, "You must be Braydon. I haven't seen you in a few days since we parted at the Neal family manor. Come visit us at the Larson family's manor when you have time!" "There's no rush. You have a descendant named Zaester Larson, right?" Braydon's tone was very calm.

Howard's heart trembled as he replied, "Yes!" "Do you want me to teach the Larson family's descendants a lesson or do you want to do it yourself?" Braydon asked.

The faces of the young people in the private room turned pale.

That was Old Master Larson!

If he stomp his feet in Preston City, the whole Preston City would shake.

After a moment of silence, Howard said, "Pass the phone to him and I'll give you an explanation!" Braydon did not say anything and passed the phone to Zaester.

"Grandpa?" Zaester stuttered.

"Kneel!" A sullen roar sounded from the phone.

Zaester's legs trembled and he knelt down in an instant. He was so scared that he was about to cry.

Howard hung up the phone and left Zaester to kneel like this forever.

Braydon glanced at him. He did not want to cause a disruption at Xana's birthday party but she had drunk a lot and was sleeping soundly on the chair.

"Girl, it's time to go!" Braydon returned the cell phone to Heather.

Heather saw that it was already past midnight and it was time for her to go back to sleep. She still had class tomorrow!

All the people in the private room dispersed immediately.

Zaester knelt on the ground, with a pale face and he did not dare to make a sound.

Joseph helped Freddie into the room to rest and was secretly curious.

"Braydon, have you reached the warlord level?" "It could be considered so!" Braydon smiled and did not explain his true strength.

In Joseph's eyes, even a warrior-level was considered a super-strong fighter.

However, he did not know that Braydon had been promoted to a general in the Northern Territory at the age of nine, and he was already a star general at the age of nine.

Could this not be considered a legend?

It was not without reason that Braydon was known as a Millennium genius.

Freddie laughed wryly. He knew that this big shot in front of him was not just a warlord level!

He was the legend of the Northern Territory, the commander of the northern army, and the Northern King!

Freddie never thought that Braydon was born in Preston City and that he was the abandoned son who had escaped from the Neal family's internal strife.

"Freddie, what's a military leader?" Joseph asked curiously.

It would be strange if Freddie could answer him. All the files and information of the higher-ups were classified. Any disclosure would be considered a leak.

As a member of the special operations brigade, Freddie would never make such a mistake.

He replied, "It's a title. Xana is also drunk so you should take her home!" "You're so seriously injured, I'll take you to the hospital first!" Joseph was a very loyal person.

Freddie was about to refuse, but Braydon said, "I know a little about medicine. Let me take a look at you." Joseph came back to his senses. He had just heard from Braydon that he knew a little about medicine. Now that there was a doctor available, he really did not need to go to the hospital.

Freddie replied cautiously, "It's okay, this is just a small injury and I'll be fine after resting for a few days!" "Freddie, why are you being so courteous? We've been through so much together and you were not even afraid of the Preston City main team. So, why are you afraid of seeing a doctor?" Joseph rolled his eyes.

"What the hell do you know? Get lost!" Freddie cursed angrily.

"You have such a bad temper. Fine, I'll treat my kindness as if it does not exist and stop talking!" Joseph rolled his eyes.

Braydon stepped forward and saw through Freddie's internal injuries at a glance. His fingers were like a swift shadow as he quickly pressed on the three major acupuncture points on Freddie's chest, with his inner strength.

"Pfft!" Freddie spurted out a mouthful of blood.

Joseph yelled out strangely, "Damn it, Braydon, don't treat him anymore. Why is he vomiting blood when he's supposed to be fine? Let's go to the hospital." "Phew, I feel much better!" Freddie felt refreshed after spitting out the blood.

Joseph was stunned but he was relieved to see that Freddie was really fine.

"Braydon, I'm sleepy!" Heather yawned.

"Let's go, I'll take you back!" Braydon held her cold little hand and walked to the entrance of the entertainment center.

Joseph went home with Xana on his back and Freddie also took a ride back home with them.

At the elevator, the captain of the security team of Three Circles Entertainment Center appeared and said sternly, "Mr. Braydon, my boss would like to see you!" "Lead the way!" Braydon's expression remained the same, as if he knew why he was looking for him.

In the morning at the intersection, when Braydon had crippled Hunter, Hunter had said that he was the son of Jude, who was the boss of the Southern Territory.

Jude must have recognized Braydon tonight and had been waiting for this moment to make his move.

Braydon took the elevator to the seventh floor of the entertainment center.

The entire floor was covered with red carpet, and Jude's private office, which was thousands of square meters in size was very luxurious.

After the elevator door opened, two rows of sixty security guards in black stood neatly on both sides. The invisible deterrence made Heather jump in fear and she could not help but grab the corner of Braydon's clothes.

Braydon sensed her fear. After all, she was a twenty-year-old girl who had grown up with a golden spoon in her mouth under the Sage family's protection. She had never seen the darkness of society.

That was the reason why Heather was intelligent and nimble, but her heart was pure and kind.

Jude, who was sitting on the sofa in the distance, had his female secretary in his arms. His big hand reached into her underwear and he groped her fiercely. After that, he snorted coldly, "There is actually heroes that come out of youth since the ancient times. You're really courageous to come up here directly!" "What do you want?" Heather yelled.

Jude said calmly, "My personal affair with Braydon has nothing to do with you, Miss Sage. Send a special car to escort her back!" "No, I won't leave! Don't even think about bullying him!" Heather was like a little hen protecting her chick and her eyes were filled with anger.

Jude's eyes gradually turned colder. "Miss Sage, the reason why I'm being so polite to you is because of Old Lady Sage. It'd be best if the Sage family doesn't get involved in today's matter." Heather was shocked. She did not expect that the Sage family's name would be useless at this time. She cried out bitterly in her heart as she thought that this was going to be really troublesome.

Jude was a local tyrant in the Southern Territory and he was also a martial arts practitioner.

"It's fine. Wait for me outside!" Braydon chuckled.

Heather's eyes were filled with worry as she looked around. There were more than sixty people and she and Braydon would definitely be at a disadvantage even if they tried to fight back.

She did not understand the horror of powerful martial arts practitioners at all.

Even if there were six hundred thousand people, Braydon could kill them all with the Northern King Sword, let alone sixty security guards.

Braydon asked Heather to go out, not because he was worried that he could not protect her but it was because he did not want her to see the bloody scene.

Jude got someone to send Heather out and he did not restrict her freedom. She could call whoever she wanted.

No matter who it was, by the time they arrived here, Jude would have already crippled Braydon.

In the luxurious hall.

Jude suddenly stood up and his eyes gradually turned cold as he asked, "Mr. Braydon, do you know who you hurt this morning?"

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Braydon put his hands behind his back and watched calmly.

Jude roared, "That's my only son! You cut off one of his arm, so you must die tonight. Leave your last words behind!" As soon as he was done speaking, the sixty security guards in black on both sides slowly pulled out the long swords from their waists, which were shining with a cold light.

On the surface, the entertainment center's security guards maintained the law and order here, but in reality, they were all Jude's thugs.

How could Jude's hands not be stained with blood in order to become the boss of the Southern Territory?

Braydon stood there proudly and he remained motionless.

The secretary's cell phone buzzed and vibrated. She frowned and reminded him in a low voice, "Boss, Mr. Joseph is calling!" "Answer the call!" Jude said with a sullen expression.

Immediately after the call was connected, Joseph's angry voice sounded immediately, "Jude Danes, I think you must be insane. You actually dare to make a move on my buddy?" "Mr. Joseph, I didn't spoil Miss Xana's birthday party earlier. Let me tell you, Braydon cut off my son's arm this morning. He must pay for this blood debt!" Jude's voice was hoarse, even though he was the Thomas family's lackey.

However, Jude felt that his company had earned a lot of money for Thomas Corporation over the years, and the debt that he owed to the Thomas family had long been paid off.

And he, Jude, was also a middle-stage martial arts practitioner!

Martial arts practitioners were divided into three classes and nine grades!

Jude was also a martial arts practitioner from Preston City. He was a respected figure, so how could Old Master Thomas reprimand him?

Now, Joseph, who was a younger generation of the Thomas family was actually treating him in this manner. Jude had long been unable to tolerate this.

After the call ended.

Jude said coldly, "Braydon, let me tell you, neither the Sage family, nor the Thomas family will be able to protect you today!" "You might have misunderstood!" Bradyson smiled slightly.

The female secretary sneered, "Misunderstand? What you did in the morning was captured clearly on the traffic cameras. It's no use even if you beg for mercy!" Jude's eyes were filled with disdain. He did not expect that Braydon would be a coward who was already beginning to feel afraid.

"When I said that you misunderstood, I meant that I don't need to rely on anyone, let alone ask for anyone's protection!" Braydon said as he glanced at Jude.

"You guys are nothing in my eyes!" Braydon smiled faintly and his calm words did not lose their dominance.

Jude was furious. "Bastard! Break his arms first! For many years, no one in Preston City has dared to speak to me like this!" The sixty security guards rushed forward.

Braydon placed his hands behind his back and moved in the next moment.

He moved as fast as a dragon's roar and no one could see it clearly but when Braydon returned to the place where he was standing earlier, the sixty security guards felt severe pain in their legs. They lowered their heads and saw blood gushing out like a fountain. All of them fell to the ground. Their wails resounded throughout the entertainment center, frightening all the customers who were here.

The cold smile on Jude's face gradually froze, and then he felt a tingling feeling on his scalp.

"Ancient martial arts practitioner?" The security captain's hands were trembling.

Braydon chuckled, as if he had just done something insignificant.

However, it was precisely because he was an ancient martial arts practitioner, and Jude was also a martial arts practitioner that Jude could feel how terrifying Braydon was, even more.

He had injured sixty people in one go. His wrist was ruthless and he did not hesitate at all, which proved that he had experienced killing.

What was even more terrifying was that even Jude could not do such a thing.

“Warlord level?” The secretary’s face turned pale.

Jude was even more terrified.

Jude was not afraid of provoking ordinary people, but he was provoking a warlord level martial arts practitioner.

Why would an expert of this level appear in Preston City?

“How is this possible?!” Jude exclaimed in shock.

His shock came from the fear in his heart. He could not accept this reality.

A warrior level martial arts practitioner was already an existence that he looked up to.

There were three hard requirements for a martial arts practitioner to reach the warrior level.

The first condition was strength.

The second condition was speed.

The third condition was light force!

These three factors were indispensable. This was why there was not a single warrior level martial arts practitioner among the ten to twenty martial arts practitioners in Preston City.

If a martial arts practitioner wanted to reach the warrior level, an unorthodox martial arts practitioner like Jude would need at least ten years of hard work to figure it out on his own without the guidance of a famous teacher or the inheritance of ancient martial arts.

Even ten years of hard work might not be enough to reach the warrior level.

Talent was especially important.

There were too many people in this world who had put in a lot of effort but were unable to reach the warrior level.

If one worked hard and could constantly break through in strength, there would be no poor or weak people in this world.

For example, if one were to meet a genius like Braydon, a hundred years of hard work would not be able to match the enemy's cultivation for half a year.

Talent was too important in the path of ancient martial arts!

At this moment, the door was kicked open, and Joseph and Freddie barged in.

"Braydon, are you alright?" Joseph heaved a sigh of relief.

It was not that he was overly worried, but it was because he knew that a despicable person like Jude was used to underhanded methods. If he were to use any kinds of poison, even a martial arts practitioner who was not paying attention would fall for it.

Braydon was obviously fine, but the sixty security guards were all wailing miserably. Their throats were hoarse and the smell of blood was strong.

"Mr. Joseph, save me!" Jude came back to his senses.

Jude was not someone who could afford to offend a warrior level figure and he was begging Joseph to save his goddamned life now.

Joseph did not even bother to say a word. The lackey that the Thomas family had supported had stabbed him in the back in the end, and he even dared to make a move on his buddy.

Joseph naturally could not be bothered to save him!

"Braydon, are you okay?" Heather trotted over.

However, Jude's mistress who was also his secretary, held a pistol with both hands as she stood at the door and shouted angrily, "Don't move. I'll kill

anyone who dares to move!" The black muzzle of the gun was pointed at the back of Heather's head.

Heather's body stiffened and her clear eyes were filled with fear.

Jude was pleasantly surprised. "Well done, Lina. Who the hell are the Thomas and Sage family? F\*ck them!" "Let her go, and I'll guarantee that you can leave Preston City alive!" Joseph had a cold expression in his eyes.

The female secretary, Lina, sneered. "Mr. Joseph, do you think that I'm a three-year-old kid that's so easy to fool? If I let her go, my boss and I will definitely die!" Braydon glanced over and was ready to make a move.

But Lina said, "Mr. Braydon, I know that you are a powerful martial arts practitioner. A warlord level can come to my side in the blink of an eye but I can pull the trigger in 0.3 seconds. Don't act rashly. I will pull the trigger at the moment when I don't see you!" Braydon looked at her and said softly, "Who said that I'm a warlord level?" "What?!" Joseph was stunned.

Lina was even more dumbfounded for a moment and cried out, "If you're not at the warlord level, then are you..." Before she could finish her sentence... Swoosh!

Braydon did not move but a terrifying pressure swept across the entire seventh floor and the A4 papers flew everywhere.

This pressure caused Jude to lose his voice in fear. "Atmospheric pressure, ability to suppress thousands of people, the God of War!" The God of War's pressure formed an invisible force that pressed down on Lina. Aside from being able to move her eyes, her body felt like it didn't belong to her, and she could not feel her fingers.

Braydon took a step forward and the Northern King Sword appeared in his hand.

After the pitch-black sword light passed, a black hand flew up and there was another hand on it.

Lina's wrist was completely broken at the root, revealing the deep white bone stubble. Her shrill cry caused everyone in the entertainment center to feel their goosebumps rising. They had no idea what was happening on the seventh floor.

Braydon embraced Heather's slender waist and hugged her in his arms.

He held a sword in his left hand to kill.

And he had a beauty in his right hand, for tenderness!