

The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 61-Breaking off the Engagement Donald Hoffman was shocked. "This is... purple Qi?" Whoosh!

Behind Braydon, another stream of purple Qi appeared. The amount of purple Qi was increasing, and it surrounded his body.

Purple Qi surrounded his body, and Heather Sage's eyes were wide open.

"Wow!" Xana Thomas applauded. "Braydon, you know magic!" "Purple Qi protects your body! Natural Saint! Who are you?!" Donald was so scared that he stood up. His face was frighteningly pale. The legendary thing was actually hidden in the body of this man.

Who was he?

It was rumored that a wisp of purple Qi was born by seizing the good fortunes of heaven and earth.

A person with low intelligence would only need a wisp of purple Qi to incite one's spirit and turn into a genius.

The purple Qi could strengthen one's foundation and improve one's hearing and vision, make up for one's shortcomings, and improve one's perception.

This sort of thing was a priceless treasure to both martial artists and ordinary people.

But now, Braydon's body was protected by 99 layers of purple Qi. He was sitting calmly, and in his noble temperament, there was a sense of immortal-like spirit.

The greed in Donald's eyes could not be concealed.

Only warriors knew how important one's talent was.

If he could merge with such a dense purple Qi, he would definitely become the most outstanding young genius in Preston, or even the entire three provinces of the central plains.

Braydon released purple Qi and chuckled. "Purple Qi has a magical effect. I'll give you another wisp tomorrow!" "I don't want it!" Heather Sage rejected without hesitation.

If she had known that she would not be able to eat for the whole day, she would not have wanted the purple Qi that Braydon gave her this morning.

"Brother, I want it!" Donald said hurriedly.

"Who do you think you are?" Braydon smiled and questioned the young man.

He should see if he was qualified enough to ask for the Northern King's purple Qi!

"I can buy it with money!" Donald's face was dark and scary.

"He doesn't lack money!" Heather muttered softly.

Xana said lazily, "He's the eldest son of the Neals. He owns all the properties. He doesn't need your money." Donald was shocked, but he was no stranger to the Neals.

The Neal family, the head of the seven great families in Preston, was a giant in Preston, and not everyone could afford to offend them.

"Braydon, I'm hungry!" Heather said, feeling wronged.

"Endure!" Braydon lowered his head and ate all the vegetables.

"Haha!" Xana laughed. "How are you going to live together when you get married?" "Who wants to marry a bastard like him? We're just ordinary friends at most!" Heather turned her head away in a fit of pique.

Xana's jade-like fingers tucked her hair behind her ear, revealing her crystal-clear earlobe. She wanted to say something but stopped.

"Really?" she asked.

"It's true!" Heather nodded her head proudly.

Braydon put down his bowl and chopsticks, frowning. "I've said this when we first met. If you don't agree, you can break off the engagement. With Grandma Sage here, I, Braydon, will protect the Sage family for the rest of my life!" As

soon as he had finished speaking, Braydon turned around and left with steady and powerful steps.

One could imagine. Braydon became a general at the age of seven, became a War God at the age of nine, became the Northern overlord at the age of 13, and became a king at the age of 17. He was in full control of the northern army, and the millions of elites of the ten legions were all subjects under him!

He was a genius seen once every thousand years. He was a young man whose name had spread across Hansworth, and he suppressed hundreds of countries in the world!

The young and high-ranking Braydon had a fit body and a strong backbone!

He had already said that he could break off the engagement with Heather.

He, Braydon, would never bully the innocent. The swords of the Neal family would never be stained with the blood of the innocent!

In just a few days, Heather had mentioned several times in public that she was against the marriage, and she had expressed her stand in front of Braydon.

Braydon was not a clingy person.

Since Heather did not agree, there was no need to force the marriage.

Heather stared at Braydon's departure for a long time, as if she had lost something important. She did not know why, but she wanted to chase after him.

However, she was still the young lady of the Sage family. She sat down in a fit of pique, her eyes slightly red.

"Alright, don't be angry!" Xana comforted her.

"Heather, I don't think you should joke about this. Seriously, if it were me, I wouldn't be pestering a girl incessantly if she were to reject me repeatedly, saying that she doesn't agree to the marriage. I would just draw a clear line between us!" As a friend, Joseph Thomas could not help but be a little serious.

As a guy, he understood his peers better.

There was no lack of ordinary students who were shameless enough to pursue goddesses like Heather.

With the Sage family's resources as support, an ordinary person would be able to reach the sky in one step and save 30 years of hard work.

But for Braydon, he did not care about these things.

Furthermore, Heather did not understand martial artists. Most of them were proud and unyielding.

Making people like them lower their heads was harder than turning their heads around!

Xana shouted, "It's none of your business. You're just adding oil to the fire. Go back to class!" "I'm just telling the truth; a martial artist cannot be humiliated!" Joseph put his hands in his pockets and left the cafeteria lazily.

In the private office.

Braydon took out a new phone from his desk and made a call. "Dad, it's Braydon!" "Braydon, what's wrong?" Louis Neal was handling company affairs.

"Heather and I are not suitable for each other," Braydon said calmly. you can talk to Grandma Sage and cancel the engagement!" "Braydon, this..." Louis wanted to say something but stopped. He really wanted to persuade him.

However, once Braydon had decided on something, he would not change his mind.

This was a habit he had developed in the northern territory. He was not conceited, but as the commander of the northern army, his words were the military order!

Therefore, no matter what was said, it would be difficult to take back spilled water and would not be changed easily!

The call ended.

"Professor Neal?" Dawson Lablanc knocked on the door and came in.

“Let’s go to your research room!” Braydon knew why he was here. He put his phone back in the drawer and went to the research building of Preston University, which was not accessible to ordinary people.

In the 500 square meter research room on the first floor, all kinds of high-end precision equipment were placed, which cost no less than 20 million dollars.

The annual maintenance cost was probably no less than a million, which showed how expensive scientific research was.

There were eight students in the research room.

The six men and two women put down their work and shouted, “Teacher!” “Let me introduce you to Braydon Neal, the youngest dean-level professor since the establishment of our school. He will be the honorary research director of our research lab in the future!” Dawson was the first to applaud.

The eight students widened their eyes. They had thought that Braydon was their new junior, but who would have guessed that he was a dean-level teacher.

But he was too young!

The eight students had no right to question the person Dawson had personally brought.

“The equipment is a little shabby.” Braydon frowned.

“Braydon Neal, you’re going too far. The equipment in our gravity research room is second to none in all of Preston. Do you see this gravity testing machine? I’m afraid you haven’t seen it before. It’s worth eight million dollars. There’s only one in Preston!” The younger man, Quentin Hunt, who was in his thirties, had a haughty look on his face.

Braydon glanced at it and said, “I’ve seen a gravity testing machine that’s worth 15 billion!” “Really?” The surrounding students could not help but jump in shock.

“You’re talking about the A5-13 gravity testing machine, right?” Quentin frowned.

The Strongest War God chapter 62-Anti-Gravity Device Braydon Neal nodded slightly. Of course, it was that one.

Quentin Hunt sneered, "Do you know where that machine is? It's in the core building of the Academy of Sciences, yet you're here bragging about something like this. You must have seen photos of it on the internet!" Braydon glanced at him. In fact, he had used it for half a year.

His thin lips moved slightly. "There are five of these machines. The Academy of Sciences has two, and the other three are in the north. I'll have one transported over by air tonight!" Quentin did not even have time to react. Looking at Braydon's serious face, he did not seem to be bragging at all.

Dawson Lablanc smiled bitterly. "Professor Neal, I'm sorry. We don't have much!" "You don't have any financial support behind you?" Braydon asked.

At the mention of this, a freckled girl said aggrievedly, "Teacher Neal, the field of gravity research is practically non-existent in the civil field. Everyone thinks that we're cheaters!" Dawson had a head full of white hair, and his bitter smile revealed his heartache.

Over the years, he had shamelessly asked Zachariah Sloan to transfer the money for the equipment for his research. Otherwise, he would not even have enough for the machines in the research room.

Braydon touched his pocket and remembered that his watch was in the office drawer. He used the freckled girl Yvonne Lars' phone and made a call.

"Xandra, send one billion dollars to Preston University!" Braydon hung up the phone after saying that.

"Professor Neal, what are you doing?" Dawson was shocked.

"The Neal Corporation has a lot of cash flow. If we invest in your Research Institute, we'll take 90% of the profits from any patent!" Braydon stated his conditions.

"That's too much!" Quentin's expression was unsightly.

"Zip it. I agree!" Dawson did not hesitate at all.

He knew all too well that Braydon's understanding of gravity was beyond everyone present.

Moreover, he had the funds and technology. If he wanted to do research, he could do it himself. There was no need to pay attention to them.

This was obviously to help them. How could Dawson not see the good and bad?

Braydon personally went up to test the equipment and upgrade it. He even saw the anti-gravity vacuum chamber built in the innermost part of the room. It was only ten square meters in size, but it cost tens of millions of dollars!

The main researchers of the research lab were envious that gravity could replace industry and become a new energy source.

"Professor Lablanc," Braydon said, "this research can be put on hold for the time being. There's no need to waste your time and effort." "What do you mean by that?" Quentin had long found Braydon to be an eyesore.

Braydon frowned. "The earth's gravitation is based on gravity. If you want to use gravity as an energy source, you will need an anti-gravity propeller. There's no complete theory about this in the world. You are wasting your time!" For scientific research, theory always came first, followed by practice.

The important thing was that there was no academic journal in the world that could completely build the components of the anti-gravity propeller.

These people in front of him had not even created the most basic academic theory. Hands-on practice was just blind-guessing, purely relying on luck.

This sentence hit the nail on the head and left everyone speechless, including Quentin.

However, Dawson had spent his entire life here, so he could not give up so easily.

Braydon's investment of one billion was not to make them give up, but to change directions.

The anti-gravity propeller was really too difficult to reach.

"Let's start with the most basic anti-gravity instrument!" Braydon suggested.

“Alright!” Dawson agreed.

However, it was getting dark outside, and it would take a lot of time to adjust the equipment.

A 26-meter-long heavy-lift cargo helicopter appeared in the sky. It was a giant in the sky. Its entire body was black, and the pattern on the belly of the helicopter was a northern sword!

The northern military school’s helicopter was so overbearing. It was the latest model, Sikorsky CH-53K King Stallion. It was extremely expensive to build and could transport main battle tanks by air.

Preston University’s drill ground had already been cleared. The helicopter slowly landed, and the air pressure stirred up a cloud of dust. The students in the dormitory building were all shocked and curious about what had been brought over.

As the helicopter landed steadily, the cabin at the belly opened, and two teams of 100 people landed and stood near the helicopter.

The 100 of them were dressed in military uniforms. They did not carry guns in the dark, but they carried swords at their waists.

Some of the students curiously went over to watch.

However, the leader of the group, who had short buzzcut hair and a tall and strong body, shouted, “A1 Grade escort mission, kill anyone within 100 meters!” “Yes!” The hundred of them drew their cold black sabers. The murderous aura from their bodies was terrifying.

However, on the east side of the field, Dawson and his team followed Braydon and went over.

“Teacher, this helicopter is huge!” Yvonne whispered.

“Of course, this is the Sikorsky CH-53K King Stallion, the latest cargo helicopter. It can drop a main battle tank on the battlefield!” Quentin was amazed. It was the first time he was seeing something like this.

They were all very curious about what the helicopter was doing!

Braydon walked straight to the door.

“Teacher Neal, don’t go over!” Yvonne exclaimed. “They said not to get close!” Before Yvonne and the others could come back to their senses, the young leader turned around and sheathed his sword. He stood tall and straight, took a step forward, and shouted, “Quincy Lach of the sixth escort team of the northern army pays his respects to the general!” “General!” The hundred people gathered together in unison.

Yvonne covered her mouth and was completely dumbfounded.

Dawson’s scalp was numb. “Zachariah, you old geezer. Where did you find this person?!” Everyone thought that Braydon was very rich since he could easily take out one billion dollars to invest. So, he must be an extremely wealthy second-generation son.

Nowadays, everyone generally had a bad impression of the rich second-generation descendants and thought of them as hedonistic sons.

But who would have thought that Braydon would be so powerful that he was called a general!

Braydon put his hands behind his back and asked them to send the things to the research room.

Quincy and the others did not stay for long. After delivering the items, they turned around and left.

Dawson politely asked him to stay. “It’s late. Let’s have dinner and rest for the night. You can leave tomorrow!” “The northern army will never rely on others!” Quincy was the last to board the plane.

The helicopter slowly took off and left Preston for the north.

Dawson was stunned.

Braydon did not explain further. The soldiers of the northern army had always been like this. They would rather sing in the rain than rely on others.

With the arrival of the A5-13 type gravity testing machine which had already been adjusted, testing could start immediately.

Dawson’s face was absolutely infatuated. It was as if he was stroking his lover as he circled the machine, looking at it.

Braydon turned on the main control computer. He was very familiar with the internal intelligent control system.

As for the anti-gravity device, Braydon had successfully made one in the northern territory.

Now, in less than an hour, he had basically done everything by himself. Except for the occasional help from Dawson, Quincy and the others were dazzled and could not fully understand many things.

After that, a piece of equipment the size of a desk was assembled.

“Teacher, is this considered complete?” Yvonne asked curiously.

“It should be very soon!” Dawson looked at Braydon.

Yvonne and the others tried to push the instrument into the vacuum laboratory.

“We can do it in a normal space,” Braydon said. “You guys record the data. I still have something to do!”

The Strongest War God chapter 63-News of the Third Person It was already nine o'clock in the evening. Braydon Neal had spent most of the day here, and the favor he owed Dawson Lablanc had been paid off.

Braydon did not seem to care about the assembled anti-gravity device.

Yvonne Lars looked at his back and said in a low voice, “Teacher Neal is such a strange person!” “Alright, Yvonne, you’re in charge of recording the data!” Dawson was a little excited. He had spent most of his life on this, and now he finally had a finished product. How could he not be excited?

The black instrument was the size of a desk and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds.

Beep!

Dawson pressed the red start button, and the whole machine made a buzzing sound and slowly floated up to half a person’s height.

This scene shocked everyone in the research room.

“Good, very good!” In Dawson’s exhilaration, tears appeared in the corners of his eyes.

After decades of painstaking research, there was finally a glimmer of hope. He was finally looking at a finished product.

Dawson hurriedly said, “Quick! Test the bearing force. Test the floating height. Do it bit by bit!” Everyone was flustered. They placed a tire on the machine and found that it did not affect the machine at all. Then, they continued to add weight and altitude.

It could float up to 10 meters and could bear up to 100 pounds of weight.

This was undoubtedly a huge breakthrough. It filled the void of anti-gravity and was a substantial breakthrough.

“Teacher,” Quentin Hunt said in a low voice, “once this matter is publicized, it’ll definitely cause a huge sensation on an international level. By then, we won’t be lacking in fame and fortune!” “I know!” Dawson was still looking at the gravity instrument.

Quentin was a little anxious. “What I mean is, we don’t need to accept Braydon Neal’s funding anymore. Why should he take 90% of the profit from the patent? I’ve worked hard for the research lab for almost 40 years!” “I think Quentin is right. With this, top international organizations will come to us. Braydon Neal’s conditions are too much!” The short young man, Alvin Shaw, also expressed his opinion.

Quentin and the others were not stupid. They could see that the appearance of this thing was bound to cause a great uproar.

When the top international organizations came, they would have all kinds of experts, top-notch equipment, and funds. They would not lack anything!

Dawson was silent.

“Teacher, the top organizations have a huge amount of resource,” Quentin said. “It’s not that our theoretical knowledge is lacking, it’s because the equipment is outdated and basic, and we don’t have the funds. With the money and equipment, we can also develop a gravity instrument!” “Teacher, with resources, we will no longer be restricted by others!” Alvin also tried to persuade him.

Dawson was a little tempted. If he wanted to go further, he would need the help of resources from top institutions.

In the end, he promised Quentin to let him take charge of this matter.

When Braydon returned home, the manor was still brightly lit, as if someone was waiting for him.

In the main hall of the bright hall, Laura Quinn and Louis Neal were both there.

“Mom, Dad, why are you still awake?” Braydon was slightly surprised.

“Braydon,” Laura said softly, “did you quarrel with Heather?” “You’re half a year older than Heather, so you should give in to her!” Louis also tried to persuade him.

Braydon smiled. “Heather has rejected this marriage from the bottom of her heart. Dad, Mom, you don’t have to say anything further. Go to bed early!” Louis and his wife had been waiting for him at the bright hall.

Braydon flashed to the roof of the bright hall.

Steve Xavier was there and did not alert anyone. He cupped his hands and said, “Steve Xavier pays his respects to the Northern King!” “Have you found that person?” Braydon put his hands behind his back.

The wind at night was a little chilly.

Braydon had said that he would kill three people on this trip back to the capital!

The first person was Gerald Neal.

The second person was Harry Quinn.

As for the third person, Braydon had not made a move yet because he had not found the whereabouts of that person.

Steve smiled bitterly. “I haven’t found anything yet. You issued the northern military sword token earlier. The one who received the order was Zander Zeller, the head of the dark division in the state of Quill!” He had to tell Braydon about this!

Every martial artist in the world knew that the dark division and the special operations team were not on good terms.

All the special operations teams in the world were under the control of the five commanders.

And the five commanders were all Braydon's subordinates!

The leader of the dark division in the state of Quill had appeared in Preston, and Steve was worried that he had come for Braydon.

After all, some people had no intention of letting Braydon return to the northern territory this time.

Someone wanted Braydon dead!

Previously, when Carl Mason led his men to the dock, he told Braydon to go to the Northern Hansworth main team, where no one could touch Braydon.

"Zander Zeller sounds familiar!" Braydon's eyes were cold.

The third person he wanted to kill was one of the leaders of the dark division.

"Should we eliminate him?" Steve asked with a murderous tone.

"Ignore him!" Braydon waved his hand slightly, and Steve disappeared into the dark night.

However, in the Sage family's manor, Heather Sage had insomnia. For some reason, Braydon's figure would appear in her mind every time she closed her eyes.

"Heather, are you asleep?" Grandma Sage knocked on the door.

"Not yet. It's already so late. Why aren't you asleep yet, Grandma?" Heather quickly got up in her pajamas.

Grandma Sage sighed. "During the day, your Aunt Laura came and told me about you and Braydon. You... Forget it, from now on, no one from the Neal and Sage families will mention this marriage ever again!" "What's wrong, Grandma?" Heather's face turned pale.

“You’ve expressed your dissatisfaction with the marriage again in front of Braydon!” Old lady Sage said tenderly. “Why would Braydon continue to bother you?”

“If it were any other girl, with Braydon’s pride, he would have stopped pestering her the first time she asked to break off the engagement. But you’ve been asking for it for three days straight!”

“During the day, your Aunt Laura came and retrieved the marriage annulment letter I wrote. The female side will break off the engagement to save your face. Braydon has been humiliated. This can be considered as returning the favor he owed back then!” Old lady Sage sighed deeply.

She did not expect things to turn out this way. In the old lady’s heart, her granddaughter was very outstanding, a famous talented woman in Preston.

But Braydon was even more outstanding!

The overlord of the north, the Northern King, a genius that came by once in a thousand years, a young and high position in charge of the million-strong northern army, invincible wherever the cold sword pointed, invincible and undefeatable!

With such a status, he was definitely worthy of Heather.

However, Heather had expressed her disapproval of this marriage several times, and there was no room for negotiation.

Heather sat by the bed in a daze, her mind blank.

Her eyes were slightly red. “So be it. It’s not like I don’t have suitors!” she shouted.

The old lady looked at her granddaughter and sighed. There were some words that she still refused to say in the end.

She hoped that she, Heather, would not go back on her word!

In the Neal family’s manor, Braydon returned to his room and found a marriage annulment agreement from the Sage family.

Since this marriage was not suitable, it would be good to put an end to it early.

The Sage family breaking off the engagement was no secret, and the news spread like wildfire.

The next morning, an important guest went to the Sage family manor. Grandma Sage was alarmed and went directly to the living room.

“Uncle Samson, Grandma will be here soon. Come, have some tea!” Harold Sage greeted him personally.

“Harold, don’t worry about it. Where’s Heather?” Kingston Gadoury, a well-dressed young man with good facial features, could not help but ask where Heather was.

The Strongest War God chapter 64-The Central Plains Token!

The middle-aged man next to him, Samson Gadoury, was his father, the chairman of Lamar Aluminum Corporation. It was a company under his name. As of yesterday, its market value was 40 billion!

He was undoubtedly a big shot in the production industry!

When Harold Sage went to the Neal family to find Braydon Neal to break off the engagement, the Gadoury family from Lamar city was the one adding fuel to the fire.

Harold had already contacted the Gadoury family, and the investor behind him was also Lamar Aluminum Corporation.

Harold had already contacted the father and son of the Gadoury family when Heather Sage and Braydon called off their engagement yesterday. Therefore, they had come to ask for her hand in marriage.

“Chairman Samson, welcome!” Old lady Sage smiled kindly. “It’s an honor for the Sage family to have you here!” “The honor is ours, Madam Sage. When my father was still alive, he held you in high regard and said that you were as strong as a man when you were young!” Samson did not dare to act arrogantly. He went forward and helped the old lady to sit at the head seat.

“Hello, Grandma Sage!” Kingston Gadoury greeted her politely.

“What a handsome young man you are. The Gadoury family is also thriving!” Old lady Sage smiled lovingly.

“Grandma, Kingston loves Heather,” Harold reminded her. “So, Uncle Samson is here to ask for her hand in marriage!” “Madam Sage, our families have been friends for decades, and we know each other’s background. Heather is a famous talented woman in Preston, but my good-for-nothing son is trying to get close to her!” Samson said.

“Samson, you must be joking. Kingston is young and promising. Your Gadoury family’s teaching style is one of the best in Lamar city. However, we have to ask for Heather’s opinion on this matter!” Old lady Sage said politely.

“Yes, young people nowadays advocate freedom to love. It depends on how the two young people get along!” With that, Samson turned around and waved his hand.

The bodyguards in black outside the door were carrying six large boxes.

Samson handed over a list with both hands and said, “Madam Sage, this is Kingston’s gift to Heather!” Old lady Sage took it and flipped it open. She was shocked.

Two hundred million in cash!

A Phoenix coronet and a set of robes.

One hundred and sixty-six sets of gold and silver jewelry.

This was clearly a betrothal gift, and it was a big betrothal gift.

As expected of the big boss of Lamar city’s production industry. His family owned a mine, and he was very generous.

In fact, the biggest betrothal gift was the big project that the Sage family and the Gadoury family had agreed to finance. If it was successful, it would definitely revive the Sage family.

Grandma Sage had no intention to accept this proposal. She said that it was up to Heather’s decision, but what it meant was that she would reject the Gadoury family after today.

Otherwise, Heather would be engaged to the Gadoury family today after she had just called off her engagement with Braydon last night.

How would outsiders view the Sage family if that were to happen?

Could it be that the Sage family was so desperate that they would do anything to sell off the daughter in their family?

If they were to accept the proposal, how would that look for Braydon?

The old lady was deep in thought.

“Uncle Samson, Kingston,” Harold said, “you must be tired after a day’s journey. Let’s get you situated!” However, just as he had finished speaking... An old butler entered the room, sweating profusely. “There’s an important guest outside!” “Who is it?” Harold furrowed his brows.

A curly-bearded man in casual clothes strode forward and said, “It is I, Zayn Ziegler!” Whoosh!

Everyone looked at the door in unison.

Samson frowned slightly. He seemed to have heard of this name before, but it was too long ago, so he could not quite remember.

Old lady Sage stood up with the help of her walking stick and cupped her hands. “So, it’s Commander Ziegler. Please come in. Someone serve some tea!” “No need to trouble yourself. Please accept this central plains token, Madam!” Zayn’s fingers moved, and he threw out a black card.

It was three inches long, thirty centimeters wide, and as thin as a cicada’s wing!

On the front was a cold sword, and on the back was the map of the three provinces of the central plains.

Old lady Sage’s face turned pale, and she almost fell to the ground.

Kingston caught the token, flipped it over, and frowned, “What is it? There’s nothing special about it!” Smack!

“Put it down!” Samson slapped Kingston’s face in fear, asking him to put down the token of the central plains.

He was wondering who Zayn Ziegler was, but when he heard how old lady Sage addressed Zayn, he immediately remembered something his father had mentioned ten years ago.

This man was Zayn Ziegler, the Commander of Central Hansworth main team!

The central plains token could only be issued by the previous commanders!

Once the token had been given, all the special operations teams in the three provinces of the central plains would go all out to kill all who were related, be it direct descendants or branches of the family.

If they accepted this token, the entire Sage family would not be able to live.

Samson was stunned.

“Grandma, what’s wrong?” Harold stepped forward to help her up.

“Don’t worry about me, call Braydon!” Old lady Sage said as she regained her senses.

He did not ask Zayn for help. He knew that the man in front of him was angry. They were lucky that he did not attack them.

Harold furrowed his brows and refused to make the call.

Because Braydon had just broken off his engagement with Heather, it was not appropriate for him to appear on this occasion. It would put Samson in an awkward situation.

“I’ll do it!” Heather said calmly at the door.

“Heather!” Kingston’s eyes lit up.

Heather entered the living room and looked at Zayn, asking him, “Did Braydon send you here?” Zayn’s eyes were cold, and he did not answer.

However, Heather said disappointedly, “He’s no different from a hedonistic son of a rich family. Did the marriage annulment anger him? He’s using the special forces to bully my grandmother. What’s the difference between him and a scumbag?” After that, she took out her phone and called Braydon.

After the call was connected.

Before Heather could speak, at the entrance of the Sage family manor.

“I’m here!” Braydon entered the door.

After Zayn broke into the Sage family's house, Braydon had already received the news and strode in.

Zayn turned around and cupped his hands. "Northern King!" "Get out!" Braydon did not look at him. With his hands behind his back, his tone was frighteningly cold.

Zayn lowered his head and left the room.

Braydon walked forward and took the token of the central plains from Heather. His thin lips moved slightly. "I, Braydon Neal, will take this central plains token. All the members of the three provinces of the central plains can come and kill me with their cold swords!" "This subordinate wouldn't dare!" Whoosh!

Zayn knelt down on one knee, cold sweat running down his face.

Old lady Sage was old and weak. Her face was frighteningly pale. Her heart was not in a good condition to begin with. She sat on the chair for a long time, unable to recover.

Heather was disappointed. "Braydon, not only are you underhanded, but you're also a hypocrite. Without your orders, who can make someone like Zayn Ziegler listen to them?"

"You've put on such a show today. Do you think I'm a three-year-old child that's easy to fool?"

"I'm telling you, if anything happens to Grandma, I'll spend my entire life fighting you to the death!"

"Scumbag!" Whoosh!

Heather raised her fair left hand, and it was about to touch Braydon's cheek.

But she was just a normal person, no matter how fast she was, could she be faster than the king-level Braydon?

Could she be faster than Zayn Ziegler, the Commander of Central Hansworth?

In an instant, Zayn pulled out the sword from his waist and pointed it at Heather's neck. His murderous aura shocked everyone.

If Heather dared to do anything, Zayn would kill her with one strike!

No one in the world dared to insult King Braydon!

