

The Strongest War God Chapter 828 - 857

The Strongest War God Chapter 828-Congratulations on Winning the Lottery, One More Bottle!

Braydon Neal stood on the top of Mount Woolas with the heavenly sword in his hand.

No one dared to say anything!

Trevor Jansky glanced at the corpse at his feet. Orlando Henderson had died under the heavenly sword.

Since he was already dead, Trevor did not linger and returned to Star Tower.

He had been injured by the sword Qi of the heavenly sword, and his injuries were not light.

As for the northwest Henderson family, of all people they could provoke, they had to provoke King Braydon. Their family head deserved to die under the heavenly sword!

Braydon stood where he was with his sword and asked softly, "Where is Kinslee Mayer?" He asked everyone present calmly.

The surrounding martial artists looked at each other. Braydon had just killed the Henderson family head, and now he was asking about Kinslee, the young master of the Mayer family. Was he going to kill again?

Instantly, no one dared to speak.

At the very back of the crowd stood a handsome young man. He stood with his hands behind his back and witnessed everything that had just happened.

"I'm already regretting provoking you," he sighed. "Inviting you to Mount Woolas might have been a mistake!" As soon as he finished speaking, the surrounding warriors looked at the handsome youth Kinslee and made way for him.

Kinslee's steps were steady as he stepped forward and bowed slightly, "Kinslee Mayer, the young master of the Mayer family, greets His Highness!" "Where is the thing I want?" It was their first time meeting, and Braydon was already asking for something.

Kinslee used the pill to lure Braydon over, so he must have something he needed Braydon to help him with.

He said helplessly, "I've always heard that the king of the northern territory was domineering. Now that I've seen him today, he lives up to his reputation. The pill is with

me. Can't Your Highness be more polite when we talk?" "Where's the medicine?" Swoosh!

Braydon responded and raised his left hand.

The heavenly sword extended a red sword light.

Braydon pointed his sword at Kinslee!

This attitude made Kinslee's face darken. He said in a low voice, "Are you asking for it or robbing me?"

Braydon had already asked twice.

Now, he no longer asked. He held the heavenly sword in his left hand, and a faint killing intent appeared.

If Kinslee wanted to use the pill to threaten Braydon... Then he had picked the wrong target!

The king of the northern territory was not to be threatened.

In order to cure Sadie Dudley, Braydon could even rob. What could Kinslee do about it?

None of the elites of the Northern Army were good people!

Kinslee finally understood. He didn't find himself a helping hand. He had clearly summoned a demon king. He was not going to help him with anything, instead he was going to do something bad to him.

"Sigh, my father is right. Wanting the martial artists of the aristocratic families and the Northern King to cooperate is no different from asking a tiger for its skin." With a flip of his hand, Kinslee took out a thumb-sized black gourd.

It was a medicine bottle!

There were thirteen pills sealed in the bottle, and he threw them all to Braydon.

This bottle of medicine was prepared for Braydon.

"I asked you to come here because I wanted you to help me snatch something!" Kinslee said decisively.

"Tell me!" Braydon put away the heavenly sword and returned it to the four-foot-long wooden box.

He opened the bottle gourd and a strong medicinal fragrance spread out. When the martial artists smelled the fragrance, they couldn't help but feel refreshed.

This was definitely a sacred healing medicine left behind from ancient times.

The Mayer family had a long history, so it was normal for them to still have pills refined by ancient alchemists.

Braydon poured out thirteen pills and examined them carefully.

Kinslee shrugged helplessly. "The pill is not poisonous. I'm not stupid. There's no Denett m pmsomng It except to anger you." Braydon checked the thirteen pills and found that they were not poisonous. He said to Sadie, "Open your mouth!" Sadie stood quietly, her clear eyes staring at Braydon. He pinched the pill and place it near her thin lips that were like two rose petals.

The thirteen pills were fed to Sadie.

Kinslee's eyes widened as he hurriedly said, "The effect of the Muscle Regeneration Pill is the most effective if you take one every three days!" As he spoke, Braydon had already given all the precious pills to Sadie. There was not a single pill left.

In the end, Kinslee felt his heart ache as he watched, muttering that it was a waste!

Sadie's beautiful face and nose were slightly wrinkled. Fine beads of sweat appeared on her face like tiny transparent pearls, and her face was flushed.

The blood essence in her delicate body showed signs of recovery.

Under the effects of the thirteen Muscle Regeneration Pills, Sadie's body was rapidly improving.

Braydon held her slender wrist with his left hand and let out a breath of turbid air. Sensing that her injuries were recovering, he turned around and glanced at Kinslee.

Kinslee's hair stood on end as he retreated. He asked warily, "What do you want?" "Give me another bottle, and I will owe you a favor!" Braydon said calmly.

The sons of the Northern Army never accepted the kindness of outsiders.

Now, Braydon owed an outsider a favor for Sadie.

"Two favors!" Kinslee said in a low voice. Braydon nodded lightly, accepting the deal.

In the next moment.

Kinslee had indeed brought some private goods with him. He took out a black bottle gourd from his pocket and threw it to Braydon.

“This is the last bottle!” “Alright!” Braydon nodded lightly and took the bottle. He found that the bottle was engraved with tiny runes. They were densely packed like a rune formation array, sealing the entire bottle so that not a trace of medicinal power could leak out.

This kind of rune attainment was far above Braydon’s!

It was definitely from an ancient mighty figure.

This kind of antique could only be found by luck.

Braydon suspected that Kinslee had dug up the tomb of an ancient expert and obtained these things from it.

Otherwise, such a precious item, especially consumables, could not be preserved until today!

Even if there was, it would have been used long ago!

Not to mention, Kinslee took out two bottles in one go.

Braydon had never liked to ask too many questions. This was his personality.

He opened the bottle and poured out twenty pills!

Braydon instantly looked at Kinslee deeply.

Kinslee looked embarrassed, as if he understood what that look meant.

Don’t forget that the first bottle he gave him only had thirteen Muscle Regeneration Pills.

Originally, each bottle should have contained 20 Muscle Regeneration Pills.

This meant that Kinslee had opened the first bottle a few days ago and used the first few pills to trick Braydon into coming over.

Braydon did not care about that. He pinched the pill and gently placed it into Sadie’s mouth, letting her swallow it.

Kinslee said in pain, “One pill every three days has the most effective outcome!” “Shut it!” Braydon said indifferently without turning his head.

Kinslee was livid. He said, "Those are my pills. You fed your wife a bunch of them, so of course you wouldn't feel bad about it!

"I am the young master of the Mayer family, not a soldier of the Northern Army!

Kinslee was so angry that he was red in the face.

Braydon ignored him and held Sadie's slender wrist. His eyes shone brightly as he said in surprise, "You've fully recovered?" "Yes!" Sadie chuckled lightly..

The Strongest War God Chapter 829-Sadie Returning to Her Peak!

She smiled sweetly. Her beauty could topple cities. The male martial artists of Mount Woolas were mesmerized by her beauty.

Kinslee Mayer's face darkened as he said in a low voice, "What is this? The Garrison King? The brave Northern King? More like a pervert who is after a woman's body. What a pervert! He cheated me of two bottles of priceless pills!" After he finished speaking, Kinslee felt his heart ache.

He had dug up more than ten tombs before he found these few pills, yet Braydon Neal fed them all to his wife.

He didn't leave any for himself!

He mumbled to himself, but no one paid attention to him.

Braydon looked at the beauty beside him and asked softly, "Your injuries have already healed. Can you use the medicinal power to reopen the door to the pinnacle?" "It should be possible!" Sadie Dudley blinked and nodded obediently.

Braydon turned to look at Kinslee.

Kinslee was stunned. His mind went blank as he stammered, "What... what do you want?" "Get another bottle!" Braydon was expressionless as he stretched out his hand.

Kinslee jumped three feet high and said in exasperation, "Don't even think about it. Do you know how long I've scoured for these two bottles of pills?" "Scoured?" Confusion appeared in Braydon's eyes.

"Dig up graves!" Kinslee said in a low voice.

Braydon was speechless.

As Braydon had expected, these ancient pills were indeed the burial items of ancient mighty figures.

Kinslee dug them out from someone else's grave!

This gopher had done many wicked things.

Kinslee was holding back so much that he was trembling. His eyes were pleading as he said, "Brother Neal... Grandpa Neal... I don't have any more pills... Fine, this is the last bottle!" Kinslee slowly took out another bottle from his pocket and threw it to Braydon.

This was the third bottle!

Little did Kinslee know that Braydon was not the only one who had his eyes on him. There was also a little fool!

With Luke Yates's gluttonous nature, it would be weird if he didn't think about what was inside the bottle!

As expected.

Luke sneaked up to Kinslee and poked his butt with a wooden stick. He asked in a low voice, "Um, do you have more?" "What?" Kinslee's face darkened as he stared at this little fool who actually used a wooden stick to poke his butt.

Luke said anxiously, "That black gourd. Let me eat one!" "Are you injured too?" Kinslee sized up the man in front of him. The man in front of him was alive and kicking, and he didn't look sick.

Luke clutched his chest and said with a pale face, "My heart meridians are all broken. I won't live long. Please save me!" After saying that, Luke laid on the ground, looking like he was about to die.

Was this blackmail?

Kinslee choked. He was starting to question his very existence.

Did the people of the Northern Army like to swindle and rob?

First, there was Braydon who robbed him in broad daylight, and now there was another guy trying to swindle him.

"Get up for now!" Kinslee said helplessly.

"I don't have the energy to stand up without a bottle of jelly beans!" Luke lay on the ground with his legs crossed and his arms resting on his head as he spoke nonchalantly.

Kinslee now knew that Luke was here to swindle him off his Muscle Regeneration Pills!

“Those aren’t jelly beans,” he said with a dark face. “They’re spirit pills that are extremely precious!” “You’re so stingy! Are you really not going to let me eat them? Let me tell you something!” Luke stood up and whispered in Kinslee’s ear, “My brother is Braydon Neal!” Kinslee was expressionless.

Even a fool would be able to tell that this was a threat!

The little fool was threatening him!

If Kinslee dared not to give it to him, the little fool would have his brother beat him up.

Luke then rambled on. “You seem like a good person. Let me tell you a secret. I have a few brothers. They are Westley Hader, Frediano Jadanza, Jonah Shaw, Hendrix Bailey, Harvey Lay...” “Alright, alright!” Kinslee was on the verge of tears, his face filled with despair.

He was not stupid. He knew what these names represented!

These were the new big shots of the capital!

Right Duke Westley, Left Duke Frediano.

The Sovereign King of Perpetual Darkness, Harvey, was the southern guardian!

Hendrix was the northern guardian!

The nation protecting War God Jonah!

The five big shots had already been brought up, so how could Kinslee not understand what Luke meant?

If he didn’t give him food today, Luke would get his brothers in the capital to come over to beat him up!

With the arrival of the five big shots of the capital, Kinslee would be beaten senseless.

Kinslee was filled with despair. With trembling hands, he gave the little fool a black gourd and sent him away.

If he had a choice, Kinslee would have never provoked Braydon.

He would never have dealings with the people of the Northern Army.

In the entire Mount Woolas, there were only two brothers, Braydon and Luke.

It was one thing for the elder brother to take advantage of him, but his younger brother, Luke, also came to take advantage of him.

Kinslee gritted his teeth and said, "You people of the Northern Army are such bullies!" After that!

A terrifying aura swept across the entire Mount Woolas.

Aura as vast as the heavens, dominating the human world alone.

A terrifying aura rushed to the heavens and swept across the land.

On the peak of Mount Woolas, all the martial artists felt fear from their souls. They coughed up blood and knelt down as if they had been hit hard.

Even a pinnacle wouldn't be able to withstand it.

Everyone's gaze fell on a girl in a white dress.

Her hair was long, and her face was covered with a thin veil, which covered her beautiful face. Under her graceful figure, her long and slender legs gently pulsed. The tips of her toes tapped the ground, and she stepped into the air.

She was Sadie Dudley!

The master of Kylo!

The strongest person in the world.

A terrifying existence with a vitality of 910,000 Na.

With the body of a delicate girl, she dominated the human world alone a hundred years ago. The ban by Kylo had suppressed the world's pinnacles for a hundred years and prevented them from revealing themselves.

In the end, in order to protect Braydon, she did not hesitate to use her body to block the descent of the country fate's heavenly blade.

If it weren't for her, Braydon would have followed in the footsteps of the Marquis Champion, Bernard Hughes, on the peak of Mount Tanish. Without the protection of this girl, even someone as strong as Braydon would not have been able to escape death.

She had almost died protecting Braydon!

For her, Braydon was willing to give up everything.

Now, she had returned to her peak!

The peerless Sadie had recovered from her injuries.

Back then, the two pinnacle doors in her body were broken by the national fate's heavenly blade.

One was the door to the pinnacle that could transform force into spiritual energy and fuse it with the blood.

The other was the door to the pinnacle that released vitality.

The two pinnacle doors had shattered.

From then on, Sadie became a cripple.

Now, this girl was about to return to her peak.

On Mount Woolas, all the martial artists returned to their senses.

Sadie spread her arms, closed her eyes, and opened her cherry lips. "Open!" Boom!

The vitality in her delicate body boiled, and she was like a blazing sun.

The blazing sun was in the sky, and everyone felt a scorching heat.

This vitality was way too terrifying!

In the entire human world, who could stand shoulder to shoulder with her?

Sadie's talent was so high that it was almost terrifying. It did not seem difficult for her to reopen two doors to the pinnacle.

After the door for the transformation of force into spiritual energy and fusion with one's blood was opened, the medicinal powers of the three bottles of Muscle Regeneration Pills slowly fused into her body!

Everyone was terrified by the terrifying pressure! Sadie closed her eyes and said, "Open again!"

The Strongest War God Chapter 830-The Eminent Pinnacle, Shadow!

The second door to the pinnacle that released vitality opened in her fair right palm.

The first door to the pinnacle that could turn force into spiritual energy and fuse it with blood opened in her left palm.

After the two pinnacle doors opened.

Sadie Dudley, who had returned to her peak, slowly opened her eyes and looked at the 10,000 martial artists of the Mount Woolas. She asked softly, "Young Master, do we need to kill them all?" With just a light sentence, the expressions of all the martial artists present changed.

Their lives were in the hands of this Garrison King.

Kinslee Mayer's face turned green. He really wanted to ask Sadie if she wanted to kill all the martial artists present, would that include him?

If he was included, that would be too much!

She had consumed the pills he gave her, yet she wanted to kill him in return.

How ruthless!

Braydon Neal smiled gently. "I came here today to cure you. If you're safe for the rest of your life, it's a sunny day for me!" "What about him? The Northern Army's sons do not accept the kindness of outsiders. If we kill him, there is no need to return the favor!" Sadie's voice was like the sound of nature as she looked at Kinslee.

"Miss! That's too much, don't you think?" Kinslee said angrily.

"We borrowed his medicine to cure you. We owe him a favor. I'll return it in the future." Braydon held the girl's cold hand and told her not to kill him.

Sadie didn't listen to him. She looked at Kinslee coldly and said indifferently, "Submit to the young master and become a general. Join the Northern Army and I will let you live!" "Miss, it's my medicine that saved you!" Kinslee looked extremely exasperated. He felt that the people of Northern Army couldn't be treated with common sense, including this girl in white.

This girl seemed to only have eyes for Braydon and no one else.

Therefore, she wanted to kill the people who harmed Braydon in any way.

Once Kinslee joined the Northern Army, he would be a subordinate of the Northern King.

The so-called favor that Braydon owed him would no longer exist.

Braydon smiled lightly and was about to ask Kinslee what he wanted him to do.

However, in the next moment, Braydon's eyes flashed as he felt a familiar aura. He suddenly turned around and looked at the cliff behind him.

The entire Mount Woolas was a thousand meters high and was surrounded by clouds all year round. There was no other way up except from the stone steps.

Unless one flew up!

A black-robed man was floating on the cliff behind Braydon. He was covered in a black robe, and a pair of blood-red wings were on his back. The red wings were spread open, and he stood in the sky like a God.

Vitality transformed into a pair of wings was the symbol of a high-level pinnacle.

He was here!

After ten years, they finally met again.

"Uncle Shadow!" Braydon let out a breath and said softly.

"Shadow greets Young Master!" The black-robed man retracted his vitality wings and slowly landed on Mount Woolas.

As a high-level pinnacle, he didn't bow down but knelt on one knee.

Shadow was one of the eight generals by Finley Yanagi's side back then.

After not seeing each other for ten years, Braydon didn't ask too many questions. He asked, "Where is Teacher?" Shadow fell silent.

Was he not allowed to say, or did he not dare to say it?

Previously, Shadow had appeared once at the Lowell yin-yang headquarter and had taken away Manuel Sharp, who should have been killed.

Braydon didn't ask him why he saved Manuel!

Now, he only wanted to know where his teacher, Finley, was!

Shadow avoided Braydon's question and slowly looked at Sadie. A fierce look flashed in his eyes as he said coldly, "You've broken your promise!" "Your young master brought me down!" Sadie was as cold as ever. With her hands behind her back, her delicate nose wrinkled slightly. She pushed the blame on Braydon, proving that she did not want to leave Mount Bliz.

Shadow didn't want to discuss this with her any further.

Now that she had already left Mount Bliz, it was useless to argue about whose fault it was.

"I'm here on the orders of the master to inform you to return to Mount Bliz before nightfall," Shadow said in a low voice.

"Alright, fine. How annoying!" Sadie's jade-like fingers gently brushed her earlobes and hair, revealing a hint of laziness and helplessness.

This made Braydon frown.

He knew Sadie the best. She would never answer any questions from outsiders.

Even if Sadie had left Mount Bliz without permission and felt guilty, she would not be so polite to Shadow given her personality.

As far as Braydon knew, there was only one person in the world who could make Sadie compromise.

Other than him, there was no one else!

But today, with one word from his teacher, Finley, Sadie compromised and agreed to return to Mount Bliz.

There was definitely a reason for this.

Shadow had come for one thing, and that was to inform Sadie to return to Mount Bliz.

It was time for him to leave after this matter was over!

The moment Shadow turned around.

The four-foot-long wooden box in Braydon's hand opened.

The heavenly sword was unsheathed again!

Braydon held his sword and stood in place. He did not say a word and calmly watched Shadow.

Shadow stopped and slowly turned around. "Young Master, there are some secrets that I can't tell you!" As soon as he finished speaking, Shadow took off the big black hat on his head, revealing his pale face. His face was fair and clean, but there was a sense of weakness.

He stood there quietly and slowly closed his eyes.

If Young Master Braydon wanted to kill him, he could pierce his throat with one sword. Shadow would never retaliate!

This was a death sentence!

Shadow would rather die than say where Finley was.

The eight of them had followed Finley and hidden for an entire ten years.

What had they been doing for the past ten years?

Braydon was very calm. He held the heavenly sword in his left hand, and the sword Qi covered Shadow.

The surrounding people were shocked!

Kinslee was stunned. "What the f*ck? You even kill your own people?" This was too ruthless!

Luke was squatting on the ground, eating the spirit pill. He frowned slightly and rolled his eyes. He never believed that his brother Braydon would stain his hands with the blood of his comrades.

Because of the eight ironclad laws of the Northern Army!

Braydon was the commander, so he couldn't possibly have his hands stained with the blood of his comrades.

Shadow was an elder of the Northern Army.

The mark of the Northern Army would forever be on Shadow and could not be erased.

Braydon held the heavenly sword, and the sword's aura slashed across his chest, but he wasn't injured at all.

The black windbreaker's tie broke and fell to the ground.

Everyone's eyes were filled with horror as they looked at Shadow in disbelief.

He was a high-level pinnacle with vitality transformed into wings!

However, there was a lacerating wound on his neck.

The wound spread downward, proving that the wounds on the body under Shadow's clothes were even more dense!

Shadow was shocked. He turned around and picked up the black robe to put it on again, covering himself tightly. The corners of his lips revealed a bitter smile.

Even though he was good at everything, their young master was even more intelligent now that he was an adult. It was not difficult to guess some things from the wound.

Braydon slowly looked over and said softly, "Uncle Shadow, if you want to leave, I won't stop you!"

"However, you have to tell me what could have injured you, an eminent pinnacle, to such an extent!" Braydon's eyes were as sharp as swords.

Everyone was in shock.

All the martial artists were stunned.

This middle-aged skinny man in black was actually an eminent pinnacle.

It was way too terrifying!

The Strongest War God Chapter 831-Giving and Retrieving Swords!

UPdated by BOXNOVEL.com An eminent pinnacle actually addressed Braydon Neal as Young Master and even knelt down on one knee to greet him.

The king of the northern territory was even more terrifying!

The vitality of an eminent pinnacle was at least 80,000 Na, and the highest was 160,000 Na.

A top expert of the world!

Shadow smiled bitterly and shook his head, not daring to say a word to Braydon.

How could Shadow not understand his own young master? The more he spoke, the more loopholes there would be.

Inferring and analyzing the information he wanted from words was not a difficult thing for the Northern King, who was as intelligent as a demon!

Therefore, Shadow did not dare to say anything.

Even if he didn't say anything, Braydon had already guessed something when he saw the wound on his neck when he cut his black clothes with his sword!

Shadow concealed himself and released the vitality wings.

Everyone knew that it was the symbol of a high-level pinnacle!

However, the vitality wings were not exclusive to high-level pinnacles.

It would be even easier for conferred pinnacles, chaos pinnacles and eminent pinnacles to form the vitality wings.

Shadow, an eminent pinnacle, had severe internal injuries.

Braydon couldn't hide this from him.

Shadow would rather be killed than reveal anything about Finley Yanagi.

Braydon was holding the heavenly sword, yet it was impossible for him to kill him!

Sadie Dudley took light steps and stepped on the wind. Her white dress danced gently as she said softly, "Shadow, let's go. Send me back to Mount Bliz so that you can report to Old Yanagi." "Sadie?" Braydon frowned.

If Sadie did not return to Mount Bliz today, no one could do anything to her.

At that time, he might be able to force his teacher, Finley, to show himself!

Moreover, the desolate life of Mount Bliz was like a prison. No one could bear the loneliness of a hundred years.

Braydon had personally experienced that feeling.

Sadie looked back and chuckled. She said gently, "A child shouldn't interfere in adult matters!" "Sadie, now that I am the guardian of the country, I hold great power in my hands. My words are the Garrison King orders. In the capital, all the officials in the palace have to lower their heads. Don't I even have the right to know?" Braydon's eyes were filled with anger.

His teacher, Finley, and his sister, Sadie, had joined forces to hide a shocking matter. They refused to reveal a single word.

Sadie placed her hands behind her back and said softly, "It's not enough to just be the Garrison King. You've long been famous throughout Hansworth, dominating the country alone. But you also said that you want to create a title that no one has ever achieved before." "Heaven- Suppressing King!" Braydon had never denied anything he said to her.

This was what Braydon had said to the 1,000 pinnacles from the 100 countries on Mount Tanish.

The Heaven-Suppressing King would suppress the world.

Under this sky were a hundred countries around the world.

Braydon had once made a great wish to suppress all the countries in the world with his own strength and he became as the Heaven — Suppressing King “I’ll tell you everything when you become the Heaven-Suppressing King,” Sadie said softly. “I’ll go past Old Yanagi and tell you. How about that?” “Childish!” Braydon’s face was cold.

This negotiating tone was very similar to when Sadie used a lollipop to coax little Braydon when he was seven years old.

Sadie revealed a smile that he had not seen for a long time. She said with a gentle and angry tone, “Little one!” There was concern in her words.

But she was gone!

Even though her heart was filled with worry, she had to leave no matter how reluctant she was. She had to return to Mount Bliz.

Braydon stood on Mount Woolas, holding the heavenly sword in his hand. He watched as Sadie left, and her figure gradually disappeared.

Shadow also left.

The white-robed youth was left behind on Mount Woolas.

Braydon’s expression was calm as he slowly turned around and returned to the pavilion. He sat alone on the stone bench, with no one to accompany him.

Ignoring Kinslee Mayer, he looked at Sawyer Quail and the other two and said calmly, “Commander Normand, you must have come under Teacher’s orders!” “On the orders of the Martial Emperor, we are here to retrieve the heavenly sword!” Kieran Normand revealed the purpose of coming to Mount Woolas.

Sawyer carried a wooden box on his back and placed it in front of Braydon with his hands spread out. He lowered his head and said solemnly, “Martial Emperor Yanagi heard that Your Highness is going to reactivate the Northern King Sword tonight, so he specially asked the three of us to deliver it!” The three big shots of the capital had arrived. One was to take a sword, and the other was to deliver a sword.

Braydon gently stroked the heavenly sword and murmured, “The heavenly sword belongs to Colton!” Kieran and the other two were silent.

Colton Jansky’s premature death was indeed a thorn in everyone’s hearts.

But now, this matter could no longer be avoided.

Sawyer placed the wooden box that sealed the Northern King Sword with both hands on the stone table in the pavilion and stood silently to the side.

Braydon then asked, "Teacher wants to restart the plan to nurture a son of the civil fate. Who is the candidate?" "It's a girl!" Xavier Leach gave a vague answer.

It wasn't because he didn't want to tell Braydon, it was just that there were too many people on Mount Woolas.

The plan to nurture the son of the civil fate was a top-secret plan.

Only the few of them dared to talk about it in public.

Braydon's eyes were filled with anger. "You should not have dragged her into this!" "The capital had no choice, and Martial Emperor Yanagi also had no choice. Back then, he nurtured the two sons of martial and civil fate, but he did not expect that the two young dragons would not be able to exist in the world at the same time, causing His Highness Colton to die prematurely in front of his sickbed. The capital cannot bear such a loss a second time!" Kieran looked straight into Braydon's eyes and said solemnly, "Two sons cannot coexist in the world. What if the son of the civil fate is a daughter instead?"

"Her potential and talent are extremely high. Moreover, you planted a root in her body. This is the key to the Martial Emperor Yanagi choosing her as the daughter of the civil fate!"

"Your Highness, when you planted the seed in her body, did you really not think that she would become the next daughter of the civil fate?" Kieran was frank and questioned him.

Back then, Braydon had used a forbidden technique to plant a seed in Heather Sage's body.

Ever since that moment.

The big shots of the capital had their eyes set on Heather, not because they wanted to harm this girl.

Instead, she was a rooted successor who would inherit a portion of the caster's talent.

Braydon's talent was terrifying, and he was considered the best in the world.

Even though Heather had only inherited a portion of Braydon's talent.

It would still be extremely terrifying!

After all, the capital also wanted to nurture a second and third Northern King.

Unfortunately, there aren't so many thousand-year-old geniuses in Hansworth!

Moreover, Braydon's talent was greater than that.

Braydon sat in the pavilion and sealed the heavenly sword into a four-foot-long wooden box. He said calmly, "If she carries the civil fate of the country, she must have the capability to stabilize the country. Can she shoulder the responsibility of educating all living beings? "The capital wants to try. She wants to try!" Kieran said solemnly.

Braydon didn't say anything else. He moved his left hand slightly, and a gust of wind blew.

The strong wind blew the wooden box four times, and it landed steadily in Kieran's arms.

This was Braydon's attitude.

Since it was Heather's choice, then so be it.

Kieran and the other three big shots had completed their mission. They cupped their fists and said, "We will take our leave now!" The three of them left Mount Woolas in a flash and returned to the capital with the heavenly sword.

Kinslee walked into the pavilion with a resentful look and said in a low voice, "You cheated me of four bottles of spirit pills!"

The Strongest War God Chapter 832-Don't Worry, I'm on It!

Braydon Neal sat in the pavilion, his eyes filled with doubt.

He remembered that he only asked for three bottles. How did it become four bottles?

He then saw the little fool, who was holding the donkey, holding a bottle of black gourd in his hand. There were 20 spirit pills inside, and he ate them all like jellybeans!

It made Luke Yates's nose bleed!

He had overdone it!

Braydon was exasperated. He let the little fool play by himself and said softly, "Tell me, what do you want me to do?" "Do you know why the hundred schools of thought come to Mount Woolas every year to hold a summit?" Kinslee Mayer deliberately kept him in suspense.

Braydon looked at him calmly as if he was looking at an idiot.

Was Kinslee really stupid or was he pretending?

His four bottles of pills had already been eaten by Sadie Dudley and the little fool.

Sadie had recovered from her injuries and returned to her peak. She had already returned to Mount Bliz.

The pills in the little fool's stomach were about to turn into feces and be pooped out.

Kinslee was still keeping him in suspense. If Braydon ignored him, he probably wouldn't even be able to continue.

Kinslee would have done everything for nothing.

Seeing that Braydon was not curious at all, Kinslee rubbed his nose awkwardly and said in a low voice, "The location of Star Tower on Mount Woolas was originally an ancient ruin, but it was later damaged in the war, leaving behind a heaven-gazing roaring stone statue!

"The stone statue was formed naturally, not carved. There is one special thing about it, which is that it can absorb the power of heaven and earth every year and turn it into a stream of purple Qi!" When Kinslee mentioned purple Qi, his eyes were burning.

He thought that Braydon would be interested in the purple Qi.

However, the white-robed youth in the pavilion was expressionless and showed no interest at all.

"How much purple Qi can the statue gather every year?" Braydon asked calmly.

"A wisp of purple Qi, as thick as a chopstick, that is 30 centimeters long. It is extremely precious!" Kinslee described.

Braydon fell silent.

This amount of purple Qi was negligible!

To Braydon, this bit of purple Qi was not even enough to fill the gaps between his teeth. It was simply pitiful!

Kinslee said in a serious tone, "Spirit medicines are extinct in the world now, and purple Qi is even more difficult to come by. Just this purple Qi alone can allow a martial artist to gain intelligence and open their spiritual apertures. It's not difficult to break through on the spot." Purple Qi could permanently increase a martial artist's comprehension talent.

It could even make up for the innate deficiencies of the human body.

Consuming the purple Qi would make one feel as if their mind was clear and bright.

Therefore, there was no martial artist in the world who did not want purple Qi.

Braydon had taken a few bottles of pills from Kinslee and used them to cure Sadie.

He owed Kinslee a favor!

Since Kinslee wanted to use Braydon's power to fight for that wisp of purple Qi, Braydon would help him.

Kinslee continued, "The heaven-gazing roaring statue only has one wisp of purple Qi every year. The young people of the hundred schools of thought are all eyeing it. I'm not confident that I will be able to snatch it, so I want you to help me." "When did that wisp of purple Qi appear? Braydon asked calmly.

"In three days!" Kinslee said decisively.

"I'll help you then!" Braydon stood up and headed to Star Tower. Kinslee grinned. With Braydon helping him, he was almost certain that he would be able to get the purple Qi this year!

However, Kinslee did not seem to know that the person he invited to help lacked anything except purple Qi!

Braydon cultivated for a night, and the amount of purple Qi he had condensed was equivalent to a year's worth of work from the heaven-gazing roaring statue.

In the hall on the first floor of Star Tower, there was a white marble heaven-gazing roaring statue. It was still lifelike even after the passage of time. It was a masterpiece formed by nature.

The Star Tower seemed to have been built for the purpose of looking at the sky.

"Let's go. We'll stay on the seventh floor." "Kinnie, where will my donkey stay?" Luke led the donkey and asked Kinslee where his donkey was going to stay in a daze.

The martial artists walking in Star Tower had strange looks in their eyes as they walked around Luke from a distance.

After all, those who could come to Star Tower were all prominent figures in the hundred schools of thought.

Unlike Luke, who came in with a little donkey.

"I'll arrange for this donkey to stay in the stables!" Kinslee said with a headache.

"Pfft!" Only the little fool knew how human-like the little donkey was.

The donkey spat on Kinslee's face with thick phlegm. The donkey's eyes were wide open, and its face was full of disdain. It wanted to stay on the seventh floor with Luke.

Kinslee blew up. "What the hell!" A donkey dared to bully the young master of the Mayer family?

"Luke, let the donkey sleep with you. Take good care of it!" Braydon said calmly with his hands behind his back.

"Don't worry, I'm on it!" Luke patted his chest and promised.

Swoosh!

The donkey flipped its tail and widened its eyes. It looked at the little fool warily and could not help but retreat to maintain a safe distance!

The donkey vaguely remembered that in the desert of the northern territory, after this little fool said to not worry, it used a knife to cut a large piece of meat off its buttocks and made soup.

The scar was still there!

This incident had become a childhood trauma for the donkey.

Kinslee wiped the saliva off his face, his face dark and silent. He realized that not only were the people of the Northern Army not to be trifled with, even a donkey was not to be trifled with!

This donkey was definitely not an ordinary species. Its intelligence was quite high!

Animals that could understand the human world were not to be trifled with.

Braydon went to the guest room on the seventh floor and sat down calmly. He looked at the pot of black tea on the table and frowned slightly. "Luke, get a new pot of tea! "

"Alright, let me tie up the donkey first!" Luke's method of tying the donkey up was also different from other people.

When others tied up donkeys, they put the leash on their necks like dogs.

The little fool tied the donkey up with a hemp rope, like he was tying up a pig on the chopping board.

No matter how one looked at it, this method of tying the donkey appeared as if he was going to butcher it!

As long as the little fool did not draw his blade, the donkey would let him do whatever he wanted to it. However, it would occasionally bray- "F*ck you... After Luke tied the donkey up, he went to get tea for his brother.

"There's no need to go through so much trouble, " Kinslee said softly. "Just let the servants get you a new pot of tea." "No, what if you poison us!" Luke's words made Kinslee roll his eyes. He was stunned and couldn't continue the conversation. He looked at Luke and asked him to go and get a new pot of tea.

Luke was so eager to get a new pot of tea, which was odd.

Luke had indeed changed the black tea to green tea, but he carried a big black pot back to his room.

This big black pot was enough to put Kinslee in and cook him.

Kinslee was shocked and asked with a confused look, "Why did you bring back such a huge pot?" "F*ck you, f*ck you, f*ck..." In the room, the donkey, which was tied up, widened its eyes and kept whimpering..

The Strongest War God Chapter 833-It's Never Too Late to Kill a Donkey!

The donkey was not stupid. When it saw the black pot, it immediately knew that Luke Yates was going to stew it!

Luke pulled a long face. "Don't shout. I'm using it to make tea!" Kinslee Mayer was speechless.

After a moment of silence, Kinslee refused to believe that this big black pot was used to boil tea.

Who would use such a big black pot to brew tea?

This was clearly a big pot used to cook pigs!

The donkey was very vigilant. Luke brought in the huge pot, boiled water and sprinkled a large amount of tea leaves into it. It really looked like he was boiling tea.

Instantly, the room was filled with the fragrance of tea.

Kinslee was also a little skeptical, “Do you use this kind of pot to boil tea?” “Of course!” Luke said righteously.

Braydon Neal looked at him deeply. He knew that Luke could fool Kinslee.

If he didn’t know what kind of character the younger brother he had raised was, what kind of big brother would he be!

The little fool definitely had bad intentions by brewing such a big pot of tea.

Kinslee smelled the fragrance of the tea and was a little tempted. He asked, “Can I have a bowl?” “You really want to drink it?” Luke tilted his head and looked at Kinslee as if he was considering something.

“You boiled all the tea leaves,” Kinslee said angrily. “Do you want me and your brother to drink plain water?” “I’ll just drink plain water!” Braydon silently picked up his teacup and moved away from the boiling pot to prevent the boiling tea from splashing into his cup.

Kinslee filled a pot of tea and tasted it carefully. He nodded and said, “The tea leaves of this half-spirit tree are indeed mellow and rich. They have traces of spiritual energy. It is top-grade tea. Brother Neal, don’t you want some?” “If it’s good, then drink more!” Braydon refused expressionlessly.

After Luke finished boiling the tea, he did not drink a single drop!

He didn’t drink any of the tea he brewed and didn’t let his brother, Braydon, drink it.

There was definitely something fishy going on!

Luke came back with a basin and scooped out some water from the black pot. After the hot tea had cooled down, he brought it to the donkey and asked it to drink more.

Kinslee said with a pained expression, “You’re feeding such good tea leaves to a donkey?” “Now that Old Man Giannis is gone, the donkey has no one to rely on. From now on, it will have to rely on me. If I don’t treat it well, who will?” Luke said affectionately, showing great concern for the donkey.

The donkey could understand human language and was so touched that it started to drink. It bent its neck to the basin and started to drink. The donkey drank a whole basin of green tea and even ate the tea leaves.

Kinslee felt his heart ache.

The donkey’s stomach was also full from drinking.

Luke was very attentive. He scooped another basin of green tea and brought it to the donkey. He stroked its fur and said softly, "Little donkey, continue drinking! " The donkey's belly was bulging. It was obvious that it couldn't drink anymore, so it shook its head vigorously.

Swoosh!

Luke pulled out the two knives at his waist and pressed the tips of the knives against the donkey's buttocks. His expression changed on the spot.

"Are you going to drink it or not?" he asked fiercely.

The donkey quivered and lowered its head to drink the tea with all its might, not daring to provoke the devil.

The donkey finished the second basin of green tea.

Its stomach was swollen like a big ball.

If he continued to drink, the donkey would die from being bloated!

Luke started to wash the pot at the side. He poured in tap water, added star anise, fragrant leaves, sesame seeds, pepper, and other condiments, and then added in chives and salt.

The donkey was dumbfounded, and its mind went blank.

What was he doing?

Sitting on the ground, Luke took out a whetstone from his waist and started to sharpen it. He turned around and asked, "Brother, the little donkey drank green tea. How long will it take for it to absorb and digest the tea in its stomach?" "Why are you asking that question?" Kinslee put down his teacup, surprised.

Luke said in disdain, "I can tell that you've never cooked before. Let me tell you, boiling donkey meat is the same as boiling herbal tea eggs. First, feed the tea leaves to the donkey. After it has digested them, kill it. The cooked meat will have a faint fragrance of tea leaves. It's delicious!" Kinslee:

He was speechless and dumbfounded.

This glutton had been thinking about eating the donkey since he brought back the iron pot!

In other words, Luke had been eyeing the donkey from when he was young!

"It's never too late to kill a donkey!" Luke said seriously.

"Brother, you're awesome!" Kinslee wanted to pat the little fool's shoulder, but he realized that half of his arm was numb.

He jumped in fright and broke out in cold sweat. Then, his body below his neck no longer seemed to belong to him, and he felt dizzy.

He realized that he had been poisoned!

From the moment he entered the room, he had drunk a few mouthfuls of tea from the iron pot.

Kinslee was livid. His face turned red as he shouted, "You poisoned me!" "It's not poison, it's numbing powder!" Luke was squatting on the ground, sharpening his knives.

Kinslee broke out in a cold sweat. He wondered if this little fool would chop him up and cook him in a moment of agitation.

The donkey quivered and cried out, but it could not move. It had lost all feeling.

Luke was smarter than a thief. He knew that the donkey liked to jump around. After he had drugged the pot of tea, he knew that the donkey wouldn't be able to move.

Luke sharpened his two knives and went up to the donkey. He began to draw the tips of his knives on the donkey's body, muttering that eating meat should be sacred.

Especially when eating a donkey, the first thing to do was to let the donkey bleed!

He squatted on the ground and pressed the knives against the donkey's forehead. Then, he began to cut the donkey's skull with the blades.

The fur on its forehead started falling.

Soon, the donkey became bald.

Bald donkey!

The handsome donkey was being tormented by Luke.

The donkey was so frightened that it was crying.

Tears fell down its face, and it was so scared that it peed itself.

Yellow donkey urine flowed all over the ground.

Braydon stood up expressionlessly. "I'll leave this room to you. Don't torment Little Donkey. If you have nothing to do, go around and find out which of the geniuses of the hundred schools of thought are here!" In any case, it was impossible to count on the little fool to cultivate hard.

He had never seen the little fool cultivate diligently since he was young!

He had never seen Luke cultivate the Nine Yin Technique that Taran Reynolds had taught him.

It was a forbidden technique. Who knew how many people were envious of him!

Luke was very energetic. He did not dare to cause trouble for Braydon, so he tormented the donkey instead.

If the donkey followed him, who knew how much it would suffer in the future.

At this moment, Luke retracted his twin knives and squatted on the ground, looking at the crying donkey. He said in a low voice, "You have to listen to me in the future. I'll ride you when we go out.. You're not allowed to use your hind hooves to poke me again, you understand?"

The Strongest War God Chapter 834-You Must Plan for a Lifetime!

The donkey hurriedly nodded.

Luke Yates then released the rope that bound its legs. As for Kinslee Mayer, he was completely unharmed. His body gradually regained consciousness in the evening.

From now on, Kinslee feared the Northern Army like a tiger!

He could tell that there was no good person in the entire Northern Army.

They were all black-hearted people!

Including this little fool who did not do things out of common sense. He actually drugged a donkey and almost ate it.

He was simply heartless!

Braydon Neal was in the room next door, sitting cross-legged in front of the windowsill and circulating the Great Void of Kylo Art.

In the long night, Braydon was condensing purple Qi.

Braydon had spent a whole night cultivating yesterday and had condensed a wisp of purple Qi. After absorbing it, he had increased his vitality by 100 Na and his strength by 10,000 pounds!

This kind of terrifying cultivation speed was simply way too shocking!

With just the accumulation of vitality, with Braydon's speed, he could match Sadie Dudley, the most terrifying pinnacle in the world, in less than three years!

Sadie's vitality was 910,000 Na.

She was the strongest existence in the world!

If Braydon was given three years, he would not be weaker than Sadie. The more stunning Braydon, who carried the fate of the country, was, the more it would boost the fate of the country.

Similarly, the fate of the country was carried by Braydon.

Pushing each other to prosperity, Braydon was destined to surpass their ancestors!

Braydon had been cultivating for the whole night. He slowly swallowed a wisp of purple Qi into his stomach, facing the rising sun in the morning. He was not in a hurry to fuse it into his blood.

Refining the purple Qi and turning it into vitality was easy for him.

But Braydon was not in a hurry. He opened his mouth and swallowed the purple Qi, hiding it on his body. He stood up and stretched his back. He stood in front of the windowsill on the seventh floor with his hands behind his back and looked down.

Star Tower occupied the best position on Mount Woolas. Standing on the tall building, one could see the entire mountain peak.

Building a tall building on the peak of a mountain gave off the feeling of being at a high altitude.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Someone knocked on the door.

There were three strong men standing outside the door. They were the one-armed Maddox Johnstone, Greg Jessup, and Lorenzo Hale.

Braydon stood on the balcony with his hands behind his back and said softly,

“Maddox, come in!” “General, Lester Crawford is here!”

Maddox said.

Maddox had already found out about Lester’s identity at the pinnacle’s tomb. He was an S-rank hidden agent in the Northern Army. He was extremely powerful and was a Buddhist son in Buddhism. He was also a direct descendant of the Crawford family. He had a strong background and was a rare genius that appeared once every 800 years.

“Where is he?” Braydon asked with a smile.

“The old pinnacle of the Crawford family followed him. He doesn’t have the chance to come see you. He’s staying next door.”

Maddox had found out that the people from the Crawford family lived on the seventh floor.

Braydon sat down calmly. He was about to make tea, but when he saw the black tea in the teapot, he frowned slightly and put down the teapot. It was obvious that he had given up on the idea of drinking tea.

Braydon raised his head and said calmly, “The summit was originally meant to be a grand gathering for the aristocratic families. It’s not good for us if the powerful families are part of this.”

“Commander, do you think that the powerful and aristocratic families will

Greg frowned slightly.

Maddox was filled with killing intent as he said in a low voice, “I will inform

Second Master to mobilize the Northern Army to raze this place!”

“There’s no rush. Did you find anything on Mount Woolas?”

Braydon looked at Greg and Lorenzo.

The two of them had arrived at Mount Woolas a few days earlier, so they should have gotten some information.

“The aristocratic families originated from the hundred schools of thought...” Lorenzo said.

“To be precise, the martial arts of the world flourished in the hundred schools of thought. The ancient martial arts began in the period before the First Nation was formed. The

hundred schools of thought contended and opened the curtains of the ancient martial arts.”

Braydon shook his head lightly. Even the Ministry of War had sent people to attend the hundred schools of thought summit!

The militarists were one of the most important schools of thought.

Stone Normand and the other 71 generals were the representatives.

These 72 young kings were definitely a huge force on Mount Woolas, and few could afford to offend them.

However, everyone already knew.

The 72 generals of the Ministry of War were all hidden agents of the Northern Army.

This was the era of the Northern Army!

The Northern King controlled the entire country, and his words were the orders of the Garrison King.

It could be said that he had monstrous power!

Therefore, everyone accepted the news that the 72 generals of the Ministry of War were all secretly stationed in the Northern Army.

Lorenzo said in a low voice, “According to my investigation in the past two days, there are 189 schools of thought. 117 of them disappeared in the thousand years of history, leaving only 72 schools. Each school has an orthodox inheritance. There are even rumors that hundred clothes successors have come to Mount Woolas!

“Among them are the giants of Confucianism, the heirs of legalism, the heirs of Daoism, the geniuses of the yin and yang, the young master of the Mayer family, Kinslee Mayer, and so on!”

Lorenzo told him everything about Mount Woolas and the major forces that were currently occupying it.

The top ten families of the aristocratic families had all gathered for a summit of the hundred schools.

There were also many pinnacles hiding in Mount Woolas.

Braydon closed his eyes as if he was resting, quietly listening to Lorenzo’s story. He asked softly, “Are all the elites of all the hundred schools of thought here?”

“No one is absent!”

Lorenzo was certain.

Greg added, “The young geniuses of the aristocratic families are here for the purple Qi in the heaven-gazing roaring stone statue. Even the young master of the Mayer family, Kinslee Mayer, is tempted, let alone others!”

“A wisp of purple Qi can increase a martial artist’s talent and increase their vitality, saving them ten years of effort. This is extremely tempting to martial artists!”

Maddox explained the importance of the purple Qi.

A wisp of purple Qi could save ten years of hard work.

To young people like Kinslee, that was ten years.

As long as one could obtain this wisp of purple Qi, they would be able to stay ahead of their peers for up to ten years.

In the modern era where spirit herbs were scarce, it was extremely tempting. The purple Qi could even allow some young people who were behind their peers to gain equal footing, or even surpass them.

Braydon had grown up in the northern territory.

However, everyone in the world knew that the Northern King had suffered all kinds of hardships, but he had never suffered grievances!

Suffering and grievances were two different things!

In the entire world, who could make Braydon feel grievance?

Look at the people standing behind him!

Sadie, the master of Kylo, was always by his side. No pinnacles would dare to make the Northern King suffer any grievances.

He also had Martial Emperor Yanagi protecting him.

That was why Braydon had been killing the martial artists of the powerful families in the capital.

Did Martial Emperor Yanagi blame Braydon?

Martial Emperor Yanagi turned a blind eye and a deaf ear, which meant that he was biased toward Braydon.

Braydon was also the young master of Kylo. He cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art, and condensing purple Qi was as easy as ABC for him. Therefore, since he was young, Braydon had never been worried about cultivation resources!

Braydon's background was truly terrifying!

Martial Emperor Yanagi and the others had raised Braydon since he was young. They would not let Braydon suffer after having nurtured him for so many years. However, Braydon had never lacked the items he needed for his cultivation!

This was how superpowers nurtured their younger generation.

Thus, Braydon had never paid any attention to the purple Qi within the heaven-gazing roaring statue.

Braydon closed his eyes and rested. He leaned back in his chair and did not speak for a long time..

The Strongest War God Chapter 835-Don't Call Me Lestie!

Maddox Johnstone and the others thought that Braydon Neal had fallen asleep. They silently prepared to leave the room for the commander to rest.

"Secretly order Lestie to invite the elites of the hundred schools the day after tomorrow!" Braydon said.

"Yes, sir!"

Maddox and the other two bowed and left the room without asking what it was for.

Commander Braydon had his own reasons for doing things.

If it wasn't something that Maddox and the others should ask, they would never ask.

Braydon had asked Lester Crawford to invite the elites of the hundred schools. It was probably a trap.

With Braydon's personality, him gathering all the elites of the hundred schools together was probably to do what he did at the pinnacle's tomb: suppressing the elites.

Maddox quickly sent the news to Lester.

Lester had a unique way to contact the Northern Army.

He could even contact Braydon directly!

No matter what, Lester was Braydon's second brother. If he couldn't get in touch with Braydon, it wouldn't make sense.

Lester was a tiger.

He used his Northern Army communication watch and called Braydon.

The video call request was connected immediately.

Braydon took out his commander-level wristwatch. After picking up the call, he smiled faintly and said, "Lestie!"

"Call me Second Brother, not Lestie!"

Lester's face was dark as he snapped, "What do you mean by asking the hidden agents to pass on the order to me? Inviting the elites for a banquet? Do you want to kill them?"

"Little Braydon, I'm telling you, you can't do this!"

"If you do this, won't I be exposed? If those old things in my family know that I've joined the Northern Army, they will beat me up!"

Lester mumbled.

Braydon played with his teacup and smiled faintly. "The Northern King Sword is about to be reactivated. I'm twenty years old this year, and I'm able to quell the troubles of the powerful families at the age of twenty. In three years, I'll destroy the four entities and ensure that when Syrus sits alone on the emperor's throne in the future, all borders of the country will be peaceful and the foreigners from overseas will come to congratulate Hansworth!" "Why are you in such a hurry? You've already decided to take action!"

Lester was not stupid. He was shocked.

"The time has come!" Braydon said softly.

"You plan to push Syrus to sit on the emperor's throne alone. He is the eldest son of Martial Emperor Yanagi, so it is right for him to succeed the throne. But can he control the world?"

"Syrus couldn't even suppress the people of the Northern Army," Lester said with a serious look in her eyes. "How can he sit on the emperor's throne alone and intimidate the world?"

“Syrus is from the Northern Army. If he sits on the emperor’s throne alone, the people of the Northern Army will definitely support him!”

Braydon answered Lester’s question.

For as long as Braydon was alive, no one in the Northern Army would dare to make a fuss!

Harvey Lay, Frediano Jadanza, and the others had to listen to their eldest brother.

“Once I invite the hundred schools of thought to a banquet the day after tomorrow, I won’t be able to return to the Crawford family!” Lester said with a dark face.

“At the banquet the day after tomorrow, after I help Kinslee Mayer retrieve the purple Qi from the heaven-gazing roaring statue, I will reactivate the Northern King Sword and declare war on the Crawford family!”

Braydon stretched his waist lazily and told Lester about the thoughts in his mind.

Lester smiled bitterly. “With the power of the Northern Army, the Crawford family will not be able to compete with us. Please give us a way out!”

“Surrender to the Northern Army and you can live!”

Braydon stared at Lester.

This was a way out that the Northern King had given to the Crawford family.

As long as the Crawford family submitted to the Northern Army flag, Braydon would not harm them.

Lester rolled his eyes and said, “You’re becoming more and more like the

Martial Emperor!”

“I’m deeply indebted to my teacher. I was taught wholeheartedly by my teacher when I was young, and I grew up under his influence. There’s nothing wrong with being similar to him!”

Braydon didn’t care about these outsiders’ comments, and it didn’t affect him.

Instead, he openly admitted it!

Lester was rather melancholic. He asked, “The day after tomorrow, I’ll invite the hundred schools of thought to a banquet. Are you going to kill them or keep them as hostages?”

“If I can’t use the elites of the aristocratic families, I will kill them without mercy!”

Braydon hung up.

This was his attitude.

Braydon would give the young martial artists of the aristocratic families a way out. They would have to submit to the Northern Army and follow their orders to rush to the border of Hansworth to fight to the death with the foreign armies.

Braydon would then give them a way out!

Otherwise, they would all be killed without mercy.

Currently, the elites in the country were guarding every border, yet the aristocratic families and powerful families were hiding in the rear and causing trouble. How dare they covet the land of Hansworth?

Such actions were tantamount to treason!

Their direct family would be killed for that.

The thousands of miles of mountains and rivers guarded by the Northern Army men could not tolerate these people.

In addition, due to the failure of the plan to nurture the son of the civil fate, Braydon was left alone to support this era.

Braydon mobilized the seven elites to defend the borders while he needed to defend the country alone.

He had to first quell the internal problems before he could focus on dealing with the hunting plan of the hundred countries outside.

Otherwise, if Braydon ignored them, the four entities would stab Braydon in the back at a critical moment.

At that time, not only would Braydon die.

The million soldiers of the Northern Army would probably follow in the footsteps of the Ludwig Army!

What happened to the Ludwig Army must not happen the men of the Northern Army.

This was something that Braydon would never allow to happen for the rest of his life.

Therefore, after Sadie Dudley left, Braydon returned to his former self as the overlord of the Northern Army. He was ruthless and gave the four entities an ultimatum.

Those who respected the Northern Army could live!

Those who submitted to Northern Army could live!

If they turned their back against the Northern Army, they would perish.

This was Braydon's attitude!

Braydon stayed in his room alone and did not leave his room for three consecutive days. He cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art and condensed purple Qi to hide in his body.

It was only when Star Tower was filled with people and had gathered would the summit commence on the ninth floor of the tower.

There were no guest rooms on the ninth floor. There was only a huge conference room that could accommodate 500 people.

There were no empty seats, and the entire hall was filled with famous figures.

500 seats seemed like a lot!

But for the hundred schools of thought, there were not enough seats.

Other than the 72 schools of thought, there were also the more than hundred aristocratic families.

Of the 72 schools, the giants were Confucius and Mencius!

They were not included in the aristocratic families!

They were known to represent the hundreds of schools of thought in the period before the First Nation was formed and were above the aristocratic families. They were the origin of the aristocratic families.

Naturally, their status would be higher!

However, for the powerful families and aristocratic families, whoever had the most pinnacle martial artists was the most powerful.

The past did not matter!

The present mattered the most!

At the same time, the Jansky family was the leader of the aristocratic families!

The branches of the Jansky family were spread across the 23 provinces of the country, and they all had pinnacle martial artists. However, the Jansky family was extremely low-key, hiding in the mountains or among the people. They did not reveal their strength!

A hundred years ago, after the riot broke out, a pinnacle of the Alpha Empire crossed the border and arrived in the city of Jover. With the strength of a high-level pinnacle, he accidentally killed a young son of the Jansky family in Jover.

That night, the head of that high-level foreign pinnacle was cut off by someone. The Locke family behind him was known to the public as the family with seven great powerhouses in the Calista region of the Alpha Empire.

In the end, in one night, a black-robed youth had wiped out his entire family with a sword!

The Strongest War God Chapter 834-You Must Plan for a Lifetime!

The donkey hurriedly nodded.

Luke Yates then released the rope that bound its legs. As for Kinslee Mayer, he was completely unharmed. His body gradually regained consciousness in the evening.

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Braydon had spent a whole night cultivating yesterday and had condensed a wisp of purple Qi. After absorbing it, he had increased his vitality by 100 Na and his strength by 10,000 pounds!

This kind of terrifying cultivation speed was simply way too shocking!

With just the accumulation of vitality, with Braydon's speed, he could match Sadie Dudley, the most terrifying pinnacle in the world, in less than three years!

Sadie's vitality was 910,000 Na.

She was the strongest existence in the world!

If Braydon was given three years, he would not be weaker than Sadie. The more stunning Braydon, who carried the fate of the country, was, the more it would boost the fate of the country.

Similarly, the fate of the country was carried by Braydon.

Pushing each other to prosperity, Braydon was destined to surpass their ancestors!

Braydon had been cultivating for the whole night. He slowly swallowed a wisp of purple Qi into his stomach, facing the rising sun in the morning. He was not in a hurry to fuse it into his blood.

Refining the purple Qi and turning it into vitality was easy for him.

But Braydon was not in a hurry. He opened his mouth and swallowed the purple Qi, hiding it on his body. He stood up and stretched his back. He stood in front of the windowsill on the seventh floor with his hands behind his back and looked down.

Star Tower occupied the best position on Mount Woolas. Standing on the tall building, one could see the entire mountain peak.

Building a tall building on the peak of a mountain gave off the feeling of being at a high altitude.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Someone knocked on the door.

There were three strong men standing outside the door. They were the one-armed Maddox Johnstone, Greg Jessup, and Lorenzo Hale.

Braydon stood on the balcony with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Maddox, come in!" "General, Lester Crawford is here!" Maddox said.

Maddox had already found out about Lester's identity at the pinnacle's tomb. He was an S-rank hidden agent in the Northern Army. He was extremely powerful and was a Buddhist son in Buddhism. He was also a direct descendant of the Crawford family. He had a strong background and was a rare genius that appeared once every 800 years.

“Where is he?” Braydon asked with a smile.

“The old pinnacle of the Crawford family followed him. He doesn’t have the chance to come see you. He’s staying next door.” Maddox had found out that the people from the Crawford family lived on the seventh floor.

Braydon sat down calmly. He was about to make tea, but when he saw the black tea in the teapot, he frowned slightly and put down the teapot. It was obvious that he had given up on the idea of drinking tea.

Braydon raised his head and said calmly, “The summit was originally meant to be a grand gathering for the aristocratic families. It’s not good for us if the powerful families are part of this.” “Commander, do you think that the powerful and aristocratic families will Greg frowned slightly.

Maddox was filled with killing intent as he said in a low voice, “I will inform Second Master to mobilize the Northern Army to raze this place!” “There’s no rush. Did you find anything on Mount Woolas?” Braydon looked at Greg and Lorenzo.

The two of them had arrived at Mount Woolas a few days earlier, so they should have gotten some information.

“The aristocratic families originated from the hundred schools of thought...” Lorenzo said.

“To be precise, the martial arts of the world flourished in the hundred schools of thought. The ancient martial arts began in the period before the First Nation was formed. The hundred schools of thought contended and opened the curtains of the ancient martial arts.” Braydon shook his head lightly. Even the Ministry of War had sent people to attend the hundred schools of thought summit!

The militarists were one of the most important schools of thought.

Stone Normand and the other 71 generals were the representatives.

These 72 young kings were definitely a huge force on Mount Woolas, and few could afford to offend them.

However, everyone already knew.

The 72 generals of the Ministry of War were all hidden agents of the Northern Army.

This was the era of the Northern Army!

The Northern King controlled the entire country, and his words were the orders of the Garrison King.

It could be said that he had monstrous power!

Therefore, everyone accepted the news that the 72 generals of the Ministry of War were all secretly stationed in the Northern Army.

Lorenzo said in a low voice, "According to my investigation in the past two days, there are 189 schools of thought. 117 of them disappeared in the thousand years of history, leaving only 72 schools. Each school has an orthodox inheritance. There are even rumors that hundred clothes successors have come to Mount Woolas!

"Among them are the giants of Confucianism, the heirs of legalism, the heirs of Daoism, the geniuses of the yin and yang, the young master of the Mayer family, Kinslee Mayer, and so on!" Lorenzo told him everything about Mount Woolas and the major forces that were currently occupying it.

The top ten families of the aristocratic families had all gathered for a summit of the hundred schools.

There were also many pinnacles hiding in Mount Woolas.

Braydon closed his eyes as if he was resting, quietly listening to Lorenzo's story. He asked softly, "Are all the elites of all the hundred schools of thought here?" "No one is absent!" Lorenzo was certain.

Greg added, "The young geniuses of the aristocratic families are here for the purple Qi in the heaven-gazing roaring stone statue. Even the young master of the Mayer family, Kinslee Mayer, is tempted, let alone others!" "A wisp of purple Qi can increase a martial artist's talent and increase their vitality, saving them ten years of effort. This is extremely tempting to martial artists!" Maddox explained the importance of the purple Qi.

A wisp of purple Qi could save ten years of hard work.

To young people like Kinslee, that was ten years.

As long as one could obtain this wisp of purple Qi, they would be able to stay ahead of their peers for up to ten years.

In the modern era where spirit herbs were scarce, it was extremely tempting. The purple Qi could even allow some young people who were behind their peers to gain equal footing, or even surpass them.

Braydon had grown up in the northern territory.

However, everyone in the world knew that the Northern King had suffered all kinds of hardships, but he had never suffered grievances!

Suffering and grievances were two different things!

In the entire world, who could make Braydon feel grievance?

Look at the people standing behind him!

Sadie, the master of Kylo, was always by his side. No pinnacles would dare to make the Northern King suffer any grievances.

He also had Martial Emperor Yanagi protecting him.

That was why Braydon had been killing the martial artists of the powerful families in the capital.

Did Martial Emperor Yanagi blame Braydon?

Martial Emperor Yanagi turned a blind eye and a deaf ear, which meant that he was biased toward Braydon.

Braydon was also the young master of Kylo. He cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art, and condensing purple Qi was as easy as ABC for him. Therefore, since he was young, Braydon had never been worried about cultivation resources!

Braydon's background was truly terrifying!

Martial Emperor Yanagi and the others had raised Braydon since he was young. They would not let Braydon suffer after having nurtured him for so many years. However, Braydon had never lacked the items he needed for his cultivation!

This was how superpowers nurtured their younger generation.

Thus, Braydon had never paid any attention to the purple Qi within the heaven-gazing roaring statue.

Braydon closed his eyes and rested. He leaned back in his chair and did not speak for a long time..

The Strongest War God Chapter 835-Don't Call Me Lestie!

r: EndlessFantasy Translation Maddox Johnstone and the others thought that Braydon Neal had fallen asleep. They silently prepared to leave the room for the commander to rest.

"Secretly order Lestie to invite the elites of the hundred schools the day after tomorrow!" Braydon said.

“Yes, sir!” Maddox and the other two bowed and left the room without asking what it was for.

Commander Braydon had his own reasons for doing things.

If it wasn’t something that Maddox and the others should ask, they would never ask.

Braydon had asked Lester Crawford to invite the elites of the hundred schools. It was probably a trap.

With Braydon’s personality, him gathering all the elites of the hundred schools together was probably to do what he did at the pinnacle’s tomb: suppressing the elites.

Maddox quickly sent the news to Lester.

Lester had a unique way to contact the Northern Army.

He could even contact Braydon directly!

No matter what, Lester was Braydon’s second brother. If he couldn’t get in touch with Braydon, it wouldn’t make sense.

Lester was a tiger.

He used his Northern Army communication watch and called Braydon.

The video call request was connected immediately.

Braydon took out his commander-level wristwatch. After picking up the call, he smiled faintly and said, “Lestie!” “Call me Second Brother, not Lestie!” Lester’s face was dark as he snapped, “What do you mean by asking the hidden agents to pass on the order to me? Inviting the elites for a banquet? Do you want to kill them?”

“Little Braydon, I’m telling you, you can’t do this!”

“If you do this, won’t I be exposed? If those old things in my family know that I’ve joined the Northern Army, they will beat me up!” Lester mumbled.

Braydon played with his teacup and smiled faintly. “The Northern King Sword is about to be reactivated. I’m twenty years old this year, and I’m able to quell the troubles of the powerful families at the age of twenty. In three years, I’ll destroy the four entities and ensure that when Syrus sits alone on the emperor’s throne in the future, all borders of the country will be peaceful and the foreigners from overseas will come to congratulate Hansworth!” “Why are you in such a hurry? You’ve already decided to take action!” Lester was not stupid. He was shocked.

"The time has come!" Braydon said softly.

"You plan to push Syrus to sit on the emperor's throne alone. He is the eldest son of Martial Emperor Yanagi, so it is right for him to succeed the throne. But can he control the world?"

"Syrus couldn't even suppress the people of the Northern Army," Lester said with a serious look in her eyes. "How can he sit on the emperor's throne alone and intimidate the world?" "Syrus is from the Northern Army. If he sits on the emperor's throne alone, the people of the Northern Army will definitely support him!" Braydon answered Lester's question.

For as long as Braydon was alive, no one in the Northern Army would dare to make a fuss!

Harvey Lay, Frediano Jadanza, and the others had to listen to their eldest brother.

"Once I invite the hundred schools of thought to a banquet the day after tomorrow, I won't be able to return to the Crawford family!" Lester said with a dark face.

"At the banquet the day after tomorrow, after I help Kinslee Mayer retrieve the purple Qi from the heaven-gazing roaring statue, I will reactivate the Northern King Sword and declare war on the Crawford family!" Braydon stretched his waist lazily and told Lester about the thoughts in his mind.

Lester smiled bitterly. "With the power of the Northern Army, the Crawford family will not be able to compete with us. Please give us a way out!" "Surrender to the Northern Army and you can live!" Braydon stared at Lester.

This was a way out that the Northern King had given to the Crawford family.

As long as the Crawford family submitted to the Northern Army flag, Braydon would not harm them.

Lester rolled his eyes and said, "You're becoming more and more like the Martial Emperor!" "I'm deeply indebted to my teacher. I was taught wholeheartedly by my teacher when I was young, and I grew up under his influence. There's nothing wrong with being similar to him!" Braydon didn't care about these outsiders' comments, and it didn't affect him.

Instead, he openly admitted it!

Lester was rather melancholic. He asked, "The day after tomorrow, I'll invite the hundred schools of thought to a banquet. Are you going to kill them or keep them as hostages?" "If I can't use the elites of the aristocratic families, I will kill them without mercy!" Braydon hung up.

This was his attitude.

Braydon would give the young martial artists of the aristocratic families a way out. They would have to submit to the Northern Army and follow their orders to rush to the border of Hansworth to fight to the death with the foreign armies.

Braydon would then give them a way out!

Otherwise, they would all be killed without mercy.

Currently, the elites in the country were guarding every border, yet the aristocratic families and powerful families were hiding in the rear and causing trouble. How dare they covet the land of Hansworth?

Such actions were tantamount to treason!

Their direct family would be killed for that.

The thousands of miles of mountains and rivers guarded by the Northern Army men could not tolerate these people.

In addition, due to the failure of the plan to nurture the son of the civil fate, Braydon was left alone to support this era.

Braydon mobilized the seven elites to defend the borders while he needed to defend the country alone.

He had to first quell the internal problems before he could focus on dealing with the hunting plan of the hundred countries outside.

Otherwise, if Braydon ignored them, the four entities would stab Braydon in the back at a critical moment.

At that time, not only would Braydon die.

The million soldiers of the Northern Army would probably follow in the footsteps of the Ludwig Army!

What happened to the Ludwig Army must not happen the men of the Northern Army.

This was something that Braydon would never allow to happen for the rest of his life.

Therefore, after Sadie Dudley left, Braydon returned to his former self as the overlord of the Northern Army. He was ruthless and gave the four entities an ultimatum.

Those who respected the Northern Army could live!

Those who submitted to Northern Army could live!

If they turned their back against the Northern Army, they would perish.

This was Braydon's attitude!

Braydon stayed in his room alone and did not leave his room for three consecutive days. He cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art and condensed purple Qi to hide in his body.

It was only when Star Tower was filled with people and had gathered would the summit commence on the ninth floor of the tower.

There were no guest rooms on the ninth floor. There was only a huge conference room that could accommodate 500 people.

There were no empty seats, and the entire hall was filled with famous figures.

500 seats seemed like a lot!

But for the hundred schools of thought, there were not enough seats.

Other than the 72 schools of thought, there were also the more than hundred aristocratic families.

Of the 72 schools, the giants were Confucius and Mencius!

They were not included in the aristocratic families!

They were known to represent the hundreds of schools of thought in the period before the First Nation was formed and were above the aristocratic families. They were the origin of the aristocratic families.

Naturally, their status would be higher!

However, for the powerful families and aristocratic families, whoever had the most pinnacle martial artists was the most powerful.

The past did not matter!

The present mattered the most!

At the same time, the Jansky family was the leader of the aristocratic families!

The branches of the Jansky family were spread across the 23 provinces of the country, and they all had pinnacle martial artists. However, the Jansky family was extremely low-key, hiding in the mountains or among the people. They did not reveal their strength!

A hundred years ago, after the riot broke out, a pinnacle of the Alpha Empire crossed the border and arrived in the city of Jover. With the strength of a high-level pinnacle, he accidentally killed a young son of the Jansky family in Jover.

That night, the head of that high-level foreign pinnacle was cut off by someone. The Locke family behind him was known to the public as the family with seven great powerhouses in the Calista region of the Alpha Empire.

In the end, in one night, a black-robed youth had wiped out his entire family

The Strongest War God Chapter 836-They are Here, Intending to Join Forces!

The Locke family had a total of 176 people, and none of them were spared. Not even the chickens and dogs were spared, and blood flowed for three miles.

The Alpha Empire was enraged, and they sent out a conferred pinnacle to kill the young man in black!

What was even more shocking was that the black-robed young man killed the conferred pinnacle with three strikes and then left across the ocean. No one could stop him!

Later, someone confirmed that the black-robed youth was from the Jansky family!

The Jansky family was mysterious and terrifying.

Pinnacles didn't dare to provoke them.

Right now, on the ninth floor of Star Tower, there were people from the Jansky family.

There were three people from the Jansky family in Lenver. Other than Trevor Jansky, there were two other young men. They had the same temperament as Trevor, silent and quiet, but their seats were in the front row!

No one from the hundred schools of thought dared to underestimate the Jansky family.

Even though the Jansky family from Lenver wasn't the main branch of the Jansky family, to the martial artists of the outside world, the Jansky family all claimed to be the legitimate direct descendants. Those who revealed themselves were all pinnacles. Each of them was abnormally strong. How could one tell if they were from the main branch or not?

Just like the Jansky family of Lenver and the Jansky family of Jover, which one of them was the Jansky main family?

Choosing between the two would definitely offend one of them.

Most importantly, they couldn't afford to offend the Jansky family!

Therefore, when the martial artists of the outside world met the disciples of the Jansky family, they were all called Jansky family members.

Trevor and the other two from the Jansky family of Lenver were the three representatives of the Jansky family.

The aristocratic families had no leader!

Among the four entities, only the aristocratic families did not have one.

The reason was very simple. The Jansky family was the leader of the various aristocratic families, but they had never taken care of anything. They were so low-key that it made people feel fear. Therefore, they did not choose a successor.

Just like now, Trevor and the other two sat quietly without saying a word.

They were from the Jansky family, the leading force of the aristocratic family.

In the end, no one spoke.

The three of them seemed to be here to make up for the number of people.

In the conference hall on the ninth floor of Star Tower, it was almost impossible to see any young faces. Those who could sit here were all elders of the various aristocratic families.

A total of 500 seats was filled.

The white-haired old man sitting at the front looked to be 80 years old. He slowly said, "Everyone, silence!" The conference hall fell silent.

Everyone looked at the white-haired old man with respect.

His surname was Worley, and his name was Rafael.

Rafael Worley was born in the Worley family and had a very high seniority. Even the head of the Worley family, Horace Worley, had to address him respectfully when he saw him.

The Worley family was ranked second among the aristocratic families.

Although the Worley family was the second most powerful family, every time the other aristocratic families gathered, it was always the Worley family who hosted it.

In the quiet hall.

“This year’s hundred schools of thought summit is still held at Mount Woolas, but before the conference begins, I would like to introduce the guests!” Rafael said slowly.

The people sitting beside Rafael were all guests from outside.

They were not from the aristocratic families!

Instead, they were representatives of powerful families.

The number one figure of the Crawford family, Genesis Crawford.

Sigmund Anderson, the second-in-command of the Anderson family.

Trenton Joplin, the third-in-command of the Joplin family.

Jackson Zambrano, the fourth-in-command of the Zambrano family.

The nine guests in a row all had great backgrounds.

They represented the nine strongest powerful families!

The nine strongest powerful families were all present.

None of the families sitting below were fools. They were either family heads or pinnacle representatives sent by the families.

The hundred schools of thought summit was the highest-level summit in the history of the aristocratic families.

Those who could participate were all important figures.

Instantly.

The old man sitting at the front was none other than Jasiah Kramer.

Back when Braydon Neal was conferred the title on Mount Tanish, Jasiah and more than 9,000 scholars were almost slaughtered by Martial Emperor Yanagi in a fit of anger.

In the end, it was Braydon who protected them!

And now, Jasiah was here again.

This was not surprising.

The Kramer family had existed for over a thousand years, and they could trace their ancestors all the way back to the time Confucianism started.

With such a family background.

If he claimed to be the orthodox Confucian school of thought, no one would shake his position.

Jasiah had a high status in the family. He slowly stood up and frowned. "Rafael, why did you invite the people of the powerful families for the hundred schools of thought summit?" "Mr. Kramer, we are only guests and will not interfere with the hundred schools' summit." Genesis, the head of the Crawford family, stood up and saluted the old man with the ancient etiquette.

Jasiah would not fall for that.

"The nine distinguished guests are backed by nine powerful families, occupying nine of the top ten positions in the powerful families!

"The nine of you are the strongest among the powerful families. What do you want by coming to Mount Woolas?" Jasiah wasn't muddleheaded.

He keenly sensed that there was something off about this year's hundred schools of thought summit.

The powerful families and aristocratic families had close ties, and half of the aristocratic families were even married to powerful families.

It was commonly known as the alliance of the powerful and aristocratic families. The marriage of wealthy families strengthened their relationship.

However, both sides had a tacit understanding and did not interfere in the summits of the two sides.

Now, it was very obvious that the people from the powerful families had crossed the line!

This time, there was bound to be a shocking matter to discuss.

Rafael's tone was neither hurried nor slow. "Jasiah, calm down. If you have something to say, you can sit down and talk slowly!" "I don't think there's more I need to say!" Jasiah's stern refusal was because he had guessed the purpose of the representatives of the nine powerful families being here!

If his guess was right, he definitely could not participate in this summit.

Sigmund, the second-in-command of the Anderson family, was a burly fatty with a fierce face. He smirked and said coldly, "Mr. Kramer seems to have a deep prejudice against the arrival of the nine of us!" "Forgive me for my ignorance, but I wonder what concerns Elder Kramer has?" Trenton, the third-in-command of the Joplin family, had a weak air about him. However, his triangular eyes flickered with a cold light and a faint murderous intent.

Jasiah wasn't afraid at all. He waved his sleeves and left, leaving behind a sentence, "Even though I'm old and was once fortunate enough to be reprimanded by His Highness, the Northern King, who said that I am old and stubborn, it does not mean that I am muddle-headed!"

"Hansworth is in a precarious situation. Foreign enemies have started a war and want to encroach on our territory. However, the powerful families want to start an internal strife. Do you really think that this old man can't see through that?" Jasiah was already old, but his words were powerful.

He revealed the purpose of the nine powerful families gathering at Star Tower in front of everyone.

The representatives of the nine strongest powerful families appeared at Star Tower to participate in the hundred schools of thought summit.

What were they trying to do?

They must be representing the powerful families and wanted to join forces with the aristocratic families to fight against the Northern Army.

Jasiah couldn't think of anything else besides this.

Everyone in the world knew that the Northern Army and the powerful families were at loggerheads. Their strife had already reached the point of life and death.

If he was on good terms with the powerful families, he would be enemies with the Northern Army!

This was the era of the Northern Army, and the elites of the Northern Army controlled the country and represented the vast Hansworth. They were fighting at the borders for Hansworth..

The Strongest War God Chapter 837-Blaming the Murder on Braydon!

The commander of the Northern Army was the current Garrison King.

If someone were to become enemies with Braydon Neal, it would be equivalent to treason, and they would be punished for their crimes!

Although Jasiah Kramer was pedantic, he wasn't so lowly as to sit in the same room with a traitor.

Therefore, Jasiah wasn't being respectful toward the nine representatives of the powerful families.

Trenton Joplin, the third-in-command of the Joplin family, looked gentle and weak on the outside, but he was actually a ruthless man. His body was filled with killing intent. He glanced at Jasiah inadvertently, and a hint of killing intent emerged.

He and Genesis Crawford, the top figure of the Crawford family, looked at each other.

Both sides could feel each other's killing intent!

They all wanted to kill the troublemaker Jasiah.

Trenton suddenly stood up and bowed humbly. "I have something to attend to." Rafael Worley, who was in charge of the overall situation, slowly glanced at Trenton with his murky eyes and sighed to himself. He had already guessed what the third most powerful figure of the Joplin family was going to do!

Jasiah would most likely not be able to escape his vicious hands.

Rafael had guessed all of this, but he did not say anything about it.

Because everyone present had their own ulterior motives and schemed against each other.

Moreover, Rafael had agreed to let the representatives of the nine powerful families participate in the meeting of the hundred schools of thought. This already proved that he supported the alliance between the powerful families and the aristocratic families!

Jasiah then left the ninth floor of Star Tower.

The old man cultivated Confucianism and was knowledgeable, but his strength was only at the warlord level.

But he had a high prestige among the Confucian scholars!

The Confucian lineage belonged to the civil lineage.

The disciples of the civil lineage studied literature and did not practice much of the martial arts.

Therefore, Confucian scholars was generally not strong.

Jasiah was walking downstairs when a cold voice came from behind him, "Mr. Kramer, it seems that you have joined the Northern Army, am I right?" "Who is it? Trenton Joplin!" Jasiah was standing at the entrance of Star Tower. He turned around abruptly and found Trenton standing in front of him.

The third most powerful figure of the Joplin family, a pinnacle with 700 Na of vitality, could kill the old man Jasiah in an instant with a flick of his finger.

"Before I kill you, I won't hide it from you," Trenton said indifferently. "The reason why the nine powerful families came together was to join forces with the aristocratic families to fight against the capital!" "How dare you? There are many storms in Hansworth right now. How dare you people cause trouble?" Jasiah was shocked and furious, and his eyes were filled with killing intent.

However, Trenton said disdainfully, "This is the last chance for the two great entities. With the rise of the elites of the Northern Army, Braydon Neal has already placed a blade on the necks of our families. If our families are destroyed, the aristocratic families will not be able to withstand the blade of the Northern Army. With Braydon Neal's personality, he will destroy the powerful families first, then annihilate the aristocratic families. Do you know that?" "This is not a reason for you to rebel!" Jasiah's tone was firm, not compromising at all.

In the end, Trenton's eyes revealed a ruthless killing intent as he said coldly, "Old thing, I've given you a chance. Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish!" Swoosh!

Trenton flashed past. A sharp broken blade appeared in his left hand, and he slashed upward.

This was a backhanded attack.

The blade flashed with a cold light as it slashed across Jasiah's neck.

With one slash, he severed his carotid artery. Jasiah was lying on the ground with his hands covering his neck. He looked up at the sky with his eyes wide open.

Trenton's eyes turned cold. He bent down and held Jasiah's hand. He dipped his finger in Jasiah's own blood and slowly wrote two big words on the ground.

Northern Army!

He was trying to frame the Northern Army.

Trenton wanted to shift the blame onto Braydon.

All of this happened at the entrance of Star Tower.

Occasionally, there would be martial artists passing by Star Tower. When they saw this scene, they turned a blind eye, as if they did not know anything.

This was because these people were all martial artists of aristocratic families.

Today, Star Tower had called for a meeting of the hundred schools. There was definitely something important to plan and discuss.

Therefore, no matter what happened in Star Tower, the martial artists of the aristocratic families who were not qualified to enter Star Tower would not ask about it, let alone blindly join in the fun.

Otherwise, if they ruined things for the big shots, they would die a hundred times to atone for their sins.

Jasiah died in front of Star Tower.

When the news reached Star Tower's conference hall, everyone was shocked. Many of the leaders of the aristocratic families looked at Rafael, who was in charge of the situation, with fear in their eyes.

Jasiah had an extremely high prestige among the Confucian scholars.

He had to give them an explanation for his death on Mount Woolas today.

Furthermore, Jasiah was backed by the entire Kramer family, which was the representative force of the Confucian scholars.

Rafael slowly turned around and looked at the young man who came in to report. He asked angrily, "Who killed Jasiah?" "We haven't found the murderer yet, but he left two words on blood beside Elder Kramer's body!" The young man who came in to report was covered in cold sweat. He felt a great pressure.

Trenton, who had returned silently, frowned and asked, "What words? This is most likely a clue left behind by Elder Kramer!" "Elder Kramer is highly respected and has been killed on Mount Woolas. We have the responsibility to find the murderer!" Genesis was from the Crawford family, so his words carried a lot of weight.

The young man who reported couldn't help but bow his head, not daring to look Rafael in the eye. He said with great difficulty, "I, I don't dare to say that words!" "I'm here on

behalf of the Crawford family. What are you scared of?" Genesis's words pulled in his relationship with the various aristocratic families present as if he was a brother of the people present, as if he wanted to support them.

Rafael was old and shrewd. He could not help but glance at Trenton and Genesis, then turned around and released his pinnacle pressure.

The aura of a pinnacle with 1,000 Na of vitality swept across the entire venue.

Almost everyone instantly felt a suffocating pressure.

Rafael's aged and decadent aura was swept away. He straightened his body and stared at the young man with sharp eyes. He said sternly, "A murder happened during the hundred schools of thought summit. This is a slap to the faces of the Jansky and Worley families!" As Rafael spoke, he dragged the Jansky family into the mud with him.

Little did he know that Trevor Jansky and the other two were sitting quietly at the side, as silent as ever.

The Jansky family had very little to say!

"Speak!" Rafael snorted coldly. "No matter who it is, I will make them pay with their life for killing Jasiah, whom I have known for decades!

"No matter who it is, that person is way too arrogant!" In the hundred schools of thought summit, other than Jasiah's Confucian line, there were 71 other schools!

Although they were fighting openly and covertly, Jasiah was attacked and killed at the entrance of Star Tower. Didn't that mean that it was their turn next?

How arrogant!

This was equivalent to slapping everyone in the face.

The young man who reported couldn't withstand Rafael's pinnacle pressure and knelt on the ground. He said with a trembling voice, "The words 'Northern Army' were written beside Elder Kramer's body!" Swoosh!

As soon as he said that, the entire place fell silent!

Everyone's eyes were filled with shock and anger.

Was this done by people from the Northern Army?

The people from the northern territory were right below them.

Such a way of doing things was frivolous and overbearing. Killing at the slightest disagreement was King Braydon's style..

The Strongest War God Chapter 838-King Braydon Neal I s Elder Cousin Translation
When the words "Northern Army" were mentioned, the whole place fell silent.

The reason was simple. The one who died was Jasiah Kramer, and he was not part of them.

To all the aristocratic families present, offending the behemoth, the Northern Army, for the sake of an outsider was a completely crazy move.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, everyone slowly looked at Rafael Worley to see what he, the host, had to say.

It was beyond everyone's expectations.

Rafael said with a gloomy face, "The people of the Northern Army are overbearing. They killed the head of the Henderson family on the peak of Mount Tanish. Both sides had conflicts and decided the winner and the loser by force. The strong won, and the weak died. We are all martial artists, so that was an acceptable defeat!

"However, why would the Northern King kill Jasiah?" Rafael's words were somewhat provocative.

He was secretly pulling all the aristocratic families together to fight against Braydon Neal.

However, none of this was important.

More importantly, even if the aristocratic families didn't make a move, Braydon would make a move tonight.

Many of the representatives of the aristocratic families frowned slightly, feeling that something was wrong. However, since Rafael had spoken, they could only suppress their doubts.

At present, it was better for the Worley family to be the leader.

Otherwise, if they raised a different opinion, they would definitely be targeted by the Worley family.

Other than the Jansky family, everyone present feared the Worley family!

The Worley family was second only to the Jansky family in the aristocratic family ranking. They were not to be underestimated and were no weaker than the Crawford family. They had many supporters in the aristocratic family ranking.

Most of what was happening was within Rafael's calculations.

However, Rafael and Genesis Crawford missed one thing.

The Jansky family was still in the conference hall!

When Rafael and the nine powerful families were in the midst of their scheme, the Jansky family finally spoke. Trevor Jansky stood up slowly.

Swoosh!

Everyone's eyes were focused on him.

Rafael was shocked. Although he looked old, he did not dare to use his age to his advantage in front of the Jansky family.

There was a unique characteristic of the direct descendants of the Jansky family, and that was the speed at which they aged was far slower than the others.

After becoming a pinnacle, the Jansky family would not age before they died.

Everyone envied them!

If one did not show any signs of aging, it meant that one's vitality was at its peak.

"Trevor, you are here on behalf of the Jansky family. What do you think?" Rafael slowly said.

"You want to deal with him?" Trevor was very calm as he looked at Rafael, Genesis, and the other members of the aristocratic families.

The word 'you' obviously included everyone present.

"Are you referring to the Garrison King, Braydon Neal?" Trenton Joplin asked.

"Yes!" Trevor nodded calmly.

Rafael said slowly, "The people of the Northern Army attacked the Confucian Master Jasiah at the entrance of Star Tower. They are overbearing and reckless. We need Braydon Neal to give us an explanation for this!" "I'll kill whoever touches him!" Trevor said calmly.

Everyone's expression changed drastically.

The Jansky family had stepped forward to protect Braydon?

What was the meaning of this!

The Jansky family was the most respected family in the aristocratic family ranking.

As the leader of the aristocratic families, he openly supported Braydon. This was too surprising.

The expressions of Genesis and the other representatives of the nine powerful families all changed!

No one had expected such a sudden situation.

Even Rafael's expression was slightly grave.

The entire place was silent.

What Trevor said shocked everyone!

Swoosh!

Beside Trevor, the other two members of the Jansky family, who looked like young men, stood up with cold faces and murderous auras!

Two extremely powerful pinnacle auras were instantly released in the entire hall!

Their auras were like the power of the heavens!

Their vitality was as vast as the sky.

After the two high-level pinnacle martial artists released their vitality, everyone was extremely shocked.

Everyone thought that Trevor was the only one from the Jansky family who was here, and the other two were just a foil.

Now, it seemed that everyone had been too naive.

"The Jansky family is the leader of the aristocratic families. Isn't it a little inappropriate for you to openly support Braydon?" Genesis frowned.

"What is all this noise?" The person who spoke was not Trevor.

It was another young man from the Jansky family, Miles Jansky.

He took a step forward and raised his left hand. His vitality surged out like the sea and gathered into a huge blood-red palm that was ten meters long. He pressed down gently.

With just one palm, Genesis's face turned pale.

"Kneel down!" Miles said calmly.

Bang!

Genesis, the top figure of the Crawford family, knelt on the ground.

"Young man, what are you..." Rafael said in shock and anger.

"For the past hundred years, the descendants of the various branches of the Jansky family have hidden themselves from the world. The Worley family has been in charge of the aristocratic families." The third young man of the Jansky family said, "From today onward, this authority will be taken back!" The leaders of the various aristocratic families were stunned.

The Jansky family was acting uncharacteristically and taking charge of the situation.

What were they trying to do!

Rafael's expression was extremely ugly, but he could not say a word.

As long as the Jansky family didn't fall, they would be able to stand among the aristocratic families.

The so-called Worley family could only stand aside!

The Jansky family, which spanned across the aristocratic families and sects, had an extraordinarily terrifying foundation.

Genesis, the representative of the Crawford family, was suppressed on the spot by Miles with a flip of his hand.

The representatives of the nine powerful families all stopped arguing.

No one dared to go against the Jansky family!

This was a true transcendent power.

Once they spoke, the entire place went silent, and no one dared to defy their will.

Coincidentally, at this moment.

On the balcony of a guest room on the seventh floor of Star Tower, a young man dressed in white stood with his hands behind his back, quietly looking at a corpse on the ground.

Two blood-red words were written beside the corpse.

Northern Army!

These two words were like a sword that could kill one's heart.

Braydon watched quietly with his hands behind his back and said calmly, "Have you checked it out?" "Elder Kramer died at the hands of Trenton Joplin, the third most powerful figure in the Joplin family. This is top-secret information that came back from the hidden agent a minute ago!" The one-armed Maddox Johnstone stood silently behind him and reported the news to Braydon.

The hidden agents of the Northern Army were well-hidden among the four great entities.

There were more than ten thousand martial artists from the aristocratic families on Mount Woolas, and only Luther Carden of the northern territory knew how many of them were amongst them.

Then, Maddox cupped his fists and said, "The news of Elder Kramer's death has reached the capital. Pinnacle Sutton Wall just sent news that the Martial Emperor has something to say to you!" As soon as he finished speaking.

Braydon's left hand fiddled with his wristwatch, and it started to vibrate.

It was a video call from his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi.

Braydon quietly picked up the call. Looking at the image projected by his watch, he couldn't help but bow slightly and say, "Teacher!" "Braydon, what happened on Mount Woolas?" Jasiah's death had alarmed Martial Emperor Yanagi in the capital!

Although Jasiah's martial strength was very low, he was a Confucian Master, one of the seven Grand Scholars of the capital, and had a great number of students under him.

Jasiah had died in an accident, so he needed to give the Confucian scholars an explanation..

The Strongest War God Chapter 839-Why Aren 't You Kneeling?

Braydon Neal stood on the balcony and stared at the body downstairs. He said calmly, "Trenton Joplin killed Elder Kramer and shifted the blame to the Northern Army. The

powerful families and aristocratic families are forming an alliance to go against me.”
“Use Trenton Joplin’s life to give an explanation to the Confucian scholars!” Martial Emperor Yanagi ordered indifferently.

“Yes, Teacher!” Braydon nodded.

Then, Martial Emperor Yanagi hung up.

Martial Emperor Yanagi called just for this matter.

Actually, there was one more thing that Martial Emperor Yanagi did not ask Braydon.

That was when he would reactivate the Northern King Sword!

However, Martial Emperor Yanagi did not ask this question.

Because if Braydon wanted to reactivate the Northern King Sword, today was his chance.

Someone was plotting against the Northern Army and had offended the Qilin Lord Braydon.

With Braydon’s personality, he would definitely make use of this chance to make a fuss.

The powerful families killed Jasiah Kramer and framed the Northern Army. This act represented the alliance between the powerful and aristocratic families and their intention to fight against the Northern Army.

How could Braydon let them succeed?

After the call ended.

Braydon looked downstairs with his hands behind his back. Beside Jasiah’s body, seven young men had appeared. They seemed to be the same age as Braydon, and one of them was an acquaintance.

It was Callen Kramer.

Back then, before he was conferred the title on Mount Tanish, Callen and a few other people were on the list of candidates for the title. If Braydon had not stepped in to carry the country’s fate, Callen would have died long ago!

Today, he appeared again and looked at his grandfather’s corpse.

Callen knelt on the ground and howled at the sky, “Braydon Neal, get the hell out here!” His voice was like an injured lone wolf, making one’s hair stand on end.

He had publicly insulted the king of the northern territory.

He should be punished for his crime!

Stone Normand and the rest of the 72 generals of the Ministry of War drew their cold swords from their waists. Their bodies were filled with killing intent as they shouted coldly, "Anyone who calls out the name of the commander will be beheaded!" Winter Ziemer, Khari Jewett, and the others were all present.

They were from the Ministry of War and were all hidden agents of the Northern Army. Their eyes were filled with killing intent, and they wanted to kill Callen.

However, there were six young men accompanying Callen!

Three of the six people were pinnacles.

They were from the Confucian school!

The hundred schools of thought all had powerful geniuses in their legacies.

These three people were known as the three giants of Confucianism!

The three young men were all pinnacles. Their expressions were ugly and filled with anger. They turned around and shouted in unison, "Is the Northern Army bullying the Confucian scholars?" Boom!

Three powerful pinnacle auras erupted.

The three giants of Confucianism were Kendall Kramer, Jefford Kramer, and Lowman Kramer!

The three of them were from the Kramer family and were all Confucian scholars. They blocked Stone's blade.

Just as they were about to make their move.

On the seventh floor of Star Tower, on the balcony of a room, a white-robed youth stepped down from the sky and said calmly, "Stone, retreat!" Stone and the others sheathed their swords and retreated.

The only person who could make the 72 generals of the Ministry of War retreat was the white-robed Braydon.

His lips were red and his teeth were white. He was as handsome as the young master of an aristocratic family. He quietly walked into the arena with his hands behind his back.

Callen's eyes were bloodshot as he said hoarsely, "Braydon Neal, why did you kill my grandfather?" "Not only are you useless, but you're also very stupid!" Braydon said calmly.

Jefford, one of the three giants of Confucianism, said angrily, "Braydon Neal, you killed someone, yet you still dare to be so arrogant?" "You do not have the right to speak. Get lost!" Braydon glanced over indifferently.

In the next moment.

His thin body released a terrifying aura.

An old and heavenly aura erupted from Braydon's body and instantly sent Jefford flying.

Jefford coughed up blood and flew back more than ten meters before crashing heavily onto the ground.

He was a pinnacle!

He was Jefford, one of the three giants of Confucianism!

And the result?

Braydon's aura had just been released and he was already severely injured.

The Northern King was even more terrifying.

Lester Crawford, who was hiding in Star Tower and watching the show, said disdainfully, "Three pieces of trash. Where did they get the guts to challenge him? They must really want to die!" Lester, who had been hiding, knew that it would not be a peaceful day.

He had to hide well, lest he was splashed with blood.

Callen's eyes were bloodshot as he said hoarsely, "The words written in blood by my grandfather are irrefutable evidence. As the Northern King, how dare you lie?" Braydon glanced at him indifferently and slowly took off the cloud treading Qilin robe on his shoulder, revealing the Northern King Sword at his waist. He did not explain anything.

Because Braydon had already said it.

Not only was Callen incompetent, he was also stupid!

Braydon was the Northern King and would not explain anything to him.

And anyone who knew Braydon could tell that there was something fishy about Jasiah's death.

What kind of a person was Braydon?

After Braydon returned from the northern territory, he had gone to the capital several times and killed more than a hundred heads of the powerful families. He had thoroughly offended the powerful families.

Both sides had formed a blood feud that could not be resolved!

On the first day Braydon came to Mount Woolas, he had severely injured Trevor Jansky and killed Orlando Henderson, the head of the Henderson family.

What did this mean?

This meant that Braydon wasn't even afraid of the Jansky family and even dared to behead the Henderson family's patriarch. Why would he be afraid to attack Jasiah?

Killing in secret was out of line with Braydon's style!

If Braydon wanted to kill Jasiah, he could have done it with a single strike. He would not leave the chance for him to write the words 'Northern Army'.

This was the biggest loophole.

Therefore, Braydon had no patience to explain to the stupid Callen and the others.

On the contrary.

Braydon turned around and roared like a tiger, his voice reverberating throughout Mount Woolas. "Everyone on the ninth floor, do you know what crime you have committed for plotting against the Northern Army?" The Qilin Lord's voice resounded throughout the sky.

The representatives of the hundred schools who were originally in the conference hall on the ninth floor all appeared.

Among them were Trevor, Miles Jansky, and Lothario Jansky.

Rafael Worley and Genesis Crawford looked at each other and saw the fear in each other's eyes.

They had never expected that the Jansky family would intervene and protect King Braydon.

Things were already complicated!

Jackson Zambrano, the fourth-ranked figure of the Zambrano family, represented the fourth-ranked family. He nodded slightly and said, "Your Highness..." "According to ancient etiquette, those without official positions and titles must kneel when they meet the Garrison King!

"Why aren't you kneeling?" Braydon asked indifferently.

Jackson's expression turned ugly. He didn't expect Braydon to use his status as the Garrison King to suppress him.

Everyone knew that the powerful families and the Northern Army were like fire and water.

Wanting Jackson to kneel to a youth from the north?

How could Jackson accept this!

"Jackson Zambrano of the Zambrano family greets Your Highness!" He bowed slightly and said.

"If you don't kneel when you see me, it's a sin!

"For martial artists of powerful families, the punishment will be threefold!

"Kill!

Braydon took a step forward, and a gust of wind blew from the ground.

The strong wind fluttered his white clothes, and his entire body was filled with a murderous and dignified aura.

Braydon was like a teenager, noble beyond words.

His aura had fully recovered, and the blood in his body was faintly agitated.

Everyone present was a big shot, and there was no lack of people who were carrying small vitality measuring devices. The wristwatch on their hands beeped as a mechanical voice sounded.. "Warning! Warning! Pinnacle with 10,000 Na vitality detected nearby..."

The Strongest War God Chapter 840-Killing Jackson with a Hundred Swords!

The mechanical voice was cold and silent. It was a clear warning!

The vitality measuring devices in the crowd were sending out warnings that a pinnacle with high vitality was approaching.

Who was it?

Only Braydon Neal was there in the entire place!

However, it made all the martial artists present tremble in fear.

The king of the northern territory had recently entered the pinnacle realm, but his accumulation of vitality had already exceeded 10,000 Na?

No one dared to believe it.

The representatives of the aristocratic families, a total of 500 people, revealed shocked expressions.

However, the numbers on the small vitality measuring devices kept changing.

From 10,000 Na... It became 20,000 Na... 30,000 Na!

70,000 Na!

The red numbers kept flashing.

This number shocked everyone present.

Genesis Crawford and Rafael Worley looked like they had seen a ghost.

Only the three amongst them remained calm.

That was the Jansky family members!

Braydon's aura had undoubtedly caused the vitality in his bones to become restless.

It was his pinnacle foundation!

There was a slight explosion in the area. The small vitality measuring devices had touched their detection limit.

All the devices exploded!

Jackson Zambrano of the Zambrano family was scared out of his wits.

Who was Jackson?

He was the number four figure of the Zambrano family and had power and influence. Even though he was a pinnacle, he was not so strong as to reach the point of being extraordinary.

Braydon raised his left hand and said coldly, "Aura as vast as the heavens, dominating the human world alone. Break!" Boom!

Braydon's frail body released an aura that was similar to that of the country's fate and heavenly might on Mount Tanish.

This pressure was the symbol of a pinnacle martial artist with a vitality of 100,000 Na.

Who in the audience could take it?

The aura pressure of 100,000 Na of vitality was the pressure of an eminent pinnacle.

The lowest vitality of an eminent pinnacle was 80,000 Na, and the highest was 160,000 Na.

At this moment, Braydon's aura was at that level of terror.

This aura turned into invisible swords, and there were as many as a hundred of them. Invisible sword Qi swept through the area.

A hurricane appeared in the sky and covered Jackson's entire body.

Jackson's face was pale. Under this invisible pressure, he did not have the slightest strength to retaliate. He smelled a strong sense of danger and roared hoarsely, "No!" Swoosh!

The sword Qi formed by the aura instantly pierced through Jackson's body.

The hundred blades pierced the body, and seven of the blades pierced the heart.

A pinnacle, the fourth most powerful figure of the Zambrano family, became a porcupine.

The entire place was silent.

The pinnacle martial artists present revealed deep fear and horror in their eyes.

The white-robed young man, King Braydon was truly terrifying!

In the next moment.

It was not over yet!

The nine powerful families had joined forces with the aristocratic families to plot against the Northern Army.

The Northern Army was not that easy to bully.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Braydon was like a young emperor, his left hand holding the black hilt of his sword. He said calmly, "The capital's Confucian Master Jasiah Kramer died in Star Tower. I have been ordered by the Martial Emperor to investigate this matter thoroughly!" "Braydon Neal, you're such a hypocrite. You killed my grandfather, yet you're here acting all righteous!" Callen Kramer's eyes were red as he roared in a frenzy.

Braydon frowned slightly and looked at him calmly. Finally, he replied calmly, "If it weren't for me protecting you on the peak of Mount Tanish, your grandfather and over nine thousand Confucian scholars would have been executed by the Martial Emperor!

"I became a general at the age of seven, and became a War God at the age of nine. I have been in the northern territory since then.

"The swords of the Northern Army are not stained with the blood of the innocent!

"Even if Jasiah Kramer really died in my hands, who are you to question me? I killed hundreds of powerful family heads in Heroes Square!

"I have a death feud with the powerful families. A few days ago, I killed the head of the Henderson family, Orlando Henderson, on Mount Woolas!

"If I truly want to touch you, I can mobilize my elites and wipe out the Kramer family with just a word!

Braydon was still a tyrant, and he was extremely disappointed in the idiot, Callen.

He really didn't know how such a person was chosen as a candidate to carry the fate of the country.

This kind of trash was not even qualified to be a regimental commander in the Northern Army!

The generals of the Northern Army were not only brave and good at fighting, they were also very resourceful.

Otherwise, how do you think the Northern Army managed to become an invincible legend!

Callen's eyes were bloodshot as he said hoarsely, "Before my grandfather died, he used his own blood to write the words 'Northern Army'!" "This is the biggest flaw there is!" The one-armed Maddox Johnstone said coldly, "The commander has spent half his life in the military. If he were to kill an enemy, he would kill them with a single slash. He would not leave the enemy any chance to write anything." "What if Elder Kramer died at the hands of the Northern Army's hidden agents and not at the hands of His Royal Highness?" A sinister voice came from the crowd of aristocratic family martial artists.

Immediately, Callen, who was originally puzzled, was once again furious.

There were also the three giants of Confucianism, their faces filled with hatred.

Braydon shook his head gently. "How foolish. I'll investigate this matter thoroughly tonight under the orders of the Martial Emperor Yanagi! "You only have one chance. The murderer shall come forward on his own!"

"Otherwise, everyone will be killed!" Braydon was not bluffing.

All the martial artists present were shocked.

Braydon wanted to use this as an excuse to slaughter all the martial artists of the aristocratic families on Mount Woolas?

This was way too crazy!

Was Braydon crazy?

This wasn't an impulsive action!

The representatives of the nine powerful families came to Mount Woolas, wanting to ally with the aristocratic families.

The two great entities joined forces to fight against the Northern Army.

With Braydon's personality, how could he let them do this?

Without a doubt.

He had to stop it.

Today, Mount Woolas would most probably be covered in blood.

"Your Highness, you..." Rafael said in shock and anger.

"Tell me, who is the murderer?" Braydon held the sword in his left hand.

The Northern King Sword was about to be reactivated.

If the Northern King Sword was unsheathed, it would be difficult for the martial artists of the various aristocratic families to survive.

Rafael's eyelids twitched slightly. He said in a low voice, "I was on the ninth floor earlier, presiding over a meeting of the aristocratic families. Jasiah died in front of Star Tower. I have no idea who killed him." "A bunch of useless nonsense!" Braydon said calmly.

Swoosh!

The Northern King Sword at his waist released a soaring killing intent.

The Northern King Sword had been reactivated!

The pitch-black heavy blade was unsheathed. It was filled with a cold texture, accompanied by an iron-blooded killing aura.

Rafael retreated in shock and said angrily, "What are you doing?" "Eight techniques, activate!" Braydon's body emitted a white light.

The white light was like a rosy cloud. It was the light of the eight techniques.

Ever since Braydon had created his ninth technique, the backlash of the Thousand Feathers had been reduced to a freezing point.

That was why he was able to use the eight techniques so casually.

The ninth technique, the Banished Immortal, suppressed the backlash of the Thousand Feathers Technique.

This was something that Braydon only realized after he created the ninth technique.

Right before everyone's eyes.

Braydon activated the eight techniques, and once he used the instant technique, his speed was almost godlike. His basic speed was 300 meters per second.

But now, his speed had doubled.

Braydon was already behind Rafael with the sword in his left hand. The blade swept across the sky..

The Strongest War God Chapter 841-Serious Crimes with Ironclad Evidence!

Rafael Worley was terrified as he said hoarsely, "A cold sword is not stained with the blood of the innocent. May I ask, Your Highness, what crime have I committed?" Swoosh!

The cold sword in Braydon Neal's hand stopped in mid-air, only three centimeters away from Rafael's neck.

Rafael broke out in cold sweat. Braydon was too fast, and he couldn't react in time.

He quickly retreated, trying to put a safe distance between him and Braydon.

Braydon looked at him calmly and said softly, "Old thing, how can you be considered innocent?!" Swoosh!

Braydon looked like he was standing still, but in reality, he was just an afterimage.

With the Northern King Sword in hand, he appeared behind Rafael and slashed his neck.

His head flew up!

Rafael's eyes were filled with unwillingness, shock, and anger. He did not expect to die so miserably.

Then, endless darkness enveloped his consciousness, and he died on the spot.

This scene shocked all the aristocratic families!

All the representatives of the aristocratic families were extremely afraid.

How strong was Rafael?

1,000 Na of vitality and 100,000 pounds of fist force.

Such an expert was actually unable to retaliate when facing Braydon.

Braydon reactivated the Northern King Sword. After it was stained with blood, he hovered in the sky with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Rafael Worley of the Worley family secretly allied with nine powerful families to resist the capital and encroach on the country's power. He wanted to set up a separate regime and became king. The punishment for his crimes is the death those directly related to him!

"The nine powerful families are plotting against the Northern Army, which is a great crime.

“Both sides have joined forces to murder the capital’s Confucian Master Jasiah Kramer.”
Braydon’s words were cold and merciless.

After Rafael’s death, Braydon revealed which red line he had violated.

Therefore, how could Rafael be considered innocent?

He deserved to die!

Genesis Crawford, Trenton Joplin, and the others were extremely shocked and furious.

Wasn’t it enough for Braydon to kill one of the representatives of the nine powerful families?

He wanted to bring disaster to all the nine powerful families.

Braydon intended to use this opportunity to declare war on the powerful families.

The representatives of the hundred schools were even more shocked and furious.

They felt that it was all the nine powerful families’ fault. As if it wasn’t enough for Braydon to kill the powerful families, he was trying to drag the aristocratic families down as well.

He was too much!

After Braydon gave the order to kill.

All the martial artists there had the intention to resist.

However, Sigmund Anderson of the Anderson family was fat, fierce, and ugly. He was the epitome of a villain.

He knew that the Northern Army Sword was hanging above his head.

Cold swords hung above the heads of all the martial artists present.

These were swords that were used to kill.

The second-in-command of the Anderson family revealed a trace of helplessness in the depths of his eyes. He knew that he could not hide anymore.

If he didn’t reveal his identity as the No. 102 hidden agent of the Northern Army, he would die in the hands of the commander!

The scene was silent.

Sigmund's fat body was very agile, and in a flash, he pulled away from the others.

Genesis's eyes were filled with confusion. In the next moment, he was furious. He understood why Sigmund had distanced himself from them.

"Sigmund Anderson of the Northern Army pays his respects to the young master!" Sigmund took a step forward, knelt down on one knee, and shouted.

Swoosh!

Everyone looked over in shock.

The second-in-command of the Anderson family was actually a hidden agent of the Northern Army?

"Sigmund Anderson! Why you..." "What?! What's there to be shocked about? When the young master went to Northern Army when he was young, I was his bodyguard and protected him for two years. When the master went missing, I went back to the Anderson family and did nothing but watch you bastards plot to harm my young master!" Sigmund was ferocious.

However, the moment he opened his mouth, he sounded like an old Northern Army man.

Only the ruthless people of the Northern Army would be so arrogant.

After Finley Yanagi disappeared, a small portion of the oldest hidden agents in the Northern Army became uncontactable, but most of them took the initiative to contact the northern region.

Sigmund was a hidden agent of the older generation!

The elders hid in the shadows and did not show themselves until they received military orders.

The key point was that Sigmund was not stupid. There was already a cold sword hanging over his head. If he did not reveal his identity now, he would surely die under the blade of the Northern King.

Sigmund's action of kneeling down stunned everyone present.

Everyone was stunned!

Genesis's face turned pale. Even Trenton and the other representatives of the aristocratic families understood what this meant!

Sigmund was the second-in-command of the Anderson family!

The Anderson family was a super powerful family that was second only to the Crawford family.

Sigmund was the second most important person and the representative of the Anderson family.

He knew many of the core secrets of the powerful families!

Including the alliance between Trenton and the Worley family.

Otherwise, without Sigmund's message, Maddox Johnstone and the others would not have gotten such information within minutes. It was a hidden agent who revealed it to Maddox.

And this hidden agent was Sigmund.

His code name was BL102.

The code name was self-evident.

The position of this hidden agent was even higher than Maddox.

Maddox was BL103.

The top 100 hidden agents of the Northern Army were scattered in the 100 countries outside the border.

In Hansworth, Sigmund was the No. 2 hidden agent from the Northern Army.

"Uncle Anderson!" Braydon stepped forward and whispered.

Calling him Uncle Anderson was enough to prove the relationship between Braydon and Sigmund.

Sigmund had an evil look on his face, but he was actually gentle. His eyes couldn't help but turn red, and he said in a hoarse voice, "Ten years ago, you were only this tall. In the blink of an eye, you're all grown up and famous in Hansworth." "Uncle Anderson, you've suffered great grievances all these years. Kevis and Leonis are doing well in the Northern Army. They are serving as regimental commanders in the first legion!" The two that Braydon mentioned were Sigmund's two sons.

They were Kevis Anderson and Leonis Anderson. The two sons served in the first legion of the Northern Army.

The first legion was once personally controlled by Braydon and was the very first legion of the Northern Army.

Sigmund's eyes were filled with longing. After he left the northern territory, he had not seen his children for ten years.

He said hoarsely, "Those two unfilial children have been naughty and useless since they were young. Kevis arrogant and conceited, while Leonis is a little cowardly. How can they be regimental commanders? They must have caused trouble for Young Master!" "Uncle Anderson, that's not true. They are like my younger brothers. Moreover, Kevis's arrogance has worn off. Leonis is the first regimental commander and is considered the leader of the ten regimental commanders." Braydon was not just saying nice things to comfort Sigmund.

It was the truth!

Joy flashed across Sigmund's eyes. He knew that the young master would never lie to him.

All the fathers in the world hoped for their children to become successful!

Sigmund was no exception.

Braydon turned around and shouted coldly, "Pass down the Northern King's order. Send the two regimental commanders of the Northern Army's first legion, Kevis Anderson and Leonis Anderson, to Mount Woolas!" "Yes, sir!" Maddox turned around to pass on Braydon's order.

After the military order was passed down.

"Before Kevis and the others come, I need to finish what I was doing." Braydon said softly..

The Strongest War God Chapter 842-You Want an All-Out War?

What Braydon Neal wanted to do was to wipe out the martial artists of the powerful families in front of him!

"Commander, the nine powerful families have joined forces with the Worley family, forming an alliance to resist the Northern Army and pressure the capital. The evidence is conclusive!" Sigmund Anderson cupped his fists and took out all the evidence.

The evidence was irrefutable.

Genesis Crawford and the others did not need to worm their way out of this anymore.

Some of the aristocratic families panicked and said, "Your Highness, we really didn't know about this!" "Yeah. As soon as the representatives of the nine powerful families arrived, Elder Kramer exposed their conspiracy. That's why they attacked and killed him and framed His Royal Highness!" "That's right, I've long suspected that it was the Crawford family who did this!" "There's no doubt that it's them. It must be the martial artists of the Crawford family who killed Elder Kramer and framed the Northern Army to incite us to fight against each other!" "Yes, that must be the case!" For a moment, the representatives of the various aristocratic families no longer looked high and mighty like before. They all tried their best to distance themselves from the Crawford family.

Seeing that they were having a falling out, Trenton Joplin said coldly, "Everyone, don't think that you will be able to escape unscathed. His Royal Highness swore an oath when he was young to kill all four entities. Now that he has such incriminating evidence in his hands, do you think he will let you off?" "Bastards, you are the ones who brought this disaster upon us!" It would have been better if Trenton hadn't said anything, but he had just said those words when he aroused public anger.

The representatives of the various aristocratic families revealed killing intent in their eyes. They wanted nothing more than to kill Trenton and the others.

In the eyes of these people, Trenton and the others were the ones who had caused the disaster.

Otherwise, why would Braydon want to hurt the martial artists of the aristocratic families in a fit of anger on Mount Woolas?

The order to kill had already been issued. Moreover, he was doing it in the name of the Martial Emperor. This would bring disaster to the immediate families of the nine powerful families. This was equivalent to a war!

Genesis's eyes were as cold as a snake as he stared at Braydon and said in a low voice, "You want an all-out war?" "As long as one Northern Army man is still alive, we won't allow the martial artists of your families to exist. The world that I protect cannot tolerate you, so why would I hold back!" Braydon held the Northern King Sword in his left hand, and his body emitted a white light that was like a rosy cloud.

He had an otherworldly temperament that made people feel no killing intent.

However, Braydon's words were filled with terrifying killing intent.

If Braydon made a move, he would not leave any way out for his enemies.

The true nature of an overlord, the skills of a mighty lord, and the bearing of a sovereign lord!

Braydon possessed all of these characteristics!

This was closely related to the teachings that he received when he was young.

His teacher, Finley Yanagi, was once known as the overlord of the north.

His other teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, was the mighty lord of the capital.

As for who the sovereign lord was... There were probably very few martial artists in the world who knew of this person's existence.

This sovereign lord was perhaps the most terrifying person standing behind Braydon!

At this moment, when Genesis heard Braydon's words, he said with a solemn expression, "An all-out war is bound to lead to chaos. Now that the enemy is at the great defensive walls, how dare you start a war with the powerful families?" These words were clearly aimed at Braydon!

Genesis believed that the capital would not dare to let Braydon act recklessly.

Now that the country was in a precarious situation, if the Northern Army and the powerful families were to start a war, there would be internal and external troubles. It would definitely be a riot of the same scale as a hundred years ago.

Therefore, Genesis was extremely nervous. He watched the young man in white in front of him and wondered if he really dared to start a war of such scale.

Everyone was silent.

Under the watchful eyes of all the martial artists, Braydon slowly withdrew his Northern King Sword.

The sword returned to its sheath.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

Genesis's lips curled into a cold smile, with a hint of mockery.

He believed that Braydon was afraid!

After all, who would dare to underestimate the powerful families?

Just as Genesis heaved a sigh of relief.

A cold and indifferent voice sounded, "A hundred swords!" "What?!" Genesis's eyes were filled with shock and anger as he looked at Braydon.

Braydon raised his left hand, and his slender index finger landed in the air.

He used the power of vitality as a medium to form 13 sword talismans.

Each sword talisman lit up faintly, and 117 red swords appeared.

The swords were like a river, hanging by Braydon's side.

It was the one hundred Qi-imperial swords!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, his white clothes fluttering in the wind. He said softly, "Heaven-Splitting Forbidden Technique!" It was known as one of the strongest of the ten forbidden techniques.

Nothing was unbreakable using this technique!

The red swords were three to five times sharper than before.

Braydon placed his hands behind his back and stood with a hundred swords beside him. He looked at Genesis quietly and said softly, "The swords of Mount Sino can flatten the mountains and seas, while the swords of the Northern Army can destroy the mortal world!

"Today, I officially declare war on the powerful families. What can you do about "Whoever dares to cause trouble will be killed without mercy!" Braydon's words echoed throughout Mount Woolas.

In the next moment.

He raised his left hand, and the hundred red swords followed his gesture. They swept out like a galaxy, killing Genesis from all directions. Wherever the swords passed, the grass and trees turned into dust, and the rocks turned into sand.

The swords of Mount Sino could take Genesis's life!

Genesis was not the only person Braydon wanted to kill.

There was also Trenton!

Except for Sigmund, the hidden agent of the Northern Army, the rest of the people would not survive.

The alliance between the powerful and aristocratic families had to be nipped in the bud.

If the two great entities joined forces, they would be able to contend against the Northern Army. Once they were in a standoff, the endless internal strife would consume them, and the hundred countries would take advantage of the situation.

The only way to prevent this from happening was to kill!

He quickly resolved all of this with a crushing force.

Braydon's hundred swords of Qi were not only going to kill Genesis.

The surrounding thirty people were all within the range of the hundred swords.

This action caused Trenton and the others to be shocked. They shouted, "Braydon Neal, you're way too overbearing. You've provoked thirty pinnacles. If we join forces, we'll definitely kill you!" This sentence stirred the hearts of everyone there.

The four great entities dreamt of killing Braydon.

Today, if they joined forces to kill Braydon, the powerful families and aristocratic families would no longer have anyone threatening them.

The Qilin Lord was really too domineering.

He was single-handedly causing chaos to the four great entities and dominating the country.

If he really succeeded in the future, none of the families behind the martial artists present would be able to protect themselves.

Braydon stood there quietly and smiled lightly. "A few days ago, outside Hollow Pass, I killed more than a hundred pinnacle martial artists!" "What?" Trenton's pupils constricted, and his eyes revealed a look of horror.

If this was true... Had Braydon's strength really reached an invincible level?

Him entering the pinnacle realm had made him a truly powerful force.

Was there truly no one who could suppress the Northern King?!

While Trenton was in a daze, three red long swords had already reached his face.

A red sword tip touched Trenton's left shoulder, and his black coat was instantly torn apart, revealing a faint layer of dark yellow light.

It was an armor!

A martial artist's protective inner armor was forged from rare refining materials.

Trenton sneered and retreated. He said indifferently, "My golden armor can withstand pinnacle weapons!" "Break!" Braydon glanced over indifferently..

The Strongest War God Chapter 843-The Jansky Family's Secret!

The red sword's speed increased sharply, and its sharp edge instantly broke through the golden armor.

A handful of hot blood splashed into the sky.

Trenton Joplin's left shoulder was pierced through by the sword. Cold sweat trickled down his back as he said angrily, "What?! How is that possible? No... It's the forbidden technique, Heaven-Splitting!" "The forbidden technique, Heaven-Splitting, is said to be invincible. It has been lost for hundreds of years, but he has cultivated this technique. Don't take his sword head-on." Genesis Crawford made his move and released all of his vitality.

Vitality of 1,000 Na!

This was the symbol of a veteran pinnacle.

To be able to reach 1,000 Na in vitality was not something that ordinary people could imagine.

Genesis punched out with a force of 100,000 pounds. He wanted to dodge the red sword and kill Braydon Neal with his fist force.

This was the sad part about low-level pinnacles.

If he was a high -level pinnacle, he could release vitality and even transform it.

Vitality transformed into wings could fly into the sky and travel through space.

Low-level pinnacles had to use their physical strength to kill the enemy.

This was the strength of a pinnacle, but it was also his weakness.

Although the pinnacle body was strong, one still had to rely on his fists and feet to kill.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. He controlled a hundred swords with his Qi. No one could get within ten meters of him.

He suppressed more than 30 pinnacle martial artists on the scene by himself.

This unrivaled martial strength was enough to prove that Braydon was not lying earlier.

Not long ago, he had really killed more than a hundred pinnacles in one battle!

The battle of pinnacles completely erupted.

On the peak of Mount Woolas, the martial artists below the pinnacle realm retreated in shock.

For example, the 72 generals of the Ministry of War, Stone Normand, and the others, did not dare to participate in a battle between martial artists of this level.

If they were to participate, they would probably be killed on the spot!

A conferred king's strength, speed, and reaction speed were on a completely different level compared to a pinnacle martial artist.

Braydon controlled his hundred swords and forcefully charged out of the ten-meter vacuum.

No living creature could get within ten meters of him.

He stood quietly on the spot with his hands behind his back and looked at the surrounding pinnacle martial artists as if he did not feel any pressure.

On the other hand, Genesis was forced to retreat step by step, unable to approach Braydon at all.

In the depths of Mount Woolas, in a run-down courtyard overgrown with weeds, a faint sigh could be heard. "Sigh, after a hundred years, the Neal family has produced another genius. If we let him grow, how will the aristocratic families survive?" An old voice sounded faintly, and an evil wind blew on Mount Woolas.

The wind blew up the dust and sand, making it difficult for people to open their eyes.

A black shadow appeared in the dilapidated courtyard. Its speed was so fast that it probably exceeded the speed of sound.

He had appeared!

He was a skinny old man who was like a walking skeleton. He was so skinny that he looked unrecognizable. His eyes were turbid and dull, revealing his pointy head. His white hair had long fallen off.

He was like a living ghost!

When a person had aged to such an extent, they could really die at any time.

He was wearing a black ancient costume as he appeared in front of Braydon. He raised his withered hand and slapped Braydon in the chest.

A brazen attack!

Old antiques from the aristocratic families were the most terrifying of all.

In their eyes, there was no Hansworth, only their own families. They pursued the ideals of family above all else, and when necessary, they would take over the country and control the world.

When Braydon was attacked, his thin clothes exploded on the spot, turning into strips of cloth.

A clear black handprint appeared on his chest.

Braydon was almost blown off Mount Woolas.

At this critical moment, someone made a move!

The Jansky family members attacked.

Trevor Jansky and the other two brothers moved in a flash.

Trevor moved to the side and appeared behind Braydon. His hands seemed to be supporting and holding Braydon, preventing him from being blown backward. A wave of extremely soft power instantly spread throughout Braydon's body and helped him absorb more than 70% of the power.

However, even so... The palm broke Braydon's heart meridian.

His sternum shattered!

The old man hiding in Mount Woolas was probably a conferred pinnacle.

The minimum vitality of a conferred pinnacle was 20,000 Na, and the maximum was 40,000 Na.

In other words, this old man had at least 20,000 Na of vitality, and his punch could at least produce 1,000 tons of force.

How terrifying was this power?

Even a heavy tank could be flattened with a single punch in front of an expert of this level.

Braydon had suffered a fatal attack from such an expert.

For pinnacle martial artists, 1,000 Na of vitality was a small gap.

10,000 Na of vitality, on the other hand, was like a natural chasm dividing the world.

When one had cultivated ancient martial arts to this level, they would be considered a powerhouse in the glorious era of ancient martial arts.

At this moment, Trevor took out a jade gourd from his pocket. Inside was a crystal-clear pill!

It was a medicinal pill.

It was a healing pill refined by a true alchemist in ancient times.

The medicinal ingredients required for the refinement were all old herbs.

In modern times, spirit herbs were extinct, pill formulas could not be found, and refining techniques were lost.

It was a rare treasure in the world, and every pill consumed was a pill less that existed in the world.

Trevor had been severely injured by the sword Qi of the heavenly sword, but he did not seem to hold a grudge against Braydon. Instead, he took out his own life-saving pill and gave it to Braydon.

"Take this and you will live!" Trevor said in a low voice.

"Why are you saving me?" Braydon swallowed the pill and sat cross-legged, circulating his eight techniques.

The pill exploded in Braydon's stomach, turning into a surging medicinal power that healed Braydon's injuries like a flood.

His broken heart meridians were slowly recovering!

This kind of medicine could revive the dead, flesh and bones!

Trevor stood in front of Braydon and slowly raised his left hand.

There was a mark on the back of his left hand!

This mark was red!

The red mark was like a blooming lotus flower. It was very clear. The flower had seven petals, forming the red lotus mark.

Braydon was currently recuperating and had no time to look at the mark.

Trevor looked at the mark on the back of his hand and said faintly, "The mark of the fire lotus is the symbol of the Jansky family's inheritance. Outsiders don't know about the inheritance of the Jansky family, and they can't distinguish between direct descendants and branch descendants!

"The inheritance of the Jansky family is completely different from the inheritance of the secular powerful and aristocratic families. The members of the Jansky family only acknowledge the Fiery Lotus Mark and nothing else!

"The number of lotus petals is the most important factor in identifying the Fiery Lotus Mark!

"The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark marks the supreme leader. All members of the Jansky family will obey his orders. All the Jansky family members will regard him as the family leader!

"A six-petal Fiery Lotus Mark is a direct descendant of the Jansky family. If they haven't reached great success, the Jansky family will take good care of them no matter who they meet!

"Just like the riot a hundred years ago, the pinnacle of the Alpha Empire crossed the border and arrived in Jover. He relied on his high-level powers to kill a young son of the Jansky family. That young son was only seven years old, and his name was Noah Jansky. He was born with a seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, just like me!

"The mark of the seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark indicates a son of the Jansky family. That pinnacle and the seven pinnacles of the Locke family behind him were wiped out by a black-robed youth overnight!

"That black-robed youth was my grandfather!" Trevor stood beside Braydon and talked about the Fiery Lotus Mark..

The Strongest War God Chapter 844-The Real Overpowering Sword Fiery Lotus Mark.

This symbol was unique to the Jansky family!

It had a history of thousands of years, and it was something that every member of the Jansky family should know.

Braydon Neal didn't know about it.

That was why Trevor Jansky was slowly explaining to him.

The higher the number of petals on the Fiery Lotus Mark, the higher its status.

Nine was the highest.

Six were direct descendants.

Three were branch relatives.

This was the inheritance rule of the Jansky family that differentiated the direct line of descent from the branch line.

Outsiders didn't know about this secret, so how could one differentiate between the direct descendants and branch descendants of the Jansky family!

It did not matter where the Jansky family members were, for as long as they knew how to identify the Fiery Lotus Mark, they would be able to know who they were.

Such a unique method of inheritance.

If the Jansky family did not tell anyone, outsiders would never know!

Trevor said softly, "It has been seven hundred years since the Jansky family has produced a pure bloodline of nine petals. Colton had an eight-petal Fiery Lotus Mark back then.

"He had eight and a half petals!" Braydon circulated the Great Void of Kylo Art and absorbed the medicinal power of the pill like a whale swallowing water. The medicinal power was fully absorbed, and his upper body was naked. The black palm print on his chest had already disappeared.

Braydon pulled the cloud treading Qilin's robe and wrapped it around himself.

Braydon wasn't completely ignorant when it came to the Jansky family's Fiery Lotus Mark.

On the contrary, how could Braydon not understand Colton Jansky, the son of the civil fate who died prematurely?

Colton's Fiery Lotus Mark was eight and a half petals!

He was just a step away from the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

The more Fiery Lotus Mark petals one had, the stronger one's talent.

If Colton had not died prematurely, he would only be half a year older than Braydon. How much experience would he have?

The premature death of Wenyun's son had not only broken Martial Emperor Ye's heart.

On that day, the Jansky family members were all dressed in white to pay tribute to Colton, the son of the civil fate who died young.

Braydon looked at Trevor and said calmly, "What are you trying to say by telling me this?" "On the 15th of July, during the title conferment ceremony on Mount Tanish, when you carried the fate of the country, you entered the pinnacle realm and comprehended the path to the pinnacle. A mark appeared on your forehead. Do you remember that?" Trevor's eyes were solemn.

The Jansky family had already learned of many things that happened that night.

When Braydon had entered the pinnacle realm on Mount Tanish, a faint 'flower' shaped mark had appeared on his forehead. It was like a cluster of flames, so faint that it was almost undetectable.

However, he had seen it all at the peak of Mount Tanish!

This mark was the unique Fiery Lotus Mark of the Jansky family!

The person who bore this mark was a member of the Jansky family!

Therefore, when Genesis Crawford and Rafael Worley suggested to deal with Braydon in Star Tower's conference hall, on behalf of the Jansky family, Trevor had declared that he would kill anyone who dared to touch Braydon!

Braydon frowned. The flower mark on his body was his secret.

The mark on his forehead had appeared more than once when he was young.

More importantly, how did the mark of the Jansky family's Fiery Lotus Mark appear on Braydon's body?

While the two of them were talking, there was still a high-level pinnacle battle on Mount Woolas.

The conferred pinnacle who tried to kill Braydon was that old man who had been hiding in Mount Woolas for many years.

He had jumped out today and attacked Braydon in public. He had almost taken Braydon's life with one palm.

Trevor helped Braydon heal.

Miles Jansky and Lothario Jansky wore black golden swords at their waists. The blades were thick and heavy, like cold swords.

Two of the Jansky family's top experts attacked. Their blades pierced through the mountain peak, causing mud and rocks to fly everywhere.

Lothario's vitality was as high as 21,000 Na.

This was the Jansky family.

The three Jansky family members who came today looked extremely young, but they were extremely powerful.

The two of them wielded their swords and fought against the old pinnacle, forcefully blocking the conferred pinnacle.

Actually, Miles and Lothario were also conferred pinnacles.

Pinnacle martial artists whose vitality exceeded 20,000 Na were in the conferred pinnacle realm, followed by the chaos pinnacle realm.

Low-level pinnacle cultivators cultivated their physiques.

High-level pinnacle martial arts techniques could release vitality and could even manifest vitality.

The conferred pinnacle realm was a bit unfathomable. After entering this realm, there was no name, only a title, which could be remembered in history.

As for a chaos pinnacle, it was even more terrifying.

The manifestation of vitality could be transformed into four symbols.

The four symbols were also known as the four manifestations. They were the Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, and Black Tortoise.

If one's vitality could be transformed into the four symbols, his battle prowess would rise to another level.

But pinnacle martial artists of this level were all old antiques.

In the past hundred years, there had not been a new chaos pinnacle.

This was because the martial arts environment had deteriorated too much.

The world's martial arts had entered a period of decline hundreds of years ago.

The Jansky family was terrifyingly low-key. The younger generation of the Jansky family from all over the world had no lack of pinnacle martial artists.

It was indeed curious!

At this moment, the battle between the three conferred pinnacles was about to end. The old man in black was obviously going to drag Braydon down with him.

Trevor turned around and took a step forward. He slowly pulled out the black gold sword at his waist and held it with both hands. He said in a low voice, "You injured a disciple of the Jansky family. From today onward, your whole family will be exterminated!" "Yes, sir!" Miles and Lothario retreated in a flash and bowed down to follow the order.

These were two conferred pinnacles, and they were definitely young. If they were in the outside world, they would be peerless geniuses.

But now, they were actually obeying Trevor's orders.

The Jansky family's unique rules of superiority, the Fiery Lotus Mark, was probably the key!

Trevor had the mark of a seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark!

In the Jansky family, he was definitely a direct descendant.

The old man in black was obviously from the northwest Henderson family!

Trevor held the black gold sword with both hands, and a terrifying vitality fluctuation was emitted from his body.

His vitality had probably reached the limit of a conferred pinnacle!

He was a super pinnacle!

He had been injured by Braydon, or more accurately, by the heavenly sword.

The heavenly sword was inherited from the First Emperor!

The killing intent of this sword was extremely heavy.

If Braydon had been stronger and stood on Mount Woolas with the heavenly sword, all the pinnacles would have died.

The heavenly sword was an important weapon of the country. It had been passed down from generation to generation, so it must have its own power.

Trevor held the black gold sword and said indifferently, "Seven Styles of the Overpowering Sword, activate!" "What?" The fool Luke Yates hugged his donkey's neck

and hid quietly. He was shocked. The Overpowering Sword was the sword technique of the Neal family back then!

Later on, the old commander Finley Yanagi passed it on to Braydon so that the Neal family's inheritance would not be cut off.

But now, Trevor was actually using the Overpowering Sword.

Where did this guy learn it from?

What was even more terrifying was that Trevor's Overpowering Sword was clearly more terrifying and domineering than what Braydon had learned.

The black gold sword rose, the overpowering sword's true intent suppressed all the martial artists present.

The sword could break the heavens!

The red sword beam was 333 meters long.

The entire peak of Mount Woolas quaked.

The black-robed old antique of the Henderson family was shocked. Even though he was at the end of his life, he was still afraid of death..

The Strongest War God Chapter 845-The Jansky Family is Quite Tyrannical!

Translation He raised his withered hand and released a huge fist of vitality to block this attack.

The two collided!

The red blade light broke through the red fist and fell brazenly.

Boom!

With just one slash, a gully of several hundred meters appeared on the ground.

The black-robed old antique shouted in shock, "No!" As the sword fell, his entire body was split into two halves.

The soul of a conferred pinnacle was broken on Mount Woolas. Trevor Jansky held the black gold sword and said indifferently, "Second style!" The first style had already killed the Henderson pinnacle.

Trevor didn't stop. He wanted to kill the thirty or so pinnacles who had surrounded Braydon Neal. He wanted to kill them all.

The Jansky family kept a low profile and did not care about worldly matters.

The premise was that others didn't provoke them!

Instantly, wails echoed throughout the entire mountain.

The people at the foot of the mountain heard it and were extremely horrified.

They did not know what had happened on the mountain.

Little did they know that a battle between conferred pinnacles was taking place on Mount Woolas.

A large number of martial artists fled from the top of the mountain, including Genesis Crawford, Trenton Joplin, and the others.

If they did not escape, they would lose their life here!

There were also many representatives of the aristocratic families who had no time to escape Mount Woolas.

Pinnacle martial artists could flee very quickly.

However, the three conferred pinnacles of Jansky had sealed off the entire Mount Woolas.

Trevor sheathed his sword and slowly looked at Braydon. He asked softly, "According to the family rules, the Jansky family's disciples are not allowed to participate in any power struggles. However, if anyone dares to harm a member of the same family, they will be killed." This sentence made the surviving martial artists heave a sigh of relief, but at the same time, their hearts trembled again.

Many of the martial artists from the aristocratic families looked at Braydon and suddenly felt that this white-robed youth was much nicer than Trevor and the others.

Little did they know that neither of them were kind people.

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and said softly, "I am the eldest son of the Neal family. I'm a commoner and have nothing to do with an aristocratic family! " This sentence was meant for Trevor and the other two!

Not to mention, the Jansky family was the leader of the aristocratic families.

The Jansky family was a part of the aristocratic families and the sects, and they were big shots amongst them.

What would happen if the current Garrison King, Braydon, had something to do with the Jansky family?

In an instant, the faith and ideals of many of Braydon's brothers would be shaken.

Trevor frowned and said, "The Neal family of Preston is the only direct descendant of the Neal family. For many years, it has been the elders of the Jansky family who have secretly protected you!" Braydon frowned slightly. He really didn't know anything about that.

The Neal family of Preston was being protected by the Jansky family?

Why would the Jansky family do that?

"Miles, send the representatives of the aristocratic families down the mountain!" Trevor said calmly.

He wanted to clear the area!

Immediately, the representatives of the various aristocratic families on Mount Woolas turned around and fled.

No one dared to stay here.

The Jansky family was involved in the matter of Mount Woolas. Who would dare to get involved?

After everyone had left Mount Woolas.

Trevor walked to the pavilion and untied the black gold sword at his waist. He placed it on the stone table and said softly, "Three hundred years ago, the Neal family supported all the powerful families. The previous masters were all members of the Neal family, and they were married to the Jansky family!

"The third son of the older generation, your great-grandfather Beckett Neal, the Garrison King, married the daughter of the head of the Jansky family in Lenver!

"The woman that the Garrison Master, Clay Neal, married was also a member of the Jansky family!

"The Garrison Marquis, Truett Neal, also married a woman of the Jansky family!

“Half of the blood of the Jansky family flows in the Neal family!” Trevor recounted the past of the older generation.

Braydon’s eyes turned cold. “The girls of the Jansky family are not allowed to marry. This is your family’s rule!” “The thousand-year-old family rule has been destroyed because of the Neal family.” Miles Jansky walked into the pavilion and calmly responded.

“The three of us came here to bring you back to the Jansky family,” Lothario Jansky said decisively. “With Jansky here, the capital’s Martial Emperor Yanagi, the aristocratic families, the yin-yang family, and the sects, will not dare to touch you!”

“Even Kylo has to show some respect to the Jansky family!” Lothario spoke softly. He seemed to be low-key and reserved, but he was actually quite domineering.

They were completely unafraid of the four major entities.

In the entire world, other than the three people in front of him, there were really not many people who dared to say such words!

Braydon sat in the pavilion and did not answer the questions. He said sadly, “Since the day I was born, I’ve never seen Grandma. The Neal family doesn’t even have a photo of her!” She was Braydon’s relative!

Braydon had left home when he was young, so he had never known about the old generation’s grudges.

When he was young, his grandfather, Gerald Neal, and his father had never mentioned his grandmother.

It was as if this person had never appeared in the Neal family.

Who was she?

Perhaps Trevor and the other two could give Braydon an answer.

As expected.

“Her name is Whitney Jansky. We call her Great Aunt, my father’s aunt, and your grandmother!” Trevor said calmly.

Whitney came from the Jansky family in Lenver.

According to this relationship, Trevor and the other two were Braydon’s cousins.

A real distant relative.

They were related by blood.

Braydon was very calm. Perhaps he was struggling deep down as he clenched his fists silently.

He was already the Garrison King, leading the sons of the Northern Army to control the country. He had the fate of the country, and he had to guard Hansworth alone for the rest of his life.

Now that the powerful and aristocratic families were in chaos, the relationship between them and Braydon was like fire and water.

With his status as the Garrison King, how could he have anything to do with the prestigious Jansky family that was an aristocratic family!

If everyone in the world knew that Braydon, the current Garrison King, came from the Neal family back then and was the only eldest son of the Neal family... And with half of the Jansky family's blood flowing in his blood... How would Braydon explain this to Jonah and Frediano?

How would Braydon face the millions of men of the Northern Army!

To outsiders, being able to get close to the Jansky family was something they could only dream of. With the help of the Jansky family's resources, they might even be able to reach the pinnacle realm in the future.

However, all that Braydon had learned today brought him nothing but pain.

The cruelest way to destroy a person was to destroy their faith.

However, Trevor and the other two had no ill intentions and told him the truth. They wanted to bring Braydon back to the Jansky family.

The Jansky family avoided the world and kept a low profile.

If Braydon really joined them, then he would really be in seclusion.

Braydon sat in the pavilion. His eyes were fierce as he said coldly and decisively, "I'll inform Father and Fourth Uncle about Grandma. I'll get them to personally go to the Jansky family in Lenver and bring Grandma back!

"Don't worry. Although the Neal family is not very strong and has a weak foundation, it is not without men. Tomorrow afternoon, I will ask Teacher to leave the capital and lead 200,000 elite soldiers to Lenver to welcome my grandmother back to Neal Braydon indeed had his ways of doing things according to what was deemed appropriate..

The Strongest War God Chapter 846-Nine-Petal Flower, Strongest Talent!

, after saying these words, he instantly pulled away from Trevor Jansky and the others.

Although they were family, that was the choice of the ancestors. As a descendant, Braydon Neal had no choice!

However, the Neal family was the Neal family, and the Jansky family was the Jansky family!

Braydon was not a vassal of the Jansky family!

During the time of his great-grandfather, Beckett Neal, the Neal family was a powerful family. Although they had a marriage alliance with the Jansky family, the Neal family was definitely not a vassal of the Jansky family!

This was a particularly important point.

“Braydon, you know that the three of us didn’t come here today to talk about our Great Aunt.” Lothario Jansky frowned.

“The Fiery Lotus Mark on your forehead has appeared several times without your control. The blood of the Jansky family flowing in your body may be stronger than we imagined. Therefore, no matter what, we have to invite you back to Lenver today.” Miles Jansky’s expression was grave.

Braydon was unmoved.

He couldn’t go to the Jansky family in Lenver.

If someone like Braydon went to the Jansky family, it would send a strong signal to the outside world.

Signaling that Braydon was a member of the Jansky family!

Therefore, he would not go!

“Do you want to know the cause of Colton’s death?” “Don’t threaten me with that!” Boom!

Braydon’s hair fluttered in the wind, and his eyes were cold. He held the Northern King Sword, and his killing intent was aroused.

The death of the son of the civil fate, Colton Jansky, was something that happened many years back.

Braydon brought it up after so many years had passed.

In the past, even his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, and the others did not dare to mention Colton, who died prematurely, in front of Braydon.

Trevor looked straight into Braydon's eyes and said, "Do you know that there is something recorded in the Jansky family's secret scroll? If the nine-petaled lotus blooms, the flowers will wither!

"If the lotus mark on your forehead has nine petals, when you and Colton were only eight years old, you would have suppressed him and caused him to die young!" In order to force Braydon to return to Lenver, he revealed many secrets of the past.

Each of these secrets would cause Braydon great pain!

In their secret conversation, Martial Emperor Yanagi and the others deduced that the death of Colton, the son of the civil fate, was an era that could not tolerate the rise of two young dragons. If they gave birth to two sons at the same time, the son of the civil fate would surely be hurt by the son of the martial fate.

This was what Luke Yates had overheard.

It was as if Colton had died because of Braydon!

Now, Trevor said the same thing.

Braydon suddenly stood up with his hands behind his back. It wasn't that he couldn't hear the truth. He said hoarsely, "Is it really recorded in the secret scroll of the Jansky family that the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark will harm the people those around it?" "In the history of the Jansky family, people with a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark have great talent that shocks the world for thousands of years. All the brothers who live together with them when they are young would die. This is not the first time such a phenomenon has occurred!" Trevor told him the truth.

If the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark bloomed, then the flowers would wither.

The meaning of this sentence could not be more obvious!

Braydon slowly turned around and raised his left hand. He looked at Trevor quietly and said hoarsely, "The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark appeared when I was seven!" Swoosh!

Trevor suddenly stood up; his eyes fixed on the back of Braydon's left hand.

Braydon's left hand was originally empty.

In the next moment.

A red mark slowly appeared on the back. It was like a cluster of flames and was as big as a yellow pear. It covered the entire surface of his left hand. It was a red lotus flower with nine petals and a stamen in the center!

It was a clear picture that looked like a tattoo.

Even the stamens were clearly visible.

A blooming nine-petal red lotus flower.

The lotus marks on the backs of Trevor, Miles, and Lothario's hands were all dim and dull.

On the contrary, the nine-petal lotus on the back of Braydon's hand was exceptionally dazzling.

This proved that Trevor was right!

The nine-petal lotus could suppress all the members of the Jansky family.

When this mark appeared.

It indicated the Jansky family's patriarch!

That was how the Jansky family's inheritance worked.

Why couldn't anyone from the Jansky family become the patriarch of the Jansky family?

Having the same family name meant nothing.

The Jansky family valued bloodline!

Therefore, over the years, after witnessing Braydon's terrifying talent, everyone had once said that the Northern King was not just a genius that appeared once every thousand years!

In the pavilion.

Trevor knelt on one knee and lowered his proud head. He said in a low voice, "Trevor Jansky of the Jansky family in Lenver greets the family patriarch!" "Miles Jansky of the Jansky family in Lenver greets the family patriarch!" Miles knelt down on one knee.

"Lothario Jansky of the Jansky family in Lenver greets the family patriarch." The three of them bowed.

A smile appeared on Braydon's handsome face as he said hoarsely, "Do you know how foolish Colton was back then?"

The four of us were inseparable!

"Every year when I enter the capital palace, Colton would stick to my side like a little stalker, saying that he liked playing with me. Every year when we parted, he would want to sneak out of the capital and return to the northern region with me!

"But he would be dragged back by the teacher in the end!

"Colton is like a silly little brother. He lives in the depths of the palace. Those three months of the year were his happiest time. Later on, he became sick. When he was unconscious and dying, do you know whose name he called?

"It was my name!

"If I knew that the blood of the Jansky family would harm the Jansky family members, I would have rather crippled myself!" Braydon stood on the peak of Mount Woolas, wearing the cloud treading Qilin robe on his shoulders. His heart was filled with regret.

Colton was suppressed by the nine-petal lotus. He had never mentioned it when he was young, never talked about it!

Outsiders didn't know that Braydon already had a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark when he was young.

A strange combination of factors caused the premature death of Colton, the son of the civil fate!

His death was caused by Braydon!

Colton was not an ordinary fool.

The truth that had been sealed for many years was finally being revealed.

Braydon did not know if his teachers, Martial Emperor Yanagi and Dominic Lowe, as well as Sutton Wall, the head of the internal officials, had discovered this.

If they had discovered it earlier and hadn't said anything, now that Braydon knew the truth, he would probably turn against them!

However, Braydon knew that his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, did not know why Colton had died so young.

If he had known earlier, Martial Emperor Yanagi would definitely have separated his two sons. He would rather waste time and effort to teach them separately than let either of them get hurt.

Perhaps Martial Emperor Yanagi found out the truth later on.

He just did not tell Braydon!

After thinking about this.

Braydon stood still and looked at the scenery at the foot of the mountain. The mountain peak was surrounded by white fog all year round. His eyes were closed, and his face was pale. His breathing was extremely unstable, and a trace of blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

"Braydon, what are you doing?" Trevor and the other two were shocked as they stepped forward.

"I have to bear Colton's death for the rest of my life because of the blood of the Jansky family. Today, I'll return this bloodline to you!" Braydon said in a low voice..

The Strongest War God Chapter 847-The Strongest Talent, Supreme Pinnacle!

The strong-willed Braydon Neal wanted to spill all his blood.

This scene shocked all the martial artists on the mountain peak.

Luke Yates ran over from afar and cried in fear. He said, "Brother, you can't do this!" "Are you crazy?!" Lester Crawford, who was hiding in Star Tower, jumped out in shock.

He no longer cared about his identity as a hidden agent!

The second-in-command of the Anderson family, Sigmund Anderson, said angrily, "Young Master, stop!" Trevor Jansky's expression changed drastically. His vitality surged out of his body and swept toward Braydon, wanting to stop him.

No one expected this.

Even after so many years, Braydon was still brooding over this matter. Colton Jansky's premature death caused Hansworth to lose the son of the civil fate.

The main point was that Colton died because of Braydon.

How could Braydon feel at ease!

Braydon was expressionless as he pulled out the Northern King Sword from his waist. With the sword in his right hand, he slashed the back of his left hand.

Swoosh!

The blade cut off the skin on the back of his hand, revealing his white finger bones.

The back of his hand was completely cut off, and the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark was removed.

“Stop!” Trevor released his pressure and roared.

He leaped up, and his vitality covered the sky and the earth. His body swooped down, and his palms pressed down, forming a vitality suppression, wanting to subdue Braydon.

The mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark hadn’t appeared in the Jansky family for nearly seven hundred years.

Nine petals indicated the most talented person in the Jansky family!

Once the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark appeared, that person would definitely become the Jansky family’s patriarch.

If the patriarch gave the order, all the martial artists of the Jansky family would obey!

This was a hundred-year-old family rule, a thousand-year-old inheritance!

Trevor released his nearly 40,000 Na of vitality.

This was the power of a conferred pinnacle.

Braydon stood on the peak of Mount Woolas under the pressure of a powerful force. His thin body and his cloud-treading cloak fluttered in the wind, and his left hand bled non-stop.

Braydon was trying to stop his wound from healing. He looked up at Trevor who was descending from the sky.

Braydon raised his left hand and brazenly faced Trevor’s suppression.

An even more shocking scene appeared.

Braydon borrowed Trevor’s strength to exert pressure on his entire body, and the point of release was concentrated on the wound on his left hand.

Whoosh!

Blood gushed out from the back of his hand, and every drop of blood was like a crystal.

Perhaps this was Braydon's vitality!

The leakage of vitality was the most harmful to the body.

It was great damage to one's vitality!

Trevor was shocked. He immediately withdrew his hand and looked at the blood mist in the sky.

It was Braydon's blood!

It was also the bloodline of the Jansky family.

Now, Braydon was releasing it from his body and returning it to the Jansky family.

Braydon had a tyrannical, proud, and unyielding personality.

Everyone was shocked.

Braydon's face was as pale as a sheet of paper. His vitality had been drained and he had lost the support of his strength. He suddenly knelt down on one knee on Mount Woolas.

Maddox Johnstone and the others rushed up like crazy and said angrily, "Commander! " "The bloodline of the Jansky family, the nine-petal mark, cost Colton's life. If I don't disperse the bloodline of the Jansky family, the hatred in my heart will be difficult to dispel. Regret will entangle my heart and form an obsession that will trap me for the rest of my life. My strength will definitely be unable to advance even an inch." Braydon half-knelt on the mountain peak, his tone surprisingly calm and composed.

For a prodigy like Braydon who had already entered the pinnacle realm, if his thoughts were not clear and his obsession was entangled, the final outcome would definitely be him going down a dark path.

Trevor took out a wristwatch. It was a miniature vitality measuring device, and there was no vitality fluctuation on it.

Braydon had lost all his vitality, and his vitality was greatly damaged. It was as if he had destroyed his foundation!

"Do you know what the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark represents?" Miles Jansky asked with an ugly expression.

“The nine petals signify the strongest talent of the Jansky family. This person would have the potential to become a supreme pinnacle!” Lothario Jansky’s eyes turned red.

The three sons of the Jansky family could only watch helplessly as the strongest talent with the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, who had appeared in front of them, got rid of the Jansky blood in his body, basically crippling himself!

The supreme pinnacle was the ninth level of the pinnacle realm.

It was the highest level of all pinnacles!

The eighth level was a sovereign pinnacle.

The seventh level was an inimitable pinnacle.

The sixth level was an ascendant pinnacle.

After that were the eminent pinnacle, chaos pinnacle, conferred pinnacle, high-level pinnacle and low-level pinnacle.

A Jansky family descendant with a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark could walk the entire path of a pinnacle up till the supreme pinnacle level.

But now, Braydon had lost all his bloodline!

“The direct descendants of the Jansky family have to go through the Spirit Awakening Ceremony when they reach nine years old,” Trevor said in a hoarse voice. “The Fiery Lotus Mark will then be revealed to show one’s potential.” “You’ve never experienced the Spirit Awakening Ceremony, yet you possessed the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark at the age of seven. This is unprecedented in the history of the Jansky family. Your existence has filled the gap in the bloodline power!” Trevor clenched his fists, feeling indignant!

Such a peerless prodigy was crippled just like that!

“The gap you filled will be difficult to surpass in the next ten thousand years!” Miles’s eyes were as sharp as lightning. He looked at Braydon, whose breath was extremely weak, and said slowly in a low voice, ‘When you reached the peak of Mount Tanish, many people saw the Fiery Lotus Mark on your forehead!’ As soon as he said that.

Trevor and Lothario were both shocked.

Earlier, when the three sons of the Jansky family saw the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on Braydon’s left hand, they temporarily forgot about the news they had received.

The first news that the Jansky family received was about Braydon's title conferment ceremony on Mount Tanish.

It included the incident where the Fiery Lotus Mark had appeared on Braydon's forehead.

Braydon had two Fiery Lotus Marks on him?!

In the history of the Jansky family, there had never been such a family member.

Trevor was silent, his eyes filled with shock. He slowly looked at Braydon, who had his back to the three of them. He wore the cloud Qilin robe and did not say anything else.

Today, Trevor and the others had brought a lot of news that impacted Braydon's ideals.

What was even more terrifying was that the secret Braydon was hiding was out of Trevor and the other two's expectation.

The Jansky family had never had a descendant with two Fiery Lotus Marks.

There was no precedent!

Take Trevor for example. He had the seven -petal Fiery Lotus Mark and was extremely talented. He was already at the conferred pinnacle realm before he even hit thirty years old.

He had already reached the peak of the conferred pinnacle realm, and he had almost 40,000 Na of vitality.

He was just one step away from stepping into the chaos pinnacle realm.

If Trevor's bloodline was stronger, the Fiery Lotus Mark would become an eight-petal mark, second only to the nine-petal mark.

In the records of the Jansky family, the strongest manifestation of the bloodline was the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

Braydon had two marks!

How could he explain this?

Just as the three sons of the Jansky family were shocked.

At the foot of Mount Woolas, a young woman with a noble temperament slowly appeared. She looked to be less than 30 years old, and her facial features were exquisite and small. She was extremely beautiful.

Her figure was graceful as she gently stepped on the steps and said softly, "This is an overflow of the bloodline!"

The Strongest War God Chapter 848-The Thousand-year Family Rule, Huge Ban!

A faint voice resounded throughout the summit of Mount Woolas.

"Great Aunt?" Trevor Jansky was shocked.

The woman was Whitney Jansky!

She was Braydon Neal's relative, his grandfather, Graham Neal's wife.

However, there was only one explanation for her young appearance.

That was, Whitney was a powerful pinnacle, so her appearance was eternal.

This was the tragedy of a relationship between a pinnacle martial artist and an ordinary person.

A hundred years later, one would be a pile of bones, while the other would be forever young and have to endure hundreds of years of loneliness.

This had caused many veteran pinnacle powerhouses to become very cold after they were over a hundred years old, treating those below the pinnacle realm as ants.

The older one was, the colder one became!

To be more precise, the old antiques were no longer human.

An old antique without a human touch was extremely dangerous!

Their disregard for life was beyond one's imagination.

Whitney had appeared on Mount Woolas.

Immediately, Miles Jansky and the other two bowed and said respectfully, "Great Aunt!" "Braydon!" Whitney walked into the pavilion and looked at Braydon's back, who refused to turn around.

One was an elder.

One was a junior!

Even though he was bound by family ties, Braydon had to keep a distance from the Jansky family.

The young Garrison King was the son of the martial fate.

He definitely couldn't have anything to do with the aristocratic families.

Whitney looked at the blood droplets floating in the sky. They were condensed and did not disperse. They were all vitality.

It was Braydon's vitality!

It was also the bloodline of the Jansky family, which contained extremely powerful power.

Whitney raised her finger and released a surge of power that swept across the sky. Blood beads gathered in the sky.

The blood bead was suppressed by an external force and continuously compressed into an oval-shaped red pearl.

A pearl formed from vitality, pure Jansky bloodline.

"Trevor, open your mouth!" Whitney said softly. "Great Aunt, this..." Trevor was shocked as if he had thought of something.

The Fiery Lotus Mark of the Jansky family was destined from birth and represented one's potential.

For example, Trevor was born with a seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark. His innate potential was already destined.

Potential represented future achievements!

In the future, he could enter the inimitable pinnacle realm.

He would be the strongest in the world.

However, there were exceptions to everything.

This exception was written in the family rules of the Jansky family.

There was a ban in the Jansky family's rules.

The prohibition was that the Jansky family members were not allowed to consume the vitality of their own family members.

This was to prevent them from killing each other!

Whitney had gathered Braydon's vitality and turned it into a red pearl.

This kind of pearl had a special name: Blood Pill!

Vitality was used as medicine to form a Blood Pill.

The medicinal effects were ten times more potent than spirit herbs!

Using blood to enrich the blood, using people as medicine.

This extreme cultivation method had been strictly prohibited for thousands of years.

If any martial artist dared to cultivate like this, they would not be tolerated by all martial artists in the world. They would bring disaster to their entire family, and they would all be killed.

Whitney said calmly. "After you consume Braydon's vitality, the Jansky family bloodline in you will improve once again. It's also possible for the seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark to evolve into a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark." "Great Aunt, this is against the family rules!" Trevor's face was pale as he panted heavily.

He was tempted!

Trevor knew better than anyone how terrifying the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark was.

Once one had such potential, they would be comparable to a thousand-year-old genius.

As a martial artist and a member of the Jansky family, Trevor knew that the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark was a legend of the Jansky family.

How could he not be tempted!

On one hand, it was the family rules, and on the other hand, it was the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

Choose one of the two.

Trevor clenched his fists and turned to look at Braydon, who was standing on the peak of the mountain. He was indifferent and proud, like a young ruler.

The difference between the two of them could be seen from their attitudes toward the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

Trevor's face was covered in cold sweat as he retreated in shock. "Great Aunt, the thousand-year-old family rule is like a mountain and cannot be disobeyed. If we set a precedent, the Jansky family will plunder each other's bloodline!

“The thousand-year-old inheritance of the Jansky family will definitely be destroyed!” Trevor refused. Whitney frowned and reprimanded, “You fool!” Swoosh!

Whitney’s strength completely crushed Trevor’s.

In a flash, she had already reached Trevor’s chest. She lightly slapped down, causing Trevor’s entire body to tremble. His eyes bulged, and he couldn’t help but open his mouth.

Whitney flicked her fingers and threw the oval-shaped red pearl into Trevor’s mouth.

“You don’t even dare to accept the things that Braydon has abandoned. How are you going to become a great person in the future? You all should learn from Braydon sometimes!” Whitney was reprimanding them.

Braydon had destroyed the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on Mount Woolas today and dispersed the bloodline of the Jansky family. Was it really because he felt guilty about the death of Colton Jansky, the son of the civil fate?

If one were to see it that way, they would be underestimating this young Martial Emperor!

Braydon had inherited the teachings of the capital’s mighty lord, Martial Emperor Yanagi, and there was also a mysterious and terrifying sovereign lord behind him.

Who was this sovereign lord?

Even Whitney probably didn’t know.

How could a student taught by several big shots be so simple!

Braydon destroyed the bloodline of the Jansky family and the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

It was because this secret of his had already been discovered by outsiders.

As long as he had this mark on his body, it would be like a brand.

The mark of the Jansky family!

The mark of a respected aristocratic family!

This mark could appear on anyone in the world.

But it could not appear on Braydon!

One could imagine that if news were to leak out that the Garrison King had the blood of the Jansky family flowing in his veins, bearing the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, it was almost equivalent to telling the world that Braydon was the most powerful person in the aristocratic families!

Once this news was out, the seven elites and the hundred generals of the Military Department would definitely have their ideals impacted!

Do you know what the soldiers of the Military Department and the Ministry of War are doing?

They were guarding the defense line at the defensive walls!

The armies of the hundred countries outside the borders were still attacking.

Those foreign barbarians were trying to cross the defensive wall and attack the hinterland of Hansworth. They were carrying out their so-called hunting plan.

If the news that Braydon was a member of the Jansky family were to spread to the borders, the elites of the Military Department who were guarding the defensive wall would have their faith shaken, and their morale would plummet. What kind of terrible consequences would it cause?

If the defense line of the defensive wall fell, the land left behind by their ancestors would be trampled by the foreigners.

Braydon had already expected this outcome the moment Trevor mentioned the Fiery Lotus Mark!

The moment the secret of the Fiery Lotus Mark was discovered by the Jansky family.

Braydon made his choice!

He removed the blood of the Jansky family and erased the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

Once the boundaries were drawn, everyone would be safe!

Even though his grandmother, Whitney, had come, Braydon did not bow or greet her.

If he was an ordinary person and was only the young master of the Neal family, Braydon would definitely call her grandmother and be happy to see her..

The Strongest War God Chapter 849-Sitting Alone on the Emperor's Throne!

However, there were no ifs in this world!

Braydon Neal was the Garrison King!

He was the leader of the hundred generals.

He was also the son of Hansworth.

The young leader of Hansworth, the person who carried the fate of the nation.

He became a warlord at the age of seven and a War God at the age of nine. He was high and mighty. It was difficult for his peers to compare to him!

That was why Whitney Jansky said that the younger generation of the Jansky family should learn more from Braydon.

At this moment, Trevor Jansky was being forcefully fed a scarlet blood pearl. It was Braydon's blood!

He swallowed it in one gulp. His face was boiling hot, and the blood pearl melted as soon as it entered his abdomen, turning into a surging torrent that flowed to his limbs and bones.

"Ah!" Trevor roared into the sky.

The bloodline power of the owner of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark was beyond everyone's understanding.

The potential of this bloodline was ten times, or even close to a hundred times that of the owner of the seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

Trevor felt like his body was about to split apart!

His skin was burning red as if it was about to crack.

The seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on the back of Trevor's left hand seemed to have been activated. The seven petals closed together like it was alive.

The red lotus mark bloomed again.

The power of the blooming lotus was provided by Braydon's blood.

Eight petals of a lotus flower bloomed, giving birth to a stamen!

The lifelike stamen was like a pattern.

Boom!

Trevor released an extremely terrifying pressure.

He had broken through!

Trevor was already at the peak of the conferred pinnacle realm.

He broke through in one go and entered the chaos pinnacle realm.

Braydon slowly turned around and stared at Trevor, who had just broken through. He said calmly, "Because of my mistake, I caused the death of Colton and caused the death of a chosen one with an eight-and-a-half-petal Fiery Lotus Mark in the Jansky family. Today, I will use my blood to help the Jansky family produce a genius with a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark!

"From now on, the Neal and Jansky families will not owe each other anything!

"We'll go our separate ways and live our own lives!" Braydon's calm voice resounded throughout Mount Woolas.

"Braydon, you shouldn't avoid the Jansky family like it's the plague!" Whitney shook her head lightly.

"The men of the Northern Army will not hide from the storms of the world. The Jansky family is a secluded cultivation force and is not involved in the affairs of the world. For as long as the Jansky family doesn't go after the power to rule the country, I will let the Jansky family live." Braydon had used up all his vitality and was in a weakened state, but he was still the overlord of the northern territory.

"If the Jansky family dares to take half a step beyond the Thunder Pool, I will cut off your thousand-year-old Jansky family inheritance!" His cold words were filled with killing intent.

This was intimidation!

Whitney was Braydon's grandmother.

This was their first time meeting, and they did not personally know each other. They each represented different forces.

Whitney represented the Jansky family.

As for Braydon, he represented the capital and the vast Hansworth.

Whitney's lips moved slightly, and her voice was like silk. "If you join the Jansky family and possess a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, you will become the leader of the Jansky

family. With your ability, in less than three years, you will definitely be able to control the Jansky family!

“At that time, all the members of the Jansky family will be under the command of the Northern King. They will help you pacify the world and create great achievements. They will even help you ascend to the emperor’s throne.

“Don’t you want that?” Whitney’s tone was gentle and patient.

In the next moment.

Braydon held the Northern King Sword in his left hand and pointed it at Whitney. He said coldly, “Three years is too long. I want to quell the calamity of the powerful families and sweep away the four great entities within a year!

“I respect you as an elder. If you dare to bewitch me again, I’ll send you to the Neal family cemetery to sleep with Grandfather.” Braydon was born with a domineering personality.

Whitney definitely had bad intentions for getting Braydon to join the Jansky family.

In order to cut ties with the Jansky family, Braydon had exhausted all his vitality. His vitality had been greatly damaged, and he might even have shortened his lifespan.

However, Whitney still allowed Braydon to join the Jansky family.

There was definitely a problem here!

Braydon, who was known as the young Martial Emperor at a young age, would not fall for it!

Braydon had family ties. His family was his parents and his fourth uncle’s family.

Other than that, this grandmother whom he had never met before made Braydon feel a sense of crisis.

On the other side, Trevor had broken through to the chaos pinnacle realm. His vitality had reached 41,000 Na!

The upper limit of low-level pinnacle’s vitality was 10,000 Na.

The upper limit of a high-level pinnacle’s vitality was 20,000 Na.

The maximum vitality of a conferred pinnacle was 40,000 Na.

If one’s vitality exceeded this limit, one would be a chaos pinnacle.

Shockingly, the back of Trevor's left hand was covered by a Fiery Lotus Mark. The eight petals closed again, forming a flower bud.

Trevor had swallowed Braydon's blood.

The bloodline power of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark exploded.

After the explosion, the Fiery Lotus Mark on Trevor's hand bloomed again.

The Fiery Lotus Mark bloomed. It had nine petals, and the core of the nine petals was a stamen.

Braydon was right.

Colton Jansky died young because of Braydon. Today, he had returned a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark genius to the Jansky family.

From now on, the Neal and Jansky families would go their separate ways and live well.

The mark on the back of Trevor's left hand was a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, similar to the one Braydon had used earlier.

In the next moment, Trevor's blood started to boil again.

The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark of the Jansky family bloodline had completely erupted!

When the bloodline was in Braydon's body, it had not gone through the Jansky family's Spirit Awakening Ceremony. In addition, Braydon, this ruthless person, had been hiding the secret of the Jansky family's bloodline and suppressing its power.

In addition to Braydon's title conferment ceremony on Mount Tanish, he used the 99 streaks of purple Qi as his foundation, turning them into vitality that fused into his bones.

It did not only become his pinnacle foundation.

More importantly, Braydon was trying to suppress the Jansky family bloodline!

The secret that he had the Jansky family's bloodline had never been revealed to the world.

Braydon was a member of the Neal family. The bloodline passed down from his ancestors was bestowed by the heavens!

Braydon had no choice but to make changes.

Trevor had experienced the Jansky family's Spirit Awakening Ceremony, and the bloodline power of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark erupted!

His vitality surged again!

The power of bloodline came from the inheritance of their ancestors.

It caused Trevor's vitality to soar to 50,000 Na.

At the age of twenty-seven, he had reached the peak of a chaos pinnacle and possessed 50,000 Na of vitality.

What amazing talent and strength.

The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark inheritor had a chance of reaching the ninth level of the pinnacle realm in the future and becoming a supreme pinnacle.

The supreme pinnacle was a legend.

Throughout the world, there was no one who was at that realm.

Even the world's number one pinnacle, Sadie Dudley, was not a supreme pinnacle.

Wanting to reach that realm was way too difficult!

After Trevor broke through, he retracted all of the sharp aura into his body. He turned to look at the white-robed youth standing on the cliff with his hands behind his back. He cupped his fists and knelt on one knee, saying hoarsely, "Trevor Jansky from the Jansky family of Lenver greets the family patriarch!

"Today, Trevor is indebted to the patriarch for violating the hundred-year-old family rule and the thousand-year-old ban. I devoured the patriarch's bloodline and broke through!

"With such a great favor, Trevor is willing to enter Northern Army and become a subordinate of the patriarch!

"As long as the patriarch is alive, Trevor will forever serve you as his master!" Trevor knew that the reason he had the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark was because of the young man in white..

The Strongest War God Chapter 850- Then, Miles Jansky and Lothario Jansky bowed down and said hoarsely, "A nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark marks the ruler of the family, and the name of the leader will forever be recorded in history!" The Jansky family would never forget Braydon Neal, the person who broke the blank period of history.

Did the three of them really think that Braydon was crippled?

Trevor Jansky and the other two believed that Braydon had lost all his vitality, destroyed his foundation, erased the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, and become a cripple.

However, Braydon's foundation was never that small amount of vitality in his body.

On the contrary.

Braydon's foundation was the 100,000 Na vitality hidden deep within his bones!

That was his foundation.

From beginning to end, Braydon's foundation had never been touched.

Braydon brushed past Trevor and returned to Star Tower.

He didn't leave Mount Woolas because he had promised Kinslee Mayer that he would help him retrieve the purple Qi from the heaven-gazing roaring statue.

Following Braydon's instructions, Lester Crawford invited the young leaders of the various aristocratic families to gather at Star Tower tonight.

The direct descendants of the 72 schools of the were present.

There were also the young leaders of the various aristocratic families.

On the seventh floor of Star Tower, in the elegant living room.

Braydon had already returned to his room. The wound on his left hand had already healed.

The powerful self-healing ability of pinnacle martial artists was unimaginable to ordinary people.

Moreover, Braydon cultivated the eight techniques, and his self-healing ability was even more shocking.

The wound on the back of his left hand had already healed. The flesh and blood had grown. After the scab had fallen off, the entire back of his hand was fair and tender. The skin color was even more delicate than the skin on his wrist.

A nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark slowly appeared on the back of his hand.

The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark was fully bloomed, and the patterns of the stamen were clearly visible.

The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark appeared on the back of his hand once again!

When he was outside, Braydon had clearly used up all of his vitality and removed the mark on his skin.

However, as his flesh and blood grew, this mark appeared again!

How could it be so easy to completely remove a mark that one had been born with?

Even if he used up all his vitality, this mark would not disappear.

That was because Braydon had been poisoned by the seven insects and seven herbs poison in the northern territory. The poison had attacked his heart and meridians. When he was expelling the poison, he wanted to expel his poisonous blood and the Jansky family bloodline together to completely erase this secret.

The result was obvious.

The mark returned after the incident!

His teacher, Finley Yanagi had said that the Fiery Lotus Mark would accompany Braydon for the rest of his life.

He was born with it. Even if he died, this mark would still be there!

The Jansky family bloodline in Braydon's body was not as simple as what Trevor and the other two had seen.

There were other people in his room in Star Tower.

Kinslee's face was bitter as he looked at Braydon, who was standing in front of the balcony, and asked in a low voice, "You promised to help me snatch the wisp of purple Qi from the heaven-gazing roaring statue. Don't go back on your word!" "Even you think I'm crippled?" Braydon slowly turned around, his face expressionless.

The moment he turned around.

Kinslee's face was filled with horror as he took a few steps back. He said in a dumbfounded manner, "You, you..." "Commander, your forehead!" The one-armed Maddox Johnstone's pupils constricted as he was shocked.

Greg Jessup and Lorenzo Hale were also in the room.

Luke Yates sat on the ground and mumbled, "You're making a fuss over nothing. I've eaten that thing when I was young!" When he was young, the little fool had bitten Braydon's forehead while he was sleeping.

Braydon turned around, and a mark appeared between his eyebrows. It was like a cluster of flames, but it was actually a stamen symbol!

The stamen of a lotus!

There were stamens but no petals.

This stamen symbol had appeared before when Braydon had broken through to the pinnacle realm on Mount Tanish.

Later on, Trevor and the others heard the news and went over.

Even Trevor and the others probably would not be able to give an explanation for the second mark.

There were only a few records of this in the secret scrolls of the Jansky family.

To be precise, it was the overflow of bloodline!

The limit of the bloodline power far exceeded the limit of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, which was why the second mark appeared.

This kind of situation had never happened before in the Jansky family.

The ancestor of the Jansky family had seen a genius like Braydon in another family. His bloodline had seeped out of his body and formed a second mark.

Therefore, the Jansky family's ancestor had left a few words in his notebook in his later years. In his words, he had hoped that the descendants of the Jansky family would have such a genius that would amaze the world.

Such a situation had indeed occurred.

It appeared on Braydon's body.

In the guest room, Kinslee said in horror, "Didn't you dissipate all your pinnacle vitality and have become a cripple?" "Who said I'm a cripple!" Braydon gently stroked the back of his left hand with his right hand and said faintly, "I carry the fate of the country and am the son of Hansworth. I can't have anything to do with the aristocratic families for the rest of my life!"

"Unfortunately, my grandmother is the daughter of the Jansky family. In order to draw a clear line between us, if I don't disperse all of my vitality and remove the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, the elites at the border will lose their morale and the defensive wall's defense line will be in danger of being destroyed!"

"I had no choice but to do this!" Braydon said calmly.

"You're so dangerous! You're too cruel to yourself!" Kinslee said.

"The leaders of the Military Department are all iron-blooded people. I command the armies in all four directions, and the seven elites respect the Northern Army. The leaders of the various armies respect me. How can a soft-hearted person be a commander?" Braydon's faint words could not hide his weakness.

Earlier, he had used up all of his pinnacle vitality to help Trevor condense the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

How could Braydon not be injured?

While they were talking, Braydon's face turned pale again. A trace of blood seeped out from the corner of his lips. The weakness in his body made him slowly sit down.

Kinslee looked worried. He took out a small black gourd from his pocket and said in a low voice, "This is the last bottle. I'll give it all to you to nourish your body. Make sure you're ready for tonight." Braydon didn't turn down the gourd. The moment he took the gourd, his eyes were as sharp as swords as he looked coldly at the door.

Luke was lying on the ground with his legs crossed. He suddenly sat up and held the two daggers at his waist with both hands. He said warily, "A stranger is approaching!" "She's here!" Braydon wiped the blood off the corner of his mouth and let the little fool support him.

Luke held Braydon's arm and stared at the door.

The door opened, and the woman who entered was Whitney.

She held a jade bottle in her hand and slowly said, "Looks like I'm too late. Someone has already sent medicine over!" "Grandma!" In the room, it was different from outside. Braydon exhaled lightly and called her grandma.

As an elder, Whitney didn't care about what happened before. She put down the green jade bottle, which contained a milky white pill, and said, "Sigh, after exhausting your vitality, your vitality has definitely been greatly damaged. If you want to recover, it will take at least half a year or at most a year. If it were an ordinary pinnacle, they would have died long ago.."

The Strongest War God Chapter 851- Everyone present knew that dispersing one's pinnacle vitality was equivalent to dispersing one's cultivation.

A pinnacle martial artist dispersing his cultivation was equivalent to crippling himself!

The slightest carelessness would result in death.

Braydon Neal's body was still a little weak. When he stood up, he still needed the little fool's support. A trace of blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

Whitney Jansky's eyes were filled with love. She flashed toward him from five meters away in the blink of an eye and opened the jade bottle in her hand. A crystal-clear pill rolled out and was placed in Braydon's mouth.

"This is a Vitality Pill. It consolidates one's foundation and nurtures one's vitality. It has a miraculous effect on martial artists who have suffered a great loss in vitality. I'll get someone to send you more tonight." Whitney didn't have many of these things with her.

Braydon sat cross-legged and refined the medicinal power of this pill. His thin lips moved slightly. "Thank you!" "Silly boy, you, your grandfather and great-grandfather, Beckett Neal, are practically carved from the same mold." Whitney sat at the side, her eyes showing affection.

She said faintly, "Back then, I left the family and hid my identity. I wandered around the world and met your grandfather. He didn't know that I was the daughter of the Jansky family in Lenver, and I didn't know that he was the only heir of the Neal family.

"Later, I found out about his identity, but he didn't find out about mine. Your grandfather had a hidden illness and could no longer cultivate ancient martial arts in his middle age. I wanted to use all the power of the Jansky family to help the Neal family rise again, but your grandfather refused.

"Back then, he only said one sentence.

"The children of the Neal family do not accept the kindness of outsiders and do not eat the food of others!" Whitney sat quietly, her eyes revealing some memories and sadness.

She was still here, her face unchanged.

However, Braydon's grandfather had already turned into yellow soil.

His old friend had passed away, leaving him alone in the human world.

Braydon closed his eyes and sat cross-legged. The medicinal power of the Vitality Pill was indeed extraordinary. The medicinal power stimulated vitality, slowly flowing through Braydon's body.

"You've suffered a great loss of vitality. You'll need to rest for half a year." Whitney said faintly.

Braydon didn't respond. He slowly opened his eyes and looked at the door that wasn't closed.

There was a person standing at the door, and his footsteps were silent.

It was Trevor Jansky!

He actually came!

Luke Yates, who was lying on the ground, jumped up. He looked at Trevor warily and said with disdain, 'What are you doing here? Oh right, what's the taste of my brother's blood like?' The first half of Luke's sentence was okay, but the second half was not!

Trevor entered the room with difficulty. He slowly raised his left hand, revealing the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark covering his palm. The mark was faintly glowing with a hazy red light.

Trevor had no choice but to look for Braydon!

Braydon looked at him and said indifferently, "There are some things in this world that you have to pay a price for. The Jansky family's rules not only prohibit the killing of people of the same family, but also prohibit the consumption of the other party's blood.

"If you consume the other party's bloodline, and the other party's potential is too strong, the other party will be suppressed!" Trevor had the mark of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

This was a great opportunity for him!

At the same time, he had also paid a huge price for it.

Ten minutes ago, Trevor had sensed an invisible pressure on him.

This pressure came from the seventh floor of Star Tower.

In the guest room on the seventh floor of Star Tower, Braydon's bloodline was the strongest.

After this feeling of suppression appeared, Trevor realized that even though the demon in white had shed all his blood and cut off the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, he was still not crippled!

On the contrary!

Trevor looked at Braydon's left hand. There was a blooming nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, and the stamen patterns were clearly visible.

A second mark had also appeared on Braydon's forehead!

A stamen mark!

Two lotuses in one body.

With the two marks, the bloodline potential of the Jansky family was overflowing.

Braydon's bloodline potential had surpassed all previous generations of nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark owners.

Trevor felt despair in his heart. He smiled bitterly and said, "I will be suppressed by you for a thousand years!" So what if he, Trevor, had the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark?

So what if he could become a supreme pinnacle in the future!

Braydon's blood flowed in his veins.

As long as this demon in white did not die, Trevor would be a shadow behind Braydon.

The two would be divided into primary and secondary.

Braydon was the lord!

"There's no comparison between the seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark and the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark," Whitney said calmly. "Besides him, no one else in the world can suppress you. Isn't that good?" "Great Aunt, among the geniuses of the same generation, who in the world would be willing to be behind others?" Trevor's face was pale. The closer he got to Braydon, the more he could feel the terrifying power hidden in his body.

Only Trevor could sense this feeling.

To him, the joy of obtaining the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark had long disappeared.

This was because Trevor could already see his future. He would spend the rest of his life living in Braydon's shadow.

Inheriting the bloodline of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark meant that the relationship between the two was rated!

"What's the relationship between the Neal family's overpowering sword and the Jansky family's seven styles of overpowering sword?" Braydon asked softly.

“Only the bloodline of the Jansky family can cultivate the seven styles of overpowering sword. The overpowering sword of the Neal family was modified by Beckett Neal.” Whitney recounted the past.

“I wonder if I can cultivate it?” Braydon asked with a smile.

“Of course, you can. The bloodline in your body is comparable to the first ancestor of the Jansky family. Back then, there were marriages between the Neal family and the Jansky family for the sake of the overpowering sword.” Trevor stood silently at the side and explained why the Neal family had so many marriages with the Jansky family.

The blood of the Jansky family flowed in the Neal family’s disciples.

Then the power of the overpowering sword would be stronger with each generation.

According to Beckett’s plan back then, the Neal family would definitely grow into the most terrifying powerful family since ancient times, leaving behind a thousand years of history.

However, the Neal family disappeared in the chaos a hundred years ago. Braydon closed his eyes and leaned against the sofa. “I’m a little sleepy.” “Come back to the Jansky family with me and use all the strength of the Jansky family to help you recover.” Whitney still wanted to take Braydon with her.

The two were related by blood.

Based on seniority, in Whitney’s eyes, Braydon was her eldest grandson.

Since ancient times, even in modern times, many families still placed importance in differentiating between age.

In a family, the eldest son was the most important child.

The eldest son inherited the family business, and the younger son was allowed to do whatever he liked.

Braydon was the eldest son of the Neal family.

Braydon leaned back on the sofa with his eyes closed. “I’m a little sleepy!” Whitney sighed. She knew that Braydon would never follow her back to the Jansky family.

Braydon’s wings were gradually growing, and as the Garrison King, he had to keep a distance from the Jansky family, so there was no way he would stay with the Jansky family.

In a flash, Whitney left quietly.

Braydon opened his eyes and calmly said, "In a few days, I'll entrust my teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, to lead 200,000 imperial guards to the Jansky family in Lenver to bring Grandma back to the Neal family in Preston!"

The Strongest War God Chapter 852-You Tricked Me!

"Little one, leading 200,000 imperial guards and surround Lenver with a large number of troops is equal to pointing the tip of your spear at the Jansky family in Lenver. It's like announcing to the world that you, Braydon Neal, can wipe out the Jansky family with a single order!" Whitney Jansky stopped at the door and said softly.

Braydon wanted his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, to lead 200,000 imperial guards to Lenver. Was he really doing this to bring his grandmother back to Preston?

Braydon was no simple-minded person.

Braydon sat on the sofa and said calmly, "Grandma, you haven't returned to the Neal family for a long time. You should go back and visit. My father and fourth uncle miss you very much!" "Don't lie to me, young man. Louis and Liam probably hate me." After saying that, Whitney left.

Braydon didn't want to interfere with the old generation's grudges.

Braydon just wanted to make sure he did things right on his own end. Whitney left, but Trevor Jansky did not. He stood quietly at the side like a shadow.

He could not leave for the time being!

Braydon's blood flowed in Trevor's body, and he would be suppressed by Braydon for the rest of his life.

Perhaps to be more exact.

Trevor's future was in Braydon's hands!

Braydon was the master, and Trevor was the shadow.

Trevor's life was firmly in Braydon's hands.

Braydon sat on the sofa and closed his eyes. "Luke, I'm a little sleepy." "Hmph, you just want to chase me away. Can't you just tell me?" Although Luke Yates was a little silly, he wasn't stupid. He mumbled as he got up and left. He was probably going back to his room to torture the donkey. Braydon glanced at him indifferently, but the little fool ran even faster.

In a flash, Luke was gone.

He was afraid of being beaten up!

Maddox Johnstone cupped his fists and left the room. "Commander, the three of us will stand guard outside!" Braydon nodded lightly. Seeing that everyone had left, the door closed, leaving only him and Trevor.

"Sit down!" Braydon smiled lightly, poured a cup of bitter green tea, and took a sip.

Trevor looked at the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on the back of his hand and smiled bitterly. Then, he raised his head and said in a low voice, "Was everything that happened on Mount Woolas today your plan?" "Why do you say that?" Braydon put down his teacup and looked at him quietly.

"You tricked me!" Trevor said in a low voice.

Braydon smiled faintly and said nothing.

"When you shed all of your pinnacle blood and removed the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, did you already have your eyes set on me?" Trevor asked hoarsely.

"You revealed my secret. The Jansky family has a great scheme. You want to raise me in the Jansky family of Lenver. I carry the fate of the country, and everyone in the world knows that." Braydon sat gently on the sofa. He felt as if he was sitting on the emperor's throne. His expression was cold, and murderous intent was faintly condensed between his brows.

What others couldn't see through didn't mean that Braydon couldn't!

Trevor took a deep breath and said, "The members of the Jansky family are all secluded martial artists and have no feelings for the power of the secular world. The three of us from the Jansky family suspected that the Jansky bloodline in your body had awakened and wanted to see your Fiery Lotus Mark. That's all!" "Even so, the Jansky family is too strong, and the signs of being uncontrollable are too obvious." Braydon restrained his killing intent and leaned back on the sofa. He said faintly, "If the Jansky family is out of control, I won't be able to sleep at night!" "You're becoming more and more like Martial Emperor Yanagi!" Trevor stared at the person on the sofa.

Braydon couldn't help but laugh. With a slight movement of his left hand, half of a yellow scroll appeared. On it was a line of words written in small seal script!

It looked like an antique, but it was actually written in recent years.

Trevor took the yellow scroll and read the line of small words on it. "When you are free, return to the Jansky family. Signed..

Sovereign Lord!

Trevor's fingers trembled, his eyes filled with horror. He instantly looked at Braydon, who was sitting on the sofa, and said hoarsely, "You..." "What's wrong? It's a little shocking that I know it. To be honest, I'm a little afraid of it!" Braydon opened his eyes, and a helpless smile appeared on his lips. He said, "When I was young and frivolous, my teachers were afraid of it!" "It's too strong!" Braydon let out a breath of turbid air. Mentioning this teacher still gave him a lot of pressure.

Trevor was shocked.

His eyes revealed a look of disbelief.

This terrifying figure was not dead yet. It had no children or disciples in its life, and had never had a successor.

It had become a teacher!

"If you take out this yellow scroll, no one in the world will dare to be your enemy!" Trevor said hoarsely.

"It's too boring to be invincible in one's life." "If I use its name to run amuck in the world," Braydon said softly, "I'm afraid it will never see me again in the future. The fate between teacher and student will come to an end, and it will look down on my life." Trevor fell silent. He could vaguely understand it, but he couldn't understand the feeling.

"Three years ago, I received a letter from my teacher," Braydon said with a faint smile. "I've been interested in the Jansky family ever since. So, I wanted to ask you if there's anything good in the Jansky family that even this teacher is asking me to make a trip to the Jansky family." "The Jansky family has many precious treasures. We don't lack cultivation techniques, martial arts techniques, and spirit herbs, but the most precious thing is undoubtedly the bloodline in our bodies!

"Every disciple of the Jansky family will undergo the Spirit Awakening Ceremony at the age of nine!" "What are the benefits of the Spirit Awakening Ceremony?" Braydon asked.

Instantly.

Trevor told him everything he knew and said solemnly, "People of the Jansky family can stay young even without cultivating. They can live for nearly two hundred years, which is twice the lifespan of ordinary people. However, martial artists know that in order to live a long life, vitality and strength in the body are crucial. The stronger the vitality and body, not only will they not age, but they will also return to their youth, which will lead to reverse growth and longevity of hundreds of years.

“The bloodline of the Jansky family has been passed down from generation to generation.” Braydon knew that the secret of the Jansky family’s longevity was their bloodline power.

Moreover, the older generation knew that when a martial artist reached the supreme pinnacle realm, their strength would be unprecedentedly terrifying. Their vitality would contain immense power, which would be transformed into their own bloodline and passed on to the next generation.

If nothing unexpected happened, the offspring of the supreme pinnacle would be born as a pinnacle martial artist.

When he was born, he would inherit his parents’ strength and be born with a strong vitality.

A pinnacle with innate pinnacle foundation would not be inferior to his father.

The situation of each generation becoming stronger than the previous generation would be passed down from generation to generation. Once it appeared, it would definitely be the golden age of martial arts.

Unfortunately, such a phenomenon had not been seen for thousands of years.

Trevor revealed the secret of the Jansky family and said, “During the Spirit Awakening Ceremony, a secret technique is used to help each family member quickly tap into their bloodline potential. The most obvious feeling is that they will open their spirit apertures, the clear spirit platform, and their talent will increase sharply!

“When I was nine years old, I unlocked the seven-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, and my talent doubled. That night, I broke through to the ninth-level king realm, and a month later, I touched the pinnacle of martial arts!” Trevor told him about the benefits he had gained from the Spirit Awakening Ceremony..

The Strongest War God Chapter 853-A New Shadow Appears!

This benefit was something that outside martial artists could not compare to.

People were born different, and this was reflected in martial artists, which made people feel even more hopeless.

For most ordinary martial artists, it was already a joyous occasion for them to become a War God.

However, the strength of a War God, in the Jansky family, is probably not even qualified to be a servant!

The Jansky family's Spirit Awakening Ceremony was truly abnormal.

A martial artist's talent and comprehension would increase, once again opening their spiritual apertures, which was equivalent to a large increase in their own potential.

Perhaps this was the reason why the Jansky family had been cultivating in seclusion for thousands of years.

Their ancestors were too powerful, and the bloodline they inherited was a blessing for their descendants.

Braydon Neal, who was sitting on the sofa, said playfully, "If I make a trip to the Jansky family and undergo the Spirit Awakening Ceremony, my bloodline will be fully awakened. Will my talent also increase by two times?" "Far more than that!" "If the possessor of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark opens his spiritual aperture once again, his talent will increase by three times!" Trevor Jansky said in a low voice.

This was recorded in the Jansky family's family register!

Since ancient times, in the thousand years of history of the Jansky family, there were only a few people who possessed the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

The family register clearly recorded the life of every owner of the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, leaving precious experience documents for future generations.

A three-petal Fiery Lotus Mark indicated a branch descendant.

A six-petal Fiery Lotus Mark indicated a direct descendant.

A nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark indicated the family leader.

Unique inheritance method; strict rules of seniority.

However, in this era, the Jansky family gave birth to two demons with nine-petal Fiery Lotus Marks.

One was Trevor.

The other was Braydon!

Both of them had a rich Jansky bloodline in their bodies.

Braydon sat on the sofa and smiled lightly. "Looks like I'll have to stay an extra day at the Jansky family's place since I'm going to pick Grandma up tomorrow." "You have suppressed your body for twenty years, and your bloodline has already been dispersed. If you don't carry out the Spirit Awakening Ceremony, you will definitely hurt yourself."

After Trevor finished speaking, a bitter smile appeared on his lips. He said, "Your current talent is almost spiritual, and no one can compare to it. If you go through the Spirit Awakening Ceremony again, your talent will increase by more than three times. No one knows how high your talent will reach, and you will definitely be envied by the heavens!" Braydon smiled at these words.

Envied by the heavens?

So what?

Braydon had never been afraid of heaven and earth, nor did he believe in ghosts and Gods.

The men of the Northern Army only believed in the blade in their hands.

With a cold sword in hand, they could defeat all enemies in the world!

Braydon sat quietly and looked at Trevor. He said softly, "I now know enough about the Jansky family. Now, let's talk about you and me!" "Your blood flows in my body, and it has turned into a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark. My life is under your control!" Trevor was much calmer as he spoke of an outcome that was hard to accept.

Both of them had a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on their left hands.

Braydon's mark was the innate nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

Trevor's mark was a postnatal evolution.

There was an obvious difference between the two!

Braydon suddenly stood up and walked to the balcony with his hands behind his back. He looked at the misty mountain scenery and said softly, "With my pinnacle blood, I will help you reach the chaos pinnacle realm. You and I are connected by fate. I will be the lead, and you will be my assist!" "You want me to be your shadow?" Trevor clenched his fists.

A prodigy like him becoming the shadow of others.

To Trevor, living in someone else's shadow for the rest of his life was more unacceptable than dying in battle.

At this moment, Braydon turned around and said calmly, "Why not?" "If I become your shadow, I'll never be able to escape your control!" Trevor was still unwilling to accept that.

"You're not the only shadow I have!" Braydon said calmly.

The past Qilin Lords all had shadows.

To be precise, many big shots had their own shadows.

For example, Braydon's teachers, Finley Yanagi and Martial Emperor Yanagi, all had their own shadows.

Braydon was the student of these important figures and had inherited their teachings. How could he not have his own shadow?

Trevor closed his eyes and asked in a desolate tone, "Do I have any other choice?" "My shadow doesn't need to be by my side. Living in my shadow will make it difficult for you to achieve anything in your life. If you can surpass me in the future, I am willing to be your shadow!" Braydon looked straight at Trevor.

However, Trevor raised his left hand and revealed the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark. He exhaled and said, "With the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark, I can't surpass you for the rest of my life!" "You already have a nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on your body. In the future, you have a chance to reach the supreme pinnacle realm, but the time required to reach that realm needs to be shortened." Braydon and Trevor were in the room.

Everything they talked about was a secret discussion.

No third person would know what they had talked about today.

Braydon had revealed earlier that Trevor was not the only one in his shadow.

Who else could it be?

Even Luke didn't know.

Only Braydon knew how many shadows he had and who they were.

Braydon raised his hand and passed a few things to Trevor.

First, the Great Void of Kylo Art.

Braydon taught Trevor the strongest cultivation method of Mount Kylo.

What was a shadow?

The shadow inherited everything from Braydon, just like another version of himself.

When this shadow walked in the human world, it was another King Braydon. Outsiders could not differentiate between them. Only when the two were born together could outsiders tell who was the real one and who was the shadow.

“I will teach you the first three levels of the Great Void of Kylo Art. If you can cultivate up to the third level, come find me for the rest of the cultivation method.” The complete nine cultivation methods of the Great Void of Kylo Art were in Braydon’s hands.

Cole Colbie had yet to master the complete cultivation method.

This included Frediano Jadanza.

The reason was simple. They had not even cultivated the second level of the Great Void of Kylo Art.

What was the use of giving them the complete cultivation method?

“This is Kylo’s strongest cultivation method!” Trevor frowned.

“The Kylo Art can help you condense purple Qi. You can absorb and refine it yourself and integrate it into your vitality to make up for the lack of spirit herbs during cultivation.” Braydon said.

Trevor was shocked!

The Great Void of Kylo Art was way too terrifying.

However, this was not the end.

Braydon taught Trevor the Qilin Art that the previous Qilin Lords had learned, including the forbidden technique, Heavenly Execution.

One of the ten ancient forbidden techniques.

He taught Trevor the Heaven-Splitting Forbidden Technique and the Heavenly Execution.

These were all things that pinnacle martial artists yearned for.

Trevor tried to learn everything and waited for Braydon’s instructions.

He knew very well that Braydon wouldn’t keep him by his side and would need him to do other things.

As expected.

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and said softly, “The Jansky family is both part of the aristocratic families and the sects. Its foundation is terrifying. If I can’t control them, I won’t be able to sleep at night.’ Trevor’s expression was calm as he understood the meaning behind these words.

He wanted Trevor to return to the Jansky family and control the entire Jansky family as a hidden agent from the Northern Army..

The Strongest War God Chapter 854-Suppressing Star Tower Alone, the Mighty Tiger
From the looks of it, Trevor Jansky did indeed have the qualifications!

He had the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark.

In the entire Jansky family, if the Jansky family saw the nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark on the back of Trevor's hand, they would definitely worship him as the family leader.

It was time for the old patriarch of the Jansky family to step down!

The nine-petal Fiery Lotus Mark had appeared.

For the Jansky family, this was definitely a blessing. At the same time, it also represented the transfer of power between the old and the new.

In the evening, Trevor silently left Mount Woolas.

He had his own things to do!

Braydon Neal stood on the balcony of the room on the seventh floor. A gust of cold wind blew through the window, and he immediately coughed violently. His face was slightly pale.

Today, he had used up all of his pinnacle blood, and his vitality dispersed, returning to zero.

To outsiders, Braydon looked like a cripple!

In reality, Braydon was only injured, but not crippled.

His pinnacle foundation was hidden deep within his bones.

As night fell, the stars hung in the starry sky, shining faintly.

Someone knocked on the door of the seventh floor of Star Tower.

Kinslee Mayer whispered, "Brother Neal, it's time to get up and pee. I mean, it's time to get up and get to work. That idiot Lester Crawford has gathered all the geniuses of the aristocratic families in the hall. I don't know what he's up to!" Kinslee, who had a sly look on his face, did not look like a decent person.

The young master of the Mayer family had devoted himself to digging graves. He had tormented many ancestors.

Kinslee could tell that this guy was not a good person.

Kinslee had been thinking about the wisp of purple Qi in the heaven-gazing roaring statue, so he had come to inform Braydon.

Crack!

When the door opened, Braydon, who was dressed in plain clothes, looked much better. However, he still felt a little weak.

“Didn’t you eat the pill I gave you?” Kinslee asked suspiciously.

“There’s no hurry. Is everyone downstairs?” Braydon stood in the circular corridor on the seventh floor, which led straight to the hall on the first floor. Hundreds of young people had arrived.

All 72 orthodox descendants of the schools of thought were present!

For example, the three giants of Confucianism, Kendall Kramer, Lowman Kramer and Jefford Kramer, were all here.

Other than that, the successors of legalism, the direct descendants of Daoism, and the geniuses of the School of Yin and Yang were all there.

Maddox Johnstone appeared quietly and said in a low voice, “Commander, other than the descendants of the 72 schools of thought and the direct descendants of the aristocratic families, a few hundred clothes successors have appeared !” “Interesting. I once issued a Heavenly Execution Order in Quill, but those few people didn’t listen to it. Now that Hansworth is in a precarious situation, the hundred clothes successors are still in the aristocratic families. It seems that they have really forgotten their responsibility!” Braydon’s tone was calm, but his eyes were cold.

Since ancient times, if the Heavenly Execution Orders had been given, all the successors of the hundred clothes in the world must obey the orders.

Of all the hundred clothes, the Qilin was the leader.

Since the inheritors of the hundred clothes refused to listen to his orders, he would kill them all.

The hundred clothes inheritance wasn’t left for the various aristocratic families.

They were the treasures of Hansworth!

As the Qilin Lord, Braydon had the responsibility to govern the successors of the hundred clothes.

At this moment, in the hall of Star Tower.

A handsome young man stood with his hands behind his back. Looking at Lester in front of him, he shouted coldly, "Lester, as a martial artist of a powerful family, why did you come to Mount Woolas? Haven't your people harmed the aristocratic families enough today?" "It's true that the aristocratic families and the powerful families are closely related, but there's still a difference between us!" Someone else spoke, obviously rejecting Lester, the young monk.

Lester, whose head was bald, tilted his head and put his hands together. With a solemn look on his handsome face, he said, "Amitabha. This little monk has kindly invited all of you to discuss the distribution of this wisp of purple Qi from the heaven-gazing roaring stone statue. How can you bully this little monk!" "Lester, stop being so sarcastic!" A young master from an aristocratic family stepped forward with anger in his eyes.

Lester tilted her head and looked over. "Seventh-level king?" "So what if he's a king? The Lofton family is behind me!" When the young master of the aristocratic family mentioned his family background, his brows were filled with arrogance.

"Young Master Lofton, the dignity of the pinnacle cannot be provoked!" Lester said solemnly.

Swoosh!

The young monk Lester took a step forward. He did not have the temperament of a Buddhist monk.

On the contrary.

This little monk was emitting a terrifying killing intent.

Lester moved sideways and landed a palm on the young master's chest.

With just one palm, he broke his heart and killed him on the spot.

Everyone was shocked!

Lester was the host and had invited everyone.

With just a few words, he had killed a genius from an aristocratic family.

Such actions were too overbearing.

Lester was the Son of Buddha!

Killing for no reason violated the rules of Buddhism.

Lester stretched his waist lazily and said, "Martial artists below the pinnacle realm should stop when they come. Today, in Star Tower, martial artists below the pinnacle realm are all ants!" "Lester Crawford, what do you want?" Lowman, one of the three giants of Confucianism, was furious.

Everybody's face changed, sensing that Lester was up to something.

Lester was very calm. "I'm only representing someone today to invite you to a gathering," he said bluntly. "Don't be impatient, everyone!" "Who did you invite us on behalf of?" Everyone in the room was shocked.

Lester smiled without saying anything.

Many people could faintly smell danger.

Someone instantly wanted to leave.

Braydon, who was standing on the seventh floor with his hands behind his back, raised his left hand slightly, and a force landed on the floor below.

Bang!

The door to the huge room slowly closed.

Everyone turned their heads to look upstairs. More than 90% of the young people had pale faces.

Everyone on Mount Woolas recognized the white-robed King Braydon.

Braydon walked down to the second floor with his hands behind his back.

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, everyone looked at the handsome young man in Qilin clothes.

"Second Brother, leave the rest to me!" Braydon said calmly. "You look like you have kidney deficiency. You sure you can handle this?" Lester was doubtful. He had witnessed Braydon's blood being shed.

In the eyes of outsiders, Braydon had shed all his blood, which was equivalent to crippling himself!

Even if Braydon was crippled!

This overlord of the northern territory still had the might of a tiger.

Braydon then entered the room. The young martial artists around him lowered their heads, not daring to look at Braydon.

Braydon was given the title Garrison King when he was twenty years old.

In all of Hansworth, he was second only to one person and above all others.

He had the power to rule the country!

Everyone in Hansworth was afraid of him!

Braydon walked to the high platform in the hall with his hands behind his back. There was a chair on it.

No one dared to sit on the chair.

Braydon walked over calmly and sat down slowly. He had a thin body and a handsome appearance. He sat high up, but he had the majesty of a lord. It was as if everyone in the hall was his subordinate.

The entire place was silent.

Some of the martial artists present glared at Lester resentfully and gnashed their teeth. "Lester, you bastard, you joined the Northern Army?!" "This is a deadly trap!" No one present was a fool.

Everyone was keenly aware that this was most likely a deadly trap..

The Strongest War God Chapter 855-Do You Really Think I'm a Cripple?

However, no one expected that Braydon Neal had not left Mount Woolas.

During the day, he openly declared war on the powerful families, suppressed the various aristocratic families, and killed several pinnacle figures.

Was that not enough?

Was Braydon planning to make a move against the genius martial artists of the aristocratic families?

At this moment, Braydon sat alone in the high seat and said calmly, "I asked Lester to invite all of you today because I want to talk to you about joining the Military Department and becoming a general of the Northern Army!" "What?" "Braydon Neal, you dare to do this?" "By doing this, you're forcing the aristocratic family to rebel!" Everyone in the crowd was shocked and furious.

However, after the last sentence was spoken, the entire place fell silent... Everyone turned to look at the back of the crowd. There was a thin young man with a sharp face. They couldn't help but stay away from him.

How brainless could he be!

Talking about rebelling in front of King Braydon?

Did he want his whole family to be wiped out?

Braydon sat alone in a high seat. His light smile was like a spring breeze. His gaze fell on the back of the crowd, and he asked softly, "What's your name?" "Larkin Kincaid of the Kincaid family!" The pointy-faced young man, Larkin, said his name with a straight face.

The Kincaid family was ranked 33rd on the aristocratic family list.

Braydon raised his left hand and pointed it at Larkin. His expression suddenly changed, and he said coldly, "Kill him!" Swoosh!

In a flash, the one-armed Maddox Johnstone drew the Northern Army sword from his waist.

The moment the sword was unsheathed, it was filled with dominance.

"Overpowering sword!" someone exclaimed.

"Half-step pinnacle!" Everyone was shocked. They did not expect that a nobody beside Braydon would actually be a martial artist at the half-step pinnacle realm.

What was even more terrifying was that he had cultivated the overpowering sword.

The overpowering sword swept across the sky and descended brazenly.

It was like black lightning, unstoppable.

"Braydon Neal, you dare to kill me?" Larkin asked in horror.

"Why wouldn't I dare to kill you? If your family dares to cause trouble, I'll kill your family!" Maddox's sword descended from the top of Larkin's head straight to the bottom of his feet.

His entire body was cut into two with a single slash!

Hot blood filled the hall.

He was a martial artist!

The essence of martial artists was accompanied by slaughter.

The noisy room instantly fell silent.

Those who disobeyed the will of the Northern King would die!

An extremely oppressive aura enveloped the entire room.

Lowman Kramer and the other two were all at the pinnacle realm. They did not fear Braydon because of Larkin's death.

This kind of method of killing as a warning was useless against the young elites present.

"Braydon Neal..." Lowman said with a solemn expression.

"Even though you are a giant of Confucianism, and the outstanding people of the Confucian school may have official positions, but do you know what will happen if you call my name?" Braydon looked over slowly.

Lowman's face was slightly pale. He had cultivated the Way of Confucius and Mencius since he was young, and the rules of etiquette were deeply imprinted in his heart.

He let out a breath of turbid air, turned around, and bowed. "Confucius scholar Lowman Kramer greets Your Highness. What I want to say is that even if the powerful Martial Emperor swept across the world and intimidated the foreigners, he would not be so overbearing and forcefully accept us into the military. But why is Your Highness doing this today?" "I'm here today to tell you the reason!" Braydon's eyes were like lightning as he said coldly, "The hundreds of countries outside are afraid of my success. They are afraid that Hansworth will regain the glory of the Hanlon Dynasty. They are afraid that Hansworth will regain the prosperity of the great Togo Empire!

"Therefore, the hundred countries outside the border joined forces several years ago. They formulated a hunting plan. This plan is to hunt Hansworth, and the hundred countries will share the profits!

"The hundred countries are no longer restless. They have sent troops to invade our borders. Do you know how many men die in battle in the military every Braydon was slightly angry as he looked at the three giants of Confucianism.

Confucianism was different from the aristocratic families.

They belonged to the sects.

It was a part of the Hansworth civilization.

As the successors of Confucianism, now that Hansworth was facing foreign enemies, these people were living a wayward life on Mount Woolas, seeking pleasure.

What kind of life were they leading!

Why should the men of the Military Department defend the country's borders, use their blood to build an indestructible monument, and use their flesh and blood to resist the foreign martial artist armies!

What right did the young masters of the aristocratic families have to hide in the back and enjoy themselves?

Was it because of their good family background?

Was it because all the men in the military were from ordinary families?

But the men of the military had parents and wives.

Everyone was a living being.

The privilege of the powerful and aristocratic families had been revoked the day Braydon left the northern territory and returned to Preston.

With the Northern King Sword in his hand, Braydon had broken the privilege of the powerful and aristocratic families.

All the disciples of the powerful and aristocratic families had to go to the front lines.

Disobeying orders and fearing war meant certain death!

"Hunting plan?" Lowman shouted angrily. "Is this plan real or fake?" Kendall Kramer's eyes revealed a look of shock.

Braydon didn't prove it.

But the martial artists present believed it deep down.

Because with Braydon's personality, he would never lie to deceive them.

Everyone fell silent.

Even if these people knew about the hunting plan.

But so what!

They were still unwilling to join the military. They were still unwilling to contribute even a little to the country!

These people only had their families in their hearts!

The concept of family supremacy was deeply rooted in their hearts.

So, don't blame Braydon for being ruthless.

For these kinds of martial artists, other than forcefully suppressing them, what else could he do?

Could Braydon educate them and change their beliefs bit by bit?

Braydon was the son of the martial arts fate.

Not the son of the civil fate!

This was the job of the son of the civil fate.

The son of the civil fate, Colton Jansky, had already died.

Therefore, Braydon used martial arts to dominate the world.

"Even though you know about the hunting plan and know how fierce the war at the front line is, you still don't want to join the military!" Braydon said quietly.

"Are you ashamed to fight with me? I have never done anything shameful in the human world!" Braydon's eyes were like lightning.

However, the difference in their vision, structure, and even courage was too great.

Sometimes, people couldn't help but think that not everyone was King Braydon!

The entire place was silent.

"Or do you think that I am now crippled and can only control the civil fate of the country? Do you think I can no longer support the martial arts fate of Hansworth?" Braydon asked indifferently.

"Let me tell you, although I am crippled, I am still the overlord of the northern territory! " His voice was like thunder, rumbling through the sky.

Braydon suddenly stood up. His three-foot-long white robe was as white as snow. His eyes were sharp as lightning as he looked around.

No one dared to look him in the eye.

Coincidentally, at this moment.

In the center of Star Tower's hall, the heaven-gazing roaring statue slowly trembled. It looked like it was looking at the sky as it spat out wisps of purple. The annual purple Qi was about to appear.

Many people looked over with joy in their eyes. They were eager to make a move.

No one seemed to care about Braydon's words.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Do you really think that I am a cripple?"

The Strongest War God Chapter 856-Ordinary People Can't Understand It!

The attention of all the martial artists present was practically all on the heaven-gazing roaring statue.

In their hearts, they had always been thinking about that wisp of purple Qi.

These people turned a deaf ear to Braydon Neal's words.

They felt that Braydon was useless!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, calmly looking at the heaven-gazing roaring statue. He slowly spat out a wisp of purple Qi, which was as thick as a chopstick and a foot long, from the heaven-gazing roaring statue's mouth.

It was this wisp of purple Qi that made all the elites of the aristocratic families gather at Star Tower and refuse to leave.

There was only one streak of purple Qi.

There were more than a hundred people present, and everyone wanted to snatch it.

Even Kinslee Mayer was restless. He quietly blended into the crowd. He felt that he could not count on Braydon anymore.

After all, Braydon had been hurt.

If he wanted to snatch the purple Qi, he would have to rely on himself.

After a brief silence.

Swoosh!

The first person made his move.

It was a young pinnacle.

All the geniuses there were either from the ten great aristocratic families or the legitimate successors of the 72 schools of thought!

They were all people with amazing talent.

That was why Braydon wanted to recruit them into the Military Department. If they could be used by the Northern Army, they would definitely be a powerful general at the border.

It was easy to get a thousand troops, but hard to get a tiger general!

If the young people present had experienced the tempering of the flames of war, they would definitely be powerful generals.

Unfortunately, they didn't listen to Braydon's words. They only wanted to seize that wisp of purple Qi.

After the first person made his move, the entire Star Tower fell into chaos.

The moment the chaos ensued, the pinnacles hidden in the hall appeared one after another!

The three giants of Confucianism were Kendall Kramer, Lowman Kramer and Jefford Kramer!

The three young elites joined forces and went straight for the purple Qi.

The legalism successor was a black-robed youth with a cold and stern aura. He took a step forward, and his vitality reached 500 Na, releasing his pinnacle pressure.

He alone blocked the path of the three giants of Confucianism.

The black-robed youth was Cain Flanagan.

He shone brightly in Star Tower.

"The three of you have no right to touch the purple Qi!" Cain said coldly.

"Cain Flanagan!"

Lowman's eyes were filled with killing intent. He gnashed his teeth in hatred when he saw this guy.

Ever since they were young, Cain had been against the three Confucian disciples, each having their own victories and losses.

The conflict between Confucianism and legalism had lasted for thousands of years.

Now that the direct descendants of the two schools met, they would inevitably compete again.

Moreover, they had already arrived at Mount Woolas a few days ago.

However, the elders of each family were all at Mount Woolas, so they restrained each other.

Now, all the elders had fled Mount Woolas because of the Northern King, leaving only this group of juniors behind. Naturally, they had to determine who was better.

The battle for the purple Qi was the battle of the 72 schools of thought. It would be a miracle if these people were gathered together and nothing happened.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, coldly looking at this group of useless trash. He raised his left hand and said indifferently, "Absorb!"

Swoosh!

The wisp of purple Qi floating in the air turned into a purple stream of light. It was like a small snake that circled around Braydon's palm.

Everyone was stunned.

No one had expected Braydon to be able to control the purple Qi.

Moreover, he had casually absorbed the purple Qi.

Everyone was instantly unhappy.

The genius martial artists had come to Star Tower today for this wisp of purple

Now, this purple Qi had actually been obtained by the crippled Braydon.

Cain and Lowman, who were fighting, instantly stopped. They turned around and stared at the purple Qi in Braydon's hand.

In the eyes of these people, although Braydon was crippled, his might was still there.

This Garrison King was not to be trifled with.

Looking at everyone present, who had the guts to take advantage of Braydon's weakness to forcefully take his life?

None of the 72 schools of thought dared to do this!

The eyes of the strongest few from the aristocratic families revealed a hint of coldness.

They might dare to make a move!

However, they were wary and did not dare to act rashly.

Cain clasped his hands behind his back and frowned. "Your Highness, with your crippled body, you wish to obtain this wisp of purple Qi?" Saying that Braydon was crippled in front of everyone...

Cain was the first to do so!

The young monk, Lester Crawford, had murderous intent in his eyes.

The king of the northern territory could not be humiliated!

Those who insulted him would be killed!

Braydon's left palm was surrounded by a wisp of purple Qi. He said softly, "In the school of legalism, each generation is weaker than the last. When the leader of the school of legalism sees me, he has to respect me and address me as the Northern King!

"As for you, if I didn't cherish your talent, I would have made you lose your life in Star Tower today!"

With Braydon's personality, it was possible for him to do so.

But now, Braydon wanted to recruit the most outstanding members of the aristocratic families into the military and make them generals under the Northern Army.

Cain, who was an unruly person, released his fighting spirit which swept toward Braydon. He shouted, "You've shed all of your pinnacle blood, so you're useless now. You want me to lose my life in Star Tower?"

"If you didn't have the title of Garrison King, I could kill you with one palm strike!"

Cain actually said that Braydon was useless.

Since the establishment of martial arts in the north, in the entire Hansworth, who would dare to say that the king of the northern territory was useless?

Braydon's expression was calm. He moved his left fingers slightly, opened his mouth, and inhaled. The wisp of purple Qi entered his mouth. This scene made Cain's expression turn cold as he said, 'You're courting death!'

Braydon swallowed the purple Qi, as if he was occupying the purple Qi.

How was everyone supposed to fight for it now?

If they wanted this purple Qi, he couldn't possibly cut open Braydon's stomach!

Cain made a move on the spot and punched Braydon in the chest, preparing to punch out this purple Qi.

Braydon's face was still a little pale. The after-effects of losing all his pinnacle blood and his vitality were not so easy to overcome. However, the pinnacle blood had been completely scattered.

What's wrong with that?

His pinnacle foundation was much more than that bit of pinnacle blood.

Braydon moved with his hands behind his back. His thin body was white.

This was the activation of the eight techniques!

All the martial artists present were shocked!

"Hasn't he been crippled?" Lowman said angrily.

"Does he not need any power to activate his eight techniques?" One of the top aristocratic family geniuses said in shock.

All the martial artists in the world had heard of King Braydon's king-conferring techniques.

It was called the eight pinnacle techniques now!

The martial artists who had seen the horrors of the eight techniques were all dead.

Now, Braydon was using the eight techniques once more.

And with a crippled body at that.

One could not help but suspect that Braydon did not need any strength to activate his eight techniques.

“The arts are difficult for ordinary people to understand!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

Swoosh!

Braydon’s body was covered in white light. He raised his left hand, but he didn’t draw any talismans. On the contrary, his palm was filled with lightning.

The Thunder Palm of the sect of Mount Dutu?

This was the Five-thunder Technique!

Braydon’s left palm landed on Cain’s fist, and he said softly, “Five Thunder, kill! ”

Boom!

A hundred-meter-long bright lightning and thunder appeared out of nowhere and struck.

With a crack, the hall was as bright as day..

The Strongest War God Chapter 857-Join the Northern Army and You Will be Allowed to Become a Sovereign Pinnacle!

Cain Flanagan felt as if he had been struck by lightning. He was sent flying out of the living room by Braydon Neal's palm and landed on an empty space on the peak of Mount Woolas.

Braydon was supposed to be crippled, yet his fist force was as high as 100,000 pounds.

He then used the thunder technique to attack!

With just one attack, he had severely injured Cain.

This scene shocked many people, and they could not help but shiver.

Even though Hansworth's Braydon Neal had been crippled, he was still an incomparable monument!

He was really way too powerful!

Cain coughed up blood non-stop and slowly stood up from the ground. His eyes were filled with killing intent as he said hoarsely, "Braydon Neal, I want you dead!"

"I cherish your talent, but if you want to die, I'll send you on your way!"

Braydon placed his right hand behind his back, and his left hand was filled with lightning. He stood in the dark sky above Mount Woolas, facing the strong wind.

The moment the gale swept across the mountain peak.

Braydon raised his left hand and slowly closed his eyes. "The arts are the archenemy of the ancient martial arts. Three thousand years ago, ancient warlocks were Gods. They revered the arts and dominated the world. "Tonight, I invite everyone to witness how terrifying a pinnacle warlock is!"

Braydon slowly opened his eyes and raised his left hand slightly to the sky. Sparks of electricity filled the air as he opened his mouth and said, "There are five types of thunder, and there are five types of arts."

Braydon stood in the dark night.

His thin body was glowing with white light. It was the light of the eight techniques.

Braydon was extremely terrifying when he used all his techniques.

However, Braydon, who had lost all of his pinnacle blood, seemed to be even more terrifying when he used the martial arts technique!

No one had expected such a situation.

In an instant.

The dark night was cut by a bright light.

It was lightning!

The lightning representing the righteous path between heaven and earth was a terrifying 700 meters tall.

It was even taller than a hundred-story building.

This kind of offensive technique gave people a great pressure and shock.

Compared to it, martial artists felt insignificant.

Although martial artists were strong, it was difficult for them to shake the world.

Compared to the power of heaven and earth, a martial artist who was a mortal was like an ant who was seeking his own death.

Cain's eyes were red as he released his killing intent. He roared in a low voice, "It's not that ancient warlocks can't be killed. Three thousand years ago, all humans cultivated sorcery. During that ancient period, the ancestors of Hansworth created an unprecedented era of sorcery!

"But even so, what good is that?

"Didn't the era of the arts still end due to ancient martial arts?

"Ancient warlocks are not unkillable!"

Cain was a genius in the field of legalism, so it was not surprising that he knew many facts about ancient times.

In a flash, he punched out like a dragon and roared, "The biggest weakness of ancient warlocks is their physique. No matter how powerful a warlock is, they are afraid of martial artists getting close!"

His voice echoed throughout the night, as if he was telling everyone about the weakness of the ancient warlocks.

Pinnacle martial artists often fought in fast speeds.

After all, the movement speed of such a person was extremely fast. Cain had already arrived in front of Braydon, and he said coldly, "Die!"

The fist contained tens of thousands of pounds of power. If it landed on Braydon, he would definitely be seriously injured.

But then, Cain felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

His fist stopped in mid-air, only three centimeters away from Braydon's chest.

Yet, he stopped!

It was not that Cain wanted to stop, but that he felt a fatal sense of danger behind him.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his back and stood where he was. Nine bolts of lightning appeared above his head.

The lightning was like a silver light, 700 meters long, like a giant sword standing in the dark night.

On the top of Mount Woolas, it was as bright as day.

Countless tourists at the foot of the mountain woke up from their dreams.

They looked up at the top of the mountain and were all stunned.

Nine bolts of lightning formed an array, standing neatly in the dark night.

This was a miraculous scene.

The tourists at the foot of the mountain exclaimed and took out their phones to take photos.

However, the people at the foot of the mountain could only take a blurry photo. They were far less shocked than the martial artists at the top of Mount Woolas.

Nine bolts of lightning stood in the dark night.

One of them landed behind Cain.

With a loud bang, the lightning did not explode. On the contrary, it was as sharp as sword Qi and cut off half of the mountain.

The back of Mount Woolas was a vast forest, so rolling stones could not hurt anyone.

It was this attack that made Cain completely despair.

He did not dare to attack again!

Braydon's attack was a shock!

He wanted to intimidate Cain and make him understand that if this attack landed on him, he would be killed.

He would die without a whole body.

In the next moment, it was even more shocking.

In the dark night, Braydon's body was covered in white light, like a young God.

His left hand moved slightly, and a bolt of lightning that stood in the dark night landed in Braydon's palm.

Braydon held a 700-meter-tall thunderbolt in his hand. He looked like a God, and it was shocking.

Lester Crawford, the young monk, was dumbfounded. "Is he still human?"

"This is too much!"

Kinslee Mayer gulped.

Luke Yates mumbled, "Is the thing in my brother's hand delicious?"

"You want to eat that?"

Kinslee was dumbfounded; it was as if he was looking at a freak.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Braydon held the hundred-meter-long thunderbolt in his hand. His eyes were filled with coldness and ruthlessness as he said, "Now, Hansworth is in the midst of a storm. The hundred foreign countries have joined forces to invade Hansworth. The foreign enemies are plotting against our land, killing the soldiers of our military.

"Tonight, on the summit of Mount Woolas, I shall issue the Garrison King Order!

"All the martial artists above the War God level will join the military and become soldiers of the Northern Army. The king level martial artists and pinnacle martial artists will become generals of the Northern Army!

“Those who don’t obey will be killed without mercy!”

This was the first time Braydon had issued a Garrison King Order since he was conferred the title.

Once the order was issued.

All the martial artists in the 23 provinces had to listen to his orders.

The expressions of the people on Mount Woolas changed.

They realized that Braydon wasn’t just going to deal with them. He was going to deal with the four entities as well.

He was forcing them to fight at the front line.

Braydon held a hundred-meter-long thunderbolt in his hand and condensed it into a three-foot-long sword in a breath.

A three-foot-long sword that was flashing with electricity was pointed at Cain.

“If you become a general of the Northern Army, I will allow you to reach the sovereign pinnacle realm in the future!” Braydon said calmly.

“What?”

Cain’s eyes revealed shock.

He could understand this sentence.

Sovereign pinnacle realm.

There were nine realms in the pinnacle realm. The highest realm was the supreme pinnacle realm.

The sovereign pinnacle realm was the second highest.

Was there a sovereign pinnacle in this world?

There was!

This person was a girl.

She was Braydon’s sister, Sadie Dudley.

Which modern martial artist didn’t yearn to achieve the sovereign pinnacle realm?

Cain was tempted, but he roared hoarsely, "Now that martial arts are declining, the capital has devoted all its national strength to nurture a Garrison King like you. What can you use to guarantee that I can reach the sovereign pinnacle realm in the future?"

"Do you know how much resource is needed for a martial artist to reach the sovereign pinnacle realm?"

"What's more, you're a cripple!" Cain said hoarsely..