

The Strongest War God Chapter 901 - 917

The Strongest War God Chapter 901-The Martial Artist Summit is About to Begin The three of them arrived at the entrance of the manor.

Frediano Jadanza was dressed in black and still looked like the cold King Luminosa. He smiled faintly. "It seems that the three of us are not the only ones who came today!" "Harvey, hiding in the dark is not like you!" Westley Hader lightly smiled.

Harvey Lay, the southern guardian, was as gentle as a gentleman. He had the Wildgoose Wing Sword on him, and his red phoenix eyes were rolled up. He wore a single garment that exposed his chest as he walked barefoot on the white snow.

He was born with the demeanor of a gentleman, but he had an evil aura. He said unhappily, "I've been here for a long time!" "Haha, Frediano, the three of you came so early!" The northern guardian, Hendrix Bailey, had also arrived.

Not far away, heavy snow fell. A cold young man stepped on the snow. It was the War God of the Nation, Jonah Shaw. He said solemnly, "Why did Big Brother ask us to come here?" "Jonah!" Hendrix shrugged helplessly, as if he didn't know either.

Previously, Braydon Neal had been in seclusion for four months, and the brothers had not been sitting around doing nothing.

All of them were extremely talented. For four months, they had restrained their vitality, and all of them had no less than 1,000 Na of vitality.

In fact, the two most dangerous people here were Harvey and Frediano.

Frediano cultivated the First Emperor Combat Technique and was a dangerous figure only second to Braydon.

The First Emperor Combat Technique had six layers of seals. In battle, they were all used to fight against many powerful enemies.

Once the battle was over, the six seals of the First Emperor Combat Technique would cover his entire body again, making it impossible for others to see through his true combat strength.

Frediano still looked like a pinnacle martial artist with 1,000 Na of vitality.

However, if he were to enter a bloody battle and the six seals were removed, his battle prowess would probably increase exponentially.

Such a situation had happened on Mount Tanish.

Frediano's First Emperor Combat Technique had six seals and was ranked first among the ten forbidden techniques.

If it wasn't overbearing, how could it be ranked first among the forbidden techniques for thousands of years?

The six influential figures had arrived in the snow because of Braydon's words.

Braydon had called them over because there was something to do.

Moreover, the six of them weren't the only elites in the Northern Army.

There were also the leaders of the seven elites of Hansworth!

The leader of the Northern Army was Braydon.

The leader of the Western Army, Joshua Mandor, was the commander of the ninth legion of the Northern Army. He led his troops to the Neal family manor.

When Joshua arrived and saw the six people at the entrance of the manor, he was instantly shocked and said, "Jonah, why are you guys here too?" "Just like you, Big Brother asked us to come!" Jonah glanced at him and asked solemnly, "How was the battle at Ludwig?" "It has been four months since the war ended. I don't know what's wrong with the Jansky family, but they've sent out several inimitable pinnacles. Those b*stards of Banko and Song almost peed their pants in fear. They've been in an emergency truce since then, and they don't dare to act rashly." Joshua said that there was no longer any war in Ludwig.

At the same time, the leader of the Phoenix Army, Cora Yanagi, returned with Joshua!

Cora was dressed in white, and her hair was tied up high. She asked softly, "Where's the little fool?" As soon as she arrived, she looked for the naughty little fool.

Everyone could not help but laugh.

The siblings Jace Jackel and Savannah Jackel also came with Joshua and Cora.

Cartley Yanagi from the Southern Hansworth Army strode over and said, "I thought I had set off early enough. I didn't expect you guys to arrive before me." "Brother Cartley!" Jonah and the others turned around and greeted him.

Cartley was the leader of the Yanagi family in Ludwig and the eldest son of their teacher, Finley Yanagi. He was a few years older than everyone present.

That was why they called him brother.

Christopher Jenkins of the Groot Army arrived in the snow. "I came later than you!" Everyone was gathered in the Neal family manor, accompanied by the 100 generals of the military.

The 100 generals were all subordinates of the seven army commanders, and they were in charge of the elites of the various armies.

Tristan Yandell and Nico Yates, who were guarding the capital, had also quietly arrived.

The commanders of the Northern Army rushed over from Hollow Pass.

All the sons of the Northern Army were present.

In the bright hall of the Neal family manor, Braydon sat on the bronze throne and smiled. "Since you're already here, why are you still standing outside?" His clear voice resounded throughout the Neal family manor.

In the next moment.

Jonah and the others went to the bright hall together.

Braydon sat on the bronze throne and looked at his younger brothers who had grown up with him.

The 100 generals of the Military Department were from the seven elites. They all bowed and said, "We pay our respects to Commander Neal!" "The Northern Army subordinates greet the commander!" Cole Colbie, the commander of the first legion of the Northern Army, led the way and bowed upon entering the bright hall.

Luther Carden was still sitting in the wheelchair, pushed by Laird Xenos.

After all, walking was not as comfortable as sitting!

Yuri Qualls, and Qadry Knight and Landry Knight, the twin brothers known as the Northern Army Qilin Twins, were all present.

Everyone was present.

Braydon sat alone on the throne. He raised his left hand slightly and 360 wisps of purple Qi surged out of his body.

Purple Qi rolled out and covered the entire sky above the bright hall.

Tristan was dumbfounded. He didn't expect Braydon to have so much purple Qi and the others were calm. They knew that this was the result of their brother Braydon's four months of seclusion.

Braydon said softly, "When a martial artist enters the pinnacle realm, they need spirit herbs for their cultivation. Now that spirit herbs are extinct, they are hard to come by. Purple Qi can replace spirit herbs to help you cultivate!" "I don't want it!" Frediano rejected it right off the bat.

This purple Qi was not only useful to them. It was even more useful to Braydon!

"Braydon," Westley said seriously, "the war at the border has been quelled due to the intervention of the Jansky family. The Jansky family has a large number of powerful combat forces that intimidate the hundred countries outside the border. We have time to slowly cultivate." "The Jansky family is still an aristocratic family!" Braydon sat on the throne and slowly got up. He said softly, "Martial artists of aristocratic families only think about their own families, not the country!" His words revealed Braydon's thoughts.

He did not trust the Jansky family!

In other words, Braydon did not trust the martial artists of the four entities. He only trusted the elites of the Northern Army who had gathered in the bright hall.

In the next moment.

"Senior Fenton, show yourself!" Braydon said softly. "Young patriarch!" In a flash, Fenton Jansky appeared in the bright hall.

Jonah and the others were all shocked. They were no strangers to Fenton.

Previously, Fenton had appeared and used his inimitable pinnacle strength to intimidate the various empires outside the borders.

However, no one had expected Fenton to be by Braydon's side, seemingly as his guardian.

"Senior Fenton, tell my fellow brothers," Braydon said with a smile. "Why did all the upper rank cultivators of the 36 lineages of the Jansky family appear in one night four months ago and shock the hundred countries outside the borders?!" "The Jansky family is willing to serve the young family leader. If the border is in chaos, the young family leader can't cultivate in seclusion. Therefore, the 36 high-level pinnacles of the Jansky family appeared to suppress the war!" Fenton calmly answered.

The Jansky family had chosen to attack, not for Hansworth but for Braydon!

The Strongest War God Chapter 902-Little Fool Learned His Lesson!

Westley Hader and Frediano Jadanza looked at each other. They now knew why the Jansky family had dispatched a large number of experts four months ago to intimidate the hundred countries outside the borders.

This was all thanks to Braydon Neal!

From another perspective, the Jansky family was doing this for Braydon.

The goal was that simple.

Fenton Jansky and the others were no different from the other martial artists of the aristocratic families. They all did not have the country in their hearts.

The difference was that the Jansky family was loyal to Braydon, and they were friends, not enemies.

Braydon looked at Colton Jansky and smiled faintly. "It's a pity that Colton was sealed in ice for ten years and was not able to grow for ten years. Otherwise, he would be all grown up and educating the people. The martial artists in the country would not be so

selfish. Perhaps it could change the mindset of some aristocratic families.” “Teaching is much harder than killing!” Westley said softly.

The Northern Army sons were in charge of killing and did not care about education.

Colton, who had been sealed in ice for ten years, was only ten years old now. What could he use to educate the people!

Only then did everyone look at Colton, the ten-year-old boy.

“Colton!” Frediano said softly.

“Frediano!” Colton was not shy at all and walked over to Frediano.

He and the Northern Army elites were playmates when they were young.

Unfortunately, the Northern Army elites were all grown up!

After Colton walked out.

More than half of the people in the bright hall bowed and said, “The generals of the Military Department greet Your Highness, Colton Jansky!” The news of Civil Emperor Colton’s birth had already spread throughout the world four months ago.

At the age of ten, Colton had stepped into the pinnacle realm in three steps.

All the martial artists in the world knew that this was an existence that was as famous as Braydon.

“How is Martial Emperor Teacher?” Colton asked softly.

“The Martial Emperor is a pinnacle and is immune to all diseases. He is in his prime. Your Highness, don’t worry!” Zay Woodbury, one of the hundred generals of the Military Department, stepped forward and said softly.

The 100 generals of the Military Department were like ordinary soldiers in the bright hall.

This was because the elites of the Northern Army in the bright hall all held great power!

The two dukes, the War God of the Nation, the Garrison Marquis, and the two guardians were all terrifying figures with great power.

There was also the capital’s Crown Prince, Syrus Yanagi, and the seven elite leaders. They were all here.

Next were the ten commanders of the Northern Army.

None of them were weaklings!

They all had official positions.

Braydon sat alone on the throne. He raised his hand and purple Qi surged forth. He said softly, "Each of you will receive 3 of the 360 strands of purple Qi to aid your cultivation!" "Commander Neal, we haven't reached the pinnacle realm yet. The purple Qi is useless to us!" Zay stepped forward and responded.

Everyone present knew how precious the purple Qi was.

This kind of thing, when used by pinnacle martial artists, had great benefits!

But it seemed as if Zay was telling a joke.

All martial artists in the world knew that purple Qi was a supreme treasure that nourished all things. It could be consumed by young children and the elderly.

But Zay said that this thing was useless to them!

Braydon couldn't help but laugh and shook his head.

Everyone present knew why Braydon was laughing. He was laughing at Zay for lying through his teeth!

Even if a martial artist had not reached the pinnacle realm, consuming purple Qi could also open their spiritual apertures and faintly increase their talent.

This thing was hard to come by!

A wisp of purple Qi from Mount Hans attracted the pinnacle geniuses of the aristocratic families to compete for it.

Now that there were 360 wisps of purple Qi in the Neal family manor, no one dared to take it.

Braydon looked at Frediano and Syrus, wanting them to take the purple Qi.

"I secretly cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art back then. Now that I've cultivated it to the second level, I can condense purple Qi by myself," Frediano responded.

Braydon nodded lightly. Frediano was the one who was hiding the most among this group of people.

Other than Braydon, he was the only one who had cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art to the second level.

In other words, Frediano may seem like a pinnacle martial artist with only 1,000 Na of vitality, but all of this guy's excess power was sealed in his body by the First Emperor Combat Technique, turning into his own foundation.

Once he encountered a bloody battle, all six seals would be activated.

Who knew how terrifying this ruthless person's combat strength would be?

No one who could be the deputy commander of the Northern Army was a good person!

Harvey Lay sat lazily at the side and yawned. "I don't need the purple Qi!" Harvey Lay was not joking!

The forbidden technique he cultivated made him quite demonic. He liked an environment where he was at a disadvantage the most. Then, he could use the Reversal Chaos Technique to continuously stimulate his potential.

Cultivating steadily was not suitable for Harvey.

Purple Qi could indeed help pinnacle martial artists increase their strength rapidly.

But Harvey didn't like this kind of thing.

"You were frozen in Wu-Tang Mountain for three years," Braydon said softly.

"You've lost three years. You need to use external items to replenish yourself.

Purple Qi is the best way for you." "Alright!" Harvey stood up lazily and took a deep breath.

Above the bright hall, 30 wisps of purple Qi rolled into his mouth.

This guy took away 30 wisps of purple Qi in one go.

Braydon said that everyone would get three, but this guy took ten times the amount.

No one blamed Harvey. They had grown up together and were no strangers to purple Qi.

Moreover, the people of the Northern Army had a strong killing aura, which corresponded to the lack of greed.

They had grown up together, and their brother Braydon had taught them since they were young that as a man, born in the human world, they should have the heroic spirit of a tiger that could swallow thousands of miles. This resulted in the heroic character of the men of the Northern Army.

Therefore, there was no one who was calculative!

Of course, the little fool was an exception. As long as there was food, he liked to argue with others.

As long as it wasn't something edible, the little fool wouldn't even look at it. If it was fun, he would at most play with it a little. When he realized that it wasn't edible, he would throw it away.

Just as everyone was splitting the purple Qi.

Luke Yates walked in with a swagger. He was holding candy in his hand. Seeing that the bright hall was filled with people, he said unhappily, "Purple Qi is not delicious!" This comment deviated from the main topic.

Purple Qi was a precious treasure, but martial artists didn't care if it tasted good or not. The main reason was that the benefits of purple Qi to martial artists were extremely huge.

The effect was even stronger than spirit herbs!

"This thing doesn't have much taste. It tastes like air. When I was young, my brother often lied to me and said it was cotton candy. After a few times, I learned my lesson and refused to eat it!" Braydon was speechless.

Frediano was speechless.

Everyone was speechless.

Zay and the rest of the generals felt their heads go blank, and they were a little envious of the little fool.

This was purple Qi!

It was something that many martial artists dreamed of, but in the end, this little fool ate it like cotton candy when he was young.

Moreover, judging from the look of disdain on his face, he definitely ate a lot.

The little fool even had a smug look on his face, saying that he had learned his lesson. If his brother Braydon tricked him into eating it again, he would never eat it again.

More importantly, do you think you can eat this thing just because you want "Commander Neal, do the children of the Northern Army grow up eating purple Qi?" Zay asked..

The Strongest War God Chapter 903-I'll Play the Bagpipe for You!

"Yes!" Braydon Neal nodded lightly at Zay Woodbury's question.

Zay was expressionless as he stood in the wind.

At this moment, he was dumbfounded!

No wonder the children of the Northern Army were so talented.

Eating two wisps of purple Qi every day for no reason could turn a fool into a genius!

Who would be able to resist such a way of eating?

Cora Yanagi placed her hands behind her back and whispered, "Little Fool!" "Why are you here?" Luke Yates didn't want to see Cora. He gave Cora the candy and said reluctantly, "Here, I'll give you the candy!" "At least you're sensible!" Cora had never been close to outsiders, but she actually took the little fool's candy and opened her mouth to eat it.

The little fool freed his hands and untied the golden bagpipe at his waist.

It was really a golden bagpipe.

"Cora, shall I play the bagpipe for you?" he asked seriously.

Cora held the candy in her hand, her eyes glazed over, and she froze on the spot.

The little fool held the bagpipe, puckered his lips, and started blowing.

A bagpipe song resounded throughout the bright hall.

It was like a funeral bell!

"Little Fool, go to hell!" Cora's beautiful little face was instantly scrunched up. She chased after the little fool and hit him until his head was full of bumps.

Inside and outside the bright hall, Westley Hader and the others had helpless smiles on their faces.

This little fool had always been like this since he was young. His mischievous personality was still the same as before.

Two old men slowly appeared at the entrance of the bright hall.

One was Old Man Zito, the former viceroy of Ludwig.

The other was Taran Reynolds!

Taran had a head full of black hair. He stood at the entrance of the bright hall, his entire body filled with a murderous aura. as if he was high and mighty. without any human feelings!

A few months ago, Braydon was sealed on the peak of Mount Tanish.

Seven pinnacles from outside the borders joined forces to attack Preston, wanting to kidnap Braydon's family.

It was Taran who killed the seven pinnacle martial artists who came to invade with his own strength.

For this, he had paid a huge price!

On that day, he had continuously executed the feather technique, which was also the Thousand Feathers Technique!

All the elites of the Northern Army knew about the side effects of the Thousand Feathers Technique.

Out of the eight techniques that Braydon cultivated, the Thousand Feathers Technique was the most bizarre and difficult to control.

The elites of the Northern Army had all cultivated the Thousand Feathers Technique. Unless they were in a life-and-death situation, no one dared to use this forbidden technique.

Old Man Zito still looked sloppy, but his old face was now twenty years younger. His black hair made him look like a forty-year-old man.

When a martial artist had regained his youth, it meant that the vitality in his body had increased greatly!

Without a strong body, one's appearance wouldn't have changed so much. Old Man Zito entered the bright hall and bowed. "Young Master!" "How does it feel to be in the pinnacle realm?" Braydon asked with a faint smile.

"Those below the pinnacle are all ants!" Old Man Zito said solemnly.

The terror of a pinnacle martial artist was something one would never be able to understand unless they were a pinnacle themselves.

In a few months, Old Man Zito had reached the pinnacle realm with his sword.

The sword was his pinnacle path.

This path was also the path of killing.

This was because swords were originally killing weapons.

Old Man Zito's strength had definitely increased by more than ten times compared to before.

Braydon slowly got up and looked at Taran. He said softly, "Are you alright, Mr. Reynolds?" "Don't let the little fool learn the Thousand Feathers Technique!" Taran stood in the bright hall with a cold expression, and his words were even colder. However, everyone could feel his love for the little fool.

The aftereffects of cultivating the Thousand Feathers Technique were permanent!

It could never be cured!

Taran was the best proof.

Westley Hader, Hendrix Bailey, and the others' gazes gradually turned serious. They had been warned by their elder brother Braydon since they were young not to use the Thousand Feathers Technique as and when they pleased. The Thousand Feathers Technique could destroy humanity!

Martial artists were also humans.

If one was born as a human being without any emotions and desires, he would be worse than animals.

Dispelling the seven emotions and six desires and having no distracting thoughts in the heart was indeed the supreme realm pursued by some extreme martial artists.

Such extreme martial artists cultivated extremely fast.

Because he was not tainted by the mortal world and was not entangled by the myriad karma of the secular world, he was born for martial arts wholeheartedly. He had no distracting thoughts and no attachments, so his cultivation would naturally advance DY leaps and bounds.

However, these martial artists were generally from the sects!

The martial artists nurtured by the various sects were the most dangerous of all. The doctrines in their hearts were above the country's authority.

According to historical records, thousands of years ago, theocracy and national power were on par.

In other words, divine authority was above national authority!

In modern times, some small countries outside the borders still had divine authority above national authority.

This was precisely the red line that Braydon viewed as taboo.

If the major martial arts sects in the world dared to cross this red line, they would be courting death.

At the same time, he hadn't seen the Northern Army elites in the bright hall for several months.

In addition, they each held a high position. There must be many things to discuss today.

One of the most important events was the Hansworth Martial Artist Summit!

The Martial Artist Summit was held once a year!

At that time, martial artists from all over the country would head to the capital to participate.

On the other side, Westley said softly, "Brother, according to tradition, the Martial Artist Summit is held in a big scale every three years. This year's Martial Artist Summit will be one that is of a big scale. Martial Emperor Teacher wants you to host the Martial Artist Summit this year!" The Martial Artist Summit was not exclusive to Hansworth.

The hundred countries outside the borders would hold a Martial Artist Summit to select the top martial artists.

It involved people of all ages.

Syrus Yanagi had participated for seven years in a row, and he had earned himself the title of the seven-time champion.

Furthermore, because Braydon had been leading his troops in the northern desert for years, the Northern Army elites under him had never participated in the Martial Artist Summit.

Last year, Braydon returned from the northern territory and became the Garrison King. He was at odds with the four great entities.

That was why Martial Emperor Yanagi wanted Braydon to host the Martial Artist Summit

this year!

“The Martial Artist Summit isn’t important. What’s important is the Global Martial Artist Summit!” Braydon chuckled.

At the mention of the Global Martial Artist Summit, the expressions of Frediano Jadanza and the others present became slightly solemn.

The Global Martial Artist Summit was held once every ten years!

It was held in the Alpha Empire.

At that time, the hundred countries around the world would participate. It would affect the distribution of core resources needed by some martial artists.

Hendrix Bailey worked in the Eastern International Arbitration Council and knew some secrets. He said in a low voice, “Ten years ago, the Hansworth delegation went to the Alpha Empire to participate in the Global Martial Artist Summit. None of the 512 people who went to participate survived.” “The foreign countries have been targeting us since a hundred years ago!” Braydon sat on the throne, feeling a little tired. He slowly closed his eyes.

Frediano and the others knew that it was time for them to leave!

Braydon had asked them to come here to distribute the purple Qi.

Braydon didn’t care about the purple Qi at all. He spent four months to condense the purple Qi and gave it all to the Northern Army elites to help them improve their strength..

The Strongest War God Chapter 904- Time Waits for No One!

As for the purple Qi that Braydon Neal needed for his cultivation, he could use the Great Void of Kylo Art to mass-produce it at any time.

Purple Qi was worthless to Braydon!

Westley Hader and Frediano Jadanza were dukes. They would definitely return to the capital next.

However, Westley had told Braydon that Martial Emperor Yanagi wanted Braydon to host the Martial Artist Summit.

If Braydon were to host the Martial Artist Summit, even if the genius martial artists of the four great entities were to participate, with Braydon’s methods, he would definitely be able to suppress the entire situation. At that time, no one would dare to cause trouble.

However, Braydon understood his Martial Emperor teacher the best!

The reason why Martial Emperor Yanagi asked Braydon to host the Hansworth Martial Artist Summit was probably to let Braydon participate in the Global Martial Artist Summit!

The once-in-a-decade Global Martial Artist Summit was a stage where the elites of the hundred countries gathered.

This was the grandest summit in the world!

The powerhouses on the global pinnacle ranking would all appear in this event and compete to determine their new rankings on the global pinnacle ranking.

No country would be absent from this grand summit.

It was related to some of the resources needed by pinnacles.

At this moment, Braydon sat alone on the bronze throne, quietly watching everyone leave.

Only the ten commanders of the Northern Army had not left!

They still had things to do!

Luther Carden sat in the wheelchair and smiled lightly. "This must be the bronze throne that has been lost for thousands of years!"

"Rumor has it that it can increase a martial artist's cultivation speed by three times!"

The white-robed killing God Yuri Qualls stood quietly beside Braydon.

"It's indeed the bronze throne. What news Jaziel Sherman and the others send?" Braydon said indifferently.

"Four months ago, a hundred hidden agents outside the borders sent news. The higher-ups of the hundred countries reached a tacit agreement and chose to suspend the hunting plan!"

Luther was in charge of the world's hidden agents and had a one-way connection with the hundred hidden agents outside the borders.

Yuri said softly, "The first hidden agent sent us an inquiry. Will our men from the Northern Army participate in this year's Global Martial Artist Summit?"

"I will participate!"

Braydon suddenly stood up and stood at the entrance of the bright hall with his hands behind his back. His deep eyes stared at the heavy snow outside, and he said calmly, "Ten years ago, the Hansworth delegation of 512 people went to the Alpha Empire to attend the Global Martial Artist Summit, but they were targeted by the ten empires. None of them survived.

"Among these people, there were a total of 38 people from the Northern Military School!"

It was cold, but Braydon was still dressed in a thin cotton robe. He calmly told the story of ten years ago.

In the previous Global Martial Artist Summit, the martial artists of the ten great empires had stained their hands with the blood of the men of the Northern Army.

This was a blood feud!

According to the military rules of the Northern Army, anyone whose hands were stained with the blood of a Northern Army man would be killed without mercy!

Ten years ago, the elites of the Northern Army had yet to mature.

Now, the sons of the Northern Army had all grown up.

The Northern King had reached the age of twenty.

Braydon would naturally not be absent from the once-in-a-decade Global Martial Artist Summit.

Not only would he not be absent, but he would also go on a killing spree!

Luther understood Braydon's intention. He would contact the first hidden agent and let him make preparations in the Alpha Empire.

"According to the information Jaziel sent back, Ian Fick of the Delta Empire intends to be on good terms with the Northern Army and does not wish for the two countries to go to war again. Should the Northern Army withdraw to the northern desert?"

"Move the Groot Army to the Broken Blade Cliff!"

Braydon agreed to let the Northern Army return to the main camp in the northern desert.

The duty of the Northern Army was to guard the northern border of the desert.

Luther, the sly old fox, looked at the little fool in the distance. Cora Yanagi had beat him black and blue. Luther said, "Do you want me to bring Little Fool back?"

“If you take him with you, he will come back to find me. It’s better for him to stay by my side!”

Braydon looked at Luke Yates.

Out of all the elites in the Northern Army, only Braydon could control Luke.

Westley, Frediano, and the others could not control this little fool.

Luther continued, “The geniuses you recruited at Mount Hans have all been suppressed by you and have been forced to join the military. They are not willing to join the Northern Army!”

“A portion of them returned to their families and told them everything about Mount Hans.”

Laird Xenos pushed the wheelchair over.

Braydon’s eyes were cold as he said indifferently, “As a general in the Northern Army, you are a citizen of the north. Anyone who betrays us will be killed!”

“Yes, sir!”

Luther, Yuri, and the others understood what they had to do.

Actually, there was no need to tell Braydon about all this. The ten commanders could handle it themselves.

If they could not deal with it out in the open, he could just let the hidden agents quietly eliminate them.

There were 800,000 hidden agents in the Northern Army. They were like another Northern Army hidden in the dark and had a great deterrent effect on outsiders.

Cole Colbie’s group did not stay for long. They wanted to return to Broken Blade Cliff and bring the Northern King’s cavalry back to the northern border.

Skylar Neal was the commander of the tenth legion and left the Neal family manor before dark.

Only Colton Jansky and Little Fool stayed behind in the Neal family manor.

Tobey Lapras led the royal guards to guard Preston and stayed behind.

As dusk arrived, snow fell outside the window.

Laura Quinn went to the bright hall and said gently, "Braydon, it's time to eat.

Where did Skylar go?"

"He has a mission and has returned to the northern desert!" Braydon explained softly.

Laura sighed and said, "You barely come home. He hasn't even been back for a few hours, and he's already gone. Can't it wait?"

"The mobilization of the Northern Army and the return of a million elites to the northern desert for re-deployment require the presence of the commanders."

Braydon patiently explained to his parents.

Laura and Louis Neal understood these principles.

However, they were had barely reunited as a family.

Liam Neal carried his daughter Ginny Neal and went to the bright hall together.

The family was happy and harmonious.

The little fool was among them, eating brisket in big mouthfuls. His appetite was shocking, and he did not treat himself as an outsider.

"Braydon, since you're back, stay at home for a few more days." Liam said softly.

"Alright!"

Braydon did not tell his family that he had to return to the Lenver Pond in seven days.

Coincidentally, Ginny was sitting next to Braydon. Her too little hands were holding chopsticks like a little adult. She picked up food for Colton and said seriously, "Big Brother Colton, eat some meat!"

Colton's face instantly darkened. He was the grand Civil Emperor of the capital, and he did not need Ginny, this little girl, to take care of him.

They looked to be of the same age.

But Colton was the same age as Braydon!

Braydon, who was standing at the side, laughed.

In his eyes, Ginny and Colton were both little ones.

Ginny sat on a stool, swinging her legs. The little girl was actually a little picky about her food now. She said she was full after eating two mouthfuls.

She tugged at the corner of Braydon's shirt and whispered, "Big Brother, someone has been following me whenever I come home from school!"

The Strongest War God Chapter 905- Nonchalance with Killing Intent!

"Following you?"

Colton Jansky appeared to be only ten years old, but he was Martial Emperor Yanagi's favorite disciple. He looked at Braydon Neal from the corner of his eyes, and a cold glint appeared in the depths of their eyes. It didn't matter if what Ginny Neal said was true or not.

This matter must be thoroughly investigated!

Don't forget what kind of people Braydon and Colton were.

One lived in the depths of the palace in the capital at a young age, surrounded by schemes and plots.

One had grown up on a bloody battlefield.

None of them were kind!

Someone dared to follow Ginny? What was their motive?

The Neal family of Preston was a red line in Braydon's heart.

No matter which faction it was, if they dared to touch these family members of his, he would definitely exterminate the person's entire family with the

Northern King Sword!

At this moment, Braydon had a smile on his face like an elder brother. He rubbed his sister's little head and chuckled, "If someone is following you, why didn't you tell your teacher, Miranda?"

"I don't want to trouble Teacher Miranda. She already takes care of me in school!"

Ginny looked young, but she was actually so sensible that it made one's heart ache.

In her heart, she didn't just see Miranda Stern as a teacher, but also as a big sister.

The little fool who was eating brisket suddenly stood up. He held the brisket in his left hand and the black daggers placed at the door in his right hand. He put the daggers at his waist. He had not even swallowed the meat yet.

“I’m going out for a while!” he muttered.

“Come back, it’s snowing so heavily outside. What are you going to do out there?”

Laura Quinn quickly got up, treating Luke Yates like a child.

“I’m full. I’m going out for a walk to digest my food, ” said Luke foolishly. “I’ll get the butler to get you an umbrella!”

As soon as Laura finished speaking, Luke disappeared into the night amidst the wind and snow.

Only Braydon and Colton could guess what the little fool was going to do!

Don’t look at how mischievous the little fool was usually, he was still a commander who shocked the world!

Don’t forget that he was once the Great Demon King who killed more than 10,000 enemies on the battlefield of the northern territory!

The Northern King’s holy left-wing guard!

Luke, who had once fought his way into Namar alone, had a mischievous personality, but once he got serious, his ability was not inferior to the elites of the Northern Army.

Look at Tobey Lapras, who had eaten bone ashes with the little fool. He had been granted the title of General Tobey when he was young and was now in charge of 200,000 elites of the royal guards.

If Luke didn’t like cultivation, his achievements would definitely not be inferior to Tobey’s!

He had been a little fool since he was young. Other than serious matters, he had done all kinds of bad things!

When it came to cultivation, even if you force him to immerse himself in bitter cultivation, the little fool would not be able to last for three days.

If he was locked up at home, he would tear down the house!

This was the nature of the little fool, and with Braydon protecting him, he had lived like that all these years.

In the bright hall, Braydon was sitting on his lap with little Ginny in his arms, putting food into her bowl. He was smiling lovingly like an elder brother. Without leaving a trace, his thin lips moved slightly, and he sent a voice transmission, faintly issuing a killing order. "Tobey, find him and wipe out his whole family!"

This was Braydon's order to kill.

At the dining table, Tobey put down his bowl and chopsticks and said with a faint smile, "I'm going to the bathroom!"

After saying that.

In a flash, Tobey walked through the night in his white robe, treading on the snow. An ancient book appeared in his left hand. As he walked, he looked like he was reading under the moon, exuding an indescribable otherworldly aura.

However, in the eyes of the little fool, Tobey was still the young man who had eaten ashes with him in the past!

At the entrance of the Neal family manor, a little fool was squatting there. He was still chewing on some brisket in his hand as he muttered, "Stop reading that stupid book. You can pretend in front of others, not me. Do you want me to eat that book up?!"

Others read books with relish.

If the little fool were to read the book, he would really eat it instead!

Tobey rolled his eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you!"

The little fool suddenly stood up, grabbed a handful of snow from the ground, and stuffed it into his mouth to rinse his mouth. His eyes emitted a trace of killing intent as he said coldly, "We must find the person who is following

Ginny tonight. If we don't kill his entire family, Big Brother will feel uneasy!"

"Let's go to Preston First Middle School!"

Tobey stepped on the snow and left.

The person who was secretly following Ginny would definitely not be stupid enough to hide around the Neal family manor.

There were two pinnacle martial artists hidden in the Neal family manor. One was Taran Reynolds, and the other was Old Man Zito.

Without the strength of a high-level pinnacle, who would dare to barge in?

Even if a high-level pinnacle were to attack, if they caused a commotion, the news would reach Braydon in an instant. At that time, they would have to face the crazy revenge of the Northern King.

Therefore, if Tobey and the little fool wanted to find clues, they had to go to Preston First Middle School.

It was the holidays, so the school gates were closed. The ground was covered with thick snow. The students and teachers were on holiday.

Luke stood in front of the school gate and looked around. Finally, his eyes fell on a camera.

In front of the school gate, there were cameras installed by the security office.

There were traffic cameras at the intersection. They were high-definition cameras. They could even see the moles of the people's faces.

In a flash, the little fool drew a black dagger at his waist, and the blade swept across the iron door beside him.

The iron chain wrapped around the iron door was instantly cut off, and the small iron door opened quietly.

There were still lights on in the security room. It seemed that someone was still on duty.

The little fool barged in.

The old man in the security room had graying hair at his temples. When he sensed the commotion outside, he could not help but stand up and open the door of the security room. He then saw the tall Luke. He had long hair at the back of his head that hung down his shoulders. The white hair at his temples was as white as frost. He had a dagger in his left hand. He appeared nonchalant, but his eyes had a great sense of killing intent.

"Who... who are you?"

The old security guard's eyes were filled with fear.

Anyone who encountered someone standing at the door with a dagger at night would break out in a cold sweat!

Tobey, who was dressed in white, put down the book in his hand and smiled. "Please forgive me for disturbing you so late at night!"

“Idiot!”

The silly boy mumbled to Tobey and strode into the security room. He turned on the computer skillfully and pulled out the surveillance records of the past month.

However, he realized that the surveillance footage could only be accessed from the past half a month.

The system would automatically delete the surveillance videos that were more than half a month old.

Luke squatted on the chair and played the video at ten times the speed.

The entire computer screen was flashing.

After looking at it for ten seconds, the old security guard felt like he was about to go blind. He turned around and found the evil young man squatting on the chair, watching it with great interest.

The playback speed was so fast; what could he even see?

The old security guard was confused. He watched as Luke used the hot water on the coal stove to make another bowl of noodles for himself. He added two eggs and started eating with chopsticks.

This series of actions stunned the old man!

The Strongest War God Chapter 906-Searching the City for One Person!

The old man was shocked!

What were these two guys doing here?

He barged in with a dagger to make things difficult for an old man. He did not rob or kill, instead he ate a bowl of noodles.

The security guard was still in a daze.

Tobey Lapras stood at the side and glanced at the computer screen.

This was the only way to find clues!

Moreover, the two of them didn't need to check all the video recordings for the past fifteen days. They only needed to check the videos of Ginny Neal going to school and leaving school!

Ginny was the eldest daughter of the Neal family. She didn't stay overnight at school.

Every day, there would be someone to pick up the little girl to and from school. Therefore, they only needed to watch ten kinds of after-school videos every day.

Luke Yates waited patiently. After checking the video recordings of the past seven days, he suddenly reached out and pressed the pause button.

The flashing computer screen suddenly stopped at one scene.

On the screen, Ginny was wearing a pink girl's down jacket. She had a cheerful smile on her face as she left the school gate with her classmates.

Ten meters behind Ginny, a thin man stood in a dense poplar tree, staring at Ginny's back with a sinister gaze!

This scene was permanently fixed here.

Luke put down the bowl in his hand, and Tobey closed the blue book in his hand.

Murderous intent appeared in their eyes.

Ginny's intuition was right. There was indeed someone following her. It was probably a martial artist.

What faction did this martial artist belong to?

Tobey and Luke couldn't guess.

The Northern Army had many enemies. Hundreds of martial artists from the four entities had a grudge against Braydon Neal.

Now, it was confirmed that there was indeed someone following Ginny.

This person was definitely a martial artist!

As for ordinary people, in the entire Preston, who would dare to provoke the Neal family, the head of the seven great families in Preston?

The other six great families of Preston were tied together, and they did not dare to offend the Neal family.

At the same time, how could any low-class people dare to provoke the deep-rooted Neal family, let alone have any ideas about the eldest daughter of the Neal family!

The locals of Preston did not dare to provoke the seven great families!

As for the martial artists of Preston, they did not dare to provoke the Neal family.

After all, the Preston main team was not to be trifled with!

Tobey and Luke stood at the school gate for a long time.

“Order the royal guards to take over the Preston main team and issue an AI-level lockdown order to lock down the entire city. Find all the martial artists in Preston!” Tobey’s eyes flashed with a fierce light.

If the hidden martial artist dared to have designs on Ginny, then he could forget about leaving Preston alive.

What Tobey needed to do now was to find this person.

On this quiet and deserted street, it seemed that there were only Tobey and the little fool, but in fact, there were elite royal guards following them secretly.

Hundreds of young men in yellow appeared. After bowing slightly to Tobey, they turned around to convey Tobey’s orders.

The royal guards’ commander gave the order, and the elite royal guards stationed outside Preston were mobilized.

30,000 elites entered Preston.

The Preston main team was alarmed. Steve Xavier, the team leader, personally rushed over with his men. His face was covered in cold sweat as he arrived at the school gate of Preston First Middle School.

Steve could see Luke in black and Tobey in white in front of the school gate.

He quickened his pace and cupped his fists. “Preston main team’s Steve Xavier greets General Tobey and Commander Yates!” “Do you know that someone wants to harm Ginny?” Luke stretched his waist lazily. His tone was casual, but his eyes were filled with cold killing intent!

The world only knew how mischievous the little fool was.

However, when he stood in the northern desert, he often accompanied his brother, Braydon, with two Northern Army daggers at his waist. He had once killed more than 10,000 enemies!

An extremely terrifying killing machine!

The little fool's talent was not inferior to Tobey's, and it was not inferior to Jonah Shaw and the others!

It was a pity that this bad egg only cared about playing and had no interest in martial arts.

Otherwise, his achievements would definitely rank him as a general.

Steve's face was pale, and cold sweat was pouring down. He cupped his fists and knelt on the spot, saying hoarsely, "Please punish me for my negligence, Commander Yates!" "Alright, go to the security room and take a look at that martial artist's face. Check if his personal information is recorded in your Preston main team's internal system!" Tobey waited quietly with his hands behind his back.

Tobey and Luke stood still in the snow.

Tonight, the two brothers' mission was to find the martial artist in the dark and kill him.

Steve hurriedly entered the security room and looked at the frozen image on the computer screen.

The martial artist hiding behind the tree only revealed half of his face.

Steve immediately took a screenshot of the scene and sent it to the Central Plains main team!

The Central Plains main team had jurisdiction over the martial artists of the three provinces. They had collected all the information and could compare the area or one large regions.

Unfortunately, Tobey had ordered the entire city to be sealed off.

Outside Preston, the 170,000 royal guards surrounded the city. Not even a bird could escape.

In the city, the 30,000 elite royal guards began to capture people.

All the martial artists registered in the Preston main team were arrested without exception!

In one night, all 126 martial artists of Preston were taken to the streets.

They were all ordinary martial artists.

There were only a few warlords and one beginner level War God!

A beginner War God was a War God of the lower three ranks. He was definitely considered a big shot in a small city like Preston.

This War God was a martial artist from the Black Sword Association of Namar.

He had been hiding in Preston for some time.

Sadie Dudley, who was far away in Mount Bliz, had already thoroughly investigated all the martial artists in Preston before Braydon returned to Preston.

Among them, she found this beginner War God, but she didn't take him seriously.

In Sadie's eyes, there was no difference between a beginner War God and a beginner martial artist!

Under the search of the royal guards, all the martial artists in Preston were found!

Out of the 126 martial artists, half of them were from the seven great families of Preston!

The Larson family, the Thomas family, the Quinn family, the Sage family, and so on. Everyone was brought here!

Among them, even Grandma Sage of the Sage family was included.

Harold Sage supported Grandma Sage and quickly walked over. He asked, "Luke? What happened?" "Hey, Grandma, why are you here too?" Luke often came to Preston to play, so he naturally knew the Sage family.

Harold looked helplessly at the eight elites of the royal guards. They were obviously the ones who had brought them here.

"What a bunch of idiots!" Luke's face darkened. "If Brother Braydon finds out that they have disturbed you, he'll beat them up!" "I'm fine. What happened?" Grandma Sage leaned on her dragon-headed walking stick and realized that all the martial artists had been brought here.

Luke said seriously, "Someone has designs on Ginny. We don't know who it is, but we must find that person tonight. My brother has already given the order to kill.. If we can't find that person, all the martial artists in Preston will be killed tonight!"

The Strongest War God Chapter 907-Little Fool Strikes a Rat!

Everyone was shocked when they heard this.

Everyone's expression changed!

Preston was a small city after all, so they couldn't come into contact with powerful figures. Therefore, most of the people present still didn't understand who they had provoked.

Grandma Sage was a little shocked.

She knew that something big must have happened!

Coincidentally, at this moment, Fulvio Larson, the old master of the Larson family, was the old lady's sworn second brother.

There was also Stefan Thomas and his granddaughter, Xana Thomas.

Without exception, they were all brought here!

Fulvio was a wily old fox. He went up to Grandma Sage's side and probed, "Second Sister, are these people the Northern King's people?"

"Royal guard, Tobey Lapras!"

Tobey closed the blue book and slowly looked at Fulvio.

Fulvio was shocked. He did not dare to be arrogant and took the initiative to bow and salute. "Commander Tobey, my apologies for not recognizing you."

"Don't worry about it. Little Fool, escort Grandma Sage home!"

Although Tobey didn't know the old lady, he knew the relationship between Braydon Neal and the old lady.

Braydon, who was seven years old back then, was protected by the old lady.

Tobey didn't dare to make things difficult for the Sage family, and he was full of respect for the old lady.

Grandma Sage sighed. "How can I go home in peace when such a big incident is happening? The seven great families of Preston are united. No matter how the young people fight, we elders are ultimately sworn siblings. No matter who is in trouble, we have to help!"

The old lady was implying that whether it was the Larson family or the Thomas family, if they provoked Braydon, they would be killed.

She was hoping that Tobey would show mercy!

If she didn't plead for them tonight, the Northern Army would definitely be exterminated.

Tobey and the others always aimed to eliminate evil!

To eliminate evil, they must kill them all.

Otherwise, they would be harmed instead.

All the men in the Northern Army were indecisive.

Like big brother, like little brother.

The soldiers of the Northern Army were killers.

Everyone in the world knew!

At this moment, Grandma Sage's words made Fulvio and Stefan secretly heave a sigh of relief.

Only this old lady dared to speak to Tobey like this.

As for the others, they were quiet!

A faint smile appeared on Tobey's handsome face. "I will follow Grandma

Sage's instructions!"

Only then did Grandma Sage feel relieved. She turned around and stood with Fulvio and the others.

Tobey was the only one with a smile on his face. He turned around and looked at Kade Coltman, the commander of the second legion of the royal guards, who was walking toward him. His thin lips moved slightly, and he said in a clear voice, "Have you found that person?"

"We're still searching!"

It meant that they had not found the person yet.

Tobey's voice was as soft as a mosquito's. "Kill all the martial artists present if you can't find that person!" he said.

"Understood!"

Kade knew what to do.

Braydon had already given the order to kill, so regardless of the identity of the person who was following Ginny, his whole family would be killed.

Otherwise, the Northern King would not be at ease!

What kind of status did Braydon have?

He was a young lord!

He had a lot of things to do on a daily basis, and he could no longer stay in the Neal family manor to be with his family.

Braydon was busy, but someone was plotting against his family.

How could Braydon be at ease!

Only by killing could Braydon feel at ease.

Therefore, Tobey and Luke Yates, who had come out tonight, were hunting down the entire Preston city with murderous intent.

If they couldn't find that martial artist, it would be difficult for the martial artists of Preston to survive today.

At this moment, the streets were snowing heavily.

There was a slight commotion among the hundred martial artists.

They were brought here in confusion, and no one explained anything to them.

Instantly.

A warlord level middle-aged man hidden in the crowd questioned the yellow-clothed young man next to him and said angrily, "What do you want? Why are you detaining us?"

"Why are you being detained? Perhaps the reason given to you is different from theirs!"

Tobey strolled over; his head lowered as he flipped through the blue ancient book in his hand.

The book was flipped to page 76. This page recorded a person's personal details and had a black and white portrait. It was somewhat similar to this warlord-level martial artist.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

“Juan Herrera, forty-seven years old,” Tobey said softly. “You’ve been living in seclusion in Preston for nine years. You are from Namar and a warlord of the intermediate three ranks. Am I right?”

“What nonsense are you spouting!”

The middle-aged man’s expression changed. He could not help but gather strength in his footsteps, leaving deep footprints in the snow.

The blue book in Tobey’s hands was not an ancient book!

It was clearly a list of names of foreign martial artists who had infiltrated Hansworth!

Almost all the names of foreign martial artists who had infiltrated the country were in this book.

The reason why they weren’t touched was that these foreign martial artists were all hidden agents from various countries.

In the words of ordinary people, they were all foreign spies!

Even though they knew that they were spies, they could still keep them here. They could observe who these foreign martial artists interacted with and what they did.

When the time was right, they would wipe them all out!

After Tobey revealed the identity of the middle-aged man, Juan, all the martial artists in the area hurriedly distanced themselves from him!

Because all the martial artists in the world know that foreign martial artists were not allowed to trespass into Hansworth’s borders!

Intruders from outside the borders were regarded as intruders and spies. They would be killed without mercy.

Juan clenched his fists and questioned, “I’m a local of Preston. What right do you have to slander me? What evidence do you have that I am a foreign martial artist?!”

Tobey closed the blue book and smiled brightly, revealing his white teeth. He said softly, “The royal guards do not need evidence!”

“What?”

Juan was so angry that his face turned ashen.

He refused to take this lying down!

Even though Tobey had identified his identity, he was unhappy about it.

Luke pulled out the two daggers at his waist and moved up to him in a flash. He tilted his head and asked, "Little rat from the Black Sword Association, were you the one who followed Ginny?"

Juan straightened his neck and turned around to answer.

Everyone present was horrified and instantly backed away from this fellow.

This guy was really a foreign martial artist!

Juan flew into a rage out of humiliation and brazenly pulled out the short knife at his waist.

The knife was thirty centimeters long and faintly green in color. It was obviously poisoned!

This was a trick used by the martial artists of the Black Sword Association of Namar.

"Bastard, die!" he said viciously.

"You can't win with reason, so now you want to kill me? You're being unreasonable!"

Luke said that Juan was being unreasonable. He raised his left hand and released a sharp sword Qi from the black dagger in his hand.

Sword Qi was released and instantly fell!

Swoosh!

The sword slashed across Juan's waist, cutting him in half. His corpse lay on the spot, blood flowing for three meters, emitting a fishy smell.

This scene made many people vomit on the spot.

The little fool held the dagger and strode forward, causing the thin man with a mustache hidden amongst the crowd to curl his lips slightly and say, "There's another rat.. Come out and get beaten up! "

The Strongest War God Chapter 908-His Name Precedes Him!

The other rat mentioned by the little fool was that beginner War God martial artist!

The foreign martial artists from the Black Sword Association of Namar had been hiding in Preston for several years until they were found by the royal guards today.

In the next moment.

After Juan Herrera's death, the thin man with a mustache hiding in the crowd revealed a cold light in his eyes. He released his aura in a flash.

War God aura!

The pressure could suppress ten thousand people.

When this aura erupted, snowflakes swept across the land, making it difficult for everyone to open their eyes.

"War God level martial artist!" Fulvio Larson said in horror.

Panic appeared in the crowd. The small martial artists of Preston had not seen a War God level figure for several years.

Furthermore, a War God was currently hiding amongst them.

An even more terrifying aura was released from Tobey Lapras's thin body.

"Impudent!" Tobey's thin lips moved slightly, and he only uttered one word, but it shocked everyone!

A pinnacle pressure enveloped the land.

Fulvio, Stefan Thomas, and the other older martial artists found it difficult to breathe. It was as if they were suffocating, trying to breathe. Even kings couldn't withstand the aura of a pinnacle.

Not to mention these low-level martial artists!

Stefan looked at Tobey in horror and said, "Pinnacle!" In the eyes of Stefan and the others, the legendary pinnacle martial artists were like Gods.

For the past hundred years, due to the existence of the Kylo ban, the world's pinnacles could not reveal themselves.

That caused the pinnacle martial artists to become legends.

Tonight, Tobey unleashed his pinnacle aura, and all the martial artists were terrified.

Tobey took a step forward and raised his left hand. Invisible pressure was released and swept toward the mustached man, the War God!

A dignified War God martial artist was suppressed to the ground like a dead dog.

Tobey slowly walked forward. Looking at the snowflakes dancing around him, he asked softly, "Was it you who followed Ginny?" "Who is Ginny? I don't know her!" The mustached man's face was pale, and his eyes were filled with fear.

He had never expected that there would actually be a pinnacle here tonight just to capture him!

Tobey closed the blue book and slowly pulled out the sword at his waist.

The moment the sword was unsheathed, a murderous aura was released. Everyone was shocked.

Where the sword pointed, the mustached War God's eyes revealed fear.

Tobey pointed his sword at him and asked softly, "One more time: did you follow Ginny?" "I was ordered to hide in Preston. I have not received any missions to follow anyone for many years..." The mustached War God was halfway through his sentence.

The sword swept across the sky, bringing with it a handful of hot blood. It landed on the snowy ground, dazzling and eye-catching.

The sword was stained with blood, but it did not return to its sheath.

It meant that the killing had not stopped.

The eyes of the hundred martial artists on the street revealed traces of fear.

The War God level martial artist that they regarded as a big shot was killed on the spot just like that.

Tobey's eyes were filled with cold killing intent.

At this moment, he was already furious!

Tobey had mobilized the entire royal guards to search the entire city, but there was still no trace of that martial artist.

"You're all dead!" Tobey said with his eyes closed. "If we can't find the martial artist who followed Ginny before dawn, you'll all die!" "What? I'm innocent!" Panic surfaced in the crowd, and some martial artists hurriedly cried injustice.

With his eyes closed, Tobey turned around and slashed with the sword in his left hand.

Bang!

A ten-meter-long ditch appeared in front of everyone.

The entire place was silent.

No one dared to jeer!

Tobey wasn't that polite to martial artists.

If the people present were all ordinary people, Tobey would not have stepped forward at all. He would have handed the matter over to Steve Xavier of the Preston main team.

However, everyone present was a martial artist!

The people of the Northern Army treated ordinary people and martial artists with completely different attitudes.

The atmosphere was so oppressive that it was suffocating.

On the Yara River Road in Preston, a battle between martial artists had occurred.

There was a fierce battle between a martial artist and the royal guards who were searching for him!

And it was suspected that he was a king-level martial artist!

The elite royal guards nearby rushed over to help, and the news reached Tobey's ears.

Tobey traveled nineteen miles in the snow and arrived at the Yara River Road.

The Yara River Road was covered with a thick layer of buildings. There were no vehicles around at all. There were no vehicles for road maintenance or snow removal vehicles.

However, on the Yara River Road, there were three black shadows that quickly swept across the snow, leaving shallow footprints, which meant that they were moving very fast.

A movement speed of over 50 meters per second.

Three kings!

The elites of the royal guards were all martial artists.

However, it was impossible for them to hold back the three kings.

Unless the three kings were surrounded by the 200,000 royal guards.

Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to hold them back.

As the three figures were moving at high speed, the thin middle-aged man said hoarsely, "The royal guards have already been alerted. I'm afraid Tobey Lapras is already on his way here." "Good!" The three black-robed figures split up and fled in three different directions.

Tobey was 19 miles away, so it would take him some time to get there.

The three of them had just split up at Yara River Road.

However, right in front of them, a bronze throne appeared on the black road covered in white snow.

On the bronze throne sat a handsome young man in white. He sat alone and waited quietly in the dark night. It was as if he had been waiting here for a long time. He restrained his aura, and no one noticed him!

If an ordinary person was here, they would definitely think that the young man was a lunatic.

If it was a normal person, who would dare to sit on the road? Wasn't he afraid of being hit by a car?

"Where do the three of you want to go?" The white-robed youth on the bronze throne instantly activated eight techniques.

The eight pinnacle techniques were activated, and white light shot into the sky from the thin body of the handsome youth.

The white light was like a rosy glow, reaching a height of a thousand meters, illuminating the entire Yara River Road.

At this moment, the three black-robed figures were all stunned!

On the bronze throne, the white-robed youth had a faint smile on his face as he looked at the three of them!

The middle-aged man's pupils constricted, and his face instantly broke out in cold sweat. He said hoarsely, "King Braydon Neal!" "Run!" The second man in black roared hoarsely, the veins on his neck bulging.

In an instant, the three of them turned around and were about to escape.

They would rather face the 200,000 royal guards than face Braydon, who was sitting on the bronze throne!

His name preceded him.

If the three of them didn't have any ulterior motives, they wouldn't have turned around and fled when they saw Braydon. Unfortunately, Braydon had come here personally.

Could they escape?

Braydon sat on the bronze throne, and two pinnacles stood behind him.

Old Man Zito and Taran Reynolds moved in a flash and stood in the dark night, forcing two of the three in black who were about to escape back.

The thin middle-aged man's face was ashen. Only one pinnacle was needed to kill the three of them..

The Strongest War God Chapter 909-Do You Know What He's Going to Do?

Moreover, there were two pinnacles here tonight, and there was also Braydon Neal!

At the same time, Tobey Lapras arrived in this area. "Brother, why did you come personally?" he asked softly.

"I was worried!"

Braydon said softly.

He had come personally just because he was worried.

The reason was simple. Everyone in the world knew that Hansworth was now in the era of the Northern Army.

Touching Braydon's sister was tantamount to stirring up trouble.

In the entire world, how many forces dared to cause trouble?

The four entities were definitely involved one way or another!

Braydon was suppressing the aristocratic families the most these days.

The hatred between the two sides was as deep as the sea!

In addition, Braydon had reactivated the Northern King Sword at the peak of Mount Hans and had already said that he would eradicate all the powerful families in the world.

The news had probably leaked out!

Earlier, Luther Carden had reminded Braydon that the geniuses he had recruited from the aristocratic families on Mount Hans did not really want to join the military, nor did they really want to be generals in the Northern Army.

Those people were forced to do so.

If they didn't join the Northern Army, they would have died on Mount Hans.

Therefore, those people who submitted to the Northern Army as generals did not really submit. They would definitely leak what Braydon said. The various families knew that Braydon was going to make a move, so they had to be prepared in advance.

As for how to guard against it.

They could only start from Preston!

If the Crawford family wanted to control the Northern King, they could only use his family in Preston to threaten him.

There was no other way.

If they were to do that, the powerful families would know that they had no way out.

Although the powerful families and the Northern Army were now at loggerheads and often had conflicts, causing the martial artists of the powerful families to lose their lives under the Northern Army sword, the two sides had yet to start a full-blown war!

It was a bloody battle where all pretenses were torn apart.

They would destroy the other party without caring about anything. They would use all means to kill the other party.

Until today, Braydon had yet to completely destroy a single powerful family!

Braydon had yet to see the true experts of the powerful families!

At this moment, Braydon was sitting alone on the bronze throne, staring at the three men in front of him. There were some similarities between their brows, and it seemed that they were from the same faction. "You used the Vanishing Steps just now, right?"

Braydon said faintly.

The skinny man's expression changed drastically. He did not expect his identity to be exposed.

The current martial arts world was not only lacking spirit herbs, but also various martial arts inheritances.

As a result, each martial art technique was extremely rare and had its own origin.

The martial art technique, Vanishing Step, came from the Simpson family of Jefferson!

The Simpson family was here.

The skinny man, Cairo Simpson, cupped his fists and knelt on one knee. He shouted, "Cairo Simpson of the Simpson family greets His Highness!" "Kentrell Simpson of the Simpson family greets His Highness!" The other man in black cupped his fists and knelt on one knee.

As expected.

Braydon had guessed it correctly. These three people were indeed from the same force, and they were from the Simpson family.

Tobey stepped lightly on the snow with his hands behind his back and went to Cairo's side. He glanced at Cairo from the corner of his eyes and only saw his side profile. He shouted coldly, "It really is you!"

"What?"

Cairo understood why there was such a big commotion in Preston tonight.

It was all because of the three Simpson brothers!

Because Cairo wanted to touch a person he shouldn't have.

However, would Cairo dare to admit to such a thing?

Even if he died, he would not dare to admit it.

Once he admitted it, he would die tonight!

With Braydon's personality, he would never allow outsiders to touch his family. He would definitely kill Cairo's family. He would descend upon the Simpson family and destroy all the martial artists in his family, leaving no one alive.

Tobey turned around and said softly, "Brother, it's him. Luke and I checked the security cameras of Preston First Middle School. Luke spotted a shadow from the video. It's him!"

Cairo knelt on the ground, his face pale.

Tobey was talking about physical evidence!

With physical evidence, what was the use of denying it?

There were some things that could not be denied!

None of them were fools here.

Cairo's face was filled with despair. He slowly closed his eyes, knowing that the three brothers would not be able to escape death tonight.

"Mr. Simpson, are you in such a hurry to die?" Braydon looked over and smiled faintly.

"Tonight, we have fallen into the hands of His Royal Highness the Northern King. We do not seek to live. We only hope that His Royal Highness will leave us three brothers with a corpse."

Cairo slowly opened his eyes, his gaze filled with the desire to die. Braydon shook his head and said softly, "I have a way out for you!"

"This path of survival is harder than death!"

Cairo stared at Braydon as he spoke in a hoarse voice.

The other two members of the Simpson family kneeled on the ground, their faces ashen.

They were all kings who knew Braydon and knew how ruthless Braydon was. If the three of them dared to have designs on Ginny Neal, they would die if they fell into Braydon's hands!

But now, Braydon had yet to take their lives.

There was definitely a scheme brewing!

Braydon walked forward and bent down to help Cairo up. "I like smart people. I will only ask you one question. Answer me and I will let you go!"

"Please ask your question!"

Before Cairo could say anything, Kentrell, who was beside him, quickly raised his head, his eyes revealing his desire.

It was a look of longing to live.

There were really too few people in the world who were not afraid of death.

As a human being, who would be willing to leave the world if they were not completely disheartened?

There were too many things in the world that people missed.

Those who did not have the desire to live or had any emotions probably had no humanity left.

Braydon placed his hands behind his back and asked softly, "Who is the most ancient pinnacle of the Simpson family?"

Just one sentence caused Cairo's expression to change drastically!

Why did Braydon ask this question?

He was planning to make a move against the Simpson family!

It wasn't just a small fight, but the complete annihilation of the Simpson family, the extermination of the Simpson family's bloodline, not leaving a single one alive!

Kentrell said without hesitation, "It's the Sixth Ancestor. He's the strongest; an eminent pinnacle!" "Shut up! "

Smack!

Cairo glared at Kentrell angrily, wishing he could eat him alive. He turned around and slapped Kentrell's face.

"Big Brother, what's there to hide?"

Kentrell covered his face and said hoarsely, "Aren't the lives of us three brothers more important than an insignificant piece of news?"

"Insignificant? Do you know what he wants to do?"

Cairo's eyes were bloodshot and filled with madness and anger.

Kentrell was frightened by his big brother's anger. He suppressed his anger and asked, "What does he want to do? He's just asking a question!" "Asking? He wants to exterminate the Simpson family!" Cairo suddenly stood up and roared hoarsely.

With just one sentence, everyone fell silent.

At the same time, Kentrell was stunned and said in horror, "Impossible! You can't offend a powerful family. If you offend the family, you will be in big trouble. Your Highness, you..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Kentrell was dumbstruck.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, his face expressionless.

What did this indifferent look mean?

Braydon really wanted to kill him!

He wanted to destroy the Simpson family.

“An eminent pinnacle can also be killed!” Braydon said faintly..

The Strongest War God Chapter 910-To Cut Grass, It Must be Removed by the Roots!

An eminent pinnacle was extremely powerful, but if they provoked the Northern King, he could really destroy the entire Simpson family!

However, he needed to use external forces.

The Kylo Ruins was the external force that Braydon Neal was talking about.

Braydon was the young master of Kylo, the next master of Kylo.

It was not difficult to mobilize a high-level pinnacle from Kylo!

At this moment, Kentrell Simpson’s eyes were filled with disbelief. He knelt on the ground, feeling that he had said something he shouldn’t have.

Braydon asked how strong the Simpson family’s oldest pinnacle martial artist was.

It was obvious that the Northern King, Braydon, had already decided to kill him!

The Simpson family must be destroyed!

Braydon turned around and sat back on the bronze throne. He said softly, “I’ve finished asking my questions. You can leave now!” “I’ve never heard of anyone escaping unscathed when a martial artist of a powerful family falls into the hands of the Northern Army, including a pinnacle martial artist!” Cairo Simpson’s eyes were fixed on Braydon, who was sitting on the throne.

As a martial artist of a powerful family, he knew the Northern King’s methods all too well.

If the people of the powerful families were to fall into the hands of the people of the Northern Army, it would be difficult for them to survive!

Or rather, there was no way out at all!

Braydon closed his eyes and sat quietly, allowing the snow to fall in the dark night. He stood still like a young emperor.

Cairo broke out in a cold sweat and said hoarsely, "Let's go!" In an instant, the three people from the Simpson family stood up and turned to escape.

Escape from Preston!

They didn't dare to turn around. It was as if the white-robed youth on the bronze throne was the most terrifying person in the world.

Braydon slowly opened his eyes and sighed. "If the three conferred kings could become generals in the Northern Army and guard the borders of Hansworth, they would definitely be three great generals who would make great contributions and go down in history." Braydon sighed softly.

Tobey Lapras, who was standing next to him, nodded slightly. He understood what he had to do!

They must be silenced!

To cut grass, one must remove it by the roots!

Evil must be eradicated!

This was what Braydon had taught Tobey and the others since they were young.

In a flash, Tobey disappeared into the dark night to chase after the three. Braydon didn't stop him. He knew that there was no need for Tobey to chase after them.

That was because there was someone waiting for the three of them!

That person was Colton Jansky!

Colton, who appeared to be only ten years old, stood at the end of the Yara River Road. His small body was wearing a black raincoat and a big hat. He stood quietly on the road, allowing the heavy snow to hit him.

Colton looked young, but he was actually a pinnacle martial artist!

A pinnacle martial artist with a vitality of 3,000 Na.

One punch could unleash a terrifying force of 300,000 pounds.

He guarded the Yara River Road alone and stood quietly, watching the three people from the Simpson family who were moving quickly in the dark night.

He said softly, "The three of you have made me wait!" "Who's there?" Cairo was shocked and immediately stopped.

Before Colton said anything, the three brothers did not sense anyone in front of them at all.

Under the gazes of the three of them, Colton took off the big black hat on his head, revealing a slightly childish little face.

His appearance was still childish, but his clear eyes revealed a maturity that did not match his age.

Kentrell heaved a sigh of relief. He didn't expect that the person blocking the way would just be a ten-year-old boy.

"Get out of the way, little brat!" he snorted coldly.

Cairo's face was pale. He stared at Colton's small face and clenched his fists as he said hoarsely, "Young Civil Emperor, Colton Jansky!" "Oh? It has only been a few months since I broke the seal on Mount Hans, and I haven't gone out yet, but you can actually guess my identity so quickly." Colton did not hide his identity at all.

Such a generous admission.

The faces of the three members of the Simpson family turned pale.

Young Civil Emperor Colton had been sealed on Mount Hans by Martial Emperor Yanagi for ten years. Four months ago, he broke out of the seal and stepped into the pinnacle realm after taking three steps.

At the age of ten, he was a pinnacle!

He was comparable to the Northern King.

The two sons of Hansworth.

Young Civil Emperor Colton, Young Martial Emperor Braydon!

The legend of the two sons had long ago spread throughout the entire capital. "The Northern King has promised to let us leave Preston!" Kentrell said in horror.

"He promised to let you go, but I didn't. Moreover, this is the suburbs and no longer belongs to Preston!" Colton placed his small hands behind his back and stepped on the

snow with his small feet in the dark night. His gaze gently looked five miles in the southeast corner and said, "Is the Simpson family's pinnacle not going to show himself?" The Simpson family had sent a pinnacle to Preston?

In fact, the Simpson family pinnacle didn't dare to enter Preston.

That was why this hidden pinnacle had been outside Preston for several months, waiting for Cairo and the other two to get Ginny Neal while he waited outside to take over.

Although the plan was meticulous, if Braydon noticed it, they would have no way out!

Colton's words resounded throughout the night.

A majestic force that was as powerful as the heavens erupted from the southeast.

It was the Simpson family's pinnacle!

His vitality was as vast as the heavens.

A high-level pinnacle!

When one's vitality reached 10,000 Na, one could break free from the restraints of a low-level pinnacle and become a high-level pinnacle!

A high-level pinnacle had opened two doors!

The first one was the door to the pinnacle that could transform force into spiritual energy and fuse it with one's blood.

The second one was the door to the pinnacle that released vitality!

This high-level pinnacle stood in the dark night and spread his blood-red wings. The red wings were three meters long and flew over at a low altitude.

The pinnacle might of 10,000 Na of vitality was indeed terrifying!

Colton was only ten years old and did not show any fear. On the contrary, he said softly, "The Simpson family is truly on another level. You sent a martial artist with a vast amount of vitality to plot against my brother's family. Who gave you such courage?" "The Simpson family's Elliot Simpson greets His Highness Colton!" The skinny middle-aged man was probably over a hundred years old. He placed his hands behind his back and released his pressure. He said indifferently, "In the battle between the powerful families and the Northern Army, what the powerful families fight for is the future, and what the Northern Army fights for is power!"

“The rise of the Northern Army family will definitely cut off the future of the powerful families!

“If the powerful families rise up, we will definitely stop the rise of the Northern Army!

“The battle between the two sides is like fire and water. His Highness Colton had been sealed in ice for ten years and does not know the situation in the outside world. ” The middle-aged man, Elliot, calmly looked at Colton.

Colton smiled lightly. His smile made people feel extreme danger.

“The battle between the powerful families and the Northern Army? Interesting, do you know that I am also from the Northern Army?” The light sentence made Elliot’s eyes reveal a look of shock.

Young Civil Emperor Colton had openly admitted that he was from the Northern Army!

Based on what the powerful factions knew, Colton was someone trained by Martial Emperor Yanagi. The person who would wield the heavenly sword in the future belonged to the capital’s lineage!

Colton stepped into the night and displayed the courage of a young emperor.

“My brother is the commander of the Northern Army. What lineage do you think I am from?” he asked.

“In the vast human world, anyone who dares to compete with the Northern Army will be killed!

“Those who dare to draw their blades at the Northern Army will be beheaded!” Colton’s words resounded throughout the night..

The Strongest War God Chapter 911-The Terror of Colton Jansky!

On the Yara River Road, the white-robed youth on the bronze throne had his eyes closed, and a smile appeared on his lips. Colton Jansky was originally from the Northern Army.

No one needed to question this!

Colton was also one of the elites of the Northern Army.

At the end of the Yara River Road in Preston, a boy who looked only ten years old looked like a young dragon.

So what if he was a young dragon!

A dragon was ultimately a true dragon!

The dragon roared in the wild, and all would surrender.

At a young age, Colton fought fiercely against a pinnacle martial artist with 10,000 Na of vitality.

The battle between the two sides lit up the sky!

Among the cultivation techniques that Colton cultivated, there was a forbidden technique!

The name of the forbidden technique was King's Descent!

Previously, Colton had used that terrifying forbidden technique, and it was one of the ten great forbidden techniques!

Colton was very young after all. Furthermore, his vitality was only 3,000 Na. He could not suppress Elliot Simpson, who had a vitality of 10,000 Na.

The battle between the old and the young was a battle Cairo Simpson and the other two kings could not interfere.

In the dark night, Colton said, "Flowers bloom with a single thought, King's Descent!"
Swoosh!

In the sky, there were ten Coltons.

Every single one of them was like a living person.

This was a forbidden technique, King's Descent.

Colton took a step forward and formed ten shadows in the sky.

The first shadow returned to Colton's body.

It was as if two people were stacked together.

Colton's aura instantly soared!

His strength had increased by 50%!

It was only the first figure!

In the next moment, the second figure entered his body, causing Colton's strength to increase by 50%.

With the ten figures combined, his combat power would be amplified by five times!

This was the terrifying aspect of the King's Descent forbidden technique.

The martial artists who created the ten great forbidden techniques were all earth-shattering figures.

Among them, the one who created the forbidden technique, King's Descent, was Emperor Togo!

Colton used the forbidden technique at such a young age.

His little fist.

With just one punch!

Bang!

Elliot, who had a vast amount of vitality, exchanged a punch with him.

In the next moment, Elliot's right arm turned into a bloody mist and was swept away by the terrifying power. His entire body flew out like a sandbag!

A pinnacle martial artist with 10,000 Na of vitality!

One punch could unleash a force of a million pounds. This was something Elliot was the proudest of.

However, Elliot was heavily injured by Colton's punch, almost losing his life!

Colton used the forbidden technique and unleashed a strength that far exceeded his own by five times.

Defeating Elliot with one punch!

How could he not pay the price!

Colton spat out a small mouthful of blood. His rosy little face was as pale as paper, and traces of blood spurted out from the pores on his entire right arm.

In an instant, his arms were thicker than his thighs!

His strength surpassed his own limits. It was a miracle that Colton's body was not crippled.

Just like a private car, the best speed could only be increased to 130 kilometers per hour.

If you increased it by five times, wouldn't the car fall apart?

Colton was in such a state.

Inflicting 100% of damage to the enemy meant inflicting 80% of the same damage to himself!

However, if tonight's matter were to spread, Colton would definitely be the focus of the world.

This Young Civil Emperor had broken out of the ice on Mount Hans four months ago and entered the pinnacle realm.

In the end, in just four months, he could break through to the high-level pinnacle realm.

It was simply a miracle!

It was extremely difficult for a genius to fight against an even stronger expert and for a weak person to fight against someone of the same cultivation level.

This was the difference!

Colton fell from the sky. A cold young man with long snow-white hair appeared and caught the young Colton.

The young man, Fenton Jansky, was a dignified inimitable pinnacle.

The guardian that the Jansky family had arranged for Braydon Neal.

At this moment, he appeared on his own volition. After catching Colton, he calmly said, "The power will backfire on you. In the next three months, you can't fight with others. You need to recuperate!" "Where's my brother?" Colton was looking for his brother.

Fenton carried Colton and arrived in front of the bronze throne in a flash. He handed Colton to Braydon and said calmly, "I'll deal with those four!" "Why don't you go to the Simpson family and get rid of them for me?" Braydon stood up and smiled faintly.

Fenton actually took it seriously. He frowned slightly and said softly, "The Simpson family is a powerful family after all, and the families are connected by blood. The Jansky family is an aristocratic family. If I make a move and wipe them out, it will be like the aristocratic families fighting against the powerful families!" Fenton calmly rejected Braydon.

He could not do this!

If the aristocratic families and the powerful families started a war, the world would be in chaos.

At that time, no one would be willing to allow the Northern Army to watch from the sidelines and reap the benefits.

Moreover, the ancestral teachings of the Jansky family was to cultivate in seclusion and not participate in any power struggles in the secular world.

The reason why the old antiques of the Jansky family had recently defied the ancestral teachings and jumped out one by one was not only to intimidate the old antiques of the aristocratic families to not attack Braydon, but also to resolve the war at the borders.

This was the sincerity of the Jansky family!

All the members of the 72 branches of the Jansky family would follow Braydon as their leader.

Most importantly, Braydon was not a reliable family leader. He kept trying to trick the Jansky family and get the old antiques of the Jansky family to wipe out the four great entities for him.

Colton raised his arm that was swollen like a big white radish and said coquettishly, "Brother, I want a hug!" "He's injured!" Braydon took Colton from Fenton's arms and looked at his swollen arm. He shook his head gently and said, "Even I don't dare to attempt to attack a 10,000 Na vitality pinnacle!" "I just wanted to try!" Colton was like a child in Braydon's arms.

If outsiders saw this, who would believe that this was the capital's Young Civil Emperor?

How many people would believe that this little guy had almost killed a 10,000 Na vitality pinnacle with a single punch?

The people of the Northern Army were either arrogant or cunning!

One of them had massacred the capital's Vermilion Bird Street, causing all the peach blossoms to wither. Another was known as the Sovereign King of Perpetual Darkness who wanted to rule the world.

When these guys wreaked havoc, no one could suppress them except Braydon.

There were also a few others who were cunning. Even the little fool who was so crafty had been tricked by them countless times!

None of the bad guys in the Northern Army were good!

Braydon hugged Colton and smiled faintly. "Let's go home!" "Luke, get your donkey to come over and carry the bronze throne!" Tobey Lapras looked at Luke Yates, who was rushing over, and asked him to carry the bronze throne using his donkey.

The little donkey was carrying the bronze throne, but it did not feel tired. It followed the little fool and returned to the Neal family manor.

Fenton was hidden in the dark. In a flash, four red lights pierced into Elliot's forehead like sharp swords.

A round bloody hole appeared!

The Simpson family had one 10,000 Na vitality pinnacle and three kings.

They were all killed in the night!

As for the dirty work of cleaning up the corpses, it was naturally handed over to Steve Xavier of the Preston main team.

The Preston main team could not afford to offend the royal guards!

The royal guards did not want to do such a thing, so they immediately withdrew and returned to the garrison.

Braydon and the others returned to the Neal family manor..

The Strongest War God Chapter 912-Trillions of Family Wealth!

With the arrival of midnight, the silence of the huge Preston city was instantly broken.

Dazzling fireworks were lit at this moment.

It was snowing heavily, and fireworks were lit up in every household. They exploded in the sky, forming beautiful patterns that symbolized the arrival of the new year.

February was a special time for families in Hansworth as they gather together and officially welcome the new year. On this night, all children and adults would go and play all night.

The Neal family manor was no exception.

Apart from eating, Luke Yates also liked to play!

This little fool was actually using his hands to fire two firecrackers.

The 25-centimeter-long firecrackers exploded in his hand. The head of the firecracker shot into the sky with a whoosh, instantly blooming beautiful fireworks.

The little fool was playing happily, as if the firecracker did not just explode his hand.

Although it was a little painful, the explosion did not hurt the little fool at all.

After all, he was a king.

If they were to be injured by the explosion, wouldn't it be a joke if word got out?

However, the little fool did not care at all. He had created a lot of jokes in the northern territory.

In the manor, Luke was carrying a 72-shot firework tube on his shoulder. He ran toward the donkey while howling.

The fireworks exploded at the donkey's feet, sending sparks everywhere.

The donkey was so shocked that it jumped three meters high and cried out, "Fck you, fck you..." Little did he know that the silly little donkey would get even more excited and bombard the entire manor with fireworks on its shoulders!

The donkey was definitely unlucky to have a new master like Little Fool.

What a f*cking scam!

The little fool was having fun in the Neal family's manor, causing a commotion in the entire manor.

Laughter and happiness continued as the little fool tormented the donkey.

Colton Jansky shook his head pitifully. His two small arms were swollen like big white radishes. His arms were covered in a cast and wrapped in white cloth, making him look even more bloated. It was extremely out of place next to his small body.

Laura Quinn reprimanded Braydon Neal. She said, "Braydon, what did you guys do? You're an adult now, yet you didn't take good care of Colton." Braydon was helpless.

Fortunately, his mother didn't know the hardships of the northern desert. Braydon and the other elites of the Northern Army all climbed out of a pile of dead people!

The elites of the Northern Army had their hands stained with blood, and their bodies were wrapped in killing sins.

The main reason was that Colton looked too young!

Although he was the same age as Braydon, this little guy's growth process had a full ten years of blank period!

To be honest, Colton and Braydon were the same age.

He was twenty years old, but he was frozen for ten years.

His appearance was still the same as when he was ten years old. His cute little face with red lips and white teeth were extremely deceptive.

With Colton like this, who would dare to believe that this little guy almost killed a 10,000 Na vitality pinnacle martial artist with one punch tonight?

Although Colton was more mature than his peers, he was still a ten-year-old brat after all.

So what if he was the world-famous Young Civil Emperor!

To Braydon, he was still his little brother.

Liam Neal hugged Ginny Neal and said softly, "Braydon, what did you guys do out there?" "We took care of some small matters. Fourth Uncle, I heard from Fourth Aunt that you want to send Ginny to the Sanguine Youth Institution?" Braydon got up and placed Colton, who was in his arms, on the ground to let him play. Then, he turned around and took Ginny from Liam's arms.

Colton looked at Braydon with a face full of resentment.

Braydon noticed his gaze and said unhappily, "You're already twenty years old, but you're still acting like you're ten. You're the future Civil Emperor of Hansworth, so you have to be more mature!" "I was frozen for ten years, and I'm only ten years old this year!" Colton did not admit that he was twenty years old at all.

Everyone from the Neal family laughed. Clearly, they all knew Colton's unique situation.

"I've spoken to Teacher Miranda," Liam said with a solemn expression." She also hopes that Ginny can enter the Sanguine Youth Institution as soon as possible. Ginny also wants to learn martial arts!" "I also want to be as powerful as my brother when I grow up!" Perhaps the little girl admired her big brother Braydon the most.

"In your dreams!" Colton said sourly.

"Why are you so rude!" Ginny looked at Colton angrily, seeing him as a peer.

The dignified Young Civil Emperor and the little girl were not of the same age!

He was almost twenty years old!

"Alright, ask Little Fool to come in. Let's eat dinner together!" Louis Neal laughed.

They had plenty of good food to welcome the new year!

They would be eating three meals tonight.

These folk customs had their own explanations.

After all, they couldn't go hungry in welcoming the new year.

This was what Luke wanted. He had been a glutton since he was young, and when he grew up, he was even more gluttonous. He wanted to eat a bite of everything.

If it wasn't for the fact that he couldn't beat his brother, this little fool would probably eat Braydon up!

Luke was playing with the donkey outside and was sweating profusely. He returned to the bright hall and sat on the table. He began to eat the food on the table.

The little fool ate the food without chewing at all and swallowed them!

Luke cleared his plate in the blink of an eye. He stole a glance at Tobey Lapras and whispered, "What flavor is this pasta?" After a moment of speechlessness.

"Didn't you just finish a plate?" Tobey said unhappily.

"I didn't taste anything!" The little fool muttered honestly.

Louis laughed heartily. "Haha, there is plenty of food tonight. Laura will get another plate for you when you return." "There's plenty of food!" Laura had a loving smile on her face as she treated the little fool and the others as her own children.

The little fool was very quiet whenever he ate. He didn't cause trouble and just ate quietly.

While Louis was eating, he said softly, "Braydon, I've discussed with your fourth uncle. I've decided to step down from the position of chairman of the Neal Corporation and let you take over." "Dad, leave the family business to Ginny!" Braydon did not seem to know the current market value of the Neal Corporation!

The Neal Corporation's market value was 8 trillion!

It had a market value of more than 8 trillion dollars.

This asset had been accumulated by the Neal family for several generations, and it was bound to pass to Braydon in the end.

There was no other reason. Braydon was the eldest son of the family!

Since ancient times, the eldest son inherited the family business.

“Ginny is still young. How can she shoulder such a huge responsibility?” Louis said bluntly.

“I’m afraid Skylar has no intention of inheriting the family business, so the Neal Corporation can only be handed over to you.” Liam advised.

This was obviously not a last-minute idea. Louis and Liam probably already had plans to let Braydon take over the family business. However, Braydon was not just the eldest son of the Neal family!

He was the current Garrison King!

A small city like Preston was like a small pool of water. How could it hold a true dragon like Braydon?

Although the Neal family’s business was good, Braydon could not inherit it!

At the entrance of the bright hall, a noble woman appeared. She was about 27 or 28 years old and had a noble temperament. It was Whitney Jansky! She had been brought back to the Neal family four months ago..

The Strongest War God Chapter 913-Master of the Yin-Yang Entity, Old Devil Yanagi!

Whitney Jansky had been living in a quiet villa for the past four months, and the Neal family had been very respectful to her.

When she arrived.

“Grandma!” Ginny Neal called out timidly.

“Ginny!” Whitney entered the bright hall and looked at Braydon Neal. “A hundred years ago, the Neal family was unrivaled in the country and was the most revered powerful family. Later, there was a great change. The Neal family only has your bloodline left and has lived in Preston for a hundred years. It’s time to return to the capital.” “Return to the capital and rebuild the Neal family?” Braydon sat in the bright hall and stared at this grandmother. He felt that she was hiding something from him!

“Why not?” Whitney asked softly.

“I will use the rest of my life to kill all the powerful families in the country, but you are advising me to rebuild the Neal family. Doesn’t it seem like a joke to you?” Braydon’s eyes turned cold.

Everyone knew that the famous Northern King was incompatible with all the powerful

families.

Now that the powerful families were powerful, it was causing a disaster.

How would Braydon face the millions of soldiers of the Northern Army in the future if he publicly rebuilt the Neal family?

How was he going to face Martial Emperor Yanagi in the capital?

The Northern Army was a knife in the capital's hands!

The capital wanted to use this knife to suppress the powerful families and other martial arts forces in the country.

However, the capital had always been the one holding the blade, but now Braydon was the one holding it.

The Northern Army was a blade in Braydon's hands.

Whitney sat elegantly at the table and gently took Ginny. She sighed and said, "You inherited the will of the Martial Emperor and Old Devil Yanagi and pursued the power of killing as protection. Little did you know that Martial Emperor Yanagi and Old Devil Yanagi are not entirely right!" One sentence shook Braydon's faith!

The older generation had their own beliefs!

At the same time, Whitney and Martial Emperor Yanagi were clearly not on the same side.

If they were on the same side, they would definitely not say such words tonight.

Don't forget that it was Old Devil Yanagi and Martial Emperor Yanagi who raised Braydon!

They were the teachers, and Braydon was the student!

A teacher was like a father!

Braydon had no problem inheriting their will.

Whitney pinched Ginny's chubby face and said softly, "Who is Martial Emperor Yanagi? He is a hero of a generation. If he wants to rule the world, all martial artists in the world must submit to him. Do you know who your teacher Finley Yanagi is?"

Braydon had never commented on his teacher since he was young. His teacher's kindness in teaching and raising him was greater than the heavens!

As long as the teachers were alive, Braydon would respect them!

Without those teachers, how could Braydon be who he was today?

Whitney slowly stood up and said faintly, "I'm here to tell you that your teacher, Finley Yanagi, is the entity master of the yin-yang entity." "What?" Tobey Lapras's expression changed drastically, and his eyes were filled with disbelief!

He really couldn't believe it!

The teacher he respected like a father, Finley, was actually the master of the yin-yang entity!

The yin-yang entity was divided into two sides.

Yin entity.

Yang entity.

There was a total of two masters.

However, Whitney had personally said that Finley was the entity master of the yin-yang entity.

He alone controlled the two entities!

Braydon was calm. He looked at his grandmother and finally said calmly, "Back then, when Teacher Finley went missing, was he the one who made the whole thing up?" Whitney shook her head and corrected him. She said softly, "You've seen the kings of the yin-yang entity and even the pinnacles, but have you ever seen them make the yin wind sweep across the desert?" Her casual words awakened Tobey and the others!

When Finley went missing, the elites of Northern Army were still young.

Braydon was only ten years old that year.

The Northern Army elites were all of the same age. They were young and thought that the most powerful martial artist in the world was a ninth-level king!

During that time, kings were indeed the strongest!

After all, the world's pinnacle martial artists were suppressed by Kylo's ban and were not allowed to reveal themselves.

In an era where the pinnacles did not reveal themselves, the kings were revered.

That was why the kings were the strongest.

That was why Braydon and the others had always believed that when the cold wind swept across the 8,000 miles of the desert, it was a ninth-level king of the yin-yang entity who had descended to the north and started a bloody battle with his teacher, Finley.

It was that battle that caused his teacher, Finley, to go missing.

Until now, they still didn't know where he was!

Now that he thought about it, Tobey was horrified and cried out, 'Wasn't the yin-yang martial artist who invaded the northern territory a ninth-level king?' "They were the two entity masters of the yin-yang entity!" "In that battle," Whitney exclaimed faintly, "your teacher killed the yin-yang entity masters to protect the elites of the Northern Army and not let the yin-yang people take you away!

"That battle shocked Hansworth!

"Do you know how many big shots were alarmed at that time?

"Even the Kylo branch was alarmed. Even Sadie Dudley, the master of Kylo, was tricked by your teacher into making a promise that she would never leave Mount Bliz!

"Old Devil Yanagi is really good at hiding. The battle at the northern desert shocked too many people, including me. No one knew that he had hidden his strength to such an extent!

"Later, when the two yin-yang entity masters attacked, he showed his true strength. He slashed at the two of them, causing the cold wind to sweep across 8,000 miles of the desert!" As an elder, Whitney was Braydon's relative.

He told Braydon many things that no one had told him all these years.

When the elites of the Northern Army were young, they displayed astonishing potential!

Especially Braydon, who practiced martial arts at seven and became a War God at nine!

At that time, it was enough to shock the world.

There were also other children who had displayed astonishing talent.

The yin-yang entity attacked the northern desert to kidnap them. They wanted to kidnap the Northern Army elites so that they would become part of the yin-yang entity.

Back then, they even sent out two entity masters!

Now it seemed clear why they sent two entity masters.

Given the stunning performance of the elites of the Northern Army, if the yin-yang entity were given another choice, they would still have brazenly charged into the northern desert ten years ago to kidnap them!

Moreover, if they had a choice, even if they had to go against the Kylo ban, the pinnacle martial artists of the four entities would have killed the elites of the Northern Army at the cost of their lives.

Braydon was conferred a title on Mount Tanish and attracted ten layers of national fate!

He had stepped onto the altar!

Four months ago, Braydon had undergone the Spirit Awakening Ceremony at the Lenver Pond, and his talent had increased by nine times. He had even used the power of his bloodline to open the spiritual aperture between his eyebrows!

Breaking through the spiritual aperture was the symbol of a pinnacle! He opened his spiritual aperture and gave birth to his spiritual power!

His spiritual power could control everything!

It could also exert mental pressure.

The secret within would never be activated unless one opened their spiritual apertures.

Therefore, Braydon was more than ten times more terrifying than before.

At this moment.

Braydon looked at her and said softly, "Martial Emperor Teacher is overseeing the capital and ruling the country. He wants all the martial artists in the country to be his subjects!

"Teacher Finley killed two entity masters ten years ago and took over the yin-yang. He is hiding in the dark and controlling things I know nothing of.

"But what kind of person are you, Grandma?" Braydon smiled brightly..

The Strongest War God Chapter 914-The Supreme Forbidden Art is Invincible!

Braydon Neal's words caught Whitney Jansky off guard.

When the older generation was younger, they were also prodigies who stirred up the world.

The people of that generation had all become important figures.

All important figures had their own beliefs and their own things to do.

Whitney and Martial Emperor Yanagi were not on the same side!

Therefore, Braydon asked his grandmother, Whitney, what kind of person she was!

Or rather, Whitney had only recently revealed herself. What had she been doing all these years?

The older generation had lived for a long time and had too many stories.

Whitney avoided the question and hugged Ginny Neal. Her eyes were filled with love as she said softly, "Don't worry. I haven't finished telling you about Old Devil Yanagi."

“Back then, Teacher fought fiercely against the two yin-yang entity masters in the northern desert. Why did he end up hiding?”

This question had troubled Braydon for many years.

When the old commander Finley Yanagi disappeared, the young elites of the Northern Army were forced to support the northern region!

It had been ten years!

Braydon wanted to know what his teacher who had treated him like his own son, had done!

Whitney said slowly, her words shocking.

She said, “Ten years ago, your teacher killed the two yin-yang entity masters. He displayed shocking combat strength and alarmed the hermits in one fell swoop. An old senior noticed that your teacher had mastered the Supreme Forbidden Art! ”

“Impossible!”

Tobey Lapras’s eyes were filled with anger.

The Supreme Forbidden Art was a forbidden technique that had been lost in the entire martial arts world.

If a martial artist dared to cultivate it, everyone in the world would kill him!

The Supreme Forbidden Art was an evil technique that could allow a martial artist to reach the supreme pinnacle realm in a short period of time.

All martial artists in the world dreamed of stepping into that realm. However, cultivating this evil technique required the sacrifice of countless lives.

By seizing the vitality of other pinnacles, he could achieve success by himself! It was equivalent to viewing the world’s pinnacles as pills that could be eaten as and when needed.

One could imagine how Finley had been forced to show his shocking battle strength and kill two entity masters in order to protect the Northern Army elites.

At the same time, outsiders also discovered Finley’s secret!

If there was a martial artist who cultivated the Supreme Forbidden Art, no one in the world would be able to tolerate him.

No matter who it was, they had to die!

If this kind of evil martial artist did not die, everyone in the world would feel threatened.

Therefore, Finley had alarmed the hermits!

In the end, ten years ago, Finley killed the two yin-yang entity masters. That night, he disappeared, and his life and death was unknown.

Yet today, Whitney was saying that Finley had killed the two entity masters ten years ago and replaced them, secretly controlling the yin-yang entity! However, there was no news about this in the outside world.

How did Whitney know about it?

Braydon's eyes lit up. He recalled that when he destroyed the Lowell yin-yang headquarters, Shadow happened to be there and saved Manuel Sharp!

Actually, after that time, Braydon had suspected that his teacher, Finley, was related to the yin-yang entity.

However, Braydon had never expected that his teacher was the current master of the yin-yang entity.

There were too many problems!

"There are less than three people in the outside world who know about your teacher," Whitney said softly. "I'm one of them, and your Martial Emperor teacher is another!"

"Who is the third person?"

Braydon vaguely understood why his teacher, Finley, had hidden in the dark for ten years and did not dare to show his face.

This was because he had cultivated the Supreme Forbidden Art!

He was the public enemy of all martial artists in the world!

The vast world was not just Hansworth. but the entire world!

The world's public enemy, Finley Yanagi, had cultivated the Supreme Forbidden Art. As long as he dared to show his tracks, the older generation martial artists would definitely come out to kill him.

After all, the Supreme Forbidden Art could not reappear in the human world.

Once it appeared, it was bound to cause chaos in the global martial arts world.

It fed on the vitality of other pinnacles and absorbed them for its own use.

Was there a cultivation technique more terrifying than this in the world?

There was probably no one who could compare to him.

What was even worse was that the elites of the Northern Army were all the students of Old Devil Yanagi!

Braydon was even the direct disciple of Old Devil Yanagi.

The teacher cultivated the Supreme Forbidden Art, but what about these students?

Perhaps in the past ten years, some old men had been secretly plotting against the Northern Army elites.

Although the Supreme Forbidden Art was not tolerated by the world, some ancient pinnacle martial artists who were nearing their lifespans probably wanted to cultivate the Supreme Forbidden Art in order to survive. They hunted other pinnacle martial artists and absorbed their vitality to help themselves break through quickly and reach the supreme pinnacle realm.

At that time, their lifespan would be extended once again!

There were too many people in the world who were greedy for life. In order to prolong their lives, they would definitely not hesitate to break the restrictions and cultivate the Supreme Forbidden Art.

If these people couldn't find Old Devil Yanagi, it was possible that they would target the elites of the Northern Army.

However, in the past ten years, no old man dared to attack the northern region and kill the Northern Army elites.

The reason was probably Braydon's identity!

When Braydon was young, he was the young Martial Emperor of the capital.

He was also the young master of Kyo!

He was the direct disciple of the Mount Sino Sect's sect leader, Winslow Jansky. He was the son of Hansworth and the person who would carry the country's fate in the future.

Under the cover of layers of identities, even sovereign pinnacles would not dare to kill their way into the northern desert.

Braydon was backed by the capital, Kylo, Mount Sino, and many other major powers.

In the entire world, who would dare to touch Braydon!

Sadie Dudley of Kylo lived on Mount Bliz all year round, accompanying Braydon as he was growing up. It was an invisible form of protection.

With the number one pinnacle in the world protecting him, which old thing in the world would dare to attack Mount Bliz?

No one!

At this moment, Braydon slowly stood up and stroked the bronze throne. He said softly, "Grandma, you haven't answered my question yet. I want to know what kind of person you are in this world!"

Braydon looked calm on the outside, but he was not stupid on the inside!

His grandma was not the same as Martial Emperor Yanagi.

The two sides were not on the same path!

However, it wasn't hard to tell from his grandmother's words.

She was someone from the same generation as Finley!

In other words, Braydon's grandmother was not an ordinary person.

She might not be weaker than the old commander, Finley!

Whitney lowered her head and pinched Ginny's nose. "Ginny, if you want to learn martial arts in the future, Grandma will teach you, okay?"

"Okay!"

Ginny had always been obedient.

Moreover, the little girl was not like her big brother, Braydon, who was so scheming. She was innocent. Her thoughts were not as complicated as adults. Moreover, Whitney was Ginny's biological grandmother.

There was nothing wrong with the little girl being naturally close to her.

On the other hand, Braydon couldn't do it.

The Northern King looked calm and collected, but he had never let down his guard against his grandmother!

After all, Whitney had appeared too abruptly!

If she hadn't shown up, Braydon would have forgotten that he had a grandmother.

Moreover, even Braydon couldn't see through her strength!

Back at the peak of Mount Hans, Trevor Jansky was unwilling to swallow the blood pills formed by Braydon's vitality. In the end, Whitney's palm strike made Trevor lose all his strength!

At that time, Trevor was already a conferred pinnacle, and his vitality had reached tens of thousands of Na.

The Strongest War God Chapter 915-Let Me Ride on Your Head!

In the end, Trevor Jansky was subdued by Whitney Jansky with a single palm strike and could not retaliate at all.

Whitney's strength was definitely extraordinary!

Braydon Neal had already asked her twice.

Whitney avoided answering, causing Braydon to stand up and take Ginny Neal from her arms. He said calmly, "Ginny, go back to your room and sleep now that you've eaten!" "Okay. Goodbye, Colton!" Ginny waved her little hands and said goodbye to Colton Jansky.

Colton's small face immediately darkened, and he rolled his eyes.

He was the great Young Civil Emperor. He would never play with a little girl like Ginny!

His peers were Luke Yates and Tobey Lapras!

"It's getting late. Braydon, you should rest early." Liam Neal slowly got up.

After saying that.

Louis Neal and Laura Quinn also stood up.

Only a few people were left in the huge bright hall.

After eating and drinking his fill, the little fool was a little sleepy after having played for half a night. He turned around and picked up Colton, who was on the stool, yawning and saying, "Let's go, Colton. Time for bed!" "Let me ride on your head!" Colton quickly climbed onto the little fool's neck as if he was riding a donkey.

They had played together since they were young and could play with anything together.

Luke didn't care at all. He brought Colton back to the small courtyard of Braydon's villa, found a room, and went to sleep.

In a flash, Tobey left the Neal family manor and returned to the garrison area outside the city.

In the living room of the bright hall, only Braydon and Whitney were left.

There was no third person!

Braydon's eyes turned sharp as he said softly, "There's no one else now. Tell me what you want, Grandma." "The Supreme Forbidden Art!" Whitney said without any hesitation.

No wonder Braydon didn't trust her!

Whitney left the Neal family manor for decades and had never returned home once.

With her strength, she could come to Preston whenever she wanted!

However, she had only appeared recently, and she appeared around Braydon.

She definitely had a motive!

For martial artists in the world, was family or martial arts more important?

Either or!

If it was a young martial artist who had just entered the martial arts realm, if you asked him this question, he would definitely say that family ties were important without thinking.

However, ten or fifty years later, the answer might be different!

If he were a War God or a king, would the answer still be the same?

He would probably remain silent and hesitate!

Once a martial artist stepped into the martial arts world, their strength would increase step by step, and their lifespan would increase. Ordinary people would not be able to imagine the shocking increase in strength, and one would be unable to stop himself from wanting to advance further. They would also hope to achieve a higher realm, stronger strength, and a longer lifespan!

Compared to these things, family ties were sometimes extremely fragile!

How many martial artists in the world would kill each other for a stalk of spirit herb?

It had probably happened plenty of times.

Especially for Whitney, a pinnacle martial artist, who was more important, family or martial arts?

If she dared to say that family was important... Why hadn't she returned to the Neal family manor even once?

Now, it was even more obvious why.

What she wanted was the Supreme Forbidden Art!

Braydon, who was sitting on the bronze throne, heaved a sigh of relief.

He heaved a sigh of relief!

This was because what Whitney wanted was only a material object!

Braydon was really afraid that Whitney would ask for something she shouldn't.

Like the fate of the country and the power of the country!

This was something that Whitney could not touch.

If she dared to touch it, with Braydon's temperament, even if the person in front of him was his own grandmother, he would not allow her to cross this red line!

Every big shot had something they wanted.

His teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, wanted to make all the martial artists in the world submit to him!

His teacher, Finley Yanagi, was hiding in the dark. It was very likely that he wanted to enter the supreme pinnacle realm.

Whitney was essentially the same kind of person as Finley. They were both powerful pinnacle martial artists who wanted to enter a higher martial arts realm.

Everyone pursued different things!

Braydon felt much more relaxed. He said calmly, "The Supreme Forbidden Art that Teacher cultivated was not passed on to me. If you want it, I will personally ask for it and give it to you when I find Teacher in the future." "I'm not interested in his Supreme Forbidden Art!" Whitney walked to the coffee table and started brewing tea.

Braydon frowned.

Whitney had just said that she wanted the Supreme Forbidden Art, and now she said that she was not interested in Finley's Supreme Forbidden Art.

What did she want?

Instantly.

The entire bright hall was filled with the fragrance of black tea.

He had never liked drinking black tea since he was young.

Whitney said softly, "Old Devil Yanagi's Supreme Forbidden Art has a lot of drawbacks. It's difficult for it to become an elegant and refined evil art within a short period of time. But Braydon, you're different because you are a supreme path!" Braydon himself was the Supreme Forbidden Art!

In the entire world, who would dare to say that their talent in martial arts surpassed Braydon's?

Braydon had achieved the War God realm in the northern territory at the age of nine and was hailed as a genius that appeared once every thousand years!

For more than ten years, Braydon had cultivated the Great Void of Kylo Art. The purple Qi nourished his body day and night, and his talent had long reached the level of spirituality.

Outsiders couldn't understand the wonders of his talent.

However, there was one person who could understand how terrifying Braydon was back then.

That person was Eggy of the Northern Army.

The current Garrison Marquis of Hansworth, Skylar Neal!

Four months ago, Skylar had undergone the Spirit Awakening Ceremony at the Lenver Pond. His talent had increased by several times, and he had cultivated the eight pinnacle techniques to the realm of great success in one go, creating the ninth technique, Slaying Immortal.

Skylar's talent must have reached the level of spirituality.

Skylar had a deep understanding of the terror of spiritual talent!

Once one's thoughts were clear, there would be no more bottlenecks in the realm of martial arts!

The so-called bottleneck in cultivation no longer existed for martial artists with spiritual talent.

Furthermore, if a gifted spirit cultivator used one of the eight pinnacle techniques, the summoning technique, its power would be extremely terrifying.

In some aspects, the summoning technique was even more terrifying than the feather technique !

The prerequisite was that the user's talent had to reach the level of spirituality.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to experience the terror of the summoning technique!

When Braydon was young, his innate talent had already reached the level of spirituality. Later on, when he underwent the Spirit Awakening Ceremony at the Lenver Pond, his innate talent increased by nine times and rushed into his spiritual aperture.

In short, Braydon's talent in martial arts was the ceiling of Hansworth martial artists!

He used his own talent to measure the level of the entire martial arts world.

Only Braydon could do it!

He was the ceiling!

The ceiling of billions of martial artists!

His talent was incomparable.

At this moment, Whitney's words made Braydon suddenly understand why this grandmother had appeared at the peak of Mount Hans back then and even revealed herself!

Whitney was waiting for Braydon to become a supreme pinnacle!

If he were to become a supreme pinnacle, his path would be the path of a supreme pinnacle, in other words the Supreme Forbidden Art!

His path would become the pinnacle path for all martial artists in the world..

The Strongest War God Chapter 916-Old Devil Yanagi Appears!

Throughout the world, there was no such thing as a supreme pinnacle!

The path of the supreme pinnacle had long been broken!

Braydon Neal appeared in the world with a stunning appearance, holding the Northern King Sword.

In the dark, countless pinnacle elders saw hope in Braydon!

It's not just the hope for Hansworth to restore the glory of Hansworth.

It was also a brand-new supreme pinnacle path!

Whitney Jansky could only say this to make Braydon feel at ease.

Otherwise, Braydon would always be on guard against her ulterior motives.

Whitney spoke again, "Braydon, the people you should be wary of are your two teachers. One of them is a mighty lord of the mortal world, and the other is the devil king of the mortal world." "Grandma, you worry too much!" Braydon wouldn't be wary of the two teachers.

Whitney smiled and shook her head gently. She knew that the eldest grandson of the Neal family was not willing to be controlled by others! No one in the world could control the Northern King!

This genius was a hero and a young hero.

Even if the old commander Finley Yanagi hid in the dark and set up a shocking trap, the current Braydon was no longer the seven-year-old boy from back then.

Braydon had already grown up.

At the age of twenty, he guarded the nine prefectures alone.

Therefore, Whitney didn't say much.

Braydon stood up slowly. A bronze chain was wrapped around his waist. He stood with his hands behind his back at the entrance of the bright hall. His deep eyes stared at the snowflakes drifting in the dark night.

“Zayn!” he said calmly.

“Commander! ” Zayn Ziegler, the former commander of Central Hansworth, had been living in the Neal family manor.

After Braydon spoke, Zayn and Old Man Zito appeared at the entrance of the bright hall.

Braydon placed his hands behind his back and said calmly, “In my name, I hereby issue the Garrison King Order. All martial artists in Hansworth, regardless of their factions, who dare to have any secret dealings with the yin-yang martial artists, will be executed !” “Understood!” Zayn turned around and passed on Braydon’s order.

Braydon continued calmly, “Secretly order the Northern Army, the governor office, and Marvin Townsend from the dark division. Tell them to find all the yin-yang headquarters in the world within seven months and raze them to the ground. All the yin-yang people must be exterminated!” “Yes, sir!” Zayn took out his watch and sent out Braydon’s order.

Far away in the capital, in the dark division building.

Marvin sat at the head of the table. Below him sat a few deputy leaders, including Harlan Jones.

“Everyone, the Garrison King Order has been issued. His Highness has given us seven months to find all the yin-yang headquarters and exterminate all the yin-yang people!” Marvin looked at the S-rank secret order he had just received and looked around at everyone present.

The head of the dark division was a hidden agent of the Northern Army!

Harlan’s eyes were filled with killing intent as he said, “Seven months should be enough!” “Leader, the yin-yang entity is mysterious and unpredictable. Moreover, according to the top-secret information we have, all of their headquarters have pinnacles guarding them. I’m afraid that our dark division won’t be able to take down this tough nut.” A deputy leader stood up and said solemnly.

“The Garrison King Order issued by the commander wasn’t just given us, right?” Harlan said calmly.

“The order was passed on to both the Northern Army and the governor office!” After Marvin finished speaking, the deputy leader shut his mouth.

Since the Northern Army was involved in this, the elites of the Northern Army would definitely take action!

For example, the southern guardian, Harvey Lay, the northern guardian, Hendrix Bailey, and the others could not stay out of this.

In the past few months, hundreds of pinnacle martial artists had died in their hands, regardless of whether they were from overseas or within the country!

The ruthless men of the Northern Army broke the legend of the pinnacle with their swords.

They wanted the world to know that it wasn't impossible to kill pinnacles!

The dark division once again dispatched a large number of martial artists to pursue all clues related to the yin-yang entity.

The governor office secretly ordered the five main teams to increase their efforts to chase after the yin-yang entity.

Luther Carden, who was far away in the north, had secretly ordered all the hidden agents to search for the yin-yang people.

Braydon stood alone in the Neal family manor. His eyes were deep, and no one knew what he was thinking.

Whitney, who was brewing tea in the bright hall, smiled and broke the silence. "Old Devil Yanagi has been secretly in charge of the yin-yang entity for the past ten years. This is a faction under your teacher's command." "Exterminate evil!" Braydon said and left with the bronze throne.

No matter who the entity master of the yin-yang entity was, Braydon had to eliminate these yin-yang martial artists.

Whitney stared at Braydon's back and said softly, "What you're doing is equivalent to making an enemy out of your teacher!" Braydon stopped and said calmly, "Ten years ago, he left the northern territory. I changed the Great Yanagi Army to the Northern Army. Now, I am the leader of the Northern Army. The era of my teacher is over. "Now is the era of Northern Army!" Braydon disappeared into the snow and returned to his villa.

Whitney was the only one left in the entire bright hall.

She played with the warm jade teacup in her left hand and took a sip of the steaming black tea. She said softly, 'Your disciple has already left. Why aren't you showing

yourself?” “Demoness Whitney Jansky!” Ten meters away from the door, a green-robed figure appeared in the dancing snow.

His figure was thin, and his face was cold. He looked to be only twenty-five years old, but his brows were filled with a strong evil aura. His temperament contained killing intent, cruelty, and elegance.

This kind of contradictory temperament merged with his body was very contradictory.

It gave him an eviler aura!

A young man who was both righteous and evil.

He was definitely a super expert!

Even Braydon did not notice his arrival.

When this important figure arrived, he not only concealed his own aura, but he also concealed the aura of the eight generals behind him.

The auras of eight people were all covered by him.

Moreover, one of the eight generals was Shadow.

Who was the green-robed man?

It went without saying.

He was Old Devil Yanagi!

No one had expected that Old Devil Yanagi would appear in Preston without a trace.

Whitney gently put down the warm jade teacup in her hand and gently raised her left hand. She seemed slow but was actually fast. She said softly, “Old Devil Yanagi!” Bang!

Whitney raised her palm.

The green-robed Finley shook his head and raised his left hand to block the attack.

Both of them were using their left hands.

It was as if the two of them had brushed past each other.

Two extremely terrifying experts used all their strength to strike.

Just one palm!

The two of them were fine and did not erupt with any vitality fluctuations.

Whitney took half a step back!

With just half a step, a crack appeared on the ground under her feet. It was 100 meters deep and 8,000 meters long!

A deep crack ran through the entire Neal family manor, reaching the greenery and asphalt road outside the manor.

Such a clear tremor.

The staff on duty at the Preston Earthquake Bureau was shocked!

The staff posted on the official website overnight that a magnitude 2 earthquake had occurred in Preston.

It was like a natural disaster.

It was from the palms of two upper rank pinnacles..

The Strongest War God Chapter 917-Before His Death, Teacher and Student Meet!

B0XNOVEL.COM Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation The battle between the two of them... It alarmed all the martial artists in Preston.

In the dark of the night, waves of pinnacle pressure were released from several villas.

One of the pinnacle swordsmen stood in the dark with a three-foot-long iron sword and said angrily, "Who is it?" This pinnacle was Old Man Zito!

Taran Reynolds released his pinnacle pressure and swept over.

There was also Colton Jansky in the villa. His small body released a pinnacle aura. Although his two small arms were in a cast and bandages, and they were swollen like two small radishes, he still rose into the air.

Braydon Neal stood with his hands behind his back. He stood on the bronze throne and his eyes shone with a sharp light.

Suddenly.

Fenton Jansky appeared and stopped Braydon and Colton. He said in a low voice, "Young Family Leader, don't go. Whitney has been defeated!" "Who is it?" Braydon's heart throbbed. He wanted to go over.

Fenton blocked the way and said hoarsely, "I don't dare to get close, but I know that Whitney was already a sovereign pinnacle ten years ago!" "What?" Colton was shocked.

Sovereign pinnacle.

It was a sovereign pinnacle!

The minimum vitality of a sovereign pinnacle was 640,000 Na, and the maximum was 1,280,000 Na.

This was what it meant to be a sovereign pinnacle!

How many sovereign pinnacles were there in the world? Sadie Dudley was one of them.

Now, another one had appeared in the Neal family manor.

Both of them were Braydon's relatives!

Sadie had taken care of little Braydon since he was young and protected Braydon as he was growing up. Could she not be considered family?

Whitney Jansky, the sovereign pinnacle, was defeated by Old Devil Yanagi with one palm.

When the two met, they didn't say much and brazenly attacked.

The younger generation really couldn't understand the grudges of the older generation.

Furthermore, Whitney and Old Devil Yanagi were old acquaintances!

There was no grudge between the two!

Yet it did not mean that they couldn't make a move.

The two of them had not seen each other for ten years.

Whitney wanted to see how far Old Devil Yanagi's strength had progressed.

In fact, Whitney was completely shocked by tonight's palm strike.

A trace of paleness appeared on her face as she spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood of the sovereign pinnacle contained pure vitality, which instantly turned into a blood mist that filled the sky. Thousands of Na of vitality were scattered.

Whitney took half a step back and said softly, "Supreme!" "Shadow said that you wanted to smash the chessboard!" The green-robed man, Old Devil Yanagi, had a hint of fluctuation in his deep eyes.

It was a trace of killing intent!

The killing intent of the supreme pinnacle enveloped Whitney.

In the next second.

He was already in front of Whitney, his left hand grabbing onto her neck.

In an instant, Whitney's vitality started to stir, as if it was going to flow back to her neck.

The vitality flowed back to her neck, wanting to flow into Finley Yanagi's palm.

The Supreme Forbidden Art used the pinnacles of the world to achieve its own success!

All the pinnacles in the world were like spirit herbs.

He was free to pick them!

What an overbearing forbidden art!

It was almost an evil technique!

Finley lived up to the name of the former Evil King. His personality was both good and evil. He even wanted to kill his former close friend.

Whitney, the sovereign pinnacle, was like an ant in his hands!

Perhaps, Finley had really broken through to the final realm.

He had already achieved the supreme pinnacle realm!

What was the supreme pinnacle realm?

A supreme pinnacle was a supreme existence.

Whitney was being suppressed like never before. All of her vitality seemed to no longer belong to her. It was completely out of her control. She was completely suppressed by the person in front of her.

She stared coldly into Finley's eyes and said calmly, "If you dare to hurt Braydon, I will use the rest of my life to smash your chessboard!" Boom!

The green-robed man, Old Devil Yanagi, emitted a terrifying killing intent.

The wrath of the supreme pinnacle was as vast as the might of heaven.

The wind howled and the clouds swirled, enveloping the entire Neal family manor.

The eight generals were behind him. Shadow shouted in a low voice, "Master, Young Master is approaching!" The green-robed man, Old Devil Yanagi, regained a trace of clarity in his eyes.

At this moment, Whitney could clearly sense that her old friend was not the same person from back then!

The current him was uncontrollable!

He couldn't even control himself!

To be precise, the evil Qi and killing intent on Finley's body were too strong, so strong that it affected his mind.

When Shadow spoke, Finley heard the words 'young master', and his body finally regained some clarity.

He grabbed Whitney's neck with his left hand and said in a low voice, "In this game of chess, all living beings are the pieces!" Finley had been hiding for ten years, but he had shown himself tonight with terrifying strength.

What was he planning? He actually wanted to use all living beings as chess pieces.

Just as Braydon had said, the elders in his family were either great fiends or great saints!

If he wasn't a Saint.

He must be a monstrous and ferocious person!

If Whitney dared to ruin the plans of Old Devil Yanagi... Tonight, he must kill her!

So what if they had been friends for a hundred years!

In the eyes of the Evil King, anyone who stood in his way would not be able to escape death.

These two great figures were fighting at this moment.

There was even a terrifying aura leaking out.

Everyone in the Neal family manor knew about it.

Braydon also noticed that his grandmother, Whitney, was injured.

Braydon's eyes flashed with a cold light. He stepped into the dark night, not avoiding the wind and snow.

He walked forward brazenly and said in a low voice, "Although she values martial arts and is not close to the family, she is still my family. She is my grandmother. Those who hurt her will die!" The dignified voice enveloped the entire Neal family manor.

Braydon stood on the bronze throne, and the Northern King Sword hanging at his waist was instantly unsheathed.

The sword was unsheathed, and a towering killing intent enveloped the entire manor.

Compared to the terrifying aura of the two elders.

Braydon's aura was like a bloodthirsty sword that wanted to kill the enemy!

"Braydon!" Whitney's expression changed slightly as she shouted, "Don't come over here!" It was too late.

Braydon stood on the bronze throne and held the Northern King Sword in his left hand. His body was bound by the bronze chain, and his vitality could not flow out at all.

Vitality leaking out would be absorbed by the bronze chain.

Braydon wielded his sword and used brute force to slash at the back of the man in green, wanting to save his grandmother, Whitney. After all, she was Braydon's grandmother.

Blood was thicker than water!

As Braydon held the power of the world, he was especially wary of his grandmother, Whitney, who came from an aristocratic family.

However, although Braydon was wary of his grandmother, she was still Braydon's relative!

Those who bullied her would be killed without mercy!

Braydon wielded the Northern King Sword and swung it.

This slash shocked everyone!

The green-robed man, Old Devil Yanagi, was holding Whitney's neck with his left hand. He slowly raised his right hand, and his index and middle fingers clamped the blade of the Northern King Sword. Instantly, the entire sword was trapped in midair.

When he slowly turned around!

Braydon felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His eyes revealed a look of shock as he cried out involuntarily, "Teacher!" "Braydon!" With a flick of his finger, the Northern King Sword flew out.

Such terrifying strength.

Across the entire world, it was difficult to find a second person with this kind of power!

Shadow and the other generals turned around and cupped their fists before kneeling down on one knee. They lowered their heads and said solemnly, "The eight generals pay their respects to the young master!" Braydon didn't pay any attention to the eight generals and woke up from his daze.

A teacher whom he had not seen for ten years..

Chapter 917 – Chapter 917: Before His Death, Teacher and Student Meet!