

## The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 46-Out From His Hands Later on, some people said that it was because of the changes in the world.

Then, during the Qing Dynasty, martial arts practitioners retired completely and the inheritance of ancient martial arts declined to the lowest point.

In the modern era, ordinary people did not even know what a martial arts practitioner was. They even forgot about their ancestors. In the Xia and Shang dynasties, martial arts were the foundation of the country.

The rapid development of the industrial age caused a shocking amount of damage to the environment.

However, things such as spiritual herbs could not tolerate any pollution and needed to grow in places with the natural spirits of the world, so they were difficult to be found in modern times.

They were almost extinct!

Even a century old medicine became hard to find.

Zachariah said tentatively, "I'll give you one spiritual stone every month if you become a dean at preston University. Is there a deal?" "Do you have a lot of spiritual stones?" Braydon looked.

But Zachariah said, "I only have one but don't worry, I can find you another one from other places!" "Other places?" Braydon caught the key point.

Zachariah felt a little guilty. He knew that the young man in front of him was not an ordinary person.

However, the information he revealed really attracted Braydon's attention.

A spiritual stone like this could be used to cure all diseases if it was absorbed using a cultivation technique and used on an ordinary person!

This was not nonsense.

First of all, one need to understand that spiritual energy nourishes all living things, causing them to produce spirituality.

Most people were slow-witted in places with poor ecosystem and barren mountains.

In places with rich spiritual energy, you would find that the children born there were smart and very pleasant.

Spiritual energy could nourish the human body.

If one had cancer at the advanced stage, he only needed to guide the spiritual energy from this spiritual stone into his body and the spiritual energy would be able to repair his body and wipe out all the cancer cells in an instant.

This was a spiritual stone that could heal wounds and cure diseases!

Naturally, spirit herbs were even more precious.

These were all secrets that ancient martial art practitioners did not disclose. If word of this were to spread, the rich and powerful among the ordinary people would go crazy looking for these things.

Spiritual stones and spiritual herbs were hard to find all over the world.

If the rich joined in the fight, it would be of no benefit to all the ancient martial arts practitioners.

That was why no one said anything to the outside world and it would be their own fortune if ordinary people could come into contact with it.

Those who had not come into contact with them simply did not have enough opportunities!

Sometimes, martial arts practitioners also paid attention to leaving things to fate.

Braydon set out his condition. "Three spiritual stones every month and I will agree to it!" "It's settled then!" Zachariah agreed decisively.

This made Braydon laughed. "You really discovered a spiritual stone mine!" Zachariah sneaked out of the room to find two more spiritual stones for Braydon.

A place that could produce spiritual stones must be a spiritual stone mine.

Braydon did not care about the spiritual stones. What he really cared about was the spiritual stone mine!

However, it was not Braydon's style to do things by hook or by crook!

The Neal family's swords would not be stained with the blood of innocent people!

This was an iron-clad rule!

Braydon did not bully the old, the weak, women, and children. This was his bottom line.

Zachariah was eighty years old, and it was his luck that he discovered the spiritual stone mine.

Braydon could not just kill him and force him to hand over the spiritual stone mine just because he wanted it.

The dignified Northern King would never do such a despicable thing.

Zachariah went out for a walk. When he came back, he had six or seven more followers with him. They had silver hair and wore high glasses.

This group of people were all professors at Preston University and they had their own research rooms in Preston University's research building.

Along the way, Zachariah was beaming with joy and he praising Braydon endlessly.

Everyone entered the office.

The chubby old professor could not help but look at Braydon and asked, "Are you Braydon?" "He is!" Heather nodded.

"What advice do you have for me?" Braydon asked with his hands behind his back.

"I can't really say that I'm giving you advice but it's just that I'm having a headache because Zachariah has been bragging the whole time!" The square-faced professor beside him was unhappy.

Zachariah glared at him. "Dawson, you're really confused! Who said that I was bragging?" "You were not bragging? Anyone can tell how old this kid is. It would already be questionable if you say that he will turn twenty in two years!" The square-faced professor was named Dawson Lablanc.

If Zachariah had not boasted so much, the professors from all the departments would not have had the time to come here.

The old man in the white suit frowned. "Zachariah, it's fine if you want to joke around but I'm worried that Braydon would not be able to keep up with the progress of his studies if he entered the university at this age. What's more, it's too unbelievable to let him be a dean-level professor!" Dawson rolled his eyes. "Stop bragging in the future and allocate more funds to my laboratory. Let's go!" "Let's go. We're really unlucky to have been fooled by this damned old man!" The group of old men had decades of friendship. Although the way they addressed each other seemed out of place, they were all very close to each other.

"Stop right there!" Zachariah glared at them.

"Aren't you done yet, you damned old man? You're still so energetic!" The old man in the white suit, John Zahl, retorted.

Zachariah said angrily, "Who's bragging? Let me tell you, even if all of us were to join forces, we still cannot be compared to him alone!" Even Heather rolled her eyes when she heard this.

John frowned. "Are you serious?" "What do you think?!" Zachariah stared at him with a serious expression in his eyes.

A professor named Lionel White looked at Braydon carefully and found that the young man was calm and indifferent under their gazes.

He nodded approvingly. "You have a good heart and you are a good person. Braydon, would you like to be my student?" "Damn it!" Zachariah's body staggered and he almost fainted from anger.

Braydon smiled and asked, "How are you compared to Kiera and Walter?" "We can't compare to them. Their academic papers are all international level. It would already be great if we can publish an influential article in the domestic journal!" Lionel shook his head repeatedly as he did not dare to compare himself to them.

Braydon asked again, "How are you compared to Finstern and Yorker then?" "Who?" Lionel could not react in time.

"Mr. Finstern and my teacher!" Zachariah said in a low voice.

"Ah, I dare not compare to them. We are all students in front of Mr. Finstern and Mr. Yorker!" Lionel was not being humble but he really respected them.

Braydon had a cold expression. "Finstern and Yorker treat me like their peers when they meet me. Who gave you the confidence to take me as your student?!" Lionel was dumbfounded.

The other professors were shocked. They did not expect the young man they looked down on to had such a terrifying background.

One should know that Nathan Finstern was a big star in the life science community.

He was well-versed in both Hansworth and Western medicine and enjoyed a great reputation globally. He was even regarded as half a Hansworth medical doctor by Hansworth medicine!

This was a quasi-national medical level!

The Life Research Institute under Mr. Finstern's direct management had long been classified as a state level secret and was guarded by armed police all year round.

There was also Lincoln Yorker, who had been selected as one of the twenty greatest scientists in the world in the Millennium.

Just this title alone was enough!

There were hundreds of thousands of scientists in the world, but only twenty people were selected, and Mr. Yorker was one of them!

One could see the prestige of these two.

Zachariah coughed lightly. "Mr. Yorker had been acquainted with him for three years and Mr. Finstern had been acquainted with him for five years. Dawson, do you remember the anti-gravity theory published by Mr. Yorker in the global academic journal?" "Are you kidding me? That journal sold like hotcakes all over the world and caused a global uproar. That academic paper has

promoted anti-gravity research ten years forward!" Dawson took out a newspaper from his arms. The yellowed paper had no wrinkles, and it was well maintained.

The professors around him were used to it. They knew that Dawson carried this academic journal with him all day.

He was the one who focused on gravity studies!

Dawson opened the journal and said with obsession, "Look, i'm afraid that it would be difficult for even God to write this piece of academic theory!" "No, Zachariah, what does this have to do with Braydon?" John had his own guesses but he was not sure.

It would be too scary if his guess was true.

"This academic paper was written by Braydon!" Zachariah sneered.

The Strongest War God chapter 47-He Has a Manor "What?!" Dawson's hands trembled.

John was even more horrified. He had originally guessed that Braydon was a participant. Otherwise, why would Zachariah mention this matter?

Even so, for a young man of his age, it was already a great honor and proof of his ability.

However, no one dared to guess that this academic journal was written by Braydon.

He was so young, so where did he get such heaven-defying knowledge?!

Dawson was furious, "That's impossible! Why would Mr. Yorker would steal the work of others?!" "What I've given out is not considered stealing!" Braydon said calmly.

Dawson asked aggressively, "Then well me what was said in the article?" "Anti-gravity industrialization!" Braydon replied as he glanced at him.

John said decisively, "This article has been published for three years so it's not surprising that you know the name." "Are you questioning me?" Braydon put his hands behind his back with a cold look in his eyes.

The Northern King was not someone that everyone could just question. At the very least, this group of old men in front of him did not have the right to do so!

Zachariah took out his cell phone and before he made a call, he said, "What are you arguing about? Let my teacher tell you!" After the call was made, it took a while for someone to answer the call.

"Zachariah!" The old voice sounded.

"Teacher, I hope I am not disturbing you, am I?" Zachariah said politely.

The old voice laughed. "I'm not that precious so just tell me what do you need me for?" "Do you still remember the article on anti-gravity three years ago?" Sun Zheng asked in a low voice.

"This is not something you should be asking about!" Mr. Yorker's voice was solemn.

"No, Mr. Braydon is right beside me. He promised to be the dean of Preston University but it's a little difficult to fill out his resume!" Zachariah quickly stated his purpose.

"He went to your university?" Mr. Yorker was very surprised.

"Yes!" Zachariah replied.

As a result, Mr. Yorker pondered for a moment and replied, "The position as a dean is a little too lowly and is not worthy of him. Zachariah, why don't you retire and give up the position as principal? Braydon's ability is more than enough to be the principal of Preston University!" Zachariah was speechless.

Dawson and the other professors were all dumbfounded.

Everyone already knew the answer without Zachariah asking. Braydon was the one who wrote this academic article.

It was terrifying at such a young age!

Zachariah's face turned green. If he had known, he wouldn't have called.

He was so embarrassed now that he wanted to die.

Braydon held Heather's cold and soft hand, turned around and left, as he left a sentence behind, "I have limited time so I won't chat with you guys anymore!" "Mr. Braydon, wait, I have this too!" Dawson came back to his senses and took out a transparent hexagonal stone from his pocket.

Another spiritual stone!

John and the others came back to their senses and each took out a spiritual stone.

Braydon was stunned. In modern society, spiritual resources were extremely scarce and almost extinct, but how could each of these old men possess a spiritual stone of their own?

They were teaming up to tempt him!

Dawson hurriedly said, "I have five or six more pieces here. Ten years ago, Professor Colby brought people to Preston Mountain for an investigation. He picked them up from the mountain and thought they were diamonds. As a result, when he came back and tested them, the composition so he gave each of us a few pieces!" "Yes, yes, I also have some here!" John stuffed them into Braydon's hand enthusiastically.

This group of old men were now overly enthusiastic compared to the contempt they had in the beginning.

They had no idea what a spiritual stone was.

However, the stones whose composition could not be tested were useless in their hands. They might as well give it to Braydon.

"Where did you find it on Preston Mountain?" Braydon asked.

"You'll have to ask Professor Colby!" Dawson said.

"Where is Professor Colby?" "In the soil..." Dawson felt a little guilty.

The corners of Braydon's mouth twitched and his eyelids fluttered slightly. He felt that the old man in front of him was playing tricks on him.

After asking for a long time, if the person was in the soil, didn't that mean that he was already dead?!



The line of death was broken!

It was a spiritual stone mine. Even Braydon could not turn a blind eye to it.

Zachariah came over with the contract and said, "Mr. Braydon, we've agreed on this. Three spiritual stones a month. Let's sign the contract!" "I have too many classes!" Braydon said as he glanced at it.

"A hundred classes a week, that's not a lot, right?" Zachariah felt a little guilty.

Braydon took a good look at the old man. The old man dared to scheme against him. Did he really think that he did not understand the outside world?

The northern army's intelligence network was spread all over the world.

Although Braydon grew up in the Northern Territory and seemed to be isolated from the outside world, all kinds of information from the outside world would be transmitted to Braydon's residence every day.

Braydon took up his pen and crossed out two zeros behind the number 100, making it one class a week.

Zachariah's expression turned ugly. He had no right to discuss this matter.

A salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a month and allocated housing.

"I'll get someone arrange for Mr. Braydon's residence later!" Dawson tried to show his hospitality.

"You don't need to trouble yourself. I have a place to stay in Preston City!" Braydon smiled.

"I didn't expect Mr. Braydon to be so rich at such a young age. The housing prices in Preston City aren't low. You actually have your own house. That's impressive!" John was very obedient.

Braydon smiled when he heard this.

Heather rolled her eyes. "His residence is not a house, it's a manor!" "What?!" John's eyes widened in shock.

A manor, this was a little too terrifying.

Heather explained helplessly, "He's the eldest son of the Neal family, which is the head of the seven noble families in Preston City. Neal Group is his in the future!" Dawson and the others suddenly came to a realization.

As a resident of Preston City, basically everyone knew the seven noble families in the city and those were the real aristocrats.

Zachariah asked tentatively, "Mr. Braydon, as a dean-level tutor, you're qualified to be a professor. I will handle this matter myself." "Are you kidding me? It's not difficult for Mr. Braydon to be rated as an academicist simply based on the anti-gravity academic article alone!" Dawson said very excitedly.

Zachariah took a deep look at him. He knew very well that the graduates of northern military school were not interested in scientific research but in the army!

The northern army was a huge organization that could not be compared to any ordinary organization.

Moreover, had already been appointed as the successor of the northern army when he was twelve years old.

The horror of his identity was beyond the imagination of ordinary people!

John said tentatively, "Mr. Braydon, a dean-level tutor usually chooses to guide students and be in charge of a big scientific research project. What do you think?" "You have to come to our side. Mr. Braydon, let me tell you, the main direction of our research is the industrial anti-gravity project. Once it's successful, there will be a blank market in the world and there will be no shortage of fame and fortune!" Dawson was very excited, and he was eager for Braydon to join his research lab.

"We'll talk about this later. I want to know more about this kind of stone!" Braydon smiled slightly.

As for the spiritual stone mine, Braydon was determined to get his hands on it.

John reminisced saying, "Back then, Professor Colby and Professor Wade went to Preston Mountain together to investigate. After bringing back these stones, they analyzed that they were not diamonds. Everyone then lost interest and didn't ask much anymore." "Professor Wade passed away from

lung cancer last year. I used to advise him to smoke less. Alas!" At the mention of old man, Dawson and the others sighed softly.

However, the clue was cut off.

But Braydon asked, "How long were they up on Preston Mountain back then?"

The Strongest War God chapter 48-Southern Territory's Jude Danes "About ten days. They didn't bring much food with them and they were gone for ten days!" Zachariah gave the answer.

The two of them could not have gone too far in the area on Preston Mountain in ten days.

In ten days, the range of the activities of the two of them on the rugged mountain road would definitely be within a radius of a hundred miles.

In other words, the spiritual stone mine was in that area!

With his hands behind his back, Braydon looked at the geographical map of Preston City hanging on the wall.

He quickly locked onto the area!

In modern society, it was rare to find a spiritual stone mine.

Even the Northern King could not ignore it.

Braydon turned around and left.

Zachariah hurriedly shouted, "Mr. Braydon, how should your classes be arranged?" "Medicine, sorcery, history, physics, and chemistry. You can arrange all of these!" Braydon left after saying this.

John and the rest were stunned and they were all dumbfounded.

Braydon's words revealed too much information. Could it be that he was good at all these fields?

John muttered, "Medicine is extremely complicated. In our five-year university program, after graduation, we can only observe it as an intern. Talent alone is not enough. It also requires clinical experience. He..." John didn't finish his

sentence. He obviously felt that with Braydon's age, it would be difficult for him to achieve anything in the field of medicine!

Some things needed time to settle.

However, when Braydon walked to the door, his fair fingers moved slightly, and nine silver needles appeared between his fingers.

The nine needles floated in his palm and instantly flew across the sky, as if they were neatly arranged.

This move caused Zachariah and the others to yell out at the same time, "Controlling the needles with spiritual energy, a national medical level!" Swoosh!

The nine needles landed on the wall. It was a diagram of the meridians in the human body's and the nine needles landed on nine acupuncture points accurately.

John was deeply shocked and said in a daze, "How is this possible? He's so young but he's already a national level doctor. That's terrifying!" The other professors felt the same and could not help but nod in agreement.

Only Zachariah sneered. "You bunch of old fogeys finally know what a millennium genius is!" After saying that, Zachariah had a smug expression.

"Braydon, stop!" Heather shouted outside the door.

"Hmph? I've told you that getting a graduation certificate from Preston University will not be a problem for me!" Braydon turned around and smiled.

Heather wanted to retort but she realized that it was the truth.

"Where are you going now?" She asked curiously.

"I'm going home. With this thing, it won't be difficult for mom to stand up!" Braydon pointed at the spiritual stone.

Heather shrugged helplessly and let Braydon leave. She turned around and went to class alone.

Xana ran over from afar and teased, "That fiancé of yours is here to see you off again?" "Damn it, who asked you to talk so much?!" Heather's face turned red.

Xana invited, "Braydon, it's my birthday today. Heather will be coming to my party tonight. will you be coming too?" "I'm not interested!" Braydon's thin body gradually drifted away.

Heather could not help but look over. From this back view, she felt an inexplicable sense of loneliness.

Xana was angry. "Heather, does your fiancé know about our relationship? He's not even coming for your sake?" "Forget it, he's just like that!" Heather quickly consoled her.

"I don't care, call him to come tonight," Xana said.

Heather crossed her arms in front of her chest but she was not confident.

From the two days that she had been in contact with Braydon, she found that this guy looked calm and composed, but he had an inexplicable sense of coldness.

In layman's terms, Braydon did not even bother to say a word to outsiders, let alone give them a smile.

Xana was Heather's best friend, but she was a complete stranger to Braydon.

There was no need for him to care!

When Braydon came to the door, he found that the Neal family's family car had already left and he could only take a taxi back.

But he needed money to take a taxi!

Braydon did not bring any money so it seemed that he could only choose to walk.

In front of the asphalt road, more and more people gathered at the intersection, causing a lot of noise.

As Braydon passed by the intersection, he caught a glimpse of the ambulance with its chassis upturned and a Land Rover with a damaged front. It was obviously a traffic accident.

The owner of the Land Rover was thirty years old and reeked of alcohol. It was unknown if he was still hungover or had drunk too much in the morning.

He got out of the car and cursed angrily, "Get out of my sight, all of you! You're just enjoying the scene, and you, so what if you're driving an ambulance? I'll still go at you!" The driver of the ambulance was in his forties. His left arm was twisted irregularly, and his face had turned pale from the pain. The owner of the Land Rover grabbed his collar.

He then punched the driver of the ambulance hard, causing everyone to exclaim in shock.

The driver was hit in the face and fell to the ground, unable to come back to his senses for a long time.

A young couple stepped forward to stop him. "Why are you hitting someone when you were driving under the influence of alcohol? I'm calling the police!" "You bastard, get out of here. Do you know who I am?" The owner of the Land Rover glared at the young couple with a murderous look on his face, scaring the couple into retreating in fright.

"Jude Danes from the Southern Territory, which is one of the five territories in Preston City is my father!" Preston City was a city with a population of several million people and there were all kinds of people in the city.

Jude from the south, James from the north, and Brinhalm from the west were unrivaled across Preston City.

This was a saying from thirty years ago.

The people who knew about it now were all from the older generation in their fifties.

Jude, the boss of the Southern Territory, had extremely high prestige!

The pickpockets and thieves in the Southern Territory who wanted to gain a gothold in the Southern Territory had to visit Jude.

If Jude did not say anything, anyone who dared to do business at the Southern Territory would be courting death!

Those people who opened dance clubs and entertainment centers had to pay Jude. Otherwise, they could forget about running their businesses in the Southern Territory.

However, in the past ten years, Jude went ashore with whitewashing and he had two entertainment centers, eight karaoke bars, and eleven bars under his subsidiary company, Three Circles Limited, and the net profit every month was over ten million dollars!

This was not even inclusive of the monthly money that people would secretly pay him.

Hunter Danes, the owner of the Land Rover, was arrogant. He knew that he was drunk driving but he still dared to hit people.

After the middle-aged traffic police officer arrived, he shouted angrily, "Please show me your driving license and let me check your alcohol level. Please cooperate, thank you!" "Are you F\*cking insane? I grew up in Preston City. Who would dare to ask me to show them my driver's license?" Hunter cursed as soon as he opened his mouth. "Who can prove that I was drunk driving? Is it you, or you?" Braydon passed by and did not bother to care about such a trivial matter.

However, Hunter took a step forward and grabbed Braydon's shirt. The second half of his sentence was directed at him.

"Kid, did you see me drink?" Hunter had a fierce look in his eyes.

If it was any other ordinary person, they would probably be so frightened that they would not dare to say the answer.

The crowd looked at Braydon with pity.

Some people even thought that Braydon was a fool. He could already see that the owner of the Land Rover was not to be trifled with but he still dared to pass by.

Now, if he could not answer, he would definitely be in trouble.

“Take your hand away from me!” Braydon glanced at him.

“What?!” Hunter was used to being arrogant. When he saw that the kid was not afraid of him, he suddenly felt embarrassed.

However, a beautiful girl’s cry could be heard in front of the ambulance, “My grandfather is dying! Please help my grandfather!” The ambulance’s chassis was upside down. Eight medical staff and accompanying doctors were pierced in the chest by the equipment in the ambulance and died within a minute.

That was ten minutes before Braydon arrived!

The remaining seven medical staff were all injured with different degrees of severity.

The delicate girl knelt on the ground with tears streaming down her face as she pleaded, “I beg you, please help my grandfather. My brother is a soldier in the Northern Territory. He’ll be discharged in five days. My grandfather and my brother haven’t seen each other for ten years...” When the girl said this, she choked up and could not speak.

The Strongest War God chapter 49-Northern King Sword, Unsheathed It was conceivable that if the old man were to pass away, it would be a great regret for the two of them!

Outsiders would be sad to see the dilemma of loyalty and filial piety, not to mention the person who was involved in the situation, who would probably be in even more pain.

Braydon’s eyes lit up when he heard the girl say that his brother was a soldier in the Northern Territory!

Then, the soldiers in the Northern Territory only belonged to one place.

That was the northern army!

There were ten regiments in the northern army and a million soldiers in the northern army. They guarded the borders and guarded against the eight countries outside the borders all year round. There were many people who had not returned home for seven to eight years!



The soldiers of the Northern Territory were all soldiers under Braydon's command.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, "I'll spare your life if you let go of your hand!" "Who the hell are you trying to scare? How dare you threaten me..." Hunter was finally scared but he still pointed at Braydon's nose with his free hand.

Braydon was expressionless. He placed his slender fingers on his waist. That was the hilt of the Northern King Sword!

Almost instantly, a black light flashed and the sword at his waist was unsheathed!

The sword was three feet, three inches, and three decimeters long. The sword was slightly curved and completely black. The moment it was unsheathed, there was a murderous aura possessing the sword, as if tens of thousands of vengeful souls were screaming in pain!

This sword had killed over ten thousand people!

The commander's sword, named the Northern King Sword, was this terrifying!

At the moment when the sword was unsheathed, everyone present fell into silence. The instinctive fear made everyone's legs go soft and they almost knelt down.

A severed arm flew into the air and blood splattered across the sky!

The Northern King Sword returned to its sheath and Braydon walked toward the ambulance calmly.

Hunter screamed miserably, "Ahh! My arm!" This cruel scene turned many people's faces pale.

"You ..." The middle-aged traffic police officer spoke in a trembling voice.

However, Braydon ignored him. Hunter was so arrogant that the accident caused by his drunk driving was enough for him to die ten times.

Even breaking his arm was considered light punishment!

The girl who was about eighteen to nineteen years old knelt in front of a white-bearded old man in front of the ambulance. She had flawless facial features and long hair that reached her shoulders. Her white knees under her short skirt were bleeding.

“Your brother is in the Northern Territory?” Braydon asked softly.

The girl named Kathleen Que wiped her tears and said, “Yes, can you save my grandfather?” “Don’t worry, the old man is fine. It’s not difficult to treat his minor injury!” Braydon comforted her softly.

Kathleen naturally did not believe him. She knew her grandfather’s health very well and his health was an old problem.

Just half a year ago, the doctor had issued a critical illness notice. The old man’s body had reached its limit and was close to the end of his life. All his organs had failed and there was no medicine that could cure him.

The doctor could tell that the old man was holding on because he had an unfulfilled wish in his heart and was unwilling to leave.

It was not difficult to guess what his wish was. He just wanted to see his grandson who had been in the military for ten years in the Northern Territory.

With the sound of a siren, two ambulances from Preston Hospital arrived at top speed. There was the deputy director, two resident doctors, and six nurses.

The deputy director got out of the car, hurried over, and asked, “How’s Mr. Que doing?” “Uncle Gibson!” Kathleen’s eyes were filled with tears.

The deputy director, Ferdinand Gibson, consoled her. “Kathleen, it’s okay. Don’t cry. Someone, come quickly and take Mr. Que back to the hospital!” “Don’t touch him, give me your acupuncture box!” Braydon looked at the medical box and asked for this item by name.

Ferdinand was suddenly stunned for a moment.

An old man in his 60s walked out among the crowd of onlookers and frowned. “You won’t be able to make it back to the hospital based on this patient’s breathing. You should listen to this young man and perform emergency

treatment here immediately!” Ferdinand’s expression was ugly. It was not that he did not want to save him.

Half a year ago, Mr. Que had been in a critical condition once. At that time, the director had tried his best to save him and had barely managed to save him. He had even said that if his condition relapsed, medicine would be useless and he could only prepare for his funeral.

How could Ferdinand save him then?!

Braydon opened the acupuncture box. Kathleen, who was beside him, was a little nervous. “Bro, are you confident?” “Young man, you have to consider it carefully. Treating and saving people is not child’s play. If you’re unsure and something goes wrong, you have to take full responsibility!” Ferdinand gave a faint reminder that Mr. Que had an unusual status.

What if Mr. Que were to pass away when Braydon administered acupuncture on him?

If that was the case, this young man probably would not be able to stay in Preston City in the future.

The old man in his sixties said fairly, “The five qi in the patient’s body is weak and has reached the point of exhaustion. Herbs are useless. If you want to restore his yang to save him from adversity, you can only rely on acupuncture to stimulate the major acupuncture points all over his body. The method chosen by this young man is indeed the best!” Braydon pretended not to hear the chatter around him.

If Kathleen had not revealed her brother’s identity today, Braydon would not have paid attention to this matter at all.

Braydon’s left hand moved slightly.

Thirteen needles were floating in his palm. Braydon flicked the needles and inserted them into the Shanzhong acupoint in the old man’s chest!

This was a vulnerable acupoint.

If the Shanzhong acupoint was hit, it would dissipate the qi in the body.

Ferdinand's pupils suddenly shrank. "Using qi to control needles?" "National medical level!" The old man in his sixties trembled.

Who would have thought that they would bump into a doctor on the street that would be even more unbelievable than bumping into a ghost in broad daylight?!

Mr. Que's body was extremely weak. The needle at the Shanzhong acupoint was like the most fatal blow to his body and his last breath was also dissipated.

"Doing this will kill Mr. Que!" Ferdinand said anxiously.

Soon, he shut his mouth. He could not question this young medical doctor who was practicing medicine to save people.

Everyone was shocked in the next moment.

The needle pierced into Mr. Que's spine, seemingly dispersing his last breath. After a short period of weakness, he actually began to breathe violently, and his body was heating up.

The sixty year old man exclaimed, "This needle was placed brilliantly. It's as expected of a doctor. It can be seen at a glance that the patient was trying to hold on. If the patient continued to hold on for a long time, his body would be exhausted. His chest qi would be stagnant and he would hurt himself. It's useless to recuperate!" This needle was quite exquisite.

After the pent-up breath in his chest dissipated, the remaining five needles were inserted steadily and accurately, most of which were at the vital acupoints.

It allowed the patient to slowly regain consciousness and let out a painful moan.

It was this painful groan that made sixty year old man nod, "His consciousness has awakened. He's saved!" The next six needles sealed his body. A hexagon-shaped stone appeared in Braydon's hand, and he secretly utilized the Art of the God of War.

The spiritual energy in the spiritual stone was sucked out by the strong suction force and turned into a cloud of hazy mist. The whole stone turned into a gray-colored scrap stone.

This ball of spiritual energy entered Mr. Que's body.

The spiritual energy nourished his body, causing Mr. Que's complexion to turn rosy. He felt that his turbid eyes and ears were gradually becoming sharper.

Braydon kept the needles, got up, and said, "I'll extend your life by one year today. If you take good care of your body, you can live for three years!" An old man at the end of his life could actually live for another three years.

This was like snatching him back from Hades' hands!

He really deserved the reputation of a national medical level!

Ferdinand and the others were in awe.

"Young genius doctor, please wait!" Mr. Que stood up and shouted.

Braydon ignored him and did not even look back.

However, Hunter, who was being carried into the car, shouted with resentment, "You broke one of my arms. Leave your name behind. I'll settle this score with you in the future!" At this moment, Braydon stopped and turned around. His cold eyes were extremely terrifying!

Accompanied by an invisible pressure, it condensed into a force and pierced through Hunter's chest, causing a handful of blood to come out.

This scene shocked everyone.

Hunter did not know better and dared to threaten Braydon.

Did he really think that this Northern King would not dare to kill him?

Mr. Que stepped forward. "Don't worry, young genius doctor. I'll help you settle this matter. This is my business card. You can come to me if you face any difficulties in Preston City!"

The Strongest War God chapter 50-hree Circles Entertainment Center It was a very ordinary business card, but the words, 'Roanld Que' and a string of phone numbers were written on it.

Kathleen said in a charming voice, "Thank you, Bro!" "You're welcome. What's your brother's name?" Braydon responded to Kathleen gently.

As Heather had said, Braydon did not even bother to talk to outsiders.

He had very little tenderness in him so little that he could only reserve it for the people around him.

After thirteen years of experience in the Northern Territory, Braydon had become the world's champion, and it had also forged his iron-blooded methods and arrogance.

Ronald was a little embarrassed. He did not expect the young man in front of him to be so disdainful of his business card.

Kathleen blinked and said, "My brother's name is Danny Que!" "Danny Que, the Wolf of the East!" Braydon smile.

This smile made Kathleen feel closer to him. She asked curiously, "Do you know my brother?" "Yes, I do. Your brother is a hero. He is the regimental commander of the northern army and is in charge of a hundred thousand elites. He was given the title of the Wolf of the East and has outstanding military achievements!" Braydon was talking about Danny.

Due to the special nature of the northern army, all the soldiers were not allowed to reveal their designations to the outside world, including their own family members.

Even things like the positions they hold could not even be mentioned.

Even Ronald was shocked. He did not expect his eldest grandson to be so powerful to be in charge of a hundred thousand people. He must be at the level of a general!

Kathleen asked curiously, "Bro, what's your name?" "Braydon Neal. Come to the Neal family's manor to find me if you face any trouble in the future!" Braydon had already left.

Kathleen muttered Braydon's name in her heart, and her bright eyes were filled with curiosity.

After returning to the Neal family's manor, Braydon found Laura and used the Art of the God of War to nourish her body with seven spiritual stones.

Half an hour later.

Laura was supported by Braydon. She stood up trembling as she wept tears of joy.

"Braydon, I can walk now!" She covered her mouth in disbelief.

Braydon was very patient as he helped Laura walk back and forth in the bright hall.

There was a beautiful woman of mixed-blood and she was wearing an office lady uniform. Her slender legs were wrapped in black silk, and were well-proportioned. She had an elegant temperament and her blonde hair was tied up, revealing her graceful neck and small earlobes.

"Congratulations, Aunt Quinn, you've recovered!" She said in a charming voice.

"Xandra, you're here. Have a seat!" Laura said softly.

Xandra sat aside and said softly, "Northern King, the company's ten billion US dollars have been transferred to Neal Group's account." "Go to Neal Group and help them set up a subsidiary company to conduct a geological exploration on Prestion Mountain." Braydon's goal was to find that spiritual stone mine.

Xandra got up immediately to get it done without asking for the reason.

Geological exploration was a business that Neal Group had never been involved in, but Braydon must have his reasons for personally requesting it.

"Braydon, why did you set up a geological exploration company?" Laura was curious.

"I'm looking for something!" Braydon sat down with his mother to rest.

When Braydon returned to Preston City, there were not many things he needed to do. His purpose was to hold the coronation ceremony.

There was still more than a month to his twentieth birthday, so he had plenty of time.

As night fell, Xandra returned to the manor and said, "Northern King..." "You can just call me by my name at home!" Braydon chuckled.

Xandra said, "Mr. Braydon, I've investigated six geological exploration companies in Preston City. One of them has been suffering losses for years and can't sustain itself anymore. If everything goes well tonight, we can complete the acquisition!" "Hurry up and do it!" Braydon looked at the entrance of the bright hall.

Heather, who was well-dressed, often came to the Neal family manor and she was familiar with this place.

She entered and urged, "Braydon, why are you still sitting there in a daze? Change your clothes and come with me?" "To attend Xana's birthday party?" Braydon guessed the purpose of their visit.

Heather said in a bad mood, "Why are you still asking when you already know? I just met Aunt Quinn and she has already agreed to it anyway. Do as you see fit!" Braydon really did not like this kind of gathering.

He liked the quiet and did not like noisy environments.

Heather held his hand and pouted as she said, "Just treat it as if you're doing me a favor and come with me!" Braydon was expressionless and looked like he did not want to respond.

As a result, Heather was so angry that she stomped her feet and cursed at Braydon a hundred times in her heart that he was just a smelly and hard stone in the latrine pit.

Laura passed by the bright hall and said angrily, "Braydon, Heather came to invite you personally so how is Heather going to explain things to Xana if you don't go?" Braydon felt a little helpless. He found that life in the Northern Territory was peaceful.



At least in the Northern Territory, no one dared to disturb the Northern King for no reason. If there was no urgent military situation, Braydon would be alone.

Heather brought a set of clothes which was a black suit that was worth tens of thousands of dollars.

In the end, Braydon did not wear it. Instead, he had changed into a young man's casual sportswear.

Heather had a desperate look on her face as she said, "Braydon, I really admire you. It's Xana's birthday party tonight. Why are you bringing a sword with you?" Braydon had the Northern King Sword hanging on his waist. After some thought, he was willing to cooperate with Heather and put the Northern King Sword on a high spot in the bright hall.

Heather was driving a red sports car that Harold had given to her for her birthday last year. Everyone in the younger generation of the Sage family envied her for it.

Heather naturally would not drive such an eye-catching car to school on a usual basis.

However, it was Xana's birthday party tonight, and the guests were all from the young generation of the seven super-rich families. So, there would definitely be a lot of luxury cars.

The young people from the seven noble families had known each other since they were young and could be considered to have grown up together. They knew each other well and did not need to hide anything about themselves.

Braydon took a car to a high-end entertainment city in the southern part of Preston City.

Three Circles Entertainment Center.

The first floor was the main hall, the second floor was the bar, the third floor was the karaoke bar, the fourth floor was the video game city, and it was said that there was also a gambling hall, and the fifth floor was the sauna and massage place.

The entertainment center had a total of seven floors.

Xana definitely would not have chosen a small place for her birthday party.

It was Braydon's first time coming to this kind of place, but Heather was familiar with the place and came to the second floor with him.

The bar on the second floor was divided into three areas.

On the east side was the dance floor, and the music was deafening. The young men and women on the dance floor were dancing.

The west side was the booth area, where Xana and the others were.

"This way, Heather" Xana's oval face was red. She had obviously drunk a lot.

Heather pulled Braydon over and said in a bad mood, "You didn't even wait for me!" "Heather, who is he?" A young man in hip-hop style clothes asked teasingly.

In the end, Xana giggled and said, "Of course, it's her betrothal partner!" "Hahaha!" There were more than thirty people around her, and most of their laughter was filled with ridicule.

"Don't laugh!" Heather said coquettishly.

"Braydon, what kind of liquor do you like to drink? Order it yourself, it's on me tonight!" Xana said confidently.

After all, the direct descendants of the seven noble families were basically not short of money.

The young man dressed in hip-hop style raised his glass and laughed loudly.

"Braydon, my name is Joseph Thomas. Thank you for coming to my younger sister's birthday party. Let's not say anymore and have a drink together!"

"Joseph, don't talk nonsense again. I'm clearly the older sister, and you're the younger brother!" Xana glared angrily at him.

Heather laughed joyfully. "These two are twins. Xana was born fifteen minutes earlier than Joseph!"