

## The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 6-Grade A1 Blockade Order Braydon Neal comforted the old lady and nodded to Zayn Ziegler and the others.

There were some lessons that the hedonistic sons of the Sage family should learn. There were some people they could not afford to offend.

Braydon wanted to take this opportunity to see what kind of difficulties the Sage family had encountered, and he would naturally help them.

Chris Sage's words had provoked four commanders!

Zayn turned around, and his black clothes swished along with his movement. The black watch on his wrist exuded a rich aura of modern technology.

This was the communication device that everyone in the special operations team, from the team leader to the supernumerary members, had to wear. Through the main team, they could lock onto their position within three seconds.

It could be used for image transmission, video projection, voice communication, and everything else!

Zayn also used this kind of wristwatch communicator to give orders.

He turned on his watch, and a square projection screen appeared. On the other side was the office building of the Central Hansworth headquarters.

The floor of this office building was more than a thousand square meters. All seventy of the people there stood up and said, "Commander!" "Issue an A1 warning!" Zayn waved his hand and spoke.

The seventy-odd people in the office building were all shocked.

An alluring young woman said in horror, "Commander, are we really going to issue an A1 warning? You have to know that this..." "Do I need to repeat my order?" Zayn looked at her coldly.

The alluring young woman was called Queenie Cross. Her face turned pale, and she lowered her head with a bit of grievance. "I wouldn't dare!" "Once the

A1 alert order has been activated, everyone will enter a state of martial law. This order will not be circulated among the civilians, but the Dragon Guards will be on standby!

Bryan Goldman chuckled.

“A1 alert order. That’s a bit too much!” Carl Mason said playfully.

“Eh, Commander Mason?” The enchanting young woman Queenie was secretly shocked.

She did not expect the former commander of Northern Hansworth, Carl Mason, to be there as well!

“Little Queenie, don’t you recognize me?” Bryan Goldman smiled.

“Commander of Western Hansworth, Sir Bryan Goldman?!”

Queenie’s eyes were dull.

The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, had actually arrived.

What on earth was going on?

It had provoked the three commanders to gather in the Central Plains.

“Hmph!” Zayn snorted coldly, “You’re so rude. Gordon Lowe is here too!”  
“Central Hansworth main team, Queenie Cross, greets Commander Gordon Lowe!” Queenie’s face turned pale. Through the video projection, she could clearly see Gordon at the side!

It was the Commander of Southern Hansworth, Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe. It was rumored that no one in the world had ever seen him in action. Those who had seen him use his sword were basically dead!

There were even rumors saying that even the Commander of Central Hansworth, Zayn Ziegler, and Northern Hansworth, Carl Mason, could not stop Gordon Lowe!

There were also rumors that Gordon was born in the North and had suppressed all the commanders in the region!

If they were to rank the difference between the five commanders, he, Gordon Lowe, would be the leader!

But what made Queenie suspicious was, who was the young man in plain clothes beside Gordon?

Queenie felt that the intimidating Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe seemed to be a little afraid of the plain-clothed youth!

Zayn frowned. "The A1 warning order has been issued. Execute it immediately!" "Yes, Sir!" Queenie realized that the four great commanders of Hansworth had gathered in Dragon City.

The sky of Dragon City was probably going to undergo some big changes.

The funny thing was that Chris Sage and the other young people did not know what was going on and had never even heard of the Dragon Guards.

Only Braydon was smiling. "This matter will end here. The main team hasn't issued an A1 warning order for fifty years. Forget it!" As soon as Braydon opened his mouth, the four commanders did not dare to make a sound.

This was the might of the overlord of the North!

Queenie was in a difficult position, not knowing who to listen to.

At the very least, she was part of the Central Hansworth main team, so she should listen to Zayn Ziegler's orders.

Who knew that Queenie's hesitation would make Zayn angry. He growled, "Didn't you hear him? Do as he said. If I ever see this kind of hesitation in any of you in the future, hand in your resignation on your own volition!"

The seventy-odd people in the office building were all dumbfounded.

Who was this young man in plain clothes?

"Commander, who is he?" Queenie mustered up her courage and asked.

"Cotton clothes!" Zayn cut off the communication, feeling embarrassed.

Braydon and three other commanders were standing next to him. In Zayn's eyes, the performance of these people under his command was getting a bit unbearable.

In the brightly lit office building.

Queenie mumbled to herself, "Cotton clothes? I've never heard of him. No, it's him!" Queenie's eyes were filled with shock, and the entire office building was silent.

The seventy-odd people all looked at each other with shock and a touch of fear in their eyes that could not be concealed!

In the entire world, who dared to call themselves cotton clothes?

Only him!

The overlord of the North, the man who could be called a deity in the human world.

Only him, the Northern King; a legend in the northern territory. He was conferred the title of King at the age of seventeen and was full of glory.

"I'm afraid he's the only one who can alert the four great commanders to welcome him!" Queenie said in a trembling voice.

"Sister Queenie, who is he?" It was a young newcomer sitting next to her.

An old man sitting on a chair said in a low voice, "Northern King, Braydon Neal!" "It's him!" The young man's hands trembled, and he lowered his voice, "I sorted out the confidential files last week. All the files stored on the ninth floor of the building are about him!" "Even I can't go to the ninth floor to check the files, let alone you!" Queenie's eyes turned sharp.

The young man quickly explained, "I was transferred to the Archives Department last week. When I checked all the files, the ninth floor was covered in dust. Some of the files were in tatters. I only saw them after I had sorted them out!" The young man had to explain, or he would suffer the consequences.

Queenie glared at him. In this place, some things could not be said carelessly. Even if she were to see a word, she was not allowed to leak it.

... The A1 warning order had been issued, and it was undoubtedly a shock to Dragon City.

An A1 warning order!

In the East of Preston City, Steve Xavier said angrily, "Recall all members of the team. A1 warning order!" "What? Team leader, has the wrong order been given?" The expressions of the three deputy team leaders changed drastically.

They had no choice but to question it. The A1 warning order had not appeared for fifty years. The only time it had appeared was fifty-one years ago.

This showed how terrifying the A1 warning order was!

Steve's face was gloomy. "It's an order given by Commander Zayn Ziegler of the main team. There's no mistake!" "For how long?" Someone's voice trembled.

Steve's voice was hoarse as he said, "For as long as the A1 warning order is in place, it will be sealed. If the warning order is not lifted, it will be sealed forever!"

The Strongest War God chapter 7-A Tiger's Roar at the Sage Family At the same time, the streets of Dragon City were filled with people who looked ordinary but were not.

Each of them was wearing a windbreaker, but they had a sword at their waists!

These swords could cut iron like mud, and it was more difficult to make one than to make hundreds of rifles. Each sword had a mark on it.

In the Sage family's courtyard.

"Braydon Neal, are you done?" Harold Sage was slightly annoyed.

"What?" Braydon glanced over.

"To be honest, actors like you only cost 200 dollars a day. I can go to the roadside and hire hundreds of them at once!" Chris Sage said grumpily.

“Braydon, just how stingy are you? You can’t even hire a few more people to help you brag. At least by hiring more, you can make yourself look good. How are these four enough?” Chris, who was a rich playboy, was acting in such a way that suggested that he had seen through Braydon’s little tricks.

The Sage family descendants present naturally did not believe Gordon Lowe’s words.

He even said that he would seal Preston for ten years, but now it seemed that it was completely fake.

Old lady Sage almost fainted from anger. In her eyes, the Sage family’s descendants were an utter disgrace today.

Chris and the rest of the rich playboys in the family really did not understand how terrifying the people present were.

Bryan Goldman smiled playfully. “I didn’t expect that I, Bryan Goldman, the Marquis of Western Hansworth, would become an actor worth 200 dollars a day in the blink of an eye. How interesting!” Zayn Ziegler and the others did not say anything.

It would be a joke if they were to argue with Chris and the rest of the rich playboys with their status.

In the next moment, Chris was holding a new iPhone in his hand. It was even in the color of nouveau riche gold, which matched his foppish personality perfectly.

“Huh? What’s going on? Why is there no signal?” Chris looked at the screen of his mobile phone. The signals of both cards were lost.

“My phone has also lost signal!” Harold Sage exclaimed.

“Mine too!” “Could it be that there’s a problem?” ... The group of young people were discussing in low voices. No one believed that this had anything to do with Braydon.

Back then, Braydon had left the capital in a sorry state, like a stray dog. No one would value him even though he had returned to Dragon City.

No one would have thought that Braydon had the capability to block the wireless signal in Dragon City.

Harold looked at Braydon instinctively and said, "Braydon, did you do this?" "I don't think you're familiar with the A1 order. The full name of this order is the A1 warning order, and it must be personally issued and confirmed by the local commander!"

"Once it's been confirmed, all seventy-two areas will be sealed!" Braydon said with a faint smile.

The entire place was silent!

Harold was stunned.

Chris was also in disbelief.

They vaguely remembered that just now, Braydon said that he did not want things to get out of hand, so it was enough to just seal one area.

They had never heard of any division having a commander!

What was even more bizarre was that the commander's authority was so terrifying!

Therefore, Braydon's status was obviously higher than the four people present.

Carl Mason and the other three were really obedient in front of Braydon.

Then, what was Braydon's identity?

They all called him the Northern King, which made Harold's scalp numb. The eldest grandson of the Sage family finally came back to his senses.

He realized that he had really offended a terrifying big shot today!

After having left the capital for thirteen years, Braydon, who had returned once again, knew that the Neal family could not tolerate him, yet he still came back. He definitely had the confidence!

Braydon, who had returned, had grown into a shocking figure that they dared not imagine!

Harold closed his thin lips tightly. He knew that with his grandmother here, Braydon would not make things difficult for them. At most, he would teach them a lesson.

Harold chose to protect himself. Since Chris and the others wanted to make a fool out of themselves, he would fulfill their wish!

Harold was not the only one who noticed that something was wrong!

After all, it had only been a few minutes since the A1 order was issued, and all cell phone signals had already been cut off.

This kind of power was not something that the seven great families could achieve.

Domineering yet restrained, but not lacking in tyrannical tactics!

A young man in black clothes exuding great physical strength, with his eyes filled with killing intent, arrived at the Sage family's gate.

However, Steve Xavier could not enter!

Let's not forget that Carl Mason had brought a thousand members of the Northern Hansworth main team to greet Braydon.

"The Dragon Guards are here on official duty! Unrelated personnel, retreat!" Steve barked loudly.

"Stop!" A thousand black-robed men were blocking the entrance.

Steve took a closer look and saw that the people in front were wearing the same clothes as them, but the sword on their chests made him gasp.

This was the symbol of the Northern King's sword!

It did not matter if it was Southern, Northern, or even central Hansworth, only the elite members of the main team could wear it, and only one would be dispatched at any given time.

However, there were a thousand people in the Sage family manor today!



A thousand elites were gathered here at the Sage family manor; it was a display of great power, like a tiger's roar in a show of dominance, making Steve's scalp tingle.

He asked in surprise, "They have the Northern King's sword symbol on their chests. They're family. Don't move. I'm Steve Xavier, the team leader!" "Main team!" Someone revealed their identity.

Steve was stunned and said in disbelief, "You guys crossed the border to come here?" They had indeed crossed the border!

"Let them in. There's no need to block the door!" Carl's voice came from behind.

"Yes, Sir!" The thousand men sheathed their swords and opened up a path.

Steve's heart was heavy. He led everyone into the Sage family manor and found a large number of people gathered there.

However, not far from the Sage family's neighborhood, there was a local police station. There was an uncle called Leon Zimmerman.

Leon Zimmerman had long noticed that something was wrong. When he saw a large number of men in black gathering, he thought that it was a social group fight and quickly reported it to the branch office.

After the photo was sent to the branch, Leon mustered his courage and called the boss of Preston's new district branch.

"Chief Jason," he said in a low voice, "there's a vicious gang fight here. There are thousands of people involved. I'm requesting backup!" "Leon, listen to me. Don't mess around. Report to me immediately. Don't get close to those people, you understand?" In the office of Preston's new district branch, Jason Williams, a middle-aged man with a square face, suppressed his anger and spoke gently.

His sideburns were graying from work, and he looked like he was in his fifties despite not even being in his forties.

"This is my territory. I have to take responsibility!" Leon had made up his mind.

"I f\*cking told you to report to me immediately. Can't you hear me?"

“Come over immediately. Don’t get close to them. I repeat, don’t get close to them, you understand?” Jason Williams had a fiery temper and was worried about the son of his old comrade, so he repeatedly warned him.

Jason’s sudden outburst had indeed frightened Leon. He quickly turned around and headed back to the branch office.

Jason hung up the phone and looked at the pictures that Leon had sent over. The pictures were secretly taken. There were more than a hundred people dressed in black, especially with the sword on their chests.

It made him mumble, “The Northern King’s sword. He’s back!”

The Strongest War God chapter 8-Disgraceful Jason Williams placed his hands behind his back and looked at the blood-red setting sun outside the window. He was in a daze for a long time.

When Braydon Neal returned, many people were informed about it. When Jason received the secret notice earlier, he was shocked. He did not think that such a big shot had once been in the city.

Later, Jason remembered the car accident thirteen years ago, and he had even personally met that precocious little boy.

At that time, the little boy, Braydon, was in a sorry state and was innocent. If the Sage family had not protected him, he would have been a pile of bones by now.

Braydon was sent to the northern region, where the Neals could not reach him. Only there would Braydon be safe.

But who knew that this little boy would return thirteen years later with such terrifying power!

If the overlord of the north came back in anger, even ten Neal families would not be enough for him to destroy.

Thump! Thump!

Leon Zimmerman knocked on the wooden door.

“Come in!” Jason heaved a sigh of relief.

“Uncle Jason, why did you ask me to come back? They were about to start fighting!” Leon expressed his dissatisfaction as soon as he entered the room.

“You’re a little daft, you know that? Do you know which team the people in the photo belong to?” Jason turned around to look at him.

“They were wearing black clothes; this is obviously a group fight between young people!” Leon snorted.

“If they hear this, they’ll definitely teach you a lesson. They’re Braydon Neal’s people!” Jason did not hide anything from Leon.

Leon was shocked.

Jason nodded. “As far as I know, the Dragon Guards don’t have that many official members. Also, this sword symbol on the front of their clothes can only be worn by the elite guards of the main team!” Leon was stunned and did not speak for a long time.

Leon Zimmerman and Jason Williams were like father and son, so they would only occasionally hear a few words.

However, who knew that the people they would meet today would include the main team members!

With the Preston team’s authority, they had the highest autonomy in the event of an emergency!

One had to remember that it was not just the right to deal with it freely, but the right to make a decision freely!

This was also why Jason was angry earlier. If Leon had barged into the Sage family and was beaten up by Steve Xavier and the others, Jason would not have gotten an explanation.

The reason was simple. With Jason’s identity, he was not qualified to come into contact with Steve.

If he had any opinions, he could report it instead.

The final result would probably be that the feedback would be like a stone thrown into the sea. Steve Xavier would not be alarmed at all.

This little episode did not affect the Sage family at all.

All the members had arrived.

Harold Sage and the rest of the young people turned around.

“Did you get help?” Chris Sage muttered.

“Shut up!” Harold’s gaze sharpened.

Chris was shocked. He did not understand why Harold was picking on him all of a sudden, and he was immediately displeased.

Steve came forward, and he appeared to be even more terrifying. He cupped his fists and bowed. “Steve Xavier greets Chief Team Leader Zayn Ziegler!” Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade of the Central Plains, was the chief team leader!

“Have you received the A1 order?” Carl Mason stretched his back lazily.

“Commander Carl Mason?” This was the first time Steve had seen him in person.

Other than Zayn, Steve had only seen the photos of the five commanders on the intranet. He had no access to any other information.

Steve’s scalp went numb. Carl Mason, the ferocious Tiger of Northern Hansworth, was also here.

It seemed that something big had really happened. The A1 order had alerted the two commanders, so he, Steve, could only do odd jobs with the people he had brought over.

“That’s enough manpower. There are more than a hundred people!” Bryan Goldman chuckled.

“I received an A1 order, so I summoned all my members to come to assist... Are you the Marquis of Western Hansworth, Main Team Leader Bryan Goldman? ” Steve changed the topic mid-sentence and almost lost his breath.

His eyes were filled with surprise as he looked at Braydon.

Gordon Lowe gently nodded and did not say anything.

However, Steve did not dare to be arrogant and took the initiative to ask, "Steve Xavier greets Main Team Leader Gordon Lowe!" "Are you guys done!" There were more than thirty juniors in the Sage family. The oval-faced girl, May Sage, revealed a strong sense of disgust on her freckled face.

"Whose fiancé is he? Shouldn't the fiancée be controlling her fiancé? Is it fun to pretend to be rich and invite a group of strangers to say all kinds of strange things?" She said with a hint of hostility.

"This is none of your business!" Heather Sage furrowed her brows.

Steve frowned. "It doesn't matter if you think it's fun or if you're ignorant, the A1 order has already been issued. Since this happened at the Sage family's home, seize them all!

"Who gave you the right to do so?" May shrieked in protest.

With her resistance and her unreasonable appearance, if it were Leon Zimmerman, he could only endure it helplessly and try to resolve it amicably.

However, May's tantrum was exchanged for a long, black battle sword.

Whoosh!

They unsheathed their swords, and wherever the blade pointed, a cold glint would flash.

His tiger-like eyes were filled with determination, and his entire body was filled with a murderous aura.

They would not underestimate anyone, nor would they let their guard down.

"What are you guys doing?" May was a little flustered.

"Those who don't cooperate will be killed on the spot!" Steve responded coldly.

Harold and the others were shocked by his words.

Even Leon and the others did not have the right to say that, right?

Who would dare to be so careless?!

Carl's face was one that was playful, and he did things decisively.

"Just teach them a lesson, but don't hurt anyone!" He said while yawning.

Steve did not quite understand. The A1 order had already been issued, but now they were not allowed to hurt people. What did this mean?

According to Steve's estimation, there would be blood shed tonight!

After all, they had issued the A1 order!

With the Preston team taking down everyone, May did not dare to make a scene anymore. She just kept crying and looked pitiful.

"What a disgrace!" Heather snorted.

"Heather, don't make things difficult for me. It's not good for you or Braydon if things get out of hand. Who are you trying to scare with a group of thugs? If I die, none of you will be able to escape responsibility!" May said while crying.

"Young lady, you have to remember one thing. Anyone who gets in the way will be killed regardless of who you are!

"Those who resist will be killed on the spot, so even if you die, you will die in vain, you understand?" Carl came forward with a smile.

May felt fear from the bottom of her heart and looked at Carl as if she was looking at the devil.

## Chapter 8

The Strongest War God chapter 9-The Terrifying Martial Artists Not only was May Sage afraid, but Chris Sage and the rest of the younger generation were also afraid.

On the side, Braydon Neal stepped forward and took Heather Sage's hand, his cold and soft hand wrapping around hers.

Heather, who had never had such intimate contact with the opposite S\*x in her life, stomped her feet in embarrassment. "Let go!" "I remember when we were young, you were so tall. You followed behind me and often called me Brother Braydon!" Braydon chuckled.

Heather's face turned red, and she felt embarrassed.

Braydon took her away and said, "Just teach them a lesson. Don't hurt the Sage family. I owe them two lives!" "Roger that!" Carl Mason cupped his hands.

In the next moment, the four commanders revealed their true colors after Braydon had left.

In this world, the only person who could make the four great commanders bow was King Braydon!

In the eyes of outsiders, who would dare to provoke the ferocious Tiger of Northern Hansworth, Carl Mason?

Today, in the Sage family, not only were they provoked, but they were also forced to do so.

Did they really think that Carl Mason was made of mud?

Whoosh!

Carl's black cape fluttered behind him, revealing the dark red scabbard on his belt.

When he held the wooden hilt of the knife, a terrifying murderous aura emerged from his body. Harold Sage and the others found it difficult to breathe as if they were being stared at by a fierce beast, and their legs could not help but tremble.

"The four of us can regard everything that has happened today as a farce. However, I want you to remember!

"He can't be humiliated. I'll kill whoever dares to humiliate him!" Carl held the saber in his left hand and unsheathed it.

Whoosh!

There was a bright blade light that was blinding. There was a fake mini mountain behind him that was eight meters tall, with a gurgling stream of water. The bright blade light then flashed past.

As he sheathed his saber, Carl retracted his murderous aura.

The fake mountain was split into two!

The eight-meter-tall fake mountain was cut in half.

Could a human being really have such terrifying combat strength?

Harold was so scared that his heart stopped beating. Then, he panted heavily, and his eyes were filled with horror. Even though he had seen it with his own eyes, it still felt like he was in a dream!

Now, he was sure that he had really provoked a terrifying person!

Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe smiled. "I said that I can seal Preston for ten years. It's not a joke!

"Regardless of whether you believe me or not, the Sage family must know that the day the woman dares to break off the engagement is the day I, Gordon Lowe, will slaughter your entire Sage family!" Gordon then made his move.

Carl and Zayn Ziegler's eyes turned serious when he unsheathed the three-foot long sword.

"Old Lowe's sword is even more terrifying now!" Bryan Goldman sighed.

Whoosh!

The three-foot-long blade stood in the world and would cut down all enemies in the world!

This was Gordon Lowe's sword. The sword light shot up into the sky. After the sword light had disappeared, the long sword returned to its sheath and Gordon disappeared.

The fake mountain instantly split into seventy-two pieces of the same size. Each of them was as tall as a person, and they fell neatly on the ground.

Just from this sword, the terror of Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe could be seen!

The corner of Carl's mouth twitched as he cursed at him deep down. This insane person's strength had improved so quickly.

"Are you humans or ghosts?" Chris Sage asked, trembling.



“Some people in this world are different from ordinary people, and the duty of the special operations team is to intimidate these people!” Steve Xavier responded coldly.

Bryan Goldman and Zayn Ziegler turned around and left.

They had come today just to see Braydon.

If it was not for Braydon’s protection of the Sage family, whether it was Zayn, Carl, or Gordon, all three of them would definitely dare to slaughter everyone in this place.

Obviously, Bryan and the others were all martial artists!

Martial artists were a special group!

There was no comparison between them and boxing grandmasters or boxing champions in society.

Just by looking at the murderous aura on Carl and the others, one could tell that they were definitely military martial artists who had experienced brutal killings.

In the Sage family’s estate, there was a villa on the east side. The courtyard was filled with orchids, and the faint fragrance of the orchids wafted over.

“Let go of me, you damn hooligan!” Heather’s eyes were unkind.

Braydon smiled lightly, not caring about these random titles.

“Little Braydon, you’ll be living here from now on,” Old lady Sage said gently.

“Grandma, this is my house!” Heather was anxious. How could she let Braydon stay here?

Since old lady Sage had already decided on this, Heather had no right to resist unless she were to live outside.

“Grandma, I have to go back to the Neal family today!” Braydon smiled bitterly.

“Little Braydon, it’s been thirteen years.” The old lady sighed.

But Braydon replied, "Although it has been thirteen years, I can't forget that rainy night my mother went down on her knees and begged them to let me go. The merciless look in those people's eyes, and the roaring truck that ran over my mother, with blood that flowed ten meters far... I will never forget that!" In a very calm tone, Braydon told her what he had experienced on the rainy night before he left the capital!

That night, the seven-year-old Braydon had a taste of despair!

That night, he and his mother, Laura Quinn, were chased to the ends of the earth.

How could Braydon let go of the blood feud?

Heather's eyes were filled with worry. "Don't do anything rash. The Neal family is no longer the Neal family of the past!" "Heather is right. The Neal family has been growing year after year. Many years ago, they were already at the top of the seven great families. The Larson family has been competing with them for many years, but they still can't shake the Neal family's position." Old lady Sage reminded him.

"Little Heather, the Neals may no longer be the Neals of the past. But I, Braydon, am no longer the Neal of the past either!" Braydon put his hands behind his back and said proudly.

He, Braydon, was not the seven-year-old child he was thirteen years ago in the rain!

The man who had returned today was the War God of the North, King Braydon!

As night fell, Braydon walked like a tiger. His seven-foot-tall body stood between heaven and earth, exuding a sharp aura. Grass bent at his waist, and peonies lost their color.

Braydon had said that he would kill three people when he returned to the capital!

The first person was Gerald Neal!

Old lady Sage looked at Braydon's back and shouted, "Little Braydon, your mother is not dead!" Braydon stood there for a long time without looking back.

No one knew better than Braydon that on that rainy night, he had witnessed the truck roll over Laura Quinn, honking wildly and driving away arrogantly.

“She’s a professor in the Faculty of Arts at Preston University. You’ll know when you get there!” The old lady sighed.

As soon as she had finished speaking, Braydon disappeared.

“Grandma, why didn’t you tell me right at the beginning?” Heather was puzzled.

“Don’t you know about your Aunt Laura’s health? I protected little Braydon in that accident and sent Laura to the hospital overnight. She was saved after one night of emergency treatment, but the trauma made her so miserable that she wished she could die!” The old lady entered the house with her walking stick and said, “You’ve seen it for yourself today. With Braydon’s personality, along with the people behind him, the four of the five great commanders who are all loyal to him, things will go out of hand!

“If Braydon sees Laura and goes crazy, let me tell you this, no one in the world can stop him, the Northern King. With just one order, millions of elites at the northern border will dare to point their swords at Preston!

“His prestige in the northern territory is beyond your imagination!” “He himself is a legend. As long as he gives the order, the four commanders alone will dare to massacre Preston!”

The Strongest War God chapter 10-Preston University All this talented Preston girl knew was that her fiancé was being praised by her grandmother as someone who was unparalleled in the world.

However, Heather Sage had never thought that Braydon Neal would be so terrifying!

“Marrying you to him means that we’re trying to get into little Braydon’s good books,” Old lady Sage said. “To be honest, if I wasn’t still alive and Braydon wasn’t such a sentimental person, he might not have even fallen for you!” “Grandma, how can you mock your own granddaughter like this!” Heather was on the verge of tears.

These words were too hurtful!

Preston University, also known as Preston Uni for short, had a history of more than a hundred years. The lights in the academic building of the Faculty of Arts were lit up.

There were hundreds of seats in the large classroom on the second floor.

On the teaching platform, a teacher with an excellent temperament, with short hair and white strands in the middle, touched the frame of her glasses and continued to teach with a gentle voice.

However, there were students going in and out of her class.

This in itself was disrespect to the teacher.

However, everyone seemed to acquiesce to such a situation. They showed no respect to this teacher at all. Every time they entered, it seemed as if they were trampling on this teacher's dignity.

Perhaps it was because she had a good temper and was a disabled person in a wheelchair.

A young man in plain clothes entered the classroom from the back door. His deep eyes were fixed on the teacher on the teaching platform.

Braydon's fingers trembled slightly. The Laura Quinn in his memory had aged more than a little after having not seen her for thirteen years!

In his memory, his mother had shoulder-length hair, but today, she had changed it to ear-length short hair.

Especially the wheelchair she was sitting in; it broke Braydon's heart.

If he had known that his mother was still alive, he would have returned to Preston long ago!

If he had known, Braydon would have returned on the day he was conferred the title of King at the age of seventeen!

For now, Braydon did not disturb Laura. He listened to the class quietly like a well-behaved student.

No one in the audience was listening more carefully than Braydon who was not missing a word.

However, in the last row, three boys and a girl who were students in their prime were holding a cup of milk tea each, and they were chatting.

The young man in black sportswear said lazily, "This class is two hours long. It's so troublesome. Don't you think Lame Quinn is tired?" "You can ask her later!" The dark-skinned man next to him urged.

The only girl rolled her eyes. "Don't mess around. Do you want to go out and play?" "I don't want to fail Lame Quinn's course. I don't want to have a Vice-Principal as a father either!" The young woman pouted.

Everyone knew that the girl's father was Vice-Principal Lang of Preston Uni. Even if her grades were terrible, she would still be able to graduate.

The young man took off his black coat and said lazily, "I heard that Lame Quinn's family background is very powerful. Why is she still working so hard?" "What background does she have? Her husband is our school's cleaner!" The dark-skinned man said in a bad mood.

In the next moment, the girl burst into laughter, and the young man could not hold it in either.

The laughter was even louder than the voice on the podium!

No one was surprised. It was as if everyone was used to this.

If it were a male professor, he would have slammed the table and cursed at them!

The four of them chatted and laughed.

"Are you done laughing?" An indifferent voice came from the side.

"Who are you? Why do you care!" The young man had a disdainful look.

In the next moment, Braydon made his move.

His speed was extremely fast, and his afterimages were endless.

Bang!

Braydon grabbed the young man's neck, lifted him up, and then pressed him heavily on the table. The table shattered, and the young man's body hit the floor.

A muffled groan caused the entire academic building to tremble.

The young man's eyes bulged and were bloodshot. He began to cough up blood, which seemed to be mixed with pieces of his internal organs.

Five of his internal organs were damaged by this attack. Even if he did not die, his lifespan would be reduced by more than thirty years.

The after-effects would cause him to be unable to lift heavy objects for the rest of his life. He would become sick and drink medicine in bed all day long; that was the rest of his life!

If the four of them were just drinking milk tea and chatting happily, Braydon would not interfere!

However, they kept calling his mother Lame Quinn and insulting her. She was King Braydon's mother!

They were simply courting death!

Braydon did not need any extra reason to make a move. This one was enough!

The girl was stunned for a long time before she screamed, "Ahh, murder!" There was no need for this scream. Everyone's eyes were focused on him.

Braydon walked to the podium.

Only Laura Quinn's eyes were red, and two lines of tears were flowing down her face. Her mouth was opened wide for a long time before she finally cried, "Braydon!" It was a call filled with thirteen years of sadness and longing.

The mother and son had been separated for thirteen years!

How many thirteen years did a person have? When they parted, Braydon was only seven years old!

In the blink of an eye, he turned twenty this year; she had missed Braydon's growth.

Laura was worried about Braydon day and night but did not dare to contact him.

Braydon walked forward steadily and knelt down on both knees!

“Mom!” Braydon’s voice was hoarse.

Laura was flustered. “Braydon, get up. Don’t kneel in front of me.” After not seeing each other for thirteen years, there were too many words stuck in his throat, but he suddenly could not pour them out.

This scene stunned all the students. No one had expected Laura to have a son. They had never heard of him before, but he suddenly appeared today.

The girl in the last row screamed, “Hubert’s barely breathing. You over there, you’re in big trouble!” “Braydon?” Laura came back to her senses and said hurriedly, “Hurry up and return to the northern region. No one can touch you there. Your third uncle will protect you!” “Mom, it’s okay. Is Dad okay?” Braydon ignored the outsiders.

Laura’s face was full of anxiety and worry. “Your father is fine. Who allowed you to return to Preston? If the Neal family finds out about this, they won’t let you off. Leave immediately and return to the northern region!” “Mom, think about it. If I didn’t have the ability to protect myself, how would third uncle have let me come back?” Braydon pushed Laura’s wheelchair and left the noisy place.

Laura calmed down and thought that it was indeed the case. However, she was still worried.

“Catch him! Don’t let him get away!” The girl’s voice was sharp and piercing.

All of a sudden, seven or eight boys in the classroom were eager to make a move. However, when Braydon turned around and gave them a look, they were so scared that their limbs turned cold and weak.

His eyes were like the gaze of the God of death!

Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly, “I’m running away? What a joke!

“Remember, my surname is Neal, and my name is Braydon. Although I may look like a commoner, this name can withstand any investigation!

“I, King Braydon, have never tried to run away. When I was seventeen years old, I stood in the North and faced 720,000 enemies alone. I didn’t run away, but I killed them all with the Northern King sword!

“That battle of bones turning into mountains has forged my name, the Northern King!” ... Braydon pushed the wheelchair and left the classroom, leaving behind a group of dumbfounded students. No one dared to stop Braydon.

When the girl came back to her senses, she had already called 911. She then turned around and called the police.

Leon Zimmerman, who had just returned to the police station, heard his phone ring and quickly picked it up. “Hello, I’m Leon Zimmerman from Preston’s new district police office!

“Officer Zimmerman, there’s been a murder!” The girl deliberately said it in a serious tone.

Leon was shocked, “Where? Don’t be afraid, and don’t be anxious. Tell me the location. Is the murderer still there? I’ll go over now!” “The murderer is walking out. He said that his name is Braydon Neal!” The girl explained the situation in a low voice.

Leon responded instinctively, “I’ll go over right... Wait, what did you say his name was? Braydon Neal?”