

## The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 11-Who Dares to Call Himself the King?

“Yes!” The girl had a bad feeling.

Leon Zimmerman’s eyes were fixed on the computer in front of him. On the internal system, everyone’s personal information could be found, including their home address and even their room information.

But now, Leon had just returned from Jason Williams’ place, and he even got to know someone’s name.

As long as it involved this person, Jason had asked Leon to report it directly to him and not handle it on his own.

Jason did not reveal the identity of this person in the slightest!

He only said one thing, that he was above the special operations team!

The computer in front of Leon had turned completely red ever since he entered the name. There were even beeping sounds of alarm.

It was a personal information file with the most striking three S’s.

An SSS-class top-secret file!

This also meant that his identity belonged to this secret class.

Even Jason would not be able to read this secret, let alone Leon.

And this name was Braydon Neal!

Who was he?

Leon was shocked. This was the first time he had seen such a secret file. Other than the name, age, nationality, address, and so on, everything else was a question mark.

This made him not dare to investigate at all!

Leon hung up the phone and dialed Jason's number. He said, "Uncle Jason, something has happened!" "Speak!" Jason spoke in a capable and experienced manner.

"Braydon must have seriously injured someone when he went to Preston University. We can't be sure if he's killed anyone," Leon said.

"I'll take responsibility for this!" Jason hung up the phone and was silent for a long time.

He knew all too well what the seven-year-old Braydon had experienced on that rainy night thirteen years ago!

How could the Northern King, who had returned, let go of the blood feud?

How could there not be blood on the day of his return?

At Preston University, Braydon was pushing a wheelchair and could see the loving smile on his mother's face.

Under the fiery red maple tree, Braydon quietly stopped and looked at his mother's graying hair.

"Mom, you're old!" He said softly.

"Silly child, there's no one who doesn't grow old in this world. It's been thirteen years, and in the blink of an eye, my Braydon is all grown up!" Laura Quinn turned around, and her tears fell quietly.

However, Braydon said, "I'll help you stand again!" Laura held Braydon's hand, as if she was worried that her child would leave her again. As for being able to stand again, it was no longer important.

The most important thing was that she was satisfied as long as she could see Braydon again.

Right in front of them, a school worker appeared. His burly body was slightly hunched, and he was wearing a light-yellow uniform. He lowered his head and was sweeping the fallen leaves. Year after year, day after day, the maple leaves would grow and fall.

Just like his job, he had to clean the red maple leaves every day.

“Old man Neal, you haven’t resigned yet?” The students passing by would occasionally tease him.

“I’m just earning money for a meal. I won’t quit. I can’t quit…” The burly man’s weathered square face was a little tan, and his sideburns were white as frost. In the face of the students’ teasing, he would still feel restrained and embarrassed.

He was the eldest son of the second generation of the Neal family!

The heir of the family had been decided long ago!

If it were anyone else in his current job, they would have already committed suicide by jumping off a building.

This was almost humiliating!

“I heard that Vice-Principal Lang drove you away again last week,” a short-haired student said jokingly. “You even knelt down and begged him not to fire you. Is that true?” The students around him looked at him with a mischievous gaze and a faint look of disdain.

The burly man was silent.

He silently watched as the maple leaves gathered into a pile, and the short-haired student deliberately kicked them, scattering the pile of leaves.

The man did not say a word and swept them into a pile again.

It was as if he had already become accustomed to this kind of life for the past ten years.

As he was sweeping, he unknowingly reached the wheelchair under the maple tree.

He did not need to look up to know who was waiting for him. He could not bear to blame her as he said, “Your body is weak. Why did you come downstairs? Why didn’t you wait for me to pick you up after work?” “Old Neal, look up and see who it is!” Laura suppressed her excitement.

The man raised his head and looked at Braydon. He was stunned at first, and then he exclaimed, “Braydon?” “Dad!” Braydon’s nose twitched, and he almost cried.

He, Braydon, was known as the War God of the North, a figure who could be conferred the title of a deity.

But he, King Braydon, was also human!

He was also a son. He also knew that he was afraid of coming home, and he also had feelings.

Returning to his hometown and seeing his family again caused Braydon's eyes to turn red. Finally, he hugged his father, Louis Neal.

Louis' eyes turned red. "Thirteen years. It's been thirteen years. My Braydon is all grown up. You're finally back!" Braydon had never thought that there would be a day when the family of three would be reunited.

The short-haired student not far away asked suspiciously, "Old man Neal, you have a son?" The students passing by were also very curious. No one had ever heard of Louis Neal having a son. Now that one had suddenly appeared, it was quite surprising.

Louis came back to his senses. His hunched body was straight, and his eyes were sharp. He asked in a low voice, "Braydon, who allowed you to come back?" All these years, Louis and Laura were still alive, but they did not dare to contact Braydon.

They knew that Braydon would definitely return to Preston if he knew that the couple was still alive.

How would the Neal family let him go!

Braydon did not explain. He turned around and let out a tiger's roar. The sound waves rolled and resounded over the entire Preston University.

"Ten years of glory outside the northern frontier fortress, with eight thousand miles of cloud and frost. Now that I have returned, can it be called returning home with honor?" Braydon's body fluttered, and his voice was deep.

Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe stood on the roof of the arts academic building with his sword in his hand. He was extremely graceful as he shouted, "You can!" "In the entire world, who dares to call himself King?" Braydon asked again.

His voice exploded in the sky like muffled thunder. More than ten thousand teachers and students heard it and looked out of the classroom doors and windows.

Zayn Ziegler's hair was rough, and his eyes were wide open as he shouted, "Only King Braydon!" No one in the world dared to call themselves King except King Braydon!

Braydon asked again, "Although I'm a plain-clothed man, am I worthy of being called the War God of the North?" "Braydon, the overlord of the north, is worthy of the title!" The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, appeared on the campus with tiger-like steps.

A thousand black-robed elite guards' black capes fluttered in the wind as they walked in unison. Their killing intent filled the air, causing the maple leaves in the sky to dance in the wind.

All of them were wearing black scarves on their faces, and their eyes were full of vigor. They looked at Braydon with fanatical faith.

The one thousand people knelt down on one knee and plunged their sword into the floor tiles. They cupped their fists and shouted, "Greetings, Northern King!" This scene made all the young students' blood boil.

No one understood who the young man in plain clothes was.

Looking at their age, they were about the same age!

The girl, who had just called the police, was shocked by the scene downstairs.

The scene in front of her was really amazing, far more powerful than any explanation from Braydon. It made his father, Louis Neal, believe that the Neal family could not touch him now!

"Dad," Braydon said softly, "I will use the Northern King sword to wash away the thirteen years of suffering that you and Mom have suffered!" Louis' tiger eyes were red as he held back his tears.

Only Laura knew how much humiliation he, Louis, had experienced in the past thirteen years. He had lived in shame for ten years.

His family was almost destroyed after what happened that year. His wife became disabled, and his son was sent far away to the North, not being able to see him for thirteen years.

The suppressed hatred in Louis' heart had long reached its limit and was about to cause his body to collapse.

However, heaven had eyes and Braydon was back.

Braydon glanced at the short-haired student and slowly walked over. "Did these maple leaves provoke you? Why did you kick them away?!" "No, no they didn't!" The short-haired student swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Braydon asked again, "Did my father offend you? For you to humiliate him like this!"

The Strongest War God chapter 12-You Dare Interfere?

"No, I..." The short-haired student was frightened.

Braydon Neal was already in front of him. His fair left hand fell on his chest, grabbing his collar, and suddenly throwing him to the ground.

Bang!

There was a muffled sound, as if a cannonball had hit the ground heavily, bringing up a cloud of dust.

The cement road cracked like a spider web!

The short-haired student's ending was similar to that of Hubert Conrad from before.

He coughed up a large mouthful of blood, his eyes bulging and bloodshot, looking ferocious and terrifying.

"My father didn't bully you nor offend you, yet you insulted him. Do good people owe you anything in this world?" Braydon muttered.

This sentence almost aroused Braydon's killing intent!

Once Braydon had the intention to kill, it would be the most terrifying thing in the world!

“Braydon, you’re not allowed to fight!” Laura Quinn shouted.

Her words extinguished Braydon’s murderous intent.

“Dad, who’s Vice-Principal Lang?” Braydon asked.

Louis Neal shook his head. “It’s all in the past. I don’t want to pursue it!” “Dad, if he insults you, he’s insulting me as well!” Braydon said softly.

Now, it was not Braydon or Louis pursuing it.

After he said that... Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe’s killing intent burst forth as he coldly said, “Find him!” No one in the world could insult King Braydon!

Zayn Ziegler went to find him in person. He could easily find out who Vice-Principal Lang was and where he was.

In less than fifteen minutes.

Zayn was carrying a middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes. He was wearing gold-rimmed glasses and was tall and thin.

His name was Simon Lang, the vice-principal of Preston University. He was forty-five years old. He may seem old, but compared to his peers, he was able to become the vice-principal at this age, so he must have some connections.

Even if he had connections, how could they compare to Braydon’s identity?

Today, even if Braydon were to kill his whole family, who would dare to say anything bad about this Northern King?

Simon Lang was shocked and angry. “Who are you? Do you know who I am?” he asked.

“Let him go! Tell me who you are!” Braydon was very calm.

Simon patted his clothes and adjusted his glasses. He snorted coldly. “I’m Preston University’s vice-principal, Simon Lang. I don’t care who you are, get out of my school now, or I’ll call the security to send you to the police station!” Zayn’s eyes were filled with disdain.

Simon probably did not know that the special operations team members were here. If they did not give their permission, no one would dare to interfere!

This was because the special operations team adhered to an iron law.

That was, when the special operations team did things, anyone who stood in their way would be killed without mercy!

The purpose of the special operations team was to kill!

To protect the peace of a region by killing!

Intimidate the brave and capable martial artists, and deal with unusual events with iron-fisted methods.

The members of the special operations team never bullied good civilians. They would not even reveal their identities.

“Vice-principal of Preston University. What a powerful official!” Braydon smiled.

Once he was done speaking, Simon saw the security team from afar. There was a total of thirty people, and they were rushing over from the security room.

“Vice-Principal Lang, what’s wrong?” the security guard leader asked.

“Are you blind? Can’t you see that people outside the school are causing trouble?!” Simon gave him a bloody scolding.

The security guard leader’s eyelids twitched. He knew that if he offended Simon Lang, he could forget about being the security guard leader.

He turned around and pointed at Braydon, “You’re the one who’s causing trouble here? Take him out and give him a beating!” If one was a security guard, the person must have been in fights before.

The thirty security guards then rushed forward without hesitation.

Simon sneered as he adjusted his glasses. He wanted to personally regain his dignity here.

“Insolence!” Zayn was like an angry lion.

Whoosh!



In the distance, the thousand black-robed guards under the trees gripped their swords.

Their swords were unsheathed and pointed to the front. Their eyes were cold and murderous.

The official members of the Preston team basically all had blood on their hands, not to mention these elites from the main team!

“Commander, please give you order!” The one thousand people shouted.

The thousands of people requested to fight, and they needed orders!

Braydon had the title of the commander of Northern Hansworth. He only had to say a word, and none of the thirty security guards would be able to live.

The security guard leader immediately peed his pants and said in shock, “W-who are you?!” He could not help but be afraid. How could he have known that the thousand men in black were Braydon’s men?

Looking at his posture, he was just like the boss of society!

Braydon glanced at the security guard leader. He was just a watchdog that bullied the weak and feared the strong, so there was no need to pay attention to him.

One look from him made the security leader’s hair stand on end and his hands and feet turn cold.

Simon pretended to be calm. “You should be well aware that this is Preston University. I’m the vice-principal here. Don’t you dare try anything funny!” He once again emphasized his status as the vice-principal!

“Vice-Principal, do you have a strong background?” Carl Mason glanced at him.

“At the very least, I only need to make a phone call, and you guys will have to bear the consequences!” Simon knew that the security team had already lost control of the situation.

He had to think of another way to solve today’s matter!

To be able to become the vice-principal, he did have some ability.

Simon snorted coldly and took out his mobile phone. He then dialed a classmate's number.

Jason Williams was in his office. When his personal phone rang, he frowned and answered the call. "Old classmate, you're the vice-principal of Preston University, yet you still have the time to call me?" "Class monitor, I didn't call to chit-chat. I have a slight problem here!" Simon went straight to the point.

Jason's expression was grave, "A students' fight? What's the scale of the attack? Are there any casualties?" "It's none of the above. Outsiders have barged into our school, and the security team can't control the situation!" Simon said honestly.

Just as Jason was about to open his mouth, he heard other sounds coming from the phone.

Simon's phone was snatched away, and he said angrily, "What are you doing? Do you know who's on the other end of the line?"

"It's Jason Williams from Preston's new district branch. You people are simply courting death!" Simon was embarrassed in public, and his face was livid with anger.

Zayn grabbed the phone, frowned, and asked, "Jason Williams?" "And you are?" Jason's expression was grave.

Zayn had already turned on the speaker before he replied, "Zayn Ziegler, Warblade of the Central Plains. If you don't know this name, you can check on your internal network. If you can't find it, you can report it to the higher-ups!" As soon as he had finished speaking, Simon was stunned.

From his tone, anyone could feel that Zayn's identity was not ordinary.

Jason's little finger trembled slightly. He said calmly, "Commander Ziegler, you must be joking. How could I not have heard of your name? The Warblade of the Central Plains dominates the three provinces of the Central Plains." Jason could not help but say these flattering words.

In terms of status, the gap between the two was phenomenally huge.

"Do you want to get involved in the special operations team's business?" Zayn interrupted him.

“I wouldn’t dare!” Jason answered instinctively.

He did not even dare to get involved in the Preston team’s affairs, let alone Zayn Ziegler, the Commander of Central Hansworth, who was personally leading his troops at Preston University.

Zayn snorted and hung up the call. He threw the phone back to Simon.

The phone call made Simon’s face turn pale. He did not know who this group of people in front of him was.

When facing Zayn, Jason did not even even dare to ask a single question.

This kind of power clearly meant that his level was higher than he could ever imagine!

Simon was terrified for no reason. Trembling, he asked, “What do you guys want to do?”

The Strongest War God Chapter 13-Suppressing Ten Thousand People!

Everything in the world had a reason, and Simon Lang also realized that these people would not look for him for no reason.

“This is my father!” Braydon Neal stood beside Louis Neal.

These words made Simon’s eyes widen. He was in even greater disbelief.

He seemed to have understood everything now!

“Are you Braydon?” Simon was shocked.

The sudden question made Braydon’s eyes turn cold.

A strange atmosphere surfaced.

Braydon had been intelligent since he was a child. Now that he was all grown up, he was probably as intelligent as a demon!

Simon seemed to be very shocked. He could not believe that Braydon dared to return to Preston.

With such an expression, it was inevitable that Braydon would think that he, Simon, knew about the Neal family's internal strife in the past, and even more so about Braydon's situation in the past.

It should be known that the three heads of the Neal family had a ruthless attitude toward Braydon's family.

However, Louis Neal and Laura Quinn were still alive.

Louis left the Neal family and could not find a job. In order to make a living, he was forced to be a school cleaner. If it was not because the Neal family was suppressing him, who would believe it?

With the Neal family's power, it would not be difficult to make things difficult for the two of them and arrange for Simon Lang to keep an eye on Louis Neal.

It was impossible for someone like Simon Lang to become the vice-principal of Preston University, but for the Neal family, it was not a difficult thing to do!

Simon broke out in a cold sweat. He lowered his head and did not say anything.

Louis was not stupid. He had already noticed that Simon was someone arranged to be here by the Neal family.

"Braydon, let's go home!" He said in a low voice.

Braydon nodded slightly and did not even mention how Simon had humiliated his father all these years.

Because asking about this in front of Louis was undoubtedly piercing his father's heart and once again stepping on his father's dignity!

How could Braydon bear to hurt his father like that?

The family of three seemed to be leaving.

Simon heaved a sigh of relief.

In the next moment, Braydon turned around and released a wave of pressure from his body!

This pressure was shocking and terrifying!

Braydon's plain clothes fluttered without any wind blowing. There was a shocking murderous aura coming from him, which was sharper than Gordon Lowe's murderous aura and more domineering than Zayn Ziegler's wild aura!

When this aura burst forth, the surrounding maple trees all bent over backward.

Suppressing even the blades of grass and ten thousand people!

This was the real King Braydon!

"Kneel down!" Braydon turned around and his thin lips moved slightly.

The sound waves rolled like thunder.

Everyone's eardrums hurt. The thousand black-robed guards knelt down on one knee and lowered their heads, stabbing their swords into the ground.

The four commanders, including the unyielding Gordon Lowe, knelt down on one knee with their swords in hand.

The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, and the others only believed in one person in the world, and that was Braydon Neal!

The sound of thunder was only directed at one person, and that was Simon.

A terrifying pressure swept out, pressing down on Simon's shoulders like a mountain.

Bang!

He knelt down instantly, and the stone slab shattered, sinking deep into the soil.

Blood spread, and his white thigh bone pierced through his knee.

Only King Braydon had the pressure of a mountain!

Simon's shrill scream resounded through the grounds, "Ahh, my leg!" His scream sent shivers down the spines of the surrounding security guards. They were all stunned.

This young man in plain clothes was so ruthless and terrifying. The aura he released was invisible and could hurt people.

If Simon dared to insult Louis, then Braydon would dare to slaughter his whole family.

But today, his mother, Laura, said that fighting was not allowed, so Braydon did not do anything of that sort to him.

However, he could not let Simon off so easily!

Braydon did not say a word about Louis having knelt down before Simon, but he released his aura and made Simon kneel on the ground instead. His legs had probably been permanently disabled.

Braydon turned around again, restrained his aura, and pushed the wheelchair away, leaving behind one sentence.

“Kneel for ten days. If you dare to get up, I’ll send you on your way!”  
Braydon’s steps were steady as he pushed the wheelchair away.

Carl Mason wiped his cold sweat. Who would not be afraid of an angry King Braydon?

Even the proud Gordon Lowe had knelt down before him!

Zayn Ziegler left in a hurry with his men and did not stay in the university. As for Simon, he left him in the hands of Steve Xavier of the Preston team to deal with the aftermath.

Braydon’s family of three arrived at the largest slum in Preston city, which was located in the west of the old district.

The sewage pipes of the old buildings in the 1980s had long expired. Black sewage gathered on the pothole ground, and the stench assailed the nose.

Most of the people living in this environment were migrant workers, and there were also workers who came to the city to work.

Laura Quinn smiled gently. “Braydon, what do you want to eat? We’ll get your dad to buy some groceries. I’ll cook for you tonight!” “Mom, let’s go back to the Neal family for dinner tonight!” Braydon said softly.

Louis' body froze. Laura said bitterly, "Braydon, it's been so many years. Forget about it!" "Mom, we left the Neal family on a rainy night thirteen years ago. We were chased for an entire night. That night, we had no way out!

"They caused Grandpa's tragic death. How can we just let it go?" Braydon would not give up.

"Let's talk inside!" Louis opened the iron door to the basement.

A musty smell hit Braydon in the face. In the basement, which was less than thirty square meters in size, the yellow light bulb swayed gently, and there was no air circulation.

The room was clean and tidy, but the basement was not a place for living at all.

Braydon remembered that when he was seven years old, their family's villa had a total of five floors.

His mother, Laura, was born in the Quinn family, one of the seven great families in Preston. His father, Louis, was born in the Neal family as the eldest son of the second generation.

Their family background was far more than superior!

However, they had been living in this small basement for thirteen years!

On the table, there were empty bottles marked with the word painkiller. They were Laura's medicine.

The car accident that year had left a serious aftereffect. The pain in her waist was even worse on rainy days!

All these years, Laura and her husband's salary was basically spent on buying medicine.

Louis was forced to kneel in Simon's office and refused to leave his job as a school cleaner.

That was all for Laura!

If Louis were to lose his job, he would not even have the money to buy painkillers!

It was true that a single cent could stump a hero!

All these years, Louis had suffered humiliation and lived an ignoble life for Laura. He felt even more guilty deep down. If he was not useless, he would not have let Laura suffer with him.

Laura and Louis were struggling to survive. Not even a ghost would believe that the Neal family was not behind all this suffering.

“Mom, let’s move!” Braydon said softly.

“Move where? Don’t waste your money. Your dad and I are used to it!” Laura said.

Braydon let out a breath of air, but he did not reveal the guilt in his heart.

If he had known that his parents were still alive, he would have returned long ago!

“Zayn!” Braydon said with his back to the door.

“Here!” Zayn and the other four commanders were still around Braydon.

“Move the things back to the Neal family’s home!” Braydon pushed the wheelchair out of the door.

Zayn brought his men into the house, packed up everything, and followed them back to the Neal family.

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

The first person was the Neal family’s Gerald Neal!

He was the father of the three heads of the Neal family, also Braydon’s grand uncle.

Braydon must kill this old thief!

“Bryan, has Luke arrived?” Braydon asked.



Bryan Goldman appeared and cupped his fists. "Not yet." A deep male voice reverberated from afar, "Luke Yates, Commander of Eastern Hansworth, at your service, Northern King!"

The Strongest War God chapter 14-The Northern King's Sword A young man walked over like a tiger. His long hair fluttered in the wind, and his hair was as white as snow. He was exuding such elegance.

The Commander of Eastern Hansworth, the Great Demon King Luke Yates!

To be able to be called the Great Demon King, his character was unruly and wild. He did not follow common sense and did not follow the three thousand common customs of the world.

If there were uncultured people in society that could not be taught, Luke Yates would be the first!

"You brought the Northern King's sword with you?" Bryan Goldman was shocked.

Luke was carrying a black scabbard on his back, and the dusty black battle sword inside made everyone look serious. No one dared to play around.

If this Northern King sword was unsheathed, no one in the world would be able to stop it!

"Brother, let me play with this sword for a few days!" Luke started trying to make a deal.

The faces of Bryan and the others suddenly turned black, and even Gordon Lowe's eyebrows were slightly raised.

Everyone knew the sharpness of the Northern King sword. No weapon in the world could withstand it. If Luke wielded the saber, even Gordon would not be able to withstand his attack!

Suddenly, Zayn Ziegler had a headache. He was thinking that the holy church had brought the devil incarnate here!

"This bastard. Whoever encounters him will have a headache!" Carl Mason's face darkened.

Of the five commanders, even Gordon would frown whenever he saw this guy.

If there were any of them who dared to fight Gordon to the death, it could only be Luke.

Braydon took the sheathed Northern King sword, slung it behind his waist, and pushed the wheelchair forward.

Luke's eyelids twitched slightly, but when he saw this scene, he calmed down slightly.

When the Northern King donned the sword, it meant that a massacre was about to begin!

"Sly old foxie," Luke asked doubtfully, "who's so cunning that it's forced Boss Braydon to personally wield his blade?" "Shut up!" Bryan's face darkened.

He was the Marquis of Western Hansworth, not the sly old fox!

Luke pursed his lips slightly and turned back to look at Carl. He asked softly, "Lil' tiger, what's the situation?" "Get lost!" The Tiger of Northern Hansworth, Carl Mason, pulled a long face.

Zayn had already walked far away, and Gordon had already disappeared without a trace.

When Luke saw that no one was paying attention to him, he said slowly, "Big beard Zayn, I've found your Ziegler family's ancestral grave!" "Troublemaker, how dare you!" Zayn instantly exploded in anger.

Luke Yates was a devil incarnate. If Zayn dared to ignore him today, he would really dare to go back to Eastern Hansworth and dig up the Ziegler family's ancestral grave!

Luke laughed disdainfully. Let's see if he dared to ignore him!

Zayn's face was dark. "We're going to the Neal family now. The opponent isn't that strong!" Luke squinted his small eyes with a slight frost in his demeanor. With his identity as the Commander of Eastern Hansworth, he had certainly heard about Braydon's past over the years.

"Since he's returning to Preston with honor, how can he be so quiet?" "Don't mess around!" Zayn and Carl's hearts jumped.

"If it's me doing things, you guys don't have to worry!" Luke scoffed.

As soon as this was uttered, Bryan's eyelids twitched.

Every time he heard that sentence, it was when this fool was about to get into big trouble.

Five years ago, Luke received a transfer order in the North to be the commander of the Eastern Hansworth main team. It was such a simple task!

In the end, when Luke went to take up his post, he actually went the wrong way and crossed the border.

In an instant, a certain country outside the borders was riled up. The fierce and famous Great Demon King Luke Yates, the Northern King's left-wing guard, had actually crossed the border silently.

This caused the other country to think that a war between the two countries was about to start, and they sent out 50,000 elites to kill this fool.

Back then, when Luke encountered them, he said that he was there to be the boss. He was even using all sorts of secret codes, which was regarded as a provocation by the others to gang up on him!

That battle made him wail pitifully, and he almost died!

Finally, the spies hidden on the other side risked their lives to send a top-secret message, asking about the situation with Braydon and why they had sent Luke Yates into the country alone.

When Braydon received the news, before his subordinates could verify the authenticity of the news, he had already killed 30,000 enemies alone with the Northern King sword and saved Luke from a pile of corpses.

After that accident, Braydon kept him by his side for another two years, saying that he was recuperating.

However, everyone knew that Luke was the closest person to Braydon. He was half a year younger than Braydon and would call Braydon brother when no one was around!

When Braydon had just arrived in the northern region, Luke was the first friend he had.

After thirteen years of brotherhood, how could Luke bear to leave the war-torn northern territory?

Although he did not say it explicitly, he had used his actions to reveal a layer of meaning. If he were to leave the northern territory and Braydon, he, Luke Yates, would go to the other side and fight a battle of annihilation.

He would not disobey Braydon's orders, but it did not prevent him from falling on the battlefield!

Now, Luke had disappeared again.

Braydon pushed the wheelchair to the entrance of the community.

"Braydon, wait!" Laura Quinn said.

Braydon stopped.

At the side, a crippled old man who had set up a stall to sell pancakes turned around and said in surprise, "Old Neal, why did you push Laura back? Go back quickly. It's going to rain tonight. With Laura's weak body, how dare you let her suffer in the rain? Don't cook tonight. I have some hot pancakes here for you to bring home to eat!" As he spoke, the crippled old man wrapped four large, steaming pancakes in a plastic bag.

"Brother White, that won't do!" Louis Neal refused.

"Take it!" The old man forced the bag into his hands.

"Braydon," Laura said softly, "Your Uncle White is a good man. He's helped our family a lot all these years!" "Uncle White, I'm Braydon!" Braydon smiled brightly.

The old man quickly wiped his hands on his apron and shook his hand. "So, you're Braydon. I've heard your father mention you before. You're really tall and handsome!" "Brother White, it's getting late now. How about tomorrow? My family will treat you to a meal!" Louis offered.

The old man did not reject his offer. "Alright, I won't go if it's someone else's treat. Since it's your treat, I'll go even if it's stormy!" "It's a deal!" Louis took out a crumpled hundred dollar note and quietly stuffed it into the wooden box next to him.

The head of the workers who had just gotten off work passed by. He had big golden teeth and rudely threw ten dollars at him while urging, "Old man White, what are you talking about? How many dishes can two poor people make if they treat each other? Where are my two pancakes?" "I'm working on it. Please wait a moment, boss Zen!" Uncle White smiled apologetically and quickly got busy.

However, Jimmy Zen's eyes were very sharp. He saw the four pancakes in Laura's hand and immediately scolded, "You think I'm blind? Did you sell my pancakes to this crippled woman?" "No, boss Zen, don't worry. I saw that you were busy and was worried that the pancake would go cold, so I gave them to Laura first. I'll make you a hot one now!" Uncle White continued to explain.

In the end, Jimmy Zen punched Uncle White on the chest, and he staggered back and fell to the ground, revealing half of his fake leg.

"Zen, don't go too far!" Louis was furious.

"Don't yell at me. Do you think I'll be afraid of you just because your son is back?" Jimmy sneered, "To be honest, I have more than a hundred people under me. The construction projects that I have contracted are the real estate developed by your Neal family. I've known about your past a long time ago. If I beat you up today, will the Neal family not give me some benefits?" Jimmy raised his leg and was about to kick Louis.

The Strongest War God chapter 15-Heading to the Neal Family Jimmy Zen's actions were undoubtedly courting death!

Braydon's eyes turned cold.

Whoosh!

Gordon Lowe gripped the hilt of his sword and unsheathed it, revealing a cold light that was piercing to the eyes!

Bryan Goldman stopped and looked at the situation.

Braydon's left hand moved slightly, and the back of his hand fell on Jimmy's cheek.

Smack!

A crisp sound was heard as Jimmy was sent flying in the air. He fell heavily on the ground, feeling dizzy.

If his parents were not here today, Braydon would have killed him.

“You dare to hit me? You’re even revolting against the heavens!” Jimmy was furious.

Damn it, all his golden teeth had been knocked out.

It was quite expensive to see the dentist!

Braydon turned around, took out the black saber from Zayn Ziegler’s waist with his fair left hand, and pointed it at Jimmy!

“I would even dare to kill you!” Braydon said calmly.

Jimmy’s body trembled. Braydon was so young; how could he be so cruel?

Uncle White was helped up by Louis Neal before he hurriedly said, “Braydon, don’t be rash. You’re still young. You don’t have to risk your life for this kind of person!” “Old sir, you’re too kind. Let’s not talk about killing him today. Even if we kill his whole family, it won’t be worth our lives!” Bryan smiled humbly.

Uncle White was stunned and did not come back to his senses for a long time!

Laura Quinn stopped him softly. “Braydon, I don’t care how powerful you are in the northern territory. You’re not allowed to fight with others so often in the future. Can you do that?” “Alright!” Braydon smiled brightly.

He turned around and put the saber back into the scabbard on Zayn’s waist.

“Promise me that if no one bullies us, you won’t use weapons in the future!” Laura said seriously.

“Alright, I promise you!” Braydon agreed readily.

However, Bryan and the others knew that not everyone in the world was worth Braydon’s time!

And not many people were worthy of the Northern King sword!

In the past seven years, the Northern King sword had only been unsheathed three times!

The first time was when the northern defense line was in great danger. The foreign army invaded Hansworth. The Northern King sword was unsheathed, and in the desert, he killed 720,000 enemies, causing the foreign countries to tremble in fear!

The second time the Northern King sword was unsheathed was naturally because Luke Yates had caused trouble outside the borders and was besieged by 50,000 elite enemies. It was Braydon who had killed 30,000 enemies with the sword and saved him.

The last time he had used the Northern King sword was at the beginning of autumn last year.

Since then, he had rarely used the Northern King sword.

Therefore, when he used the Northern King sword this time, the Great Demon King Luke Yates was also curious. He thought that he had encountered a tough and strong enemy.

“A man’s promise is worth a thousand gold, so you can’t go back on your word!” Laura said suspiciously.

“I know!” Braydon was helpless.

Could there not be a little trust between him and his mother?

As the lights at the intersection lit up, ten black cars stopped in an orderly manner at the entrance.

After thirteen years of a humiliating life, Louis instinctively pulled Braydon to the side. At a glance, he could tell that a big shot had arrived.

Uncle White clicked his tongue. “What a show. Such good cars. It must cost at least a million dollars each, right?” Bryan and the others smiled. They had no interest in such material things, even though such a luxury car cost nearly two million dollars.

The door of the first car opened, and the driver was Steve Xavier, the leader of the Preston team!

“Main team leader, the car is here!” He quickly got out of the car.

“Braydon, are they here to pick us up?” Louis was extremely shocked.

“Of course, they are here to take us to the Neal family!” Braydon said as he pushed the wheelchair.

The extended door of the first car opened, and one could get in by pushing a wheelchair.

Steve drove to the Neal family, not daring to say a word.

The people in the car were all people that Steve respected!

Uncle White was stunned for a long time before he said, “Old Neal’s son is really something!” At the back of the convoy, a thousand young men in black clothes were following them in unison!

This scene scared Jimmy Zen, and his back was covered in cold sweat.

With such a grand entrance, Jimmy realized that the young man in plain clothes was telling the truth when he said he would dare to kill him!

“Boss Zen, are you scared silly?” Uncle White said disdainfully.

“I don’t want the pancakes anymore!” Jimmy immediately got up and ran.

In the new Preston district, on the streets far from the city center, the CBD commercial buildings, commercial centers, and so on were all filled with a modern atmosphere.

There was a manor that covered an area of nearly twenty acres filled with precious ginkgo trees, one of which was planted after Braydon was born.

The seven great families in Preston had many descendants, so they obviously all had manors.

This was the Neal family’s home!

Today, the Neal family manor was brightly lit, and luxury cars could be seen on the roadside.

“We’re here!” Steve reminded him in a low voice.



“Braydon!” Laura grabbed Braydon tightly with both hands, her knuckles turning white!

This was not nervousness nor excitement!

She was afraid!

She had not returned to the Neal family for thirteen years, so Laura was terrified.

Laura still could not forget the despair on that rainy night!

Louis’ eyes were red!

“Mom, don’t worry, I’m here!” Braydon said gently.

“Mom will listen to you!” Laura calmed down a little.

However, through the window, they could see that it was drizzling. Before they left, Uncle White had reminded them that it would rain tonight.

“It’s a rainy night again. What a coincidence!” Braydon chuckled.

On a rainy night when he was seven years old, young Braydon experienced unimaginable despair.

On this rainy night, Braydon would let everyone in the Neal family experience more terrible despair!

Braydon pushed the wheelchair out of the car slowly, and Bryan Goldman was holding an umbrella beside him.

The strange thing was that there was no rain on the umbrella!

The light rain that was one meter away from the umbrella seemed to be separated by an invisible wave of air and was falling elsewhere.

There was a registration counter in front of the Neal family’s gate. At this point, lines after lines of greetings could be heard.

“The General Manager of Yorksher Group is here! He’s here to present a golden Buddha statue! May Old Master Neal be as blessed as the Eastern Sea and live as long as an old man in the southern mountains!” “The

Chairman of Doffer Textile Co. Ltd. has arrived with a pair of Ming Dynasty orchid porcelain bottles. He wishes Old Master Neal a long and prosperous life!" "The eldest Young Master of the Larson family has arrived with a hundred-year-old wild ginseng, sixteen pairs of diamond bracelets, eight gold hairpins, nine gold and silver necklaces, and 8.88 million in cash. We wish Old Master Neal a long and happy life!" ... Without exception, they were all gifts.

The gifts from the Larson family's eldest young master were the most unique ones. It looked like a betrothal gift no matter how one looked at it!

The silver-haired old man sitting high up in the hall laughed heartily when he heard the congratulations from all sides.

However, at the main entrance, a group of people in white clothes and mourning clothes suddenly appeared. There were many old and young women and children. They held spirit summoning clubs and carried large flower rings. Their cries for their fathers and mothers immediately exploded.

This scene caused the people who came to offer their blessings to be dumbfounded.

Who the heck was so bold?

They were actually making such a depressing scene tonight. They were simply offending the Neal family to the death!

"An old acquaintance has given me an iron bell and a hundred-year-old coffin!" A loud male voice rang out.