

The Strongest War God

The Strongest War God chapter 16-The Northern King Will Guard the Country For as Long as He is Alive His loud voice resounded through the Neal family manor, and the guests inside and outside were stunned!

Bang!

Luke Yates had arrived with a big rusty black bell in his hand, and he threw it at the door.

The bell rang, and it reverberated for a long time.

The bell signified death!

The coffins had already been prepared!

The Great Demon King Luke Yates turned around and shouted, "All of you, cry!" No one knew where he got these people from. Nearly a hundred people were crying and wailing, and it suddenly became lively.

Fifty people quickly rushed out of the Neal family manor. They were all security guards and looked fierce, as if they wanted to kill Luke.

In front of him, a square-faced man with slick back hair tidied up his suit and said in a deep voice, "Young man, I see that you look a little unfamiliar. Dare I ask if our Neal family has offended you in any way?" "No, this is my first time in Preston!

"As expected of the millennia old ancient capital. There are so many antique objects. This big iron bell alone is not easy to find in the northern territory, but we found it in less than half an hour here!" Luke said.

"You're from the northern territory?" The square-faced middle-aged man's eyes flashed with a cold light.

He was the old master's eldest son, Larry Neal, a leading figure of the Neal family's second generation.

He was also the current head of the Neal family!

Luke sneered. "That's right. What's the matter? You want to threaten me?" "It seems that the little bastard has returned to the capital!" Larry immediately thought of Braydon.

At the back of the crowd, Braydon was pushing the wheelchair slowly, and the crowd made way for him.

Larry's eyes flashed with surprise. He did not expect Braydon to have really returned!

"I, Braydon, the eldest son of the third generation of the Neal family, wish Grand Uncle a long life!" His words resounded through the entire Neal family manor!

All the surrounding guests were shocked!

A fat bald man in the crowd asked in a low voice, "Is this kid the one who escaped from the Neal family's great upheaval thirteen years ago?" "It's him, the abandoned son of the Neal family. His father is Louis Neal, a leading figure of the second generation of the Neal family!" "Speaking of which, their family is really miserable!" "Can they be more miserable than that kid? I heard from the grapevine that his family of three was hunted down, and they had to run for the whole night. That kid was only seven years old at that time. If it wasn't for the Sage family's interference and the old lady's protection, that kid would have died long ago!" "Shut up! You guys don't want to live anymore? Discussing in front of the Neal family's door, do you want to die?" ... The whispers in the crowd could not be hidden from the ears of everyone in the Neal family.

Seeing this, Larry Neal laughed instead of getting angry. "So, it's big brother's family who's home. Laura looks so thin now. This wheelchair looks old. I'll give Sister-in-Law a new one tomorrow!" "No need!" Louis coldly refused.

Someone from the Neal family's younger generation angrily rebuked, "Your family still has the face to come back? Get out!" "Impudent! Back down! You have no right to speak!" After Larry's reprimand, no one dared to speak nonsense again.

In the eyes of the head of the family, dirty laundry should not be aired in public, and there were so many outsiders at the door. No matter what happened today, the Neal family would become the biggest joke in Preston overnight!

There's a saying that goes 'Coax the dog in, close the door, and kill it!' However, Larry did not know that once Braydon had stepped through the door today, it would be the day when the tiger would roar at the Neal family.

"Big brother, please come in!" Larry laughed.

Under everyone's gazes.

Louis strode through the door, but someone secretly stretched out his leg to make him trip. If Braydon had not reached out and pulled him, he would have fallen.

Immediately, it caused the entire hall to burst into laughter.

Larry laughed lightly. "Big brother, be careful when you walk. If you want to greet my father, you can do so only when you've reached the central room!" The laughter around him did not stop. Louis was livid. He clenched his rough fists and did not say a word!

He turned around and left!

"Dad, there's going to be a show today. The three of us are the main characters. You can't be absent!" Braydon stopped him and said.

"Braydon, I..." King Braydon felt that his father had been embarrassed.

However, Braydon held his hand and turned around. His voice was as cold as the Grim Reaper's, grim and colorless.

"Find him and cripple him!" Braydon had merely uttered five words!

Luke Yates was like a phantom, quietly going behind Larry and picking up a thin youth.

He was the one who had stretched out his leg to block Louis!

As Luke's cloak fluttered, two battle swords that were inserted diagonally at his waist were revealed!

All it took was the time needed for a spark to fly off a flint, as two sabers were unsheathed and shot to the ground, piercing through the skinny young man's legs and nailed to the ground. Blood was flowing out profusely.

“Ahh, my leg!” The shrill screams made people’s hair stand on ends.

This ruthless method shocked many people!

Luke’s eyes were calm. He turned around and followed Braydon silently.

Only Larry’s eyes were fixed on the two swords. He gasped and mumbled, “Northern Cold sword!” There was only one place where this sword could be produced, and that was the north!

Braydon pushed the wheelchair past Larry, his thin lips moving slightly, “Let’s go. It’s Grand Uncle’s birthday!” That one sentence alerted Larry!

The Neal family’s manor was huge. Braydon was pushing the wheelchair in front of the asphalt road.

Laura Quinn’s brows were knitted together. The hidden illness left behind by the car accident made her waist even more swollen in the rainy weather.

Braydon took out a white jade bottle which was sealed with a red cloth. He gently placed it in Laura’s hand and said, “Mom, if your back hurts, just take one!” “Brother, this thing is for you to save your life!” Luke was anxious.

However, Braydon’s sharp gaze made him turn back.

Gordon Lowe frowned. He knew how precious the item in the white jade bottle was!

It would be difficult to make a second bottle even if the entire country were to pour in all its resources!

The medicine had long gone extinct!

Those who could concoct the medicine were already dead.

There were seven pills in the bottle, each of which could bring back the dead. This was for Braydon.

Luke and the others knew how important Braydon was.

As long as Braydon was alive, who would dare to cause trouble?

With the internal strife and the millions of enemies from Northern border pressing down on them, it was only natural for him to sweep away some of the enemies with the Northern Cold sword.

The Northern King was in charge of the northern territory. Who would dare to invade the areas that bordered the northern territory?

As long as the Northern King was alive, the country would forever be protected!

Laura opened the medicine bottle, and a medicinal fragrance assailed her nose. It was refreshing and clear. It was as if her sense of smell had been improved. She could smell the smell of soil and the fragrance of plants in the air.

A milky white pill was put into Laura's mouth.

The surging medicinal power was like a rainbow, rushing to the limbs and bones, dispelling all the pain, making Laura cry out with joy and excitement.

"Don't worry, Laura, take your time!" Louis quickly comforted her.

"Old Neal, my legs, I can feel my legs! Laura's eyes were slightly red.

It would be the biggest lie to say that she did not want to stand up again all these years!

Louis was shocked. What medicine was this?

The powerful effect was simply too heaven-defying. It allowed a person who had been sitting in a wheelchair for a long time to feel her legs, and the feeling was getting stronger and stronger!

The Strongest War God chapter 17-With a Sword in Hand, Kill all the Neals?

This scene made Larry Neal's eyes reveal a deep sense of fear.

A pill that could make a person who had been disabled for thirteen years to be able to stand once again was probably hard to find in the world.

However, the appearance of this thing on Braydon Neal made Larry feel that the seven-year-old boy who was hunted down that year had returned tonight for revenge!

“Mom, take one if you have back pain in the future!” Braydon said as he pushed the wheelchair.

Luke Yates wanted to say something but stopped himself. Braydon had to keep one of these pills to protect his own life.

Laura Quinn sealed the small jade bottle and stuffed it into Braydon’s hand. She instructed, “This medicine must be very precious. Keep it!” Braydon smiled. There was not much room for compromise between the mother and son.

In Braydon’s eyes, it was not difficult to make Laura take the medicine.

One pill was enough for Laura’s body to digest for three days.

Within three days, there was a high chance of her standing up. If not, she would eat another one.

Laura’s face was slightly red as she whispered, “Old Neal, push me to the bathroom!” “Ah, okay!” Louis Neal was stunned and quickly pushed her wheelchair over.

It was not because Laura was being troublesome, but the pills in the jade bottle could help ordinary people cleanse their bones and marrow, remove their own impurities, strengthen their tendons and bodies, and strengthen their essence.

Therefore, it was expected that Laura would need to go to the bathroom.

“Bryan!” Braydon said.

The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, immediately got the message and said that he also needed to go to the bathroom.

But Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly, and his voice was thin as he said, “If you encounter anyone with ill-intentions, kill without mercy!” Bryan nodded slightly. He knew who he should protect and who he should kill!

Anyone who dared to harm Louis and Laura would be killed by Bryan.

Someone from the Neal family whispered disdainfully. “This family is such a nuisance. They didn’t bring any gifts, instead they brought waste with them!”

As soon as he had finished speaking, Braydon put his hands behind his back and moved like the wind. In a flash, he was twenty meters away!

This speed was too shocking!

Was it possible for a human to travel twenty meters in an instant?

Smack!

Braydon raised his left hand, and the back of his hand fell on the thin young man's cheek.

A slap sent him flying, and all his teeth fell out.

By the time everyone else came back to their senses, they saw that he had already fallen unconscious and had a concussion.

"Braydon, you're going way overboard!" The descendants of the Neal family were furious.

"This is the Neal family, not a place for you to behave atrociously!" "First Uncle, will our Neal family really allow this good-for-nothing abandoned son to cause a scene here?" The Neal family younger generation was about to spit fire through their eyes.

"Braydon, aren't you going too far?" Larry frowned.

"Too far? I'm sorry, there's more to come!" Braydon smiled humbly and politely. He walked further into the manor and said, "I don't want to draw my sword before I meet Gerald Neal, that's why I didn't kill you!" "What do you want to do?" Larry was infuriated.

"I want to exterminate your entire Neal family. What do you think?" Braydon stopped and turned around. His words silenced everyone.

What an arrogant sentence!

The light rain seemed to be falling even more rapidly.

Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade that was trying to lower his presence, and Carl Mason, the fierce tiger of Northern Hansworth, unconsciously placed their hands on the handles of the swords at their waists.

With just a word from Braydon, they would dare to be the sword-wielders and wipe out the Neal family.

They would wipe them out of Preston!

The surrounding Neal family members were even more shocked and angry. They did not expect Braydon to be so arrogant.

As Braydon was talking to them, he had already walked into the inner parts of the Neal family manor.

Of course, Braydon was familiar with all the buildings here. This was his former home!

The Neal family's internal strife had originated from the two old men's falling out and the problem of the second generation's successor of the family!

There were two elders in the Neal family. The eldest, Graham Neal, was Braydon's grandfather!

Back then, he was the head of the Neal family. He had four sons who were known as the four dragons of the Neal family, all of whom were dragons among men.

The eldest, Louis Neal, was Braydon's father. He was the leader of the second generation of the Neal family. His ability was outstanding, dazzling like the shining star of Preston city!

If there were no accidents, the position as family head would definitely belong to Louis Neal.

However, the second elder was Gerald Neal, Braydon's grand uncle.

He was not willing to accept that!

Gerald Neal wanted to support his eldest son, Larry Neal, so he secretly colluded with outsiders and set off a storm thirteen years ago.

That old thing, Gerald Neal, forced his elder brother to die with the help of external forces. He killed Braydon's second and fourth uncle!

Back then, third uncle was far away in the north and was dressed in military attire, so he was not affected.

Braydon was sent to the northern territory, and it was because of his third uncle's protection that he grew up safely.

That was why Braydon said that when he returned to the capital, he would kill three people first.

The first person was Gerald Neal!

Because of the Neal family's internal strife, a Northern King was born.

Today, King Braydon had returned only for revenge!

It was a blood feud!

His grandfather's tragic death, his father's secret suppression, and having to swallow his anger and endure thirteen years of humiliation; this man's dignity was trampled on by the Neal family until it was worthless!

Braydon's second uncle and fourth uncle had always treated him like their own child!

However, they had lost their lives at the hands of Gerald Neal's branch!

Braydon's cotton clothes fluttered as he stepped on the puddles, splashing dirty water everywhere. He murmured softly, "If I don't take revenge, I, Braydon, am not worthy of being a son!" The Neal family manor's tallest building was a seven-storey circular building, also known as the bright hall. It was where the Neal family received their distinguished guests.

It was his second uncle who had personally designed and supervised the completion of such a building!

With his return to his old home, Braydon stood at the door and shouted, "I, Braydon Neal, wish Grand Uncle a long and prosperous life!" His words were like a tiger's roar, causing the lively hall to fall into dead silence!

Normally, the Neal family would not dare to mention the name Braydon, but today, not only did he mention it, but he was also here!

The people who came to offer their blessings in the bright hall were all distinguished guests!

The representatives of the seven great families were all here to offer their blessings. The outstanding third generation of the Neal family was present as well.

Without exceptions, they were all in the bright hall!

The hundred people gathered in the bright hall looked at the door in unison.

In the high seat of the bright hall, a silver-haired old man was sat at the head of the table. His face was ruddy, and his smile slowly disappeared!

That incident was taboo in the Neal family, and no one dared to mention it in front of Gerald Neal.

Braydon strode in through the door, his seven-foot body tall and handsome!

Everyone was stunned, and no one dared to make a sound.

Gerald Neal slowly said, "What a good young man. What a good long life. As expected of a son of the Neal family. You have guts. I'll accept your well-wishes!" A young man in a suit stood at the side. His name was Spencer Larson. He had come with gifts to offer his blessings and also to propose a marriage.

He was the Larson family's eldest young master!

Spencer Larson smiled lightly, "So, you are Braydon. You don't have any manners. How can you not kneel as the younger generation offering his wishes to an elder?" His words made many people smile and look at Braydon coldly. He was simply courting death.

The Neal family had always wanted to get rid of the root of the problem and erase the hidden danger known as Braydon. Now, he had actually delivered himself to the door and even asked to be humiliated.

"Who do you think you are?!" Luke Yates cast a lazy glance at him.

"My name is Spencer Larson. I'm not famous, but whenever my name is mentioned in Preston, people will have to give me some face!" Spencer Larson said with pride.

No one would have guessed that Luke would lift his head up high and say, "I've never heard of you!"

The Strongest War God chapter 18-Who Can Protect You?

Spencer Larson's face darkened. He really did not expect that he would lose face here.

"Who knows where this country bumpkin came from? One look and I can tell he's not a local. Otherwise, how could he not have heard of Spencer's name?" A slim girl at the side chimed in.

"Who in Preston doesn't know Young Master Larson's name?" Another person said in a flattering manner.

The bald, middle-aged chairman of Doffer textile, Samuel Zoll, snorted with disdain. "Country bumpkins! How many people can they know?" Spencer's expression softened, but before he could say anything, Luke Yates spoke with an expressionless face, "I'm indeed not a local. I'm from the northern territory!" "You're indeed a country bumpkin! How much knowledge can a person from the forsaken land of the north have?" Samuel laughed.

Luke raised his eyebrows, and a cold glint flashed across the depths of his eyes!

Even Gordon Lowe did not dare to say that to him! Who the hell was this Samuel Zoll?

Smack!

Luke gave Samuel a tight slap, and he fell to the ground!

However, before he could recover from his shock, Luke took another step forward and stepped on him!

"A bunch of useless things who don't know the immensity of heaven and earth!" As he spoke, Luke kicked Samuel a few times in succession, leaving him on the verge of death.

However, this was not the end!

He turned around and snorted coldly, "Is he the chairman of the textile company?" Gordon lightly nodded.

Luke's expression darkened.

“Steve Xavier, get in here!” “Here!” Steve was covered in cold sweat.

Luke Yates was the unruliest of the five commanders and was also the biggest troublemaker in the entire Eastern Hansworth.

However, no one dared to touch Luke!

Firstly, it was because of the terrifying power he had.

More importantly, they did not even know whose younger brother he was!

Who dared to touch the left-wing guard of the Northern King?

Now that Steve Xavier had appeared, everyone’s pupils shrank, and their faces turned pale!

Gerald Neal, who was sitting at the head of the table, also felt his legs tremble. He stood up and said, “Team Leader Xavier?” Steve lowered his head and ignored everyone. He was covered in cold sweat.

Luke did not care about what others thought and said coldly, “This guy scolded me. What should I do?” “There are five great commanders in the country. You live in Eastern Hansworth. Insulting you is equivalent to insulting the six provinces in Eastern Hansworth. He deserves to be killed!” Steve said frankly.

According to the rules of the special operations team, the commander was the leader!

Who would dare to humiliate him?

Luke snorted coldly.

“Kill him, chop him up, and feed him to the dogs!” “Yes, Sir!” Steve immediately agreed.

Everyone shivered.

It was only now that they realized Luke Yates had a powerful background!

Zayn Ziegler looked at Luke and shook his head. He said, “No need. Seal up all his properties as punishment!” Steve nodded and quickly ordered his men to do it.

Luke did not pay attention to Zayn's words. He glanced at Spencer Larson and then gave him a tight slap!

Smack!

"You seem to be the main culprit." Spencer's eyes were red!

However, Luke did not even bother to talk to him!

He turned around and grabbed the handle of a sword, pulling out a black battle sword from Steve's waist. Luke suddenly stabbed and instantly pierced through Spencer's left shoulder, nailing him to the ground!

Everyone's pupils shrank!

No one had expected that this black-clothed youth would attack just like that!

The iron-blooded ruthlessness of his wrists was daunting!

Now, seeing Spencer's miserable appearance, Luke laughed in disdain.

"How's my country bumpkin sword?" They wanted Braydon to kneel down and greet them; it was an insult to their Northern King. This group of people did not know what was good for them!

Today, he wanted these people to find out whose world this was!

"Braydon, have you forgotten what you promised Mom?" Laura Quinn frowned slightly.

"Return and sheath your blade!" Braydon said indifferently.

Luke pulled out his blade from Spencer's shoulder, causing blood to splatter, which was followed by a painful howl.

The bright hall was silent, and all the guests were as silent as cicadas in winter!

Braydon's return this time would probably stain the Neal family with blood!

Seeing Spencer being taken away by the Larson family, Gerald Neal stood up and cupped his fists, looking at Steve Xavier.

“Team Leader Xavier, the Neal family and your team have never crossed each other’s path. In the end, Braydon is a descendant of the Neal family. Today’s matter is the Neal family’s family matter. Team Leader Xavier, do you really want to interfere?” “The Preston team is forcefully interfering in the Neal family’s affairs. I’m afraid it won’t be good if word gets out!” Larry Neal’s eyes glowed.

Steve secretly rolled his eyes and did not say anything.

On such an occasion, who was he to speak?

“Since it’s a family matter, let’s solve it ourselves!” Braydon snapped his fingers and smiled.

Steve turned around and left the bright hall without a word.

Seeing this, the other guests also found excuses to leave one by one.

All of a sudden, there were only two groups of people left in the entire hall- Laura Quinn’s family and the Neal family led by Gerald Neal.

Gerald sat back on his high seat, looked down, and sneered. “Braydon, you must have paid a high price to invite Team Leader Xavier of the Preston team, right?” Braydon chuckled.

Zayn and the others who were standing at the door sneered.

Steve was not worthy of their invitation.

However, Gerald did not care much and merely sneered, “You’re still too inexperienced. Steve Xavier is in charge of the Preston special operations team and secretly controls all martial artists. He has amazing authority. Although the Neal family is strong, we don’t dare to offend him. Which of the seven great families would dare to offend him?” “It’s a pity that Steve is gone. Once he’s gone, who do you think can protect you in the Neal family?” Larry laughed coldly, as if he was looking at an idiot.

They had only provoked him with a few words, but who knew that Braydon would stupidly think that he could handle the Neal family’s internal affairs himself.

But now? All aid was far away!

Gerald waved his hand. "How stupid! Send his family of three on their way. Make sure to clean up the mess!" "Leonard, you do it!" Larry laughed evilly.

Leonard Neal, Gerald Neal's second eldest son, grinned and looked at Braydon. He then quietly licked his lips.

"Braydon, have you ever felt what despair is like?"

The Strongest War God chapter 19-War God Level Leonard Neal had a bad temper. His body was thin and weak, and his eyes were yellowish. His hands were full of calluses, and his eyebrows had a murderous look to it!

Beginner level fighter, Leonard Neal!

In fact, all seven of Preston's great families had ancient martial arts practitioners!

Unfortunately, in modern society, martial arts were forbidden. In addition to the strict surveillance of the special operations teams in various places, all the members of the special operations team had the right to punish the ancient martial artists on the spot if they dared to do as they pleased and kill ordinary people for no reason!

The ancient martial arts practitioners were further divided into the lowest level of martial apprentices. The lowest level martial apprentices were basically the disciples who were responsible for serving tea.

Above them were the martial artists!

Martial artists cultivated their Qi and blood, trained their bones and muscles, and could break stones with a lift of their hand. It was a power that ordinary people could not imagine.

As for the cultivation method, it was a secret that would not be passed on.

The Neal family had half of an ancient martial arts cultivation method, which was obtained by Gerald and Graham Neal. It was regarded as the Neal family's most precious treasure, which was passed on to the men and not the women!

Leonard stepped forward.

“I’ll send your family of three on your way now!” When a martial artist made a move, no mortal could match him.

Leonard was ranked ninth among the top ten martial artists in Preston!

At this moment, Leonard made a move in an instant, forming his hand into a claw aimed at Braydon’s throat!

Braydon was as calm as the wind, not moving an inch!

“Has this person been scared silly?” “No matter how arrogant Braydon is, in the end, he’s still not strong enough!” “The bigger fist is the absolute principle!” A group of Neal family juniors were pointing and discussing among themselves, their faces full of disdain.

However, in the next second, everyone’s expression changed!

When Leonard’s claw-like hands touched Braydon’s throat, it looked like he had already caught it, but in fact, there was still a distance of one centimeter.

It was this one centimeter of distance that made Leonard’s eyes reveal fear!

“War... War God level!” “Impossible!” Leonard’s eyes widened in anger!

As an ancient martial artist, no one knew better than him what a War God level fighter meant!

One person could destroy an entire city!

It was extremely terrifying!

But now, Leonard was calling Braydon the War God!

How could this be possible?

However, at this moment, Leonard’s hand seemed to be bound by an invisible force. He was in a dilemma and was stuck in place!

And this invisible force was the War God’s pressure!

In front of everyone’s shocked eyes, Braydon’s thin lips moved.

“Kneel down!” Boom!

A terrifying pressure gushed out and enveloped Leonard's entire body. He was then forcefully brought to his knees.

Bang!

The floor cracked with the force, and the legs of his pants were stained red. White bones could be vaguely seen protruding from his knees!

This pressure swept across the bright hall. No one in the Neal family was left standing. They were all brought to their knees!

Gerald Neal knelt on the ground and trembled instinctively.

The aura of a War God!

Who in Preston could stop him?

In the eyes of Bryan Goldman and the others, martial apprentices and martial artists were just newly advanced ancient martial artists.

Further up would be the warrior level, the warlord level, and the War God level!

The gap between a martial artist and a War God was like a chasm!

However, at this moment, Luke Yates curled his lips in disdain.

"My brother entered the northern region when he was seven years old. He became a warrior in less than a month and became a general in half a year. He became a War God when he was nine years old. He killed six War Gods from other countries and became the War God of the northern region!

"When he was thirteen, he used the entire country's resources to collect meteoric iron. He spent four years to forge the Northern King sword. He stood in the northern territory and single-handedly stopped 100,000 enemies. He slaughtered all of them and earned the name of the overlord of the northern territory!" ... "When he entered the king realm at the age of seventeen, he was given the title of Northern King, but my brother refused. However, martial arts etiquette cannot be abolished. Someone suggested to add another word before my brother's name, so his full name is King Braydon Neal!

"My brother refused once again!

“War God level? My brother has more than a hundred War Gods under his command, and they are in charge of the northern territory. With just one order, they can head to Preston with a million black-armored elites and point their blades at you!” Luke Yate’s sonorous words resounded throughout the entire bright hall.

The entire room was silent!

Who would dare believe these words?

This was no longer a story, but a legend!

“How is this possible?!” Larry Neal muttered instinctively.

Under the intense fear and uneasiness, Larry’s face had turned pale!

“Brother! I regret what I’ve done!” Gerald Neal cried out in grief.

A single word of regret made this eighty-year-old man feel so much pain that he wished he was dead!

Louis Neal’s eyes were enlivened.

He had never thought that his child would have grown to this stage.

“Braydon! You’ve suffered so much all these years in the northern territory!” Laura Quinn’s eyes turned red.

“Aunt Laura, my brother once told me that a seven-foot-tall man should stand between the heavens and the earth. He should be bold for his entire life and have the courage to conquer thousands of miles like a tiger. There’s no such thing as suffering. Only through the cruelest tempering can the sharpest sword be forged!” Luke laughed carefreely, causing Gordon Lowe’s lips to curl into a smile.

He could testify that it was indeed Braydon who had said it.

“Mom, I’m fine!” Braydon said softly.

After a brief moment of comfort, a powerful killing intent shocked the entire Neal family, and they began to cry out in fear.

Braydon said softly, "On that rainy night thirteen years ago, my grandfather was forced to die by your hand in this bright hall. In order to let me escape, Fourth Uncle chose to cover my retreat. He was right in front of the bright hall when you, Larry Neal, pierced through his heart with a single sword!

"It was my seventh birthday that day. I turned around and I, Braydon, saw clearly that my fourth uncle died in your hands!

"Grandfather took great care of me, and Fourth Uncle treated me like his own son. If I don't take revenge, I won't be able to get rid of my hatred!" When Braydon talked about the past, his hair fluttered without any gust of wind, showing the true anger of a tyrant.

Braydon's anger could turn the world upside down!

In the next moment, Braydon touched his waist with his fair left hand and took off the black cloak behind him, revealing the sword on his waist.

The sword was called the Northern King!

The Northern King sword was famous in the northern territory for standing on the corpses of 720,000 enemies.

Whoosh!

In an instant, the Northern King sword was unsheathed!

The pitch-black blade was slightly curved. It looked heavy, but it was filled with cold killing intent.

In the blink of an eye, wild geese circled in the skies above Preston city. They cried out, and their wings fell. The pet dogs on the street shat and peed themselves, and they lay on the ground whimpering.

In some domestic fowl farms, the chickens and white geese flapped their wings in panic.

This was the Northern King sword!

Braydon held the knife in his left hand, and his eyes were very cold as he stared at the Neal family.

Everyone was terrified!

“That rainy night, you, Leonard Neal, chased after me and my mother. You’re indeed the second master of the Neal family. You’re so ruthless. If Grandma Sage didn’t come in the rain to protect me, I, Braydon, would have died in your hands that night!

“None of you in the Neal family are innocent!” Braydon held the Northern King sword and stood proudly in the hall!

The Strongest War God chapter 20-How Could an Ant Devour an Elephant?

Then, the Northern King sword shot out and stabbed into the ground in front of Gerald Neal!

Braydon’s action was self-evident!

Retribution!

He, Gerald Neal, could not escape this fate!

“It’s retribution... Retribution!” Gerald’s body trembled. He closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. He held the Northern King sword with both hands and exerted force!

The blade did not move at all!

The Northern King sword was made with the strength of the entire country. It was forged for four years using meteoric iron and weighed 360 kilograms!

Gerald could not even make the sword budge with all his strength!

Braydon sneered, “You are not worthy to die under the Northern King’s sword!

“Braydon! You’re going too far!” Gerald’s eyes were red. Under the intense humiliation, he suddenly stood up and hit his head against the door beam!

Bang!

Blood splattered everywhere!

Gerald fell heavily to the ground with his neck twisted; he was dead!

An expert of his generation had lost his life on the spot!

Larry Neal instantly lost his voice.

“Braydon, I’m going to kill you!” Whoosh!

The one thousand young men in black clothes, wearing black scarves on their faces, pulled out the black swords from their waists!

Thousands of black Northern Cool swords were shining with a dim light!

Larry’s whole body turned cold, and he finally realized how terrifying Braydon was after his return!

Leonard Neal’s expression was grim, and he could not help but growl, “Steve Xavier, they’re all martial artists. Are you going to let them attack us?” “You have five warriors in the Neal family, so you’re not ordinary people,” Steve said calmly.

“Steve Xavier! Let me ask you this: who’s in charge of the Preston team?” Luke Yates asked in disdain.

Steve replied, “The Central Hansworth main team!” “Then, who’s the commander of the Central Plains’ main team?” Luke asked again.

“Commander Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade of Central Plains!” Steve said.

“Where is he?” Luke asked.

“Right here!” Steve turned around and saluted.

Larry was silent, and all the people in the Neal family were in fear!

They had never thought that the person who followed Braydon in silence had such a terrifying background!

How was this a follower? This was clearly a giant that could crush the Neal family with a stomp of his foot!

Leonard laughed at himself. “The person who suppresses all the martial artists in the three provinces of the Central Plains, also known as the figure standing at the peak of Mount Tanish... I didn’t expect that he would come to a small place like our Neal family’s manor!” “I’m sorry, I’m not the only commander here today!” Zayn Ziegler casually pointed and said coldly, “Him!

The Marquis of Western Hansworth, Bryan Goldman, the Commander of Western Hansworth!

“Carl Mason, the ferocious Tiger of Northern Hansworth, the former Commander of Northern Hansworth!

“Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe, the Commander of Southern Hansworth!

“The Great Demon King, Luke Yates, the Commander of Eastern Hansworth!”
At the end of his speech, Leonard knelt on the ground, his face pale!

The five great commanders of the country had gathered in the Neal family’s manor today!

The Neal family was receiving such great honor!

Braydon held the long sword in his hand, his face as cold as ice.

“Fourth Uncle, rest in peace!” With a sigh, the Northern King sword turned into a black shadow and pierced through Larry Neal’s chest, nailing him to the door of the bright hall!

Everyone in the Neal family was trembling! However, no one dared to say a word!

Braydon took Leonard outside the bright hall.

Outside the hall, it was pouring heavily.

Braydon looked at the sky and said softly, “You shall kneel here for the rest of your life!

“I’ll let you experience all the humiliation my father has suffered all these years and the pain my mother has suffered in her wheelchair!

“If you dare to commit suicide, you will bear the consequences!” Braydon chuckled, and his eyes quietly fell on Leonard’s two sons who were kneeling in the bright hall.

In an instant, Leonard’s face turned ashen, but he did not dare to refute at all!

Life and death were no longer in his hands!

The rain outside was getting heavier and heavier, and Carl put a black cloak on Braydon.

Braydon turned around and looked at the people of the Neal family. “Dad, everything in the Neal family belongs to you. The head of the family should be you!” Louis Neal opened his mouth to speak, but Braydon stopped him.

Everything in the Neal family belonged to Louis Neal.

There were decades of Braydon’s grandfather’s hard work in this. Only by taking everything back could he be worthy of his grandfather’s soul in heaven!

“Where are the graves of Second Uncle and Fourth Uncle?” Braydon asked softly.

“In the cemetery in the western suburbs!” Someone answered.

Braydon’s expression turned cold. “They died without being buried in the ancestral grave? Then, you will face the same outcome!” The Neal family’s ancestral grave was not in the cemetery in the western suburbs. Since Gerald Neal dared to treat the dead like this, Braydon would treat them the same way!

The entire Neal family was still silent! No one dared to say a word!

Braydon ignored the wind and rain and wanted to go to the grave to pay his respects.

At the gate of the Neal family’s manor, a black carriage team slowly stopped, and nearly fifty people got off.

The leader was a crane-haired old man with a youthful face. He was wearing a black handmade suit and had a string of beads in his hand. A middle-aged man in a suit bent over and stood beside him, holding an umbrella for him.

After a moment of silence, the old man finally snorted heavily!

“I’d like to see just how powerful this abandoned son of the Neal family, who had disappeared for thirteen years, is. He even dares to hurt the eldest grandson of my Larson family!” The old man was Howard Larson, the Larson family’s old master.

He, Gerald Neal, old lady Sage, and the others were all people of the same generation.

And they were all martial artists!

The Larson family brought people into the house and happened to bump into Braydon who was going out.

The cold wind howled in the rainy night!

The Northern King sword on Braydon's waist had been sheathed and handed over to Luke for safekeeping.

The Northern King sword was not to be seen in prosperous times. This was the rule set by Braydon in the past.

Gordon frowned; his face filled with disdain. "I'll clear the way!" "This is the Central Plains, the prosperous Preston city, not our northern territory. There are no foreign armies invading our borders. This is a prosperous city. Old Lowe, you should put away your sword!" Bryan Goldman could not help but laugh.

"Arrogant!" Everyone from the Larson family looked grim!

This Gordon Lowe was too arrogant!

However, before the two sides could fight, another convoy slowly drove over!

They were the Sage family!

"Why is she here?" Howard Larson frowned.

"Father, the Sage family has long declined. Our Larson family isn't afraid of this old woman!" The man in the suit who was holding the umbrella said in a low voice, his voice full of disdain.

Howard Larson's expression suddenly turned cold.

"Impudent! Although the Sage family is weak, they have a strong foundation! It's enough for the Sage family to last another thirty to fifty years!" The man in the suit did not think much of it, but he did not say anything.

In his eyes, they were merely the Sage family.

They were just ants!