

The Strongest War God chapter 33

The Strongest War God chapter 33-You're Not Qualified Enough!

The golden Qilin was the flag of the northern army!

Those were Harry Quinn's last words. His head tilted to the side, and he stopped breathing.

Theodore Quinn recalled Leonard Neal's words and muttered, "If you don't want to die, don't mess with him." The Neal family's car fleet turned around and slowly drove out of the Quinn family's residential area.

This made the Quinn family realize that the most terrifying person in the Neal family wasn't Louis Neal, but their eldest son, Braydon Neal!

Geoffrey Quinn looked like he had aged ten years. He sat on the ground weakly and recalled the mistakes he had made in the past.

One wrong step had really led to many more wrong steps!

Laura Quinn's family of three returned to the Neal family's manor only to find that the guests had arrived.

It was not Uncle White, who sold them pancakes last night, but Harold Sage, a young man of the third generation of the Sage family. He sat in the bright hall and waited quietly.

Compared to his peers, Harold was definitely outstanding. He was managing the Sage family's corporation at such a young age.

As for Harold's father, he had passed away in an accident a long time ago.

It was said that old master Sage and his two sons had died in a car accident.

At this moment, Louis' family of three had just gotten out of the car.

"Harold is here!" Laura Quinn said softly.

"Aunt Laura, I brought you some good bird's nest!" Harold was still very polite.

Laura could not help but scold him. "You're still treating me like an outsider. Are you here to look for Braydon today?" "Yes!" Harold did not hide his intention.

Louis pushed Laura back to rest, not curious about anything.

In the bright hall, Braydon sat down calmly. He did not care about what he had experienced at the Sage family yesterday.

"Tell me, what difficulties have the Sage family encountered?" Braydon had noticed that the Sage family was in trouble yesterday.

Harold furrowed his brows. "The Sage family isn't what it used to be, but we don't need outsiders to help us. I can handle it myself. Besides, your Neal family might not be doing better than my Sage family." Braydon chuckled. He did not expect Harold to have some sense of pride left.

It seemed that he had heard the news and knew that the Neal Corporation was in trouble, but he probably did not know that the matter had been resolved.

Harold handed him a gold card and placed it on the tea table.

He calmly said, "Three hundred million. This is what we can come up with at the moment. If your Neal family is really in a rush, the Sage family can borrow 1 billion from the Bank of Communications. I've already pulled some strings. We can withdraw it at any time!" "State your conditions!" Braydon took a sip of the hot tea and frowned.

He did not like black tea, and he did not know who made it.

"The conditions are simple. I want you to break off your engagement with Heather," Harold said calmly.

"Send the guest away!" Braydon stood up and took off his cloak, his face expressionless.

Harold shouted coldly, "Braydon, I know that you are an ancient martial arts practitioner and that you are very powerful. However, you have been in the northern territory for thirteen years and have been in the military for more than ten years. That's your life. Do you know what Heather likes?" Braydon stopped and turned around to look at him calmly.

Harold continued, "You don't know what she likes to eat. You don't know what she likes to wear either. You don't know whether Heather would be happy if she married you." His sharp words were meant to break through Braydon's psychological state.

However, Braydon was calm and waited for him to finish his sentence.

"The Neal family is facing a desperate situation, and things have reached such a critical point. The Sage family's corporation can provide you with the funds. I hope you'll reconsider!" Harold continued.

"You're treating this as a deal?" Braydon frowned.

Howard was slightly stunned. He did not expect Braydon to be so childish.

Between the great families, there were benefits behind everything.

No matter if it was the Neal family or the Sage family, as long as the other party was an ordinary family, how could the two sides set an engagement between two children?

Harold sneered disdainfully. "How childish. The marriage between the Neal and the Sage is for the sake of a deeper cooperation. I'll help you when the Neals are in trouble, but the condition is that you break off the engagement on your own. It's that simple!" Harold was not a martial artist, and he did not care how powerful a martial artist was.

Modern society was not a world where ancient martial artists could do whatever they wanted. He only cared about the Sage family's corporation and how the Sage family would be in the future.

Harold had come over and made this decision without permission, clearly hiding it from old lady Sage.

If the old lady knew about this, she would be furious.

Harold was still too young. To put it bluntly, he was short-sighted and inexperienced.

If Heather Queen married Braydon, it would be the Sage family climbing the social ladder!

As the Northern King, if he wanted power, he could rule the world and hold a high position in the palace. He would be unparalleled!

If he wanted money, hundreds of billions of dollars would be offered to him in the blink of an eye.

The Northern King's name was not as simple as just a king's level; it was a religion in the north!

These two words were a living legend!

At the entrance of the bright hall stood a mixed-race beauty. She had a beautiful face, a straight nose like a Westerner, and beautiful eyebrows. She had a pair of diamond earrings on her ear, and her wine-red hair was tied up.

"If the Neal family is in trouble, it's not up to you, a junior of the Sage family, to come and humiliate them!" She smiled elegantly.

Harold furrowed his brows and looked over. He obviously did not know her.

The girl handed him a name card with a simple introduction.

Xandra Milton, President of the Asian Investment Group of PG Corporations.

There was no need to question her identity, as it could be found on the company's official website.

"PG Corporation?!" Harold's pupils constricted, and he had lost his voice.

"What's wrong? Mr. Sage, if you have any doubts, you can check on the official website!" The corners of Xandra's lips curled up slightly. She turned around and bowed respectfully. "Northern King!" Harold was once again dazed by the way she addressed him.

He had thought that even though Braydon was an ancient martial arts practitioner, he would not understand the complexity of society, let alone the difficulty of running a business, and would not have any connections after having served in the northern territory for ten years.

However, Harold was completely dumbfounded today.

Xandra's thin lips moved slightly. "I've received an electronic document from President Steve. I've transferred 70 billion dollars into the Neal Corporation!" Braydon nodded gently and asked her to find Louis to sign the contract.

Harold was stunned and remained silent for a long time.

On the table, the gold card he took out was extremely eye-catching, like a slap to his face.

Three hundred million was a huge sum of money to ordinary people.

However, to the Neal Corporation, it was like a cup of water on a burning cart of firewood.

Moreover, Xandra Milton had brought 70 billion dollars from the PG Corporation and shattered Harold's high and mighty status.

Braydon put his hands behind his back and said indifferently, "I'm not interested in money. If I want it, hundreds of billions of dollars will be offered to me. If I want power, I won't be wearing this cloth robe!

"Let Grandma talk to me about the marriage that my father has decided.

"Harold Sage, you're not good enough!" Braydon turned around, and his golden Qilin cape fluttered in the wind. A gust of wind blew, and Harold was swept up by it. He was flung outside the door, falling heavily onto the ground.

Harold left in embarrassment. In front of Braydon, he, who was the top ten outstanding young men in Preston, was not even worth mentioning.

Xandra and Louis quickly signed the contract.

On the same day, the Neal Corporation announced that they had reached a partnership with the PG Corporation and accepted their 70 billion dollars investment.

This explosive news, even without a press conference, shocked all the companies in Preston.

The Neal family's waters were really too deep!

The Strongest War God chapter 34-Have the Helicopter Pick Us up In the past two years, there had been constant rumors that the Neal family's capital

chain was broken, and they could not support all the projects in the new district at all. They were on the verge of bankruptcy.

But who knew that the Neal family would actually get in touch with the PG Corporation and even receive seventy billion dollars.

The price they had to pay was only that one percent of the shares!

The benefits they gained from paying so little were hard to believe.

Louis Neal took over the Neal corporation and became the chairman. He also brought seventy billion dollars into the company, making the company's employees all respect him.

The Neal Corporation was a family business. No matter who was the chairman, all the employees had to work for him as the core, or they would be fired.

At the main seat of the bright hall, Braydon Neal sipped his black tea and frowned. "No black tea in the house from now on!" "I'll change the tea for you immediately, Young Master." There were two servants at the door who quickly replaced the tea.

The Neal family's manor was very big, and there were dozens of daily cleaners and security guards. Almost all of the seven great families were like this.

However, Harold Sage's sudden visit today, and his willingness to pay a huge price to ask Braydon to break off the engagement, was definitely not for Heather Queen's sake.

Even the Sage Corporation and the Sage family combined did not have such courage.

No one in the Sage family would agree to pay a price of more than one billion for a girl who would get married sooner or later.

This was because the education they received from a young age was the most important to their family. They were willing to sacrifice themselves for the family.

Braydon could only guess that Harold was benefitting more from this than he was paying!

Harold had obviously come fully prepared this time, and he had even offered three hundred million dollars.

In his expectation, this trip would be able to settle this matter, and the Neal family had no reason to refuse.

The truth was beyond Harold's expectations. He would never have thought that the Neal family would actually get such great help from the PG Corporation.

As Braydon thought about it, his eyes sharpened, and he could not help but glance at the door.

A young man in black walked in with great flair. The Northern King sword on his chest proved his identity. He was from the Central Hansworth main team.

"Have you found the person who took away my second and fourth uncle's ashes?" Braydon asked as he glanced at the man.

One look from him was deterrent enough!

Since the Central Hansworth main team dared to come, they had to give an answer.

Otherwise, it would be a waste of Braydon's time to talk about useless information. It would be a big taboo if they were in the north.

Cold sweat trickled down the young man's face. He felt an inexplicable suffocating pressure.

He knew that the young man in front of him was an existence that the five great commanders respected.

The young man cupped his fists and said hoarsely, "The head team leader asked me to report that the ashes of the two deceased have not been found." Crack!

The teacup in Braydon's hand suddenly exploded. The light green tea turned into a sharp sword and shot toward the roof.

The young man's face turned pale. He knelt down on one knee and did not dare to raise his head.

After all, Braydon had come back not only for his coronation ceremony, but also to visit his family's grave.

But God seemed to be playing with him. The ashes of his second uncle, Lowell Neal, and fourth uncle, Liam Neal, had been taken away, and there were no clues.

How could Braydon not be angry!

"We didn't find any traces of their ashes," the young man quickly said, "but our brothers in Lamar city have sent us a secret message. They said that they have found traces of fourth master Liam Neal!" "What?" This was probably the only thing that could make Braydon lose his composure.

His fourth uncle, Liam Neal, was actually alive?

If he was still alive, it would be great news.

Braydon suddenly stood up. The mahogany chair in front of him had been turned into dust, and he strode out of the bright hall.

Braydon's cold voice rang out, "Inform Lamar city's team to investigate my fourth uncle's whereabouts!"

"Yes, Sir!" The young man left in a hurry. He was drenched from head to toe. The pressure was too great in front of this man.

In fact, Zayn Ziegler had already gone to Lamar city in person. He wanted to solve all his problems before Braydon's twentieth birthday and his coronation.

There was no room for mistakes in this matter. The coronation was no child's play!

This was a rule that had been passed down for thousands of years.

Etiquette could not be abandoned, especially etiquette related to martial arts.

Braydon left the house in a hurry and asked someone to inform his mother that he would have to be absent from the party with Uncle White, who was selling pancakes that night.

The clues provided by the Lamar city team would not be without basis.

Regardless of whether it was true or not, it was worth Braydon's personal visit.

In front of the Neal family's gate.

Steve Xavier drove there in person. As the leader of the Preston team, he had real-time communication with the Lamar city team and could inform Braydon of any situation.

Another reason was that if Braydon went out alone, if there was someone who dared to provoke him to make a move, there would be no survivors.

Would the Preston team dare to interfere then?

Even if Steve had ten times the courage, he would not dare to meddle in Braydon's affairs. Even if he reported it to Zayn, he would probably be suppressed instantly.

Therefore, it was the safest for Steve to drive Braydon there personally.

The modified black SUV's diesel engine roared like a beast as it sped out of the city.

"Faster!" Braydon said with his eyes closed.

"Young Master Braydon, the speed has already exceeded 200!" Steve smiled bitterly and did not dare to be distracted.

It was considered super high speed on the highway, not to mention on the provincial highway.

Braydon did not make things difficult for him. When he noticed that the speed had slowed down, he opened his eyes and looked at the road in front of him. There were long distance trucks in front and behind him, and some people were honking anxiously.

The truck driver on the right lane rolled down the window and threw a cigarette at Steve. He said in a friendly tone, "Brother, stop honking. It's no use. I run this line every day, and I'd be stuck for two to three hours every time!" "Where's the detour?" Steve frowned and asked.

“Don’t even think about it,” the truck driver said grumpily. “If I could take a detour, would I be waiting here?” Steve’s eyes were filled with worry. He was not in a hurry, but he was afraid that the big shot behind him would be anxious!

Right now, they were blocked in front and behind.

Steve showed the watch on his left wrist and opened the communication device. “It’s me, Steve. Use the highest authority to help me use the satellite to find the nearest route to Lamar city!” “Team leader, please wait for a moment!” A gentle female voice replied.

The truck driver next to him was dumbfounded. “What the f*ck, brother. Who are you? You’re only being blocked for a while, and you’re using a satellite to check?” The drivers around them scoffed and looked at Steve as if he was a joke.

Some people mumbled, “Do you think the satellite belongs to your family?” However, on the other end of the watch, a gentle female voice said apologetically, “Team leader, the G11 provincial road is the only one that leads directly to Lamar city. The three roads nearby are all under construction!” “Alright now, brother. Just wait here!” The truck driver was smoking.

Steve ignored him and turned back to ask, “The helicopter is being used to send someone to carry out a mission this morning. Otherwise, they could have come to pick us up!” “Where is the mission?” Braydon frowned.

“It’s not far. It’s in these mountains!” Steve projected the map with his watch.

A total of eight red dots were concentrated twenty kilometers to the southeast.

“Have the helicopter pick us up,” Braydon said calmly. “I’ll help you solve the problem.” “Alright!” Steve sent an emergency notice.

The truck driver had a strange look in his eyes. “Brother, first you used a satellite for surveillance, and now you’re having a helicopter pick you up. Isn’t this kind of scary?”

The Strongest War God chapter 35-Preston Mountain Wild Beast Steve Xavier was too lazy to respond to him.

Three minutes later.

A black helicopter from the southeast flew in a straight line and hovered in the sky. The whirlwind caused by the propeller exerted pressure upon the ground, causing sand and stones to fly.

The black-armored S97 helicopter was quite reliable and could reach a speed of 470 kilometers per hour.

It was not difficult to cover a distance of 20 kilometers in a few minutes.

The Preston team dealt with emergencies, and their ability to deal with emergencies was extremely important. The helicopter was undoubtedly the fastest tool to transport people.

“What the f*ck! He really got himself a helicopter!” The truck driver was dumbfounded.

The drivers around them were all dumbfounded. They had been treating him as a joke, but in the end, he was the one treating them like monkeys.

“Poverty really has limited my imagination!” A driver pouted.

“Idiot, do you really think you can order this helicopter around just because you have money? Look at the model of this helicopter, it’s a high-end S97 military helicopter. It’s something that can’t be bought with money!” Someone warned them in a low voice to shut up. The person in the car might be a big shot, not someone they could offend.

The helicopter lowered a rope.

Steve and Braydon Neal left the car and quickly entered the helicopter by going up the rope.

In fact, they were ancient martial arts practitioners, so they could actually jump up in one leap.

However, in front of ordinary people, it was strictly forbidden to show off one’s super strength. This was also to avoid causing panic.

The black helicopter quickly took off and left. On the body of the helicopter, there was a symbol of a battle sword.

The symbol was the Northern King sword!

Just based on this symbol, everyone who knew should know that anyone who dared to stop the special operations team would be killed without mercy!

However, on this provincial road, in a white caravan, an old man with a white beard and Daoist robe whispered, "The symbol of the Northern King sword. The Preston team is moving out. I'm afraid something big has happened!" "Grandpa, are we going?" The innocent-looking girl next to him had her hair tied up in a ponytail, and she really wanted to go out.

"It's better to stay out of the special operations team's business!" The old man shook his head.

The father and daughter sat in the RV with peace of mind and chose to stay out of it.

The old man was going to Lamar city to visit an old friend, and he had brought his granddaughter along. He did not want to cause any trouble.

When the Preston team did things, those who dared to interfere were either ultimate experts or lunatics.

After all, the swords wielded by the members of the special operations team were merciless.

As for why this kind of special operations team did not carry guns, the answer would be found in the forest below.

The helicopter was extremely fast, flying straight into the forest in the southeast.

In the early years, due to over-logging and over-development of resources, the number of wild animals in the forest behind Preston had sharply decreased.

In the past five years, it was due to the government's intervention that all logging was strictly prohibited, and pheasants and sparrows were listed as protected animals, so the sharp decline of wild animals was curbed.

The helicopter slowly landed on the vast lawn.

There were twelve people below. Other than the eight official members of the Preston team, there were four other unknown martial artists.

“What’s the situation?” Braydon asked, his hands behind his back.

“I’m sorry, but all of the Preston team’s actions are top secret. There’s no need to report to anyone!” The squad leader of the small team said solemnly.

Behind him, there was a team member who was seriously injured. The wound on his chest seemed to be caused by three sharp weapons, so deep that the bone could be seen, and blood was constantly flowing out.

“No need to hide anything. Just tell us!” Steve scolded.

“Yes, Sir!” “At 7:30 this morning, the Preston TV station reported that seventeen tourists have gone missing in Preston Mountain. I suspected that something special had happened, so I led some people here to investigate the situation.” the squad leader said in a low voice.

“Tell us the important details. Luca is a beginner martial artist. Who injured him?” Steve did not want to hear any nonsense.

No matter how many tourists had gone missing in Preston Mountain, the Preston team’s rule was to pay blood for blood, and an eye for an eye.

If they hurt a member of the Preston team, they would have to pay with their lives!

The injured person was Luca. His wound was bleeding profusely as he said weakly, “Team leader, I’m... I’m sorry, I’m a burden!” “Cut the crap and tell me the situation!” Steve’s eyes were filled with killing intent.

The leader of the Preston team was not a kind person. The murderous look between Steve’s eyebrows proved that his hands had been stained with the blood of ancient martial artists.

“It was a giant black shadow that attacked me,” Luca said guiltily. “I didn’t have time to react and was thrown away by its claws!” “Leader, it’s very likely a feline-type beast. It’s very fast, more than ten meters per second. Luca was behind me at that time, and I couldn’t even catch a trace of the murderer!” The squad leader said honestly.

This was the purpose of the Preston team's existence.

There were animals that could move at a speed of more than ten meters per second. What kind of concept was that?

With a distance of ten meters, he would be in front of them in the blink of an eye. Would firearms and pistols be of any use?

It was completely useless!

Before you could even aim, the other party would already be in front of you. You did not even have time to think.

In close combat, cold weapons were the king. This saying was true in the modern world.

Otherwise, why would the army give their soldiers daggers and other cold weapons?

When encountering this kind of special animal, it was impossible to aim at it from a distance of a hundred meters away. How amazing was the speed of ten meters per second? It was a domineering figure in the jungle.

Even if a hundred-man team of elite soldiers was transferred over, they would probably be buried in the belly of the beast.

It was common for the Preston team to deal with such matters. It was a high-risk mission, and they were there to protect ordinary people. It was completely understandable that they had special authority.

The Preston team's work was to be avoided by all other departments. No interference was allowed.

Anyone who stood in their way would be killed without mercy!

It was this iron-blooded!

That was because the special operations teams in various places had suffered losses because of those who obstructed them. Ordinary people did not understand ancient martial artists, and they did not understand the responsibilities of the special operations teams.

Therefore, anyone who tried to stop them would be seen as an enemy by the Preston team.

“Ten meters per second! That’s warrior-level speed!” Steve looked serious.

Ten meters per second was the standard of measurement for ancient warriors.

At this stage, it was one of the standards to become a warrior.

There was another standard, and that was strength.

Steve frowned and said, “Take Luca and leave Preston Mountain. I’ll take over!

“It’s too late to leave now. They’ve already been targeted.” Braydon put his hands behind his back and looked to the southwest calmly.

“Impossible! How could we not have noticed that fellow when it was around?” The squad leader shouted.

Whoosh!

A black shadow, with a few leaps, left its original position and disappeared again.

The squad leader immediately shut up, his face turning pale. He did not expect that fellow to be hiding right under their noses.

The distance between them was less than twenty meters, which meant that if that fellow wanted to attack, it would be in front of him in just over a second.

Such a short period of time was enough to kill them.

He had just walked one round before the gates of hell!

The squad leader looked at Braydon with more respect. He realized that this young man’s strength was probably above his!

But beside them, other than the eight members of the Preston team, there were four other people!

A girl in her prime had had enough. She shouted, "That's enough. Is the Preston team all useless?"