

Strongest 246

Chapter 246-I'm Sorry, Please Die!

A smile appeared on Braydon Neal's lips, as if he had encountered something fun.

Yash Wonka wanted him, the Northern King, to apologize?

He should know that the Northern King was never wrong!

Who dared to accept the Northern King's apology?

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Those who accepted it would definitely die!

Braydon sighed. "Let's put everything else aside. Asking me to apologize means that I'm wrong. I'm afraid that he won't dare to accept this apology!" "Do you think I'm scared? Today, not only do I want you to apologize, but I also want you to kneel down. Otherwise, I won't let you off!" With the support of the market, the shrewd stall owner's tone became more and more arrogant.

On the other hand, Yash's gaze was solemn. He felt that the white-robed youth before him did not seem to be joking.

What would happen if he were to apologize?

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Braydon held Heather's hand with his left hand and placed his right hand behind her back. He said humbly, "I'm sorry, please die!" "What?" Yash was stunned.

The shrewd stall owner exploded in anger. He had asked Braydon to kneel down and apologize, but in the end, Braydon actually asked him to die!

“B*stard!” he said angrily.

However, after Braydon had finished speaking, he held Heather’s hand and walked to the wooden house beside the market.

This wooden house seemed to be the place where the market received distinguished guests like Kendrick Lua.

It would appear that he had to meet the person behind the market today.

Braydon wanted to see if the rules of his market were stronger than the cold sword of the Preston main team!

In the next moment, a gentle breeze blew across the field.

The shrewd stall owner, who was originally standing on the spot, instantly disappeared.

Such a strange thing made everyone shudder.

Someone made a move and kidnapped the shrewd stall owner. His speed was extremely fast, and no one present could see who did it.

However, it was certain that it was an expert who surpassed everyone present.

Behind the young man in white, there was an expert protecting him.

This was definitely a direct descendant of a large faction!

Yash's limbs went cold. He realized that the person Kendrick respected had a much greater background than he had imagined.

If the white-robed young man apologizing meant that the person who received the apology had to die, it clearly meant that the young man in white had done nothing wrong in his life!

Even if he made a mistake, those who knew of his mistake would be wiped out!

He was so overbearing and did not allow any blemishes on him. His background was terrifying.

At this moment, the entire place was silent.

Yash fell silent. He did not dare to mention the rules of the market that he had mentioned just now.

As for the person who attacked, it was Old Man Zito.

A top king, the Ludwig vice commander who had injured the current Duke, Dominic Lowe, with a single sword strike, smiled like a simple and honest old man.

However, once he attacked, it was like a sword whistling.

The moment the sword was unsheathed, the martial artists were all terrified.

It was a heaven-defying sword intent that shot into the clouds. A suppressive aura quietly spread.

Did Old Man Zito release this killing intent wanting to massacre the entire market?

All the martial artists were shocked, and their faces turned pale. It was like an invisible sharp sword was pressed against their throats. If they made a slight movement, they would be killed.

Would Old Man Zito kill everyone to silence them?

This Ludwig vice commander had the heart to kill.

Braydon Neal walked into the wooden house and said calmly, "My subordinates never stain their blades with the blood of the innocent, so the same goes for you." "Alright!" Old Man Zito replied softly.

The sword intent that was pressing down on everyone's hearts dissipated in the blink of an eye. Yash Wonka and the others panted heavily, and they were even more respectful of the person in the dark.

However, there were two people sitting in the wooden house.

One of them was Kendrick Lua, who had just arrived. A refined middle-aged man was sitting on the main seat. They had all seen the small incident outside the window.

Braydon held Heather Sage's hand and came over.

The elegant middle-aged man quickly stood up. "Young man, please take a seat. I don't know much and have neglected you. Please forgive me!" "It's fine. I came here to see who the person behind this market is." Braydon sat alone at the head of the table.

The scholarly middle-aged man was shocked. Even now, he still did not understand the background of this white-robed youth.

He smiled bitterly. "Setting down rules for the market is also a better way to serve everyone. Please forgive me, young man." "Is that so? The rule of your market is to let some scoundrels bully my Heather and then force us to apologize. Is this the rule of your market?" Braydon's eyes turned cold.

He had said that he would protect Heather in this life.

A promise meant a lifetime!

Heather stuck out her pink tongue, looking rather playful. In front of the furious Northern King, she could only be obedient.

The scholarly middle-aged man, Bob Jorkins, was reprimanded by a youth, and his expression could not help but turn ugly.

Braydon glanced at his expression and knew that all martial artists were jackals of the same feather. He said indifferently, "Today, I want to see if the rules of your market are stronger or the Preston cold sword is stronger!" "What is it? Preston cold sword!" Bob's pupils contracted.

Any martial artist who knew that someone who could wield a cold sword was either from the northern army or from the special operations team.

No matter who it was, they were all people Bob could not afford to offend!

"Summon the imperial guards of the Central Plains and raze this place to the ground!" Braydon ordered coldly.

Bob's entire body had goosebumps.

The imperial guards of the Central Plains!

That was the core force of the Central Plains main team. Once they were dispatched and landed here, all the martial artists would die.

The imperial guards of the Central Plains were mobilized to kill.

Their most important duty was to kill groups of martial artists.

Once they moved out, the number of dead martial artists would not be three to five, but hundreds.

Any martial artist would be terrified when they heard that the guards of the five main teams had moved out!

Who was this young man in white?

He could mobilize the imperial guards of the Central Plains with just a few words. It was too terrifying.

Bob's gaze was filled with horror, and he was somewhat at a loss.

Old Man Zito quietly appeared, sloppy like an ordinary old man.

He took out a wristwatch. It was the communicator of the special operations team. It could contact Zayn Ziegler, Hatcher Murphy, and the northern region directly.

Old Man Zito was obviously not familiar with the device.

He fiddled with it for a long time and finally made a video call.

In the end, the projected scene was the northern territory's main camp.

"Young Master said to send the imperial guards of the Central Plains over to raze this place to the ground," Old Man Zito ordered.

"There are no imperial guards from the Central Plains here, but the northern army is here. With just a word from the army commander, millions of northern men can go south today and point their blades at Preston!" In the base camp, the young man in white sitting in a wheelchair was none other than Cripple Carden.

Second Brother Carden smiled. He was in charge of the 100,000 hidden agents in the north. He had already figured out the identity of Old Man Zito, who was beside Braydon Neal.

Ludwig vice commander, Frazer Zito!

"I'm sorry, I've dialed the wrong number!" Old Man Zito smiled, revealing his yellow teeth.

Beep... Old Man Zito hung up the phone, causing Braydon, who was sitting at the head of the table, to laugh out loud.

"Who is he?" Heather asked curiously.

"Luther Carden, the leader of the Five Heavenly Kings of the north. He wears white clothes and holds the killing order. He commands the second legion of the northern army and was named Heavenly King Carden." Bob's face was deathly pale when he saw Braydon with a black cloak on his shoulders and a cloud treading Qilin wrapped around him.

This was a golden Qilin!

One of the three symbols of the north.

Chapter 247-Just Like the Sorrow of a Young Man The emblem of the northern army was actually worn by this white-robed youth.

Then his identity was obvious.

Bob Jorkins cupped his fists and went forward, kneeling on one knee. With a trembling voice, he said, "Martial artist Bob Jorkins greets the Northern King!" Everyone was silent.

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Bob broke out in cold sweat. He was terrified.

Even if his head exploded, he would not have thought that this Commander Neal would descend upon this market.

If he had known earlier, he, Bob Jorkins, would definitely have laid down ten miles of red carpet to welcome the arrival of the Northern King.

Not all martial artists in the world were fierce and aggressive. There were also people they respected.

This person was the northern region's commoner, King Braydon.

Heather Sage smiled playfully and said, "Hehe, martial artist Heather Sage greets the Northern King!" Her playfulness made Braydon Neal feel a little helpless. "Don't fool around, sit down!" "Alright, don't make things difficult for them. It's such a good place. If it's destroyed, there won't be a place to play in the future." Heather was actually pleading for them.

At the end of the day, she was still a girl with a kind and gentle heart.

Unlike people like Braydon, who were used to killing in the northern territory, who wore military uniforms when they were young and had experienced countless wars.

Braydon had personally been in the battlefield countless times.

He had experienced many battles with over 100,000 people, but this kind of large-scale killing battle was not enough to alarm Braydon. Any one of the ten ruthless men under him could shoulder this kind of battle.

The Northern King, who pursued the idea of killing, was decisive and iron blooded. He was different from ordinary people.

If Braydon were to get angry, he would definitely mobilize the Preston main team or the imperial guards of the Central Plains to raze this place.

This had already become a habit.

Although Heather looked like a lotus, she was the number one talented woman in Preston. After spending time with her, she knew Braydon's personality.

The killing intent forged in the northern territory would not be changed in an instant.

She could only subtly influence and change it bit by bit, making Braydon look like an ordinary person in society.

Braydon had been in the northern region since he was seven years old. He was taught by a teacher and was surrounded by soldiers of the northern army. The environment he grew up in was different from that of an ordinary child who had received nine years of compulsory education.

Thus, Braydon looked indifferent when he returned.

However, his mother Laura Quinn, could tell at a glance that her son did not fit in with this world.

Or rather, the outside world was incompatible with Braydon.

She believed that the people around Braydon would be able to sense this difference.

With Heather's intelligence, she had long sensed this. As such, she had been slowly correcting Braydon's way of handling things.

Braydon's deep eyes stared at her mischievous behavior, sensing her thoughts.

In the northern region, if anyone dared to try to subtly change the Northern King's mind, they would have been killed by the guards of the northern army on the spot.

Braydon glanced at Bob and said softly, "Get up. The martial artist market isn't recognized by the Preston main team. If Steve Xavier comes to you in the future, tell him that I've allowed you to run this place. Then, they won't touch you." "Yes, sir!" Bob wiped off the cold sweat on his face, then he became ecstatic.

With Braydon's words, not to mention the Preston main team, even the people from the Central Plains team would have to retreat.

This was simply a great gift.

Bob was also very astute. He turned around, cupped his fists, and sincerely said, "Thank you, Ms. Sage!" "Why are you thanking me?" Heather tilted her head and blinked her eyes. She smiled sweetly, looking a little playful.

Bob did not dare to look directly at her. He knew deep down that if it was not for this beautiful girl today, his market would have been razed to the ground.

Even his life might have been gone.

If he offended the Northern King, no one in the world could protect him.

Bob remembered this kindness in his heart and was also secretly surprised. This girl was so powerful that she could change King Braydon's killing order.

In the eyes of the martial artists in the outside world, the Northern King who sat high in the palace was a legend that they had to look up to.

Braydon held her cold hand and went outside. He found that there were more people in the market.

Looking at the scale, there were already more than a thousand people.

It was as lively as a big gathering.

Heather forgot about her earlier unhappiness and continued to play with Xana Thomas.

It was as if all the martial artists had forgotten about the shrewd stall owner. No one was willing to waste too much time on a hoodlum.

Braydon stood under a banyan tree with his hands behind his back. Old Man Zito was squatting beside the tree, smoking.

“Old Man Zito, you’ve lived for more than half of your life. Let me ask you a question!” Braydon was a monster with a mind like that of a demon, yet he was actually asking someone else for advice.

Old Man Zito’s hand trembled, and he almost dropped his pipe.

His face was dark. He felt Braydon had nothing better to do and wanted to find trouble with him.

Old Man Zito said in a low voice, “If you’re unhappy, then go find trouble with that Jorkins guy in the house. I’m an old man. I can’t take it anymore.” Braydon could not help but laugh.

What was this old man thinking?

He was not a silly little boy who liked to torment people.

Braydon’s handsome face had a hint of worry, causing Old Man Zito’s eyelids to twitch.

The king of the northern territory had a worried look on his face?

What was he trying to do!

Braydon was a supreme existence that many people envied.

He was young and held a high position. He was in charge of the strongest army in Hansworth. Millions of cavalries were loyal to him and were willing to follow his orders.

This monstrous person was conferred additional titles last night.

Yet, the god-like man had a worried look on his face.

Old Man Zito was scared out of his wits. He shrunk his neck and squatted on the ground, not daring to make a sound. He was afraid that Braydon would be in a bad mood and beat him up.

At that time, there would be no place to reason.

Even if he went to the capital to complain, it would be useless. After the previous incident, even if Dominic Lowe saw Braydon, he would probably have to avoid him in the future.

Even Dominic could not even afford to offend the north.

Old Man Zito was on the verge of courting death. He frantically probed, "You have more worries of a young man than when you came back from the northern territory." "I noticed that my state of mind has changed. It should be because I have someone I care about." Braydon admitted.

In the past, he sat alone on Mount Bliz, cold and emotionless, and was the iron blooded commander.

Now, in the Neal family manor, his parents were still alive. He had a younger sister, Ginny Neal, and Heather, who had been engaged to him since he was a child. Although they had been arguing about breaking off the engagement in the past, both parties were in the wrong when it came to their relationship. If they quarreled and cleared up the misunderstandings, their relationship would be closer.

“To put it simply, you have a more human touch than before!” Old Man Zito said in a low voice.

Braydon did not mind. There were only the two of them under the banyan tree; there was no third person.

There was no need to worry about what he had to say.

Braydon said softly, “In a month, I will have to face two choices. The first choice is to head to Mount Tanish and accept the titles. I will be blessed by the fate of the country. From then on, I will be the pillar of the country and be alone!” “This will let that girl down!” Old Man Zito glanced at the smiling Heather.

This smile was something that Braydon had to protect for the rest of his life.

Braydon exhaled. “If I forgo the titles, I can stay in Preston. We can spend the rest of our lives together. This is the second option.” “So, what should you do? I can’t do anything about it!” Old Man Zito was not stupid.

He knew that this was the reality that Braydon had to face.

The two choices had two outcomes.

Thousands of miles of mountains and rivers, or a beautiful woman.

It was a problem that had troubled countless proud sons of heaven.

Chapter 248-Duke Lowe’s Grandson In the end, Braydon Neal was also encountering the same problem as the ancient sages.

Outsiders could not help Braydon make a choice on this matter.

That was why Old Man Zito said that he could not do anything about it.

Braydon chuckled. "Alright, let's not talk about it anymore. Don't let anyone know what we talked about today." !!

"Are you worried that the capital would make a move against that girl?" Old Man Zito knocked on his tobacco pot and stood up abruptly.

Braydon's eyes turned cold, and he said, "If the capital dares to do this, they are forcing me to move the northern army south!" This sentence made Old Man Zito shiver.

If the northern army were to go south and sweep across the country, no one could match them!

If today's conversation was leaked and some people knew about it, Heather Sage's existence would affect the Northern King's conferment.

To some big shots, Heather was just an ordinary girl.

If it hindered the growth of Hansworth's morning star, it would definitely be erased from the face of the earth.

Many ancient martial artists had high hopes for Braydon Neal.

He was regarded as Hansworth's morning star!

If Braydon's teacher was here, with the old commander's methods, he would really send people to secretly kill Heather.

Once Heather was eliminated, no one would be able to influence King Braydon, and he would be able to go directly to Mount Tanish and be placed on the altar.

But if the capital dared to do this, it would be forcing the northern army cavalry to go south.

If they dared to do this, they would be forcing Braydon to slaughter the martial arts world.

No one dared to provoke Braydon, be it within or outside the country.

Behind this thousand-year-old genius was the northern army at their peak.

Putting aside the ten elite legions and one hundred thousand hidden agents, just among the great entities of the north alone, the three sons of the north were already conferred kings.

The three youths were all Qilin talents and had stepped into the king level. They had few opponents within the same level.

None of the ten ruthless men under Braydon were weak. They had all been exposed and were all marquises.

They would definitely be conferred the title of king in this life.

Apart from that, the original five Heavenly Kings of the north, other than Heavenly King Luther Carden, the remaining four Heavenly Kings were scattered all over the place.

Tristan Yandell was about to become a marquis and had already grasped a king-level technique.

After he broke through to the marquis level, his strength was destined to crush many marquis-level martial artists, and he had a chance of becoming a king.

There was also the hidden agent, Sammy Dudley, who was about to be conferred the title of marquis.

Among the five commanders, other than Carl Mason of northern Hansworth and Zayn Ziegler of the Central Plains who were slightly weaker and were still at the War God realm, the remaining three commanders Gordon Lowe, Bryan Goldman, and Luke Yates had already entered the marquis realm.

Don't forget, Gordon and Luke were the holy left-and right-wing guards of King Braydon back then.

They were extraordinary to begin with!

There was also a small secret, and that was that Spirit Sword Gordon Lowe was the grandson of the current Duke Lowe!

His only grandson.

This information was a secret.

Those who knew were the core higher-ups of the northern army.

Thus, perhaps this was the reason why Cole Colbie, who had led the imperial guards of the north and pointed his blade at Dominic Lowe, did not kill that old fool.

In the end, Dominic was Gordon's biological grandfather!

However, Gordon had never mentioned this matter. As the grandson of Duke Lowe, he was born noble. Even if he lived in the capital, he was still one of the best of the younger generation. He had the support of the old master of the Lowe family.

In the capital, the number of people who dared to provoke Gordon could be counted on one hand.

Unfortunately, Gordon was sent to the north when he was young. After he was all grown up, his personality was cold, and he did not have any sense of belonging to the Lowe family.

Dominic had negotiated with the north several times to bring Gordon back.

In the end, he was rejected by the northern army on the spot because Gordon had never thought of returning to the Lowe family.

However, it could be seen how terrifying the northern army was at their peak.

There were five kings!

The three sons of the north, Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford.

They were the five kings!

There were close to twenty marquises.

Yuri Qualls and the others, as well as the various Heavenly Kings and commanders, all had the potential to become kings.

To be precise, the generals and warriors of the northern army were all from the younger generation.

Outsiders now saw the northern army as extremely terrifying and at an unprecedented peak.

Under the command of Braydon Neal, the Northern King, there were many fierce generals who were brave and good at fighting. They had never been defeated!

Little did they know that the northern army's potential was far from being fully revealed.

It was estimated that in the next thirty years, the overall strength of the northern army would be in a period of growth.

The reason was simple. Just look at how old the commander of the northern army and the commanders of the other armies were!

The core members were all around the age of twenty, cultivating ancient martial arts. In the eyes of many old martial artists, they were full of vitality and belonged to the stage of soaring strength.

Everyone had great potential.

Potential meant that Yuri and the others could continue to improve.

The overall strength of the entire northern army was increasing.

Who would dare to offend such an army!

Not to mention, there was also King Braydon who had been conferred two more titles.

Once Braydon accepted the titles on the summit of Mount Tanish, he would become the only Garrison King in the country and be given the title of Viceroy of Hansworth!

Where the viceroy stood, the ministers bowed their heads!

The Garrison King stood in the military headquarters, and the hundred generals would bow their heads.

That was why it was said that after Braydon was conferred the titles on Mount Tanish, that signified his ascension to the throne.

These were all facts!

People in the north were like dragons.

No one could afford to offend them.

Braydon stood under the banyan tree. His deep eyes looked at the girl giggling in front of him. Her soft long hair was behind her shoulders. She was wearing casual clothes that could not hide her slender legs and slender waist. Her silvery laughter was endless.

She was Heather Sage.

“I really want to protect this smile forever,” Braydon chuckled.

Old Man Zito lowered his head and smiled foolishly without saying a word.

He was not stupid.

He sensed that Braydon’s state of mind was in a mess, and that girl had stirred up his calm heart.

Only the people around him could sense this.

If the news were to leak out, the capital might really take Heather away!

The capital would not allow anyone to affect the Northern King’s growth.

The northern territory was still alright. The north was ruled by Braydon, and no one dared to touch the girl that their army commander was protecting.

Other factions? No one could tell.

As more and more martial artists entered the market, the number of people increased as well.

In the core area of the market, there was a special VIP area. Kendrick Lua occupied a seat where people could take a look at the sharp weapon that he had personally forged.

The weapons forged by second-rate blacksmiths were incomparably sharp. It was not difficult for them to slice through flesh and break bones.

For martial artists who revered strength, it was undoubtedly a treasure that they admired.

Kendrick had brought thirty weapons. There were all sorts of weapons, and each of them had a different price. The lowest price was three hundred thousand.

Next to Kendrick stood a stall. Yash Wonka and the others from the market helped to set up the items. They were so tired that they were sweating.

The owner of the stall was a mellow Daoist priest.

The Daoist priest was lying on a chair with a missing leg. He reeked of alcohol and was snoring in his sleep. He was still holding half a chicken drumstick in his hand.

He did not have the temperament of a cultivator at all. Instead, he looked like a merchant.

“Daoist Hooch, the stall is ready!” Yash reminded him respectfully.

Chapter 249-Lying Through His Teeth The fat Daoist priest seemed to have heard him. He smacked his lips and continued to sleep with his head tilted.

Yash Wonka smiled bitterly when he saw this. He led his men and quietly left this place. There was a hint of fear in his respect.

Looking at his appearance, it would appear that the fat Daoist priest was not a simple person.

Heather Sage’s bright eyes were filled with curiosity as she looked at the bare stall. There was not even a feather on it. It was a stark contrast to the other stalls that were filled with things.

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“Daoist priest, did someone steal your things?” she asked softly.

“Who stole my things?” The fat Daoist priest opened his eyes and stood up when he heard that something was lost.

However, as he was drunk, he was a little dizzy and lost his balance, falling to the ground the moment he stood up.

The surrounding martial artists could not help but laugh.

There were all kinds of martial artists in this bustling market today.

Weirdos from all walks of life had gathered.

There were only a few strange characters like the fat Daoist priest.

He did not even know that all his stuff was gone.

If the items had not been stolen, why would his stall be so bare? There was not even a single hair on it!

Outsiders did not know that the old Daoist priest’s things had not been placed yet!

The fat Daoist stood up unsteadily and patted the dirt off his butt. He looked at the surrounding martial artists and muttered, “The market has officially opened. It’s time for me to take out my treasures.” After saying that, he pulled out a sack from under the chair and poured out hundreds of items.

Red agate bracelet, red Buddha beads, sandalwood carving of Maitreya Buddha, peach wood sword, demon-subduing pestle, wooden fish, and so on.

There were all kinds of strange things that dazzled people.

The fat Daoist priest picked up a string of Buddhist beads and said solemnly, "Heavenly Lord of Boundless Blessings. Female friend, please wait. I can tell from your face that you are fated with my orthodoxy. Today, I will give you something that will ensure your wealth and glory. All the evil in the world will not dare to touch you!" Heather's eyes were filled with suspicion. She felt that this old Daoist priest was a little like Old Man Zito.

Previously, Braydon Neal had taught her to stay far away from such old foxes. Otherwise, they would only lie to girls like her.

"This is a string of red beads from the Great Mighty Heavenly Dragon," the fat Daoist said solemnly. "My grandmaster went to Mount Sheburg 1,300 years ago and fought a black dragon that had become a spirit for seven days and seven nights. He killed it in front of the Shaolin Temple and made this precious treasure!

"I don't want 98,000, I don't want 38,000. I only want 998. Baby, take it home!

"Don't worry, you won't suffer a loss or be fooled!" ... The fat Daoist priest was lying through his teeth.

Heather was shocked. She was already curious about martial artists.

She did not expect that the things these martial artists traded were actually so powerful.

Braydon stood at the side with his hands behind his back, his face dark.

This old Daoist priest was trying to deceive Heather.

He was actually saying that his grandmaster was so vicious that he went to the holy land of Buddhism to kill the black dragon.

What kind of place was Mount Sheburg?

The Shaolin's headquarters!

The grandmaster of the fat Daoist was also a Daoist!

A Daoist priest running to the Buddhist temple mountain to kill the black dragon?

He should not be spouting nonsense like this.

What a joke!

He even stabbed the black dragon in front of the temple doors.

If he had killed it, then so be it. If he had refined the parts of the dragon into a long sword, then so be it. But he was actually saying that the black dragon had been refined into red Buddha beads.

Buddha beads were used by monks.

Braydon raised his left hand and grabbed Heather's braid. He said calmly, "Follow me!" "Little Braydon, let go of me! Don't you dare pull my braids!" Heather shouted.

However, Braydon saw that she was unwilling to leave and actually paid for it. He was speechless for a long time.

He took a deep breath. "Don't you realize that there's something wrong with an old Daoist selling red Buddha beads to you?" "That's right. How can a Daoist sell things used by monks?" Xana Thomas looked suspicious.

Heather took out ten hundred-dollar bills and insisted on buying it because she liked the big red bead string.

Braydon's eyes revealed helplessness. He could only let this girl do what she wanted.

As long as she was happy!

However, Heather's swan-like neck was wearing a string of red Buddha beads, which made her look a little strange.

The fat Daoist priest took out a red ring and said sneakily, "Fellow Daoist, I still have something else. Look carefully, this is the Qilin ring!" "Eight hundred years ago, my teacher went to Mount Sheburg. With a hand seal, he used the Buddha's Hand of Mercy to kill the Fire Qilin that had caused disaster. He took the Qilin's horn and made this Qilin Ring." "I don't want 88,000, I don't want 9,800, I only want 888. Take the treasure home!" The fat Daoist priest had a solemn expression.

Heather's eyes lit up when she heard that.

"Your grandmaster had a grudge against Shaolin?" Braydon asked in a deep tone.

The fat Daoist priest was slightly stunned.

Braydon continued, "A Daoist priest went to the famous Mount Sherburg's Shaolin Temple and killed the Black Dragon. Then, he turned around and went to kill the Fire Qilin. How big of a grudge did your grandmaster have with the Shaolin Temple?" "You liar! Heather, let's go!" Xana pulled Heather away. She was certain that the fat Daoist priest was a liar.

Most importantly, this kind of person was a liar at first glance!

There was no need to confirm whether it was true or not.

"Wait!" The fat Daoist followed them. "I can give you a 30% discount!" "You still want to lie to me? Do you think I'm a fool like her?!" Xana had a tsundere look on her face as she puffed out her chest.

She held a black metal card in her hand and placed it in front of the fat Daoist priest.

She was using this thing to warn him not to bother them.

When the fat Daoist saw the token, his fat face could not help but tremble. He retreated in horror. "Northern military sword token?" "Here, do you want it? I'll give it to you for 998 dollars!" Xana tilted her head and smiled.

The fat Daoist priest's face turned green. He smiled obsequiously and bowed. "Take care!" He was not a fool; he could tell at a glance that it was the military sword token of the north.

It looked like a token of protection.

He, a fat Daoist priest, dared to touch the people of the north? He did not want his head anymore!

The two girls went to other stalls to play, hand in hand.

Braydon was left standing alone in front of the fat Daoist's stall.

"Little brother, do you want the red ring? 80 cents for one!" The fat Daoist priest was so cunning.

Braydon was speechless.

After a moment of speechlessness.

Braydon felt a little tired. There were all kinds of strange characters in this market today.

The fat Daoist priest priced things based on the person!

When he met young girls like Heather and Xana, he would give them a price and then bluff them.

In the end, when he met someone like Braydon, he chose to sell his things at a low price.

Braydon looked at him deeply. He picked up a crumpled yellow Dao talisman from the stall with his slender index finger and smiled. "Eight cents, are you selling this?" The fat Daoist priest's face turned green!

This yellow talisman was perhaps the most valuable item in the stall.

Daoism was a super colossus with a history of thousands of years.

In ancient times, it was once revered as the state religion.

Even now, in the capital, there were many people who nominated Daoism as the state religion.

All important figures had the right to make suggestions.

Even Braydon had the right to make suggestions!

However, Braydon's suggestion was rather important.

Chapter 250-Second-Rate Talisman Master, Five-Thunder Talisman The capital did not dare to ignore the Northern King's opinion, because Braydon Neal's influence was the strongest among the hundred generals.

Sometimes, when Braydon spoke, not only did the northern army support him, but the hundred generals also supported him!

Regarding the matter of nominating Daoism as the state religion.

Back then, Braydon had voted against it!

!!

The reason was very simple. Braydon only gave a simple explanation. For as long as he was in Hansworth, he would never allow any powerful families, aristocratic families, or sects to appear.

When it came to facing these forces, King Braydon had a repressive attitude.

Since ancient times, Daoism had always been the leader of the three religions.

If Daoism was promoted as the state religion, there would be up to hundreds of branches of Daoism.

If they raised its status too high, it would affect the entire world!

Braydon held the yellow talisman between his fingers, a faint smile hanging on his lips. He gave the fat Daoist priest a price of eight cents.

“This talisman is 80,000 dollars. No bargaining!” The fat Daoist priest’s face darkened.

“Eight cents!” Braydon Neal smiled faintly.

The fat Daoist priest immediately reached out to snatch it back. How could he not know what were the cheap and what were the expensive items he owned?

This was the Five-thunder Talisman!

Daoism was the leader of the three religions, and its hidden foundation was more than ten times that of the other two religions.

There were as many secret techniques that originated from Daoism as there were hairs on an ox.

Amongst them, the talisman technique could be said to be the unique representative of Daoism.

It was also an extremely important one.

Talismans, techniques, seals, weapons, and so on, in the long history of their existence, had nurtured outstanding representatives.

The fat Daoist priest was unlucky as Braydon had recognized this Dao talisman. He had to blame himself for tricking Heather Sage.

Now, Braydon was only offering eight cents for this yellow talisman.

The fat Daoist priest's face was darker than the bottom of a pot. How could he agree? He reached his hand out and wanted to snatch it.

Braydon did not move at all. He stood there quietly. The fat Daoist priest's finger brushed past the yellow talisman, but he actually missed and did not get it back.

"You're a martial artist!" The fat Daoist priest was stunned.

"Apart from idiots like Heather, the rest of the people who come here are all martial artists. Is it that strange?" Braydon smiled faintly.

The fat Daoist squinted his eyes and attacked again with all his strength.

His fat hand instantly landed on Braydon's shoulder, unleashing an invisible force.

Dark force penetrating the body!

The fat Daoist was a warlord.

Seeing how skilled he was at using the fifth layer of dark force, he should be a fifth-level warlord.

Intermediate rank, level nine.

The fat Daoist priest was unattractive and looked out of place. Who would have guessed that he was an intermediate rank warlord?

The fat Daoist was shocked. He injected five layers of dark force into the body of the white-robed youth in front of him, but it was like a stone sinking into the sea. It actually had no effect.

The fat Daoist priest was instantly sweating profusely.

He was not stupid. He realized that he had offended a shocking figure.

This strength was probably above his.

Only a War God would be able to withstand his force.

The fat Daoist priest immediately cowered and muttered, "So be it. I can't beat you. What can I do?" Braydon flicked his fingers, and a yellow talisman flew out.

Crack!

A bright light flashed, and a tiny bolt of lightning appeared out of thin air. It was one meter long and as thick as a chopstick. There was only one bolt.

It landed on the ground, creating a bowl-sized charred pit.

This scene shocked the surrounding martial artists!

“Five-thunder Talisman?” a martial artist exclaimed.

“There’s a talisman master here?” The surrounding martial artists rushed over.

Talisman masters and blacksmith masters were all people that martial artists fawned on.

Braydon casually played with the yellow talisman and glanced at the stall. There were still seven or eight more, so he took them all for himself.

The fat Daoist priest’s face darkened.

This was all he had!

It would be a huge loss if he sold all of them for eight cents apiece.

Braydon took all of them and turned to leave. The black cloak on his shoulder and the image of the cloud Qilin appeared in front of the fat Daoist priest.

After a brief silence.

The fat Daoist priest’s pupils constricted, and he was stunned for a long time. When he came back to his senses, he realized that his entire body was drenched in cold sweat.

This was the cloud treading Qilin robe!

The symbol of the northern army.

This white-robed youth wore a golden Qilin as his robe. If he was not a madman, then he was that shocking figure.

The big shot was the current Northern King.

He was actually here.

The fat Daoist swallowed his saliva and was stunned for a long time.

Kendrick Lua, who had set up a stall at the side, said playfully, "Master Fatty, do you recognize this lord?" "Why did he come to a small place like ours?" The fat Daoist priest's mouth twitched. He had long recognized Braydon's identity. Even if he had ten guts, he would not dare to be presumptuous, let alone fool Heather and the others.

"He is from Preston," said Kendrick earnestly.

"Really?" The fat Daoist priest was shocked. He did not expect the king of the northern territory to be from Preston.

Kendrick had dealt with Braydon before, so he naturally knew about these things. He also knew that Braydon was the eldest son of the Neal family. He was born into a wealthy family.

Braydon held a few yellow talismans and shook his head gently. "His craftsmanship is poor, but I should give them to Heather to protect herself. If she were to use them, even a warlord would be seriously injured." These Five-thunder Talismans were all made by the fat Daoist priest.

A second-rate talisman master!

Talisman masters were also divided into strong and weak.

Ordinary talisman masters were mostly charlatans. The talismans they drew were sometimes effective and sometimes ineffective, but they were ordinary people who had no knowledge.

A third-rate talisman master could draw a simple child-protection talisman and evil-warding talisman which were a little useful.

However, they were also very expensive. Each of them started at 10,000 dollars and was regarded as a master by countless rich and powerful people.

Ordinary rich people were not martial artists after all. They did not know how deep the waters of the talisman master profession were.

A second-rate talisman master like the fat Daoist could already make special talismans.

For example, although the Five-thunder Talisman was clumsy and extraordinary in Braydon's eyes, when it encountered an ordinary yin soul, it would be destroyed if it was attacked.

The Five-thunder Technique had a miraculous effect on yin-yang people.

The Celestial Master had been at odds with the yin-yang people for a thousand years.

The two factions had been at each other's throats for many years and had their own methods to restrain each other.

The Five-thunder Technique and the Five-thunder Talisman were the symbols of the Daoist temples.

The fat Daoist priest knew how to make the Five-thunder Talisman. It seemed that he was a direct disciple of the Celestial Master.

An ordinary Daoist priest would not be able to come into contact with a secret technique like the Five-thunder Technique.

Braydon put away the eight Five-thunder Talismans. Each one was worth at least 100,000 dollars, and people were fighting to buy them.

The fat Daoist's stall was also surrounded by martial artists who wanted to buy the Dao talismans they wanted.

At the end of the market, Heather Sage and Xana Thomas were eating candied haws and having fun.

"Elder Little is here!" someone shouted.

Swoosh!

All the warriors looked toward the end of the market.

An old man holding a walking stick and a young girl slowly appeared.

He was one of the Preston mountains ten old men, the king of hell, Stetson Little!

Looking at the excited expressions of the martial artists in the market, it seemed that they had all heard of this person.

"Who is this person?" Braydon asked, his hands clasped behind his back.

"Back in Preston, he was a very famous martial artist. Legend has it that he has already reached the War God level. Back then, he made a huge mistake and hid in the Preston mountains to cultivate. However, it seems that he hasn't reached the War God level yet!" Old Man Zito was very inconspicuous, just like an honest old man.