

Strongest 261

Chapter 261-Zuko Association A twenty-year-old white-robed man would completely step onto the altar and carry the fate of the country, becoming the most terrifying figure in the world.

Why would such a terrifying existence appear in Preston?

He was even standing in front of him!

Braydon Neal flicked his fingers and smiled. His left hand was placed on his waist, and he was holding a pitch-black sword hilt.

!!

The Northern King sword was about to be unsheathed!

Any foreign martial artist who did not submit an official letter would be killed without mercy.

This was an ironclad law!

Ichiro Takagi's eyes were filled with fear. He could not help but look at Braydon's left hand. He did not pay attention to the black hilt of the sword. Instead, he was looking at the sleeve of his left hand. There was a small golden Qilin embroidered on it.

The symbol of the northern army, the golden Qilin!

Ordinary people could find it on the Internet.

How could these foreign martial artists not recognize this symbol?

Ichiro no longer had his previous arrogance, and the fear in his heart could not be suppressed at all.

His entire body was trembling!

“Martial artists from outside the border?” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly. “Where’s your official letter?” “Your Highness, I have a passport!” Ichiro came back to his senses and took out a red passport.

“Commander, this is an ordinary passport.’ Sammy Dudley took it and frowned after opening it.

“As a martial artist, if you disguise yourself as an ordinary person and cross the border, you will be considered a hidden agent outside the borders. You will be killed on the spot!” Braydon did not want to use the Northern King sword.

In this bustling city, it was better to use the Northern King sword less.

This was a killing weapon!

In this golden age, it was time to hold back.

Just like Braydon himself, no matter how terrifying he was in the northern territory, he should restrain himself when he returned to Preston.

This was not just to make the capital feel at ease.

It was also for the sake of his loved ones!

The terrifying killing intent accumulated in his body could easily hurt ordinary people.

The killing intent could suppress one’s heart.

It could also hurt ordinary people.

Sammy took a step forward, and a terrifying pressure swept across the ground.

The strong grass blades bent over, and the momentum suppressed ten thousand people! This was a War God!

Ichiro's eyes were filled with terror. He could finally confirm that the white-robed youth in front of him was the current Northern King.

Only such a character would have a War God level character by his side and be willing to be his subordinate.

Hugo Skeeter's eyes revealed some helplessness as he said softly, "Young Master Braydon, please calm down. Ichiro is just a businessman who represents the Zuko Association. His father is a high-ranking figure." "Yes, yes, my father is the War God of the Zuko Association. Lord Northern King, you can't kill me!" Ichiro said in a trembling voice.

"Ask Eighth Brother to personally go to Banko and deliver a northern military sword token to his father," Braydon said softly with his hands behind his back.

"Here!" Sammy transmitted Braydon's words back to the northern territory.

Once King Braydon's words were spoken, it would be the Northern King's command.

This scene shocked everyone.

This was blatant contempt.

Braydon had never put the Zuko Association in his eyes. He asked Blake Matthews, who was ranked eighth among the top ten ruthless men of the northern army, to personally go to the Zuko Association in Banko and deliver the northern military sword token.

He wanted Ichiro's father's head.

There was probably another meaning behind this. At this moment, Ichiro's face was pale. He did not expect that he would bring disaster to his father.

Braydon smiled faintly. "I'm sorry. I've never taken your so-called Zuko Association seriously. When I have time, I'll personally visit your president!" His words contained killing intent!

King Braydon was a ruthless person who could kill the three presidents of Namar's Black Sword Association, and the new president was in so much fear when he took over.

At the same time, he could also kill the third presidents of the Zuko Association and make them tremble in fear!

Braydon viewed the foreign countries with hostility.

Don't you know the reason?

Forty years ago, a million troops from the three foreign countries crossed the border and killed 700,000 unarmed men from Ludwig. This blood debt was greater than the heavens!

How could the Northern King get over that?

The northern army was the successor of the Ludwig army.

For the Ludwig army, Braydon had gone to the capital alone and offended many powerful families in the capital. He did not even give Dominic Lowe any face!

It was obvious that this matter was a thorn in Braydon's heart.

Now, a foreign martial artist had actually appeared in front of the Neal family's manor in a grand manner.

This was King Braydon's home.

Did he really think that Braydon Neal, this ruthless person, was a good person? Without Xana Thomas and Heather Sage by his side, no one could warm up King Braydon's bloodthirsty heart.

The Northern King was still the Northern King!

His killing intent had never been restrained. Braydon turned around and his Qilin robe danced behind his shoulders. He stood there coldly and said indifferently, "Kill them all!" "Yes, sir!" Sammy attacked brazenly.

In an instant, he pulled out the black golden sword at his waist and turned it into a black ribbon. He rushed forward with a murderous aura.

Ichiro was instantly terrified. He did not have the courage to fight the War God. He suddenly stretched out his hand and threw two bodyguards away as shields to block Sammy. As for him, he turned around and ran!

Sammy's gaze was cold, and his attacks were not slowed down. Facing the two people who were charging at him, he did not dodge. He suddenly leaped up and stepped on the backs of the two people. His speed instantly increased. Blood-red footprints appeared on their backs. Their internal organs seemed to have been shattered, and their bodies sank deep into the soil.

This kind of strength shocked Hugo Skeeter. "Releasing force from his legs; marquis level?" He was not a War God, but a marquis level character!

As expected of the Northern King, the people around him were all marquis figures.

"Stop him!" Ichiro's face turned pale as he shouted.

Swoosh!

As soon as he finished speaking, Sammy's legs erupted with light force, and his speed actually exceeded 40 meters per second. Such terrifying speed! It was simply inhuman. Sammy was less than 20 meters away from Ichiro.

In the blink of an eye, he was already in front of him.

A cold black sword flashed by in an instant.

The sharp pain of the knife piercing through his heart made Ichiro's pupils shrink, and blood flowed from his mouth and nose. He said hoarsely, "You... The Zuko Association will not let you go..." "All members of the northern army await your arrival!" Braydon stood at the top of the bright hall with his hands behind his back as if he was declaring war.

Ichiro died instantly. The six bodyguards he brought with him were all martial artists. Without exception, they all died tragically! Sammy was determined to handle everything. Logan Hall eagerly came over to clean mess and called the Preston main team to send people to take away the corpses. Ichiro and the others were foreign martial up the artists. The passports they were using now should not be used by them. When martial artists entered the country, they had to submit an official letter. They had to be verified and approved by the capital garrison. The conditions were extremely strict. Ninety-nine percent of foreign martial artists were unable to enter the country even after submitting an application.

Therefore, as a foreign martial artist, if Ichiro entered the country with an ordinary person's passport, he would be seen as a foreign hidden agent. He would be seen as a foreign martial artist and be killed if anyone encountered him! Regardless of his origin, he would be killed.

However, this kind of thing was very common. However, Braydon was a ruthless person. He had been in the northern territory since he was young and did not know the basic situation in the country.

Moreover, according to the ironclad law, there was no problem killing foreign martial artists who disguised themselves as ordinary people on the spot.

Hugo had a helpless expression as he turned his head to look at the white-robed youth on top of the bright hall. From the moment he knew that Braydon was the Northern King, he was no longer surprised.

Chapter 262-The Terrifying Luther Carden It seemed that Hugo Skeeter had long known his identity!

However, Sammy Dudley's cold sword had yet to return to its sheath. He turned around, and his cold gaze landed on Hugo. It was obvious that he wanted to settle things with him.

Those who colluded with foreign martial artists would definitely be investigated.

Braydon Neal acted as if he did not see it, silently allowing this scene to unfold.

!!

"Marquis Dudley, you have been a hidden agent in Namar for ten years. Do you still remember the eight ironclad laws of the northern army?" Hugo smiled bitterly.

"Of course, I remember!" Sammy pointed over. Hugo rolled his eyes. He had already hinted so clearly, but Sammy actually pointed his blade at him!

This was simply too much!

They were all brothers. Was there a need to force him to be so ruthless?

He had to force him to reveal his hidden identity!

"Don't point your sword at your comrades!" Hugo said in a low voice.

"What?" Sammy almost exploded.

His face instantly darkened!

Sammy was not a fool and instantly understood Hugo's words.

He was the north's hidden agent!

Brothers!

How many spies had Second Brother Carden planted in the country?

What kind of people were the 100,000 hidden agents?

This was too much!

What made Sammy even more suspicious was that Second Brother Carden was in charge of the north's hidden agents. A few years ago, the northern army's secret archives recorded that there were 100,000 hidden agents in the northern army scattered all over the world.

Was there really only 100,000 of them in the northern army now?

Sammy did not believe Second Brother Carden anymore.

That damn cripple was even more evil than Blake Matthews. When he was young, his mind was very terrifying. He had never lost a bet with his brothers.

At this moment.

Hugo turned around and cupped his fists. He knelt on one knee and shouted, "Northern army's hidden agent, Hugo Skeeter, greets the Commander!" Braydon stood on the roof, lost in the wind. He was silent for a long time.

"Did Luther instruct you to come to the Neal family to discuss cooperation on behalf of Hugo Corporation?" he asked.

“No, I’m a hidden agent in the north, but I’m also the Young Chairman of Hugo Corporation. I still need to work. I didn’t know that this was the Commander’s home before I came!” Hugo explained.

He had to explain!

If Braydon had a misunderstanding, he would definitely beat Cripple Carden to death.

If Hugo was ordered by Luther Carden, it meant that he was interfering with Braydon Neal’s life and using the north’s hidden agents to make things difficult for him.

However, Hugo was even more worried. He had been forced to expose his identity.

From the situation just now, anyone with a brain could tell that if Hugo did not admit to it, he might have been executed on the spot by Sammy in the next second!

That was why Hugo grumbled deep down, thinking that Sammy had forced him to reveal his identity.

Previously, Hugo did not reveal his identity because he did not expect Sammy to implicate him.

More importantly, if he exposed his identity, outsiders like Ichiro Takagi would definitely die.

There was a rule the north’s hidden agents abided by: they would not show themselves unless they had received military orders.

The key was that Sammy’s cold sword had already touched Hugo’s nose. If he did not reveal himself, he would have really been chopped up.

Hugo was not a pedantic old man, so he decisively admitted that he was a hidden agent from the north.

Braydon landed in a flash, his steps calm as he stretched out his fair left hand.

In the end, Hugo took off a necklace from his neck. The pendant was a small silver Qilin. There was a unique number below it. In the secret warehouse of the northern army, one could find it by entering the code.

The symbol of the north's hidden agent was indeed the little Qilin.

But it was divided into three levels!

Bronze was the lowest level, corresponding to the warrior level.

Silver was the second level, corresponding to the warlord level.

Gold was the highest level, corresponding to the War God level!

Sammy's keepsake was the little golden Qilin. Other than the powerful northern army, no other force would be willing to send a War God level figure out as a hidden agent.

It was extremely dangerous to plant hidden agents. If they lost a War God for no reason, it would be so painful even for the other powerful families that they would not be able to sleep for a night.

Sammy decisively withdrew his cold sword. His face was dark, and he did not say a word. He hated Cripple Carden to the core. Braydon glanced at the silver Qilin and knew if it was real or fake. He returned it to Hugo and smiled. "Your hidden agent identity has been exposed. Do you want to return to the northern territory or stay in the Hugo Corporation?" "There are many things to do in the company, so I should continue to be a hidden agent. Besides, only the Commander and marquis Sammy know my identity, so there's no danger!" Hugo knew that his identity was not considered exposed.

This was because Braydon and Sammy were not a problem, and they would not reveal his identity as a hidden agent.

Braydon respected Hugo's choice.

"Why did you want to protect Ichiro earlier?" Sammy frowned.

"This was King Carden's order. Use Ichiro Takagi to get close to the Zuko Association and investigate the matter of the Ludwig army!" Hugo did not hide his purpose. Ichiro's grandfather was a member of the million-strong army outside the borders. He relied on attacking the Ludwig army and made meritorious contributions, and he was transferred to the upper echelons of the Zuko Association.

Luther Carden probably wanted to use this method to continue infiltrating and gather information about the past.

When the time came, the results of the other investigations would be filed, and all the information would be gathered in the northern territory. They would use this to find the person or force who had schemed against the Ludwig army back then.

However, this path was considered dead. Even Ichiro was killed by Sammy. Blake Matthews had even personally left and crossed the border to Banko, bringing the northern military sword token to the Zuko Association.

The reaction of the Zuko Association was the same as the reaction of Banko.

For the sake of a War God from the Zuko Association, they were not willing to provoke the War God of the North!

Therefore, they made a concession!

If they did not give in, they would have to pay an even more painful price when the War God of the North personally descended upon Banko.

At its peak, the northern army revered King Braydon Neal and was feared by the surrounding countries.

With the power of a country, no one dared to provoke the current northern army.

The concession of the Zuko Association was to hand over Ichiro's father, Sasakan Takagi! Blake had killed him with a single sword strike at the entrance of the Zuko Association, which infuriated Banko's martial artists. However, no one dared to stop Blake as he left.

Banko still had to send someone to send him off.

Otherwise, if something happened to Blake in Danko, no matter what the reason was, the Northern King would definitely lead the cavalry of the north and march straight into Danko.

Braydon received the news from the northern territory and smiled. "If the Zuko Association doesn't have the Black Sword Association, they won't have the guts!" "If Banko gives in like this, our northern army will have no excuse to attack the Zuko Association." Sammy lowered his voice. Braydon had asked Blake to give the northern military sword token to the Zuko Association, which was a humiliation to Banko! He wanted to anger them!

As long as Banko made a move against Blake, Braydon would issue the second Northern King's order and mobilize the three armies of the north to rush to the Ludwig mountain range. They would start a fierce battle and take back the 36 islands of Ludwig. If it was possible, the people of the northern army would probably invade the territory of Banko.

The debt of 700,000 soldiers of the Ludwig army would be paid by Banko with blood.

This was how terrifying Braydon was.

Silently, he was already prepared to fight Banko head-on.

For the northern army cavalry, they did not need to make any preparations. They just needed to follow orders.

This was because the northern army was in a state of war every day. Facing the eight countries outside the borders, they looked like they were ready to start a war at any time. This made the families in Namar feel terrified.

Chapter 263-Punching Machine, Speed Tester!

The ten legions of the northern army were waiting for King Braydon's orders.

As long as the Northern King's order was issued, the authorities of the northern territory would respond and sweep south to Ludwig. Only the enemy would understand how terrifying the sharpness of the cold sword was!

In the past ten years, because the northern army had reached its peak, the eight countries outside the border were forced to form an alliance.

Even so, when the eight countries joined forces to face the northern army, they still did not dare to go against them.

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Moreover, Banko was just an island nation!

With Braydon Neal's pride, he had never put them in his eyes.

Previously, Braydon seemed to have given the order calmly, asking Blake Matthews to go to Banko to deal with the Zuko Association.

Who did not know that the Zuko Association was the number one superpower in Banko?

It was one of the most powerful minions of Banko.

Braydon openly targeted the Zuko Association, undoubtedly wanting to touch Banko.

In other words, the Northern King had always wanted to avenge the Ludwig army!

Not long ago, whenever Banko made a move, they dared to target Blake's men.

If that were the case, Braydon dared to order the three armies of the northern army!

The three trump card armies and 300,000 black iron cavalry could sweep southward and conquer Ludwig.

This was the power of Braydon Neal.

If he was determined to make a move, the capital would not have any objections!

Although Braydon was young, he represented the might of Hansworth.

The white cloth was the soul of the army!

As long as he was alive, he would be the commander of the army.

With the Northern King's order, the hundred generals of the Military Department would definitely support him.

Men in military uniforms were not scheming.

They followed only one rule: faith in the strong. They would give their lives to their comrades and give them full trust.

This was a heroic man!

The people of the northern army were all men like this.

Sammy Dudley had proposed to recruit Joseph Thomas into the northern army.

The reason Braydon rejected him was because he felt that Joseph was not ready yet.

The northern army did not reject the descendants of the wealthy families, but the premise was that once they entered the northern army, they would spend the rest of their lives there!

No matter where they went, the mark of the northern army would accompany them for the rest of their lives.

Right now.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and watched Hugo Skeeter leave.

This northern hidden agent had the silver Qilin token, so he was definitely a warlord.

Logan Hall went to pick up the members of the Preston City main team and cleaned up the corpses at the manor's entrance.

"Send the bodies back to Banko and hand them over to the Zuko Association," Braydon said.

"Yes, sir!" Sebastian Wood was the deputy team leader and was personally leading the team.

However, Joseph was among them.

"Brother Braydon, why are you sending them back to Banko after killing them?" Joseph asked suspiciously.

"Impudent!" A cold light appeared in Sebastian's eyes as he reprimanded him on the spot.

“Joseph, since you’ve joined the Preston team, you have to abide by the rules of the Preston team!” Sammy said softly.

The members of the Preston main team did not need to explain themselves when they were doing something.

Those who obstructed them would be killed without mercy.

Internally, everything was done according to orders. One should not ask what he should not ask, and one should not say what he should not say. Steve Xavier, the leader of the Preston main team, did not dare to say anything in front of Braydon.

Not to mention Joseph, an ordinary official member.

Braydon chuckled. “It’s fine. Let me tell you why. The purpose of doing this is to humiliate the Zuko Association and Banko’s 100 million citizens!” “Ah?” Joseph was stunned. He did not expect Braydon to be so bold.

“Because I want to start a war!” Braydon turned around and left.

Sebastian’s pupils constricted, and he lowered his head.

What he heard today must not be spread out.

If they were to talk nonsense, the dark division would use this as an excuse to wipe out the members of the Preston main team. Joseph was dumbfounded.

He knew that Braydon was scary, but he did not expect him to be this scary.

They were actually trying to start a war against Banko.

This was much too strange!

However, Joseph would never know about the Ludwig army.

Back then, the Ludwig army had 700,000 elite men. They had guarded Ludwig for fifteen years, and their achievements were recorded in history. They were killed and bore the reputation of being rebels overnight. Furthermore, all of them had lost their lives in the hands of Banko and the other two nations in one night.

Braydon wanted to make a move against not just Banko but also the other two countries.

The 36 islands of Ludwig that they occupied were the territory of Hansworth. Braydon had to take back all of this.

No matter the cost!

As the successor of the Ludwig army, the northern army had to avenge their past humiliation. They had to destroy the three countries on the other side of Ludwig and use their swords to tell them that the cold swords under the Qilin banner could kill them as easily as slaughtering dogs!

Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford had arrived long ago. The two old things were squatting at the entrance of the manor.

To be honest, even if Braydon did not make a move.

These two old geezers would definitely kill Ichiro Takagi and the others.

The two old men would kill any foreign martial artists they encountered. "Old Man Zito, stop squatting at the door. Come back and play chess." Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

Old Man Zito smiled foolishly and followed him back. He and Ernest regarded Braydon as the young master of the Qilin, and they had sworn an oath to follow him for the rest of their lives. It would never change in this life! The former vice commander of Ludwig had been awakened.

Whenever there was a battle, Old Man Zito, this honest-looking old thing, would shine brightly.

Logan stayed behind and had people clean the lawn and the bloodstains. He could not help but ask, "Brother Sebastian, where's the team leader?" "He led the team to the Preston mountains. Tina Little has a C3-grade kill order on her back. She's a hidden danger and must be eliminated. Otherwise, if this crazy woman hides in the dark and hurts the Neal family, we'll have to die a hundred times to atone for her sins!" Sebastian's gaze was solemn.

This sentence was also a reminder to stay in the Neal family and take good care of everyone in the Neal family.

"Don't worry. Old Man Zito and Old Man Lanfrod are both conferred kings. Big Brother Sammy has already been conferred the title of marquis. The only thing I can help with are these trivial matters." "That's enough. Don't pretend as if you've not gotten lucky. You've only been with Young Master Braydon for a few days, and you've already broken through to the warrior Level. I heard that you've also learned the northern military sword combat technique?" Sebastian took out a cigarette and handed it to Logan. He would be lying if he said he was not envious.

Logan scratched his head. Tristan Yandell had taught him the northern military sword combat technique.

This was Braydon's tacit consent! Sebastian also understood that Logan cultivating the technique meant that he was already considered a member of the northern army.

If he followed King Braydon, his future would be much brighter than theirs. As the corpses were transported away, Sebastian stubbed out his cigarette and said, "Whatever you heard today, once you leave the Neal family, you will keep it to yourself till you die. Whoever dares to talk about it will be severely punished!" "Yes, sir!" The members of the Preston main team all knew that Sebastian was doing this for their own good.

If they dared to talk about today's matter after they had left, the people from the dark division would definitely come looking for them. At that time, even Steve would not be able to protect them.

This matter was related to King Braydon, so everything was top secret.

“Brother Sebastian, I’m taking half a day off to do some private business here,” Joseph suddenly said.
“Return to the team after you’re done. The members of the Preston main team are usually on standby. You’re still a newcomer, so don’t be too ostentatious!” Sebastian reminded him.

Chapter 264-The Might of the War God Can Hurt People!

Even though Joseph Thomas and Braydon Neal knew each other, Sebastian Wood still had to remind them of some things.

After the Preston main team left.

“What do you want this time?” Logan Hall asked suspiciously.

“Hehe, I bought some things at the market. They should be arriving soon.” !!

Joseph kept him in suspense.

As soon as he finished speaking.

Three large green trucks covered in black cloth, escorted by martial artists, were sighted.

It was obvious that the things they were transporting were not ordinary!

“Stop!” Logan frowned and said, “All of you are to be inspected!” The three trucks were not allowed to enter the Neal family’s residence like this.

However, the young man who was driving smiled apologetically. "You must be Brother Hall. This is the equipment that Young Master Thomas ordered. The punching machine, speed tester, and reaction attack device were specially ordered from overseas. There are no problems with them." Logan was startled. He knew that these things were usually transported to the country through special channels.

Each one of them cost a lot!

For martial artists, these instruments could accurately measure their strength.

Ordinary martial artists did not have the financial resources to install this set of equipment.

The cost of three trucks of items was probably more than 140 million dollars!

They were all top-notch equipment.

In addition, the cost of transporting it here would be high.

Sammy Dudley came over to take a look and said in surprise, "Who ordered the punching machine? They must have spent a lot of money on it. It's actually something from the overseas SH Precise Machinery Corporation." "I ordered it. I saw that Brother Braydon was lacking these things, and there were channels to buy them at the market, so I ordered a set." Joseph was a little smug.

In the end, Sammy poured a bucket of cold water on him. "These things are useless to the commander." There were even more precise instruments in the northern army!

Joseph shrugged helplessly. This was the best equipment that could be bought on the market.

After the things were unloaded, a special bed needed to be built.

These were not problems.

As long as he had the money, it would not be a problem to build another Neal family manor.

It took more than an hour to adjust and install all the machines.

In the remote northwest corner of the manor, in a small seven-story building.

“Yes.” Braydon flashed over and nodded. “It’s good for you to install these devices. You’ll be able to know what your strength is at all times.” “Brother Braydon, how much power can you unleash with one punch?” Joseph activated the punching machine.

The punching machine was as tall as a person and had a circular sign on it. Just by punching it, it could accurately measure the strength of your punch, and the deviation would not exceed 0.1 pound!

This was a precision instrument, so the high price naturally made sense.

As for the strength measuring devices on the streets, 99% of them were not accurate. They were more for entertainment and just for fun.

There were three machines standing steadily on the ground.

Three 20-inch screens were hung on the wall.

Every punch was accurately displayed on the display screen.

Modern technology could also serve martial artists!

This era was a prosperous and magnificent era.

“If I punch it, your machine might break.” Braydon smiled faintly.

Joseph was speechless. After a moment of speechlessness.

Joseph smiled sheepishly, no longer asking Braydon to test his fist power.

After all, this thing was very expensive to make!

Joseph stood in front of the machine and adjusted his aura. It was obvious that he wanted to test his fist force.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and smiled. "Guess how strong Joseph's fist is?" "Basic fist strength? For a normal person, the strength of a punch is equivalent to his own weight. If it's less, it means that he's too thin and weak. If it's more, it means that he's trained!" Sammy gave a standard answer.

Joseph took off his shirt and took a deep breath. His eyes gradually sharpened as he threw a punch at the machine.

Bang!

The entire machine moved slightly.

Beep! Beep!

145 pounds!

On the display screen, the accurate figure was 145.24 pounds.

This was Joseph's basic fist strength. However, according to the northern army's test, you would be asked to punch ten times in one go. The punch with the highest value and the punch with the lowest value would be taken to average the punch.

After that, it would be recorded as your basic strength.

This data was very important to low-level martial artists.

“It’s not very strong!” Sammy said calmly.

“Not too low. Joseph, give me another nine punches!” Braydon smiled faintly.

Joseph swung his fists without hesitation.

Bang, bang bang... Another nine punches landed. On the display screen, the numbers that appeared had changed significantly.

Name: Joseph Thomas.

[S*x: Male] [Left fist strength: 124, 128, 117...] [Right fist strength: 145, 142, 147...] Joseph threw ten punches, five on each side. The power of each punch was perfectly displayed on the machine. Braydon smiled faintly. “Not bad. He’s good at using his right hand. Its basic strength is higher.” Joseph was a martial artist, and it was already very good for him to display such strength. It was basically very difficult for the strength of an ordinary person’s punch to exceed 100 pounds. For martial artists, it was very difficult to increase their own strength.

Moreover, he had to limit the growth of his strength.

Otherwise, his basic strength would be as high as 1,000 pounds!

Would he still dare to cultivate the light force and dark force?

With nine layers of light force and nine layers of dark force, with a single punch, the blood vessels in his entire arm would explode and his muscles would be torn apart.

If a martial artist's physique was too weak and their strength was too strong, a punch that exceeded the limits of the body would be equivalent to crippling oneself.

With Joseph's strength, the power he currently possessed was just right!

Logan eagerly approached the second machine.

"Brother Hall, you should try it too," urged Joseph. "Alright!" Logan did not say anything else and took this opportunity to see the exact value of his basic strength.

He adjusted his state and brazenly bombarded the drone. Boom!

Beep! Beep!

Red numbers appeared on the drone screen.

155.60 pounds!

Logan's basic strength was clearly higher than Joseph's.

Then, without another word, he punched ten times.

The maximum strength of his right fist was refreshed once again, reaching 160 pounds.

The maximum strength of his left fist was 145 pounds!

Both of them were warriors. Braydon chuckled. "There's still room for growth. Below the War God level, you have enough time to train your basic strength to 200 pounds. Then, when you reach the War God level, your basic strength can continue to grow." "Big Brother Sammy, how high is your basic strength?" Joseph was curious.

Sammy could not help but laugh. Joseph had always been curious about his strength, and he was not afraid of feeling dejected when he saw Sammy's strength.

"Show them." Braydon nodded slightly.

"Yes, sir!" Sammy did not say anything, and a powerful pressure spread out.

Joseph found it difficult to breathe.

This was the might of a War God. It was a pressure that suppressed hundreds of grass blades and tens of thousands of people. Most importantly, this pressure was extremely powerful as it swept toward the three machines.

Bang, bang, bang!

The three machines were all attacked by the pressure.

Beep! Beep!

After a series of beeps, red numbers appeared on the screens of the three machines.

The display was clear. Strength, 90 pounds! The technique was the pressure of a ninth-level War God!

The might of the War God was just that terrifying. It covered the entire world and could even hurt people if it wanted to attack. "What?!" Joseph was dumbfounded. "This is the release of force? A king-level technique?"

Chapter 265-Five Thousand Pounds in One Punch "This is the pressure of a War God; a very obvious sign. It covers an area and can intimidate people's hearts and hurt people." Braydon Neal raised his hand and flicked his finger, and an invisible force shot out.

Bang!

The third machine seemed to have been hit by a cannonball.

!!

It bent back 90 degrees and then bounced back violently. It was like a wooden stake that was faintly deformed. A deep finger mark appeared on the red dot at the center of the machine.

In the end, the entire screen of the drone flashed red, as if it was a warning signal.

Beep beep beep!

Warning: "Ninth-level King! Warning! This is a Ninth-level King!" The intelligent voice control system on the display screen was quite human-like. It actually took the initiative to warn him.

A ninth-level king was too terrifying!

However, on the screen, a number appeared.

The dark red numbers made people tremble in fear.

3000 pounds!

This was just the power of Braydon's casual attack.

It was too terrifying!

This was just a casual attack, and it was not the full strength of King Braydon.

If he went all out, he would probably destroy the entire machine.

Furthermore, his strength was so accurate. He released his strength and casually pointed out with a finger, but he only released 3000 pounds of strength without any deviation.

Sammy was secretly shocked. He realized that the commander's control over his own strength had already reached such a precise level. This was the terror of a martial arts master. His control over his strength was amazing.

In modern times, firearms had their own terrifying aspects, and martial artist practitioners had their own terrifying aspects.

The soldiers were wearing bulletproof vests, so it was difficult to kill them with ordinary bullets.

If it were a martial artist, let alone someone like Braydon, even a warlord level martial art practitioner like Hugo Skeeter would not be able to damage the bulletproof vest with a single palm strike. The dark force would penetrate through it and instantly injure the delicate internal organs.

It could directly kill you!

This was a martial artist!

At this moment.

Joseph Thomas' eyes were dull, and the corners of her mouth twitched, gradually spreading to his entire face.

This power was beyond his imagination.

"Alright, let's continue the test. Sammy, let them see your strength at the peak of the War God level." Sammy was still a ninth-level War-God and had not completely stabilized himself in the marquis realm.

When he was completely familiar with it, he would release force from his legs and stabilize himself at the marquis level.

Sammy took a step forward. The might of the War God permeated the air, attracting everyone's attention.

He gathered all his strength into his left fist!

Another left-handed man.

Bang!

A punch landed.

The machine's display screen was much more normal.

The red number was 300 pounds.

This was Sammy's basic strength.

A War God who had a basic strength of 300 pounds was much stronger than ordinary War Gods.

Ordinary War Gods in the outside world had a basic strength of around 200 pounds. Because his physical body could not keep up, he did not dare to increase his basic strength too much.

This was a matter of common sense.

The warriors of the northern territory were stationed in the cold and bitter land. They valued physical training and grew up on the battlefield. They cultivated with their lives, so their basic strength was generally higher than ordinary warriors.

This was the terrifying aspect of military martial artists.

Their basic strength was strong, and their combat experience was far higher than that of ordinary martial artists.

“Not bad. At marquis level, you don’t have to suppress your body. Your basic strength can increase by 50 pounds.” Sammy turned around and attacked again.

This time, there was a faint popping sound around his fist.

This was the soft sound of light force exploding.

The nine layers of light force were stacked on Sammy’s iron fist, and it came crashing down.

The power of the punch knocked the machine backward.

2700 pounds!

The red numbers were dazzling and shocking.

If this punch landed on a person’s body, even if he did not die, he would be crippled.

The power of such a punch could probably cut flesh and break bones!

A martial artist’s palm turned into a blade. Even a cow would not be able to withstand this kind of power.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and chuckled. "Again!" "Yes, sir!" Sammy's eyes lit up as he punched out again.

This time, the nine levels of light force erupted, followed by the nine levels of dark force. Eighteen layers of power were stacked.

Sammy's left arm felt as if it had been punched, and he released all of his War God might. Logan Hall and Joseph felt an immense pressure, causing them to repeatedly retreat. In the next moment, Sammy's aura was truly terrifying.

His aura was iron-blooded and filled with killing intent!

Bang!

Joseph's face turned green as the iron fist landed.

His heart ached for the machine. The destructive power of high-level martial artists was really too shocking. After a battle, even your home could be torn apart. Sammy's fist landed on the machine.

The machine was almost destroyed. Beep beep!

The numbers on the screen made Joseph gulp.

The explosive force of the punch was over 5,000 pounds.

The accurate value was 5400 pounds!

The punch contained three tons of force. Martial artists were truly terrifying. When this power was penetrated into the body by the dark force, the soft internal organs would instantly turn into meat paste. The terrifying martial artists were controlled by the special operations team and constantly suppressed because of this strength. Ordinary people could not resist at all.

“Is this the power of the War God?” Logan asked in a low voice.

“The strength of a War God is not as simple as what is shown on the machine. If it was a casual martial artist, a ninth-level War God like us from the north could kill dozens of people!” Sammy’s eyes were filled with arrogance. This was his confidence in the northern army.

There was no weakling in the northern army. They had all grown up on the battlefield and bathed in blood and rain.

Military martial artists were iron-blooded, good at fighting and killing!

As for casual martial artists, just the killing aura on their bodies could not be compared to military martial artists.

Their aura was weaker.

Not to mention the combat experience of both sides and their control over their strength. The two were on completely different levels. “When the commander was nine years old, his basic strength was as high as 500 pounds.” “What?!” Joseph thought that he had misheard him.

When he was nine years old, his basic strength was already as high as 500 pounds. This was really too terrifying. But this was the truth! Braydon stepped into the War God realm at the age of nine. On the day he broke through, he slaughtered several War Gods from Namar and shocked the world with one battle.

countries outside the border all The hundred knew about Braydon, the young genius of a thousand years who had been hidden in the north.

He was a person who had become a War God at the age of nine. His teacher Finley Yanagi had spent a lot of effort to nurture him. With the foundation of the northern army, how could they not use spiritual herbs to nourish and strengthen the body of the young Braydon Neal?

Braydon's physique when he was nine years old had already surpassed Sammy's current physique.

The current King Braydon was about to turn twenty years old.

How terrifying was he?

Joseph and Logan were no longer curious about Braydon's peak battle prowess. Because if they knew, they would feel despair.

Braydon said calmly, "Alright, let's test your speed first. We'll test your reaction speed last. You guys haven't experienced a brutal battle. As casual martial artists, your reaction speed probably won't pass!" This was Braydon's comment.

There would be no mistakes! The three major assessment data of a martial artist.

First, strength. Second, speed.

Third, reaction speed.

In the northern territory, all three were indispensable. As long as one did not meet the standards, one's strength would not be recognized.

However, casual martial artists were very lenient with this condition.

Generally speaking, when one's strength had reached the standard, one's strength would be recognized.