

## Strongest 291

Chapter 291-Taiyi Demon Slaying Art!

Braydon Neal was right here. How could he watch Joseph Thomas die in vain?

Andrew Seal turned his head and said in shock, "Lord Northern King, you should be able to see how a coffin that can produce such a domineering corpse poison evil Qi would cost you half your life if it were to invade your body! Even as a king-level character!"

The corpse poison evil Qi erupted.

Mount Dutu's Celestial Master of one of the Dao sects could not even handle this if he were here.

Braydon flicked his fingers and lightly tapped the ground with the tip of his toes. His thin body leaped up and soared twenty meters into the air.

The black golden Qilin robe danced in the air!

Andrew frowned deeply. He knew that Braydon was injured.

His injuries would definitely relapse!

Braydon soared into the sky. He did not use the Northern King sword. Instead, he stepped into the sky and rose into the wind. His thin lips moved slightly. "Control the Heavenly Dao, transform the two elements, create yin and yang, and obey the imperial order!"

At this moment, Braydon's white robe moved. His red lips and white teeth made him look as handsome as a God!

He had said it back then.

Braydon had created the eight king-conferring techniques on Mount Bliz back then!

And now, he was using one of them.

There was only one word.

Techniques!

The eight king-conferring techniques. A martial arts technique.

Ancient martial arts had a long history. At its peak, it was accompanied by the rise of other unorthodox cultivation paths.

Among them, the path of arts was the most mysterious and terrifying.

If one wanted to cultivate it, one needed extremely terrifying talent.

Unlike ancient martial arts, which could be cultivated by anyone.

And the path of arts required talent.

The Mystic Gate of Dunjia was an art.

The Four Images Eight Trigrams was an art!

The lineage of techniques could be traced back to the Warring States Period.

In ancient times, Daoism was the one who pushed the path of arts to glory!

It was not a joke that Daoism was the leader of the three religions.

At this moment, Braydon was like a god.

The overbearing corpse poison's killing intent did not touch his body for a moment.

Andrew retreated in horror. He did not dare to come into contact with Braydon's aura. It would hurt him.

At this moment.

"Taiyi Demon Slaying Art?" Andrew said in disbelief.

"Who exactly are you!"

Andrew was a little frightened.

This art was a secret art that had been lost for thousands of years in Daoism.

Now, it had reappeared in the human world!

Taiyi Demon Slaying Art!

Its full name was Taiyi Demon Slaying Extermination Protection Art.

Braydon had actually mastered it.

At this moment, the corpse poison killing intent could kill kings.

Braydon was at the center of the explosion. He stepped on the coffin lid lightly with the tip of his toes, not allowing the murderous aura to touch his body at all.

His thin lips moved slightly. "The world is boundless, borrowing the power of the heavens and earth; Summoning the power of Heavenly Lord Taiyi!

"Boundless heaven and earth, wind and thunder! "Dragon battle in the wild, destroy all in your path!

"Taiyi killing order!"

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back like a God.

His seven feet thin body gave off a majestic feeling.

He was like a young lord.

Taiyi Demon Slaying Art!

Today, it bloomed with its own brilliant light.

The black murderous aura spread into the pit and was swept away in an instant.

Joseph, who was lying in the pit, had tears in his eyes and looked aggrieved.

He almost lost his life just now!

The coffin beneath Braydon's feet exploded in an instant!

With a kick, he crushed it into wood chips.

There was no corpse inside, only a piece of black wood that faintly emitted a cold power.

Moreover, there was a black chain as thick as an arm that was pierced through the coffin. It was buried deep in the ground and now appeared in front of everyone.

Braydon reached out and threw Joseph and Sebastian Wood back up to the ground.

The entire place was silent.

Andrew muttered, "Taiyi Demon Slaying Art; a complete art. You're a warlock!"

The inheritance of ancient warlocks had long been cut off!

The warlock lineage had long since been wiped out.

It had been 1,500 years since the end of the inheritance!

Why was the inheritance cut off?

The contribution of the yin-yang people was undeniable.

Warlocks were their mortal enemies!

Braydon's eyes were like lightning as he looked around the pit. This was a tremor!

Andrew's expression changed drastically. The thing he was most worried about had still happened.

There was more than one coffin buried underground.

How could a mere coffin contain such a powerful evil Qi?

Almost at the same time.

The Preston Earthquake Network hurriedly issued an announcement.

A small earthquake of magnitude 2.1 occurred in the direction of the new district of Preston. There were no casualties.

The specific reason was still being investigated!

The announcement of this news made the people of Preston feel extremely curious.

They were from the Central Plains.

There had not been an earthquake in hundreds of years.

What was the meaning of this small earthquake?

However, the incident happened where Braydon was at.

The black coffin that had been broken earlier was pierced through by iron chains and buried deep underground.

A single coffin was definitely not enough to nurture such a domineering corpse poison evil Qi.

In other words, this coffin was just an appearance!

Andrew had said before that there was a huge secret here.

There was a huge disaster behind this secret.

It was a huge problem that even the Celestial Master of the Dao sect on Mount Dutu could not solve.

Now, it had exploded!

The earth trembled faintly, and cracks appeared around the pit.

On the cracked ground, a black chain could be vaguely seen, faintly emitting a corpse poison evil Qi.

The black iron chain traced the cracks in the ground. The black coffin that had been destroyed earlier was just one of them.

On the ground, balls of black corpse poison evil Qi were emitted through the cracks.

In the surrounding area, a cold wind blew, and a murderous aura filled the air.

There was a high possibility that there was a yin locust wood coffin hidden under each ball of black corpse poison.

There was more than one coffin.

Instead, there were as many as a hundred!

No wonder Andrew told Sebastian to stop and seal this place.

It seemed that this place indeed hid a shocking secret.

The hundreds of coffins buried underground probably had a history of hundreds of years. It was only today that they saw the light of day.

The evil Qi in a coffin was enough to make one's heart tremble.

Now, the murderous aura contained in the hundred coffins was so shocking!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and laughed lightly. "What a big move. Using 100 coffins as a formation to bury disaster in the ground. If there is any slight damage, the 100 coffins will explode. Even a conferred king will die if he is inside!"

"Lord Northern King, if this place's source of disaster were to explode, it would bring disaster to at least 100,000 people!"

Andrew reminded him.

The hundred coffins' killing intent had yet to fully erupt.

There was still a possibility of suppression!

In other words, it was not too late to stop now.

Braydon smiled lightly like the spring breeze. "The prosperous era that I, Braydon Neal, am protecting, can never be disturbed by any evil!"

His words revealed his stance.



Andrew's scalp went numb. He persuaded, "A hundred coffins are used as an array. Each of them has the corpse poison evil Qi sealed within. Once it erupts, the evil Qi will spread throughout the entire new district. Everyone will die!"

'What?'"

Jake Dunkins was an ordinary person, and his face was pale.

He did not want to die!

He did not expect the coffin he had dug out to be so terrifying.

It was like a ticking time bomb.

Once triggered, everyone present would die.

At the same time, the matter here finally attracted the attention of all parties.

It was impossible for the Central Plains main team to just watch from the sidelines.

Zayn Ziegler, the Warblade of the Central Plains, personally led the elites of the main team to rush to the new district.

This matter could already be classified as an A1- grade emergency special public event!

Ordinary people could not solve it, so they could only rely on the special operations team.

Zayn strode forward with a hundred people and bowed.. "Commander!"

Chapter 292-Rare, Evil-Suppressing Master!

“All members of the central Hansworth main team greet the Northern King!” Lucian Cross’ elder sister, Yelena Cross, and the others had also arrived.

All the elites of the Central main team had arrived.

Among them, there were seven male Daoists in Daoist robes. The oldest was already over eighty years old. Six middle- aged men followed behind him to check on the situation.

The special operations team recruited all kinds of talents.

There were elites who specialized in dealing with unnatural incidents.

The eighty-year-old Daoist priest held the compass in his hand, but he realized that the needle was spinning non-stop and had already lost its function.

He put it away, and his turbid eyes flashed as he looked at the terrain.

A moment later.

He said in horror, “Commander, this is the Hundred Coffins Eight Trigrams Array. The old things who know about this array are almost all dead. It seems that it was left behind by the ancients!”

“Can it be destroyed?”

Zayn Ziegler did not understand formations, so he was only concerned about whether he could destroy it quickly.

Because time was running out!

The sun was already setting in the west.

If he waited until nighttime, with the ferocity of this place, the corpse poison's killing intent would definitely be more than ten times stronger. During the day, the scorching sun dominated the sky and was yang.

The full moon at night governs the sky, which was yin.

No matter what time it was at night, the yin Qi was much stronger than during the day.

Once night fell, this place would become even more terrifying.

Simeon Letterman, the 80-year-old Daoist priest, said awkwardly, "I'm afraid we can't do anything about it. This kind of corpse poison is fatal to War God level characters. If we use special methods to remove it, it will cause the hundred coffins to explode!"

"The eruption of the hundred coffins evil Qi will probably bring disaster to this area. Everyone will die!"

Simeon had lived for most of his life and still had some skills.

What he said was similar to what Andrew said.

Basically, they all advocated that this place could not be touched lightly. The best solution was to fill it up again and seal this place.

This still would not solve the problem!

Hugo Skeeter said quietly, "Commander Ziegler, with the speed of Preston's development, we have been constantly attracting investment to build a new district in recent years. Every year, more and more new people will move into Preston's new district. Once this area develops to the size of an urban area, it will be troublesome to deal with it!"

This sentence made everyone's expression change slightly.

This hidden danger, if they chose to seal it up today and leave it for future generations, after a few years, the new district would be fully developed and have a population of one million.

If they dealt with this place then, the corpse poison would erupt and harm the entire new district.

How many people would die?

Thinking of this, many people felt their scalps go numb.

In the long run, the sooner the trouble here was resolved, the better.

They could not tell Preston to give up on the development of the new district just because of this, right?

In the entire Preston, hundreds of companies had already invested a large amount of money.

If they suddenly stopped the development, to anyone else in Hansworth, it was incomprehensible.

Actually, they had no choice in this matter.

It had to be completely resolved!

However, the few people that the commander of the Central Plains main team had brought with him were not people who dared to try to deal with it.

There was only one chance to deal with the murderous aura in the hundred coffins.

If they did not succeed, everyone would die!

Braydon Neal stood in the pit with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Leave this area!"

"Commander?"

Zayn was shocked and said in a low voice, "Your body is injured, and it's great taboo to touch the power of extreme yin. It's easy for your injuries to relapse. I'll report this matter to the governor office and ask the capital to send an evil-suppressing master to resolve it!"

The moment he spoke of evil suppressors, Simeon and the others looked at him with respect.

There was only one evil-suppressing master in the country!

Even Duke Lowe had to give him some face when he was in charge of the Venerate Heavens Bureau.

Evil suppressors were existences that combined fengshui, talismans, and the Mystic Gate Art.

Once one reached the level of a master in fengshui, they could use the terrain to set up a shocking trap to kill a War God level figure!

Once the power on the terrain erupted, it would be the most dangerous occurrence.

Compared to the natural forces of heaven and earth, a warrior was like an ant compared to a true dragon.

Talisman studies was an even more difficult path.

A grandmaster talisman master was hard to find in the world. Perhaps only one or two were hidden in Daoism and would not appear easily.

And the Mystic Gate Art was even more difficult to learn!

For anyone who comprehended the Mystic Gate Art, nine out of ten would go crazy!

There were many changes in the Mystic Gate, and it was one of the most bitter and difficult to understand.

People with dull talent could not even find the threshold of the Mystic Gate Art.

Those who were a little smart would easily fall into the wrong path.

It was extremely difficult to reach the advanced stage in the Mystic Gate Art!

It was even rarer to become a grandmaster!

However, an evil-suppressing master was a combination of all three!

When all three of these abilities and skills had reached the grandmaster level, the person would be an evil-suppressing master!

In the capital, the evil-suppressing master of the Venerate Heavens Bureau had the same status as the imperial preceptor!

Just the title of imperial preceptor alone had a high status.

Even the arrival of the Celestial Master could not resolve the crisis here.

Only the evil-suppressing masters could solve it.

They could use talismans to break the array and use the Mystic Gate to seal the evil spirit.

It was a matter of great importance, enough to put the evil-suppressing master into action.

“If the evil-suppressing master were to take action, the matter here would definitely be resolved perfectly!” Simeon said in awe.

“That’s impossible. Half a year ago, that lord’s physical state had already deteriorated. In order to extend his life, the capital has paid a great price!” Andrew Seal reminded him.

He was a yin-yang person, and they knew very well when important figures were about to fall.

After all, these people often talked about the seventeen laws of yin and yang.

The living was in charge of the capital.

The yin-yang people were in charge of the dead!

Just from this sentence, one could vaguely guess how powerful the hidden forces of the yin-yang people were.

The evil-suppressing master’s limit was almost up.

It was impossible for him to move out and head to Preston to settle the matter here.

Braydon Neal stood quietly in the pit and chuckled. “There’s more than one evil-suppressing master in the country!”

‘What?’

Everyone was stunned.

Andrew was also stunned. He turned his head and looked at Braydon in disbelief.

He seemed to have guessed something!

The evil-suppressing master had to master all three skills.

It was already a great achievement to reach the grandmaster level in any of the three skills.

If all three of the skills had reached the grandmaster level, that person would be an evil-suppressing master.

It was as rare as a phoenix feather or a Qilin horn!

One in a hundred years!

It's rare to find even one evil-suppressing master in a hundred years. How could there be others?!"

"Back then, when the commander was nine years old, someone said that he was a thousand-year-old genius!"

Sammy Dudley calmly replied.

What did a thousand-year-old genius mean?

Only after a thousand years did such a monster appear.

Everyone had only seen the tip of the iceberg of the northern army's strength.



The mysterious veil of this super iceberg was gradually being unveiled.

And Braydon was this super iceberg. "Zayn Ziegler, listen up!" "Your subordinate is at your command!"

Zayn bowed and cupped his fists.

Braydon tapped his toes lightly and hooked the black chain on the ground. He said softly, "Lead the troops and retreat. Today, I will wipe out the disaster of the hundred coffins!"

His indifferent words did not lose their domineering nature.

In the next moment.

Braydon gently pulled the black chain, and it flew out of the ground with a clattering sound.

Although the chains were heavy, the Northern King was even stronger..

Chapter 293-The End of the Art, the Pinnacle Realm

The iron chain shook and flew out of the ground, revealing the yin locust wood coffin buried underground.

Each coffin was pierced through by iron chains, with this place as the core and surrounding it in a circle.

In an instant.

The black murderous aura of the hundred coffins surged.

They were swarming out!

“Retreat!” Zayn Ziegler shouted with bloodshot eyes.

He had no choice but to withdraw. If the sinister corpse poison evil Qi were to invade one’s body, no matter who it was, that person would definitely die.

Everyone kept retreating, leaving the core area.

However, when Simeon Letterman saw the coffins that had emerged from the ground and were arranged neatly in a circle, his face turned pale. He said in a trembling voice, “A hundred coffins as a formation, in line with the changes of the Eight Trigrams Nine Palaces; this is a killing trap!” This was a terrifying plot set up by the ancients!

No one knew what secrets were hidden here.

It was obvious that since it was left behind by the ancients, they set up this method to prevent people from digging underground.

It was very likely that a great secret was hidden underground.

Zayn Ziegler dragged the old man and retreated rapidly at a speed of dozens of meters per second.

Andrew Seal did not retreat. The corpse poison evil Qi could not hurt him.

They feared righteous Qi, but not the yin specters.

It was actually very comfortable for him to be around it!

A yin-yang person was a type of half-dead martial artist.

There were many unusual aspects to it.

At this moment, Braydon Neal stepped on the ground and jumped up. He left the pit and touched his waist with his left hand.

A black ribbon was instantly unsheathed.

The Northern King sword had been unsheathed.

A terrifying vicious weapon that had drunk over a million enemies' blood.

The most brutal sword in the world.

Only King Braydon could control this weapon.

However, at this moment, the black energy in the coffins kept flowing out along with the coffin.

It was all black corpse poison!

They gathered together, covering the sky and enveloping this area.

Braydon Neal's eyes turned cold. He flew into the air and used the Taiyi Demon Slaying Art. The corpse poison did not touch his body for a moment, allowing him to see the whole underground.

He laughed lightly, "Such high attainments in setting up formations. Using the hundred coffins as the foundation, the eight trigrams as the formation, and the mystic gate as the variable. Even a king would die if he fell into it!"

The people outside the area trembled.

There was not a single fool present.

Without exception, they understood Braydon's words.

This was akin to telling everyone that the Derson who had set uD such a killing trap back then was an evil-suppressing master! The ancient evil-suppressing masters.

Every one of them had a name!

In all the dynasties of ancient times, there were evil-suppressing masters!

It was the fate of the country!

They were conferred the title of imperial preceptor!

Their status was high, and their methods were terrifying. Even the emperor had to be respectful.

Was this place a trap left behind by an ancient evil-suppressing master?

Nobody knew!

But now, Braydon wanted to break out of this situation.

Break this killing trap!

Tonight, the Northern King was guarding Preston.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

The Northern King sword in Braydon's left hand flew out.

The pitch-black Northern King sword landed accurately on the ground.

This position was the center of the hundred coffins.

It was the position of the middle palace!

When the Northern King sword was stabbed into the soil.

The entire ground shook violently.

The ferocity that had been restrained completely erupted.

It was as if countless miserable screams were ringing in everyone's ears. They were all souls who had lost their lives under the Northern King sword.

This sword had killed more than ten thousand people!

Could it be that he still could not suppress this place today?

Using a fierce blade to suppress a hundred coffins!

Only Braydon could do such a thing.

Simeon Letterman said in a trembling voice, "The Northern King's sword can suppress a hundred coffins. Exquisite! Amazing!"

"This is the method of the evil-suppressing masters. His Highness the

Northern King is adjusting the strength of the mountain!”

Andrew Seal’s pupils constricted as he looked at Braydon, who was in the air. The wind was blowing, and his white clothes were dancing.

Everyone was shocked when they heard this.

Braydon had just said that there was more than one evil-suppressing master in the country!

It was not only the imperial preceptor in the capital who was an evil -suppressing master!

He, the Northern King, was also an evil-suppressing master!

A young genius who had become an evil-suppressing master at the age of fifteen.

He was known as Hansworth’s Morning Star.

Did you think that the Northern King was as simple as he looked on the surface?

The Northern King sword suppressed the hundred coffins. All the corpse poison and killing intent were suppressed. They could not spread out, let alone hurt people.

Braydon stepped into the sky and flew up against the wind. He smiled faintly. “Evil-suppressing masters walk three paths, and all three are combined into one, but in the end, there’s no way to avoid one word!

“That is... art!

“Back then, I created the eight king-conferring techniques at Preston mountains. One of the techniques was an art!

“The end of the art, the supreme pinnacle!

“With the path of arts, you can enter the pinnacle!

“A peerless posture, standing proudly in the world!

“The world’s martial artists are respected at the pinnacle!”

At this moment, Braydon spoke of the things he had to face as a martial artist.

Above the ninth level was the pinnacle.

Below the pinnacle, they were all ants.

However, Braydon’s eight king-conferring techniques was a path to the pinnacle.

One had to know that Dominic Lowe, the duke, had been trapped in the ninth level for twenty years and had been unable to reach the pinnacle.

If he wanted to become a pinnacle expert, he had to understand his future path.

This path was the path to the pinnacle!

Every path to the pinnacle was unique.

King Braydon was a ruthless person. He had created the eight king-conferring technique at the peak of Mount Bliz at the age of seventeen.

A total of eight pinnacle paths!

If it was given to eight ninth-level kings...

They could create eight more pinnacle experts for Hansworth.

The birth of eight pinnacle experts out of thin air could push Hansworth's national strength to the top of the world in one fell swoop.

Hansworth was the most respected country in the world!

The one billion people of Hansworth were all like dragons. They did not need to feel inferior when facing anyone outside the world.

Such a grand scene was what King Braydon and his generation pursued.

This was a true strong man!

Hansworth had stood in the world for thousands of years!

In the modern era, he should stand at the top of the world.

The magnanimity of Braydon and the others was something that ordinary people could not understand.

At this moment, Braydon had publicly revealed his eight king-conferring techniques.

An art technique!

The end of the art, the pinnacle of the realm.



Since King Braydon dared to say this, it meant that he had already touched the pinnacle path.

A month later, he would be crowned king on Mount Tanish, which would shock the entire world.

Andrew Seal's pupils dilated as he looked at the stalwart youth standing in the sky. His thin body faintly emitted a terrifying aura.

This aura was completely devoid of humanity.

Braydon's temperament had changed drastically. His eyes were indifferent, devoid of any emotion.

This gaze was like that of a God!

There was no humanity, only divinity!

He viewed all living things as ants!

This strange feeling made one's scalp go numb.

If Cripple Carden and the others were here, they would definitely be able to tell that Braydon had used the eight king-conferring techniques!

Right now, Braydon had no choice.

A trap left behind by an ancient evil-suppressing master was able to ambush and kill king-level characters.

Braydon had a hidden disease in his body, so he could not be contaminated with killing intent. Otherwise, the hidden disease would erupt, and he would be severely injured in an instant.

Once the Northern King was severely injured and his life was in danger, the news would spread.

The eight countries outside the border were bound to rebel at the gates of the northern border.

Braydon was bound by the fate of the country and could not tolerate any mishaps!

Just like now.

Braydon stood in the sky like a God. He placed his right hand behind his waist and moved his left hand slightly.. "Technique of the arts, Five-thunder Technique!"

Chapter 294-Destroyed into Ruins Crack!

Golden lightning appeared around Braydon Neal's body.

This phenomenon stunned everyone.

Night had already fallen, and the corpse poison evil Qi became even more ferocious, as if it was about to erupt.

However, the Northern King sword suppressed this place.

A vicious weapon that could kill millions of people would not be difficult to suppress even a thousand coffins, let alone this place.

The stronger the hundred coffins killing intent was, the more it could stimulate the terrifying ferocity of the Northern King sword.

“Is this still human strength?” Jake Dunkins was stunned. How could there be golden lightning surrounding a person?

It was simply inconceivable!

This was the art lineage!

Hansworth’s 5,000 -year history was a long one. As descendants, they were the successors of their ancestors!

These amazing arts.

It was the best gift that their ancestors left for them.

Even if the ancient sages had many imperfections and flaws, they were still the ancestors of Hansworth.

To their ancestors, the future generation had to be respectful and grateful. Without their ancestors, how could they have the prosperity of Hansworth today!

Braydon had displayed his terrifying achievements in the arts.

Sebastian Wood stared blankly and said, “Grandmaster!”

Braydon, who had cast the Five-thunder Technique, was like the old Celestial Master of the Mount Dutu Dao sect!

“The Mount Dutu Dao sect teaches the Five-thunder Technique, a secret technique of the Celestial Master Residence. How could Lord Northern King know it?” Simeon Letterman said in awe.

“How is this possible? The Five-thunder Technique is something only the Celestial Masters of the past can do!”

Andrew Seal's hair stood on end.

He found it hard to believe that King Braydon was related to the Mount Dutu Dao sect.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his back like a God.

This was what King Braydon looked like after using the eight king-conferring techniques!

Technique of the arts!

The word 'art' was all-encompassing.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his waist and stepped back on the ground. A faint golden light appeared beside him. His thin lips moved slightly.

"Kill them!"

One word, 'kill'.

It was as if there was no emotion.

In the evening, a golden light that was eight to nine meters long landed on a coffin made of locust wood.

Crack!

The entire coffin did not fall apart.

Instead, it turned into ashes, leaving a charred pit on the spot.

A coffin made of yin locust wood, along with the corpse poison evil Qi, disappeared into nothingness.

This was the Five-thunder Technique of Mount Dutu Dao sect!

Only the Celestial Masters of the past generations could inherit this technique.

Ordinary people in the outside world had never seen it before.

In the Celestial Master Residence, the old Celestial Master guarded Mount Dutu. It was rare for him to leave the mountain once every few decades.

The martial artists in the world had only heard of his name but had never seen him!

Furthermore, Mount Dutu Dao sect was also a branch of Daoism. It adhered to the law of pure cultivation and did not have much greed for the world of mortals.

As a result, many people had forgotten how terrifying the sect was.

That was an existence that was incompatible with the yin-yang people.

The two had confronted each other for thousands of years.

Even now, the Dao sect was still flourishing. There was definitely something extraordinary about it.

Braydon moved his left hand slightly, and the black coffins made of yin locust wood were smashed into powder under the golden light.

The golden light was a lightning technique!

It represented the Righteousness of Heaven and Earth.

It was a natural counter to the power of evil.

Against people like Andrew, they were even more of a jinx.

Ordinary martial artists might be injured by a lightning technique.

However, if a yin-yang person was hit, it would not be as simple as being injured. He would probably die.

Braydon waved his left hand and released a hundred rays of golden light. The hundred black coffins made of yin locust wood disappeared into thin air. It was a trap left behind by the ancient evil-suppressing master.

Braydon broke it with his full strength!

Sebastian and the others were filled with respect.

At that moment, King Braydon, who had used the eight king-conferring techniques, was like a God in everyone's eyes!

He was so high and mighty that no one dared to profane him!

The golden light on Braydon's body slowly dissipated, as if he had returned to his usual appearance. His white cloth was spotless, and he looked as handsome as a young master from a wealthy family.

Everyone present had seen Braydon use the Five-thunder Technique with their own eyes.

Who would dare to believe that this handsome youth was a terrifying existence?

Andrew's face was the palest.

Braydon's existence shook Andrew's belief.

At this moment.

Sebastian and Simeon from the Central main team exchanged a glance, then took a step forward and knelt on one knee. "Mount Dutu Dao sect disciples, Sebastian Wood and Simeon Letterman, greet the Celestial Master!" This was the rule of the Celestial Master Residence.

After learning the Five-thunder Technique, one would become a Celestial Master of the Celestial Master Residence.

This was the Five-thunder Technique that only Celestial Masters could master.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. He said softly, "It's true that the Five-thunder Technique I learned came from the Celestial Master Residence, but I'm not a disciple of the Dao sect. Get up!"

How could the mighty Northern King be a true disciple!

The uniqueness of his identity made it impossible for Braydon to become a disciple of any of the sects.

King Braydon belonged to the military!

His identity was very clear!

He was the leader of the hundred generals of the Military Department.

This was an ironclad fact.

“Lord Northern King, if you learn the Five-thunder Technique, you are the Celestial Master of the Celestial Master Residence!” Simeon said in a trembling voice.

“This is a thousand-year-old rule!” Sebastian said softly.

Braydon shook his head lightly.

There were some things that Simeon and Sebastian, who were not on the same level as them, could not understand.

If the Celestial Master Residence dared to let Braydon join them, it would be the day of their expulsion.

The capital garrison would personally take action and wipe out everything in the Celestial Master Residence.

The reason was simple. The Northern King was not allowed to join any powerful family, aristocratic family, or sect.

None of the three entities wanted Braydon.

Whoever dared to take him would be wiped out.

The Five-thunder Technique that Braydon had learned indeed came from the Celestial Master Residence.

However, he had created the eight king-conferring techniques back then. The cultivation of the technique of the arts did not only require the Five-thunder Technique.

Instead, he needed the world's arts.

Braydon needed to see all the secret arts.



This was how Braydon finally understood something.

That was: The end of the art, the source of the pinnacle!

To be able to walk the path of arts to the end, one would definitely reach the pinnacle.

He would surpass the ninth-level king realm and become a powerful warrior that all the countries outside the borders had to respect.

However, the pinnacle realm was a legend.

In the past hundred years, there had not been a new pinnacle.

The level of difficulty was obvious.

Now, the matter of the hundred coffins had been resolved.

What else was underground? They would only know if they dug up the soil.

This was the Neal family's property.

Moreover, Braydon was the person in charge.

If something happened, and Braydon, the eldest son, did not take care of it, would he let outsiders handle it?

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "The construction will proceed as usual. If there's any trouble, just come to the Neal family manor and find me." "Okay, Young Master Neal, President Skeeter, I'll send you off!"

Jake Dunkins, an ordinary person, felt as if he had opened the door to a new world after experiencing tonight's scene.

He understood that apart from ordinary people, there were also martial artists in the world.

And the legendary warlocks of ancient Hansworth!

The history of Hansworth is too long. It had been thousands of years and had buried many secrets. How could the modern people know?

Jake smiled obsequiously and opened the car door to send Braydon off.

Steve Xavier waved his hand slightly, signaling the members of the Preston main team to deal with the aftermath. He took out the confidentiality agreement and asked everyone present to sign it. The signed contract was simple and clear.

A confidentiality contract!

Not a single word of what happened tonight was to be leaked..

Chapter 295-Cooperation Canceled

Anyone who leaked the secret would be killed immediately!

No matter who it was, they would be on the must-kill list of the Preston main team.

Steve Xavier glanced at Jake Dunkins and said, "Someone will send you

500,000 in cash later. Use it to appease the workers. About tonight's matter..."

“Boss, don’t worry. The workers at the construction site, including me, don’t talk too much. They have parents and children. They won’t say anything that they shouldn’t after tonight.”

Jake had a sly personality and knew how to do things.

The person in front of him who called himself the Preston main team was definitely a special organization.

He was a ruthless person who held the kill order.

Who would dare to offend him!

Steve nodded lightly and led the members of the Preston main team to disappear into the vast night.

The motorcade carrying Braydon Neal arrived at Preston Hotel.

The luxurious hotel was once again open for business.

The boss was a very beautiful woman called Ariana.

Previously, Braydon had told the hotel to stop running, and it would only resume business a few days later.

The reason was very simple. When Logan Hall and Belden Frost encountered the pursuit of Bobby Glass, Ariana had been of great help.

The Preston main team had to return the favor.

Thus, Logan had mentioned the matter of the Preston Hotel to Braydon.

Braydon nodded and allowed the hotel to resume business.

At the entrance of the hotel stood a tall girl in a red lotus dress. Her phoenix-like eyes were watery, her eyebrows were picturesque, and her oval-shaped face was charming.

The dress perfectly outlined her alluring figure.

Her flat belly did not seem to have any excess fat.

She was wearing red high heels, looking elegant and noble. Her slender legs were visible at the slit of the dress.

Ariana stood there as if she was waiting for someone.

Until the black motorcade slowly stopped at the entrance.

Dozens of young men in black clothes with cold swords on their waists got out of the car and scattered around to prevent assassinations.

The car in front opened.

Braydon got out of the car.

“Young Master Neal, welcome to Preston Hotel!” Ariana smiled coquettishly.

“Boss, is my guest here?”

Hugo Skeeter got out of the car and asked.

Ariana said softly, "He arrived in the afternoon. It's already eight o'clock!"

"I ran into something in the afternoon and had just finished dealing with it." Braydon entered Preston Hotel.

As for the new factory, they were supposed to sign the first batch of equipment purchase contracts in the afternoon.

In the end, he encountered the assassination trap left behind by the ancient evil-suppressing master. They had to deal with it, and it had been delayed until now.

In the presidential suite of the hotel.

The entire private room was 300 square meters. It had a living room, bathroom, and bedroom.

In the living room, four middle-aged men in suits were making tea and chatting.

Until Braydon the others arrived.

Hugo came in and apologized, "Manager Saffron, I'm sorry. I encountered a troublesome matter at the new factory this afternoon. I just finished dealing with it and came right over!"

"It's fine, President Skeeter. Please sit!"

The fair-skinned middle-aged man wearing gold-rimmed glasses was called Janson Saffron.

The two parties shook hands warmly and sat at the round table. Ariana asked the servants to serve the dishes directly. They talked about business at the wine table.

Braydon's purpose for coming over was to look at the list of equipment that Hugo had purchased.

If there were any missing or unnecessary equipment, Braydon could add or remove them at any time.

After all, Braydon was the chief engineer of the anti-gravity device project.

He was a professional in this kind of thing.

Hugo only knew how to do business!

Braydon sat down calmly. "Let's get straight to the point. Show me the equipment list of your Zulfiki Company!" "This is..."

Janson adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses.

"My business partner, Young Master Neal, the eldest son of the Neal family in Preston!" Hugo laughed brightly.

"Sorry for being disrespectful, so it's Young Master Neal. We've just arrived in Preston and have already heard of the Neal Corporation's great name!" Janson complimented him and took out his document bag.

The thick document inside was a list of all kinds of equipment.

There were hundreds of them!

Braydon took it and quickly flipped through it. Ten lines at a glance. The speed was so fast that it made people click their tongues.

Janson and the other three from Zulfiki Company looked at each other and saw the disdain in the depths of each other's eyes. This eldest young master of the Neal family was really a profligate son!

Every page of information had a detailed introduction of various equipment.

No matter how powerful a person was, it would take at least three to five minutes to read each page.

In the end, Braydon wrote ten lines per second, and the time he spent on each page did not exceed three seconds.

The speed at which he flipped through it was as if he was trying to fool people.

It was like he was pretending to know what he was doing!

However, Janson and the others still had smiles on their faces the entire time.

In less than three minutes.

Braydon finished reading all the information and frowned. "This is the best component that your Zulfiki Company can produce?"

"Young Master Neal, the quality of the parts produced by our company can definitely reach the military grade."

Janson hurriedly replied.

Braydon's fingers moved slightly and pulled out hundreds of blueprints. He said calmly, "If the equipment you produce is produced according to this blueprint, we can't accept it!"

"Your equipment and technology are not the best in the country. There is also a fatal problem. The quality of your equipment is rather inferior!"

Braydon did not hold back at all.

Janson didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Young Master Neal, if you don't like our company's products, you can just say so. There's no need to beat around the bush. The quality of our company's equipment is world-class. We're backed by an international manufacturing giant. You probably don't know this!"

"Which international manufacturing giant is backing you?" Hugo asked.

"Saruman Heavy Industry Corporation!" Janson said proudly.

"An overseas manufacturing company?"

Braydon frowned.

Janson nodded. "That's right. It's a top international manufacturing company. It can be ranked in the top ten internationally."

"We won't cooperate with foreign companies!"

Braydon glanced at him and stood up. "The cooperation is canceled!"

It was simple and straightforward. There was no need for any reason.

Everyone was stunned.

Janson found it hard to believe. "Other than the Zulfiki Company, no other company in the country can manufacture such high-tech equipment that you want!"

"Just because we can't make it today doesn't mean we can't make it tomorrow!"



Braydon glanced at Janson and the other three. One of them was a blonde foreigner.

This foreigner should be the representative of the Saruman Heavy Industry Corporation.

After all, the order from the new factory was not a small sum.

The foreigner stood up and said, "I don't know if President Skeeter or Young

Master Neal has the final say in this business. As far as I know, President Skeeter has been talking to us about this!"

Saad, a foreigner, had a common problem when discussing business with people from Hansworth.

Arrogance!

Hugo said calmly, "Saad, Young Master Neal is the major shareholder of the new factory. The Neal Corporation owns 80% of the shares. I'm just an employee!"

This sentence shocked everyone!

Saad and the others knew that Hugo Freighter Corporation was a giant.

He was actually working for someone else!