

Strongest 341

Chapter 341-Eight King-Conferring Techniques, Stunning the Capital

Everyone was shocked.

What did he mean?

Send everyone on their way!

Was Braydon Neal crazy?

“Northern King...” Dominic Lowe immediately dissuaded him angrily.

Boom!

At this moment, Braydon’s aura was released once again.

The terrifying killing intent on his body melted like snow.

This scene made Luther Carden’s expression change slightly. He said in a low voice, “Retreat! Leave now!” “Laird, take the Northern King’s cavalry and leave this place!” Yuri Qualls felt numb.

The brothers were all too clear about Braydon’s transformation.

This was to activate the eight king-conferring techniques!

If the eight king-conferring techniques were fully unleashed... The entire capital would probably collapse.

Braydon held the hilt of the Northern King sword with his left hand and slowly pulled it out from his abdomen. The blood that had been flowing out was still gushing out.

However, after the Northern King sword was completely pulled out.

The blood changed and started flowing back.

Blood flowed back into his wound!

This shocking change caused everyone's pupils to shrink.

There was also a hint of gold in his blood.

This was the power of divinity.

Braydon's eyes were deep, and the divine light was fading. His thin lips moved slightly. "Northern army subordinates, withdraw from the capital!" "Yes, sir!" The northern army forces that belonged to the northern army retreated from the capital.

Dominic had already been beaten up left and right, but he was stubborn. He advised, "Northern King!" "Duke Lowe, leave. If you die tonight, it will be of no benefit to the world.

Gordon will also be sad." Braydon's back was facing the other party.

This was the first time he advised Dominic to leave.

If he didn't listen to his advice, he was afraid that there would be a disaster!

Immediately after.

Braydon opened his mouth again, "Westley, you stay!" "Okay, brother, I'll help you!" Westley Hader's fingers dug into his left shoulder, and the black feather robe on his body was completely torn apart.

Tonight, he would kill these martial artists of the powerful and aristocratic families in the name of the northern sons.

Braydon said softly, "Stay, but don't do anything. I'm going to teach you the eight king-conferring techniques!"

"The eight king-conferring techniques have been passed down to Cole, Luther, Yuri, Luke, Joshua and the other five. You weren't in the northern territory for quite a few years, so I didn't have the chance to teach you.

"Tonight, I will teach you one of the techniques!"

"You are the Qilin son of the north, you should be at the top of the world and follow me to guard the vast mountains and rivers of Hansworth!"

"Once you get a glimpse of the pinnacle of martial arts, no one in the capital will dare to touch you!" Braydon was stating facts.

Those who had glimpsed the pinnacle of martial arts had hopes of becoming a pinnacle in the future.

The guardian of a country.

Moreover, Westley was extremely talented.

With his potential, he would definitely reach the pinnacle in the future.

Such a figure must not die.

Whoever dared to harm him, even if it was a powerful family, would be courting death!

For some things, once one crossed the bottom line, they would be courting death!

At this moment, Westley was slightly stunned. He sensed that his big brother's aura was indeed a little strange.

Dominic said in disbelief, "You gave Luther and the others a glimpse of the pinnacle path?" No one answered!

At the entrance of the Flitwick family, Luther sat back in his wheelchair and slowly pulled out the sword from his abdomen. The wound seemed to be very serious, but it had avoided his vital parts.

It would be fine after two months!

"Tonight, none of you will live," he said softly.

"The first technique of the eight king-conferring techniques will probably kill everyone!" Yuri knew very well how terrifying Braydon would be when he activated the eight king-conferring techniques.

"The martial artists of the powerful and aristocratic families are not ordinary people," Laird Xenos said softly. "They deserve to die." Tristan Yandell's eyes were darting around, wanting to inquire about the eight king-conferring techniques.

His heart was itching to learn too!

But no one paid attention to this little monkey.

Because the battle in the manor was about to erupt.

The real eight king-conferring techniques were about to shine.

A hint of fanaticism flashed across Luther's eyes.

The charm of the eight king-conferring techniques could be seen.

It was extremely terrifying!

On the lawn of the manor, the sky was like a black cloth, and the full moon was like a plate.

“Braydon Neal, it seems that you can’t hold it in anymore!” Barry Simpson sneered.

“Tonight, the martial artists of the powerful and aristocratic families would like to seek guidance from the Northern King!

“You’re young and in a high position. You’re a genius, and your mind is almost demonic. You can command a million northern army. At the age of twenty, you’re already famous in Hansworth.

“The powerful and aristocratic families can’t insult the king of the northern!

“Duke Lowe has left, so you don’t have to put on a fake face anymore. Tonight will be the first official battle between the northern army and the powerful and aristocratic families. As martial artists, we will determine who is better with our martial arts!

“The Simpson family of the capital seeks guidance from the Northern King!” “The Sattler family of the capital seeks guidance from the Northern King!” “The Yardley family of the capital seeks guidance from the Northern King!” At this moment, the hundreds of representatives from the powerful and aristocratic families of the capital all cupped their hands in salute.

Their expressions were solemn and respectful toward Braydon.

After all, King Braydon was no weaker than anyone in the world.

He was a great figure!

Humiliating his opponent was humiliating himself.

These people from the powerful families were conservative.

The rules in their family were still the same as those in ancient times a hundred years ago.

A century-old aristocratic family.

A thousand-year-old powerful family.

The rules were the most important.

Now, everyone present was a martial artist, not a single ordinary person.

Martial artists were very different and belonged to the martial arts world.

At this moment, no one mentioned the ironclad law of the country anymore.

Martial artists had their own rules!

Braydon was born in a prestigious family and was the Northern King. How could he not know etiquette?

Both sides had different ideologies and were enemies!

The appearance of a profligate son in an aristocratic family did not mean that the hundreds of people in aristocratic families were evil people.

Braydon's white robe was stained with blood. He stood with his hands behind his back and smiled. "Northern army's Braydon Neal, a ninth-level king, seeks guidance from everyone. After this battle, regardless of your family background, I will give you a grand burial!"

"Being born in an aristocratic family, you have no choice. For the sake of the family, you can sacrifice everything. As the Northern King, I too have no choice. If you die tonight, you will be given a grand funeral!" With the background of the powerful and aristocratic families, if they dared to say that they would bury Braydon in a grand manner, it meant that they really had the ability to do so!

The hands of the powerful and aristocratic families had stretched too far.

Barry stepped out and released his king aura, "Barry Simpson, sixth-level king, please guide me, Northern King!" "Jerome Sattler, fourth-level king, please guide me, Northern King!" At this moment, five kings walked out.

They all attacked Braydon!

The attacks of kings were different from ordinary martial artists. With a single thought, an invisible force could be released and kill a strong enemy from 100 meters away.

The force released was formless and colorless. It was like a ghost that could kill enemies with a single thought. It was impossible to guard against!

Unfortunately, their opponent today was Northern King, Braydon Neal!

The five kings attacked at the same time. Everyone's expressions were solemn.

In the sky above the lawn of the manor, gusts of strong wind swept past quickly. Dozens of waves pressed down on the lawn, creating deep gullies and rolling up the green leaves in the sky.

Braydon closed his eyes and tapped the ground lightly with his toes. He stepped into the sky and his thin lips moved slightly.. "Eight king-conferring techniques, martial arts technique, activate!"

Chapter 342-Kill You Tonight!

Boom!

In the dark night, Braydon Neal's thin body released a powerful force.

It was filled with a dazzling white light that illuminated the entire manor.

He was like a bright moon!

With the body of a mortal, competing with the bright moon.

This person was Braydon!

The five kings released 62 rays of power. Within 100 meters of Braydon, they were all destroyed by his tyrannical power.

A hundred meters around Braydon seemed to have become a forbidden zone.

When Braydon opened his eyes, his temperament changed drastically!

His eyes were cold and ruthless, like the eyes of a God, looking down on everything in the world like ants.

He was high and mighty like a God!

This gaze was accompanied by an air of coldness and ruthlessness, devoid of any human emotions.

Compared to Braydon's calm demeanor, he was like a gust of wind.

They were completely different people!

"How is that possible?" Barry Simpson said in shock. "My force is completely unable to get close to his body." "Why is he so strong?" Jerome Sattler's eyes revealed fear.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly, and his voice changed.

His voice was cold and majestic, almost like a God. "Five-thunder Technique!" Braydon's entire body was emitting light, dignified and terrifying.

He had once taught the eight king-conferring techniques to a few people from the northern army.

It was a pity that cultivating the eight techniques required talent.

Other than Braydon, no one else in the world had mastered the eight king-conferring techniques.

Even Yuri Qualls, who had cultivated the martial arts technique of the eight king-conferring techniques, could only unleash 10% of its power.

Tonight, Braydon would display his true skill.

He wanted everyone to witness the glory of the martial arts technique.

Unfortunately, the price paid by the martial artists of the Flitwick family was their own lives.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his waist and raised his left hand slightly. His five fingers were long and slender, and his palm was facing the sky. It was filled with flickering electric sparks as he slowly pushed it out.

Barry and the others were horrified.

Braydon's palm landed.

A blinding light burst out.

The entire manor of the Flitwick family occupied an area of over a hundred acres.

On this night, thunder and lightning swept over like a tide.

The thirty-meter-long lightning represented the heaven and earth. It descended from the sky and landed in the manor.

Every time one fell, a martial artist from a powerful and aristocratic family would die!

If they weren't kings, they were marquises!

Braydon's Five-thunder Technique was ten times more powerful than Yuri's!

This was the real eight king-conferring techniques.

The martial arts technique was fully activated.

It was enough to flatten the entire Flitwick family.

There was not just one bolt of lightning, but hundreds of them.

It attracted the attention of the ordinary people in the capital. The ordinary people living in the tall buildings were awakened by the thunder. Someone said with sleepy eyes, "Thunder? Is it raining?" Unfortunately, no one explained it to him.

Ordinary people only treated what happened tonight as a natural phenomenon.

Little did they know that the entire Flitwick family had been destroyed.

The dazzling thunder and lightning lit up the Flitwick family manor as brightly as day. All the martial artists from hundreds of families were killed.

The Northern King, dressed in white, was like a God, killing all the martial artists.

Outside the manor, Dominic Lowe watched Braydon, who was using the eight king-conferring techniques, from a close distance. He was extremely horrified.

This was the pinnacle of martial arts!

It was also a lost martial arts technique!

With this, King Braydon would definitely become the strongest martial artist in the world!

Braydon had destroyed the Flitwick family tonight!

The manor was filled with charred pits.

The corpses were charred, and their auras were gone.

Not a single one survived!

As for the eight king-conferring techniques, he had only activated the martial arts technique.

This was just the beginning!

The storm tonight was getting bigger and bigger.

Barry of the Simpson family, Jerome of the Sattler family, and Catherine Yardley of the Yardley were killed on the spot.

Under Braydon's technique.

Jerome and the others were unable to retaliate.

They were all killed!

Braydon was like a God, his thin lips moving slightly. "A grand burial!" "Alright!" Dominic gulped and quickly responded.

At this moment, Duke Lowe was truly afraid!

He was afraid that Braydon would implicate the forces behind Barry and the others in a fit of anger.

When the time came, the enraged King Braydon would slaughter through all the powerful families in the capital.

Who could stop him?

It was the first time that the powerful and aristocratic families had an official confrontation with the northern army.

The former suffered a crushing defeat!

The representatives of hundreds of large and small families were still unable to shake this Northern King.

Braydon was roaring in the capital like a tiger tonight.

Tonight, he was on a killing spree!

The northern army and the powerful and aristocratic families in the capital had completely fallen out.

It was equivalent to declaring war!

From now on, the two sides were like fire and water.

It just had to be tonight.

What Braydon wanted to do was far from over. His thin lips moved slightly, and his ruthless voice resounded between heaven and earth. "From tonight onward, the people of the various powerful aristocratic families in the capital will withdraw from the twenty-four divisions of the capital!" This was not a warning.

It was an order!

The three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions were in charge of the people of Hansworth.

They could not allow the martial artists of the powerful and aristocratic families to share power and use it to seek personal gain for their families!

This sentence completely infuriated the various powerful and aristocratic families in the capital.

In this cold night.

An angry old voice rolled over, "Brat, are you bullying my family?" His voice reverberated in the sky, filled with anger.

"Come out. I'll kill you tonight!" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

There were only six words in this calm sentence.

The Northern King's demeanor was still as domineering as ever.

Let the night be in silence.

No one answered!

They were all shocked by Braydon.

The clamoring in the dark was ultimately a rat who was hiding his head and revealing his tail.

In front of Braydon, who would dare to come out and die?

King Braydon was guarding the capital alone tonight!

If a martial artist from a powerful family dared to show himself, he would definitely be killed.

Braydon, who had activated the eight king-conferring techniques, was like a God.

The world returned to silence!

Braydon walked unhurriedly to Westley Hader and taught him one of the eight skills.

As for which skill it was, outsiders did not know.

Braydon took Old Man Zito and Ernest Lanford and left the capital on the national highway.

Who would dare to stop him tonight?

No one dared to stop him!

The 70,000 capital garrison troops lined up on both sides. They all lowered their heads and said in a low voice, "Farewell, Northern King!" The capital's southern gate opened wide, and the state sent King Braydon off.

Dominic sent them off. His lips moved as if he had something to say.

He sighed softly. "Actually, if you take Frazer away tonight, you don't have to give the capital any explanation. You only need to acknowledge the identity that the capital has given you. The three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions; even I have to listen to your orders!" "With your intelligence, you should know what it means to be conferred the title of Garrison King!" Dominic, this old man, did not hold a grudge at all.

How could Dominic not be happy about Luther Carden and the other two's stunning performance?

This generation had already grown up and was even more outstanding than them.

Their future achievements would definitely be above those of the older generation.

At this moment, the meaning revealed by Dominic represented the capital!

Braydon only needed to nod and agree to the ceremony.

Without a doubt!

The three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions would respect him.

The person who carried the fate of the country was not as simple as one thought.

Most importantly, Braydon had never expressed his opinion on the matter of being granted a title that countless people would not even dare to dream of..

Chapter 343-Anger in the Heart, Refusing to Be Conferred Titles Even if Braydon Neal had expressed his stance, he was still resisting!

He was refusing to be conferred the titles!

The capital might know the reason, but everyone was an adult, people of high status and power.

They knew that some things could not be done based on their own preferences.

The official rite ceremony on Mount Tanish was of great importance! Braydon refused to nod.

How could Dominic Lowe and the others, who cared about the people of Hansworth, not be anxious!

Because the day of Braydon's coronation was getting closer and closer!

Take tonight's incident as an example.

As long as Braydon acknowledged the title conferment on Mount Tanish, Dominic would not speak up for the powerful and aristocratic families at all.

On the contrary.

If Braydon accepted the title of Garrison King and Viceroy of Hansworth, as long as Braydon said a word, the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions would all obey.

Everyone respected the Northern King's order!

Those who did not obey orders must die.

Even if Braydon gave the order to wipe out all the powerful and aristocratic families, Dominic would still do his best to help.

This was the right of those who carried the fate of the country.

Unfortunately, Braydon was now on the helicopter and slowly rising into the air.

Luther Carden sat in the wheelchair while Laird Xenos stood behind him. The Northern King's cavalry dismounted and held their swords in front of their chests. "Farewell, Commander!" Dominic had complicated feelings as he watched Braydon leave.

"It's time for us to return to the northern territory!" Luther smiled.

"You know the Northern King the best. Why is he refusing to accept the titles?" Duke Lowe turned around and bowed deeply.

He was asking for advice, putting down his status.

Luther was not an arrogant person. He sat in the wheelchair and greeted Dominic with both hands. He said softly, "The reason why my brother refuses to be conferred the titles may be in Preston. That's all I have to say." "Is it still because of that girl? Thank you!" Dominic sighed softly. The girl he was talking about must be Heather Sage.

Braydon's fiancée!

Although the bride had already broken off the engagement, her relationship with Braydon could not be hidden from the capital.

Before Luther left, she said with a frown, "I have to remind Duke Lowe that no one understands our big brother better than us. Don't have any thoughts about that girl. Otherwise, the capital won't be able to bear the consequences." "You're worrying too much. The capital will take care of the Northern King's family, so why would they touch her?" Dominic hurriedly shook his head.

He had never thought about such a thing.

Yuri Qualls and the others disappeared into the night and led their troops back to the northern territory. They also took the 100,000 hidden agents with them.

Dominic stood at the southern gate of the capital for a long time.

Just as he turned around, someone came forward. "Duke Lowe, the ruler wants to see you right now!" Dominic also disappeared into the night.

The powerful and aristocratic families would definitely not stop just because of what happened tonight. They would definitely join forces to target Braydon.

Unfortunately, they could not shake the king of the north!

In Preston, at the Neal family manor.

When Braydon returned to the villa, it was already late at night.

Heather was also there. She was wearing an apron and was busy in the kitchen.

Ginny Neal was hungry, so Heather was cooking some porridge. Braydon and the others had just returned to the living room.

“Ah!” Heather exclaimed.

“How’s Joseph?” Braydon asked.

Heather said worriedly, “You still have time to worry about Joseph? Look at you. Why are you covered in blood?!” There was a hole in Braydon’s clothes. The knife wound on his abdomen had already healed, but there were still traces of blood on his clothes.

Old Man Zito was also drenched in blood.

Braydon smiled softly. “I’m fine. You cooked porridge. Let me try it.” “Alright, wait here. Don’t move!” Heather turned around and did a littler run. Instead of going to the kitchen to get some rice, she ran back to the bedroom and took out a small medicine box. She urged him, “Pull up your clothes and let me see!” “Don’t pretend to know what to do. Do you know how to bandage a wound?” Braydon teased her.

Heather was so angry that her nose almost went crooked. She was kind enough to care about this guy, but in the end, he actually looked down on her.

Braydon lifted his shirt and revealed his lower abdomen. There was no trace of the wound.

It was as smooth as before!

Heather reached out her cold hand and stroked his lower abdomen with her fingers. Her eyes were filled with curiosity.

She was not stupid. Braydon's clothes were clearly cut by a sharp weapon. There was blood on his body, so why was there no wound on his body?

Old Man Zito was lying on the sofa, puffing and puffing. He was breathing in more than he was breathing out.

He was just relaxing there!

Sammy Dudley came back from outside. When he saw this scene, he said in shock, "Commander, what's going on?" "I'm fine. What did you go out?" Braydon left Sammy behind to guard the manor and prevent any martial artists from infiltrating.

Sammy quickly said, "Sebastian Wood encountered a troublesome matter. The Preston main team asked for help, so I went over to help." Braydon did not care.

Even if something happened in Preston city, Sammy, a marquis, would be able to resolve it.

Heather cooked the porridge and stayed at the Neal family to help Xana Thomas take care of Joseph Thomas.

Xana returned to the Thomas family and lied to her family. Her brother, Joseph, was working in the Preston main team and was going to be busy for a few days.

She did not mention anything about Joseph's injuries.

She planned to wait until he had recovered so that Mrs. Thomas would not worry.

With Braydon, a renowned national doctor, Joseph's injuries would not be a problem.

As for Old Man Zito's injuries, although they were a little serious, they were not life-threatening. He would be fine after a few months of rest.

Braydon drank a bowl of porridge and changed his clothes. He went to the roof of the bright hall and circulated the Art of the God of War to condense purple Qi to strengthen his muscles and bones and increase his strength. For normal kings, their basic strength was 500 pounds!

This was the standard.

The basic strength of a single arm was 500 pounds, which did not seem strong.

However, what if he superimposed nine layers of light force?

That was 4500 pounds!

Then, he stacked nine layers of dark force!

Up to 9000 pounds!

With a punch of four and a half tons of force, even a cow could be killed on the spot.

Ordinary people would definitely die if they were to come into contact with this terrifying power.

What was even more fatal was that ancient martial art practitioners had mastered the power of dark force. It was a soft and penetrating force that could penetrate your body and injure your internal organs.

Coupled with the explosive power of the light force, could your delicate internal organs withstand an explosive force of 9000 pounds? You would probably be crushed into minced meat in an instant.

The symbol of a king was to release force!

The limits of the three lower-ranked kings were 10 meters, 20 meters, and 30 meters!

The limits of the three intermediate-ranked kings were 40 meters, 50 meters, and 60 meters!

The limits of the three upper-ranked kings were 70 meters, 80 meters, and 90 meters!

The difference was quite obvious.

The distance of the force released determined one's strength.

For example, a ninth-level king like Braydon, under normal circumstances, if you were within a ninety-meter radius of him, your life and death would be in his hands.

If he wanted to kill you, he could release his force. It was invisible and colorless, and I could take your life in an instant!

This was an ancient martial arts practitioner!

They were different from ordinary people and possessed unconventional martial strength.

Currently, all the countries in the world had been forced by the northern army to establish their own martial artist armies.

Because there was no other way. Once a martial artist army was formed, their strength was really abnormal.

People who could move at a speed of tens of meters per second were the nightmare of ordinary people..

Chapter 344-Found a Mine Moreover, a martial artist army's ability to break through defenses was extremely terrifying!

The Northern King's cavalries were all high-level War Gods, what could you use to block them?

With a movement speed of 30 meters per second, they could each kill tens of thousands of people on the battlefield.

If one wanted to kill such a martial artist, they would have to pay the price of at least ten thousand people. They would die together.

At the same time, he would even kill his own people who were caught in a fierce battle.

Most importantly, the price was too high!

The outcome of doing this was that the soldiers at the bottom would mutiny after a few battles.

No one was willing to die under the sword of their own people.

On the roof of the bright hall.

Braydon Neal condensed the purple Qi and absorbed it into his body. Every time he completed a cycle, there would be a cleansing effect.

This caused Braydon's basic strength to increase.

Although the increase in strength every night was not great, he could not withstand the bitter cultivation every single night. As for how strong Braydon's basic strength was?

His basic strength was 1000 pounds!

He was above all kings.

With this kind of basic strength, under the ninth layer of light force, one punch could produce a force of nearly ten thousand pounds!

The dark force was superimposed, and the force was close to 20,000 pounds!

An explosive force of nearly ten tons!

If the fist force was condensed a little, it could even break through a cement wall and crack a stone in the blink of an eye.

This kind of inhuman strength was abnormal.

Of course, this was Braydon's normal state.

The most terrifying thing about the Northern King was his blade!

Cole Colbie and his brothers knew the terror of the overpowering sword the best. They could barely take a single strike.

There was also the eight king-conferring techniques.

Last night, he had only used the martial artist technique of the eight king-conferring techniques to destroy the Flitwick family.

All eight techniques could be used at the same time to cut the pinnacle!

It was definitely not empty talk.

Braydon was a monument in Hansworth.

A monument that could never be surpassed.

A living legend!

After a short night of cultivation.

“Commander, Xandra Milton is here.” Sammy Dudley quietly arrived.

Braydon opened his eyes and a purple light flashed past them. He jumped down from the roof and stepped on the soft lawn to the living room of the villa.

Xandra sat down and opened a folder. She stood up and greeted, “Young Master.” Braydon had her sit down and went to take a shower- Every time he cultivated, the filth from the marrow cleansing would emit a pungent smell.

Xandra was curious.

Of course, she was not curious about Braydon’s bath. She was curious about what he had done in the capital last night.

Early in the morning, Xandra had vaguely heard the news that something big had happened in the capital last night.

An old powerful family had been flattened by a big shot.

The industries under the powerful family were taken and divided overnight.

Reality was cruel.

The main industries of the Flitwick family were spread across the three provinces of the Central Plains and were managed by the Flitwick family in the provincial capital.

However, the Flitwick family in the capital was shattered overnight.

The companies under their name had lost their backer.

They were forcefully acquired and divided up!

No one pitied the Flitwick family.

The power that had been passed down for hundreds of years had already disappeared and become history.

Braydon finished showering and smiled. "What is it?" "This is the list of senior executives in Lotto Parkinson's company. I need you to take a look. He said that he wants to expand the software development project in the company." Xandra had come for the company.

"He's the person-in-charge of the company. Let him handle it accordingly." "Alright, this is the financial statement of the investment company. Also, do you remember the exploration company that was established back then?" Xandra asked.

Of course, Braydon remembered. He had asked Xandra to set up an exploration company with a few hundred people!

His goal was to find the spiritual stone mines in the Preston mountains.

However, after so many days, there were still no clues about the spiritual stone mines.

The corners of Xandra's lips curled into a smile as she reported the good news, "At seven o'clock last night, the third exploration team discovered a gold mine in the Preston mountains!" Braydon was a little surprised.

Gold mines were different from silver and copper mines.

The price of gold was quite expensive.

A gram of gold was worth several hundred dollars!

Finding a gold mine meant finding a treasure bowl.

Xandra's hand was on the map. She searched for a moment and marked the location for Braydon with a red pen. "According to the survey, the amount of gold in the mine is about 30 to 50 tons!" "That much?" Sammy was shocked.

Xandra nodded. She had already calculated it.

30 tons of gold was 30,000kg, and 1kg of gold was 1,000 grams.

30 tons of gold was 30,000,000 grams.

The price of gold per gram was 300 dollars.

The gold mine they found was worth 9 billion!

The key point was that the amount of gold stored was calculated according to the lowest estimate.

If nothing unexpected happened, the gold reserves would be more than 30 tons.

Therefore, Xandra had already bought the equipment and assembled the workers to start digging.

However, it required a series of approval procedures.

The exploration team found not only gold but also copper.

If these were mined, there would basically be a lot of profits.

Braydon smiled. "You can arrange these things. What I want aren't these minerals." What he wanted was a spiritual stone mine!

A spiritual stone mine was worth a thousand times more than a gold mine.

Xandra's fair fingers gently brushed her hair. She knew his character. She came to give him updates and did not expect Braydon to care about her.

Braydon suddenly stood up and took out a piece of white paper from the drawer.

It was filled with medicinal herbs.

"A prescription?" Xandra asked in surprise.

"Unfortunately, the formula for the Poison Cleansing Powder is incomplete. There are only thirteen herbs recorded on it. I added nine new ones and perfected a portion of it. It should be able to help martial artists increase their basic strength." What he meant was simple.

On Xandra's side, she had always wanted to get involved in medicine.

Braydon had decided to help her.

There were two types of Poison Cleansing Powder.

There was a simplified version of the medicinal powder that was sold to ordinary people.

It could help ordinary people nourish their Qi and blood and strengthen their physique. It was most suitable for people who were weak and sickly, such as children, who had low immunity to begin with.

During the autumn and winter season, they would encounter an epidemic, such as a cold.

If they took precautions in advance, they could take the powder to strengthen their physique and nourish their Qi and blood. Naturally, it would not be easy for them to get sick.

Xandra put it away happily and sat obediently at the side, listening to Braydon's instructions quietly.

It was a simplified version of the prescription for the Poison Cleansing Powder.

It could be divided into three types.

One was for children, and the dosage was lighter.

There was also a poison cleansing powder that was targeted at young adults. It was destined to be able to expel the cold and treat ordinary back pain.

It had the effect of expelling toxins and removing blood clots.

Moreover, nourishing Qi and blood could speed up the healing of wounds. It could also be classified as a tonic.

The poison cleansing powder had a miraculous effect on martial artists with such a strong physique.

Not to mention ordinary people!

It could also be improved and given to the elderly.

Xandra noted it down seriously.

As for the formula that Braydon had personally perfected and the poison cleansing powder that he had concocted, it was naturally impossible for him to sell it to ordinary people.

The target group was martial artists!

"I see several precious herbs on the prescription," Xandra said. "If the cost of production is high, the selling price might be very high." "The simplified version of the Poison Cleansing Powder doesn't have those expensive herbs. As for the real Poison Cleansing Powder, it's not for ordinary people." Braydon smiled..

Chapter 345-What Do You Think About This?

Xandra Milton instantly understood that if the Poison Cleansing Powder could really increase one's basic strength and nourish one's Qi and blood, martial artists would accept it no matter how high the price was.

In Braydon Neal's mind, when Xandra's pharmaceutical company was established, he would naturally allocate a batch of Poison Cleansing Powder to the northern region.

The northern territory was covered in yellow sand, and not even a hair could grow on the ground.

The effect of the Poison Cleansing Powder was extraordinary. It could help the soldiers of the northern army to regulate their bodies and strengthen their physique.

Xandra was done with the official stuff.

She was a little curious. "Young Master, did you go to the capital last night?" "YOU neara tne newsc" Braydon stood at the door and looked at the Neal family manor with his hands behind his back.

"Yes." Xandra nodded lightly. "I heard that pinnacles took action at the Flitwick family manor in the capital last night. It caused a huge commotion." "They weren't pinnacles. They were the powerful and aristocratic families who have clashed with the northern army." Braydon was basically saying that he was the one who did it.

Xandra stuck out her pink tongue. She did not expect that the cause of last night's incident in the capital was really him.

After causing such a ruckus in the capital, he could still escape unscathed.

Perhaps only Braydon could do it!

If it was anyone else, even if they were a conferred king, they would not be able to escape death after participating in the storm last night!

Only Braydon knew that there were more than 20 kings that had died last night!

They all died in his hands!

Those who died were all martial artists from powerful families.

At that time, Braydon was ready to raze the Flitwick family.

Tobias Flitwick had said something that forced the representatives of the various powerful and aristocratic families to appear.

Braydon had not forgotten that sentence!

Tobias said that if the Flitwick family was destroyed, he would expose everything that happened back then. No one would be able to live a good life!

What was the matter that he wanted to expose?

It was about Ludwig!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "If Tobias Flitwick was referring to that incident, which was the murder of the Ludwig army, Barry Simpson and the others had died unjustly!" According to the clues that Braydon had, the Ludwig army had been assassinated back then.

That year, the people who secretly plotted this matter had power all over the twenty-four divisions of the capital!

This was the first reason.

Secondly, someone had colluded with the three foreign countries.

If they did not collude, why would Banko and the other small countries gather their armies and cross the border to attack on that night?

Coincidentally, it was the same time as the Ludwig army that had been ordered to remove their equipment.

This was not a coincidence.

Someone did this deliberately.

Someone wanted to bury the 700,000 Ludwig elites.

Harris Flitwick was telling the truth in the Preston main team base yesterday.

The Ludwig army incident was definitely related to the powerful families!

A single force could not achieve such a feat.

If the Sattler family could not do it, the Flitwick family could not either.

They had killed 700,000 Ludwig men in one go!

The capital played down this matter.

Were they not able to find out? Or did they not dare to investigate? Or maybe they did not want to investigate!

Was the reason why they did not want to investigate because it involved too many forces and people?

If that was the case... Things that the capital did not dare to investigate, the northern army would investigate.

The forces that the capital did not dare to touch, the northern army would!

The people that the capital did not dare to kill, the northern army would kill them!

In short, the matter of Ludwig, what the capital could not handle, the northern army had to handle.

The northern army would not compromise on this blood feud of the Ludwig army!

A total of 700,000 heroic men had guarded Ludwig for 15 years, guarding the gate of Ludwig and resisting the three hostile countries without losing even an inch of land.

In the end, they were murdered by villains.

The seven legions died tragically.

In the end, they were labeled as rebels!

They had to bear the shame of losing their land.

After forty years, no one spoke up for them, no one avenged them.

The capital seemed to want to play down this matter!

It was precisely because of this that Braydon had forced Luther Carden to establish the northern army's hidden agents and scatter them across the globe. He had forced Cole Colbie to establish the imperial guards and had Yuri Qualls secretly take charge of the school of martial arts.

He had Laird Xenos take charge of the Northern King's cavalry as the secret force of the northern army!

Braydon was leaving a backup plan!

If anything happened to him, he had to ensure that no one in the northern army could be touched.

To ensure that his life's work in the northern territory could not be destroyed.

The northern army under Braydon would not follow in the footsteps of the Ludwig army.

If someone wanted to do this, Braydon dared to destroy this world and rebuild the universe!

Kill the twenty-four divisions!

Braydon's personality was like this. His soldiers of the northern army were worthy of the world, the country, the people, and the one billion people of Hansworth!

In order to guard the ten great national gates, the northern army men suffered in the northern territory.

Who knew how much blood had been shed!

Braydon would not allow his northern army to shed blood and tears.

In this life, the northern army would not disappoint Hansworth!

Braydon stood quietly in the small courtyard. Old Man Zito was lying on a rattan chair, holding his pipe pot and smoking, causing a violent cough. Braydon snatched the pipe pot away. "You're injured. Don't smoke so much!" "I'm ashamed of what happened last night, Young Master!" Old Man Zito's lips trembled. After holding it in for an entire night, he finally apologized to Braydon.

Braydon smiled. "After entering the northern army, you only need to know that even the ruler cannot touch my people!" His soft words never lost the domineering aura of the Northern King!

Old Man Zito felt guilty. If it was not for him, the northern army would not have been caught and there would be no need to give the capital an explanation.

Braydon smiled. "What do you think about what Tobias said last night?" "It was that sentence that forced the people of the various powerful and aristocratic families to come out and protect the Flitwick family." Old Man Zito was there.

"Do you think Tobias's words have something to do with the Ludwig army?" Braydon asked softly.

"Young master, this..." Old Man Zito's eyes were filled with shock.

If Braydon thought this way, then all the powerful and aristocratic families in the capital had to die!

This matter was shocking!

If the hundreds of powerful and aristocratic families were involved in the assassination of the Ludwig army, then they were all colluding with foreign forces.

If that was the case, these hundreds of families would probably be attacked by Braydon.

This matter was too big.

Old Man Zito did not dare to think that way.

But Braydon dared to think of that; he had to prepare for the worst.

If these forces had colluded with foreign forces, they were all traitors!

Once it was confirmed, the number of dead people would probably not be just three to five hundred.

Even 30,000 to 50,000 people could not stop him!

Blood would flow like a river!

The branches and leaves of the powerful and aristocratic families were lush, and there were young and old people under them. It was not rare for some of them to have four or even five generations under their tutelage.

King could live for 300 years. They could be able to see their great-grandchildren grow up.

Each families had hundreds of people.

Hundreds of these families were involved in the Ludwig incident and colluded with foreign enemies. They were considered traitors and their crimes would definitely be brought to justice!

In the powerful and aristocratic families, the upper echelons of the family would know about any major events and discuss them together.

A single person's words did not count!

For such a major matter, the higher-ups of the various families would definitely discuss it. Without exception, they would be the decision-makers.

If it was true, these people would all die!