

Strongest 386

Chapter 386-Haroon Lincoln Greets the Northern King!

Someone could explain all of this.

And that was Westley Hader!

Luther Carden and the other two would definitely believe him.

Westley did not show himself. He hid in the dark and shot out a paper ball.

Cole Colbie listened to the wind to determine his position. He raised his left hand, his fingers catching the ball of paper, and opened it to see two lines of small characters.

“Return to Preston, the third of next month, the hundred-general meeting, the start of war, the islands of Ludwig, to be recovered!” The signature was Westley’s!

Cole silently finished reading it and handed it to Luther.

Yuri Qualls also saw the contents of the note. His expression was calm as he raised his left hand slightly.

It was a simple gesture but with great impact.

All the soldiers of the third legion of the northern army sheathed their sword in unison.

This action seemed to have been practiced countless times.

Luther and Cole both raised their hands.

The soldiers of the first and second legions sheathed their swords, and their killing intent was restrained.

Dominic Lowe heaved a sigh of relief.

He knew that Westley must have secretly sent a message.

Otherwise, there was no way these people would stop!

However, the northern army had arrived.

Naturally, they had their conditions.

Luther smiled. "Duke Lowe, the 300,000 elite soldiers of the northern army have rushed here overnight. Can you fulfill one of our conditions?" "Whether you lack money or items, you can ask. I have the right to open the national treasury!" Dominic expressed his stance.

His heart ached for the northern army!

The environment in the northern desert was really harsh.

But now.

Luther shook his head gently. "You have misjudged the northern army. The northern army soldiers will never depend on others. They will never eat food that is given to them. They will never accept the kindness of outsiders. They will never receive rewards that do not merit them!" "The northern army's contribution in protecting the country is a national merit. You deserve any reward!" Dominic retorted stubbornly.

Luther laughed lightly. "The northern army is responsible for protecting the country. It is because the blood of the nation flows in our veins. We will protect the mountains and rivers of Hansworth. We will

die without regrets. "Now, we would like to see the flag being raised." Even Luther, who liked to be quiet and calm, had his own requirements.

After the last sentence.

The 300,000 elite soldiers of the northern army had a burning determination in their eyes, revealing a trace of uncontrollable desire.

They all wanted to see the flag being raised.

Was this condition too much?

It was a very normal condition.

However, this small condition made Dominic's lips tremble slightly. Many words were on the tip of his tongue, but he could not say them.

This was the only condition.

One could see how much the capital owed the northern army!

The northern army stood in the north, making the eight countries outside the border tremble in fear. They were as powerful as a peerless beast.

Even many forces in the country are afraid of the northern army.

Many of them did not want the northern army to go south.

They hoped that the northern army would stay in the north forever and never go south or back to the mainland.

However, this prosperous country was protected by the northern army.

Why could they not go south?

For many years, the northern army had been stationed in the north and had never gone south.

Many sons of the country had never been to the capital.

They had never seen the flag-raising ceremony in the square.

Do you understand the belief in the hearts of all the soldiers of the northern army?

Although each of them was arrogant and unyielding, their faith was in Braydon Neal and to protect the great Hansworth.

Everyone was afraid of the northern army.

However, had the northern army's sword ever hurt an innocent person?

NO!

Now, Luther had already raised his conditions.

Dominic trembled slightly and said, "Give the order. The national flag will be raised in ten minutes. Tonight, I want the capital city to be as bright as day. I want every child in the northern region to see the flag-raising ceremony clearly." "Yes, sir!" Everyone in the Central Bureau immediately went to make preparations.

Within a short period of time.

Outside the capital, hundreds of helicopters took off from the garrison area. All of them turned on their super-strong lights to illuminate the capital.

All the lights in the city were turned on.

Not far from the southern gate, a guard of honor appeared in the huge square.

There were even three armed guards of honor. They were dressed in military attire and carried military flags as they slowly entered the stage. The national anthem slowly sounded.

It resounded throughout the capital!

Tens of millions of people in the capital woke up from their sleep and could not help but sing along with the national anthem.

The voices of the people were gathered together.

The red flag was slowly raised on the flagpole.

The people of the northern army all had solemn gazes as they slowly watched.

“Salute!” Luther shouted.

Swoosh!

Hundreds of thousands of elites saluted solemnly and watched the flag rise slowly.

The flag-raising ceremony did not take long.

The locals of the capital were used to this.

But for the people of northern army, it was the first time they were seeing it with their own eyes.

Cole lightly exhaled, then turned and left.

The northern army's astonishing tacit understanding was fully displayed at this moment.

Everyone left silently.

They no longer disturbed the capital.

Dominic silently watched as the capital city slowly returned to silence.

Cole and the others rushed to Preston.

The ultimate goal of the transfer was not only to target the yin-yang people, but also to prepare for the hundred-general meeting on the third of next month.

The eight countries outside the border already knew about the northern army mobilization.

However, for the entire night.

None of them dared to make any strange movements!

If Cameron Linar had the guts and Namar tried anything funny, what awaited would be death.

The northern army still had seven legions stationed in the northern territory.

The army was definitely not empty.

As long as nothing happened to Braydon, the eight foreign countries would have to remain obedient, On Mount Sheburg, the wind was howling.

Braydon and Jace Jackel waited outside the door for an entire day.

No one cared.

No one opened the door!

This thousand-year-old temple called the Shaolin Temple had shut Braydon out, and until now, no one cared about him!

Jace's body was extremely weak and had reached its limit.

The mountain wind at night was as cold as a knife. When it landed on his body, it was as if a knife was cutting his face. It was extremely painful.

Jace couldn't take it anymore.

He was already unconscious.

It was all thanks to Braydon's purple Qi that he was able to extend his life.

It was past midnight, and no one opened the door.

Braydon said again, "I am a commoner from the northern region. I am here to visit the Shaolin Temple!"
No one answered.

Savannah Jackel's eyes reddened, and she said stubbornly, "Brother Braydon, don't beg them." "It's fine. As long as Jace can live, it doesn't matter if I get rejected!" Braydon smiled.

With Braydon's status.

It was embarrassing to be rejected once.

However, he was rejected continuously and left outside for an entire day.

It was humiliating!

The Shaolin's influence was extraordinary, and it was also an existence of great importance among the sects.

Did they not put Braydon in their eyes?

But now, strong winds were blowing around Mount Sheburg.

There was something wrong with the ferocity of the wind!

It was the yin wind!

A cold wind swept across Mount Sheburg, causing a deep voice to sound out from the inner court. It was like thunder as it said angrily, "Who is it? How dare you cause trouble in the Buddhist Holy Land!" "Haroon Lincoln of the yin-yang people greets Your Highness the Northern King!"

Chapter 387-Challenging the Legend of the Northern Territory!

The yin-yang people had finally arrived!

Haroon Lincoln, the year of birth unknown, the place of birth unknown.

However, he was definitely an expert among the yin-yang people.

Because he was a... half-step pinnacle!

After he introduced himself.

The entire thousand-year-old temple was silent.

All the monks fell silent.

Would the Buddhist Holy Land tolerate a guy like a yin -yang person who was neither human nor ghost?

He was just bullying the weak!

What could you expect from people who closed their doors in troubled times and came out during prosperous times?

Haroon's arrival was only the beginning.

It meant that the yin-yang people had officially started a war with Braydon.

Along with the gusts of cold wind that became more and more intense, voices sounded.

"Soloman Druid of the yin-yang people greets Your Highness the Northern King!" "Leif Yarrell of the yin-yang people greets Your Highness the Northern King!" "Roland Jenner of the yin-yang people greets Your Highness the Northern King!" The experts who belonged to the yin-yang people and were titled King of Hell were gathered on Mount Sheburg.

There were not many of them; a total of thirteen!

The thirteen experts of the yin-yang people were led by Haroon, a half-step pinnacle.

Now that all of them had arrived, it went without saying that Braydon had enraged them.

Braydon had killed the two Kings of Hell during the day.

Their names were Griffin Wilson and Chester Salo.

The death of these two people had completely enraged the yin-yang people.

Savannah Jackel stood up gently, her thin lips moving slightly. "Brother Braydon, let me help you!" "You take good care of Jace!" Braydon pinched her nose, not needing her help.

At this moment, a cold wind swept across the entire Mount Sheburg.

All the powerful figures of the yin-yang people had arrived.

Haroon was wearing a black cloak and a cape. He looked very low-key, but also seemed to be out of place in this world.

In modern society, this kind of clothing would definitely be regarded as peculiar.

However, martial artists were a peculiar existence.

Yin-yang people were an exception among the martial artists.

An oddity among oddities.

How could this whole matter be assessed with common sense!

“Haroon Lincoln, we meet again!” Braydon said indifferently.

“It has been nine years since we last met!” Haroon replied softly.

Braydon was in the northern territory when he was poisoned and was about to turn eleven years old.

The yin-yang people came and said that his life was coming to an end.

It made his teacher, Finley Yanagi, furious. He then killed all the incoming yin-yang people!

Later, the yin-yang people were furious.

On the night Braydon turned eleven, a cold wind swept across the desert, and Haroon was one of the experts who came!

Now, the two sides met again.

Braydon was no longer the youth he was in the past.

He, Haroon, was still at the half-step pinnacle.

Haroon bowed slightly. “Yin-yang Haroon Lincoln has led twelve Kings of Hell of the yin-yang people to challenge the king of the northern territory!” “Yin-yang people, here to challenge the legend of the north!” Soloman and the others cupped their hands.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes.

Braydon smiled like a spring breeze. "From tonight onwards, the northern army and the yin-yang people are at war!

"I, Braydon Neal, will fight!" Braydon had never been afraid of war.

Haroon's men had already arrived, so there was no reason to avoid the battle.

Soloman took a step forward and said softly, "Please give me some pointers, Your Highness!" "Let's attack together. I'm a little angry today!" Braydon was still smiling like the spring breeze.

He was clearly angry, but he was still so calm.

Shaolin's indifference.

Jace Jackel's life hanging by a thread.

The hundred-generals meeting that was imminent.

The 36 islands of Ludwig that were still occupied by three foreign countries.

The capital not allowing Braydon to turn down the conferment of titles.

Many things were weighing on the shoulders of Braydon.

Not a single one was dealt with!

All the members of the yin-yang were here to challenge him.

Then, he would use this battle to kill them all!

Soloman and the others were ninth-level kings and held high positions among the yin-yang people.

They were titled Kings of Hell.

Having them attack Braydon alone?

They could not do such a thing!

However, they really didn't understand.

King Braydon was invincible!

Haroon said indifferently, "Since the Northern King has spoken, don't hold back. Attack together." "Yes, sir!" Soloman, Leif and Roland looked at each other and attacked at the same time.

Twelve ninth-level kings attacked together.

Besieging Braydon alone!

In Mount Sheburg, there were a thousand yin-yang people.

None of them were weak.

It was as if they had the advantage in numbers.

Braydon was calm and collected. Back then, when he faced millions of troops outside the borders, he was still fearless.

Today, he was facing the yin-yang people, and he was not afraid.

Soloman took the lead.

He struck out with his palm, carrying a cold power.

The force was somewhat special.

Don't forget about Braydon's hidden illness. Once the cold energy in his body was lured out, his injuries would relapse! At this critical moment, if his injuries relapsed... It was definitely fatal.

Braydon snapped his fingers and smiled faintly. He felt that the air around him was flowing abnormally.

Soloman seemed to be attacking with a palm.

In fact, he had already released his force.

The force was formless and colorless as it arrived in front of Braydon.

Braydon broke through hundreds of invisible forces in a flash. His left hand reached for his waist and grabbed the hilt of the Northern King sword.

This shocking weapon.

It was instantly unsheathed.

The black blade light was like a graceful swan as Braydon tapped the ground with his toes.

In an instant.

His movement speed exceeded 100 meters per second!

What kind of speed was this!

It broke through 100 meters per second, and the speed of sound was only 300 meters per second.

Braydon's speed was one-third of the speed of sound.

It was extremely terrifying.

Previously, in the Neal family manor, Braydon helped Zayn Ziegler break through and used the Thousand Feathers Technique.

The terror of the Thousand Feathers Technique.

Did you think that it could only increase one's basic strength?

No!

It could improve all kinds of abilities in the body.

Strength, speed, reaction speed, etc.

Once it was used, all three of them would be greatly improved.

Do you know why Braydon said that he was unable to fully control the three forbidden techniques?

Behind the shocking benefits, there were some costs that he could not bear!

At this moment, Braydon's speed was over 100 meters per second.

The yin-yang people did not expect it.

Soloman's pupils constricted as he lowered his head to look at his chest.

Braydon's blade pierced through his chest, then Braydon pulled out the sword and brushed past him.

There was no cure for his fatal injury!

A sword had cut through his heart.

He would definitely die.

A ninth-level king, and a yin-yang person at that.

He was far stranger and more terrifying than the martial artists in society.

But now, in front of Braydon, he had been completely crushed.

Behind this strength.

Braydon had activated the eight king-conferring techniques again.

He said that he was a little angry today!

King Braydon was a little angry. If he was angry, his enemies would not be able to escape death.

Braydon snapped his fingers and broke Soloman's heart meridian.

This was just the beginning.

Tonight, the wind was howling. It was the night of murder.

Braydon's figure was like a ghost, and the white light on his body became brighter and brighter.

It undoubtedly meant that he had activated the eight king-conferring techniques, which could greatly increase his strength.

Sometimes.

Braydon, who had activated eight techniques but not used the martial arts technique, was even more terrifying.

A Northern King sword swept through the night and landed on Leif's body.

He killed him at the waist with a single slash..

Chapter 388-Invincible in the Darksome Night!

Braydon stood between heaven and earth.

No one could stop him.

The twelve yin-yang kings were killed by Braydon in just fifteen breaths.

The entire Mount Sheburg and the thousands of yin-yang people were terrified.

Braydon sheathed his sword and raised his hands at the same time. He extended his slender index finger and formed a talisman in the air.

It was the talisman technique of the eight king-conferring techniques.

When forming talismans, it was the best time for the yin-yang people to kill Braydon.

Unfortunately, they had underestimated Braydon.

They had underestimated the eight king-conferring techniques.

“The end of the art, the pinnacle’s origin!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Tonight, I’ll let you see the path of the pinnacle!” Braydon’s eyes were emotionless as he looked down at the entire Mount Sheburg.

“What?” Haroon Lincoln was shocked and furious.

Pinnacle of martial arts!

Braydon had already touched the pinnacle of martial arts?

How was this possible?

He was so young!

INOt even at tne age or twenty:

It was rare to see a twenty-year-old pinnacle.

Haroon had been stuck as a ninth-level king for eighty years!

Eighty years!

How many ordinary people had eighty years to live?

Some ordinary people with short lives would find it difficult to even live to eighty years old.

Even for kings who could live for 300 years, not everyone could live the full 300 years.

When Haroon was young, he was also a talented person.

For the pinnacle of martial arts, he had spent a whole eighty years before he had a clue and a chance.

But now, Braydon actually wanted to show him the true pinnacle of martial arts.

How could Haroon believe that?

How could he accept this!

At this moment, Braydon was like a God. He had already used two of his eight king-conferring techniques.

There was no order to the eight king-conferring techniques.

His first technique was the martial arts technique.

The end of the art, the pinnacle's origin.

There were no ordinary people on Mount Sheburg.

Away from the bustling city.

King Braydon, who had no scruples, displayed his pinnacle combat strength.

Braydon used the truth to tell everyone why he was in charge of the northern army at such a young age, and why he was conferred the title of Northern King and became the leader of the hundred generals in the military.

The talent of a genius was unleashed in one breath!

Braydon used both of his index fingers to draw the symbol, but it was not the Five-thunder Talisman.

This was much more complicated than the Five-thunder Talisman!

At this moment, Braydon was dressed in white, and his entire body was emitting a ray of light.

White light shot into the clouds.

A silver bolt of lightning tore through the night.

It was a hundred meters long!

What kind of concept was this?

A building was about four meters tall.

This bolt of lightning was as tall as a twenty-five-story building.

It was majestic and terrifying.

It was like a punishment from nature!

Was this the strength that a human could possess?

He had said it long ago.

If there was anyone in this world who could become a God, Braydon would be the first!

He was someone who could become a god!

The hundred-meter-long thunderbolt landed on Mount Sheburg, causing the entire mountain to tremble. A towering tree was shattered into pieces, and wood chips flew everywhere. The yin-yang people were all terrified.

They looked at Braydon as if he was a God.

This was just the beginning.

Yin-yang joining hands to challenge the legend of the north?

From the moment they appeared, their deaths had already been sealed.

At this moment.

“Run!” Haroon shouted in shock and anger. “Run! All of you! Run! He is definitely not a millennium genius!” Haroon said something he should not have.

In exchange, Braydon gave him a cold and heartless look.

These words were destined to make him, Haroon Lincoln, die tonight.

Since Haroon had spoken, all the yin-yang people on Mount Sheburg wanted to escape.

Only Braydon was like a young immortal. His thin lips moved slightly. “Since both sides have declared war, the enemies should be exterminated. Do you think you can escape?” As Braydon spoke, Haroon was terrified.

He was a half-step pinnacle.

People like them were invincible.

Unfortunately, tonight, he was terrified of Braydon alone.

“The eight king-conferring techniques; the end of the art is also the pinnacle’s origin!” Braydon whispered, The holy white light around his body grew stronger.

At this moment, the white light on Braydon’s body came from the inside out.

Braydon’s clothes could not stop the white light from blooming. One could see his bones, as well as his sparkling and translucent internal organs.

It was as if there was no impurity at all!

How did one cultivate such a martial artist body!

Around Braydon's body, there were also hundreds of meters of silver lightning that pierced through the night sky.

In front of such a mighty power of heaven and earth, humans felt extremely small.

Braydon was like a God.

Haroon said that Braydon was not a genius of a thousand years.

There must be a reason!

King Braydon, who was at the pinnacle, was truly terrifying.

His power suppressed the entire place.

He could probably suppress all the martial artists in Hansworth.

Hansworth's Morning Star was not a false name.

At this moment, Haroon had everyone run.

Unfortunately, they could not escape.

Tonight, all the yin-yang people were going to die.

Braydon was drawing the talisman with both hands, but it was much more complicated and took a lot of time.

The moment the two talismans were formed.

There was actually the sound of a sword.

“The Mount Sino Sword Talisman!” Haroon said in a daze.

Swoosh!

“Run!” he shouted with a pale face. “Run away from Mount Sheburg! Run away from Hansworth! Don’t ever come back!” What exactly was the Mount Sino Sword Talisman?

To be able to scare Haroon, a half-step pinnacle, to this extent!

Today, the glory of the ancient arts of Hansworth would be restored.

Braydon, as a descendant, would inherit the legacy of his ancestors and tell the world that the martial arts of foreign countries all originated from Hansworth!

The martial arts of all the countries in the world originated from Hansworth!

Back then, Hansworth was known as the country of ten thousand clans.

Do you think this is a game?

Hansworth was the source of all martial arts in the world.

In recent times and modern times, Hansworth martial arts had become weak.

The other countries took advantage of the situation and insulted the country's prestige.

Braydon would remember all these blood debts.

In the future, he would pay them back double.

Braydon wanted Hansworth to stand at the top of the world.

Outsiders could not understand his ambition.

Braydon was going to regain the glory of the country of ten thousand clans! He wanted the country to become the country that the world revered once again.

That was why Braydon was using his pinnacle strength tonight.

He wanted to subdue the yin-yang people!

There was no such thing as the yin-yang people having control over the dead!

To Braydon, he wanted control over both!

Those who submit would live!

Those who disobeyed would be killed!

This was Braydon's stance.

Therefore, no matter what, these yin-yang people would definitely die tonight.

Those who were enemies of the northern army would be killed on the spot.

Leave no one alive!

The Mount Sino Sword Talisman slowly appeared in front of Braydon.

The tip of the sword slowly flew out from the talisman, followed by the entire bright sword.

The entire three-foot-long sword was as white as snow and glistened with a cold light.

It was like a real sword!

The two swords whizzed out and turned into two streams of light that swept across the entire peak of Mount Sheburg.

In the darksome night, the speed was so fast that it produced a whistling sound.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh... The bright light continued to flash past, piercing through the chests of the yin-yang people.

They were all fatal injuries, so they were all killed.

Miserable screams rang out nonstop!

The sword was like a river of stars, standing in the dark night and unstoppable!

Chapter 389-Tonight, I Want to Change the Laws!

n A thousand yin-yang people and twelve Kings of Hell were almost completely wiped out tonight.

Braydon smiled like a spring breeze. It was as if his hands were clean and not stained with a trace of blood.

But it was this pair of beautiful fair hands that was covered in blood!

His hands were stained with blood when he was seven.

At the age of seven, he was appointed a general and had to be stained with the enemy's blood.

From then on, Braydon walked the path of becoming the northern army's commander.

Braydon's decisive character was forged behind his rise to power.

Thus, Braydon did not take the death of a thousand yin-yang people seriously.

However, he saw a familiar face in the crowd.

Preston's yin-yang Andrew Seal!

He actually came too.

Braydon's entire body was covered in white light, and he walked over like a banished immortal. In the blink of an eye, two sword lights floated beside him. He chuckled, "Andrew Seal, you're here too!" "Your Highness, I..." Andrew's face was pale, and a bitter smile hung on his lips.

He was a yin-yang and had to listen to orders.

Braydon smiled and let him live. He was the only one who survived.

As for Haroon Lincoln, his face was pale as he watched Braydon use the Mount Sino Sword Talisman to kill everyone.

He said hoarsely, "Two years ago, in the primitive mountain forest in the northwest, heavy rain poured down for more than half a month. The rain washed out an ancient tomb. It was a top-notch tomb from 200 BC. The tomb owner was from Mount Sino when he was alive and was ranked at the top.

"After his tomb appeared, the powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects all went crazy. All the kings went to snatch the treasures of the tomb!

"Ninth-level kings gathered there and started a bloody battle.

"In the capital, all the experts of the twenty-four divisions arrived as well. There were even other ninth-level kings from unknown factions who arrived. They all wanted to snatch the inheritance left behind by the pinnacle martial artist.

"But in the end, everyone was killed by a youth wearing a ghost mask.

"That night, he was like a young immortal, killing hundreds of ninth-level conferred kings, suppressing the twenty-four divisions of the capital, beating the five commanders to tears, and chasing them for hundreds of miles.

"That person is you!" Haroon was talking about an unsolved case.

The pending case from two years ago was still unsolved even now.

They had no idea who the young man with the ghost mask was.

He had killed everyone.

At that time, the commander of Eastern Hansworth, Luke Yates, was beaten to tears by him. He cried and wailed as he fled.

At this moment, Braydon's smile was like a spring breeze, like a passerby on a trip to Mount Sheburg. He shook his head gently.

Was he denying it?

"You're a legend of the northern territory," Haroon said coldly. "You dare to do it, but you don't dare to admit it?" "That matter was indeed not my doing. It was Eggy's doing!" Braydon knew about this.

Haroon frowned slightly. There was a genius in the northern army who was no less talented than King Braydon?

Who exactly was this Eggy?

His strength was actually so terrifying!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Eggy is Ludo, one of the commanders of the ten great regiments of the northern army. He's ranked at the bottom!" Back then, Eggy knew that the tomb at the peak of the northwest mountain had appeared. He had followed the orders of the commander to bring back the items in the tomb.

There were a hundred kings present.

They were all killed by Eggy!

If Braydon had gone over, none of the twenty-four divisions and the kings would have survived.

Haroon was silent for a long time.

The foundation of the northern army was terrifying!

The top three of the ten ruthless men of the northern army had long been famous.

The last three were all more mysterious than the last!

The last one was Eggy.

The files of this person in the northern army were SSS-level, the same level as the military commander Braydon.

Other than Braydon, no one could access Eggy's personal file.

"The Mount Sino Sword Talisman indeed came from the northwest tomb!" Braydon said calmly.

"In that case, I am nothing but a weak fool. Please give me your guidance!" Haroon exhaled.

Things had already reached this point.

He had no choice!

The yin-yang experts came to challenge Braydon.

In the end, they were killed effortlessly by this legend of the northern territory.

Braydon, the undefeated legend, was a living legend.

Outsiders couldn't shake his legend!

At this point in the battle, Braydon had only activated the martial arts and talisman techniques of the eight king-conferring techniques. He used two techniques and started a massacre on the peak of Mount Sheburg.

No one could stop him!

Haroon was a half-step pinnacle, and his strength was extremely formidable. In a flash, his speed soared to nearly 100 meters per second. With a raise of his hand, a cold wind swept across the peak of Mount Sheburg.

An invisible force wreaked havoc on the land.

He intended to cause Braydon's hidden illness, that cold energy, to relapse.

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and smiled.

The two sword lights formed by the Mount Sino Sword Talisman had already killed thousands of yin-yang people.

Now, they were moving again.

The sword light was like a galaxy, and the sword was as fast as time.

Wherever the sword lights went, all the yin wind force was broken by the swords.

The two sword lights whistled through the air at a speed that was as fast as a swan.

Have you ever seen a sword immortal?

At this moment, Braydon was like a young immortal.

A banished immortal wielding a sword.

Mount Sino had a shocking legacy.

The sword light was like a shadow as it pierced through Haroon's left shoulder, bringing up a handful of blood.

In just a short moment.

Haroon was already heavily injured.

There was no suspense in this battle.

Braydon, who had used the Mount Sino Sword Talisman, was extremely terrifying.

Haroon was not his enemy at all!

Soon after, sword light surrounded the entire area, dazzling everyone. It was as if there were thousands of swords, cutting off all of Haroon's paths of retreat.

Another sword pierced through his abdomen.

He was heavily injured again.

Haroon spat out a mouthful of blood. His aura was no longer as imposing as before.

Braydon flicked his finger and scattered one sword light, leaving behind one sword light. He held it gently with his left hand and chuckled. "Pinnacle Lincoln, will you take on this sword talisman?"

“You are definitely not a millennium genius!” Blood continued to flow from the corner of Haroon’s lips as he slowly closed his eyes.

Even though he had a cultivation base of a half-step pinnacle, it was still difficult to shake Braydon.

Haroon gave up struggling. The more he fought back, the more painful his death would be.

He might as well let Braydon give him a quick death!

Braydon held the sword light and said softly, “I don’t want to kill you tonight, so you have a choice.

“Submit to the northern army banner and you will live!” This was Braydon’s condition.

This was to subdue the yin-yang!

Haroon was furious. “Don’t even think about it. Yin and yang have seventeen laws. Yin has eight laws, and Yang has nine laws. The living is under the control of the capital, and the dead us under the control of the yin-yang. This is a law that has not changed for a thousand years!” “But today, I want to change this law. Is it possible?” Braydon flicked his fingers and a sword light shot out from his left hand.

Swoosh!

The long sword pierced through Haroon’s chest and nailed him to a towering tree behind him.

Although his injuries were severe, his heart and other vital parts were spared.

Haroon ignored the pain and said in horror, “You want to change the law?”

That’s impossible!” Braydon chuckled. In his eyes, nothing was impossible.

The seventeen laws of yin and yang could not be changed.

However, the yin-yang people could not live beyond the laws of Hansworth.

In Hansworth, one had to abide by the law!

Those who did not obey would be regarded as rebels..

Chapter 390-: Some People Can 't Be Killed Kill them on the spot!

Braydon's stance was simple.

Yin and yang belonged to each other. If they did not submit, he would destroy the yin-yang people.

All the yin-yang people would be exterminated, leaving no one alive.

The prosperous Hansworth of today could not tolerate people who were outside the law.

Even the pinnacle had to abide by the laws of the country!

Thus, Haroon Lincoln had to consider this matter on his own.

After rejecting King Braydon, from tonight onward, the yin-yang people would have to be prepared to vanish into thin air. Tonight, Mount Sheburg was littered with corpses.

The smell of blood filled the air.

A person slowly appeared halfway up the mountain.

It was Nico Yates.

He had arrived long ago. However, a great battle had erupted on Mount Sheburg, so he did not go up.

With a half-step pinnacle attacking, Nico's participation would only cause trouble for Braydon.
"Commander!" Nico appeared.

Braydon nodded and waited for him to continue.

Nico took out an ancient book from his pocket. There were ancient characters on it.

It was the Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique!

Mount Nubis was actually willing to give it to them.

Braydon was a little surprised. He took it calmly and asked, "What are the conditions of Mount Nubis?"
"It's not really a condition. After I explained the reason, the sect master of Mount Nubis's Zento Sect personally made a copy of Hansworth internal cultivation technique and asked me to give it to the commander with a message." Nico stood at the side.

"Speak!" Braydon nodded.

"The sect master of the Zento Sect said that the Northern King is the star of Hansworth. If there is anything you need, Zento Sect will definitely help." There were no additional conditions.

This was Mount Nubis, the ancestral court.

The Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique was their treasure.

If they presented it just like that, they could put forth any conditions to Braydon.

But Mount Nubis did not!

Braydon owed them a favor.

Back then, Braydon had become a War God at the age of nine in the northern territory, stunning Hansworth.

A king from beyond the borders had forcefully crossed over.

It caused the old principal of the northern military school to fall.

On that night, not only did the powerful cultivators of the Mount Sino region rush to the northern region, but they also, the sect master of Mount Nubis's Zento Sect also arrived in the northern region overnight and killed his way into the foreign countries to defend the country's prestige.

The friendship between Braydon and Mount Nubis had already been developed when he was nine years old.

Braydon took the Hansworth internal cultivation technique and handed it to Jace Jackel. He said softly, "Jace, remember the Hansworth internal cultivation technique?" "Brother Braydon!" Jace was getting weaker and weaker.

"If you fall, I'll kill my way through the capital tonight," Braydon said indifferently.

Jace was determined to die.

But Braydon wanted him to live!

No matter what, Jace had to learn the internal cultivation of Hansworth. Braydon would use the purple Qi to help him nourish his body and be reborn!

Braydon's Art of the God of War had the effect of cleansing the marrow every time he cultivated it.

However, he had to cultivate it to the third cycle. Jace did not have that much time to cultivate the Art of the God of War Otherwise, Braydon would definitely pass it to him.

Jace took the Hansworth internal cultivation manual and slowly flipped through it under the moonlight, memorizing every word.

When he flipped to the first page, he was immersed in it.

The manual recorded the internal cultivation techniques.

First year: changing Qi.

Second year: changing blood.

Third year: changing essence.

Fourth year: changing pulse.

Fifth year: changing marrow.

Sixth year: changing bones.

Seventh year: changing muscles and tendons.

Eighth year: changing hair.

Ninth year: changing form.

This was the internal cultivation technique.

The ruling king in 200 BC, Corbin Lepore, the peerless prodigy of that era, created this technique.

Even now, the future generations would not forget him!

The Hansworth internal cultivation technique was very suitable for Jace now, allowing him to be reborn and rebuild himself.

If Jace could survive, his future achievements would be limitless!

It was late at night.

Jace memorized all the contents of the Hansworth internal cultivation technique and sat cross-legged to cultivate.

Braydon flicked his fingers and smashed the secret manual into powder.

Only Jace could learn the Hansworth internal cultivation technique.

This was his respect for Mount Nubis.

Otherwise, the Hansworth internal cultivation technique would spread everywhere.

Would he be able to face the Zento Sect of Mount Nubis if that happened?

That would be repaying kindness with ingratitude!

Thus, Braydon had never once flipped through the Hansworth internal cultivation technique.

He had the Art of the God of War. That was enough!

At this moment.

Jace closed his eyes to cultivate the Hansworth internal cultivation technique. There was a lot of purple Qi in his body.

It was all from Braydon who had transferred it to his body to extend his life.

Jace cultivated the Hansworth internal cultivation technique and refined the purple Qi bit by bit, completely integrating it into his body.

Gradually, his weak aura began to improve.

This was the Hansworth internal cultivation technique.

The first step for cultivators was to strengthen their Qi.

If the Qi was connected to the limbs and bones, it would prolong life and prevent all kinds of diseases.

Braydon raised his left hand and pressed it on Jace's head. Purple Qi surged out of his body and entered Jace's body.

At this moment, Jace opened his eyes in shock and anger. "Brother Braydon, stop!" Purple Qi was extremely rare!

This kind of thing could only be encountered by luck.

Jace did not want Braydon to sacrifice himself to help him recover.

“Stop talking. Your life comes first.” As soon as Braydon finished speaking, a trace of blood seeped out from the corner of his mouth. His face was a little pale and blue.

An extremely cold energy caused Braydon’s eyebrows and hair to turn white.

It looked like the hidden illness in his body had relapsed!

Nico’s pupils constricted. He took a step forward, but Braydon raised his hand to stop him. He immediately withdrew his left hand and stopped the purple Qi from leaking out. He sat cross-legged on the spot and closed his eyes to suppress the injuries in his body.

At the same time, Haroon, who was nailed to a tree in the distance, fell to the ground.

The sword light on his chest instantly dissipated.

Haroon was also heavily injured. He looked over and said hoarsely, “The Northern King has a hidden disease. That extreme cold energy is like the pinnacle path that has been fused into his body.” “You want to fight?” Nico pulled out the black blade from his waist, fearless.

“No.” Haroon shook his head. “With the Northern King’s strength, so what if his injuries have relapsed? He can split his attention to kill me in a split second. It’ll only take a second.

“I have come to challenge His Highness the Northern King tonight, but I don’t dare to kill him!

“Some people can’t be killed!

“He is the son of Hansworth!” Haroon sighed lightly. He was heavily injured in many places, but they were not fatal.

He sat on the spot as if he was having a casual conversation.

Back then, the yin-yang people went to the north and said that the young Braydon Neal was about to reach his limit and wanted to take him away.

In fact, they had selfish motives!

If they took away the son of Hansworth and nurtured him amongst the yin-yang people, he would become a supreme figure who could become a God in the future.

Perhaps it would allow them to return to their former glory.

Unfortunately, the old commander, Finley Yanagi, did not give them what they wanted and fought them relentlessly. Haroon had no intention of killing Braydon.

In the next moment.

He seemed to have noticed something, and his eyes were as sharp as lightning as he looked at the tightly shut gate of the Shaolin Temple.

The door slowly opened!

Accompanied by a majestic voice, “Who dares to cause trouble in the Buddhist Holy Land?” This voice had the effect of deterring and shaking people’s hearts.

Jace’s cultivation was disturbed at the critical moment, and his eight meridians were affected. His already weak body suffered a backlash.

He coughed up dark-red blood. It was fatal!

Haroon grunted, also bleeding, and said furiously, "Old Bald Donkey, you guys are courting death!"