

Strongest 391

Chapter 391-Don't Take It Seriously
The reason Haroon Lincoln was furious was because when he was at his peak, the old bald donkey of this thousand-year-old temple did not even dare to fart.

When they were fighting fiercely in front of the temple, he did not even dare to say a word.

A person who did not dare to fart or speak was taking advantage of Haroon's heavy injuries and Braydon's relapse to jump out and cause trouble.

The voice was extremely sinister.

Blood trickled down from the corner of Braydon's lips as he tried to suppress his injuries.

He clearly didn't want Braydon to recover!

The person who was most affected was Jace Jackel.

His body that was already at the end of its life was interrupted by the disturbance. The reverse flow of Qi in his eight meridians was enough to cause him to die instantly.

Braydon suddenly stood up, his eyes emitting a cold light. His thin body, which was made of dustless cloth, was fluttering in the wind. A strong force was released from his eyes and fell on Jace.

He helped him to recuperate, straighten out the reverse Qi, and nurse his body.

At this moment, Jace's face was as pale as a sheet of paper, like a candle in the wind. His life was about to come to an end at any time.

Braydon's injuries were even more serious!

The reason for the relapse was not because he used purple Qi to heal Jace.

The biggest reason was that Braydon had used all his strength to display the martial art technique and the talisman technique to fight against all the yin -yang people.

Normally, Braydon was unable to use his full strength.

More than half of his energy was used to suppress the hidden injuries in his body.

In tonight's battle, the cold energy in Braydon's body had completely erupted.

If he was given time, he would definitely be able to forcefully suppress the cold energy.

The yin energy was like maggots in the bones, extremely difficult to remove. The owner of this energy was someone who was infinitely close to the pinnacle.

Unfortunately, he was killed by Braydon in the end.

Otherwise, it would be a fool's dream for an ordinary pinnacle like Haroon to leave a hidden disease on Braydon's body.

Braydon's recovery was interrupted, and he had to spare some time to protect Jace's life.

It caused his body's condition to deteriorate!

The person who caused all of this to happen was the Shaolin monks.

Jace was not a fool. He raised his hand to counterattack Braydon and actually forced him back with a palm strike.

“Jace, what are you doing!” Savannah Jackel’s clear eyes were filled with disbelief.

There were too many variables tonight.

Jace’s lips were bleeding profusely as he said in a low voice, “Brother Braydon, my body is already at the end of its life. Now that I’ve suffered a backlash, even the gods can’t save me. Take Savannah and leave quickly.” “Since the establishment of the northern army, there has never been a precedent of abandoning one’s comrades.” Braydon was the commander, so he would never do such a thing.

A scene of life and death.

Braydon hated this scene the most in his life!

Braydon had said more than once that he must protect Jace at all costs!

So what if even immortals could not save his life?

Braydon would save him!

Jace asked Braydon to leave because he could tell that Braydon’s injuries had worsened.

At this moment, Braydon’s entire body was covered in a layer of faint blue ice shards.

His injuries had exploded from the inside out.

The abnormality on the surface of his body had already appeared.

The degree of deterioration of the injuries in his body was probably beyond everyone’s expectations.

Braydon had actually chosen to let his injuries worsen.

The old monk from Shaolin Temple did not want Braydon to recover?

Then, he would not recover!

Shaolin would not be able to bear the consequences in the future.

But now, Braydon turned around and glanced at Haroon. His thin lips moved slightly. "Pinnacle Lincoln, I've given you time. What say you?" "What?" Haroon was stunned.

He suddenly understood that what Braydon wanted him to consider was for the yin-yang people to submit to the northern army.

If they did not submit, the yin-yang people would be exterminated.

Haroon found it hard to believe.

Braydon's hidden illness had already completely erupted, and the monks from the Shaolin Temple had ill intentions.

Yet, Braydon was still targeting the yin-yang people.

"Lord Northern King, the bald donkey of Shaolin has ill intentions. He used the Buddhist voice to disturb you and aggravate your injuries. His intentions are worthy of punishment." Haroon wanted to change the topic.

But it was also the truth!

"Although the Shaolin Temple is very powerful, I don't think much of it!" Braydon chuckled with his hands behind his back.

The conceit in his words.

Haroon was instantly speechless.

He did not expect that Braydon's injuries would worsen to this extent, yet he was still so proud and unyielding, refusing to join forces with him.

But how could Haroon know?

Although Braydon was young and stood in the northern territory, he was someone who could directly talk to the eight countries! One person who could shake an entire country.

If Braydon could do it, he could even shake it.

Therefore... The mighty King Braydon did not think much of this ancient Shaolin Temple on the peak of Mount Sheburg.

"Answer me now. Do the yin-yang people submit to me?" Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

Haroon gritted his teeth and said, "Your Highness, the Northern King, the yin-yang people will not submit to anyone..." Before he could finish his sentence.

Bang!

Braydon did not want to hear this. He moved like a ghost, his right hand behind his back.

Just a single palm strike!

Haroon's chest was hit hard.

His sternum collapsed, his eyes bulged out, and he spat out blood as he was sent flying for more than ten meters.

Braydon's toes moved slightly, following him like a shadow. He calmly asked again, "Submit or die!" "Your Highness!" Haroon could not accept this!

The yin-yang people had a long history and had never submitted to anyone since ancient times.

Look at the purpose of yin-yang.

The capital controlled the living, and the yin-yang people controlled the dead.

How domineering!

It was like controlling the world!

This had been the case since ancient times. In ancient times, the yin-yang people had divine rights.

Now, Braydon wanted them to submit.

How could a yin-yang person accept this!

Swoosh!

The Northern King sword was unsheathed from Braydon's waist and pierced through Haroon's abdomen, nailing him to a towering tree. "Hansworth cannot tolerate people who wander outside the law!" Braydon's voice was very soft.

It was as if the hidden disease that had erupted in his body did not affect Braydon in the slightest.

Haroon was almost crippled, nailed to the tree.

Braydon did not kill him.

He wanted everyone in the yin-yang to submit!

This was Haroon's last chance.

If he did not submit, not only would he die, from tonight onward, all the yin-yang people in the world would be killed by the five main teams and the northern army.

A special group of people who wandered outside the laws of the country.

Braydon could not tolerate it!

At this moment, at the entrance of the Shaolin Temple.

The gate that had been closed for a long time was now slowly opening.

An old monk in a kasaya walked out with hundreds of staff-using monks.

The old monk put his hands together solemnly and looked at the corpses outside the mountain. They were the corpses of thousands of yin-yang people.

He said sorrowfully, "Buddha is merciful. In just one night, you actually committed such a crime in front of our Buddhist Holy Land. You are all sinners!" "Bullsh*t!" Nico Yates turned around and shouted coldly.

Even the capital did not dare to say that Braydon was guilty of a crime.

So many yin-yang people had died in Braydon's hands, but Haroon did not dare to say that Braydon was guilty.

The people from the powerful and aristocratic families did not dare to say that Braydon was guilty!

Chapter 392-This Medicine is Useless for My Injuries!

There was no need to explain the reason.

Braydon led the northern army to guard the border of Hansworth and defend against the eight countries.

A few years ago, there were endless bloody battles.

He had made great contributions and was the leader of the hundred generals in the military.

And now, this group of monks actually said that the Northern King was a sinner?

They were courting death!

Just this sentence alone would erase all of Braydon's credit.

If the northern army found out, they would raze this thousand-year-old temple to the ground!

Earlier, the monks had used their voices to disturb Braydon's recovery and had put Jace Jackel's life on the line.

It was impossible to let go of their attempt to take their lives.

Nico Yates knew that the northern army had already gone south, so he had already secretly told Cole Colbie and the others about this.

Of the ten legions of the northern army, the most elite was the first legion.

Before they reached Preston, they changed direction and headed straight for Mount Sheburg!

One of the three sons of the northern army, Cole Colbie, was personally leading the troops here.

If Cole came and saw Braydon injured, he would be able to kill him.

The enraged King Cole would raze this place to the ground!

The ten ruthless men of the northern army were all arrogant and only listened to the Northern King's orders.

If it were an outsider, no one would be able to order them around.

In their eyes, there was only their big brother Braydon.

Whoever dared to harm Braydon, Cole and the others would have their whole family exterminated.

They had grown up together on the battlefield, and their brotherhood was unimaginable.

At this moment.

Braydon smiled like a spring breeze, allowing his injuries to worsen and the cold power to wreak havoc in his body.

“Master Karuna,” he said softly, “may I know what crime I have committed?” There was a personal file of the old monk in front of him in the secret vault of the northern army.

The information of all the conferred kings of the three great entities, namely the powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects, were all stored in the secret vault of the northern army.

The old monk’s Dharma name was Karuna, and he was a ninth-level king.

In this thousand-year-old temple, he had extremely high seniority. He was considered the junior brother of this generation’s Shaolin abbot.

He said solemnly, “Mr. Neal, you know that this is the holy land of the Buddhist sect, but you started a massacre and disturbed the Buddha. This is a great sin!

“Your hands are stained with blood. You should put down your butcher knife and convert to Buddhism. Only by eating vegetarian food and chanting Buddha all day can you wash away your sins!” Karuna said very seriously.

A faint smile appeared on Braydon’s lips.

If he put down his sword and convert, who would guard the eight thousand miles of the northern desert?

Who would protect the thousands of years of civilization in the vast Hansworth?

The Buddhist sect claimed that there was no one in the world that could not be crossed!

However, there was a type of person that they could not cross.

They were people in military attire.

The soldiers of the Military Department pursued the concept of killing to protect. They protected the common people and defended the country's prestige!

If the soldiers removed their armor and put down their sword, who would defend this world?

This kind of behavior was akin to betraying the country!

If the little fool was here, he would definitely kill the old monk Karuna.

If he was so capable, he should go to the eight foreign countries and preach the Buddhist Dharma to the foreign armies.

If Karuna went, he would probably be chopped into meat paste!

Braydon chuckled. "You said that I started a massacre here and disturbed the Buddha. I only have one question for you, Shaolin!" "Please speak!" Karuna put his palms together, looking very serious.

Braydon's eyes were filled with killing intent. "Tell me, is Buddha more important or is Hansworth more important?" The whole place fell silent.

Karuna must answer this question tonight! Braydon was waiting.

He was waiting for the answer to this question.

Karuna put his palms together and sat cross-legged on the ground. His voice was like a bronze bell as he said, "Buddha is the one who saves all living beings." The answer was very clear.

There was no evasion, no vague response.

It was a definite answer.

After answering this question, Karuna sat down cross-legged and slowly closed his eyes.

With this position, he was just waiting to be killed!

Braydon's calm eyes seemed to be devoid of any emotion.

Sometimes, their ideologies were different, and they could not accommodate each other.

The ideology of the sects was similar to that of Shaolin.

When asked what was more important, the monks would answer Buddha.

Braydon had once asked the powerful and aristocratic families this question.

One of their answers was that the powerful families were more important.

The other answer was that the aristocratic families were important!

The three answers were not three different ideas, but the same idea, which was... self-interest!

This was the fundamental reason why Braydon was incompatible with them like fire and water!

This was also the reason why Jace Jackel, who had been imprisoned and tortured by the Jackel family for six years, knew many secrets about the northern army but did not say a word.

The northern army fought for the sake of Hansworth and for the sake of the prosperous land behind them.

Encountering a tragic war, the northern army men were willing to die!

The northern army, which pursued the concept of killing and fighting, fought for the country.

On the other hand, people like the Shaolin and Karuna lived and died for Buddha.

Braydon did not start killing again. If he killed Karuna, there were still thousands of him in Shaolin.

The entire sect was filled with such people!

Could he kill them all?

They could not!

However, just because Braydon did not kill him today did not mean that he would not kill him tomorrow.

There were already signs that those among the three great entities had colluded with foreign countries and betrayed the country in the Ludwig army incident!

Once the evidence was conclusive.

Braydon would make them regret coming to this world.

At this moment, Braydon went to Jace's side and took out a jade bottle.

Nico's pupils constricted. He knew how precious the content of the pure white jade bottle was!

It would be difficult to produce a second bottle even with the nation's ability.

The medicine needed had long disappeared!

Those who could concoct the medicine were already dead.

There were originally seven pills in the bottle. When Braydon returned to Preston, he gave one to his mother, Laura Quinn.

There were six pills left in the bottle.

He opened the bottle and poured out a milky-white pill.

“Jace, take this medicine. It can help you prolong your life and give you enough time to cultivate the Hansworth martial arts internal cultivation technique to recover.” Braydon did not take this precious medicine for himself, instead he gave it to Jace.

Savannah Jackel grabbed Braydon’s arm and asked with red eyes, “Why aren’t you taking the pill?” “This medicine is useless for my injuries!” Braydon gently placed the pill in Savannah’s palm and asked her to help Jace take it.

The jade bottle was sealed again, and there were still five left.

“Commander, this medicine can help alleviate your condition.” Nico frowned.

“It’s a life-saving medicine. If we use it to alleviate an illness, it would be a waste!” Braydon refused to take the medicine and allowed his hidden illness to worsen.

He stood on Mount Sheburg with his hands behind his back, looking down at the vast night sky. Beside him, Haroon Lincoln, who was nailed to a tree, was terrified.

Ignoring his injuries, he said, "Your Royal Highness, if your injuries are not treated, you won't be able to keep your life!" "I want to see how the various parties will react when the king of the northern territory falls." Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back.

Haroon was horrified.

Braydon was ruthless.

He did not kill a single person from Shaolin, but he wanted to exterminate the entire Shaolin sect!

If the Northern King died on Mount Sheburg... How terrifying would the result be?

Chapter 393-There is a Pinnacle Among the Yin-Yang People EndlessFantasyThe Northern King falling on Mount Sheburg.

In a fit of rage, the capital would bury this thousand-year-old temple on Mount Sheburg along with Braydon Neal!

How much importance did the capital place on Braydon?

In the martial arts world of Hansworth, the old seniors who cultivated in seclusion were always paying attention to King Braydon's growth.

The capital regarded Braydon as the son of Hansworth.

The old seniors in secluded cultivation regarded him as a morning star.

They wanted to place the fate of the country on Bradyon's shoulders when he turns twenty.

Although Braydon was young, he carried the hopes of too many people.

Even the mysterious yin-yang people were fighting with the northern army, and even though both sides were fighting to the death, would Haroon Lincoln dare to kill Braydon?

Haroon definitely would not dare!

They did not even dare to kill him!

If Braydon died, there would be chaos in the country.

There would be a huge disaster!

At this moment.

Haroon was being nailed to a tree. Tonight, he had witnessed the astonishing strength of this white-clothed youth.

He had also witnessed terrifying methods.

“You can feel the cold energy in my body, right?” Braydon smiled.

“I can feel that it seems to be a complete pinnacle martial arts path!” Haroon was at a half-step pinnacle, so the icy energy covering Braydon’s body was somewhat attractive to him.

This feeling was like a complete pinnacle martial arts path.

Braydon was chatting casually. He was talking about the half-step pinnacle that he had killed with three blades in the northern desert.

In terms of strength, even ten Haroons would not be able to match him.

Braydon used the first five techniques of the eight king-conferring techniques and killed him in the desert with three slashes.

All the ruthless men in the northern territory knew about this.

What they did not know was that the counterattack of that pinnacle before his death had severely injured Braydon with a palm strike and sent a cold energy into his body.

This cold energy was that person's pinnacle martial arts path!

The pinnacle martial arts path entered his body.

Braydon was a ninth-level king back then, and his body instinctively merged with this martial arts path.

He was just one step away from knocking open the door to the pinnacle.

In layman's terms.

Braydon had almost stepped onto the pinnacle path.

At the last moment, Braydon did not hesitate to heavily injure himself and forcefully interrupted this breakthrough.

This caused the cold energy, which was the pinnacle martial arts path, to backfire on him. It was like a maggot in his bones, tormenting Braydon day and night.

Why did Braydon do this?

The reason was simple.

Firstly, this pinnacle martial art path was cultivated and comprehended by the pinnacle martial artist himself.

Once it entered Braydon's body, it would fuse with him.

It was as if Braydon had borrowed someone else's pinnacle path to become a pinnacle.

If he broke through like this, he would be the weakest pinnacle.

From then on, his cultivation stopped there!

There would be no more progress in the future.

With Braydon's talent, he was not even twenty years old yet. Do you think that the pinnacle realm was the highest achievement of Braydon's life?

Definitely more than that!

No matter which technique Braydon mastered, after reaching the pinnacle, he was invincible among those of the same level.

Each of the pinnacle martial art path could suppress the cold energy in his body.

Thus, Braydon stopped this breakthrough.

Otherwise, fusing with the yin energy to break through would be like cutting off one's own future.

From this, it could be seen that the half-step pinnacle was ruthless. Before he died, he wanted to destroy Braydon. It seemed as if he was helping Braydon become a pinnacle, and he did not hesitate to inject his pinnacle path into Braydon's body.

In reality, he wanted to destroy Braydon!

In that battle, that half-step pinnacle had seen Braydon use the king-conferring techniques, and he was like a God.

It was extremely terrifying!

He realized that Braydon was going to use these eight techniques to become a pinnacle.

If he succeeded, the Northern King would be invincible!

Therefore, he used this method to help Braydon break through and become the weakest pinnacle before he died.

His intentions were vicious.

Haroon listened silently and said softly, "This insidious method is indeed incurable. If this person didn't die, it was only a matter of time before he became a pinnacle." "He came to kill me on the eve of becoming a pinnacle, and in the end, he died under my blade. Do you want to follow in his footsteps?" Braydon put his hands behind his back and smiled, allowing the cold energy to wreak havoc.

But it would not kill him!

Haroon fell silent. "Your Highness," he said in a hoarse voice, "the inheritance of yin and yang has a great history. It's not as simple as it seems!" "There is a pinnacle among the yin-yang people!" Haroon let out a breath of turbid air. At this time, he had to stop Braydon's unrealistic thoughts.

The yin-yang people would not yield to anyone!

Another rejection!

The yin-yang refused to submit.

This was the third time he had rejected Braydon!

Since that was the case.

Braydon slowly pulled out the Northern King sword and sheathed it. He did not kill Haroon and said softly, "Since there is a pinnacle among the yin-yang people, it means that there are other leaders other than you!" "Yes!" Haroon nodded- Braydon smiled faintly. "Then I'll have to trouble you to tell the pinnacle that since we're enemies, the only chance for you to defeat me is before the Mount Tanish official rite ceremony!

"If you miss this opportunity, the yin-yang line that has been passed down for thousands of years will disappear in this era! "I can't tolerate people who wander outside the law!" Braydon's smile was really like the spring breeze.

It was impossible for Haroon not to understand.

Once Braydon was conferred the titles on Mount Tanish, he would carry the fate of the country and become the son of Hansworth, stepping into the pinnacle realm.

His strength, status, and authority would all reach the peak.

At that time, no matter how mysterious the yin-yang people were, they would be killed by King Braydon.

There was no way out.

Therefore, for the yin-yang people, they had to act before Braydon was conferred those titles.

It was Haroon's only chance!

Haroon turned around and limped down the mountain with Andrew Seal supporting him.

In this vast night, the sky was as bright as the sky.

The bright moon was like a plate, and the stars were dazzling.

At this moment.

At the foot of Mount Sheburg, the earth trembled faintly, and dust flew everywhere.

The first Legion of the northern army had arrived!

The first legion that Braydon had personally commanded was the strongest legion in the northern army.

The ten legions were led by the first legion!

Black banners fluttered in the wind. Cole Colbie's troops had arrived.

One hundred thousand elites, each of them wearing a black scarf to cover their faces, revealed their determined eyes. Stepping on the ground, they swept over. The aura of golden spears and iron horses was accompanied by soaring killing intent.

The three thousand imperial guards had already arrived. All of them unsheathed their swords and rushed straight to the peak of Mount Sheburg! The order they had received was that the commander was already injured!

One could imagine.

The soldiers of the northern army who came tonight were filled with anger.

The great commander of the imperial guards of the northern army, Cole Colbie, increased his speed and reached the summit in a few moments. "Northern army imperial guards greet the commander!" Three thousand black-robed guards appeared in unison. They looked at the commander with his back to them, and fervent faith flashed in their eyes.

Until the moment Braydon turned around.

Everyone was furious!

Braydon's handsome face was pale, and a layer of blue icicles had appeared on it.

This was a relapse of his injuries!

"Commander?" The eyes of the three thousand imperial guards turned red.

Since the establishment of the imperial guards, they had never left Braydon in the northern territory.

Every time the commander was injured, it was seen as the greatest humiliation for the imperial guards.

Cole saw Braydon's serious injuries and angrily said, "Brother, what happened? Did your injury relapse? Kill and raze this place!"

Chapter 394-The Third Technique, Activated!

Cole Colbie's arrival was not unexpected.

He was furious!

In the northern territory, a place of extreme cold, bordering the eight foreign countries, it was always in danger.

In the past ten years, the frequency of Braydon suffering injuries was far less than the time when he returned to Preston!

At this moment, Cole truly wanted to lead his troops and bring Braydon back to the northern borders, to the northern desert of eight thousand miles.

The northern army was a tiger in the northern border. In the entire world, who would dare to touch Cole?

Who dared to touch the northern army!

Cole turned around and held the sword in his left hand. He said in a low voice, "Guards, listen up! Raze Mount Sheburg!" "Yes, sir!" The imperial guards were furious and prepared to destroy this thousand-year-old temple.

To be precise, Cole had already made his move.

In a flash, he was as fast as a flash, slashing sideways with his left hand.

Karuna's face was solemn as he stood up and chanted, "Our Buddha is merciful. The holy land of the Buddhist sect will not allow you to behave atrociously!" The old monk was not weak!

A ninth-level king was born in the thousand-year-old Shaolin Temple.

He must have cultivated the martial arts technique that the martial artists of the outside world had been dreaming of for a long time.

The old monk Karuna raised his hand and forcefully blocked Cole's Northern King sword.

Bang!

The moment the two kings clashed.

Cole had only been conferred the title of king for less than a year.

Although he was already a second-level king; a lower rank second-level king.

And this old monk was an upper rank ninth-level king.

The difference between the two was huge!

Cole was knocked back. The powerful force had injured him, causing blood to flow from the corner of his lips.

The always domineering King Cole would not let things go just like that.

So what if the opponent was a ninth-level king!

Cole stood in the desert of the north, as the head of the ten ruthless men.

His status was unshakable!

He held the sword in his left hand and pointed the blade at the ground. He slowly closed his eyes and retracted the domineering aura on his body!

This was not in line with Cole's domineering fighting style.

At this moment, his temperament had changed a little!

The human touch on his body was slowly disappearing.

In its place, there was an additional indifference to the world.

And a strong killing intent!

The third technique of the eight king-conferring techniques!

These were the eight king-conferring techniques that Braydon had passed down to his brothers.

The eighth technique that Cole cultivated was the instant technique.

On the surface, Braydon was fond of the little fool.

However, the ten ruthless men all understood in their hearts that Cole was the head of the ten ruthless men who was personally acknowledged by Braydon. His position could not be shaken by anyone else.

Braydon had taught him the overpowering sword, the first level of the Art of the God of War, and one of the eight king-conferring techniques!

Among the ten ruthless men, Braydon had taught Cole the most.

Cole's battle prowess had never fallen behind the other ruthless men.

Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back. "The end of an instant, the pinnacle's origin!"

“I created the eight techniques and didn’t choose any of them because I was preparing them for all of you!” Braydon smiled lightly.

Until today, the northern army had welcomed the era of conferred kings.

Commander Braydon and the other regimental commanders were becoming kings one after another.

In the future, they would all be crowned king!

After becoming a king, one would reach the pinnacle.

However, Braydon had eight pinnacle path techniques in his hands.

When Cole and the others reached the ninth-level of the king realm, they would use one of the eight techniques of the pinnacle path to break through the bottleneck and become a pinnacle.

At that time, the northern army would usher in a pinnacle era.

There would be more than one pinnacle!

There would be ten of them!

Not counting Braydon, the eight martial arts paths could create eight pinnacle martial artists.

As for the little fool and Eggy, they did not need to worry.

With their talent, as long as they cultivated seriously, they would definitely be able to ascend to become a pinnacle.

Braydon understood his own brothers better than outsiders!

In the dark night.

Cole used the king-conferring technique and once again opened his eyes. His eyes were suffused with ruthlessness. The blade in his left hand was faster than a flash, and the edge of the blade was domineering.

Swoosh!

The old monk Karuna stood where he was and raised his hands to fight back.

In the next second, he was dumbstruck.

At some point, Cole had already appeared behind him, his left hand gripping the black blade, blood dripping from the blade. His movement speed had increased by several times!

It was so fast that no one could see it.

Faster than the wind!

“What a fast sword!” Old Monk Karuna said hoarsely.

In his eyes, he had indeed seen Cole attack.

That blade was the most brilliant blade he had ever seen in his life.

The speed of the sword light was so fast that it was almost as fast as a flash.

Wind and thunder were too slow in comparison!

This was the king-conferring technique: instant technique!

“What did Brother Cole do?” Savannah Jackel asked timidly.

“The end of the instant, the pinnacle’s origin. Cole still doesn’t understand the true meaning of the instant technique!” Braydon pinched Savannah’s little nose and smiled dotingly.

When Cole attacked, his speed doubled!

Braydon was the only one present who saw Cole’s speed.

The speed of the blade was something that the ninth-level king Karuna could not block.

For some people, even if they could see you make a move, unfortunately, their limbs might not be able to keep up with their thoughts. Even though when one’s life was in danger, one’s reaction speed would be extremely sensitive.

Karuna’s body fell to the ground.

The penetrating wound on his chest had pierced through his heart.

His life force had been cut off.

He would definitely die!

Cole held his sword and indifferently said, “Those who hurt the commander of my northern army will die!” The people of the northern army were naturally overbearing! The hundreds of staff-using monks said in horror, “Master Karuna!” “Master Karuna has passed away!” The staff-using monks were panicking.

Instantly.

Eighteen strong monks rushed out of the inner courtyard of the thousand-year-old Shaolin Temple.

Each of them held a bronze staff and had scars on their heads. Although they were monks, they had a strong killing aura.

“Eighteen arhats?” Braydon chuckled.

Another old monk who came out with the eighteen arhats said with sorrow, “My senior brother Karuna is merciful and compassionate, but today, he was killed by you. Take them all down and beat them to death!” Braydon laughed when he heard that.

Karuna was compassionate?

Braydon had been recuperating earlier when the sound of the bell stopped him from recovering. Jace Jackel suffered a backlash and almost lost his life. How could you say that such a vile person was compassionate?

What a joke!

The eighteen staff-using monks were the famous eighteen arhats of Shaolin.

Without exception, they were all kings.

The king level battle techniques they cultivated could be used to form a formation.

Cole held the sword in his left hand as he indifferently watched the eighteen staff-using monks surround him.

The two sides exchanged blows in an instant.

Cole gripped his cold sword and brazenly charged forward.

Three arhats formed a formation each. All of them were kings, and they brazenly fought head-on with their bronze staffs. Cole's attack was blocked, so he did not directly charge out.

There were fifteen staff-using monks on his left and right!

They were all kings, and their staffs were like spears as they stabbed over.

A bronze staff struck Cole's back.

"Pfft!" Cole vomited blood.

One person fighting eighteen kings, and an eighteen-arhat formation at that. It was undoubtedly an impossible task.

Nico Yates said coldly, "Is the Shaolin Temple trying to bully us with numbers?"

Let us show you what that means!" "Where is the northern army?" A loud shout..

Chapter 395-The Might of the Country is Vast!

At the foot of Mount Sheburg.

The soldiers of the northern army's first legion were already on standby.

The 100,000 elite cavalries unsheathed their cold swords and shouted in unison, "The northern army's first legion awaits orders!" The voice of iron and blood was like a tiger roaring on Mount Sheburg!

At this moment, the expressions of the monks on Mount Sheburg changed.

Was the northern army crazy?

They actually mobilized 100,000 elite cavalries to camp at the foot of Mount Sheburg.

With a single order, if 100,000 cavalries swept through Mount Sheburg, the thousand-year-old temple would be flattened!

Of course, these monks were afraid!

Braydon put his hands behind his back and chuckled. "Since the establishment of the northern army, hundreds of countries outside the borders have threatened to kill the first regimental commander of the northern army! I'm not even surprised.

"That is a war between nations. Both sides are enemies and want to kill each other's enemy generals.

"But in the entire country, the Shaolin Temple is the first to want to kill the northern army's regimental commander." Braydon's words were very light, as if he did not have the air of the mortal world.

This group of old monks dared to hurt Cole Colbie.

They were really courting death!

Braydon flicked his finger, and the thin layer of ice covering his body shattered.

As his snow-white robe hung in the sky, his indifferent voice sounded, "Cole, the instant technique is all about the will, not the form. You have form but no will, so you can't even use 20% of the power of the instant technique!" Braydon made his move.

So what if they were eighteen arhats, even if they were all kings, Braydon did not care.

He was going to break the eighteen-arhat formation!

Braydon did not even move his blade, but his speed increased in a flash!

At this moment, Braydon's speed had increased by several folds.

To what extent?

It reached subsonic speed!

Cracks appeared on the dustless cloth on his body, and then it shattered, revealing his thin upper body.

At this moment, Braydon's speed was too fast.

Afterimages appeared in the dark night.

An afterimage appeared on the Peak of Mount Sheburz.

What a terrifying speed!

The afterimages were like a gentle breeze that made the wind and thunder pale in comparison.

Cole could not help but be dumbfounded at this sight.

He had been practicing the instant technique for many years, and his progress was slow. Now, he was immersed in Braydon's conception of the instant technique.

At this moment, it would be easy for the eighteen arhats to take Cole's life!

But don't forget, Braydon was making a move.

None of the eighteen arhats had the chance to attack.

In an instant, the bronze staffs in the hands of the eighteen arhats were all broken, and each of their chests received a palm strike.

Everyone's sternum collapsed, and they spat out blood as they were sent flying.

In the blink of an eye, he completely crushed everyone!

Braydon's strength was truly overwhelming.

He crushed everyone.

The eighteen kings were all heavily injured.

They might have been spared, but the rest of their lives would probably be worse than death, Braydon's force contained a cold energy.

The cold yin energy in his body was like a maggot in his bones. It was like a part of his body was attached to the palm force.

The entire place was silent.

The bodies of the eighteen arhats on the ground instantly stiffened.

Everyone seemed to be shivering, as if they were in great pain, and their voices were hoarse.

“What did you do?” the old monk asked in horror.

“Thanks to the Shaolin Temple, my hidden injuries have completely worsened. My force contains the power of extreme cold, which has spread throughout my limbs and bones.” Braydon smiled faintly.

The eighteen staff-using monks could not even withstand the extreme cold energy that came with the external force?

The extreme cold energy in Braydon’s body was a hundred times stronger than theirs!

But Braydon, this ruthless man, had a smile as warm and harmonious as the spring breeze.

It was as if he had never cared about his internal injuries!

The most ruthless person in the northern army was not the ten ruthless men, but Braydon!

He was the most terrifying ruthless lord!

Cole stood where he was, his mind still filled with Braydon’s figure. The concept of the instant technique had always been what he had been pursuing.

King Cole was comprehending the instant technique.

Braydon did not disturb him and said softly, “Savannah, have you been to Shaolin before?” Savannah Jackel shook her head.

Braydon held her cold little hand and smiled. “I’ve never been here before either. Let’s go. I’ll bring you in to take a look!” Savannah was led into Shaolin Temple.

Along the way.

No one dared to stop him!

Who dared to stop Braydon?

The eighteen arhats were severely injured by one attack and were now half-dead.

With such strength, if a ninth-level king appeared and blocked his way, it would be hard to escape death.

Braydon brought Savannah to the Shaolin Temple's Heaven King Palace and visited the place.

Other than some old monks who were chanting Buddha, there were no outsiders.

Behind them was the Grand Hall!

At the very center, there was a Shakyamuni Golden Body that was plated with a layer of gold foil. It looked dignified and sat cross-legged high up in the sky, with incense burning continuously below it.

Braydon stopped in front of the hall and smiled. "His golden body is resplendent, and there are endless incense offerings. Is this Buddha?" Savannah stood quietly at the side. She did not dare to pray to Buddha.

She knew that King Braydon, who was beside her, disdained these things the most.

An old monk came forward and cupped his hands. "Patrons, you've come late at night. Are you curious and need to pray to Buddha?" "No. My mind is clear. There is no Buddha in the world who can save me!" Braydon laughed softly.

The old monk with a pale beard slowly shook his head. "Patron, that is not true. Buddha can save all things. Why can't Buddha save a white-clothed youth like you?" "I'll leave a set of words for you. After

you read it, think about how you can save me!” Braydon clasped his hands behind his back, and his eyes turned cold.

Nico Yates, who was behind him, brought over a table from another part of the Shaolin Temple.

He brought over a piece of white paper and a black pen and ink.

Braydon grew up in the northern army and knew how to write with a brush since he was young. He was also a master of calligraphy.

Braydon had dabbled in all kinds of unorthodox techniques like piano, chess, calligraphy, and painting, but he had only learned them in his spare time.

Under everyone’s watchful eyes.

The old monk put his palms together and said seriously, “It’s Shaolin’s honor that you’re willing to leave behind a calligraphy treasure for us.” Braydon smiled and remained unmoved. He held the brush in his left hand! The first word he wrote seeped through the paper and onto the table below.

The words were exquisitely elegant and incomparably vigorous!

Another example was Braydon. He was lofty and noble, just like the green bamboo, noble and upright.

The artistic conception contained in each word was different.

At this moment, the old monk’s expression was grave.

From the words, it could be seen that Braydon, this white-clothed youth, had terrifying strength.

Braydon held the brush and wrote the first piece of calligraphy. 'The sword suppresses the evil spirits in all directions!' 'The Qi shakes the mountains and rivers of the nine regions!' The words had just been written, causing the Shaolin old monk's expression to change.

The old monk lost his composure.

What did these words mean?

Was he targeting Shaolin?

This was a little too much!

This place was the holy land of the Buddhist sect.

What did he mean by 'sword suppresses evil spirits'? Was he referring to the fact that Shaolin Temple was an evil spirit?

How presumptuous.

This was treason!

Braydon did not finish writing and said softly, "The sword suppresses the evil spirits in all directions! The Qi shakes the mountains and rivers of the nine regions. There are four more words behind these two sentences." "What are they?" Savannah was curious.

Braydon stood in the main hall, his lips moving slightly.. "The might of the country is vast!"