

Strongest 450

Chapter 450-Force Like a Sword, Pinnacle Martial Arts Path This scene made everyone's pupils shrink.

A foot crossed the coastline.

Suddenly, a deep voice came from the dark night. "The Dragon City orders the Northern King to stop the battle immediately and withdraw his troops back to Ludwig!" The third Dragon City decree was brought here.

They were still ordering Braydon Neal to stop fighting and retreat to Ludwig!

The people in the dark did not dare to show himself.

He was afraid of death!

He was afraid that Braydon would kill him with a sword with a placid smile on his face.

If he died in the hands of the Northern King, his death would be in vain.

Dragon City would not punish the Northern King for him.

Therefore, this person was very smart. He was only responsible for passing on the order and decisively slipped away after that.

Him passing on the order made the 12 regimental commanders of Banko heave a sigh of relief.

Even though they knew that Braydon's illness had returned, and he did not have long to live, this overlord of the northern territory was still as mighty as a tiger.

No matter who it was, no one dared to be careless when facing the legend of the northern territory!

Under the eyes of the people.

They all thought that Braydon would retreat and obey Dragon City's orders to lead his troops back to Ludwig.

Unfortunately, these idiots did not know that this was the third emergency order Braydon had received.

The first order was ignored by Braydon.

He did not even receive the second order.

The third order was similarly ignored.

Thus, Braydon's steps were steady as he crossed the coastline.

He stood between the two countries.

The pupils of the 12 regimental commanders constricted. Cold sweat broke out on their faces as a thought appeared in their minds.

Should they make a move?

But would they dare to make a move?

Did they dare to draw their swords against King Braydon?

They did not!

They did not even have the courage to draw their swords. This scene was rather laughable!

Braydon placed his hands behind his back and said lightly, "If you guys don't plan to make a move, then I will!" "What?" The 12 regimental commanders' expressions changed on the spot.

In the next moment.

Braydon disappeared, leaving only a white shadow.

His movement speed was way too fast!

In order to help Tristan Yandell break through, Braydon had once used the Thousand Feathers Technique, which was also the feather technique. It was one of the three forbidden techniques.

It allowed his basic speed to reach 150 meters per second!

This was normal combat strength.

Braydon, who had created all eight techniques at the same time, activated all eight of them. His strength, speed, and reaction speed all increased by a large margin.

Only those who practiced the eight techniques could clearly feel this change.

The current Braydon was in such a state.

The more dazzling the holy light on his body was, the more it proved that he had secretly used more than one technique.

He used the instant technique.

Braydon's speed had increased to subsonic speed, reaching 300 meters per second.

How fast was that?

It was three kilometers in ten seconds!

One minute was eighteen kilometers.

Only Braydon could withstand such a terrifying speed.

Braydon cultivated Art of the God of War, and every time he completed a cycle, his body would undergo a cleansing effect.

It would improve his physique imperceptibly!

If it was an ordinary martial artist who unleashed such a powerful speed, he would exceed the limits of his body in an instant, and his bones and tendons would definitely be broken.

If it were not serious one would be crippled, if it were serious the person would die!

The strength of a martial artist depended on whether the body could bear it.

At this moment, Braydon was not using the Northern King sword.

Because the twelve people in front of him were not strong enough for Braydon to use the sword.

The 12 regimental commanders of Banko were all old kings.

The lowest was a seventh-level king!

The lower rank was the bottom three levels.

The intermediate rank was the fourth to sixth levels.

The upper rank was the seventh to ninth levels.

The three ranks and nine levels were commonly used in all countries.

In a flash, Braydon appeared behind a regimental commander. With a slight movement of his left hand, his force turned into a blade and slashed across his neck.

Swoosh!

The force was like a sword, incomparably sharp.

With a slash, blood spurted out of the man's neck, blood foam came out of his mouth, and his eyes were red.

Even though he had reached king level, suffering fatal injuries meant death.

Although he had a stronger recovery ability than ordinary people, it was only limited to minor injuries.

If even fatal injuries could be healed, who could kill all the kings in the world?

Even pinnacle martial artists did not have such strong self-healing abilities.

Braydon smiled and killed another person.

There were only ten left from the twelve, and their eyes were filled with fear.

A thin man who was constantly retreating said in horror, "Force turning into a blade, the pinnacle of martial arts!" "You've reached the pinnacle realm?" The others instantly lost their will to fight.

Even if they were all at the half-step pinnacles, they would not be able to defeat King Braydon tonight.

Half-step pinnacles and true pinnacles seemed to be half a step apart, but it was a world of difference.

They could not be compared on the same level.

A half-step pinnacle was still a ninth-level king after all, and a pinnacle was a true pinnacle expert.

The difference between the two was like a chasm.

The difference in strength was even greater.

Force manifestation, pinnacle martial arts path.

This was something that all kings would gradually understand.

Braydon chuckled and did not explain.

The pinnacle realm was not as shallow as they thought.

Braydon's force turned into a blade, his eyes cold and indifferent. He stepped across the coastline and began to kill.

The killing had begun.

Every time he attacked, he would take the life of a king.

Every time Braydon killed a person, he said slowly, “Ever since the northern army was established, there has never been a precedent of a fallen regimental commander!

“Cesar Lichtman, the deputy regimental commander of the second legion of the northern army!

“He became a War God at the tender age of twenty, the proud son of the heavens of that era!

“In just two years, he became a ninth-level War God!

“But tonight, he fell in Togo!” Braydon’s thin lips spat out five sentences.

With those five sentences, he killed another five kings.

They were all people of high status and authority in Banko.

Braydon started a massacre, startling the five hundred people hidden in the dark.

A total of 500 people held important positions in Banko. They were in charge of the hundreds of millions of people in Banko.

They were the most powerful group of people in Banko.

These people were the true rulers of Banko.

Now, Braydon had forced them all to show themselves.

They had to show themselves!

The Northern King had come knocking on their door.

If they did not show themselves, they would be killed by Braydon.

With this ruthless person's killing nature, who knew how many people he would kill!

Killing one was a crime, killing ten thousand was heroic.

Braydon grew up in the northern territory, his hands stained with blood.

How many people had he killed in the eight countries?

All the organizations in the world knew this better than anyone else.

They had angered King Braydon and made him want to kill them.

It would not be as simple as one or two people dying next!

Because of Cesar's death, Braydon had personally come to kill them.

At this moment, the expressions of the hundreds of people from Banko changed drastically.

The garrison of Togo had killed the deputy regimental commander of the northern army?

Who did it!

No wonder Braydon had come personally.

The northern army and the eight countries outside the borders had been fighting for many years, but no one at the level of regimental commander had ever died.

And now, in the battle of Ludwig, a character like Cesar had actually fallen..