

Strongest 501

Chapter 501-Martial Arts Ceremony, Deciding Victory, Deciding Life and Death Today, Soren Sage of the yin-yang suddenly appeared in the Preston main team.

There was only one purpose.

That was to stop Braydon Neal from going to River Village.

The yin-yang people had also been searching for the black-robed prime minister of the River Village for fifty years.

They also wanted to settle some old scores with Barrett Yearwood!

But Braydon wanted to get involved.

The yin-yang people had sent someone to the Preston main team to stop Braydon from going over.

Unfortunately, no one could stop Braydon from doing what he wanted!

In an instant, the two of them exchanged blows.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. His purple swords were like a tsunami that swept through the world and enveloped Soren's head.

Soren's body was suffused with black force, forming a barrier.

Having cultivated his force to this point, Soren was not far from reaching the pinnacle.

At the very least, this was the first time Braydon had seen a martial artist cultivate his force to this extent.

Unfortunately, even so.

Braydon also wanted to defeat him.

Soren's black shield was formed by wisps of black force that covered his entire body.

The sword that was impenetrable by the purple light collided with the sword, and the tip of the sword broke.

Following that, the entire sword was quickly broken!

The second purple sword was the same.

The sturdiness of the black light shield was beyond anyone's imagination.

Soren's pale face was cold and heartless as he said, ""Return to the Preston main team. I'm only in charge of stopping you today. I won't hurt you!" Braydon smiled.

However, the smile on his handsome face was a little cold!

In today's battle, if it was not for his worries, he would have broken Soren's chest with one sword strike.

After all, the person in front of him was Heather's biological father.

If Braydon were to kill him, how would he face Heather in the future?

With worries in his heart, the edge of his sword lost its sharpness.

The power of the hundred Qi-imperial swords had decreased by more than thirty percent!

If Braydon wanted to kill the other party, do you think it would be difficult?

Moreover, Braydon was still injured!

Hiroshi Takaeda's palm had indeed injured Braydon.

Braydon had yet to fully recover from the injury caused by that palm strike.

The consequences of unleashing his full strength would definitely lead to injuries.

This seemed to be a matter of no choice.

Braydon's eyes turned cold. His killing intent rose as he watched the purple swords shatter one by one.

Ever since Braydon displayed the hundred Qi-imperial swords.

This was the first time he had encountered such a powerful opponent.

Soren's strength was extraordinary!

The black force in front of him formed a shield.

He blocked nine purple swords consecutively without weakening at all.

This instead aroused Braydon's killing intent.

Previously, because of their personal relationship, Braydon did not dare to kill.

It was because Soren was the sworn brother of his father, Liam Neal!

The Neal and Sage families had been friends for eighty years!

This friendship was passed down for three generations.

Could today be the end of their ties?

Braydon was still thinking about his personal feelings.

He did not kill him because of Grandma Sage and Heather.

If he were to kill... If Soren died under Braydon's sword.

If Braydon's hands were stained with his blood, how would he be able to face the Sage family again in the future?

At this moment.

"Since we're enemies, we should do our best!" Soren said coldly.

"Young master, you can't be merciful anymore. Otherwise, you will definitely be injured by him!" Old Man Zito looked at Braydon and faintly reminded him.

Heather bit her thin lips. Her clear eyes flashed with pain.

She did not know what to choose.

The sudden scene today was something that no one had expected.

Even Braydon did not expect Soren to be alive.

He had faked his death for ten years and returned today. He represented the yin-yang people and became a world-shocking expert.

Soren said coldly, "The Northern King is young and in a high position. You hold great power. Thirteen years of cultivation in the northern territory has stunned the entire Hansworth!"

"You have suppressed the eight countries outside the borders, and the Northern King sword at your waist has been stained with the blood of millions of enemies.

"The dignified young Northern King is just a soft-hearted person who is filled with love. How can he talk about his future hegemony!"

"What do you have to shoulder the future of Hansworth?" The taciturn words spoken by Soren were extremely sharp at this moment.

His words were forcing Braydon!

Forcing Braydon to kill him!

No one could humiliate the king of the northern territory!

Braydon's deep eyes were as calm as a pool of stagnant water.

His words were enough to anger Braydon.

Soren had underestimated this young Northern King.

However, were words really useless?

“Kill me!” Soren shouted coldly. “Do your best and fight to the death. In the battle on Mount Sheburg, you killed more than a thousand of my yin-yang people and more than ten kings of hell! “You have violated the seventeen laws of yin and yang several times.” As soon as he finished speaking.

Soren released his own pressure. The black power that filled his entire body turned into force and was released. Waves rose from the ground.

A gust of wind swept over.

The wind was black!

It swept through the entire The Preston main team.

It was like a cold wind that was about to sweep across the land.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his waist, and with a slight movement of his left finger, a purple longsword quietly appeared. He said coldly, “You forced me to do this. This battle has nothing to do with our relationship as uncle and nephew!

“Your guidance is greatly appreciated.” Braydon tapped the ground lightly with the tip of his toes and leaped up. He flew across the sky and welcomed the cold wind. The purple sword in his hand released a sharp sword intent.

The sword shocked the entire Preston!

The sword intent was like thunder, revealing its killing intent.

Soren stood between heaven and earth and said with a solemn expression, “Soren Sage of yin and yang, please enlighten me, Your Highness Northern King!” Martial arts ceremony, determining victory and defeat, determining life and death!

Soren made up his mind that he was a yin-yang member.

This battle was not a spar between the two of them.

It was the confrontation between the northern army and the yin-yang people!

In front of Soren, his shield was like an unshakable mountain.

To be able to block Braydon’s Qi sword was enough to prove his terrifying strength.

But now.

Braydon, dressed in white, descended from the sky like an immortal, stabbing his sword into the shield.

The sword fell, and the shield was penetrated.

Swoosh!

The blade of the sword penetrated the shield further.

The shield was pierced through!

This scene made everyone’s pupils shrink.

Braydon’s sword was indeed extremely terrifying.

Everyone said that Braydon was a genius of a thousand years.

However, Haroon Lincoln had said on Mount Sheburg that Braydon was not a genius of a thousand years.

He said that he had lied to the world!

Perhaps only the missing teacher, Finley Yanagi, knew that Braydon's talent was high.

Now, Braydon had broken through the shield, and his long sword had penetrated even further.

The entire purple longsword had penetrated 60% of the shield, which was equivalent to more than half of it.

The tip of the sword was pressed against Soren's right chest.

The situation slowly became deadlocked.

One was the main attacker, while the other was the main defender.

Heather shook her head with tears in her eyes. "Stop fighting!" No one listened to her!

The battle had reached this stage.

It was not a personal battle.

It was the confrontation between the northern army and the yin-yang people.

Ever since Braydon controlled the northern army, they could not afford to lose!

If they were defeated in the future, it would be the day Braydon died.

Unfortunately, it was definitely not now.

Soren did not stop either.

Braydon held the sword in his left hand and placed his right hand behind his waist. The sword that descended from the sky broke Soren's shield and penetrated 70% through.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.. "Break!"

Chapter 502-The Overlord's Wrath, Turning the Heavens Upside Down EndlessFantasy from his mouth was like a thunderclap.

The purple sword pierced through the shield and shattered it.

The sword pierced through his chest!

Braydon Neal's eyes were cold as he finished all of this.

Heather Sage watched helplessly as the person closest to her decided the victor and life and death.

She had no idea what the battle before her meant!

If northern army won, the yin-yang people would be defeated!

The entire place was silent.

A gust of cold wind swept over.

Haroon Lincoln stood in the distance and said in horror, "Lord Soren Sage actually lost!" Soren's status was above Haroon!

"Cough !" Soren spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood was dark red and contained the extreme yin power unique to the yin -yang people.

The purple sword in front of his chest instantly dissipated into wisps of purple gas and dissipated into the world.

The wound on his chest was still there.

Fresh blood flowed down his chest to his feet, forming small puddles.

Soren was defeated!

His chest was pierced through by Braydon's sword.

Soren's fingers moved slightly and sealed the major acupuncture points around the wound on his chest to stop the bleeding.

"You missed your target!" he said coldly.

What did he mean?

Only Braydon knew!

His sword had pierced through Soren's right chest, not his left.

The left side was the heart, and the right side was the heart chamber!

The left was the heart, the right was empty!

This was something that anyone with a little medical knowledge would know.

If Braydon's sword had pierced Soren's left chest, his heart would have been pierced.

If Soren's heart was pierced by the sword, he would have definitely died.

Braydon did not kill him!

How could he kill him?

"Scram!" Braydon said indifferently with his hands behind his back.

With one word, he wanted Soren to get out of Preston.

Soren shook his head. "I told you, I'm here to stop you today. I'll stop you with my life!" His words were firm and did not leave any room for negotiation.

Today, Soren wanted to keep Braydon in the Preston main team and not let him go to River Village.

There was a big shot in River Village.

It was the black-robed prime minister.

The yin-yang experts were already heading over there.

The killing intent in Braydon's eyes grew stronger and stronger, and his desire to kill Soren grew stronger and stronger.

Ever since Braydon started having feelings for Heather, he had protected her at all times. He hoped that she would be well and happy for the rest of her life.

Braydon was sincere, and he was doing what he had vowed to her.

It was precisely because of this that the yin-yang people had sent Soren.

This clearly showed that they had seen through Braydon's weakness!

Heather was Braydon's weakness!

This girl was Braydon's hindrance.

There were also the relatives of the Neal family and the old lady of the Sage family. They were all King Braydon's soft spots.

No matter how strong a person was, once they were taken advantage of, he would be at the mercy of the other party!

This was normal.

However, some people would have abnormal conditions.

Just like Braydon!

The king of the northern territory had never done anything wrong in his life, and he had never been threatened.

It was more important to protect his country than to protect just one woman.

When Braydon was nine years old, his teacher, Finley Yanagi, had personally taught him how to choose. He had instructed him with one sentence.

Braydon was the king of the north, and he was responsible for the safety of the eight-thousand-mile defense line.

He was the commander of the northern army, and he bore the hopes of millions of his comrades.

He was the head of the hundred generals in the military, and all the soldiers obeyed his orders.

If Braydon was threatened, everyone would be implicated!

If the north was in trouble, the city would be abandoned.

If they affected the northern army, there would definitely be northern army soldiers who would lose their lives and bleed.

If the military was involved, all the generals would be affected.

Braydon had no weakness!

He was filled with the country's fate and glory. He held great power and did not allow any weaknesses to appear.

He could not be controlled by others!

You would not understand if you were not involved in it.

It did not matter if he did not understand the logic.

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Since that's the case, I will send you on your way today!" "This is what the Northern King should be like. His hands are iron-blooded, and he has the spirit of a lord!" A faint smile appeared on Soren's pale face as he said, "Braydon, if you want to achieve great things, you can kill your loved ones!" If you want to achieve great things, you can kill your relatives.

This sentence came from the first owner of the Phoenix robe.

It was the Empress Zendaya Togo who created the prosperous era of the Togo Dynasty!

For thousands of years in Hansworth, she had been the empress of the ages, suppressing all the men of an era.

Braydon's expression was calm as he gently placed his left hand on the hilt of the sword at his waist.

This was the Northern King sword!

If this blade was unsheathed, someone would definitely die today.

Soren stood at the entrance of the Preston main team's base. No matter what, he would not retreat today.

Braydon said indifferently, "Frazer, lead your troops and leave immediately. Head to River Village and protect the prime minister at all costs. The War God of our country will not be allowed to fall!" "Yes, sir!" Old Man Zito was about to leave.

However, Soren made his move. He said coldly, "Stop him! Kill him!" "Lord Soren, I'm just leading the way." Haroon had truly been scared senseless by Braydon on Mount Sheburg.

He was already very unwilling to come here today, but he had no choice.

Now, Soren wanted him to kill Old Man Zito.

He really did not dare to make a move!

"If you don't make a move, Master Yang will kill your entire family." Soren's eyes turned cold.

"Why you!" Haroon's eyes flashed with anger.

He was also disgusted by others threatening his family in the human world.

Haroon was a half-step pinnacle with a very high status, but he was being threatened by Soren.

Braydon held his sword and faced Soren. He said indifferently, "Haroon, that night on Mount Sheburg, I told you that if you lead the yin-yang to submit to me, I will guarantee your safety." "Your Highness, if I surrender, my entire family will be killed." Haroon smiled bitterly and shook his head.

It was really uncomfortable for him to be stuck in the middle.

"Where are your relatives?" Braydon asked indifferently. "Move your whole family to the north, and I will protect them." Braydon was being generous for offering that.

However, Haroon shook his head, indicating that Braydon had thought too simply of the yin-yang people.

After saying that.

He turned around and stopped Old Man Zito from leaving.

Braydon's eyes flashed with a fierce light.

Haroon was shameless!

If Braydon had not wanted to subdue the yin-yang people, he would have killed him that night on Mount Sheburg.

Since he wanted to die today.

Braydon would grant his wish!

The northern cold sword was unsheathed.

The moment the blood-stained weapon was unsheathed, it released an astonishing killing intent.

The scene of ghosts wailing and wolves howling seemed to be released from this sword. It was even more evil than the half-dead things like the yin-yang people.

Braydon's speed soared. Without using his eight techniques, his normal movement speed was 150 meters per second.

After activating eight techniques, his speed had increased exponentially!

It reached the level of subsonic speed.

Not even Soren could stop this speed, let alone Haroon.

It could be said that Braydon's speed of activating eight techniques was even faster than pinnacle martial artists. A speed of 300 meters per second.

Who could stop him?

With the Northern King sword in his left hand, Braydon was the overlord of the northern army.

If the overlord was angry, the world would be turned upside down! Ordinary people always said that when a man was angry, blood would be spilled everywhere..

Chapter 503-: Four Great Entities, Wild Ambition When the emperor was angry, blood of the people would be spilled.

However, today, Braydon's anger would cause blood to spill.

With the Northern King sword in his left hand, Braydon arrived in front of Haroon Lincoln and said indifferently, "I've given you too much face today!" "What?" Haroon's hair stood on ends, and his body instinctively tensed up.

Braydon's speed was even more terrifying than the battle of Mount Tanish.

Before even a second had passed, Braydon had already appeared behind him, holding the Northern King sword in his hand. That terrifying killing intent... who would not be afraid of it!

The difference between the two sides was too great!

Haroon's face was ashen as he felt the terrifying killing intent released by the Northern King behind him.

Soren Sage was shocked. He turned around and charged over.

He pulled out a black longsword, the tip of which was emitting sword Qi.

The force could be released through the long sword and turned into sword Qi.

Soren also had the intention to kill.

He charged from behind, his speed so fast that it was like a swan, wanting to take Braydon's life.

Braydon did not even turn his head. He grabbed Haroon's shoulder with his right hand and threw him behind him.

Swoosh!

When such experts fought, once a killing move was used, it was impossible to retract it.

His movement speed was so fast!

Among the three figures, the weakest had the battle prowess of a half-step pinnacle.

It was obvious that Soren's sword had pierced through Haroon's chest, and he could not retract his killing move.

Haroon glared and spat out blood. "You, you..." "Kill!

Soren's eyes turned fierce, but there was no expression of shock or anger. Instead, he stabbed again with his sword.

The sword pierced through Haroon's chest and went straight for Braydon's throat.

The Northern King sword in Braydon's left hand pierced through Haroon's abdomen.

The long saber stabbed forward, and the blade pierced through Soren's abdomen. It instantly pressed against Soren's abdomen and pierced into his body.

He stabbed two people with his sword!

Braydon stood where he was. Soren's sword was only two inches away from his throat.

Bang!

Braydon's force was like an avalanche, and it left his hand along with the Northern King sword.

The two of them were nailed to the thick wall of the Preston main team's base by the Northern King sword.

The sword had pierced through two experts.

One was a half-step pinnacle, and the other was a quasi pinnacle.

Braydon's killing techniques were not weaker than anyone else in the world.

Don't forget that this was a young monster. The environment he grew up in was the battlefield in the northern territory.

The martial artists who survived on the battlefield were all ruthless.

Whenever they encountered an intense battle, their grasp of opportunities and ruthless killing techniques were not something that martial artists in the outside world could compare to.

Within the same level, military martial artists were much stronger than ordinary martial artists!

At this moment, this battle had already ended!

Braydon's clothes were spotless, and he had severely injured the two of them.

Heather was in tears. She rushed up and grabbed Braydon's arm. Her eyes were pleading as she whispered, "Stop fighting, Braydon. Please..." "Don't cry. I have let you down today, but there are some things that leave me with no choice!" Braydon wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes and told her to stop crying.

Everything that happened today was because Soren was pressing on step by step.

He forced Braydon to kill him!

Old Lady Sage slowly stood up and said sternly, "Heather, come back! Don't stop Braydon!" "Grandma, that's my father!" Heather looked back in disbelief.

She could not believe that her grandmother was not stopping Braydon.

The old lady could see through it better than Heather. She said in a low voice, "Your father committed a grave mistake by joining the yin-yang people and becoming enemies with the Northern King.

"You should see him as a rebel!

"From today onward, Soren Sage is no longer a son of the Sage family.

"He's not your father either. The Sage family doesn't raise traitors!

"Silly child, today's battle is between the northern army and the yin-yang people. It's not a personal battle.

“If Braydon is defeated, these deviants who walk in the dark will want to take control of the world!

“In this world, the capital manages it during the day, and the yin-yang people manage it at night!

“The capital cares about the living, but they care about the dead!

“This divides the world and divides the country!

“He’s a rebel. Kill him!” Old Lady Sage had a head full of silver hair and was holding a dragon -headed walking stick. Her words resounded throughout the Preston main team base.

Steve Xavier and the others looked over in unison, their gazes involuntarily producing some reverence.

The Sage family’s matriarch was truly a woman who was no weaker than a man.

Although she was old, she was not muddle-headed!

She was no weaker than a man.

Her words were clear and resounding.

The matriarch had even told Heather about the problems and difficulties Braydon was facing.

Soren’s appearance was a step in comparison.

Braydon was not only the future son-in-law of the Sage family, but also the king of the northern territory! Today’s battle was especially important.

Heather was stunned.

However, there were some things that girls of this age could not see.

Only Old Lady Sage could tell.

Why did Braydon respect this old lady?

Everyone here should understand that now!

The righteousness in this old lady's heart was vividly reflected today.

Old Lady Sage held Heather's hand to prevent her from causing trouble. She said softly, "In today's battle, Braydon is not in the wrong. He is defending the country's prestige. Child, don't hate him. A man has to do what a man needs to do. He did the right thing!" "Grandma!" Heather eyes were filled with tears.

Today'.

No one could stop Braydon.

Just as the matriarch had said, anyone could lose in a battle between the major entities, but Braydon could not!

The competition between Braydon and the various entities... What were they fighting for?

They were fighting for the fate of the country!

If Braydon was defeated, the yin-yang entity would win. From then on, the yin-yang people would stir up trouble and roam the lands of Hansworth. They would not abide by the laws of the country and ignore the might of the country. They would follow the so-called seventeen laws of yin and yang.

The capital cared about the living, and they cared about the dead.

During the day, the capital was in charge of the world, and at night, the yin-yang people were in charge.

Once you were able to see all that, you would understand.

The yin-yang people wanted to divide the country's power, and they wanted to divide the country's fate.

Do you think that Braydon would give in?

He would not give in!

Braydon could not be defeated!

If he were to lose, the consequences would be unimaginable.

If Braydon took a step back, the yin-yang people would become stronger.

There was also the competition between Braydon and the powerful families.

The things that these bastards from the powerful families wanted were beyond one's imagination.

Braydon was young but mature. He had already noticed it when he was thirteen!

The people from the various powerful families monopolized all walks of life in the secular world and absorbed a large amount of money every year. In recent years, they had even infiltrated the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions by sending in their outstanding disciple. They wanted to be in power even though they had money.

What did they want to do?

They wanted to control the fate of the country!

They even wanted to obtain the privileges they had in ancient times.

What privileges did the powerful and aristocratic families had in ancient times?

Murder was not a crime, farmland did not have taxes, and official titles were hereditary!

If these powerful and aristocratic families really succeeded, how could ordinary people survive?

Braydon stood between heaven and earth.

The martial artists of the powerful families could suppress him, and the martial artists of the aristocratic families could bully him.

Only the common people in the world could not betray him!

Braydon had an indomitable spirit and did things with a clear conscience.

Therefore, the battle between Braydon and the powerful families could with him losing!

Chapter 504-The Past, Vicious and Cruel If Braydon lost the battle with the powerful families... The consequences of the powerful families manipulating the fate of the country were unimaginable.

There were also those people in the aristocratic families. They were basically birds of the same feather as the powerful families.

For thousands of years, the two entities had been strengthening bonds through marriages. They were as close as siblings.

That was why Braydon had returned from the northern territory.

Not only was he going to be crowned and celebrate his twentieth birthday.

He also wanted to knock out the two great entities.

There were also the sects.

What would happen if they were to rise?

That would be even more disastrous!

The sects were the most complicated, with all kinds of beliefs and doctrines that were a mess.

There were all kinds of people.

The people of the Shaolin Buddhist Sect believed that there no people in the world who could not be saved.

The thought of saving all the people in the world was terrifying!

There were monks everywhere, and the power of God was supreme.

If it really reached that stage, what would be the consequences of divine power suppressing national power?

Braydon did not even dare to think about it!

There were such examples in ancient times!

And there was more than one case. There were records of these things in the history of the future generations.

Braydon had been to Shaolin Temple and had even left these words on top of the Buddha statue in the Grand Hall.

That was... 'The might of the country is vast'!

What was broken was the heart of those monks!

The might of a country was above the power of God.

This was an ironclad fact to Braydon.

When something unexpected happened.

It was the day when Braydon would lead the northern army to raze Mount Sheburg.

In fact, fifty years ago, when the black-robed Prime Minister Barrett Yearwood was in charge of the capital, the sects were suppressed to the point where they could not move and had their gates sealed.

This black-robed prime minister was much more ruthless than Braydon.

When Braydon did things, he was frivolous and overbearing. He always attacked directly and suppressed in all directions, not allowing outsiders to resist.

Barrett was extremely ruthless when dealing with the sects.

There were two major factions under his governor office.

One was the dark division, and the other was the special operation team.

Barrett had the two major factions' hidden agents infiltrate the various major sects with all their might. At that time, they reached the point where they could penetrate through any opening.

Moreover, the hidden agents that infiltrated were all geniuses of the younger generation.

There were all rare and ghost talents of the younger generation.

After entering a sect, they displayed their extraordinary talents and touched the core of each sect step by step.

The martial arts techniques passed down from the various sects were passed down to the hidden agents.

When the three years was up, Barrett withdrew all the hidden agents and had them copy all the ancient martial arts techniques they had learned and send them to the eight institutions.

These hidden agents were all teachers of the eight institutions.

Fifty years ago, this shocking turn of events was known as the tragedy of the sects!

The secret martial art techniques that were not taught to outsiders were all exposed.

To put it this way, the great sects would rather have their heritage cut off than to spread the ancient martial arts techniques to outsiders.

These people would rather bring the inheritance into the coffin than spread it!

Their thoughts were so old-fashioned.

After Barrett did this.

That night, more than ten sect masters and nearly a hundred sect leaders died in front of their ancestors' memorial tablets out of shame and guilt.

To these people, ancient martial arts techniques were the foundation of a sect.

That was something that could not be leaked even if they died.

In the end, the ultimate techniques of various sects appeared in the eight institutions, nurturing generation after generation of genius martial artists.

The people who graduated from the eight institutions were the pillars of the country!

In recent decades, martial arts had been revived.

The main reason was the ruthless method that the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood, used.

He forced the various sects to seal their own sects. For twenty years, no one dared to recruit disciples from the outside.

Why?

They were afraid that Barrett would repeat the same move and cause them turmoil.

If that was the case, everyone would not be able to stand it!

Moreover, the hidden agents that had infiltrated the sects had collected a lot of dark information from the various sects over the years.

The speech and behavior of the higher-ups of the various sects, some words of rebellion, and so on.

All of these things were in Barrett's hands.

It could become evidence of the destruction of the various sects at any time! This was the reason why the various sects sealed their own sects in an emergency.

Thus, in the secret treasury of the north, it was recorded that the black-robed prime minister stood in the capital, where the powerful families were his dogs, the aristocratic families were his cattle, and the sects were not even worth mentioning.

It was not wrongly recorded, that was for sure.

Barrett had single-handedly dealt with the sects, and they had almost fallen from grace.

Based on this point alone, was Duke Lowe not far more inferior than Prime Minister Yearwood?

He was indeed far more inferior!

The black-robed prime minister could bring peace to the world. Dominic Lowe could not compare to him when it came to the methods of controlling the sects.

Dominic seemed to be able to intimidate the capital and suppress the powerful families.

Unfortunately, this was all he could do.

If it was the black-robed prime minister, he would be able to make all the powerful families be like dogs before him.

Also, Barrett was only a third-level king back then, how did he become a War God?

He had been in charge of the military for thirty years.

During that time, the hundred countries around the world were even crueler than they were now. They suppressed and blocked everything in Hansworth, and the situation was grim.

Under the instigation of the Alpha Empire, the surrounding small countries repeatedly invaded their borders.

At that time, Banko gathered six legions and attacked Ludwig Island without warning under the pretext of the dispute over Lume Island.

In the end, on that night, at the Plum Ridge of the Ludwig Mountain Range.

A total of 600,000 elites of Banko were all killed.

The ruler of Banko, who had personally led the army, died in battle. The 600,000 elites under him were wiped out in one fell swoop, and not a single one was left alive.

Therefore, the enmity between Banko and Hansworth had been passed down from generation to generation.

Such a grand gesture naturally came from the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood.

Later on, the two hundred thousand elite soldiers of Song invaded Ludwig and were ambushed and killed by Barrett on the bank of the Lanton River in Ludwig, leaving no survivors.

There was also that evil country, Marshland.

They had also suffered a great loss at the hands of Barrett!

These were all old stories.

The period when Barrett was in charge of the palace was from ninety to fifty years ago.

He was in office for forty years.

Barrett was only a third-level king, and he suppressed the entire palace to the point where it could not move. The surrounding small countries even said that as long as the black-robed prime minister was not dead, they would never invade the borders of Hansworth.

The Barrett Yearwood of that era had truly shocked the entire Hansworth.

He was the one who held up against the other countries.

Today, life here was quiet and peaceful. It was because their ancestors had carried a heavy burden for them!

It was the same today!

Braydon's generation was carrying a heavy burden as they moved forward, creating a bright and peaceful world for the next generation!

At this moment, everything Braydon was doing was right!

He walked toward the wall with his hands behind his back.

The Northern King sword on the wall had pinned the two of them down.

Soren Sage and Haroon Lincoln.

Braydon walked up to them and did not say a word. He slowly raised his left hand and placed it on the hilt of the Northern King sword.

As the owner of the sword, Braydon felt as if he was in perfect harmony with the cold metallic feeling.

At this moment.

Blood trickled down the corner of Haroon's lips. He had suffered such a heavy injury, yet he was still breathing.

"Your Royal Highness," he said hoarsely, "I'm here on orders. I had no choice!" Braydon gripped the hilt of his sword and pulled out the Northern King sword. His gaze was cold and merciless..

Chapter 505-Someone was Determined to Kill Him After the Northern King sword was unsheathed.

Braydon Neal did not say a word!

He did not make Haroon Lincoln submit.

Braydon attacked once more!

The sword was like a black ribbon as it landed on Haroon's neck.

With a slash, the head was separated from the body!

Blood splattered across the sky.

Haroon's head flew into the air, and his eyes were filled with horror and disbelief.

He had never thought that he would die like this.

Braydon had actually killed him!

In the next moment.

Braydon held the sword in his left hand, the tip of the sword dripping with blood. He pointed the sword at Soren Sage, who was sitting on the ground against the wall. His thin lips moved slightly. "I've said it before. Kill all yin-yang people without mercy!" "Do it!" Soren slowly closed his eyes.

He was defeated today, and this was his fate. He did not blame anyone.

However, Braydon's blade did not land. He could feel Heather's hurt and pleading gaze behind him.

Those two eyes were like sharp swords, piercing Braydon's body.

Braydon's tone was calm. "Withdraw from the yin-yang. You are still a member of the Sage family and Heather's father!" He was giving Soren a way out.

However, Soren's pale face was bleeding from the corner of his lips. He smiled faintly and looked up at Braydon with his deep eyes.

He said hoarsely, "Once you enter yin-yang, you will have eternal life. The path of your previous life will have turn to dust; there is no turning back!" "I have a pardon order in my hand. Other than treason, the rest that you have done can be pardoned!" Braydon looked at Soren, hoping that he would withdraw from the yin-yang entity.

“Just do it!” Soren said in a low voice. “Any last wishes?” Braydon asked.

“No!” Soren replied.

The crisp answer aroused Braydon’s killing intent even more.

The Soren in front of him was no longer the Uncle Sage that Braydon remembered when he was a child. Braydon gave him a way out.

But what did Soren do?

He would rather choose a dead end than to leave the yin-yang!

Now that he was about to die, he had no last wishes.

Were Grandma Sage and Heather not his family?

This person was so heartless.

He was extremely selfish!

Braydon really wanted to kill him!

But he could not do it.

Everyone in the world could kill Soren.

Only Braydon could not do it.

It was because of the girl behind him.

Braydon held the sword in his left hand. The sword Qi was like a thunderbolt as it landed on the wall behind Soren.

Boom!

The three-meter-tall wall was instantly split into two.

The blade cut through the wall.

Soren was completely unharmed.

Braydon sheathed his sword and turned to leave. He said coldly, "From today onward, yin-yang Soren Sage is dead. The person who killed him on the spot is Braydon Neal of the northern army!" "Yes, sir!" Steve Xavier and the others all bowed and cupped their hands in response.

The members of the Preston main team all understood what this meant.

Braydon gave Soren his way out!

If there was any trouble in the future, Braydon would take responsibility for it.

Next, Braydon disappeared from the Preston main team in a flash. No one understood why, including Grandma Sage and Heather.

He left without saying goodbye!

However, no one blamed Braydon for his lack of etiquette.

Braydon's willingness to spare Soren was already the greatest tolerance he had for the Sage family.

Heather's eyes were red as she looked at her father in the distance. He got up with difficulty and limped away from the Preston main team.

That lonely back and cold temperament.

Before Soren left, he did not even look at Heather.

She was his daughter!

Soren did not explain anything about his experience in the past ten years, as if everything in the Sage family had nothing to do with him.

It was as he had said.

Once one entered yin-yang, the past was in the past.

Joining the yin-yang meant a new life.

In this life, yin and yang reigned supreme!

The yin-yang had already been labeled as a cult by Braydon.

When Braydon was free, he would definitely lead his troops to kill the yin-yang people.

He would kill them all, leaving no one alive!

Braydon had already rushed to River Village.

Today, Braydon was not the only one heading to this small village.

The news had already reached the capital!

Just like an earthquake, it shocked all the major factions in the capital.

The black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood, who had disappeared fifty years ago, was still alive and was in the village.

Almost at the same time, a thousand martial artists left the capital and headed in one direction.

They were headed to Preston!

Thousands of people had come to kill Barrett.

The powerful families would not allow Barrett to live.

The aristocratic families would not allow Barrett to return to the capital.

This black-robed prime minister should not be alive!

In the capital palace, the King personally gave the order for the seven-time king, Syrus Yanagi, to lead ten thousand royal guards to welcome Barrett back.

The order was to welcome him back.

The killing order in the dark was to kill all those who obstructed him.

Some people were determined to welcome Barrett back.

Some people were determined to kill him.

This was the reason why Braydon had sealed off the news.

The capital was a messy place!

Under the power struggle, kings could be killed without a sound.

The power of the various powerful families in the capital had expanded more than ten times compared to fifty years ago.

It was the disappearance of the black-robed prime minister that allowed the three major entities, namely the powerful families, aristocratic families, and sects, to catch their breath.

The three major entities had been suppressed for far too long.

After Barrett's disappearance, these forces had developed rapidly to this day. Their influence spread to the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions.

It was far from what he could compare to back then!

People from all over the country were gathered in River Village.

Braydon had come personally to see what was so special about this small village that the black-robed prime minister had been guarding this place for fifty years!

The location of the River Village was very conspicuous.

The village was backed by the Preston mountains. There were only a few hundred households, so it was not considered a big village.

With the development of infrastructure in the countryside in recent years, the dirt road leading to the village was also built into a cement road with the state's funding.

However, on this cement road, there was actually a fight between martial artists!

There were hundreds of corpses on the cement road.

They were all martial artists!

Large-scale chaos caused by martial artists and engaging in fierce battles were capital crimes!

However, the rules of the special operation team had long been trampled on by some martial artists.

Just like the yin -yang people!

The corpses on the cement road were all of the yin-yang people.

These people were the first to find out that the black-robed prime minister was hiding in River Village. They immediately sent a large number of experts over.

Why?

No one knew!

However, the claws and teeth of the yin-yang people were spread all over the country.

They had even sent Soren and Haroon to stop Braydon from rushing to River Village.

It revealed how terrifying a biS*xual person was.

Some of them got the news earlier than Braydon did.

Especially after the yin-yang people received the news, their response was to send people to Preston to stop Braydon.

They had predicted that Braydon would go see the black-robed prime minister, Barrett!

Chaos erupted in the village.

On this cement road, one could step on a corpse within three steps.

Old Man Zito arrived first and joined the battle.

Who was the enemy and who was the friend?