

Strongest 506

Chapter 506-Young Master is Here, You are All Dead Who the enemy was was not a question that needed to be answered.

This was because the aura of a yin -yang martial artist was very easy to discern.

At this time, they could just kill all the yin-yang martial artists.

On this cement road, the person who had blocked over a thousand yin-yang martial artists was an old man herding sheep. His hair was white, and he wore a coarse shirt, displaying king level battle strength.

He had single-handedly held back a thousand yin-yang people.

The old man who herded the sheep held a wooden stick as a spear. The spear was sharp and overbearing. Every time he attacked, someone would die.

Old Man Zito pulled out his iron sword and brazenly entered the battlefield to start the slaughter. He said solemnly, "Overlord Spear Technique. Descendant of the Chaffin family of the southwest!" "Old brat, you have sharp eyes. You recognized my spear technique with a single glance. I can see that your sword technique is sharp. Is it from Mount Sino?" The white-haired old man who herded sheep laughed and killed a person with his wooden stick.

Old Man Zito held a three-foot-long iron sword. The sword Qi was unbridled, killing one person every ten steps. Wherever the sword passed, there would be martial artists killed.

"Frazer Zito, an old servant of the Northern King of the northern army, has been ordered to come and help!" he said solemnly.

"Old brat, just you alone aren't enough. Do you know how many king the yin-yang people sent out just to take away Prime Minister Yearwood?" The white-haired old man's killer moves did not stop; he could even chat with Old Man Zito with ease.

The two old fellows seemed to be chatting leisurely.

Some confidants would develop a good impression after meeting each other.

Old Man Zito said solemnly, "It doesn't matter how many kings the yin-yang people have sent. In the end, they won't be able to escape death. Young Master is almost here!" "Your young master is that young Northern King, right? I've heard of him. However, the yin-yang entity has sent out a total of 80 kings and 300 marquises." The white-haired old man said.

He had followed Barrett Yearwood for fifty years in River Village. He did not know much about the outside world.

Today, let alone 80 kings, even 800 kings and 3,000 marquises would be killed by Braydon and his eight techniques.

Outsiders had only heard of Braydon's terrifying name, but they had never seen him in person. How could they understand?

However, three miles away, a man's voice that was as warm as the wind came from afar. "Who said that even if this king were to come, it would be useless!" The sound of waves rolled over.

Three miles away, before the person arrived, the voice arrived.

It could be seen that Braydon's terrifying hearing had reached an inhuman level.

Three miles apart was 1500 meters.

Braydon actually heard the conversation that was going on over here.

Old Man Zito laughed loudly. "Young Master is here! You are all dead!" "Sh*t! Lord Soren Sage didn't stop this monster. Everyone, retreat!" There were close to a thousand yin-yang people around, with the three ninth-level kings as the leaders.

After a bald man spoke.

All the yin-yang martial artists wanted to leave like a tide.

To say that they wanted to retreat was an overestimation of their abilities.

More like they were escaping.

Unfortunately, could they escape?

A white-robed young man stepped on the air and came over. He had a Qilin cloud-stepping robe on his shoulder, and he looked extremely graceful.

His white clothes were as white as snow, and there was a smile on his handsome face.

His speed was so fast that it made people dumbfounded!

Movement Speed: 300 meters per second.

This speed was probably superior to a pinnacle's speed!

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. He raised his left hand and pointed at the void. The purple Qi acted as a guide, and seven purple Mount Sino Sword Talismans appeared.

Then came the 49 purple swords!

Hundred Qi-imperial swords!

Braydon stepped on his sword and walked forward. His body was as white as a rainbow, and he looked like a young immortal.

This temperament, as well as the hundred swords following him.

The white-haired old man was stunned. He cried out in horror, "Hundred Qi-imperial swords, Sword Immortal of the World!" "He..." The white-haired old man was stunned.

The legendary sword immortal of Mount Sino had reappeared in the human world?

Hundred Qi-imperial swords... The direct disciple of the sect master!

The white-haired old man did not know Braydon.

But he knew the golden Qilin!

Braydon's clothes had the pattern of a golden Qilin.

The person who dared to use the Qilin painting as a robe must be the Northern King!

After Braydon arrived, his deep eyes stared at the fleeing yin-yang people and said indifferently, "Yin-yang people, you dare to attack the Prime Minister in public? You must want to die!" As soon as he finished speaking.

Swoosh!

The purple sword was like a purple stream of light that swept across the world.

A hundred Qi-imperial swords meant a massacre.

Wherever the sword light went, no one could survive.

All the yin-yang people there had nowhere to run.

Who could withstand Braydon's sword?

No one could!

Braydon had descended here and was about to start killing.

Among the yin-yang people, there was only one Soren Sage.

That was Heather Sage's father.

He was the only person Braydon had shown mercy to.

Apart from that, what else could a yin-yang martial artist use to make Braydon show mercy?

The rest must die.

None of the close to a thousand yin-yang martial artists dared to resist!

Because the Northern King had arrived.

Facing such a big shot, the yin-yang people only had one complaint: why did they not have more legs to run away from the Northern King?

They were all fleeing!

The bald man said in horror, "Run, don't look back, scatter and run!" Scatter and run?

Did he think Braydon's hundred Qi-imperial swords was just for show?

The purple sword swept through the world, and no one could escape.

All of them must die!

In less than 15 minutes.

Nearly 1,000 yin-yang martial artists were all killed on the spot.

In the wheat fields on both sides of the cement road, there were corpses lying everywhere.

After Braydon finished killing, he smiled like a spring breeze. He looked at the white-haired old man who herded sheep and said with a faint smile, "According to the secret records of the northern army, Prime Minister Yearwood had four personal followers!" "Woodcutter, Heavenly Teacher, Shepherd King and Scholar. The four went missing along with the Prime Minister!" Braydon's smile was very handsome.

The white-haired old man secretly gulped, realizing that the white-robed youth in front of him was definitely a ruthless person!

What a ruthless person.

Under the hundred Qi-imperial swords, he had actually killed all the yin-yang martial artists.

Not a single one was left alive.

Moreover, he was so indifferent, as if he did not think much of it.

At this moment.

The white-haired old man realized that he had met a ruthless person. He had underestimated the young king of the northern army.

He could not bear to lose face. After all, he was an elder. He nodded proudly. "That's right, I'm Shepherd King!" "Not bad, but unfortunately, you're a little weak!" Braydon smiled faintly as he headed toward the entrance of the River Village.

Shepherd King's face instantly darkened.

He said in a low voice, "Among the ranks of the ninth-level kings, I am invincible!" "Confidence is a good thing. Overconfidence is conceitedness. It's fine to be a little conceited. The key is to have matching strength." Braydon paused for a moment before turning around and chuckling. "Unfortunately, you don't!" "What do you mean by that?" Shepherd King was instantly unhappy.

He was already so old, but he was still taught a lesson by a young man today. It was way too embarrassing.

Braydon continued to walk forward with his hands behind his back, saying softly, "Let's not talk about the ninth-level kings and the other great commanders. Just the ten bad eggs of the northern army alone are stronger than you. If Cole uses his full strength, he can kill you with one strike.. Luther can kill you with one strike, and Yuri can kill you with one strike!"

Chapter 507-Where Did the Guests Come from?

The top three of the top ten ruthless men of the northern army could kill Shepherd King in one strike.

Let's not mention the last three!

Number eight, Blake Matthews.

Number nine, Jordan Mandor.

And then there was Ludo.

None of them were kind people.

Shepherd King was stunned when he heard this. Suspicion appeared in his eyes as thoughts surfaced in his heart.

So many geniuses were born in the outside world in the past few decades?

Shepherd King's face was dark as he said in a muffled voice, "Kid, don't try to scare me. Your teacher, Finley Yanagi, is an old friend of mine!" "Actually, all I'm trying to say is that the era from which you came from is now in the past!" Braydon Neal had a smile on his lips as he arrived at the village entrance.

The entrance of the village was livelier than the outside.

The yin-yang people had sent out a large number of experts: 80 kings and 300 marquises.

Two quasi pinnacles were leading the team!

This lineup was truly grand!

The yin-yang entity was truly unfathomable.

In such a short period of time, they had actually gathered so many powerful experts.

No wonder they were able to do it back then. The cold wind swept across eight thousand miles in the northern desert, causing Braydon's teacher, Finley Yanagi, to disappear from then on. He was not seen alive, and his corpse was not found.

There were so many people blocking the entrance, but they were quietly watching a rough man at the entrance of the village, holding an axe and cutting down a tree.

This rough man was probably Woodcutter!

At the village entrance, he ignored the yin-yang people behind him as if he was competing with the parasol tree at the village entrance. Hundreds of yin-yang martial artists were gathered here.

They came for one person.

That was Barrett Yearwood!

Could Woodcutter intimidate hundreds of yin-yang people at the village entrance alone?

He alone was not qualified!

Under the parasol tree at the village entrance, there was a chessboard stone table.

Two people sat in front of the stone table.

An old man with snow-white hair was wearing green clothes, a felt hat, and small cloth shoes. He was playing chess.

The person playing chess with him was a teacher.

The two of them were sitting here, so there was no need to think about their identities.

Woodcutter was cutting down wood, Heavenly Teacher was playing chess, and Scholar was sitting there quietly.

The identities of these three people were obvious.

Hundreds of yin-yang martial artists were being blocked at the entrance of the village and did not dare to step inside.

They were not afraid of Woodcutter alone, but the three people in front of them!

Three half-step pinnacles!

They were big shots who followed the black-robed prime minister back then.

Back then, Barrett was able to suppress the capital palace until its movement was restricted.

How was he able to make the powerful families dogs and the aristocratic families cows?

The main reason was because of Shepherd King, Woodcutter, Heavenly Teacher, and Scholar.

Among the group of yin-yang people, there were 80 kings. One of them was a ninth-level king dressed in black. He stepped forward and cupped his hands, "The yin-yang people have come to pay our respects to the Prime Minister!" "Get lost!" The woodcutter held the axe in his hand and turned around.

A terrifying force was released from the axe blade. It was extremely domineering.

The axe was like a sword, slashing sideways.

Swoosh!

The black-robed ninth-level king was killed in one strike.

Blood splattered all over the village entrance.

It caused the anger of the yin-yang people.

The old Heavenly Teacher, who was playing chess, shook his head and said, "You old man, you really don't know how to behave. Can't you see that we're playing chess?" "What are you still doing? They are already here!" Woodcutter's personality was explosive, and he cursed out loud. The teacher shook his head gently. "Where did the guests come from?" "Yin-yang's Sterling Abbot greets Brother Chaffin!" There were two quasi pinnacles in this batch of yin-yang people that came today.

Now, a seven-foot-tall man walked out. His body was strong, and he liked to wear black clothes. He stepped forward and cupped his hands gently.

He was Sterling Abbot!

He and Heavenly Teacher were from the same era.

Heavenly Teacher's surname was Chaffin, and he had made a name for himself in the capital. Back then, he had also been an important official in the palace.

The young martial artists nowadays might not have heard of his illustrious reputation.

However, the people of the yin-yang entity still remembered this important figure.

Heavenly Teacher stood up slowly, his clothes clean. He smiled elegantly. "Why are you here?" "Prime Minister Yearwood has exited the mountains, so the yin-yang people must surely see him." Sterling did not say why he was here.

They wanted to see Barrett.

There were some things that they wanted to say face to face!

However, the old foxes here knew each other very well.

If Barrett wanted to see the people of the yin-yang entity, he would have let them enter the village long ago instead of letting Woodcutter and the other two guard the entrance.

Heavenly Teacher frowned slightly and stood up. His green clothes fluttered in the wind, and a faint golden light appeared.

The golden light curse of Mount Dutu's Dao Sect!

Heavenly Teacher's expression darkened. "You're so noisy. You won't even let me play chess in peace. You really live up to your name!" Mount Dutu had always been at odds with the yin-yang people.

It was something that everyone knew.

The enmity between the two sides had accumulated for a thousand years.

One could imagine that it was impossible to resolve the matter.

The moment Heavenly Teacher stood up, all the yin-yang people became extremely nervous. They pulled out the black swords at their waists and pointed the blades at him.

The atmosphere was filled with a sense of oppression.

All of this was seen by Braydon, who was far away.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back in the middle of the forest. His deep eyes observed everything, and he did not move.

If he wanted to kill these yin-yang people, it was not difficult at all!

“Let’s go around the village entrance to enter the village!” Braydon’s thin lips moved slightly.

“Huh?” Shepherd King was stunned, thinking that Braydon was here to help.

However, he did not expect him to be in such a hurry to see Barrett.

Braydon said indifferently, “Bring me to see the Prime Minister first. The yin-yang people at the village entrance are not a concern. According to the secret report sent by Westley, more than a thousand powerful martial artists from the capital left the capital an hour ago. They are from the powerful and aristocratic families.” “How dare they!” Shepherd King was not stupid at all. He knew what Braydon meant.

The powerful martial artists sent by the various aristocratic families in the capital were most likely here for the prime minister.

They did not want Barrett to return to the capital.

Old Man Zito frowned and said, “Senior Shepherd King, back then, you suddenly disappeared with the prime minister. The various great entities are no longer suppressed. In the past few decades, they have risen rapidly. They are more than ten times more terrifying than they were 50 years ago!” “What?!” Shepherd King was shocked.

The factions of the various great entities had expanded more than ten times compared to fifty years ago.

What did this mean?

This meant that even if Barrett left the mountain and returned to the capital, he might not be able to suppress the various powerful families.

Braydon chuckled. "There's no need to worry about the powerful and aristocratic families. Lead the way to see the prime minister. I want to know what big secrets this village has." "The prime minister has instructed that he only wants to see Dominic Lowe from the capital. He won't see anyone else!" Shepherd King was somewhat helpless.

This was Barrett's order.

Braydon smiled like the spring breeze and said softly, 'You might have a misunderstanding. My words are orders. The three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions must all listen to my orders. Those who disobey my orders will be killed on the spot!' "What?!" Shepherd King was enraged.

Although he was a senior martial artist, when facing the young man in white, Shepherd King was being a little too lax.

He had just witnessed Braydon's sword strike, and he had killed nearly a thousand yin-yang martial artists with a single thought.

Although this kid was young, he was definitely a terrifying figure.

At this moment, Shepherd King faintly realized that the youth in front of him may not look it, but his words and actions were not to be trifled with.

He was a ruthless person!

Shepherd King could not afford to offend him!

Chapter 508-When You Grow Up, How About Joining Northern Liang?_! Shepherd King was still hesitating. He refused to lead the way to see Barrett Yearwood.

Old Man Zito frowned and reminded in a low voice, "Senior Shepherd King, you should lead the way. I'll explain the current situation in the outside world to you when it's done. The young lord has the authority to command the three armies, nine departments, and twenty-four divisions. Even Duke Lowe has to lower his head in front of him!" "What...'" Shepherd King was stunned.

He knew that the young man in white was the Northern King and the commander of the northern army.

However, Shepherd King did not expect Braydon to be so terrifying.

Old Man Zito faintly reminded him, "On the 15th of this month, Mount Tanish's official rite ceremony has been specially prepared for Young Master. That day is Young Master's twentieth birthday. It will attract the fate of the country which will be placed upon his shoulders. So, you should understand now, right?"

"If the Prime Minister is about to die and has something important to entrust to him, the person to choose isn't Dominic Lowe, but the young master!"

"The young lord carries the fate of the nation and shoulders the future of Hansworth. Even ten Duke Lowes are not as important as the young lord alone." Old Man Zito had to tell the truth.

If he did not say anything, Shepherd King would not bring Braydon Neal to see Barrett just like that.

After saying that.

Shepherd King's eyes were filled with respect. He clearly understood what it meant to be a person who carried the fate of the country.

He also understood what it meant to use the official rite ceremony to attract the fate of the country upon a person.

Back then, even Barrett did not have the qualifications to take upon the fate of the country!

To attract the fate of the country upon oneself, two conditions had to be met.

The world had to be peaceful.

Hansworth had to be in peace!

Back in the days, Barrett Yearwood could bring peace to Hansworth.

However, even though Barrett's strategy was amazing, his talent in martial arts was not. His talent was not even comparable to the Qilin sons of the northern army.

Just this one flaw he had.

Barrett would not be able to bear the fate of Hansworth.

If he forcefully drew the fate of the country, his body would be weak and unable to withstand it, and he would definitely be punished by the heavens!

The fate of a country was not something that just anyone could bear.

At this moment, Shepherd King faintly recalled something from the past.

He muttered to himself, "Has the person Old Yanagi has been looking for really been found? He carries the fate of the country, just like how Emperor Hansworth attracted the fate of the country upon himself, nurturing the strongest genius in the history of Hansworth." His soft voice revealed a great secret.

The number of people who knew about this secret could be counted on one hand.

At the same time, it also revealed that the growth of Braydon was not only due to the efforts of his teacher, Finley Yanagi.

There were probably many elders who were secretly concerned about Braydon's growth!

Braydon was born in Preston, an ordinary wealthy family.

However, since Braydon went to the northern territory at the age of seven, his identity had changed.

Braydon was probably backed by many shocking experts.

These things would surface in the end.

Right now.

Shepherd King thought for a moment and nodded. "Alright. Let's go see Prime Minister Yearwood." "Frazer, stay here and wait for Syrus and Tobey. Tell Syrus that I don't need anyone alive." Braydon placed his hands behind his back and stepped on the fallen leaves silently.

Shepherd King felt a chill in his heart. He felt that the white-robed youth beside him was a little dangerous.

Ever since the two sides met, Braydon's killing order had never stopped.

"Understood!" Frazer Zito bowed.

Braydon's meaning was simple. When Syrus Yanagi and Tobey Lapras arrived with the royal guards, they would leave no yin-yang martial artists alive.

Even the martial artists from the powerful families from the capital would be killed.

In this game of chess in River Village, Braydon was still the one playing!

The reason why they did not touch the yin-yang people now was because they wanted to wait for the thousand martial artists from the powerful and aristocratic families from the capital.

When all of them arrived, they would be killed.

Otherwise, if they attacked now.

If the martial artists of the powerful and aristocratic families from the capital knew that Braydon was here, who would dare to show themselves?

No one!

Braydon and Shepherd King walked along the winding path and entered the village.

The moment he entered the village, Braydon felt hundreds of killing intent!

In the tightly shut doors of every family, regardless of age, all of them were martial artists!

This was no ordinary village!

It was clearly a village rormea DY martial artists.

If not for Shepherd King personally leading the way, Braydon would have been attacked long ago.

In the deepest part of the village, there was a two-story wooden house. Ordinary flowers and plants were planted inside, and butterflies were dancing.

It was a peaceful scene.

It was not a bad choice to spend the rest of one's life here.

Braydon arrived at the entrance of the small yard.

In an instant.

All the villagers in the village rushed out.

Old men ranging from eighty years old to children ranging from seven years old held sharp blades in their hands as they blocked the door.

Over a thousand people from several hundred households of the River Village were here.

The old, the young, women, and children were all here!

Shepherd King explained, "They are all orphans of meritorious officials. They were adopted by the prime minister and gradually formed this small village." "Who is he?" A nine-year-old boy covered in mud was pointing a wooden stick at Braydon. His left hand was holding a little girl's hand as he questioned Shepherd King in public.

"Little pup, go and play somewhere else. Don't cause trouble!" Shepherd King said angrily.

"It's fine. Is this your sister?" Braydon bent down and looked at the four-year-old girl behind the nine-year-old boy.

The little girl's face was round, and there was still some baby fat on her cheeks. She was wearing very cheap clothes, and there were a few big holes in her pants, covering her small dirty feet. However, the little girl's face was very clean.

Braydon bent down, wanting to pick her up.

In the end, the nine-year-old boy waved his wooden stick and shouted angrily, "Don't touch my sister!"
Bang!

The wooden stick landed on Braydon's forehead.

It shocked everyone!

Shepherd King's face turned green. He scolded angrily, "Little pup, what are you doing? Do you know who he is? Are you trying to get yourself killed?" "Don't scold him. It's fine!" Braydon could not help but laugh. Actually, the wooden stick did not hurt him.

At this stage of cultivation, any attack from an external object would instinctively cause force to be released from all parts of the body.

The wooden stick landed on Braydon's head and was immediately turned into wood shavings.

However, this was the first time Braydon had been hit in the head with a stick.

And it was by a nine-year-old boy covered in mud! "Little brat, what's your name?" Braydon smiled faintly.

"Pup!" the mud boy replied righteously.

"What's your real name?" Braydon could not help laughing.

"Ezekiel Chaffin. Heavenly Teacher gave me this name!" the mud boy replied seriously.

This name was really domineering.

The name 'Ezekiel' was not to be used lightly!

Braydon raised his hand and gently tapped his head, saying softly, "When you grow up, how about entering the northern army?" "NIA!" The pup refused decisively. He was still young and did not understand what the words "northern army" meant.

After a while.

He saw that Braydon was not a bad person. He had hit him, but this person was actually not angry.

"What's northern army?" The pup asked suspiciously.

"It is a belief passed down from generation to generation, an undefeated legend, an eternal legend!" Braydon chuckled and took off his golden Qilin robe. He wrapped it around the four-year-old girl and bent down to pick her up..

Chapter 509-Guardian Barrett Yearwood Braydon picked up the little girl and said dotingly, "What's your name?" "Nina!" The four-year-old girl's eyes were bright and clear. She was very curious about the handsome brother in front of her.

Braydon's aura made the little girl feel close to him.

The other villagers looked at the robe on Nina's body. The image of a Qilin stepping on the clouds was vivid.

Everyone knew this pattern!

Don't forget that Barrett Yearwood was once the guardian of the golden Qilin!

Everyone in the village knew the cloud treading Qilin.

The pup was stunned and said in surprise, "Look, isn't this the cloud-treading golden Qilin that Grandpa Barrett mentioned?" "It's the golden Qilin!" The surrounding elderly, women and children were all in an uproar.

"Grandpa Barrett, the cloud treading golden Qilin has appeared!" The little pup turned and shouted at the wooden house.

"Prime Minister, the owner of this generation's cloud treading Qilin robe is here!" Shepherd King turned around and said in the direction of the courtyard.

Everyone was silent as they looked at the courtyard.

The door of the wooden house in the small courtyard quietly opened.

An old man walked out. His face was covered in age spots, his eyes were cloudy, and he was blind. His back was a little hunched, and his left foot was a little slanted as he walked.

He walked out slowly, and all the villagers looked at him in awe.

This old man was Barrett!

The black-robed prime minister of the past was no longer the same as before.

There had been much sorrow in the world since ancient times.

A hero of the past is but a hero of the past.

Braydon carried Nina into the courtyard and said softly, "Northern army's Braydon Neal greets Prime Minister Yearwood!" "Golden Qilin Guardian, Barrett Yearwood, greets Young Master!" At this moment.

Braydon saluted his senior with the martial arts etiquette, but Barrett saluted Braydon with the kneeling etiquette.

This scene shocked everyone.

Braydon frowned and left with Nina in his arms. He did not accept the kneel and said softly, "Prime Minister, you shouldn't do that!" "The cloud treading Qilin robe has always had a guardian, and I, Barrett Yearwood, am the guardian of this generation. I have failed to accompany the growth of the Qilin Lord." Barrett's eyes flashed with guilt.

As a guardian, he did not fulfill his duty. He hid in this village for fifty years and completely missed the growth of the owner of the cloud Qilin robe.

This was Barrett's fault.

However, Braydon did not care about the past.

He wanted to know why Barrett had been guarding River Village for fifty years.

To be able to make the black-robed prime minister, the War God of the country, guard this place for 50 years and only be willing to contact the outside world today.

There must be something he could not reveal. Braydon wanted to find out today.

What big secret was there in River Village?

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "We can talk about other things whenever we have time. I came today to find out what secret this village is hiding!" "Come in!" Barrett only invited Braydon in.

The rest were not allowed to enter.

What the two of them were going to talk about next was the secret of River Village.

The wooden house was very simple and crude.

There was a wooden bed, three wooden chairs, half a wooden table, and nothing else.

Barrett's life used to be magnificent. He had possessed monstrous power and had lived a rich life.

However, these were all in the past.

Barrett had never cared about all that.

He never wanted glory and wealth.

In the wooden house, Braydon gently carried Nina and sat in front of the wooden chair.

Barrett was an old man in his twilight years. He was blind and had a hunchback. He said lovingly, "Nina, can you go out and play?" "Okay!" Nina was very sensible and went out as she was told.

Barrett was even wary of children. Was he now willing to reveal the secret he had been hiding in his heart?

He drank a mouthful of water and asked softly, "Young Master, you inherited the golden Qilin. Although you are young, you are not weaker than the previous Qilin Masters." "Since you don't want to talk about the secret of River Village now, let's talk about the cloud treading Qilin robe!" Braydon said softly.

It was about the northern army's Qilin robe, the hundred-bird phoenix robe, the golden dragon robe, the black cloud flying fish robe, and the gray wolf white robe.

The story behind these robes.

Braydon wanted to hear some secrets from Barrett that outsiders did not know.

The inheritance behind these clothes was extremely shocking.

The phoenix robe was passed down from the Togo Dynasty. The first owner was Zendaya Togo.

The first owner of the golden dragon robe was Emperor Hansworth of the Hanlon Dynasty!

After a thousand years, the descendants still had not forgotten these ancestors, which was enough to prove their excellence.

“Young Master, you want to hear about the golden Qilin, so I’ll tell you the story,” Barrett drank some water and said slowly.

Braydon nodded, indicating for him to continue.

As the owner of the cloud treading Qilin robe, he did not know where the golden Qilin came from. Would that not be a joke?

Barrett slowly said, “The hundred-bird phoenix robe is the soul of the Togo Dynasty. The golden dragon robe is the soul of the Hanlon Dynasty. The black cloud flying fish is the soul of the Morphius Dynasty. The white gray wolf robe is the soul of the Togo Dynasty!” This black-robed prime minister told Braydon what each piece of clothing represented!

They did not just represent an era!

They represented a dynasty!

Every piece of clothing carried an endless story!

Because behind the clothes was its legacy.

The clothes were only proof of identity. What was scary was the inheritance behind it and the faith that was firmly held in the hearts of the people.

Behind this belief was Hansworth.

Barrett had lived for many years. As the guardian of the golden Qilin, he knew many things about the past.

There were some secrets that a genius of Braydon's age could not know.

This required experience!

Barrett smiled and said, "Behind every piece of clothing, there's a history of the dynasty that can be investigated. Only the golden Qilin doesn't!" Braydon narrowed his eyes, and a bright light appeared in his eyes.

Why did only the golden Qilin have no history of a dynasty?

What did the golden Qilin represent?

Barrett said softly, "The birth of the golden Qilin originated from the Qilin talent ranking. Those who are not Qilin talents cannot enter the ranking. Those who enter the ranking are all Qilin children!

"Every Qilin child must be of the Hanya bloodline. If you are not a descendant of the Hanya bloodline, you cannot enter the rankings. If you are not a descendant of the Hansworth bloodline, you cannot enter the rankings!

"If a Qilin son is born, he will definitely shock the entire era!

“And that is only the Qilin son, whereas the one wearing the cloud treading Qilin robe is the Qilin Lord!

“The third generation Qilin Lord was the First Emperor. He was a man of great talent and great strategy. He swept across six directions and unified the six countries. He established great achievements and created the foundation of a great unification!

“His achievements are recorded in history!

“That year, he reopened the Qilin ranking and used the entire country’s strength to search for the Qilin son. He exhausted a thousand years of national fate, but in the end, he found nothing!” Barrett revealed a secret.

The Qilin ranking could not be opened.

If it was opened, it would certainly consume thousands of years of national fortune.

Even someone as stunning as the First Emperor had failed. From then on, the Qilin ranking seemed to have become a taboo. No one dared to talk about opening the Qilin ranking.

From then on, the Qilin ranking never appeared again.

Braydon listened quietly and did not ask any more questions.

Who was the first Qilin Lord?

There was no need to ask!

Because Braydon already had a guess. It would be useless to ask.

Barrett might not even know who it was..

Chapter 510-If You Don't Tell Me, I Won't Be at ease!

The golden Qilin's inheritance was probably extremely long.

The past Qilin Lords were all shockingly talented people!

Braydon's thin lips moved slightly. "Your generation wants to reopen the Qilin ranking?" "Yes, sir!" Barrett Yearwood answered very frankly.

Braydon stood up with his hands behind his back. He looked at the moonlight outside the window. Unknowingly, the sky had already darkened.

"Why my generation?" He smiled.

"Because of you. Your appearance has given an old thing like me hope!" Barrett said softly.

It was true!

Braydon's appearance gave many of the older generation hope.

The sudden appearance of the Northern King silenced all the foreign enemies.

Because who would dare to say that there was no one who was capable in Hansworth?

Who still dared to say that Hansworth's martial arts were declining!

Braydon carried the fate of the country and the hopes of many people. So, Braydon could not die!

If he were to fall, one old man after another would jump out and tear the enemy apart.

“How can a prime minister lie?” Braydon smiled faintly.

As soon as he finished speaking, the entire wooden house fell silent.

What did this mean?

Braydon did not trust Barrett?

Ever since they started chatting, this was the first time Braydon responded with this sentence.

This was distrust!

The two of them had just met, so they did not have a close relationship.

Who was the black-robed prime minister?

Back in the capital, he had suppressed on the entire palace and restricted its movement.

The powerful families were like dogs, the aristocratic families were like cattle, and the sects were forced to shut their doors.

If you dared to treat such a person as an ordinary old man in the countryside, when the time came, you would not even know what killed you.

When Braydon was young and scheming against others, his peers had still not been weaned!

This black-robed prime minister was bullying Braydon for being young!

Don't forget Braydon's purpose for coming here.

Braydon only had one question to ask when he arrived. What secrets did River Village have?

However, this Prime Minister was actually talking to Braydon about the origins of the cloud treading Qilin robe.

They talked about many secrets that Braydon did not know.

There was only one thing he did not mention.

That was the secret of River Village. He did not say a word about it.

Braydon smiled. The handsome youth was smiling like a flower at this moment!

Dimples referred to the shallow dimples that girls had when they smiled.

A flower represented a girl's smile that was as dazzling as a flower.

However, Braydon's handsome face had such a smile on it.

If the little fool was here, he would have peed his pants!

In the little fool's memory, his big brother had only smiled like this once in his life.

That was when Frediano died.

Who was Frediano?

Frediano was part of the northern army's foundation.

Frediano was closely linked to the name of Mount Bliz. The name Frediano meant cold.

If Frediano had not died back then, his achievements would not be lower than Braydon's!

His death was Braydon's lifelong pain!

Moreover, Frediano's death was inextricably linked to the powerful and aristocratic families.

Braydon and the powerful and aristocratic families were at loggerheads.

It was not without reason from the very beginning!

Now, Braydon was smiling like this once more.

This was an extremely dangerous signal!

Braydon, this ruthless man, wanted to kill the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood?

If he really did that, the various major forces would probably be dumbfounded.

Inside the wooden house, the atmosphere was terrifyingly oppressive.

The old and the young were both good people.

A moment later.

Barrett slowly said, 'Young Master has the intention to kill me.' 'What do you think?' Braydon chuckled.

Barrett might be blind, his back hunched, and a little crooked, but he was still the black-robed prime minister from back then! How could such a talent be underestimated?

'I'm blind!' Barrett smiled bitterly.

'You lost your sight, but you were able to suppress the entire capital palace!' Braydon replied coldly.

Barrett stood up slowly and said, 'My back is hunched!' 'The hunchback suppressed the powerful and aristocratic families for forty years. How domineering!' Braydon had his hands behind his back.

Barrett moved his legs slightly and said, 'My foot is crooked!' 'Although your foot is crooked, you sit high in the palace, and you make the countries outside the borders tremble in fear!' Braydon responded to Barrett's every sentence.

What was this black-robed prime minister doing?

He had been guarding this place for 50 years.

If such a person were to endure for 50 years and plot something, it would be too terrifying.

Braydon was worried that this black-robed prime minister had ulterior motives!

So at this moment, Braydon turned around, and his eyes turned cold. His thin lips moved slightly. 'My patience is limited. Tell me the secret of the village!' 'I can't say it!' Barrett's lips moved as he responded.

This old fellow had previously respected Braydon as the young master of the Qilin and had a humble appearance.

Now, Braydon wanted him to reveal the secrets of this small village.

However, Barrett refused.

Braydon's eyes turned cold. He slowly gripped the hilt of the Northern King sword, and a murderous aura emerged. He said, "If you don't tell me, I won't be at ease!" Braydon was young, but he was strong.

His words expressed the worry in his heart.

If Barrett refused to say it, Braydon would feel uneasy.

Braydon had already said that the era of his teacher, Finley Yanagi, and Barrett had passed.

Now, this world was guarded by Braydon's generation.

The world was like a chessboard, and the various great entities were like chess pieces.

Braydon was playing this game of chess.

The older generation was not allowed to interfere.

Braydon's plan was to kill the yin-yang people and the powerful and aristocratic families.

Barrett's appearance would cause everything to change.

The name of the black-robed prime minister had caused Braydon to be wary.

If Barrett did not tell him this secret today, Braydon would not let it go.

The conversation between the old man and the young man was interrupted.

In the village, a riot broke out.

Martial artists had charged into the village!

It was accompanied by the cries of a child outside the door. "Grandpa Barrett, there are outsiders in the village!" "What shall come to pass, shall come to pass!" Barrett let out a long sigh.

Braydon turned around to guard the door. He saw a pair of siblings standing barefoot at the door. They were the child Ezekiel Chaffin and his sister Nina.

"Qilin Lord, can you help me take care of my sister?" The pup's eyes were filled with desire.

Braydon was the successor of the golden Qilin.

He was this generation's Qilin Lord.

It was not too much for the pup to address Braydon as Qilin Lord!

Braydon looked at the siblings and bent down to ask softly, "Why do you want me to help you take care of your sister?" "Outsiders are here. I'm going to kill the enemy!" The pup was almost nine years old, but his tone was unprecedentedly firm.

Hansworth was founded on martial arts. From children to eighty-year-old men, they were not afraid of death, nor were they afraid of fighting!

Looking at the pup's determined gaze and Nina's pitiful gaze, Braydon stood with his hands behind his back. His thin body stood between heaven and earth, emitting a terrifying killing intent.

The Hansworth that he protected should be prosperous and peaceful!

Now, a nine-year-old child had appeared in front of Braydon and said that he wanted to fight.

What a joke.

Braydon stepped into the night with his hands behind his back.. His loud voice resounded through the world as he said coldly, "Where are my royal guards?"