

Strongest 511

Chapter 511-No Respect!

“Syrus Yanagi of the royal guards greets the Northern King!” “Tobey Lapras of the royal guards greets the Northern King!” The 10,000 royal guards had already arrived in the afternoon. They hid in the Preston mountains and surrounded the entire River Village.

Tonight, all the martial artists from the various great entities were doomed!

The two commanders of the royal guards had arrived.

Syrus, the seven-time king, stood proudly in the sky in his golden dragon robe. He held a black spear in his hand, and his entire body was filled with cold killing intent.

Tobey, who was dressed in white, held an ancient book in his left hand and placed his right hand behind his waist.

These two were here!

Behind them, 10,000 elites of the royal guards had already surrounded the entire village. At this moment, they all drew their swords and shouted with killing intent, “All the soldiers of the royal guard’s first legion pay their respects to the Northern King!” The sound waves rolled and swept through the night.

The wind tonight was exceptionally cold.

The pupils of all the yin-yang people at the village entrance constricted.

Sterling Abbot, who was a quasi pinnacle yin-yang, said hoarsely, "The Northern King has arrived!" "Braydon Neal is here. Damn it!" The thousand martial artists who had rushed over from the capital had just charged into the village in search of the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood.

However, these people did not know that Braydon had been waiting in the village for a long time!

Tonight, Braydon was waiting for them!

All the martial artists looked at the sky with ugly expressions.

The originally pitch-black night seemed to have been dyed black.

However, in this pitch-black sky, a white-robed youth appeared. His thin body emitted white light, like the bright moon in the world. The rest of the people were like ants!

How could an ant compete with the bright moon?

Braydon had obviously used the eight techniques. Looking at the thousands of martial artists who had charged into the village, his thin lips moved slightly. "A thousand martial artists, a hundred kings, and two hundred marquises. The powerful families of the capital are being really generous!" "Run! This is a conspiracy!" A middle-aged king in the village turned pale and shouted.

He did not see Barrett but King Braydon, who was waiting for them.

Therefore, these martial artists who rushed over thought that this was a trap.

It was Braydon's plan to lure them here and then kill them all!

Unfortunately, they were wrong.

Barrett was here, but these martial artists from the powerful families could not kill Barrett tonight.

Braydon stepped into the night, his thin lips moving slightly as he said softly, "Tonight is a night of killing!" "Send them on their way!" Syrus's spear was like a real dragon as he charged into the village.

Wherever the spear went, someone would die!

Tobey did not participate in the battle and followed Braydon to the village entrance.

There were hundreds of people at the entrance of the village, all of whom belonged to the yin-yang.

Sterling and the others had not left yet.

They wanted to kill their way in and find Barrett in the chaos.

Just as this thought arose in his mind, Braydon had already descended in the dark night.

The 80 kings were all kings of hell!

As long as a yin-yang artist was conferred the title of king, they would be able to obtain the title of king of hell. This was a symbol of status and power.

Braydon came to the village entrance, like a young immortal.

A cold light flashed in Sterling's eyes. He realized that Soren Sage was not able to stop this young man in Preston.

The yin-yang people and Braydon had a deep hatred for each other.

Especially recently, when Braydon went to the capital last time and rescued Jace Jackel from the Jackel family, and now he gave the order to kill the yin-yang people.

On the side of the governor office, they had immediately issued a killing order.

The special operation teams all over the world were ready to kill all yin-yang people without mercy!

This had caused many yin-yang people to die.

The upper echelons of the yin-yang people seemed indifferent to this matter.

It was as if a large number of yin-yang people being killed or injured was a trivial matter.

It was precisely this indifference that made people feel that the yin-yang entity was somewhat unfathomable!

Today, for Barrett, the yin-yang people had sent out 80 kings and 300 marquises.

It was really a big deal!

If so many high-level martial artists were to be placed at the border of Ludwig, they would be a deterrent force that would make Banko unable to sleep or eat in peace.

Unfortunately, the yin-yang people would not place such an army at the defense line.

However, even if they had made any contributions, Braydon would not take back the killing order he had given.

At this moment, the martial artists of the powerful and aristocratic families in the village had been massacred by the royal guards.

Not a single one was left alive. All the martial artists were killed.

Because there was no need to leave them alive. The people who came were all martial artists from powerful and aristocratic families.

What was the point of keeping them?

He just had to kill them on the spot and intimidate the various powerful families in the capital.

Braydon and Tobey had arrived at the village entrance.

"I didn't expect the Northern King to be alarmed tonight," said Sterling in a neither servile nor overbearing manner.

"Who do you think you are!" Tobey looked very poised and gentle, but the way he spoke deserved a beating.

He did not even treat Sterling as a human!

He was a quasi pinnacle.

Sterling's expression darkened.

Woodcutter frowned and looked over. "Tonight's matter isn't something you juniors can participate in. Leave now." "What a coincidence. I really want to participate in tonight's matter!" Tobey's attitude toward Woodcutter was different from his attitude toward Sterling.

However, this attitude was not one of respect for a senior.

In this world, he only respected his brother!

He would not respect anyone else!

Between martial artists, what mattered was strength.

If they could win, it would be a battle of strength.

If they could not win, then it would be a battle of wits!

Tobey and the little fool grew up together, and they had a great relationship with each other. How could he be a good person?

Tobey was also a bad egg when he was young!

Do you think he would be a good person now that he was older?

If it was not Braydon suppressing them, this group of lunatics might do something out of line.

“How ignorant!” Woodcutter was a little angry. “You don’t know how to show respect!” “Since you are a martial artist, there is no harm in being a little reckless. However, do you two kids know who they are?” Scholar revealed a refined smile.

“A bunch of dead people!” Tobey said disdainfully.

“Bastard! ” Sterling was furious.

As a quasi pinnacle, how could he not be angry when he was looked down upon like this?

Not to mention by a junior like Tobey.

Heavenly Teacher exploded as he scoffed, "What, do you want to fight?" "Heavenly Teacher, you can't stop us tonight!" Sterling was still afraid and did not dare to fight.

Heavenly Teacher and Scholar were both quasi pinnacles.

Woodcutter was a half-step pinnacle.

Sterling was worried that he would not be able to deal with these three tough bones and would have to die here.

Furthermore, there was also King Tobey and King Braydon.

There was also the seven-time champion in the village!

The old ones were not to be trifled with, and the young ones were even more ruthless.

At this moment, even Sterling wanted to retreat.

However, Scholar ignored the yin-yang people. He looked at Tobey and said softly, "Young man, your words are very infuriating. Your situation reminds me of an old friend!" "Your tone reminds me of someone!" Braydon spoke.

Scholar became interested and asked, "Who?" "Hiroshi Takaeda!"

Chapter 512-Tobey, Kill Him!

Braydon Neal chuckled.

The old Heavenly Teacher turned around and said with an unfriendly gaze, "After so many years, that old thing Hiroshi Takaeda should now be the ruler of Banko!" "How dare you compare me to those foreign thieves!" Scholar was very calm, but his eyes were cold.

With his brother protecting him, Tobey Lapras wasn't afraid at all. He sneered, "Comparing you to Hiroshi Takaeda isn't an insult to you. If he were given three years, he would have definitely reached the pinnacle." Scholar wasn't embarrassed or angry. His expression gradually became solemn.

He said worriedly, "Hiroshi Takaeda is ambitious. If he becomes a pinnacle, the Ludwig defense line will definitely be reignited with the flames of war again. At that time, the people of Ludwig will still suffer. Sigh!" He sighed helplessly.

The four of them followed Prime Minister Yearwood and hid in River Village, not asking about the outside world for decades.

They didn't know what was happening in the outside world.

It was precisely because of this that the special operations team and the dark division had not noticed the abnormality in River Village for the past 50 years.

If the dark division discovered that there were martial artists everywhere in the village, they would definitely investigate.

However, this small village was very well hidden. It was difficult for outsiders to discover its secrets.

But thinking about it, it was understandable.

After all, the person overseeing this place was the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood.

With his methods, it was not difficult for him to perfectly avoid the investigation of the dark division.

It would be peculiar if they were found!

Scholar was worried. He was worried about Hiroshi breaking through to the pinnacle.

“Who are you sighing for?” Heavenly Teacher said disdainfully. “So what if Hiroshi Takaeda has reached the pinnacle? If he dares to enter Hansworth, I will still kill him!” “Alright, stop boasting. You haven’t even figured out the pinnacle martial arts path yet, so who are you going to kill?” Scholar was also a little angry.

“Stop arguing,” Tobey snapped. “Hiroshi Takaeda is already dead!” “Dead?” Woodcutter was stunned.

Scholar was shocked and asked, “Who killed him?” “A martial artist who can reach the pinnacle within three years is already way ahead of us. His capability is infinitely close to the pinnacle. It’s not that easy to kill someone like him!” Heavenly Teacher’s expression was grave.

Tobey quietly looked at his big brother.

Was there still a need to say who killed Hiroshi?

Of course, it was Braydon!

On that night, he slaughtered his way through the entire Banko, using Hiroshi’s head as a memorial for the Ludwig army men who had died.

Woodcutter’s eyes followed Tobey’s gaze and landed on Braydon. He was instantly stunned.

Was the person killed by this white-robed youth?

This was somewhat shocking!

A young kid from the younger generation could already reach the pinnacle?

Woodcutter could not help but shiver. Such a monstrous genius had never appeared in their generation back then.

“You killed Hiroshi Takaeda?” Scholar asked in shock.” “How old are you this year?” Heavenly Teacher was shocked.

Braydon smiled faintly at these questions and said softly, “The three of you have a lot to say tonight!” “What do you mean?” Woodcutter frowned slightly.

Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back. “Tonight is a night of killing.” A solemn killing intent filled the entire area.

Heavenly Teacher felt his hair stand on end. The white-robed young man in front of him gave him an extremely dangerous feeling.

“I once said that yin-yang people must be killed wherever they are!” Braydon smiled with his hands behind his back.

“Understood!” Tobey’s eyes turned cold.

He had followed his big brother Braydon here not to quarrel, nor to wrangle.

They were here to kill!

All yin-yang martial artists had to die.

This was Braydon’s order to kill.

All the soldiers of the northern army must obey his orders.

Actually, once Braydon gave the order to kill, all the generals in the military would obey.

From the meeting of the hundred generals, one could get a glimpse of it.

The hundred generals respected Braydon!

The Northern King order was the highest command in the military.

The Northern King was the most respected figure among all the great commanders.

Even the capital had not expected that Braydon would cook up such a big plan in the northern territory over the years. His control over the hundred generals had exceeded the expectations of all the factions.

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and smiled.

Scholar stopped him and said in a low voice, "Don't act rashly. The yin-yang people are powerful." It was not difficult to see why the three of them had been standing at the entrance of the village for an entire day against the yin-yang martial artists and did not dare to make a move!

Both sides were wary of each other and had been in a stalemate until now.

Braydon calmly replied to Scholar, "I said all yin -yang martial artists must be killed!" "You're messing around!" Scholar was furious. He did not expect the youth in front of him to be such a tyrant. He had no idea how terrifying the yin-yang people were!

The yin-yang people were not to be trifled with!

"Since it's so lively tonight, the yin-yang will not join in the fun. Farewell!" Sterling Abbot cupped his fists and said in a low voice.

These yin-yang people wanted to retreat?

But did they ask for Braydon's opinion?

Braydon looked over with his starry eyes and smiled faintly. "You want to leave? Did you ask me first?" "King Braydon, don't press us any further tonight. We will slowly settle the score between the yin-yang and the northern army in the future!" Sterling's eyes were filled with fear.

He really did not dare to underestimate the white-robed youth in front of him!

Scholar, Heavenly Teacher, and the others had lived in this village for fifty years, isolated from the world. They did not know many things that had happened in the outside world.

But Sterling knew!

He knew about the many things that Braydon had done. Not long ago, the Northern King had led his troops to start a war in the Ludwig area.

He was the one who started the killing of all who had done wrong!

Sterling also knew that Braydon had entered Banko alone and killed the ruler of the country, Hiroshi Takaeda. No martial artist in the world did not know about this!

When Braydon appeared in River Village, Sterling was already thinking about retreating.

Surprise appeared in Scholar's eyes. He knew very well that it was Braydon, the white-robed youth, who was scaring away the yin-yang people who had been confronting them the entire day.

This young man was a little mysterious!

Scholar said, "Having the yin-yang retreat on their own accord is already quite a feat. Don't make things worse than it is." Braydon didn't pay attention to him. He looked at Sterling and smiled. "There's no need to slowly settle the score between us!"

"I want to do it now!" Braydon stood in the dark with his hands behind his back. His thin lips moved slightly. "Tobey, kill him!" "Alright!" Tobey moved on the spot.

His figure was like a ghost. He held his sword in his hand. The pitch-black, slanted sword was extremely sharp. It was definitely a weapon forged by a grandmaster.

The blade cut through the darkness and slashed toward Sterling.

Sterling wasn't a weakling. He was a quasi pinnacle.

Tobey was a half-step pinnacle.

Between quasi pinnacles and half-step pinnacles, there was only the difference of one pinnacle combat technique.

There was a huge difference in strength!

However, Tobey was fearless. Wherever his sword went, he was invincible.

"I'll hold them off," Sterling said angrily. "You guys leave this village immediately.."

Chapter 513- Cloud Treading Qjlin, Master of a Hundred Clothes "Yes, sir!" The hundreds of yin-yang people wanted to leave.

A faint smile hung on Braydon Neal's lips.

These people wanted to leave. Did they think that he was a decoration?

Yin-yang martial artists were to be killed wherever they were.

Thus, Braydon placed his right hand behind his back, and the white light on his body soared into the sky, illuminating the entire village. Accompanied by a powerful pressure, it gushed out like waves.

Scholar was shocked and said, "Quasi pinnacle?" "Why do I feel that it's kind of like the pinnacle!" Heavenly Teacher was stunned.

Woodcutter was horrified. "Just from his appearance alone, he's not even twenty years old. Being a pinnacle at his age... Has there ever been such a person in Hansworth in the past hundred years?" The three of them looked at each other and finally understood why this young man in white dared to be such a tyrant.

At such a young age, his combat strength was at the pinnacle.

If Heavenly Teacher and the others had achieved this when they were young, they would probably be even more arrogant than Braydon now!

Woodcutter looked at Tobey Lapras and Sterling Abbot's fierce battle and exclaimed, "That kid is also a half-step pinnacle." "The changes that have occurred in the outside world in the past few decades are probably beyond our expectations!" Heavenly Teacher sighed.

Scholar sighed. "There are talented people in every generation. Each of them has been leading the way for hundreds of years. This child is really stunning!" As for these three old things... Tobey and Braydon turned a blind eye to them.

Braydon had already activated the eight techniques. He raised his left hand and lightning gathered in his palm.

Heavenly Teacher was stunned and said, "This, this..." "The ultimate technique of the Celestial Master, the Five-thunder Technique?" Scholar could not help but look at Heavenly Teacher. This young man in white was from Mount Dutu's Dao Sect?

Heavenly Teacher did not know either!

What happened next stunned him.

Braydon's Five-thunder Technique was even more authentic than his.

That power was even more terrifying!

Braydon raised his left hand slightly and smiled lightly like the spring breeze. "The end of the art, the pinnacle's origin. Please take a look at my Five-thunder Technique and see if it's okay!" Boom!

Braydon's body was surrounded by lightning, like a God descending upon the earth.

In the darkness, the true Five-thunder Technique was completely unleashed.

It was just like how Braydon had released the complete Five-thunder Technique on Mount Sheburg.

The hundred-meter-long silver bolt of lightning was like a spear as it landed on the ground.

The light that bloomed at this moment made the night sky as bright as day. The yin-yang martial artists who wanted to escape were instantly killed and injured. Their eyes revealed fear.

The yin-yang were most afraid of the thunder techniques of the Celestial Master.

The two were natural enemies!

"Oh my God!" Heavenly Teacher was dumbfounded. "A hundred -meter-long thunderbolt? I've only seen it on my grandmaster when I was young!" "The thunder technique you use is less than one-fifth of his!" Scholar took a deep look at Heavenly Teacher.

These words were too heart-wrenching.

They were all over 100 years old, but they could not compare to a mysterious young man in white.

The Five-thunder Technique enveloped this world, wreaking havoc, and no one could catch it.

At this moment, a black ghostly shadow quickly attacked Braydon from behind.

Don't forget, two yin-yang quasi pinnacles were here.

The first was Sterling.

The other had been hiding in the dark.

Now, she had finally appeared!

Her figure was gentle, her waist was like a thin stream, her slender legs were well-proportioned, and her exquisite and flawless face was covered with a light veil. She raised her fair and clean left hand and placed it on Braydon's back.

Braydon had long sensed this hidden killing intent, and a smile appeared on his lips.

Braydon was just about to attack when his face turned pale and cold sweat appeared on his nose. He opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Oh no, this kid is injured!" Heavenly Teacher was a cultivator. He had a straightforward personality. He would be angry when he should be angry. He would laugh when he should. He followed his heart and was a person who had comprehended the Great Freedom.

At this moment, Heavenly Teacher rushed over in shock and anger, wanting to help Braydon.

Scholar also moved.

These people were not stupid. They could tell that Braydon's hidden illness had relapsed and that he was definitely injured.

The injuries on Braydon's body were caused by Hiroshi Takaeda's palm.

He had not recovered until today.

Braydon used all of his techniques, causing him to be injured.

The second yin-yang quasi pinnacle had cold eyes that contained no emotion. Her delicate little hand landed on Braydon's back.

Braydon stood in the dark. Even if his hidden illness had a relapse, he was not someone that could be killed by the yin-yang people.

At this critical moment.

Streams of force surged out from Braydon's back. In just two seconds, he had formed the Qilin force.

The formless cloud-stepping Qilin seemed to make everyone feel awe-inspired. The fury-eyed Qilin was staring at everyone present.

The moment the Qilin force was formed, it instantly engulfed the quasi pinnacle girl.

Her palm also landed on Braydon's back.

Both of them were injured at the same time!

Braydon's expression was calm. He felt an extremely soft force forming a delicate black hand seal on his back. The two hand seals, one in front and one behind, really echoed each other!

Heavenly Teacher, who had rushed over, was dumbfounded. "What the f*ck! Qilin force!" "Cloud treading Qilin, master of a hundred clothes. You..." Scholar was stunned.

They followed the Prime Minister and naturally knew what the cloud treading Qilin force meant!

It was the Qilin Lord!

The Qilin Lord was not the Qilin son.

Normal people understood the difference between a lord and a son.

The owners of the cloud treading Qilin robe were all Qilin Lords!

The previous Qilin Lords were all qualified to open the Qilin ranking.

This was the most legendary ranking in Hansworth since ancient times!

Many influential figures wanted to leave their names on it.

Unfortunately, many people were not qualified!

The reason was very simple. If one wanted to enter the Qilin ranking, one had to be a Qilin son.

Most importantly, how could there be so many Qilin sons!

In this era, for the past 5,000 years, Hansworth had been in a state of chaos. For a whole five thousand years, no such talents had appeared, until this batch of talents.

Five thousand years of accumulation was released today!

Many people's efforts and hopes were poured into Braydon's generation.

At this moment, one could imagine that with Braydon as the Qilin Lord, even the black-robed prime minister, Barrett Yearwood, had to kneel before him. What choice would Scholar and Heavenly Teacher make?

It did not matter what that old fox Barrett was scheming!

Braydon was the protector of the cloud treading Qilin robe.

Scholar and Heavenly Teacher looked at each other, turned around, and bowed before Braydon. They said solemnly, "The three of us pay our respects to Qilin Lord!" Them being willing to bow down before Braydon was their own choosing.

Braydon ignored them and slowly turned to look at the girl in black. He smiled faintly and said, "That palm strike is pretty good." "In this world, it's rare to be praised by the Northern King!" The black-clothed girl's voice was ethereal, and her cherry lips moved slightly.

Tobey abandoned Sterling and cursed, "Pinnacle-level combat techniques are so troublesome. Syrus, stop fooling around. Big Brother is injured. Come and help me kill them!" Tobey was furious.

In the village, a terrifying true dragon force resounded through the night like a dragon's roar.

Heavenly Teacher turned around and said in horror, "The owner of the true dragon robe is here too?"

Chapter 514-Who Dares to Touch My Brother?

o one paid any attention to the old Heavenly Teacher.

Tobey Lapras's words reached the village.

Syrus Yanagi, the seven-time champion, was holding a black spear in his hand. His golden true dragon robe was already stained with blood.

His long hair danced in the wind as he charged forward with his spear. He shouted, "In all of Hansworth, who dares to touch my brother!" Syrus was furious, and his hair danced in the air. He looked like a young tyrant who had descended upon the world.

When he appeared.

The old Heavenly Teacher and Scholar looked at each other and saw the shock in each other's eyes!

This was another half-step pinnacle!

In these fifty years, just how many talents had appeared in the outside world?

The talents displayed by Braydon, the Qilin Lord, and Tobey and Syrus could both enter the Qilin ranking.

They could all be Qilin sons.

Syrus pointed his spear at Sterling Abbot and shouted, "Are you the one trying to kill my brother?" "Seven-time king, are you going to start a war with us, the yin-yang people?" Sterling's eyes turned red.

There were too many powerhouses that were here today, making him unable to kill his way out.

And today, he brought 80 kings and 300 marquises, using the true power of the yin-yang people.

If they were all killed here, the loss would be too great.

Syrus's eyes were cold. "The two sides have already started fighting. What's there to be afraid of? How dare you hurt my brother? I'll slaughter your entire family!" As soon as he finished speaking.

Syrus, this ruthless person, did not hesitate at all when he arrived and attacked brazenly.

Tobey held his sword in his hand and fought alongside Syrus.

The two of them were really close to each other. They knew what the other was going to do without even asking. They worked really well together and had a tacit understanding.

When Sterling and Tobey were engaged in a fierce battle, the former could not suppress the latter.

And now, the seventh-time king had joined them.

Sterling was in an extremely dangerous situation, and he could be killed at any time.

Syrus's black dragon spear was truly tyrannical, and it was about to pierce through Sterling's chest.

Tobey's sword was equally powerful.

If these two little bullies joined forces, Sterling would definitely die in less than ten moves!

The girl in black frowned and joined the battle in a flash. She forced Syrus away and opened her cherry lips. "Let's go!" "Miss, you should go first. I'll cover the rear." Sterling actually let the girl in black leave first.

"Tonight, no one can leave!" Braydon smiled.

“King Braydon, your hidden illness has relapsed, and you have suffered a palm strike from the young lady. Let’s stop tonight and heal your injuries.” Sterling had been struggling to hold on against Tobey, but he had audacity to say those words.

He was clearly showing weakness, yet he had to say it so righteously.

Braydon smiled casually. “This small injury is nothing to worry about.

However, I want to keep all the yin-yang people here tonight. Is that possible?” “King Braydon, you’re ruthless. You don’t mind worsening your own injuries to kill us.” The 80 kings of hell of the yin-yang entity were all kings. They were all furious.

Tonight, Braydon would not let them go no matter what, forcing everyone to their deaths.

A rabbit would bite when it was anxious, and a dog would jump over a wall when it was anxious!

Not to mention the martial artists of the yin-yang entity.

They all turned around and pulled out their weapons. Their sharp blades and shiny swords were filled with killing intent.

“Attack!” Today, these yin-yang people finally understood that if they did not kill Braydon, none of them would be able to escape.

One king after another unsheathed their weapons, their eyes filled with killing intent as they charged over from all directions.

All the yin-yang people surrounded Braydon!

Braydon smiled faintly and raised his left hand. His slender index finger gently tapped the dark sky.

A layer of ripples appeared between his fingers, and a purple Mount Sino Sword Talisman quickly formed.

Seven sword talismans of Mount Sino were displayed in the air.

At this moment, all the sword talismans were formed.

Scholar's pupils constricted, and he said in shock, "This is... Mount Sino Sword Talisman!" "Seven Mount Sino Sword Talismans. This is using Qi as a guide, turning into a hundred swords!" Heavenly Teacher came from the Celestial Master's Dao Sect on Mount Dutu and knew a great deal. He had already guessed what Braydon was going to do next.

As expected.

Just as Heavenly Teacher had expected.

The three-foot-long purple swords floated in the sky.

This scene shocked everyone!

Except for Syrus and Tobey, who were used to it, the others were all shocked.

Scholar cried out, "The lost forbidden technique of Mount Sino, the hundred Qi-imperial swords!" "This... Heavenly Teacher was stunned.

The Five-thunder Technique used by Bradyon could only be practiced by the successors of the Celestial Master.

Now, he was actually using the hundred Qi-imperial swords.

This made Woodcutter and the others rather dumbfounded.

How could the secret techniques of each sect be passed on to outsiders?

There was something wrong here!

Moreover, only the previous sect masters could cultivate the hundred Qi-imperial swords of Mount Sino, and more than half of them had been lost.

However, Braydon had mastered the complete forbidden technique.

Scholar could not figure it out.

Braydon did not have time to explain to them. He placed his right hand behind his back and moved his left finger slightly. Dozens of purple swords that were like flowing lights all stood straight were following Braydon.

The 80 yin-yang kings were right in front of Braydon.

How could they survive under a hundred Qi-imperial swords?

Braydon was dressed in a snow-white robe, and a faint smile hung on his handsome face.

Her smile was like a flower!

This smile made Tobey shudder, and Syrus was shocked.

The two brothers almost peed their pants.

The smile on Braydon's face was not a good sign.

As expected.

Braydon used his Qi to control the hundred swords. The purple sword light was like a flowing shadow, piercing through the chests of all the martial artists.

80 kings were instantly killed!

These were the 80 kings of hell of the yin-yang entity.

All of them died in Braydon's hands.

In front of Braydon, kings were like ants.

King Braydon who had used the eight techniques, was extremely terrifying.

This scene shocked Scholar and Heavenly Teacher.

The two old men looked at each other and said warily, "Ruthless!" He was definitely a ruthless person!

In a few moments, he had killed 80 yin-yang kings. Sterling's eyes were bloodshot as he roared, "King Braydon!" "What is it?" Blood flowed like a river under Braydon's feet. The eighty bodies were still warm, but they had all been killed.

Each of them only had one wound.

It was on the chest!

Braydon killed people with a single blow to the chest.

The purple sword lights pierced through everyone's heart, killing them on the spot.

Everyone saw this scene.

The young man in white, who had used eight techniques and was like a God, raised his sword and slaughtered everyone.

There were 300 yin-yang marquises remaining.

Any northern army men who encountered any yin-yang people must not hesitate to kill them!

Sterling panted heavily. Under Tobey's suppression, he could not divert his attention to do anything else.

"Everyone, listen up! Kill Braydon Neal at all costs!" he said hoarsely." The 300 marquises belonging to the yin-yang entity had no choice but to follow Sterling's orders. They gritted their teeth and rushed forward with killing intent.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, facing the strong wind.. He did not take a step back and said softly, "Tonight, with my injured body, I will destroy the yin and yang!"

Chapter 515-Being a Gentleman, Being a Ruthless Man The soft voice fell.

Scholar's eyelids twitched. He frowned deeply and said, "Why is this generation's Qilin Lord so murderous!" "It's rare to see someone of this age with such a strong killing intent!" Woodcutter evaluated seriously.

It was not strange for martial artists to have killing intent.

However, Braydon's killing intent was much too strong!

At the entrance of the village, there were many purple swords that were like dazzling rays of light. They interweaved and formed a huge circle.

The circle had a diameter of 500 meters!

This range encompassed all the martial artists.

In the outside world, a marquis level martial artist was considered a reputable figure.

Moreover, there were as many as 300 of them here!

On the battlefield, this force was equivalent to 100,000 elites.

Unfortunately, in front of Braydon tonight, they could not escape death.

The purple light danced around each other, forming a circle with a diameter of 500 meters. The purple light swords pierced through the chest of the marquises.

One sword pierced through one heart and killed the person on the spot!

Braydon stood in the middle with his hands behind his back.

In front of him, one corpse after another fell into a pool of blood.

The smell of blood filled the air!

Braydon's eyes did not waver at all, revealing indifference. He stepped on the bloody corpse and slowly said, "As a martial artist, you don't think about serving your country!"

“A man in Hansworth who has not made any contributions and has committed a rebellion is considered a traitor!

“Today, I will slaughter all of you. Is there anyone who refuses to accept this?” Braydon stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his calm words carrying a sense of grandeur.

Every time he took a step, a yin-yang man rushed forward with a sword to cut Braydon.

A young man in black, covered in blood, rushed forward with a sword in his hand. He was about to slash Braydon’s face as he roared, “I refuse to accept this!” “It doesn’t matter. When you go to the netherworld, you can report me to the King of Hell and say that I killed you!” Braydon brushed past the man with his hands behind his back.

Accompanied by a purple stream of light, it pierced through the black-robed young man’s head and nailed it to the ground.

Killing him on the spot!

This scene made Scholar’s eyelids twitch. He secretly swallowed his saliva and inexplicably felt a little scared.

A total of 300 marquises were lying in a pool of blood.

Not a single one was spared, they were all killed.

Anyone who dared to cause trouble in front of Braydon would die.

Today, only two of the yin-yang people were left alive.

The first was Sterling Abbot.

The second was the girl in black.

Both of them were fighting hard.

Braydon had already freed his hands of the other yin-yang martial artists. He slowly walked over and smiled. "Syrus, are you being a gentleman?" "No, I'm not. Don't talk nonsense!" Syrus Yanagi's face darkened.

His opponent was the girl in black. She was really difficult to deal with.

The girl in black had mastered the pinnacle combat technique, so her force could transform into form. Syrus would be injured by her if he was not careful.

"It's time for tonight's farce to end!" Braydon said softly. This sentence put great pressure on Tobey Lapras and Syrus.

They had yet to finish off their opponent.

This was not their fighting style.

Now that both of them had fallen into a tough battle, it was enough to prove how terrifying quasi pinnacles were.

Quasi pinnacle martial artists were only inferior to true pinnacle martial artists.

If pinnacles did not show themselves, then martial artists at this level were the strongest.

Braydon stepped into the air against the wind and moved 80 meters horizontally, appearing between the girl in black and Syrus. His fair left hand released a force that turned into a long blade and separated the two of them. Syrus was forced to retreat. He immediately understood Braydon's plan.

It was time for tonight's farce to end!

Braydon was going to do it himself, so he did not have time to let Syrus and Tobey play around.

The girl in black had clear eyes and her cherry lips parted slightly. "The mighty Northern King wants to gang up on someone?" "You're the first girl to hurt me in my entire life!" Braydon ignored the girl's mocking words.

Gang up? What nonsense!

Talking about ganging up, there were only Braydon, Syrus, and Tobey at the village entrance tonight.

As for the yin-yang entity, there were two quasi pinnacles, 80 kings, and 300 marquises.

It was more like hundreds of people taking turns to gang up on Braydon!

It was a pity that no one could suppress King Braydon.

Braydon would kill as many yin-yang martial artists as he came across.

No one could afford to offend the yin-yang entity. But Braydon could afford to offend them!

Braydon had provoked all four great entities!

What's there to be afraid of!

The people from the northern army, from the commander to the soldiers, were all tough and ruthless people.

Since the northern army was established, they had never shown mercy to their enemies!

No matter how powerful the yin-yang entity was, could it be more terrifying than the eight foreign countries in the northern defense line?

Could it be more powerful than an army of a million from eight countries?

Be it external enemies or internal enemies.

With Braydon here, anyone who caused trouble in Hansworth must die!

At this moment.

The girl in black's voice was ethereal. "You endured my full-strength palm strike and survived until now. You're determined to kill us, right?" "I don't like the yin-yang people!" Braydon stood quietly.

Was this the explanation he was giving to the girl in black?

Because he did not like the yin-yang people, he wanted to kill all the yin-yang martial artists.

This was simply blatant contempt and provocation!

Braydon simply did not put the entire yin -yang entity in his eyes!

Was the reason why he was so aggressive tonight just because he did not like the yin -yang people?

What kind of reason was this!

The girl in black said coldly, "Sooner or later, you will pay the price for your tyranny..." Before she could finish her sentence.

Braydon made his move, and his speed increased to 300 meters per second!

This was clearly the speed of his peak state.

He suddenly attacked.

There were no signs.

Braydon charged forward, his left hand forming a sword finger and pointing at the girl's left shoulder.

In an instant, the black clothes on the girl's left shoulder exploded, revealing her undergarment. Then, she was hit by the force, revealing her fair and delicate skin that was glowing.

Her snow-white skin, delicate shoulder blades, and swan-like neck were all clearly visible.

The veil on the girl in black fell off, revealing her breathtakingly beautiful face. Her red lips and small mouth, her small and delicate nose, and a hint of pain flashed across her bright eyes. Her black eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Braydon's left sword finger sank into her left shoulder.

The force between his fingers transformed into a three-foot-long invisible sword Qi that pierced through her shoulder.

Crystal blood splattered across the sky!

He had severely injured her in one move.

Braydon's lips curled up slightly, and a playful smile appeared on his face. He said, "In the future, if someone seriously injured chats with you, don't hesitate to kill him because that's your only chance!"

“Otherwise, if you give him time to catch his breath, you’ll be the one who dies!” A faint smile hung on Braydon’s handsome face, like a big brother next door lecturing his little sister.

“Pfft!” These words made the girl in black so angry that she opened her thin cherry lips and spat out a mouthful of blood.

It landed on Braydon’s chest.

Fresh blood, like plum blossoms, was imprinted on the cloth.

Braydon’s previous relapse was followed by the girl in black’s full-force palm strike from behind.. The force transformed into a small black hand mark had injured Braydon!