

## **Strongest 581**

Chapter 581-essFantasy the Northern Army, they would never find out!

Just like Ludo!

The commander of the tenth legion of the Northern Army.

The outside world knew about Eggy.

But what was Eggy's name?

What was Eggy's gender and age?

No one in the outside world knew!

At this moment, Laird Xenos scratched his head and said, "Secretly order the Northern King's iron cavalry to move out and cleanse the world of the yin-yang people!" "Yes, sir!" Someone responded in the dark.

The people who gave the orders were the core higher-ups of the Northern Army, the commanders of the various high-ranking and powerful legions.

In the desert eight thousand miles north, the Northern King's iron cavalry appeared, emanating a murderous aura.

The seventy-two cavalymen of the Northern King exuded an imposing aura, but they were like ten thousand elite cavalymen. Wherever they passed, dust would roll up.

What was even more terrifying was that there were black-robed guards behind the Northern King's iron cavalry!

The Northern Army's unusual movements alarmed Lark on the border of the northern desert.

In Lark, there were various organizations of major forces stationed.

The branches of the nine departments and twenty-four divisions were all hidden in Lark. Their sole purpose was to monitor the Northern Army.

If there were any unusual movements in the north, the various large organizations in the capital had to be informed immediately.

Now, there was indeed some movement in Northern Army!

In a secret basement in Lark, a man in a suit said with a pale face, "Report to Duke Lowe, the Northern Army is moving south!" "The Northern Army first legion's commander, King Cole, has mobilized the 3,000 imperial guards. They are dressed in black, wielding black swords, wearing black capes and black scarves!" "At the same time, the Northern King iron cavalry under Laird Xenos..." His words stopped abruptly.

A loud bang came from the iron door in the secret chamber.

Bang!

A three-foot-long black blade pierced through the door lock.

Then, the iron door was destroyed!

A young man with an indifferent temperament, wearing the military uniform of the Northern Army, followed by 18 elite soldiers of the Northern Army, entered forcefully.

“Who are you?” the man in the suit asked angrily.

“Lucian Cross of the Northern Army, under the secret orders of the Second Master, has come to inform everyone that the Northern Army will kill anyone who hinders them!” This handsome young man was Lucian.

He seemed to have grown a lot after being sent to the northern territory.

The man in the suit swallowed and cupped his hands. “My apologies for being disrespectful, I...” “You’re Philip Steele from the Central Bureau. It’s been three years, six months, and seven days since you established this observation point in Lark. Other than you, there are seven other people at the observation point. They’re Keaton Smith... Lucian stood with her hands behind his back. His thin lips moved slightly as she spoke nonchalantly.

The more he spoke, the more fearful Philip became.

Philip’s face was pale, and cold sweat was dripping down his face.

Lucian’s words clearly revealed another layer of meaning.

For the past three and a half years, Philip’s every move had been under the surveillance of the Northern Army.

What did this mean?

If the Northern Army wanted to kill them, they would have wiped them out a long time ago!

The Second Master of the Northern Army, Luther Carden, was way too terrifying.

The hidden agents under his command were everywhere.

The people in charge of the intelligence of the Northern Army were all cunning!

Lucian smiled faintly. "Philip, do you have anything else to say?"

"I'll have to trouble you to thank Second Master for me. Thank you for not killing me. This observation point has never had any ill intentions!" Philip displayed a strong desire to live.

Lucian said calmly, "If you had any other thoughts, you wouldn't have lived until now. Second Master didn't touch you because he knew that you were only following orders. Alright, let's cut to the chase. Send a message back to the Central Bureau!" "Second Master's original words were: the capital should stay out of the Northern Army's matters!" Lucian turned around and left without any hesitation.

Philip wiped away the cold sweat on his face and bent over. "Lucian, take care. I will definitely convey these words." This scene happened in many places.

In the entire Lark, at the branches of the nine departments and twenty-four divisions.

All of them were found by the Northern Army, and Luther's words were passed on.

The capital should stay out of the Northern Army's matters!

This time, the Northern Army's attack on the yin-yang people was not child's play. It was a declaration of war!

They should have been killed long ago.

These martial artists used the seventeen laws of yin and yang to say that the living was under the control of the capital and the dead was under their control.

It meant that the capital took charge during the day, whereas the yin-yang entity took charge during the night.

This was treason!

They wanted to shake the country and control its fate.

They were thieves.

They should have killed them long ago.

The four great entities were the powerful families, aristocratic families, sects, and yin-yang.

None of them were good.

Today, Braydon Neal had already given the order to kill.

The five main teams were also involved in today's operation.

All the yin-yang people in the world would be killed.

The person who personally led all of this was King Braydon.

Braydon did all this for Frediano.

It Frecnano not appear, Brayaon's Killing oraer woulC1 never De taken DaCK.

In the River Village, a village at the foot of the Preston Mountains, there were hundreds of families, all of whom were the orphans of important officials who had followed Barrett Yearwood back then.

In the place they resided, there was no longer peace.

Ever since the news of Barrett was leaked, all the four great entities had their eyes on the place.

Everyone was curious about the secret that the Prime Minister in black had guarded for fifty years.

Anyone would know that there was definitely a shocking secret hidden in the River Village.

Braydon personally descended upon the village.

Now, this place was heavily surrounded by yin-yang martial artists. The entire village was airtight; not even a bird could fly out.

The three thousand yin-yang martial artists were stationed at the village entrance. It was as if everything was sealed off, and no one was allowed to enter or leave.

Braydon felt like he was taking a stroll in the courtyard, alone, revisiting the old place.

Three thousand yin-yang martial artists stood at the entrance of the village, their eyes faintly showing their determination to die.

When other martial artists came, they, the yin-yang martial artists, were not afraid.

But the person who came today was the Northern King!

This young man was alone, but he was viewed as a great enemy by countless forces.

Moreover, the Northern Army had officially declared war on the yin-yang entity.

Both sides were enemies!

Since they were enemies, according to the style of the Northern Army, they would kill all of them, regardless of age!

Braydon stepped on the flying leaves and landed on the cement road at the entrance of the village. He asked softly, "Where is my brother, Frediano?" This was a very calm sentence, accompanied by a cold glance from Braydon as he stared at the three thousand yin-yang in front of him.

There was naturally a leader among the three thousand yin-yang martial artists.

A half-step pinnacle slowly stepped forward and cupped his hands. "Shea Sage of the yin-yang entity greets His Highness the Northern King!" This person was no stranger to Braydon.

Soren Sage's younger brother, Shea Sage!

The second generation of the Sage family's direct descendants.

Heather Sage and Harold Sage were the third generation in the Sage family.

In terms of seniority, in terms of the relationship between the Neal and Sage families, Braydon should call him uncle.

But today, both sides were enemies!

One was a yin-yang half-step pinnacle.

One of them was the commander of the Northern Army!

Chapter 582-Blade Suppressing 3,000 People Both sides had different paths, so they were enemies!

Braydon Neal had never learned to be friends with enemies.

“Uncle Shea, where is my younger brother, Frediano?” “Braydon, once someone enters yin-yang, there is no path of return. Frediano is no longer the Frediano of the past!” Shea Sage said indifferently, “Wearing this yin-yang robe, the rest of one’s life will belong to yin-yang alone!” Swoosh!

Shea was courting death.

Braydon’s left hand instantly pulled out the Northern King sword.

The Northern King’s sword was unsheathed, shocking all beasts. The sharp blade went straight for Shea’s chest.

It was so fast that its speed was 150 meters per second.

What could Shea, a half-step pinnacle expert, use to dodge?

What could he use to block!

Shea was solemn as he drew a short sword from his waist and faced the attack head-on.

The two sides clashed.

Crack!

A crisp sound came from the bottom of the water.

The short sword became a broken sword!

The tip of the Northern King sword landed on Shea’s chest.



The blade pierced through Shea's body.

The blade pierced through his body, and blood splattered everywhere!

The difference in strength between the two was too great.

Shea's expression changed as he spat out a mouthful of blood. It was as if he had been struck by lightning.

Braydon did not have any tricks up his sleeves. He instantly pulled out the Northern King sword, the tip of the sword pointing downward, dripping with blood. He said indifferently, "Uncle Soren once said to me that if you want to achieve great things, you can kill your loved ones!

"Today, I'm here for Frediano!

"If I don't see my brother, I will kill all yin-yang people!" Braydon's thin body released a terrifying aura and sent the heavily injured Shea flying. He pointed his knife at the three thousand yin-yang men in front of him and his thin lips moved slightly. "Where is my brother, Frediano?" No one answered!

The three thousand yin -yang martial artists were determined to die.

Braydon held the Northern King sword in his hand. He did not use any of his eight techniques or any forbidden techniques. The only thing he used was the Northern King sword!

He charged forward alone.

Holding the sword in his left hand, his basic strength was 1500 pounds. He infused the primordial chaos force, which was a combination of the nine levels of light force and the nine levels of dark force, into the sword. The three-foot-long sword Qi swept across the crowd like a ribbon.

The terrifying speed and sword Qi were unstoppable!

Braydon's right hand was behind his waist, and his left hand was holding the sword. His eyes were cold and ruthless, and the blade swept across the necks of more than ten people at lightning speed. Three thousand people suppressed by the blade!

He wanted to kill them all.

This was King Braydon!

The bloody scene made the three thousand yin-yang martial artists' collapse.

In the face of death, some of these yin-yang martial artists were afraid, and some of them fell into a state of madness.

Braydon's eyes were calm and cold. Wherever the sword passed by, there were no living creatures. All that was left were corpses.

The slaughter did not stop.

At the village entrance, blood flowed like a river. One by one, the yin-yang people fell into a pool of blood, all killed by his sword. "Braydon, I'm going to fight you to the death!" someone shouted.

Swoosh!

Braydon turned around and slashed down.

He was killed on the spot.

Over half of the 3,000 martial artists were killed in a short period of time. There were no injuries. They were either alive or dead.

Anyone who came into contact with this Northern King sword would die.

The sword Qi contained within the sword was fierce and overbearing.

The person holding the sword was King Braydon.

The 3,000 yin-yang people could not block it at all.

Even if there were 30,000 of them, they would not be able to stop Braydon!

This Northern King sword had drunk the blood of millions of enemies.

In less than 15 minutes.

Braydon, who was dressed in white, held the Northern King sword in his left hand. His aura was calm as he stepped on the blood river and calmly walked past the village entrance with his hands behind his back.

The three thousand yin -yang men fell.

None of them survived. All of them were killed by his blade.

From now on, yin-yang martial artists were the enemies of the Northern Army. From the military leaders to the soldiers, whoever they met, they would be killed.

Braydon held the Northern King sword in his left hand and stepped on the corpses of the yin-yang people as he entered the small village.

The former River Village was now empty.

Hundreds of families had disappeared!

Every household lacked people, and there was not a single person in sight.

Where did the villagers of River Village go?

They would have to ask the yin-yang entity.

Braydon had just stepped into the village when he sensed other auras.

There were thousands of weak killing intent!

Thousands of weak killing intents spread throughout the entire River Village.

The entire village seemed to have become a trap.

It seemed to be for a certain person!

Braydon sensed the danger, but he chose to walk into the village knowing that there was danger.

He stepped into the village, and his thin lips moved slightly. "Next time, if you want to ambush me, I suggest you get a pinnacle. I'll kill whoever is below the pinnacle!" His calm words sounded like an explosion in the air above River Village.

This white-robed youth was still as tyrannical as ever!

It was obvious that he had already sensed the martial artists hiding in the River Village.

The thousands of weak killing intents were like bright lights in the dark night in Braydon's extraordinary perception.

No one replied.

Braydon smiled lightly, as if he was a little disdainful.

A low voice came from the dark. "All of you, show yourself. There's no need to hide. They've already discovered us!" The deep male voice exuded a dignified aura.

After he spoke, thousands of yin-yang martial artists appeared in the hundreds of houses in the village.

Without exception, their eyes were cold as they held their weapons and tried to kill Braydon.

Braydon said softly, "The yin-yang entity is really hard to kill. You're like wild grass. The wildfire can't burn it, but it will grow again when the spring breeze blows!" "To be praised by His Highness the Northern King, these people will die without regrets!" Caleb Janes, who was wearing the rainbow python dragon robe, appeared quietly with a low voice.

Braydon's gaze fell on his clothes, and he smiled. "The rainbow python dragon robe. I didn't expect it to fall into the hands of you yin-yang people." "It's a coincidence!" Caleb did not dare to be arrogant.

Frediano was in the yin-yang entity, and his status was so high that outsiders could not imagine it.

Also, Frediano also had the hundred clothes geniuses under him!

Other than the yin-yang twins, there was now another descendant of the rainbow python dragon robe.

These people, without exception, respected Frediano!

Braydon was very calm. "Six years ago, a top-notch tomb was unearthed in Lowell's primitive forest. After the Northern Army received the news, Eggy went there personally. However, he was a step too late. The item in the tomb had already been taken away. It seems that you got there first." Six years ago,

there were various clues left behind in the tomb at the top of the mountain in Lowell. The clues pointed to the possibility that the item was very likely to be the rainbow python dragon robe.

The legend of the hundred clothes had been circulating in the circle of ancient martial art practitioners for thousands of years.

None of the generations of the hundred clothes' successors were useless.

They were all favored children of the heavens!

Every piece of clothing represented a powerful inheritance.

Caleb did not deny it. "I was lucky. His Royal Highness's cloud treading Qilin robe represents the identity of the master of all clothes. You have a complete martial arts path and hold the Heavenly Execution Token. You are envied by everyone." "The Heavenly Execution Token is here. Where is Frediano? Ask him to come out to see me!" Braydon insisted on seeing Frediano..

Chapter 583-You I re Lying! Eggy Appears!

Regarding Braydon Neal's interrogation.

Caleb Janes shook his head slightly. "He said he's too ashamed to see you and ordered me to come and get the Heavenly Execution Token!" As soon as Caleb finished speaking, Braydon's eyes revealed a cold killing intent.

Because Caleb had lied!

Who was Frediano?

Braydon had taken care of his younger brother since he was young.

How could Braydon not know what kind of person his younger brother was?

He understood Frediano better than anyone else!

If Frediano wanted the Heavenly Execution Token, he just needed to show up. He did not need any reason. As long as he asked for the Heavenly Execution Token, no matter what he used it for, Braydon would give it to him!

Braydon did not care about the Heavenly Execution Token at all.

Now, Caleb said that he had come to get the Heavenly Execution Token under Frediano's instructions.

But this was a deadly trap!

Frediano ordered Caleb to set up a trap here to ambush his brother Braydon?

Impossible!

Therefore, Caleb had lied.

Even if Braydon died, he would never believe that Frediano would set up a trap here to kill him.

Therefore, although Braydon's eyes were cold, he was not in a hurry to make a move. Instead, he took out the Heavenly Execution Token and asked softly, "Is Frediano doing well?" "He's doing very well. Soren Sage, Shea Sage, and I must listen to his orders." Caleb looked at the Heavenly Execution Token in Braydon's hand and slowly revealed some information.

Frediano's position in the yin-yang entity was extremely high.

Half-step pinnacle and even quasi pinnacles had to listen to Frediano's orders.

It meant that Frediano held great authority in the yin-yang entity.

This further proved that Frediano was deeply mired in the quagmire of the yin-yang entity.

It was not easy to get out!

To be precise, it was impossible for him to get out.

Braydon had a solution to this problem.

That was to exterminate all the yin-yang people in the world!

Kill the yin-yang people and remove him from its ranks.

From then on, there would be no more yin-yang people or yin-yang entities in the world.

Frediano was still the Frediano of the Northern Army!

They were still brothers who grew up with those ruthless people in the northern territory.

At this moment, Braydon's senses were astonishing, and he sensed a familiar aura.

A thousand meters away from the village entrance, on a towering tree.

There was a young man dressed in snow-white clothes. He was tall and stood with his hands behind his back. He wore a ghost mask, and his expression seemed to be both crying and laughing. The eyes under the mask were deep and calm, revealing a coldness toward the world.



He tapped the crown of the tree with his toes and stood quietly with his hands behind his back.

This youth in white was Eggy!

In the end, he came!

A hundred meters away from the tree, another person appeared. He was wearing green clothes.

It was Jonah Shaw!

Sanguine Army's commander.

Ludo was of the same rank as Braydon in the Northern Army.

The two of them arrived at the same time!

The ghost-masked teenager in white had messy hair, and the roots of his hair were as white as snow.

He was Ludo!

His head was full of white hair because of Frediano's death seven years ago.

Frediano's death caused Eggy's hair to turn white overnight. He hated Braydon for not protecting Frediano, and he hated the martial artists of the powerful families for killing Frediano.

At this moment, Ludo whispered, "Jonah, you're here too!" "I'm here to see Frediano. If he betrays the Northern Army, I will kill him!" Jonah clenched his fists and said in a low voice.

Ludo was silent for a moment and said softly, "Frediano will not betray the Northern Army!" "He has been alive the past seven years, so why didn't he contact us? If this isn't betrayal, then what is it?" Fury appeared faintly on Jonah's face.

They came today to see Frediano.

Frediano had to explain everything.

As the two of them talked.

Braydon from the River Village looked at Caleb with his hands behind his back and said softly, "You are still not willing to let Frediano come out and see me?" "I'm sorry..." Caleb did not finish his sentence.

"If that's the case, then let's do it!" Braydon spoke again.

"What?" Caleb was shocked.

In the next moment, his entire body turned cold as if he was being stared at by two great figures.

In the distance, Ludo and Jonah disappeared.

When the two of them appeared, they had already arrived in front of Braydon.

Caleb's pupils constricted, and cold sweat quietly appeared on his face. He looked at the white-haired, ghost-mask youth who was staring at him and realized who he was!

This was Ludo whom Frediano had mentioned. He was the most mysterious and an extremely terrifying person in the Northern Army.

Frediano had mentioned before that Ludo was no weaker than him.

Caleb really did not expect that even this big shot would come.

The other was Jonah.

A dangerous figure that even the yin-yang entity did not want to provoke. A smile appeared on Jonah's cold face. He called out softly, "Brother!" "Where is Frediano?" Ludo's thin lips moved slightly. Wearing a ghost mask, he took the Northern King sword from Braydon's hand and said, "Brother, I'm going to be a sword-wielding person today!" "Rumor has it that the yin-yang has a pinnacle!" Braydon reached out and touched Eggy's white hair, showing his love.

Ludo said softly, "If there is a peak, then kill him!" Jonah said, "I can also kill pinnacle martial artists!" The people who came today were all the most ruthless people in the Northern Army.

Even the most mysterious Eggy of the Northern Army had appeared.

It meant that if the yin-yang entity did not leave behind the corpse of a pinnacle martial artist, Ludo and the others would not let this matter rest.

"Everyone, retreat!" Caleb said hoarsely.

Originally, this killing trap was set up for Braydon.

However, he suddenly ordered a retreat. It meant that he would return empty-handed.

Obviously, some people did not want to follow orders.

A low voice secretly gave the order, "No one is allowed to retreat. Everyone, attack! We must kill King Braydon!" "Bastard!" Caleb's expression was extremely gloomy. He knew very well that each of the three figures in front of him was an unshakable figure.

Today, even if they risked their lives, they would not be able to hurt them.

Because each of these three people was not weaker than Frediano!

Ludo's speed soared.

In a flash, he arrived in front of Caleb and slashed with the Northern King sword. He said softly, "You set up another trap to kill the Northern King." The blade was faster than lightning!

Caleb was horrified and instinctively dodged.

He was the owner of the rainbow python dragon robe and had the strength of a half-step pinnacle expert.

Unfortunately, he was too weak in front of Ludo!

Even though Jonah was untamed, he had to respect Ludo when necessary.

Also, Ludo, Frediano, and Braydon were the real three sons of the north!

The three of them were the real three sons.

He thought that after Frediano died, the real three sons of the north had disappeared.

However, the outside world did not know the twists and turns inside.

Everyone thought that the three sons of the north were Braydon, Cole Colbie, and Westley Hader.

Actually, that was not the case!

The real three sons of the north were Frediano and the other two.

However, this matter was related to Frediano who was a taboo in the Northern Army. No one dared to speak nonsense.

Everyone knew that Frediano's death was a pain in the commander's heart.

Therefore, no one dared to say anything. They could only wait for the pain to fade with time.

No one explained the matter regarding the real three sons of the north.

At this moment, Ludo's sword technique was ruthless and domineering. He held the Northern King sword in his hand and slashed at the rainbow python dragon robe.

The sword slashed across the sky and landed on Caleb's body.

A blade pierced through his shoulder, slicing off a piece of white bone, causing blood to spurt out..

Chapter 584-Overbearing Jonah, Inherited from the Same Lineage Ludo attacked, and the blade swept through Caleb Janes's entire body.

The rainbow python dragon robe was instantly shredded into pieces.

He shredded the rainbow python dragon robe.

Although the hundred clothes' successors were strong, Ludo did not take them seriously at all.

What Ludo learned originated from Kylo.

The path of martial arts he walked was above most of the hundred clothes inheritors.

It was this move of Ludo that shocked all the yin-yang people in the dark.

The person hiding in the dark was the most dangerous.

The yin-yang knew very well how terrifying Braydon Neal was.

Not to mention kings, even half-step pinnacles could not do anything to this Northern King.

What should the yin-yang do if they wanted to kill Braydon?

They could only send out a quasi-pinnacle.

As for Barrett Yearwood, although he was not a real pinnacle martial artist, he had all the characteristics of a martial artist.

The first characteristic of a pinnacle martial artist was the manifestation of force.

The manifestation of force was known as the ultimate combat technique!

The second characteristic was that the force was refined into the body.

An old fellow like Barrett had all of them.

His battle with Jonah had given him a glimpse.

Barrett did not use his strength, but he kept it inside his body. He struck out with his palm and shook Jonah. It was extremely powerful.

At this moment, Ludo had defeated Caleb and severely injured him with a single slash, almost killing him on the spot.

It had startled the nine experts in the dark!

The nine of them were all dressed in black and were over a hundred years old.

From the aura they emitted, one could vaguely sense that there was probably no one below half-step pinnacle.

Braydon said softly with his hands behind his back, "One pseudo-pinnacle, three quasi-pinnacles, and five half-step pinnacles. What a grand lineup!" "We had no choice. It's all because of Northern King's stunning performance in the human world. For today's assassination, the yin-yang entity has put in a great deal of effort!" The gray-robed old man standing in the middle had almost lost all his hair. He only had a few teeth left, and his orange skin was covered with age spots.

He was the oldest and seemed to be nearing his end.

However, he was the most dangerous person present.

He was a pseudo-pinnacle.

He had all the characteristics of a pinnacle martial artist, but he was not a true pinnacle martial artist.

That was the pseudo-pinnacle.

A true pinnacle could live for five hundred years.

If this old thing became a pinnacle, it would be like borrowing another 500 years from the heavens.

His body would definitely undergo a change that would make him return to his youth.

Unfortunately, it did not appear on the gray-robed elder.

He was not a true pinnacle.

Jonah shot a cold glance at him and said indifferently, "You said this is a trap?" "Obviously!" The tall old man in black spoke from the side.

A domineering voice came from the distant sky, "You're right. Today is indeed a killing trap. Do you really think that the capital doesn't know about the strange movements of the yin-yang martial artists?"

"Do you think the capital's Crown Prince, Syrus Yanagi, is just for show?" Syrus and his brothers arrived.

The three of them brought Barrett!

They even brought the royal guards!

The first Legion of the royal guards had 100,000 elites. They swept across a 50-mile radius and surrounded the village.

The gray-robed old man shook his head slowly. "When martial artists have come this far, the royal guards can't stop us from leaving or staying!" "The royal guards can't make you stay, but I wonder if I can?" An old man silently followed beside Syrus.

His name was Quinten Kelly.

Previously, this old man was often seen in Syrus's residence.

There were only the two of them in Syrus's house.



One was Syrus, and the other was Quinten.

Tobey Lapras often stayed there, so they were considered a family of three.

Quinten was like an ordinary old butler. His appearance was unremarkable, and he had a kind smile on his face.

Quinten said softly, "The yin-yang entity and the powerful families are bullying Crown Prince Syrus because he's young!"

"You must think that the capital is weak!" Quinten slowly walked forward, his aura increasing step by step.

In the blink of an eye, he had transformed from an unattractive old butler into a powerful figure with a straight back.

This aura was like a pinnacle!

Quinten was the protector of the golden true dragon robe!

A pseudo-pinnacle.

"Master Ludo, can I take a look at the Northern King sword?" he asked softly.

"Of course!" Braydon spoke.

This was because this Northern King sword had been forged by Quinten, along with various grandmaster-level blacksmiths.

When Quinten received the sword, he treated it like a treasure.

This was the work he was most proud of in his life!

“Quinten!” The gray-robed old man’s eyes were filled with fear. “You old ghost, you’re still alive!”  
“Jamison, you and I are both old. We shouldn’t be angry, but today, you bullied my Northern King. This matter needs to be settled with blood!” Quinten seemed kind and lived in seclusion in the Eastern Palace.

However, a hundred years ago, he was a famous figure. Most of the martial artists who were born in the same era as him had died.

The gray-robed old man, Jamison Walsh, was considered someone from the same generation.

But in that era, when Quinten’s fame lit up Hansworth, Jamison did not even have the qualifications to compete with him.

However, time was like a great wave of sand. Since ancient times, many geniuses were lost to time.

The stunning Emperor Hansworth’s ancestry was no longer here.

Time was an imperceptible killer!

Those of the same era as Quinten who were able to live until today were all extraordinary experts.

At this moment.

“Looks like all the oldies are showing themselves today?” An old voice sounded.

The voice had just sounded.

There was a skinny old man wearing small cloth shoes. His eyes were cloudy, and his hair was sparse. He was so old that he looked unrecognizable.

It was unknown if he was friend or foe.

Caleb, who was seriously injured, said in shock, "Master, why are you here?" "If I didn't come, you'd probably die!" The hunchbacked old man spoke as he looked at Ludo.

He had seen clearly that Caleb was injured by Ludo.

The hunchbacked old man continued, "Young friend, you look young, but your attacks are very vicious. When I saw you attack just now, I could see that all your attacks were fatal." These words did not sound right. It seemed that he was targeting Ludo.

Jonah took a step forward. The cruel killing intent released by his thin body enveloped the hunched old man. He said coldly, "Old thing, are you trying to bully the Northern Army?"

"Beating the young one lured out the old one. You can attack if you want. If you touch him, I'll slaughter your entire family!"

"If you hurt him, I will kill the two of you and break off the rainbow python dragon robe inheritance!"  
Jonah's personality was like this.

How could the monster who had established himself as the king of the South Pole Prison be an ordinary person?

Moreover, Syrus and his brothers were very familiar with this character of his.

He was a replica of the Northern King!

Braydon had protected them since they were young!

To them, Braydon was like a brother and father.

The temperament of the men of the Northern Army were all the same.

Even their protective style was the same.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back and shook his head helplessly.

With the arrival of these guys, he did not need to do anything..

Chapter 585-Ludo's Name is Skylar Neal Jonah Shaw's overbearing words.

Enraged, the hunchbacked old man released his pressure and said, "What an impudent brat!" "Old bastard, why are you all riled up?" Another ancient voice sounded.

An old man with white hair and a youthful face walked over from afar. He was wearing black cloth shoes and ran like a thief.

When he appeared, the expressions of the hunchbacked old man and the gray-robed old man, Jamison Walsh, changed.

Quinten Kelly frowned and whispered, "Why is this old thing here!" "Who is he?" Westley Hader clasped his hands behind his back and said indifferently, "The protector of the Gray Wolf, Colson Morales!" As soon as he finished speaking.

Hendrix Bailey asked suspiciously, "Old man, why are you here?" "Brat, do you think I'm here for you? There's a big treasure under this village. If it's still here, you have a chance of breaking through to the pinnacle!" Colson whispered, "Let me tell you this, don't be a coward today. If there's anything good, just grab it. No matter if it's a pinnacle's disciple or a yin-yang person, as long as they dare to snatch it from you, beat them up!" He sounded like an old hooligan.

But this old man was the white-robed Gray Wolf's protector.

Hendrix had a dark expression, and he said in a low voice, "Old man, there are so many people here. Don't spout nonsense. Don't you find it embarrassing?" "Embarrassing? If it were a hundred years ago, I could beat the sh\*t out of these few old garlic. Do you believe me?" Colson said seriously.

Hendrix's face was thin, and he felt shy and impatient, his voice low as he said, "Old man, don't brag. You can't even fool a ghost with your skills!" "Bullsh\*t! Who's bragging!" Colson glared at him.

He looked like he was bragging in all seriousness.

Hendrix could not win against him, so he said helplessly, "I believe you!" "He's not lying to you!" Quinten sighed softly at the side, causing Hendrix to have a suspicious look in his eyes. He was very familiar with his old man.

Colson was really not as powerful as he claimed to be.

The old man had a hidden disease. Although he was a pseudo-pinnacle, if he fought with someone of the same level, he would probably die after a few moves.

Quinten then said, "If it wasn't for the riot back then, Colson would have been a pinnacle long ago!" "Kid, listen!" Colson had white hair and a youthful face, looking like an old child.

Only the hunchbacked old man sneered coldly, "Those are things of the past. The Great Genius Morales, who was famous throughout Hansworth in the past, was praised as a pinnacle talent at the age of 16. In the end, he was reduced to a cripple and his pinnacle path was broken!" These old things were from the same generation.

They had known each other for more than a hundred years. Some people were friends with each other, so naturally, they had grudges!

Now, Colson, the guardian of the Gray Wolf, was standing in front of him.

The protector of the golden true dragon robe, Quinten.

The hunchbacked old man, the protector of the rainbow python dragon robe.

The experts of the older generation had already appeared. They were all at the pseudo-pinnacle stage and were extremely powerful.

Actually, the protectors of the hundred clothes were the previous owners of each piece of clothing!

The previous owner had aged and was now protecting the new owner of the clothes who inherited everything.

This was an inheritance!

It was passed down from generation to generation, so that the hundred clothes, which had a thousand years of history, would not be cut off in their generation.

Now, several people from the older generation had appeared one after another.

Without exception, they were all here for the secret of River Village.

“Are you done chatting?” Braydon Neal asked softly with his hands behind his back.

“Hmm?” The hunchbacked old man looked over and saw the young man in white. His clothes were embroidered with a golden Qilin. He said with fear, “You are the current owner of the cloud treading Qilin robe!” “What can I do for you?” Braydon glanced over indifferently.

The hunchbacked old man snorted coldly and said, “If it wasn’t for the fact that most of the inheritance of the rainbow python dragon robe was lost in the long history, my disciple would have mastered the complete inheritance of the ancient technique. So what if you inherited the cloud Qilin? We can still compete with you for it!” He sounded bitter.

In fact, there was no need to fight to see who was stronger.

The inheritance of the cloud treading Qilin robe had been passed down from ancient times until now, and it was still in one perfect piece.

On the other hand, the rainbow python dragon robe's inheritance was mostly broken.

As the successors of the past generations, they could not even protect the ancient martial arts inheritance technique and could not pass it on to future generations.

It was clear at a glance which of the two was stronger.

Just like now, in the whole world, who could break the inheritance of the cloud treading Qilin robe?

If they wanted to sever the inheritance, they had to kill the Qilin first! Even a pinnacle could not kill the Northern King, so the inheritance could not be broken.

The previous Qilin Lord was in charge of the Heavenly Execution Token and led the hundred clothes' owners.

It was a principle that had never changed since ancient times!

Colson said indifferently, "Old bastard, on account of the fact that we are both hundred clothes inheritors, I have to remind you. If you don't want the rainbow python dragon robe inheritance to be destroyed, don't provoke the current Qilin Lord in this era!" "What's there to not provoke? The founder of the rainbow python dragon robe was an existence that could compete with the Qilin Lord a thousand years ago!" The hunchbacked old man was a little excited when he mentioned his ancestor.

What he said was true!

The first masters of the hundred clothes were figures that shocked an era.

However, that was a thousand years ago.

A thousand years of glory could become a form of glory.

However, he definitely could not become a dependent capital!

The first owner of the rainbow python dragon robe could indeed compete with the Qilin Lord.

However, it was only to the point of fighting for supremacy!

As for defeating the Qilin Lord, that was wishful thinking.

Having the qualifications to challenge him did not mean that he had the strength to defeat him.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, his brows slightly furrowed. He did not feel anything in his heart when he heard the words of the few old men.

He came to River Village for only one purpose.

That was to meet Frediano!

It was because so much time had passed and Frediano had yet to be seen, but there were more and more irrelevant people showing up.

“Jonah, I miss Frediano!” Braydon whispered.

The soft words contained a great deal of emotion.



Because of Frediano's death, Ludo's hair turned white overnight, and he hated Braydon for more than two years.

Jonah's temperament changed overnight. He had great hatred in his heart and did not hesitate to throw himself into the South Pole Prison, a place where fierce people gathered, to temper himself:

Frediano's death had changed many people in the Northern Army.

At the same time, it also changed Braydon!

From then on, Braydon was extremely ruthless. He would kill all enemies of the Northern Army, leaving no future troubles.

Yet, Frediano was not dead and had been hiding in the dark for seven years, and he had not contacted his brother, Braydon.

He was really ruthless!

The silver-haired, white-robed youth next to him wearing a ghost mask was Ludo, the commander of the tenth legion of the Northern Army.

His full name was Skylar Neal!

He was Braydon's third uncle's child.

Braydon and Skylar were both disciples of the Neal family and were related by blood.

He was Braydon's biological younger cousin!

Regarding Ludo's identity, only the people of the Northern Army in Braydon's generation knew about it.