

Strongest 713

Chapter 713: The Seven Layers of National Fate; Carrying It with His Body

Sawyer Quail came from Kylo!

Or perhaps, he was a student of some important figure in Kylo and had never cultivated in the mountains since he was young.

Otherwise, if they were the direct descendants of Kylo, they would cultivate in seclusion in the mountains.

Only Braydon Neal and the other youths were exceptions!

Kieran Normand and Zavier Leach were not surprised by Sawyer's identity. It was obvious that they had known about this relationship long ago.

Therefore, it was not without reason that the capital did not dare to touch the Northern King.

Sawyer, commander one of the nine departments in the capital, was from Kylo.

He was a peerless savage with a vitality of 8,000 Na!

Even Martial Emperor Yanagi was inferior to him.

Kylo had produced ruthless people for generations.

This had been verified.

Braydon, who was on the altar, closed his eyes and said slowly, "I'm the leader of the seven sons of Kylo. As for the position of the seventh son, I made Kylo keep it empty for seven years. My original intention was to pay tribute to my deceased brother, Frediano Jadanza. Since he didn't die, he is the seventh son."

"Understood !"

Sawyer slowly got up and restrained his murderous aura.

Commander Kieran frowned slightly. He wanted to say something but hesitated. He had wanted to say that Frediano had been in Lowell's yin-yang headquarters for seven years. This was a past that could not be erased!

Frediano's identity was tainted, so he definitely could not be completely trusted.

However, Kieran also knew that Braydon was currently carrying the fate of the country. He could not let him be distracted!

If Braydon was injured and failed to carry the fate of the country, Kieran would die a hundred times to atone for his sins!

With Braydon standing on Mount Tanish, no one in the world dared to touch the Northern Army's King Luminosa, Frediano.

Frediano had completely unleashed his youthful self!

The First Emperor Combat Technique had six layers of seals. They were like shackles that bound one's body.

He would use his accumulated strength over the years as his foundation!

It exploded today!

Everything that Frediano had cultivated for was for today.

For the sake of his brother Braydon's title conferment ceremony and to ensure his safety.

Therefore, today, Frediano had no more scruples.

The First Emperor Combat Technique had six layers of seals, three of which had been opened.

In the deepest part of Frediano's body, half of his potential had been released, and his entire body was filled with an extremely powerful pressure.

Pinnacle martial artist Frediano Jadanza!

At the capital garrison on Mount Tanish, another group of people took out their wristwatches to monitor Frediano's vitality. The number on his watch increased again!

Vitality 1,500 Na!

It had increased by five times!

This was Frediano.

It could be seen how ruthless this youth was to himself.

He sealed himself with six layers of seals.

After the third seal was completely released, in a flash, Frediano hung horizontally on the peak of Mount Tanish and attacked a foreign pinnacle martial artist with a palm.

His fair left hand contained immense power.

With just one palm, he had killed a pinnacle martial artist.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

Everyone was shocked.

"This kid is as stunning as the First Emperor!" Commander Zavier said solemnly.

"In this era, he will probably relive the glory of the First Emperor. At the age of twenty, he has cultivated the First Emperor Combat Technique to such a level. He's really not weaker than the Northern King."

Commander Kieran exclaimed.

Frediano still wanted to release the remaining seals and release more power.

Braydon, who was standing on the mud altar, closed his eyes and allowed the fate of the nation to descend upon his shoulders and slowly enter his body. The process of carrying the fate of the country was extremely long!

Moreover, this was only the beginning!

The first wave of national fate was already being carried by Braydon.

The second wave was the same!

Braydon had his hands behind his back, and his eyes closed. He was quiet, but his thin body was filled with an immense pressure.

This person's imposing aura was like the might of the heavens!

Martial artists carried the fate of the country with their flesh and blood!

The aura formed by his body was far more oppressive than the prestige of someone who had been in a high position for a long time.

If an ordinary person stood beside Braydon, the immense pressure would make them feel suffocated.

Braydon had attracted the fate of the country more than once.

The first and second waves of national fate descended.

It didn't give Braydon much pressure!

The third wave of national fate was like the might of the heavens. The invisible pressure caused everyone standing on Mount Tanish to feel a sense of oppression.

Commander Kieran and the other important figures had solemn expressions on their faces.

The fate of a country was immense.

The fate of the country carried the hopes of Hansworth's one billion people.

Braydon, this young man, was carrying all that with his body.

One could imagine how much pressure he had to endure!

The third wave of national fate was ten times the second wave!

The descent was very slow.

However, the pressure on Braydon was getting stronger and stronger.

Compared to the fate of a nation, martial artists were as insignificant as ants.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back, quietly watching the descending national fate. The invisible fluctuations had already reached three meters above his head.

Whoosh!

An invisible wave made everyone on the peak of Mount Tanish feel their eardrums ringing.

This feeling was like a heavy blow to his chest.

The suffocating feeling in his chest was extremely uncomfortable.

Jasiah Kramer and the nine thousand scholars knelt down under the pressure of the national fate.

They couldn't withstand this kind of pressure!

More than 9,000 people were forced to kneel.

Immediately after, more than two thousand capital garrison soldiers could not help but bend down.

The pressure of the national fate was mountainous!

Little did they know that Braydon, who was on the mud altar, was the one facing all the pressure.

The young man in white calmly endured everything.

Today, no matter the price, he had to resist the fate of the country!

The fate of the nation could not touch the ground.

Someone had to step forward and carry the fate of the country. With that kind of ability and power, he could lead Hansworth to greater heights so that the country could prosper even more.

The moment the fate of the country touched the top of Braydon's head, his body glowed with white light as the power within his body exploded!

Ever since Braydon activated the king-conferring technique in Banko's Junko Island, the power of the eight techniques was kept in his body and had never dissipated.

Over the years, Braydon had also been suppressing himself.

He had long suppressed it to the limit.

After unleashing all eight techniques, he could no longer retract his power.

Today, he would definitely reach the pinnacle realm!

The Northern King wanted to reach the pinnacle realm on Mount Tanish.

The third wave of national fate was too monstrous.

Braydon was forced to unleash all the power in his body.

This was the power of the eight techniques. They supported Braydon in resisting the third wave of the national fate.

The fate of the nation descended upon Braydon once more.

Bang!

The entire mud altar seemed to have sunk a little.

The huge pressure did not make Braydon lower his head at all.

His seven-foot-tall body stood proudly on the altar.

Commander Zavier said in a low voice, "Northern King, you have to bow down to the heavens to bear the fate of the country. You have to ask for the blessings of the heavens and earth. Bowing down will reduce the pressure on you when you receive the fate of the country!"

His words made Braydon lower his head to this world.

In the next moment.

On Braydon's handsome face, a smile blossomed like a flower, and there seemed to be shallow dimples on his face.

He was as gentle as the little brother next door.

Braydon clasped his hands behind his back and said in a loud voice, "The sons of the Northern Army only believe in the blade in their hands and do not respect the heavens and earth!"

Wanting the Northern King to bend his back and pray for the blessings of heaven and earth was wishful thinking!

Zavier sighed lightly. He knew Braydon's character. It was useless to persuade him!

The third layer of the nation's fate was enough to force Braydon to unleash his full strength.

What could he use to resist the next four layers of national fate?

There were seven levels of national fate.

It had been like this since ancient times!