

## **Strongest 719**

Chapter 719: The Ninth Technique, the Banished Immortal!

A shocking massacre was about to erupt on Mount Tanish!

In the past hundred years, Hansworth had risen at a speed that was beyond the expectations of the world.

To the hundred countries outside the borders, if a country were to develop too fast and become stronger, it would be a threat to them!

If it was a threat, it had to be eliminated in advance!

The hundreds of countries outside the borders would not allow Braydon Neal to become a pinnacle, let alone allow Braydon to continue living.

They didn't want to see the birth of a son of Hansworth.

If the proud son of heaven who carried the fate of the country survived today, in the future, it would definitely shock the world!

A thousand pinnacles from the hundred countries outside the borders descended.

Among them, there was a group of high-level pinnacle martial artists. There were martial artists from all over the world!

Many experts appeared, their eyes filled with cold killing intent.

These people didn't say anything else. They only had one goal, which was to make King Braydon blood spill on Mount Tanish and make his soul break between heaven and earth.

"The arrival of 1,000 pinnacles from the hundred countries is a rare sight!" Braydon said softly on the altar.

"I'm here today to observe the Northern King's title conferment ceremony!"

The Zeta Empire's high-level pinnacle Palash looked like a fifty-year-old man. His skin was bronze, and he exuded an explosive power.

He was barefooted and dressed in monk robes, with a red string of beads hanging around his neck.

"If His Highness the Northern King dies under the fate of the country, we will naturally retreat. From then on, the surrounding countries will stop fighting with Hansworth for a hundred years, and we will live in peace!"

“If the Northern King is about to succeed, we will naturally spare no effort to make the Northern King rest on Mount Tanish.”

No matter what Palash was saying, it all led to Bradyon having to die, one way or another!

The eyes of the 1,000 pinnacles of the hundred countries were filled with cold and merciless killing intent.

Braydon, who was on the altar, smiled lightly at these words. He did not show any signs of weakness!

At this moment, the 1,000 pinnacle experts from outside the borders had descended and had not made a move.

None of the people present were fools. They could tell that Braydon had almost reached his limit in carrying the fate of the country.

Perhaps they didn't even need to do anything as Braydon might die under the fate of the country.

Above Braydon's head, the sixth wave of national fate slowly descended like a white mist.

Earlier, Kieran Normand and the others were all injured by the national fate.

The fate of the country was as heavy as the sky, and flesh and blood could not resist it.

Braydon ignored the 1,000 pinnacles of the hundred countries.

This was because the area around the altar had already become a forbidden zone.

As the national fate descended, anyone who dared to enter the altar would have to bear the weight of the national fate.

At that time, he would either die or be crippled.

Braydon slowly raised his left hand and gently touched the national fate that was like a pale white mist. A thick power slowly entered his body.

Compared to the sixth wave of national fortune, Braydon was like a small leaf in the sea.

A small leaf that was facing the surging sea. A single wave would be enough to kill King Braydon.

“Braydon!” Martial Emperor Yanagi said in a low voice.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his waist and said, "Harvey has always wanted to see the eight techniques combined into one. Today, I'll let him see

Eight techniques combined into one; the strongest forbidden technique!

Not only did Harvey Lay want to see it, Westley Hader and the others also wanted to see it!

The national fate slowly descended and was already above his head.

Braydon stood at the top of Mount Tanish's altar and smiled lightly. "Martial arts suppressing heaven and earth, talismans suppressing the human world!"

Swoosh!

Braydon's thin body shone with a white light!

A terrifying pressure spread out from Braydon's body.

At this moment.

The 1,000 pinnacle experts from the hundred foreign countries revealed fear and killing intent.

Braydon's aura gave them a great sense of danger, which intensified the killing intent in their hearts.

However, Braydon didn't need to use the eight techniques.

Because the power of the eight techniques had never dissipated within Braydon's body!

Today, Braydon had become a pinnacle. With his eight techniques activated, he was like a young immortal in the mortal world. There was no trace of mortal aura on his body.

Braydon used two techniques, the martial arts technique and the talisman technique.

An invisible force enveloped Braydon's body.

After that, it was the instant technique and the imperial technique!

Then, the spirit technique was activated!

The activation of the fifth technique caused Braydon to be enveloped in white light. The faint white mist above his head seemed to be pouring into his head.

However, the national fate was mountainous in the sixth wave!

With just this level of absorption, it was simply impossible to withstand the complete descent of the national fate.

Next, the remaining three techniques.

They were the flower technique, the summoning technique, and the thousand feathers technique!

These were the eight techniques created by Braydon.

In this world, only Braydon could unleash the full power of the eight techniques.

One could see how amazing the eight techniques were when Braydon was using them.

Now that Braydon had reached the pinnacle realm, the eight techniques became even more terrifying.

His offensive power would definitely increase by ten times!

Braydon used all eight of his techniques. His body was like a person made of light. The thick white light was almost tangible, and it was extremely sacred.

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

"The ninth technique is about to appear!"

Harvey held the Wildgoose Wing Sword and stared at the altar.

Frediano Jadanza silently went to Harvey's side. He was worried that this guy would go crazy and run up the altar to kill his brother, Braydon!

After all, Harvey had become more and more evil in recent years. It was hard to feel rest assured.

Braydon's body was shining brightly, and his cold voice was like the might of the heavens, slowly resounding through the world. "Eight techniques combined into one. Ninth technique. success!"

"Forbidden technique, banished immortal!"



Braydon's thin lips moved slightly.

The ninth technique, banished immortal, was activated.

Everyone was watching.

The white light around Braydon's body suddenly became as bright as the sun.

The light was blinding!

Following that, everyone's scalps went numb, and they were completely shocked!

There was one more person on the altar!

That's right, there was another figure on the altar.

A seven-foot-tall thin figure with long hair hanging down his shoulders and blurry facial features stood with his hands behind his back like a young monarch. He stood quietly at the side.

Next to him was Braydon, whose eyes were closed!

Was the white figure the ninth technique, the banished immortal?

The strongest forbidden technique since ancient times!

Everyone was silent.

No one had ever seen a brand new forbidden technique before.

No one had seen Braydon use it before!

Braydon, who was on the altar, retracted all the white light around him, as if it had been absorbed by the white figure beside him.

Braydon slowly opened his eyes. His deep gaze looked at the shocked people present and smiled faintly.  
“I’ve made a fool out of myself!”

“Teach me the ninth technique, the banished immortal!”

Harvey straightened his neck and began to call out.

Braydon shook his head lightly. "All eight techniques have to be mastered. When they fuse into one, it will be the ninth technique!

"However, if you can master the eight techniques in the future, the ninth technique might be different from mine.

"The sixth layer of the national fate is about to descend!" Braydon smiled lightly.

Swoosh!

The white figure standing side by side with Braydon on the altar was the other King Braydon!

The white figure was extraordinary. The tip of his toes lightly tapped the ground, and he leaped up.

The sixth wave of national fate was right above their heads!

The white shadow entered the mist that covered a hundred miles of Mount Tanish without any obstruction.

The white shadow sat cross-legged in midair, with its left palm facing the sky and its right palm facing the ground.

His hands formed hand seals, and the surrounding national fate condensed in his palms.

It was absorbing the fate of the country!

The sixth wave of the country's fate was as terrifying as the might of the heavens. It dealt a heavy blow to Kieran Normand and the other four big shots of the capital..