

## **Strongest 741**

### Chapter 741: He Can't Be Trifled With!

The ferocity of this weapon was no weaker than the Northern King Sword.

Ever since Braydon Neal had retrieved the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear from the capital, he had sent it to the northern territory.

Now, it seemed that Braydon wanted to use it!

But why didn't Braydon use the Northern King Sword?

Perhaps he really wanted the Northern King Sword to be covered in dust forever!

As he took out a 18-foot-long spear, it was completely black and flickered with a faint cold light. It was cold to the touch, and its tip was incomparably sharp.

When Braydon held the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear, he thought of his teacher, Finley Yanagi!

Braydon didn't waste any time. He turned around and soared into the air. His white robe welcomed the strong wind as he headed straight for Namar.

Opposite the tiger gate was the territory of Namar.

The two had confronted each other for hundreds of years and had fought countless times.

Today, Braydon was finally going to settle the score.

Braydon held the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear and had just stepped into Namar's territory when the news reached the capital of Namar, Linar.

In the depths of Linar, in the magnificent hall.

The higher-ups of Namar were all gathered in the hall.

Cameron Linar sat at the head of the table with a gloomy expression and bloodshot eyes. He had not slept since last night.

Namar had five elite legions.

Out of an army of 500,000 elites, the 300,000 elites led by Taraz Ross and the 200,000 elites who went to reinforce them all died in front of tiger gate overnight.

Furthermore, the Northern Army never needed prisoners in battle.

Basically, on the battlefield, the cold swords would kill all the enemies.

What made Cameron even more terrified was that even though the hundred countries had sent out 1,000 pinnacles, they were not able to kill King Braydon. Instead, he had succeeded in receiving a title on Mount Tanish!

To Cameron, what awaited Namar was a great disaster.

With King Braydon's personality, he would definitely send troops to attack

Namar.

After all, Namar was the first to start this war.

Cameron would have to bear the wrath of the Northern Army!

Cameron sat at the head of the table and looked at the hall. Everyone was talking non-stop and discussing intensely.

“Enough!” he said angrily.

Swoosh!

Everyone turned to look at Cameron.

At that moment, a young man in a black robe slowly walked out and bowed. “Father, according to the secret report, the Northern King was attacked several times last night on Mount Tanish. He was protected by people around him. The few powerhouses of Kylo and Mount Sino of Hansworth all protected Braydon Neal, causing the assassination to fail.”

“What should we do now?”

Actually, Cameron didn’t need to ask. He had known Braydon for ten years and had witnessed King Braydon’s growth with his own eyes.

Cameron was Braydon’s enemy!

This was the most despairing thing in Cameron’s life.

The king of the northern territory was way too monstrous!

The combined forces of the eight countries were unable to suppress the white-robed youth.

In this world, there was nothing more despairing than this.

“I suggest sending a diplomatic mission to the northern territory to ask for peace from King Braydon!”  
The young man named Shmuel Linar voiced his opinion.

“No, absolutely not. How can we lower our heads to Braydon Neal!”

In the hall, an old martial artist with a white beard looked at Shmuel angrily. It was obvious that he did not agree with this.

Almost one-third of the officials in the other halls expressed their opposition.

They refused to give in!

Shmuel turned around and said coldly, “It’s not too late to submit to the Northern King now. Otherwise, when he comes to Linar personally, do you think we’re the only ones who will die?”

“Let me tell all of you, my residence is filled with nine rooms with the analysis of the Northern King. With his personality, once he makes a move, we won’t be the only ones who will die!”

“If he makes a move, he will definitely beat Namar back by a hundred years at lightning speed!”

“The Northern King is not only a commander, but also a mighty lord. He is someone that Martial Emperor Yanagi of Hansworth has spent all his effort to nurture. I’m afraid that the Crown Prince of the capital, Syrus Yanagi, is just a cover!”

“The fact that Martial Emperor Yanagi allowed the Northern King to take over the Qilin Nation Protection Seal and control the country is a sure sign!”

Shmuel’s voice was low as he spoke to everyone in the hall.

Once Braydon had made up his mind to make a move, Namar would definitely be attacked by the Northern Army.

Shmuel was the Crown Prince of Namar, and he had supporters in the palace.

Immediately after, an old minister stepped forward and bowed. "I think that His Highness Shmuel is right. Even the 1,000 pinnacles of the hundred countries could not stop the Northern King from being conferred the title. If that young man makes a move, he will definitely attack us!"

Gradually, voices advocating peace could be heard in the hall.

Cameron, who was sitting at the head of the table, had already thought of this.

But he couldn't say it himself.

On the contrary, he needed someone else to say it for him.

Now, someone had voiced Cameron's thoughts.

Cameron said slowly, "With Braydon's personality, he might not agree to a peace treaty. Last night, a full-scale war broke out in the northern territory. The armies of the eight countries have caused a lot of casualties to the Northern Army.

"The Northern Army follows the principle of returning blood with blood, a tooth for a tooth. However, in last night's battle, we have suffered the most. The Northern Army probably won't make things too difficult for us."

Someone in the hall said.

Shmuel said calmly, "You still don't understand the Northern Army. If you were to kill one of their people, they would dare to kill your whole family and slaughter ten thousand of your people. In the eyes

of the Northern Army, the lives of ten thousand soldiers of Namar are nothing. They are not even worth one person of the Northern Army!" "Your Highness Shmuel, that is an exaggeration!"

Some people were dissatisfied.

"Shmuel, what do you think we should do now?" Cameron frowned.

"Immediately send out an envoy to surrender to King Braydon and offer compensation to appease Northern Army's anger!"

Shmuel was very calm. He knew that Namar's strength alone was not enough to fight against the Northern Army.

If the Northern Army were to start a war, Namar would be in danger of being overthrown.

However, someone in the hall retorted, "Even though the Northern Army is very strong, now that the eight countries have joined forces, the war at the border is still ongoing. The Northern Army cannot mobilize so many soldiers to fight with us!"

"I think we should send out more troops and take the initiative to attack. We should take the opportunity to take down the stronghold of the tiger gate. By then, the Northern Army will lose their gate and have no place to defend. We can send our troops south at any time and sweep across the eight thousand miles of desert to achieve great success!"

A middle-aged man with a mustache said something that was close to madness.

Cameron was fuming.

He was racking his brains to negotiate peace, not wanting to face the blade of the Northern Army head-on.

But now, there was actually someone who was proposing to fight with the Northern Army again.

He had a death wish!

Shmuel was furious and said, “Who said that the Northern Army has no troops to mobilize?”

“The ten commanders of the Northern Army are in charge of the ten legions. Each of them has a secret force that even the capital of Hansworth doesn’t know about.’

Shmuel’s eyes were red as he said hoarsely..

Chapter 742: The Terror of Braydon Neal

No one was more desperate than Shmuel Linar.

He studied the Northern Army day and night, investigating all the higher-ups of the Northern Army.

The more he investigated over the years, the more afraid he was.

The leaders of the Northern Army were quite literally all the geniuses of the younger generation in Hansworth.

Every single one of them was a huge threat to the Namar.

Now, they were all grown up. After last night, all the countries in the world knew that there was more than King Braydon who was terrifying in Hansworth.

There was also the Sovereign King of Perpetual Darkness, Harvey Lay.

And Frediano Jadanza!

These two people were Qilin Lord talents.

An extremely terrifying figure who had already stepped into the pinnacle realm would definitely have terrifying achievements in the future.

At this moment, Shmuel spoke again, his voice hoarse, "Send a diplomatic envoy to the northern territory to ask for peace. We can compensate and cede territory. As long as the Northern Army is willing to stop fighting, Namar can guarantee that they will not see our army within 500 miles of tiger gate."

"This won't do!"

Instantly, more than half of the people in the hall objected to this proposal.

They would never agree to such a thing.

Namar was not that weak.

"Don't you understand?" Shmuel roared. "All these years, the Northern Army hasn't made a move against us not because they aren't strong enough to do so."

"The Northern Army would no longer be of any use if they were to wipe out the eight countries beyond the northern border. The capital of Hansworth would not allow the Northern Army to hold their own and continue to rule the northern desert!"

Shmuel roared hoarsely.

However, only a small portion of the officials supported him.



Shmuel's eyes revealed a hint of despair.

At this rate, once Braydon arrived at Linar, it would be too late.

A panicked voice came from outside the hall. "Urgent report from the Green Ridge Wilderness. The Northern Army has crossed the border!"

This sentence was transmitted to the entire hall.

Cameron Linar suddenly stood up, his eyes filled with anger as he questioned, "He's making a move?"

"The Northern King has personally arrived at the Green Ridge Wilderness, and pinnacle Hutton Maxwell has died in battle!"

Outside the hall, a heavily injured tiger-eyed man with a face full of despair entered the hall.

Cameron's face turned pale.

Hutton was a pinnacle expert in the Namar. He had a close relationship with the Linar family behind Cameron.

This time, Hutton was entrusted by Cameron to oversee the Green Ridge Wilderness.

However, he did not expect that a pinnacle martial artist would fall just like that!

He was a pinnacle of Namar.

Namar was not like Hansworth, and there were not many pinnacle martial artists.

Moreover, the overall strength of their martial artists was far inferior to Hansworth.

Hansworth had been around for 5,000 years.

In the past 5,000 years, for more than 4,000 years, it had stood at the top of the world and was the strongest empire.

Why had it been kicked out of the ranks of the ten great empires?

This was a disgrace!

If Braydon Neal's generation couldn't help Hansworth return to the top of the world and achieve a great revival, then if they were to die, they wouldn't be able to face their ancestors!

However, in the past two days, the eight countries in the north had joined forces to invade Hansworth.

They killed the soldiers of the Northern Army and Tanner Lynn, who was heavily nurtured by Braydon.

The seventeen-year-old regimental commander of the Northern Army.

If Tanner did not die, how great would his future achievements have been?

Given Tanner's capabilities, he would definitely have no problem taking over the position of one of the ten commanders.

At this moment, the Northern Army had already crossed the border and was no longer defending.

Instead, it was Braydon, the Northern King, who was personally leading his troops into the Namar.

This time, Braydon was going to slaughter the entire Namar and kill the ruler,

Cameron.

Within the Linar Palace.

Crown Prince Shmuel's face was filled with despair as he muttered, "He's here.

It's too late!"

Shmuel had been analyzing the entire Northern Army for years.

Shmuel was the person who understood King Braydon the most in the entire Namar.

Braydon led his troops and descended with the wrath of thunder.

He would definitely destroy the entire Linar capital!

Cameron, who was sitting at the head of the table, said in a low voice, "Men, escort Shmuel out of the capital immediately!" Cameron was resolute.

He had to protect the Crown Prince of Namar.

As for Cameron himself, he knew what his fate was.

Namar once again sent troops to attack the Northern Army's defensive line, causing a large number of casualties.

To King Braydon, he had to kill Cameron!

Today, Cameron could not escape death!

Shmuel stood in the middle of the hall. His eyes were as sinister as snakes, and he looked at everyone present.

Everyone was intimidated by him and lowered their heads in unison.

“Today, no one is allowed to leave Linar!” Shmuel said hoarsely.

“The country is in danger, and everyone here works for the country. How can you abandon the people of Namar? Today, we will fight to the death!” Shmuel’s words blocked everyone’s escape route.

In the crowd of people in the hall, someone revealed a venomous look. It was obvious that these people were clear-headed.

They weren’t so arrogant that they thought that Namar could resist the blade of the Northern Army.

On the contrary.

The Northern King, Braydon, was personally leading his troops here. He definitely wanted to destroy Namar!

In the Green Ridge Wilderness, the hundred miles of barren land was filled with piles of yellow soil.

A white-robed young man holding a black spear stepped on the ground and came from afar. Thousands of corpses floated under the spear.

This youth was Braydon!

Hutton, the pinnacle martial artist that Namar had deployed in the Green

Ridge Wilderness, had died under the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear.

Braydon's white robe was untainted by the mortal world. He stepped on the ground and slowly walked forward.

Behind Braydon, the soldiers of the first legion of the Northern Army gave up on tiger gate and followed their commander, Braydon, to cross the border and kill their way over.

This was called attacking in self-defense!

Namar has attacked their borders many times and killed their Northern Army comrades.

In the end, Namar angered the Northern King.

Today's battle was destined to push Namar back by a hundred years.

This battle would ensure that there would be no more war in front of tiger gate in the northern region for at least the next ten years.

There were also 300,000 hidden agents from the Northern Army who were surrounded by a murderous aura. They held black blades in their left hands and followed silently.

The 3,000 Northern Army imperial guards, the elites of the northern arts group, the Northern King's cavalry, and so on.

They were gathered together like a huge flame of fire!

The person who lit this fire was Commander Braydon.

Hundreds of thousands of elite warriors of Northern Army had entered Namar. Today, they were here for revenge, to fight for peace and to create a bright future!

Braydon walked in the wilderness, his thin lips moving slightly. "This is a military order: within three days, eliminate all martial artists in Namar. Kill them all and leave no survivors!" This was the commander's order!

"Yes, sir!"

Hundreds of thousands of Northern Army elites bowed and cupped their fists.

In the whole world, the only person who could make the Northern Army men obey orders like this was the Northern King!

In the next moment, hundreds of thousands of elites were mobilized and swept across the entire Namar.

Since Braydon had said that he would sweep across eight thousand miles of Namar, he would surely do so!

Braydon stepped into the sky and said coldly, "The Northern King's cavalry, follow me into Linar."

"Yes, sir!"

The seventy-two cavalymen rode on their dark stallions and followed Braydon.

The northern region was windy and dusty. If there were mountains and rivers in the hinterland, it would be better to ride a horse.

It was just a vehicle!

Chapter 743: Today, He is Filled with Murderous Intent!

Moreover, the children of the north grew up on horseback and were not interested in mechanical riding tools.

Braydon stepped on the wind, holding the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear in his hand as he descended upon a large city in Namar.

The city was called Halstead, with a permanent population of 8 to 9 million people. Including the floating population, there were more than 10 million people!

Braydon had no qualms.

This was Namar, not Hansworth.

Revealing oneself in front of the public was a martial artist's taboo. Today, Braydon had broken this taboo in Namar.

As for the International Arbitration Council, if they wanted to punish Braydon, they could go to Hansworth.

Most importantly, would the people from the International Arbitration Council still dare to go to Hansworth?

Don't forget, Braydon pushed for Jonah Shaw to be the War God of Hansworth!

The new War God Jonah had a deep grudge against the International Arbitration Council.

The International Arbitration Council had arrested Jonah three times and sentenced him to more than 100 years in prison.

The people of the Northern Army remembered all these old scores!

In Halstead, the streets were filled with traffic. It was a modern city. The white-collar workers in the city who were in a hurry and the lazy cleaners who were slacking off all raised their heads at the same time, their eyes revealing shock.

Then, it was followed by screams of horror!

For ordinary people, they had never come into contact with martial artists.

But today, they were seeing a ghost in broad daylight!

In the sky, the white-robed youth was like a banished immortal. He held a black spear and stepped in the air, hovering above the city.

It caused the anger of all the martial artists in Halstead.

There was actually someone who dared to publicly display the strength of a martial artist in front of the public in broad daylight.

This was a taboo!

This was a taboo in every country.

Every country had sealed off any information regarding martial artists from ordinary people. No information had been leaked.

That was because ordinary people and martial artists were people from two completely different worlds.



Once the matter of martial artists was made public, it would definitely cause panic among ordinary people.

At that time, chaos would definitely arise among the people, and public opinion would definitely go out of control.

None of the countries wanted to see such a situation.

However, Braydon had broken this rule.

Today, Braydon was going to make Namar fall into chaos.

Braydon stood above the city and smiled faintly. "This is my first time here, and I don't know the rules. Please forgive me!"

"Impudent! As a martial artist, how dare you reveal the world of martial artists to the public? If it causes a huge commotion, according to the rules of the International Arbitration Council, it is certain death for you!"

In a hidden street in Halstead, there was a faint king pressure and an

extremely angry voice.

Braydon held the spear in his left hand and raised his right hand gently. He spread out his fingers and smiled faintly. "This is my first time here, and I want to kill someone!"

The martial arts technique, the palm!

Braydon had already reached the end of the martial arts path.

There were no mountains and rivers nearby.

Braydon used the power of national fate in him!

Don't forget that Braydon had the fate of the country and had already undergone a huge change.

The moment Braydon raised his hand, a three-story bungalow on the hidden street was hit by an invisible force. A five-meter-tall palm print appeared.

The entire building was torn apart, killing the king inside.

The king was bleeding from his seven orifices and died a miserable death.

Someone immediately recognized Braydon's attack and shouted angrily,

"Hansworth warlock?"

"We're so familiar with each other, but you don't seem to know who I am!"

Braydon's left hand moved slightly, and the vitality in his entire body surged out. In his palm, it formed a budding lotus flower.

The flower technique!

With a single thought, flowers bloomed, and the nine states withered.

Today, Braydon was filled with murderous intent.

The lives of all the martial artists of Namar would be taken in return of Tanner Lynn's death.

They needed Cameron's head to pay tribute to the men of Northern Army who had died last night.

Braydon's vitality surged out, shocking the martial artists who appeared one after another on the spot.

There were tens of thousands of martial artists in Halstead.

After all, it was very normal for a large city with a population of ten million to nurture tens of thousands of martial artists.

Suddenly, a 70-year-old martial artist stared at the blood-colored lotus in Braydon's palm and shouted in horror, "Vitality manifestation, high-level pinnacle!"

Swoosh!

In Halstead, the tens of thousands of martial artists were stunned.

The entire place was silent!

It was the first time that everyone had seen such a young pinnacle.

Don't forget, the ban by Kylo had only been lifted yesterday.

Not all the pinnacles of the hundred countries had shown themselves yet.

The first batch of pinnacle martial artists who appeared had gathered at Mount Tanish last night, and a large number of them had died.

The martial artists of the outside world had never seen a pinnacle martial artist.

However, who would have thought that a pinnacle martial artist would appear out of nowhere today?

Moreover, he was a youth!

“Lord Pinnacle, there are international laws all over the world. Martial artists shouldn’t expose themselves to the world!” the 70-year-old martial artist said in horror.

“Lord Pinnacle? I prefer that you call me Lord Northern King!”

Braydon flicked his fingers and chuckled.

Everyone was shocked!

What did he mean?

The 70-year-old man’s eyes were dull as he muttered, “Lord Northern King?”

The moment the last three words left his mouth, the entire crowd fell into chaos.

Even the people of Namar were terrified.

Braydon was distorted and publicized by the hundred countries outside the borders as a demon king with blood on his hands, so he had a terrible reputation.

This was negative publicity!

Who would have thought that the son of Hansworth, Braydon, would had become the leader of Hansworth after carrying the fate of the country, was actually such a handsome young man in white.

Countless people were terrified.

Braydon said softly, "It's a pity that you can't call me Lord Northern King now. Since Sadie is injured, there will be no more Northern King Neal in the world!"

"But it doesn't matter. Since you don't know me, I'll let you know who the king of the northern region is today!"

Braydon lowered his right hand, and the blood-colored lotus flower in his palm bloomed like a blood diamond!

The moment it bloomed, thousands of red lights pierced through the bodies of all the martial artists like sharp swords.

Braydon had only killed martial artists and had not harmed a single ordinary person from Namar!

"King Braydon, you're a pinnacle martial artist. Why would you kill low-level martial artists like us?" the 70-year-old man said in fear.

"That's right. If you have the guts, why not go to Linar? The pinnacles of Namar are in Linar!"

Someone was trying to goad Braydon into stopping.

However, every time Braydon laughed, someone would die. He said, "Today, I will definitely go to Linar. However, you won't live to see it happen!"

"Also, do you know the ironclad law of the Northern Army?"

"Anyone who kills my Northern Army comrades will be my enemy, regardless of age, I will kill them all!"

"I've tolerated you, the eight countries of the north, for ten years. For ten years, the armies of the eight countries have repeatedly invaded the borders of Hansworth. There are a hundred thousand tombs at the foot of Mount Bliz, and all of them are the children of the Northern Army!"

“When killing all of you, there is no such thing as conscience nor differentiation between good and evil!”

Ever since Sadie Dudley was injured, Braydon had long been enraged. His heart was filled with killing intent, and he had been suppressing it until today. He turned around and ordered, “Where is the Northern King’s cavalry?” “The Northern King’s cavalry will follow the commander to the death!”

The 72 people wearing black scarves shouted in unison.

Braydon pointed his spear at Halstead and shouted, “Slaughter half of the city!”

Chapter 744: Aura as Vast as the Heavens, Dominating the Human World Alone

Braydon Neal’s words were shocking!

With such a strong killing intent, everyone was shocked.

If other martial artists said this, perhaps the martial artists in Halstead would think that he was talking nonsense.

But now, the person who gave the order to kill was not anyone else, but the king of the northern territory!

The lord of the Northern Army!

His words had never been empty words.

The warriors of Halstead were all terrified.

At the same time, Braydon used the flower technique. With a thought, flowers bloomed, and the nine states withered. The sky was filled with red light, filling the world. A large number of martial artists' lives withered.

Namar's martial artists were all enemies!

Braydon killed them without conscience, without a care for good or evil. These people deserved to die!

The Neal family was known as the number one family in Hansworth at its peak a hundred years ago.

It was the head of the powerful families!

The Neal family was the most respected family among the powerful families.

The Neal family did not produce saints of great benevolence and virtue.

It had been like this since ancient times.

Braydon was the same.

At this moment, Braydon stood in Halstead and watched the 72 Northern King cavalrymen charge in. Any martial artist would be killed with a single slash, leaving no survivors.

Braydon ordered them to slaughter half of the city.

They were targeting martial artists!

Braydon and his elites had never hurt an innocent person in Namar.

Today, Braydon had led his troops to Namar to target Namar's martial artists.

In Halstead, a pinnacle finally appeared!

Because if there was no pinnacle, no one could stop this white-robed youth.

Tens of thousands of martial artists were killed by Braydon.

Braydon would never show mercy to the martial artists of the enemy nations.

An old voice slowly sounded, "Northern King Neal, are you trying to start a war?"

After the faint voice fell, an old man in gray clothes with a hunched back and almost all his hair falling out slowly appeared.

Zyair Sweeney, a pinnacle of Namar!

He was the strongest expert in Halstead. He had been cultivating here for a hundred years.

Even though the ban by Kylo was lifted, Zyair had no intention of revealing himself.

This time, he was forced to show himself by Braydon.

Braydon held the spear and pointed it at Zyair. He smiled faintly and said, "Today, I will definitely kill the pinnacles of Namar to pay homage to Tanner's spirit!"

"You entered the pinnacle realm last night and shocked all the countries in the world. You've only just entered the pinnacle realm, and you're already challenging me. Aren't you too conceited?"

Zyair said slowly, releasing his pinnacle pressure.



The pressure of the pinnacle spread. Everyone within a radius of ten miles felt an invisible pressure and felt suffocated.

This kind of pressure was extremely intense.

Among the 72 cavalymen, one of the tiger-eyed young men's watch had a beeping sound. It detected Zyair's vitality fluctuation.

[Vitality: 1,120 Na]

"Commander, he is a veteran pinnacle!" The tiger-eyed youth warned loudly.

The martial artists who were fleeing in Halstead had a hint of excitement in their eyes and a hint of hope in their hearts.

In their hearts, they yearned for Zyair to be able to stop King Braydon.

"Last night, you entered the pinnacle realm. Did your vitality break through 100 Na?" Zyair asked slowly.  
"If you don't have 100 Na of vitality, you won't be able to fight me!"

"Even though you have committed a great crime in Namar today, I am willing to give you a way out. Bow down and apologize to the dead, and I can let you escape unscathed!"

"However, you need to swear an oath that you will never set foot in Namar again for the rest of your life!"

Zyair seemed very serious.

Braydon's eyes were calm as he smiled lightly. "Your words make me very uncomfortable!"

“That may be the case, but it’s better than losing your life here!” Zyair’s aura continued to spread outward, sweeping toward Braydon.

Braydon laughed.

Last night, at the peak of Mount Tanish, how much vitality did he have?

It was more than a hundred!

Braydon had reached the pinnacle realm overnight, and his vitality was 1,000 times more than 100 Na!

Zyair’s information was obviously way off.

Braydon placed his right hand behind his waist and said softly, “Just because you have over 1,000 Na of vitality, you’re bullying me. I wonder if my strength is as good as yours!”

Swoosh!

Braydon released his aura that had been restrained, causing blood to flow out of his body.

In an instant, Braydon’s thin body was like a small furnace, causing the surrounding temperature to rise a little.

This temperature could melt the snow in winter.

When Braydon’s imposing aura was released, his thin lips moved slightly. “Now that I am here, how can you not kneel?”

Just one sentence.

Zyair was the first to bear the brunt of the attack. The bones in his entire body creaked. His entire body was like a cannonball as he instantly fell to the ground, smashing a deep pit into the ground.

Braydon's imposing aura was like the might of the heavens!

His aura reached the heavens and suppressed the world. Dressed in white, he was invincible in the human world!

This was Braydon!

The watch of the tiger-eyed young man in the Northern King's cavalry exploded.

Braydon's vitality fluctuation had exceeded the upper limit of the wristwatch's detection.

At this moment, all the people in Halstead knelt down, their eyes filled with fear and respect.

The white-robed youth was like a banished immortal!

He was almost a God!

Braydon used his unrivaled power to suppress Halstead in Namar. No one dared to challenge Braydon's prestige.

In the huge pit below, Zyair was not dead yet. He said in horror, "Your aura is as vast as the heavens, and your vitality has exceeded 10,000 Na. How is that possible!"

Zyair had lived for most of his life, but he had never seen such a monstrous youth.

How could a martial artist who had just reached the pinnacle realm last night

have 10,000 Na of vitality?

This youth was too terrifying!

Braydon looked at him and said softly, "'Aura as vast as the heavens' is just the first half of the saying. There's another half of the saying, which is 'dominating the human world alone!'"

Aura as vast as the heavens, dominating the human world alone!

Zyair's pupils constricted as he said hoarsely, "This is the characteristic of a martial artist with a vitality of 100,000 Na. You..."

The legend of having a vitality of 100,000 Na and dominating the mortal world was only recorded in ancient books.

Zyair had never seen such a person in all his years.

Now, he was looking right at it!

King Braydon of the northern territory was on the peak of Mount Tanish in Hansworth last night. He had carried ten layers of national fate and broken through to the pinnacle realm. His vitality is all hidden in his bones, shocking the world.

At this moment, Braydon looked at him and said softly, "Do you have any last words? I'll send you on your way in ten seconds!"

Braydon gave him some courtesy, seeing that he was a pinnacle martial artist.

Zyair stared at the white-robed youth in front of him. The terrifying heavenly might on his body made him look like a young immortal who had just arrived in the mortal world. In the end, he slowly closed his eyes.

He had no last words!

Or perhaps, Zyair was in despair.

Facing a terrifying martial artist with a vitality of 100,000 Na, no one in the entire Namar could stop him!

A terrifying figure of this level was no longer as simple as a pinnacle martial artist.

Back in Lowell's yin-yang headquarters, Manuel Sharp had said that the pinnacles were also divided into three tiers, and the difference in strength between them was like a chasm.

It seemed to be true!

Zyair had no last words.

Braydon's left hand moved slightly, and the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear was like a real dragon coming out of its nest. The spearhead was extremely sharp and was pointed at the center of his brows.

Swoosh!

A drop of scarlet blood appeared between Zyair's eyebrows. He closed his eyes and fell to the ground..

Chapter 745: A Thousand Miles of Land as Compensation!

A veteran pinnacle expert had fallen just like that!

Braydon Neal put away his spear and turned to leave. He stepped into the air and headed straight for Linar.

4,000 miles north from here.

A full 4,000 miles to reach Namar's capital, Linar.

Braydon had already given the order to kill all the martial artists of Namar within three days.

Braydon descended upon Halstead and killed tens of thousands of its martial artists.

All martial artists had to be killed.

No one could be left alive!

Most of the martial artists of Namar had joined the elite armies of Namar. Their hands had probably been stained with the blood of the Northern Army men.

There was a great enmity between the two sides!

How could Braydon be merciful?

In just one day and one night, Braydon traveled 4,000 miles north, passing through nine cities in Namar.

Braydon led his troops over and killed all the martial artists in the nine major cities of Namar. No one was left alive. The guardians of the cities were pinnacle martial artists.

Without exception, they all lost their lives to the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear.

Braydon once again activated the ruthless killing intent of this vicious weapon.

When Braydon entered Namar, it was like a true dragon entering the country. No one could stop him.

The appearance of a high-level pinnacle couldn't stop Braydon.

Not to mention the low-level pinnacles.

Linar, Namar.

This ancient city that had been bustling for hundreds of years was now filled with a solemn and oppressive aura.

Linar's 100,000 soldiers were gathered in front of the gates.

Everyone in the imperial army was afraid.

They had witnessed the horrors of the northern territory not long ago.

Namar's imperial army had suffered a great loss due to Sammy Dudley.

Now, Braydon was here again.

From the northern border, a white-robed youth appeared, treading on the wind.

The 72 Northern King cavalymen of were filled with bloodlust. They were holding Northern Army swords in their left hands. Blood dripped from their blades, and they were filled with glory.

Crown Prince Shmuel stood in front of the gates of Linar, surrounded by 100,000 imperial soldiers.

"Shmuel Linar, the Crown Prince of Namar, is here to welcome the arrival of the Garrison King of Hansworth with our civil and military officials!" Namar really had no choice!

They had chosen to welcome Braydon with the country's etiquette.

This was Shmuel.

An extremely dangerous fellow who knew how to hide himself and how to submit.

Namar did not choose to burn their bridges.

On the contrary, they chose to welcome the king of the northern territory with the country's etiquette.

Following that, the main gate of Namar's capital opened. The sound of music was endless. Red carpet covered the roads, and the maple trees planted on both sides of the street were extremely red.

The 100,000 imperial guards of Namar all knelt down on one knee. They cupped their fists and shouted, "Namar's Imperial Army welcomes the arrival of the Garrison King of Hansworth!"

The imperial army knelt down, and the officials welcomed them, all for Braydon alone.

This kind of courtesy was rarely seen in Namar.

Such a grand welcome, but the person they were welcoming was an outsider.

Braydon landed at the door and glanced at Shmuel. He said indifferently, "You are the Crown Prince of Namar?"

"Shmuel Linar of Namar greets Brother Neal!"

Shmuel's words continued to pull the relationship between the two closer.



“Last night on Mount Tanish, I shattered the Qilin Nation Protection Seal,”

Braydon said softly. “There’s no Garrison King in Hansworth.”

“Brother, please forgive me for my misinformation!”

Shmuel bowed slightly, his face filled with submission. He then said, “The civil and military officials of Namar welcome the arrival of His Highness the Northern King!”

“Namar’s Imperial Army welcomes the arrival of His Highness the Northern King!”

The 100,000 Imperial Army soldiers once again knelt on one knee.

It was hard to find a second person in the history of Namar who would receive such courtesy.

Braydon looked at them and said softly, “Last night, at the peak of Mount Tanish, after Sadie was injured, I said that there would be no more Northern King Neal in the world!

“I am but an obsessed youth who vows to never let her down!

“She protected me for the first half of my life, so I will protect her for the rest of my life. If she’s not around for the rest of my life, all the countries outside the borders will be buried with her!

“She lives for me in this life!

“So, I will live for her for the rest of my life!”

Braydon stepped on the red carpet and entered Linar alone.

The 72 cavalymen followed him to the death. They knew that Linar was dangerous territory, but they were still fearless.

Braydon led the charge, and the 72 cavalymen behind him rode their horses in an orderly fashion, silently following behind him.

Shmuel's face turned pale. He immediately realized that Braydon's arrival today was not just to settle old scores.

Today, the Northern Cold Swords would be unleashed on Namar because of that girl on Mount Bliz!

After all, Namar had sent more than ten pinnacle experts to Mount Tanish last night.

Sadie Dudley's injury was related to Namar.

"Your Highness, I represent Namar in the negotiations with the Northern Army!" Shmuel hurriedly responded, his voice hoarse.

Braydon was expressionless as he walked forward alone.

There was no response!

Shmuel said hoarsely, "Namar is sincere in peace negotiations. We can pay 1.4 trillion dollars as compensation for last night's war!"

Braydon still did not respond. He was getting closer and closer to the Linar

Palace!

If he reached the palace, he would kill Cameron Linar!

“2.1 trillion!” Shmuel gritted his teeth and added.

To ordinary people, this was an unimaginable amount of money.

Two trillion dollars was a huge sum of money!

But for a country, this amount was something they could afford.

Namar wanted to bribe Braydon with money.

Braydon had never been worried about money since he was young. He had no attachment to money at all.

Be it during Braydon’s childhood or his youth in the Northern Army.

Braydon was the young commander of the Northern Army. His status was second only to his teacher, Finley Yanagi. He had never worried about his life and did not need money at all.

If Braydon liked money, the four great entities of Hansworth could probably

give him a heaven-defying sum and bribe him.

Unfortunately, King Braydon was a man of pure virtue, and he only wanted to protect Hansworth for the rest of his life.

Shmuel stared at Braydon and said in a low voice, “Namar is willing to cede a thousand miles of land to the Northern King. We are willing to sign a contract with Your Highness to cultivate a thousand years of friendship and not invade each other!”

Braydon stopped in his tracks with that one sentence!

Swoosh!

The 72 cavalrymen behind him stopped in their tracks and waited silently.

Braydon looked at Shmuel and stood with his hands behind his back. His temperament was like the sky, shocking everyone. He said softly, "What did you say?"

He asked indifferently.

Shmuel's face was pale as he felt the gazes of the officials behind him and the

100,000 imperial army soldiers. He clenched his fists and said hoarsely, "Namar is willing to be good friends with Brother Neal for a thousand years, cede a thousand miles of land, and never invade each other!"

His words were filled with humiliation and stunned everyone.

All the officials of Namar were extremely furious. They wanted to eat Shmuel up,

Shmuel closed his eyes. He knew that after he said this, he would be nailed to the pillar of shame in the history of Namar.

Braydon smiled faintly. "This sentence sounds familiar. A hundred years ago, the hundred countries outside the borders attacked Hansworth's borders.. Namar even took the opportunity to propose that Hansworth cede a thousand miles of land as compensation!"

Chapter 746: Some Things Must Be Done!

Braydon Neal stood in Linar and told him about what happened a hundred years ago.

Compared to that period, it was no longer the same as before.

Braydon had established himself in Linar, forcing Namar to cede a thousand miles of land to seek peace.

“If Brother Neal is dissatisfied with all the conditions, we can discuss it further!” Shmuel Linar said hoarsely.

“I gave the order earlier that within three days, all the martial artists of Namar are to be killed. Today, I will enter Linar without negotiating, compromising, or giving in!”

Braydon didn't stop and had already arrived in front of the grand hall.

Cameron Linar sat high and mighty in his distinguished seat, as if he had already expected this situation.

In the entire Namar, Cameron was the one who understood Braydon the most!

“You're finally here!”

Cameron sat at the head of the table, his voice resounding.

Braydon stood with his hands behind his back at the entrance of the hall. He didn't go in but shook his head and chuckled. “I once told you that if Namar dares to raise an army again and invade the northern border of Hansworth, I will attack Namar and kill all your martial artists!”

“There are some things that I and the entire Namar have no say in!” Cameron said faintly. He knew that today was the day he would die.

Cameron sat at the head of the table and said, "You took over the position of the Northern Army's commander when you were young. You are Finley Yanagi's student and have inherited all that he knew. You are in charge of the Northern Army and the country's power. You are also the most outstanding student of Martial Emperor Yanagi of Hansworth. This is no secret to the hundred countries!

"You stand in Hansworth as a young man, stunning the world and ruling the world alone. The Northern Army's hidden agents are everywhere. They are in the nine departments, the twenty-four divisions, and even in Namar!

"You hold great authority in your hands. You should understand that in this position, there are some things that must be done!

"As for me, I am in charge of Namar. If I have the chance, I will destroy the Northern Army. Everyone in the Northern Army is like a dragon. You have millions of elites under your command.

"Your army is amassed in the north. Which of the eight countries in the north are able to sleep in peace?

"None of us!"

Cameron's words revealed the true nature of everything.

The northern territory and Namar had been at war for a hundred years.

In the past hundred years, both sides had never truly lived in peace.

It would be the same in the future!

The reason was simple. The million soldiers of the Northern Army had grown up on the battlefield against Namar.

The hands of the soldiers on both sides were stained with each other's blood.

They died at the hands of the enemy.

The debt of blood was heavy.

How could a man of the Northern Army forgive the hatred he had for his enemy?

If he wanted to resolve his hatred, he could!

The only way was for the people from Namar to ask the hundred thousand tombs at the foot of Mount Bliz, the soldiers of the Northern Army, if they could forgive them!

It was the greatest hypocrisy for the living to forgive the enemies for the dead!

This was disrespect to the dead who could not speak for themselves!

In the Northern Army, no one would do such a thing.

Forgiving enemies was something that should be left to others.

Braydon and the others pursued the idea of killing as protection.

As long as they lived, they would not put down their swords.

Throughout Hansworth, everyone else could be persuaded to put down their blades, but you the soldiers guarding the border could not be persuaded otherwise.

If they were persuaded to put down their blades, who would protect the people?

At this moment, Cameron's words resonated with the people on both sides.

Braydon stood at the entrance of the hall and said softly, "After all that is said and done, you've still set up a death trap here. Will this final resistance be of any use?"

With just a light sentence, a shocking change occurred in the hall.

A total of eight pinnacle auras was felt in the Linar Palace.

A high-level pinnacle expert released his vitality, which turned into ten spears and hovered above Braydon's head.

The seven low-level pinnacle experts all appeared!

Without exception, they were all ancient martial art practitioners.

This was probably the last bit of Namar's foundation.

The eight pinnacle experts were scattered in all directions of the hall.

But who was Braydon?

The moment he arrived outside the hall, he had sensed this deadly trap.

The only high-level pinnacle was Castiel Linar.

He was a living ancestor of the Linar family, the largest family in Namar.

He was an extremely powerful high-level pinnacle.



Without Castiel, Cameron would not have been able to rule Namar.

“Braydon Neal, leave Linar,” Castiel said slowly. “Namar will fulfill the conditions that Shmuel has promised you!”

“Why should we retreat?”

Braydon smiled brightly and asked, “Just because you’re a high-level pinnacle?”

“Of course. I believe you’ve experienced the terror of a high-level pinnacle last night on Mount Tanish in Hansworth!”

Castiel’s words were filled with confidence.

He had 5,000 Na of vitality, and he was a high-level pinnacle who had opened the second pinnacle door. He could release his vitality.

With this strength, he was considered a top martial artist in the world.

It was a pity that Braydon had personally come to the Linar today.

“It’s not impossible to kill a high-level pinnacle!” Braydon shook his head lightly.

“What?”

Castiel was shocked.

In the next moment.

Braydon held the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear in his hand. The white clothes on his thin body fluttered faintly. His aura was like the sky, suppressing the human world alone!

His aura was like the might of the heavens.

The ten spears formed by vitality hanging above Braydon's head were instantly blown away by the aura and shattered into pieces.

"Spear like a dragon shooting through the skies, stars falling on the earth, moon sinking into the river!"

Braydon held the Overlord Formation-breaking Spear and used Laird Xenos' move.

In fact, Laird had obtained Finley Yanagi's true inheritance.

Braydon's true knowledge originated from Mount Kylo.

Jonah Shaw, Hendrix Bailey and the others were pretty similar.

Braydon held the spear in his left hand, and the white-robed figure instantly entered the hall. The speed of the spear was so fast that it was already two hundred meters away.

Swoosh!

The spear appeared before Castiel, and the tip of the spear was pressed against his chest.

Castiel gathered all of his vitality in front of his chest, forming a protective mirror that was harder than iron.

The spear seemed to be blocked.

Braydon withdrew his spear and retreated. Castiel heaved a sigh of relief. He could feel Braydon's imposing manner, and he was as small as an ant before him.

In the next second.

Braydon did not stop fighting. He held the spear and circled it around his waist, stabbing out once more.

The spear was redirected once more!

Since ancient times, all the ruthless people who used spears as their weapons knew the killer move of redirecting their spears.

Unfortunately, Braydon knew it too.

The speed of the spear was fast, the accuracy was high, and the strength was phenomenal. Anyone who touched it would definitely die.

Swoosh!

The spear was aimed at Castiel's chest again, piercing through his protective vitality.

The spearhead had pierced through his body!

The spear pierced through his heart and killed Castiel.

A high-level pinnacle expert had died just like that.

At the same time, the other seven martial artists attacked Braydon at the same time.

Braydon's body was covered in white light. His thin lips moved slightly. "The ninth technique, the banished immortal!"

In the hall, Cameron's pupils constricted as he cried out in shock, "You succeeded?"

Cameron had once personally witnessed Braydon unleash all eight of his techniques. It was extremely terrifying..

Chapter 747: Ninth Technique, Unrivaled!

Cameron Linar also knew that Braydon Neal had always wanted to combine the eight techniques to create the strongest forbidden technique in history. That was the ninth technique that came from combining eight techniques into one!

The white light on Braydon's body dissipated and turned into a white shadow youth, pure and holy like a banished immortal.

He was like another Braydon!

Braydon pierced through Castiel Linar with his spear, and the tip of the spear was nailed to the wall. He stood with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Kill them!"

The banished immortal white shadow could kill seven pinnacle martial artists?

Without a doubt!

The white shadow of the young immortal moved at subsonic speed.

Movement speed of 300 meters per second!

The standard speed of a normal pinnacle was 150 meters per second.

The speed of the banished immortal white shadow allowed him to kill these people. His hand was like a blade, and it had the aura of an overlord blade. It wreaked havoc on the entire scene. Every time it attacked, it would be stained with blood!

In just three seconds, the seven pinnacle experts were beheaded.

All of them were beheaded, and their corpses fell neatly on the ground. Their blood flowed, and the smell of blood was pungent.

The banished immortal's white shadow turned his left hand into a sword, blood dripping from his fingers as he silently walked back to Braydon's side.

Cameron stared blankly at this scene, his entire body drenched in cold sweat.

When he came back to his senses, he saw that Braydon was already sitting in his original seat.

The highest seat in Namar had belonged to Cameron for a hundred years.

But today, Braydon was sitting on the throne like a young emperor, and Cameron was the subject.

Braydon sat on top with his left arm at the side. He clenched his fist and propped up half of his cheek. He tilted his head and looked at Cameron from the corner of his eyes. He said lazily, "Does your country still have any pinnacles? Please come out together!"

His indifferent words were dominant.

Braydon was determined to kill the pinnacle martial artists of Namar.

Cameron came back to his senses and questioned in a low voice, "You really dare to kill me?"

"Why wouldn't I dare!"

Braydon sat on the chair and slowly closed his eyes. "When I was young, I took over the Northern Army. The eight countries of the northern region rebelled and attacked the ten gates of the country year after year. The cemetery at the foot of Mount Bliz almost can't even bury all the men of the Northern Army who died every year!

"More than ten thousand of my men have died at the hands of Namar!

"Tell me, why wouldn't I dare to kill you?"

As soon as he finished speaking.

Braydon suddenly stood up, his body was filled with a terrifying killing intent that soared into the sky.

Cameron wouldn't surrender. He would fight back.

Braydon then said coldly, "Behead him and use his head to pay homage to Tanner!"

A familiar voice sounded from outside.

Dominic Lowe from the capital had actually arrived!

What was he here for!

Swoosh!

In a flash, the banished immortal's white shadow formed a blade with his left hand and swept across the sky with lightning speed.

The blade rose, and the head fell!

A large head rolled to the entrance of the hall.

Dominic, who was travel-worn, had just arrived at the entrance of the palace when he saw the head who had rolled to his feet. His face turned red. He stomped his feet in anger and said, "Northern King, did you have to kill him?" "Do you have any objections?"

Braydon sat at the head of the table and tilted his head lazily. He glanced sideways at Dominic, who had just entered the hall.

This sentence made Dominic swallow the words that were about to come out of his mouth.

There were two people who came with Dominic.

The man and woman were both in their fifties. When they saw Cameron's head, their faces darkened.

"The special envoy of Namar has already secretly gone to the capital. They have already completed negotiations with the capital and are willing to pay 560 billion dollars as compensation for the war!"

Braydon smiled faintly and didn't say anything else.

Just half an hour ago, Namar had offered an even higher amount to Braydon.

That was 2.1 trillion dollars in compensation for the war and a thousand miles of land ceded to the Northern Army.

There was even room for negotiation.

However, Braydon wasn't tempted at all.

Dominic lowered his voice and said, "Namar will even withdraw their troops. It can guarantee that there will be no more war in the next hundred years. We can also persuade the other seven northern countries to stop fighting with us and resolve their hatred. This way..."

Before he could finish his sentence.

Braydon laughed wantonly. He said coldly, "This way, the Northern Army's million-strong army will be able to move south and follow the capital's orders.

They will sweep through the world and help pacify the chaos in all directions, killing all those powerful and aristocratic family martial artists!

"The Northern Army and the four great entities will go to war. Both sides will fight fiercely, and the capital will finally reap all the benefits. Am I right?" Braydon's eyes were filled with cold killing intent.

Dominic was speechless because that was basically what he meant by the second half of his sentence.

If the eight northern countries stopped fighting Hansworth, the Northern Army would be able to move south and conquer the world, suppressing the two great entities!

Braydon said softly, "You want me to reconcile with the eight countries of the northern region? Of course, I can. Ask Teacher to issue a secret order to me. I will not live in vain. I will commit suicide and return all that I owe you!" The Northern Army men had never owed any favors to outsiders.

Braydon was the same!

Dominic stomped his feet in anger and said in annoyance, "How can you say that? Do you know how devastated Martial Emperor Yanagi would be if these words were to reach his ears?"



“Devastated? The capital hid it from me and reconciled with Namar. Did you ever think about whether I would be devastated? Did you ever think about the Northern Army sons?”

Braydon was furious. The pressure of his aura increased greatly, and he was killed with killing intent.

Immediately after.

Braydon said hoarsely, “I’ve led the Northern Army and fought against the eight countries outside the border for many years. The hands of Namar martial artists are stained with the blood of the Northern Army men. This hatred is difficult to resolve!

“If we reconcile, how can I face my million comrades?”

“How do you want me to give them an explanation?”

“I can never learn Teacher’s path of an emperor!”

Braydon was truly enraged. The 72 Northern King cavalymen instantly drew their blood-stained swords from their waists and aimed them at Dominic. If Braydon were to say the word, they would definitely kill Dominic.

Dominic fell silent.

Braydon’s eyes were filled with anger as he said coldly, “Just last night, the eight countries of the north and the Northern Army started a full-scale war. In just one night, more than 20,000 soldiers of the Northern Army were killed, and more than 100,000 have been injured.

“Three regimental commanders of the Northern Army have died in battle!

“The casualties are more than the total of the past four years. This person’s hands are stained with the blood of the Northern Army. If I didn’t kill him, would he not kill my comrades?”

Braydon pointed at Cameron's head and questioned Dominic.

Dominic was speechless again. He did not know what to do!

The capital and the envoy of Namar had successfully reached an agreement, so what did it mean for the Northern Army?

All the hard work they had done on the battlefield in the past had turned into nothing.

The heroic souls who died in battle would be forgotten in the future.

The Northern King would never agree to this!

Dominic smiled bitterly and said hoarsely, "We've compromised with the eight countries of the north so that the million Northern Army elites can march south. We did this because the capital has no other choice!"

"Find me the miraculous medicine that can cure Sadie, and I'll unleash the Northern King Sword. I'll then head south to sweep through the four great entities!

"As for the eight countries of the north, leave them to me. I'm going to kill them one by one!" Braydon whispered..

Chapter 748: Wounded but Not Killed, Such Humiliation!

This was Braydon Neal's attitude. Dominic Lowe and even the capital were helpless.

If Braydon leads the Northern Army, he will occupy the northern border like a tiger.

No one could do anything about it!

Dominic recalled something and said, "The capital has agreed to your proposal to name Jonah Shaw, the commander of the Sanguine Army, as the new War God of Hansworth!"

"Jonah is worthy of the title of the War God," Braydon sat on the high seat in the hall.

This position originally belonged to Cameron Linar.

Now, Braydon was sitting in the most powerful position in Namar, smiling lightly. To Namar, this was great humiliation.

The conversation between Dominic and Braydon ended.

However, the people who came with Dominic...

They were two true pinnacle experts.

The clothes they were wearing indicated their identities.

They were from the International Arbitration Council!

Two arbiters!

The male arbitrator was called Wilmot, and the female arbitrator was called Ashley.

The two of them had been standing outside the hall for some time.

Unfortunately, Braydon ignored them.

Even with his eyes closed, Braydon could guess the purpose of the

International Arbitration Council's arbitrators' intervention today!

They were definitely there to mediate the war between the Northern Army and Namar.

Wilmot behaved like a gentleman and spoke arrogantly. He said slowly, "Wilmot of the International Arbitration Council greets Your Highness the

Northern King!"

"I don't like it when you talk to me standing!"

Braydon leaned back in his chair lazily. He could feel Wilmot's arrogance even with his eyes closed.

With just one sentence, the hall fell silent.

What did Braydon mean?

Did he want Wilmot to kneel down to speak?

Doing so would humiliate the entire International Arbitration Council!

As expected.

Wilmot suppressed his anger and said in a low voice, "Your Highness, I'm here to talk to you on behalf of the International Arbitration Council!"

Braydon closed his eyes. He raised his left index finger and drew 13 sword talismans in one go!

The 13 sword talismans were drawn by vitality.

Each sword talisman gave birth to 9 swords!

13 sword talismans and 117 vitality swords.

This was the one hundred Qi-imperial swords!

The swords hovered in the air and pointed at Wilmot.

Braydon didn't say a word. He closed his eyes and controlled the hundred swords, revealing his killing intent. His attitude was very simple.

If Wilmot didn't kneel today, he would die!

There were many conflicts between the Northern Army and the International Arbitration Council.

Jonah had been wanted by the International Arbitration Council for years.

Hendrix Bailey supported the Eastern International Arbitration Council to fight against the Western International Arbitration Council. The two had always been at odds with each other.

Jonah and Hendrix were both Braydon's younger brothers.

They were the core higher-ups of the Northern Army!

That was why Braydon had never been polite to the people from the Western International Arbitration Council.

Braydon's hands were already stained with the blood of the Western International Arbitration Council.

He would not hold back in killing more.

Braydon had always had a murderous attitude toward foreign martial artists.

Would Wilmot kneel or not?

So what if he was representing the Western International Arbitration Council?

Braydon still dared to kill him!

The situation fell into a stalemate.

Ashley, the female arbitrator, spoke appropriately and respectfully, "Your Highness the Northern King..."

"Did I allow you to speak?"

Braydon opened his eyes and shot a cold glance at her. A terrifying aura erupted from his body.

Aura as vast as the heavens, dominating the human world alone.

This kind of pressure was something that even a high-level pinnacle couldn't withstand.

Not to mention Ashley!

Just a cold gaze made Ashley's face turn pale. She did not dare to meet Braydon's gaze, as if the young man sitting at the head of the table was the emperor of the world.

At this moment, the Hone hundred Qi-imperial swords had yet to disappear.

Wilmot refused to kneel.

In the next second.

The hundred swords rolled back like a sword river, swords swooping in one after the other, attacking Wilmot.

The wind and clouds moved as the sword struck, and the hall was filled with a murderous aura.

The vitality swords condensed into a physical form!

Previously, Braydon had been bestowed with ten layers of national fate. The power of the national fate had made Braydon's body extremely powerful.

The more condensed one's vitality was, the more terrifying the attack power of the vitality would be.

As the hundred swords attacked, each sword contained the power of the country's fate and the might of the heavens, greatly increasing the sharpness of the vitality sword.

The first sword had arrived!

Wilmot was shocked and furious. He didn't expect Braydon to dare to attack him. He immediately retreated.

The difference between a high-level pinnacle and a low-level pinnacle was the release of vitality, and even the manifestation of vitality!

Although Braydon had 100,000 Na of vitality, it was hidden deep in his bones and was his foundation. He could not mobilize his strength. What he could really use was only the vitality in his blood.

Moreover, although Braydon's vitality was high, he was only a low-level pinnacle!

Without opening the second door to the pinnacle, one would forever remain at the low-level pinnacle.

Both doors needed to be opened in the pinnacle realm!

The first door was the door to turn force into spiritual energy and fuse it with one's blood. One could absorb the spiritual energy of spiritual herbs and fuse it with one's blood, turning it into one's own vitality.

This was a cultivation technique!

The second door was the door to release vitality!

If this door in the body could not be opened, one would forever be a low-level pinnacle. No matter how strong one's vitality was, one could only rely on their strong physique to fight their opponent in close combat.

Just like the situation now.

Braydon could kill Wilmot just by sitting lazily at the head of the table.

Although Braydon had not opened the second door, he was able to release his vitality. It was obvious that he was not using ordinary combat techniques.

He used a technique to control his vitality, achieving the outward release of his vitality.



Some talented people could indeed bypass the second pinnacle door in their bodies and release their vitality without affecting their cultivation or combat strength.

In fact, when a pinnacle martial artist had not opened the second door in his body, his cultivation speed would be at its fastest!

If a pinnacle martial artist became a high-level pinnacle and opened the second door in his body, his strength would enter a stagnant period, and the speed of his vitality's growth would greatly slow down.

The speed of growth would be several times slower than before!

That was why in Hansworth, Martial Emperor Yanagi, Zavier Leach, Kieran Normand and Savvyer Quail, all had a vitality of several thousand Na. They had been reluctant to open the second door to the pinnacle and become a high-level pinnacle.

It was obvious that they planned to break through when their vitality had exceeded 10,000 Na!

If one's vitality had exceeded 10,000 Na, and his aura was as vast as the heavens, they would then be the top experts in the world.

At this moment, Braydon was using the one hundred Qi-imperial swords to kill Wilmot. His vitality swords were incomparably sharp.

Wilmot's pinnacle physique couldn't withstand it at all!

In front of Braydon, a low-level pinnacle was as weak as an ant.

Wilmot's face was pale. He used all his techniques, but he couldn't block a hundred swords.

The vitality swords pierced through his shoulder.

His entire body flew backward.

The rest of the red swords followed closely behind, piercing through Wilmot's limbs and shoulders, nailing him to the wall of the hall.

Blood flowed down the wall, looking extremely tragic.

It was a humiliation to injure a person but not kill that person!

Chapter 749: A Thousand Years of History Destroyed Today?

Dominic Lowe was moved. He wanted to persuade him, but he knew that even if he did, it would probably be useless. He might as well not say anything.

"Northern King, you..." Ashley started angrily.

"Hmm?"

Braydon Neal shot a cold glance at her and moved his fingers slightly. The remaining 100 swords hung above Ashley's head, and he said, "Kneel down, and I'll allow you to speak!"

He was clearly trying to offend the International Arbitration Council!

As an arbitrator, Ashley was a high and mighty existence in the western countries.

Because she was a pinnacle!

A pinnacle could not be humiliated!

However, they did not expect that the two arbitrators of the Western

International Arbitration Council would suffer great humiliation here today.

It was obvious to Ashley that the young man in white at the head of the table was a young man who would do what he said.

Wilmot was an example.

Not wanting to die, Ashley lowered her proud head and slowly knelt on one knee. "I'm the arbitrator of the International Arbitration Council, Ashley. Greetings, Your Highness!"

"Alright, get lost!"

Braydon raised his hand, and the swords scattered. Wilmot, who was nailed to the wall, fell to the ground. He was half-crippled.

His body had been pierced through by six swords. The tendons in his hands and legs had been broken, and all eight extraordinary meridians in his body had been severed. The door to the pinnacle was on his left shoulder, and Braydon had pierced through it with one sword.

From today onward, he was a cripple!

Braydon would use cold-blooded methods to terrorize others. He would not kill his enemies, but he would not let them go that easily either. He did not want to give them the chance to seek revenge. That was why he crippled Wilmot.

Ashley raised her head with difficulty. The two of them had come today to discuss other matters. They were here on behalf of the International Arbitration Council.

However, she did not expect that Braydon would not even give her a chance to talk things through.

“Your Highness, Wilmot and I represent the International Arbitration Council in mediating the conflict between you and Namar!”

Braydon tilted his head and looked at Ashley.

The International Arbitration Council was really confident that they would be able to mediate the conflict between the Northern Army and Namar.

Why didn't the International Arbitration Council show up when the one thousand pinnacles from the hundred countries attacked Mount Tanish together last night?

Why didn't the International Arbitration Council show up last night when the allied forces of a hundred countries were at the borders of Hansworth?

Now that Braydon was eliminating the martial artists from Namar, the International Arbitration Council finally showed themselves!

Such bias!

Did they think Braydon was easy to bully?

“Get out of my sight within three seconds, or I'll declare war on the International Arbitration Council today!” Braydon said as he slowly closed his eyes.

His cold words made Ashley's entire body turn cold.

The Northern King wanted to declare war on the International Arbitration Council?

Was he crazy?

Dominic's entire body trembled. He opened his mouth but swallowed his words.

Ashley was shocked and furious, but she could sense the killing intent in Braydon's words.

If Braydon declared war on the International Arbitration Council, she and Wilmot would definitely die in Namar today.

At the thought of this, Ashley did not dare to stay any longer. She turned around and picked up Wilmot before leaving.

However, behind her, Braydon's voice rang out.

"The International Arbitration Council has been established for a thousand years, right? If it were destroyed today, it would be a pity!" These were Braydon's words.

Everyone could feel the strong warning in his words.

If the International Arbitration Council dared to interfere with the matters of the Northern Army again...

Braydon would kill the Western International Arbitration Council and remove its very existence.

Ashley's entire body trembled. She was a pinnacle, but in front of the handsome young man at the head of the table, she was so inferior that she had no right to speak.

After the two arbiters left.

"You've really offended the Western International Arbitration Council today," Dominic said with a bitter smile.

Braydon smiled at this.

The Northern Army had long offended the Western International Arbitration Council.

There was enmity between the two sides!

Braydon said calmly, "I'll have to trouble Duke Lowe to go back and tell Teacher that the four entities are nothing to worry about. Sadie mustn't be harmed. If she dies, there'll be a disaster!"

Dominic's eyes revealed a look of shock. He sensed that the hidden meaning in his words.

Braydon didn't say much. He asked Dominic to pass on his words to Martial Emperor Yanagi.

Dominic was very tactful and did not ask further.

Some things were not to be made known to outsiders.

Braydon was different. He was not only the son of Hansworth, but also the young master of Kylo.

How could Braydon not know a part of Kylo's secrets?

Sadie Dudley was the master of Kylo.

If she died, it would be a disaster.

Some people's very existence was enough to rock the world.

If Sadie were to die, there would definitely be old monsters who would come out to cause trouble.

Before Dominic left, he said, "The capital city will use the strength of the entire country to help you heal the master of Kylo!"

“Sadie doesn’t accept outsiders’ kindness. She won’t accept anything from all of you.”

Braydon slowly closed his eyes and ignored everyone.

This made Dominic look helpless. He could only cup his hands and leave quietly.

All martial artists would be killed!

There were more than a million martial artists in Namar. In just one night, all of them had fled the country.

A large number of Namar martial artists fled into the neighboring Wolanda.

The Northern Army’s big move attracted the attention of the entire world.

All the countries understood that this was the Northern King’s response to the incident on Mount Tanish last night. He went straight for Namar right after.

After this incident broke out.

The other seven countries of the eight countries in the north all gave up and retreated.

Wolanda and the other six countries sent envoys overnight to the capital to discuss peace negotiations.

They were afraid!

These people were afraid that Braydon would attack them after eliminating Namar martial artists.

Wolanda and the other special envoys went to the capital and offered a huge offer!

There was only one goal in all of this, and that was to make peace!

Braydon had been in Namar for three days and had already received the news.

Marvin Townsend, a hidden agent of the Northern Army, was the head of one of the nine departments in the capital.

Every movement in the capital was known by Braydon, who was thousands of miles away in Linar.

In the Linar Palace.

Braydon looked at the information on his watch and slowly closed his eyes. "The deception in the capital is so tiring!"

Back then, Braydon had rejected his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, and refused to inherit the Nine-Dragon Combat Technique.

There was no doubt that Braydon would grow tired of the capital's internal deception.

Therefore, the Nine-Dragon Combat Technique was inherited by the seven-time champion, Syrus Yanagi.

At this moment, a person appeared outside the hall. It was a handsome and unruly young man, his eyes darting around sneakily.

"Brother?" he shouted sneakily. "Brother, brother!"

"Get in here!"



Braydon closed his eyes. He knew who it was even before the person appeared.

Other than Luke Yates, you wouldn't find such a little fool in the Northern Army.

Luke swaggered and walked at a disrespectful pace. His broken bagpipe was hanging at his waist, and he was carrying two large sacks filled with things in his hands.

He was still chewing something in his mouth as he muttered, "Brother, let me show you a big treasure!"

Chapter 750: I'll Give You a Way Out

This scene made Braydon Neal smile.

Luke Yates was carrying two large sacks filled with things. Braydon could smell

a strong medicinal fragrance even without opening them.

Spirit herbs would emit an attractive fragrance.

Animals had an almost crazy obsession with this smell.

In this era, spirit herbs were rare.

Where did he get these two large sacks from?

Coincidentally, at this moment.

A young Northern King cavalryman entered the hall and bowed. He said in a low voice, "Commander, all of the martial artists in Linar have been killed. However, someone had gotten to Namar's treasury before us!"

His words were a little obscure.

In fact, the things in the national treasury had been taken away by someone.

As for who did it, Braydon didn't even need to guess.

Other than the little fool, no one else would have done it!

Braydon waved his hand slightly, indicating for the cavalryman to leave.

The young man bowed and left the hall.

"Little Fool, what treasure did you bring this time?" Braydon chuckled.

"Brother, look!"

Luke grabbed a small tree from his sack.

The small tree was only three feet tall. Its trunk was vigorous, and its leaves were green. Every green leaf seemed to have spirituality, and there were faint patterns on it.

This was a spirit tree!

It was probably something that had long gone extinct in the world. He did not expect that there would actually be such a tree in Namar's treasury.

Braydon glanced over and saw that the roots of this little spirit tree were still covered in soil.

The little fool must have pulled it out by the roots after seeing it. "Brother, can this thing heal Sadie?" Luke asked sneakily.

"Your good intentions are what matter!"

Braydon's eyes were filled with gratitude.

These people had all grown up by Sadie Dudley's side.

Luke was extremely mischievous, but he was still worried about Sadie. Him having the intention to save her was more than enough.

However, the injuries on Sadie's body could not be healed by ordinary medicine, and spiritual medicine was useless too!

Even Braydon, who was a great national doctor, was not confident that he could completely heal Sadie.

Or perhaps, Braydon was even less confident in saving Sadie's life!

Luke was not stupid. He said moodily, "This thing is useless? Then, let me eat

In the next second, the little fool was fiercely opened his mouth and revealed his snow-white sharp teeth. There were also two sharp canine teeth that directly bit the trunk of the small tree.

The hard trunk was no match for his sharp teeth.

A deep bite mark was left behind.

He didn't manage to take the first bite.

Luke opened his mouth and took a second bite. No matter what, he was going to bite this small tree.

Braydon was already used to the silly little boy gnawing on trees.

Luke had even gnawed on a coffin before. A small spirit tree is nothing to him.

If Braydon didn't stop him, Luke would eat the entire tree.

One had to admit that Luke had an iron stomach. As long as he could chew on it, he could digest it!

Braydon shook his head helplessly and said, "Little Fool, stop chewing.

"This thing can't heal Sadie, so why keep it? It's better to eat it!"

Luke was a little angry. He had sneaked over and ransacked the entire treasury of Namar. He had found the most precious thing they had.

However, there was still no medicine that could heal Sadie.

This was the treasury of a country, and there were countless rare treasures here. However, there was still nothing that Braydon wanted.

Braydon sat at the head of the table. He raised his left hand slightly and sucked in the small spirit tea tree in Luke's hand. He plucked a small green leaf and pinched it between his fingers. A trace of spiritual energy was slowly absorbed into his body.

The spiritual energy entered his body and entered his blood, strengthening his vitality.

This was the process of pinnacle martial artists strengthening their own vitality.

The green tea leaves between Braydon's fingers instantly withered and dimmed, without any spiritual energy left.

Then, Braydon released a force from his finger which landed on the small tree, leaving a fingerprint on the trunk.

The small tree shook violently.

The green leaves then fell to the ground.

A total of 976 green leaves fell down.

Braydon's left hand rolled up all the green leaves which then revolved around him. He circulated the Great Void of Kylo Art and absorbed the spiritual energy contained within.

The spiritual energy accumulated like a small stream and entered Braydon's body.

Blood instantly flowed out of Braydon's body. His vitality was vigorous like the morning sun, exuding a powerful vitality.

Braydon had 10 Na of vitality in his body. He had borrowed the power of the country's fate and the might of the heavens to forcefully inject vitality into his bones and turn it into his foundation.

The amount of vitality that Braydon could use could be counted on one hand!

The vitality in his blood was merely 100 Na!

However, Braydon's physique was probably not weaker than a high-level pinnacle.

Braydon sat at the head of the table and absorbed all the spiritual energy in the green leaves, turning them into his own vitality.

The nearly 1,000 green leaves of the entire spirit tea tree had only increased Braydon's vitality by 20 Na.

Luke took his watch and examined it at the side. He scratched his head and said, "Brother, where's your 100,000 Na vitality?"

The value on the screen of the wristwatch was 120 Na!

Luke had personally witnessed his brother's terrifying side when his vitality erupted at 100,000 Na!

Braydon smiled like an elder brother and said softly, "The 100,000 Na of vitality is all in my bones. In the future, they will help me surpass the pinnacle realm."

Luke did not seem to understand. He had never paid attention to cultivation.

However, a person slowly walked in from outside the Linar Palace.

It was Shmuel Linar!

His father, Cameron Linar, had died at the hands of Braydon.

Shmuel was neither sad nor happy. He looked at the corpses in the hall and slowly covered them with a white cloth. He stood quietly in front of Braydon and said nothing.

"Shmuel Linar, look at me!" Braydon said softly.

Shmuel slowly raised his head and looked at Braydon.

Braydon said softly, "People like you are good at forbearance, know how to strategize, and have boldness. If you are kept alive, you will surely cause trouble in the future."

"There is no one in the Linar family who is afraid of death!"

Shmuel slowly closed his eyes and quietly accepted his death.

He felt that as the Crown Prince of Namar, he would naturally not be able to escape death.

Because Shmuel understood Braydon's iron-blooded methods, he would definitely eliminate him.

Braydon was not in a hurry to kill him. He said indifferently, "Killing you takes but a second, but I have prepared a way for you to live!"

"What I fear is that it's a way out that will go down in history as the greatest humiliation of Namar!"

Shmuel was not surprised that Braydon was giving him a way out.

The Northern King, who was as intelligent as a demon, would be in a dangerous situation if he gave Shmuel a way out.

To Shmuel, he would rather die.

Braydon smiled faintly. "Not long ago, I entered Banko alone. I guarded the

Junko Island by myself and conferred the title of Hanlon-Banko King to the

Takaeda family. Today, I have also prepared a title for Namar!"

Shmuel's face was pale. Braydon was really planning to make him suffer eternal infamy!

Braydon's words did not only represent himself..