

Strongest 801

Chapter 801: Battle of the Northern King, Killing Over 100 Pinnacles!

Korbyn Jessen's blade was curved like a willow leaf.

The No. 6 hidden agent of the Northern Army, Willow Blade Korbyn Jessen!

Korbyn slowly walked over and calmly said, "Sir Jaziel Sherman, your battle blade looks familiar!"

"Hmm?"

Jaziel wanted to take action, not hesitating to expose himself to participate in the battle and share the pressure with Braydon Neal.

When Korbyn's voice fell.

Jaziel turned around, and his gaze fell on the blade in Korbyn's hand. Shock flashed across his eyes as he said in a low voice, "Willow Blade, First Sergeant Jessen!"

"Haha, no one has mentioned this title for nine years!"

Korbyn, the son-in-law of the Iota Empire's ruler, had readily admitted that he was the Willow Blade who had shaken the entire northern desert!

He was talented military personnel.

His battle achievements were comparable to a regimental commander!

Korbyn's sharp eyes lowered as he said, "Ghost Blade, First Sergeant Sherman. You used the excuse of a drill to lead 800 Ghost Blade Elites to defeat 30,000

Northern King's cavalry. You shocked the entire northern desert in one battle!

"You have created a legend. Everyone knows that the Northern King's cavalry is the best in the world, but they don't know that the Ghost Blade Elites are the best in the Northern Army!"

Korbyn's clear words resounded throughout the wilderness.

In the wilderness, many pinnacle martial artists were extremely shocked, and they looked as if they had seen a ghost.

Jaziel Sherman of the Delta Empire, a high-ranking figure with real power, was actually from the Northern Army!

The leader of the Ghost Blade Elites of the Northern Army was actually hiding among the higher-ups of the Delta Empire!

There was also Korbyn, the son-in-law of the Iota Empire, a core member of the country's cabinet. He had participated in the high-level decisions of his country for many years and had a great say.

The son-in-law of the Iota Empire was actually from the Northern Army.

In an instant, everyone present was terrified.

On the battlefield.

Braydon held his spear and killed the pinnacles there. His speed was so fast that the sky was filled with afterimages. His spear was like a dragon as it pierced through the chest of Ollie Carolyn from the Theta Empire.

A single shot killed the pinnacles.

Secondly, Jerry Alcott from the Alpha Empire had already arrived in front of Braydon.

This pinnacle expert with over 1,000 Na of vitality punched out like a dragon.

A full-strength punch could produce a force of 100,000 pounds.

Jerry took the opportunity to attack Braydon in the back.

Braydon held the silver spear in his left hand and pierced through Ollie's body. He did not even look back, and the white light around his body became even brighter. His thin lips moved slightly. "Martial arts technique, moving mountains!"

The martial arts techniques, moving mountains!

Don't forget, this was a mountainous region.

Braydon could borrow the power of the earth, mountains, and rivers.

Borrowing the power of the mountain to help him kill his enemies.

In the entire world, only Braydon could do that.

The ancient warlocks of Hansworth would definitely return to glory because of Braydon.

The moment Braydon raised his right hand, he turned around and struck out with his palm.

Boom!

The palm energy was formless, but it was like the might of heaven.

With just one palm, Jerry, who was already close to him, felt his hair stand on end. Then, a miserable scream sounded, “Ah!”

With a palm that was like the might of the heavens, Jerry instantly exploded.

His seven-foot-long body of flesh and blood exploded into pieces, and blood flowed everywhere.

Everyone was shocked!

This terrifying strength was way too shocking.

On top of the Broken Blade Cliff stood a sloppy old Daoist priest, followed by a skinny donkey.

“You’re the successor of the martial arts,” Giannis Zazueta exclaimed. “Brother Yanagi, what kind of young master have you nurtured for Hansworth?!”

One sentence exposed the concern in the hearts of Giannis and the other old antiques.

Even though Giannis was a Daoist priest who lived in seclusion in the mountains, he still thought of himself as a son of Hansworth.

The people of Hansworth were of the same roots!

It was something that could never be changed.

At this moment, Braydon put away his spear and stabbed it deep into the soil under his feet.

Long spear defending Hansworth alone!

Braydon defending Hansworth alone!

Braydon was as calm as ever. It was a pity that the weapon in his hand was the Soul-Shaking Spear and not the Northern King Sword.

If the Northern King Sword was unsheathed, the ferocity of the sword could very likely affect him as he killed his way through the Delta Empire. At this moment, Braydon put away his spear. Was he planning to stop?

Most probably not!

King Braydon, who had intimidated the entire world in the name of killing, had stepped into a foreign country. All the martial artists he met were his enemies!

How could he stop?

Braydon closed his eyes. His thin lips moved slightly. "Once a warlock reaches the pinnacle realm, he will be envied by the heavens. Do you know why?"

"F*ck, we have to run!"

Korbyn sheathed his blade, grabbed Jaziel's hand, and turned to run!

The two of them were so stunned that they did not dare to turn their heads.

Only the pinnacles of Hansworth would understand how terrifying the ancient warlocks were!

In ancient times, ancient warlocks fooled all living beings and claimed to be gods! They were in their peak in ancient times.

The path of a warlock had many branches!

All kinds of magical techniques that had been passed down to the present day belonged to the path of arts.

The ability to control wind and rain made the common people who were uneducated revere them.

Even in the modern era, there were still people of the older generation who believed in the existence of gods and all kinds of superstitions.

However, the Northern Army men didn't believe in these things!

When Braydon was nine years old, he was educated by his teacher, Finley Yanagi.

There was no God in the world. Even if there was, it was a God in one's heart!

God was in the hearts of the people, not in the heavens.

All over the world, there were all kinds of idols.

Even if the owners of these statues were resurrected, Braydon would still dare to kill them with the Northern King Sword!

There was no one in the world that Braydon dared not kill.

It was easy to break a God statue, but it was extremely difficult to break the God in a person's heart. It was even harder than ascending to the heavens!

In the five thousand years of Hansworth, even with the power of the First Emperor, Emperor Hansworth, the Togo Empire, and Soho Empire, they still could not break the God in the hearts of the people.

Even now, it was still the same!

That was why Braydon had left behind a set of words when he visited the Great Hall of the Shaolin Temple on Mount Sheburg.

He believed that no one would forget those words.

“The sword suppresses the evil spirits in all directions. The Qi shakes the mountains and rivers of the nine regions. The might of the country is vast.” He wrote these words and hung them on top of the Buddha statue.

This was a blatant warning.

National authority would always be above divine authority.

If the sects dared to make any moves, Braydon would not hesitate to send the Northern Army south to kill them.

At this time, while Jaziel and Korbyn were running away.

Braydon had already made his move. He was using facts to tell the world that the world’s martial arts originated from Hansworth!

Hansworth’s martial arts were so powerful that all the people in the four seas and eight directions submitted to them. They suppressed the sea and shocked the eight wastelands. Outside Hansworth, everyone was a barbarian.

It could be seen how powerful their ancestors were during the brilliant era of martial arts.

However, in this era, Braydon not only wanted to restore the glory of his ancestors, but he also wanted to surpass them!

Braydon closed his eyes and stood between heaven and earth.

Grimm Tomanker of the Kappa Empire said hoarsely, "Everyone, attack and kill Braydon!"

"Kill him!"

The top martial artists from various countries still refused to retreat.

They swore to kill Braydon.

Otherwise, in the future, no one in the entire world would be able to suppress Braydon.

All the pinnacle martial artists present attacked.

Braydon closed his eyes and said softly, 'Martial arts technique, moving mountains and overturning seas!'

Braydon carried the power of the surrounding mountains and rivers with his body without any pressure.

Braydon, who had reached the pinnacle realm, once again used the eight techniques, which was ten times more terrifying than before!