

Strongest 821

Chapter 821: Rogue Cultivators Cannot Enter!

That was what a true pinnacle martial artist was!

Maddox Johnstone had accepted the fact that he was a one-armed man. His body was incomplete, but his temperament was as fierce as a wolf. He silently followed behind Braydon Neal and arrived at the foot of Mount Woolas.

This was originally a scenic spot.

It was already under martial law!

All tourists were not allowed to climb the mountain. They announced that the mountain had collapsed and was undergoing emergency repairs for a month. In reality, the heads of the hundred schools of thought were holding a summit.

At the foot of Mount Woolas, there was still a flood of people.

These people were not tourists. There was a large number of hidden martial artists.

Martial artists were also human beings. They hid among ordinary people. If they did not unleash their martial artist strength, no one would be able to tell the difference between them and ordinary people.

Braydon and his group arrived at the entrance at the foot of the mountain.

There were eight people guarding the entrance to the stairs leading to Mount Woolas. They were all warlord level martial artists.

There was even a registration counter next to the entrance, and people kept walking up the mountain through the entrance.

The person walking in front of Braydon and the others was a silver-haired old man. He was supported by a strange girl as they walked up the mountain.

The silver-haired old man went to the stairs leading up the mountain. The eight of them immediately bowed and said respectfully, "Elder Linton!"

"Elder Linton, you're here!"

The man in the suit sitting on the registration counter, a dignified War God, bent down to support him and said, "Your body is still so strong!"

"I'm old, and my body is useless. I wanted to spend my remaining years at home, but my granddaughter insisted on coming out to see the world, so I brought her here to broaden her horizons

The silver-haired old man's face was filled with age spots. His age indicated that his life was coming to an end.

The mischievous girl next to the old man looked to be in her twenties. She was in her prime and had a delicate oval face. Her clear eyes were filled with craftiness.

The man in the tunic suit revealed an elderly smile and said, "This must be Harmony. She's all grown up now. I remember that the last time I saw her, she was only thirteen years old!"

"Uncle Lundy, is there anything interesting about this hundred schools of thought summit? Did the Jansky family produce some kind of freak again?" Harmony Linton asked softly.

The silver-haired old man, Judah Linton, shook his head and sighed. "Harmony, don't spout nonsense!"

"Haha, Elder Linton, she's just a child. Children have no fear. But Harmony, let me tell you this. In this year's summit, avoid provoking the Jansky family, you understand?"

Heywood Lundy warned softly.

Judah was a shrewd old man and did not allow his granddaughter to ask anymore questions. He said happily, "Harmony, we should go up!"

"Let's go!"

Harmony knew that there was nothing fun at the foot of the mountain. She walked up the bluestone steps and accompanied her grandfather up the mountain.

Braydon and the others were right behind him, and they intended to walk up as well.

Heywood extended his hand to stop him and sized him up. "You guys came with Elder Linton?"

"We don't know them!"

Harmony, who was standing on the steps in front, turned around and saw Braydon.

Heywood immediately frowned and said, "Which forces are you from? Please state your identities. There is an important event on Mount Woolas that is not open to outsiders!"

"I'm just a commoner; a nobody. I have no official position or title!"

Braydon called himself a nobody.

Carl Mason and Sayge Doyle, who were behind him, were expressionless. As ruthless people from the Northern Army, they naturally knew that the people from the Northern Army's higher-ups all called themselves nobodies.

If it were Frediano Jadanza, Westley Hader, and the rest, without exception, they would all call themselves nameless people.

“A nobody? A rogue cultivator?” Heywood probed. “Sorry, rogue cultivators are not allowed to enter!”

He rejected Braydon and the others from climbing up the mountain.

Carl slowly walked out from behind and said indifferently, “Rogue cultivators can’t enter, but can I, a rogue cultivator, climb up the mountain?”

“You are... Commander Mason!”

Heywood was shocked. He recognized Carl.

He was the commander of the five northern provinces.

Carl didn’t seem strong, but as the commander of the five northern provinces, he could contact the capital directly and was from the Northern Army.

Even kings didn’t dare to offend him.

Moreover, the king of the northern territory had been conferred the title of Garrison King.

It was said that the elites of the Northern Army were already in the palace and held great power. The martial artists of the world would not dare to go against the people of the Northern Army.

In an instant.

Heywood smiled and said, “Commander Mason, sorry for not welcoming you. You’re on the list of invited guests. Everyone thought that you wouldn’t come this year like in previous years!”

“Is Kinslee Mayer on the mountain?”

Carl did not forget the purpose of his visit.

Braydon and Carl did not care about the so-called summit. They were only here for Kinslee.

Heywood couldn't help but nod. "The young master of the Mayer family arrived long ago. He's on Mount Woolas."

When Braydon heard this, he ignored Heywood and brought Sadie Dudley up the bluestone stairs toward the peak of the mountain. Carl and Sayge followed behind him.

No one dared to walk in front of Braydon!

When Heywood saw this scene, his pupils constricted. He immediately realized that the young man and woman walking in front of him had a status that was very likely above the commander of Northern Hansworth, Carl.

A young man and a young woman were accompanied by Commander Carl and Captain Sayge.

His status was definitely above these two.

Heywood's gaze slowly shifted to the one-armed young man at the back of the group.

The one-armed young man, Maddox, noticed Heywood's gaze and slowly glanced over. Just one glance was enough to make Heywood feel a wave of power.

It was force!

Heywood was shocked when he felt the force, and he retreated seven to eight meters back.

Two deep marks were left on the ground by his feet!

“Force release, king combat technique!”

Heywood was shocked, and his eyes revealed a hint of shock.

He was really stunned!

The group of people had thought that this one-armed youth was an inconspicuous martial artist with a broken body.

But who would have thought that he was actually a king!

Heywood’s eyes were filled with reverence as he looked at the few people on the mountain and muttered, “A godly figure is attending the hundred schools of thought summit!”

Heywood, who was at the War God level, realized that these people were definitely not unknown people.

A youth that could make a king quietly follow behind him could not possibly be an ordinary person!

He was probably a very important figure today.

The young man in plain clothes probably had a pinnacle backing him up.

When he thought of that, Heywood gasped.

Not long after, another strange man appeared at the foot of Mount Woolas. He was covered in a black robe, and his face was covered.

The strange man flashed to the stairs and asked indifferently, "Did a young man in plain clothes come here today?"

"He just climbed the mountain half an hour ago. You are..." Heywood probed.

As a result, the black-robed man's shoulders surged with vitality.

Bright red vitality slowly condensed and turned into red wings.

Vitality wings!

"A pinnacle!"

Heywood was stunned..