

Strongest 827

Chapter 827: The Jansky Family Appears!

Kieran Normand was a ruthless person who ranked second on Hansworth's pinnacle ranking a hundred years ago.

It had been a hundred years, and Kieran's vitality had exceeded 6,000 Na.

Orlando Henderson was only a pinnacle with 1,000 Na of vitality.

The difference in strength between the two was sixfold!

Between martial artists, such a difference in strength was so great that there was basically no possibility of winning.

Kieran moved as fast as lightning and punched like a bolt of lightning!

A punch with a strength of 600,000 pounds.

Even if there was a huge rock in front of him, he could still crush it with a punch!

Not to mention a martial artist's body of flesh and blood.

"Kieran Normand, are you going to declare war on the aristocratic families?" Orlando asked angrily in shock.

"If I declare war, will the aristocratic families dare to accept it?"

Kieran was a big shot in the capital. He had never compromised with the aristocratic families in the past hundred years.

Don't forget that the people from the powerful families and aristocratic families were all bound to the capital.

The people who suppressed the two great entities were the three giants of the capital.

Why would Kieran be afraid of them?

Kieran's fist was about to land on Orlando.

A fair palm appeared and blocked the fist.

It was a young man with a pale face. It seemed that he had overindulged in worldly pleasures. His face was unhealthily pale, and he looked weak. His thin body was covered in black clothes.

He seemed to be a man of few words as he said in a low voice, "Commander

Normand, let him live!"

With just a simple sentence, he took Kieran's palm head-on and was as steady as Mount Tanish.

His strength was probably a little terrifying!

This punch definitely had a force of 600,000 pounds, but the sickly young man easily took it.

Orlando let out a long sigh of relief. He had just barely escaped from the gates of hell!

Kieran's eyes revealed fear as he said, "The Jansky family?"

“Trevor Jansky of Lenver’s Jansky family!”

The sickly youth said his name.

The Jansky family finally showed up and intervened in this matter. At the mention of the Jansky family, all the martial artists on Mount Woolas revealed a deep fear in their eyes.

Very few people could afford to offend a powerhouse that was from both the sects and the aristocratic families.

The Jansky family had been keeping a low profile for thousands of years.

However, the foundation of the Jansky family was the most terrifying of all!

In the pavilion.

Braydon Neal stood up slowly and said, “Northern Army, Braydon Neal!”

After Trevor said his name, Braydon slowly walked over with the wooden box.

The two young men slowly looked at each other.

“Today, Orlando Henderson won’t be able to escape death!” Braydon said calmly.

“Why did you kill him?”

Trevor’s gaze was calm.

Braydon stopped at seven meters away from Trevor and said indifferently, "I am the Garrison King, the guardian of the nation. I summoned him here on the Garrison King's orders. Those who disobey the orders are traitors!"

His calm words made Trevor frown slightly.

"Braydon, your great-grandfather Beckett Neal wasn't as overbearing as you when he was alive!" Orlando said angrily.

"When great-grandfather was young, was he as elegant as me?"

Braydon wasn't in a hurry to kill and asked slowly.

With just one sentence, everyone fell silent!

The previous Garrison King, Beckett Neal, was the leader of the powerful families. Naturally, he was extremely terrifying.

However, he died under the fate of the country.

In this era, Braydon had received ten layers of national fate!

Ten levels of national fate! Even the First Emperor and Emperor Hansworth were inferior to him!

Just based on this point, Braydon had already surpassed his great-grandfather.

Orlando was silent.

"If I'm not as good as my great-grandfather today, give me three years and I'll definitely surpass my ancestor!" Braydon said softly.

His voice was like thunder, rolling over and reverberating in the sky, making

people's ears tremble. This was King Braydon!

Crack!

The four-foot-long wooden box in Braydon's hand quietly opened.

A soaring sword intent filled the entire peak of Mount Woolas.

All the martial artists present felt a sharp edge on their backs. They felt that the sword intent that was everywhere was about to pierce through their bodies.

Whoosh!

Everyone heard a crisp sound.

This was a sword cry!

Sawyer Quail looked over and said, "This sword is about to be born!"

"Heavenly sword !"

Commander Zavier Leach was shocked.

After so many years, he could finally see the birth of this sword again!

When Braydon was young, his teacher, Martial Emperor Yanagi, had once taught Braydon and Colton Jansky something in the capital's inner palace.

Braydon still remembered those words.

Swords were divided into three grades!

First, it was a commoner sword. It was cruel and fierce. It could not be used in the streets.

The second was a marquis sword, with bravery as the edge and loyalty as the blade.

Finally, it was the heavenly sword!

Throughout the five thousand years of Hansworth, only one person had forged a heavenly sword!

That person was the First Emperor!

He forged a heavenly sword, killed all the vassals in the world, swept across the world, unified Hansworth, pacified the seven countries that had been separated for hundreds of years, ended the world's disputes, and set the rules of the human world.

From then on, the world would be unified, and the people would submit!

This sword was also passed down over the years.

The person who inherited the heavenly sword was Colton, the son of the civil fate.

Martial Emperor Yanagi had once said that Colton cultivated literature and had been sickly since he was young. He could protect himself with the heavenly sword. As his elder brother, Braydon could not compete with him for it!

The two of them had lived together in the palace when they were young.

Braydon was the older brother, and Colton was the younger brother.

When he was young, Braydon had never thought of snatching his brother's heavenly sword.

It was just a heavenly sword!

Even though it had a special meaning.

But so what!

Did Braydon ever care about these things?

Ever since he was young, everyone knew that Braydon was indifferent to fame and fortune.

Braydon wanted Colton.

He only wanted his little brother to live well, not a three-foot-long sword that was cold to the touch.

His old friend had passed away, leaving behind only a relic!

Under everyone's watchful eyes.

The four-foot-long wooden box was opened, revealing a gleaming sword.

The sword was slender and extremely sharp!

This was the heavenly sword!

Braydon held the sword in his left hand. The sword trembled slightly, as if it had been sealed for too long and was eager to be born and follow its master.

Braydon gently stroked the heavenly sword, recalling his childhood memories. He said softly, "The sword is still the same, but my old friend has passed away!"

Swoosh!

After saying that.

Braydon held the sword in his left hand, and his vitality surged out and poured into the heavenly sword.

The scarlet sword energy could break through anything.

The tip of the sword was aimed at Orlando's head.

In a flash, Trevor pulled out the black dagger at his waist.

Crack!

The dagger broke, and the sword light swept across. Trevor's body flew backward, and a foot-long wound appeared on his chest. The sharp sword Qi entered his body, causing Trevor to spit out blood and suffer heavy injuries in an instant.

The Jansky family's Trevor, who could take Kieran's punch, was defeated by Braydon with a single sword.

It was all because of the heavenly sword.

The heavenly sword was too sharp, and the sword intent it contained was even more terrifying. It almost took Trevor's life.

Braydon held the sword in his left hand and slashed at Orlando, shocking all the martial artists of the aristocratic families on Mount Woolas!

Braydon dared to kill the head of the Henderson family in the northwest!

Any martial artist from an aristocratic family who dared to take advantage of Hansworth's precarious situation would die without a doubt.

Braydon held the sword in his left hand and placed his right hand behind his waist. He said softly, "People of the Jansky family's who's in the same generation as Colton, please leave.. The heavenly sword will not be stained with your blood!"