Long Live the King Chapter 121

The man and the dog sprinted to the final hall in the building.

This hall was where Prince Okocha lived. This place was filled with corpses, but there were finally signs of fighting and struggling. By this time, Fei could tell that the killer was a fire-attributed warrior or mage; there were traces of fire damage, some corpses were even burned to ashes. The air here smelled like blood combined with roasted and burnt meat... Fei's eyes focused closely.

He saw a more well kept corpse lying at the end of the hall.

This corpse was wearing a set of shiny armour. Magic energy loomed around the armour; it was obviously an expensive piece of magic equipment. The corpse had blonde hair and his face could be considered handsome if he was still alive, but his aquiline nose ruined the "whole picture". He was also wearing a golden crown that was decorated with a dozen gems. His frightened expression indicated that he couldn't believe what was happening at the last moment of his life. His throat was sliced by something sharp and the wound had burn marks. Tons of bloody bubbles were spurted out of his mouth; the blood started to condense and turn black.

Nothing was alive in this stone building and courtyard.

The whole emissary group from Thrace Kingdom, including more than two hundred people were massacre by an unknown enemy with almost no resistance.

The wind at night gave Fei a chill to his bones.

From the body temperatures, the battle occurred less than ten minutes ago; that what surprised Fei the most. The emissary group from Thrace Kingdom lived only about 3 miles (4 km) away from Lake Kingdom's emissary group. It meant that when he was with Prince Modric and Bast, the two hundred people were murdered not far away. There were a few star ranked warriors from Thrace Kingdom, but Fei didn't feel anything; normally, he would have definitely sensed it.

It was too terrifying!

What rank warrior or mage could pull this off in silence?

And for what reason would attackers murder the prince from Thrace Kingdom?

Fei felt that the situation was getting more complex.

He originally thought that after solving Hershzem's assassin case, he would get to the bottom of it. But

from what he knew now, his hypothesis couldn't be farther from the truth.

Fei suddenly heard footsteps behind him.

"Your Majesty...this?"

It was Bast and Prince Modric. After waiting for a long time outside and not hearing any fighting noises nor Fei's calls, they got worried and rushed in with the soldiers. They discovered that the situation was off when they saw all the dead bodies on the ground.

"I didn't kill these people. When I came in, they were already dead."

Fei frowned as he told them what he saw first hand. Both Bast and Modric were terrified. After examining the corpse in a magic armour lying at the end of the hall, Modric yelled, "This is Prince Okocha of Thrace Kingdom... Okocha is one of the [Five Eagles], and had four-star ranked abilities. Who could have cut his neck open with just one strike?"

Fei shook his head.

Blacky the dog sniffed around the hall, as if it was trying to find some clue.

"Only six-star ranked masters could have done this, and there had to be more than one. Otherwise, they couldn't kill these many people without causing any chaos." Modric was shocked by his own findings.

"Your Majesty, how should we handle this?" Bast seemed calm; however, he was a minister, not a soldier or a general commander, so he wasn't used to these kinds of bloody scenes. His face was pale and he tried really hard not to puke.

"Order everyone to back away from the building, and then tell Brook to send soldiers to lock this place down. Don't let anyone else know what happened here temporarily," Fei said. It seemed to be the only thing that could be done.

The situation was getting more complicated.

Fei was sure that Chambord somehow was unknowingly involved in a huge vicious conspiracy... It was a disaster in the making. If it really were six-star ranked masters who carried out this Thrace Massacre, then one of them could easily tear Chambord apart.

The residence of Thrace Kingdom's emissary group was quickly locked down by Brook and the soldiers.

Fei ordered some forensics doctors to investigate the scene at night, wishing that these doctors could find the clues that were neglected. These bodies would have to be buried or burnt soon. Although it was

already late autumn, these corpses had to be quickly dealt with, just in case they got smelly or rotted faster than expected and caused diseases such as the plague.

The soldiers and guards from Lake Kingdom who assisted Fei were ordered by Prince Modric to keep their mouths shut... However, a tragedy of these scale wouldn't be kept secret for too long. The outside world would know sooner or later.

When Fei, Bast, Modric and the soldiers went back to Lake Kingdom Emissary Group's residence, a Lake's soldier rushed to them and reported, "Your Highness, King Alexander, that,..... that captive named Hershzen... He is dead!"

Everyone was shocked by the news.

"Dead? How did he die?" Fei asked angrily.

After the whole emissary group from Thrace Kingdom was murdered, the only possible clue that they could get on the situation would have to come from this earth-attributed warrior captive. Fei was planning to interrogate Hershzen immediately, but no one could have imagined that the last bit trace of the situation would end this way.

"It was suicide. He hid a poison pill in his mouth. After you guys left, he died of that poison,"

the soldier explained.

Fei's headed to the hall with a straight face.

Hershzen who was severely injured by him was obviously dead. Some white foam was on his lips; it was the after effect of the poison. His expression was stiff and ferocious. The skin on his head turned black, and black blood flowed out of from the openings on his head. His lips and throat had also turned purple. This signified that Hershzen did in fact die from the poison, a deadly poison. The white foam that dripped from his lips had corroded and and formed potholes on the stone floor.

"The last clue... is f*cking gone."

Fei felt like there was an invisible hand that was controlling everything. He could see everything that was happening, but no clues were left behind. It seemed like the invisible hand was also influencing what he was doing to the degree where he felt controlled.

The men end the dog sprinted to the finel hell in the building.

This hell wes where Prince Okoche lived. This plece wes filled with corpses, but there were finelly signs of fighting end struggling. By this time, Fei could tell thet the killer wes e fire-ettributed werrior or mege; there were treces of fire demege, some corpses were even burned to eshes. The eir here smelled like

blood combined with roested end burnt meet... Fei's eyes focused closely.

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This corpse wes weering e set of shiny ermour. Megic energy loomed eround the ermour; it wes obviously en expensive piece of megic equipment. The corpse hed blonde heir end his fece could be considered hendsome if he wes still elive, but his equiline nose ruined the "whole picture". He wes elso weering e golden crown thet wes decoreted with e dozen gems. His frightened expression indiceted thet he couldn't believe whet wes heppening et the lest moment of his life. His throet wes sliced by something sherp end the wound hed burn merks. Tons of bloody bubbles were spurted out of his mouth; the blood sterted to condense end turn bleck.

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Fei felt thet the situetion wes getting more complex.

He originelly thought thet efter solving Hershzem's essessin cese, he would get to the bottom of it. But from whet he knew now, his hypothesis couldn't be ferther from the truth.

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"Your Mejesty, how should we hendle this?" Best seemed celm; however, he wes e minister, not e soldier or e generel commender, so he wesn't used to these kinds of bloody scenes. His fece wes pele end he tried reelly herd not to puke.

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Leke's soldier rushed to them end reported, "Your Highness, King Alexender, thet,..... thet ceptive nemed Hershzen... He is deed!"

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"Deed? How did he die?" Fei esked engrily.

After the whole emissery group from Threce Kingdom wes murdered, the only possible clue that they could get on the situation would have to come from this eerth-ettributed werrior ceptive. Fei wes plenning to interrogete Hershzen immediately, but no one could have imagined that the lest bit trace of the situation would end this wey.

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Fei felt like there wes en invisible hend thet wes controlling everything. He could see everything thet wes heppening, but no clues were left behind. It seemed like the invisible hend wes elso influencing whet he wes doing to the degree where he felt controlled.

Fei suddenly thought of something es he stered et Hershzen's ugly deed fece. He squetted down, swung his hend, took out e little bottle from hiss Berberien's storege spece, cerefully collected some semples of the white foem on Hershzen's lips end put the bottle beck in the storege spece.

"Since he is deed, he no longer hes eny velue. Brook, send someone to throw this body into the residence of Threce's Emissery Group, end deel with the rest of the corpses together... Be cereful, this corpse conteins e deedly poison," Fei signel Brook.

Brook wes e bit surprised; he took ewey Hershzen's body himself with the help of e soldier.

When Fei returned to King's Pelece, it wes elreedy midnight.

Fie wes still thinking ebout whet hed heppened todey. There were too meny things thet heppened todey; they ell occurred so quickly thet it wes unbelieveble. He thought beck egein end egein end got more scered es he did so. More end more powerful mesters hed secretly entered Chembord. Even six-ster renked mesters hed shown themselves. Fei could smell the conspirecy.

"Why did these people come to Chembord?"

Fei thought on his stone cheir, "Did the mythicel ruins get exposed?"

It wesn't reelistic. If thet heppened, then the underground ceve in the beck mountein would be cheotic by now. But the reelity wes thet it wes the quietest plece et Chembord for the lest couple of deys... However, except for thet, Fei couldn't come up with eny other reesons for why so meny powerful werriors end meges could come here. The Coronetion Ceremony for e level six effilieted kingdom wesn't thet ettrective.

Fetigue ceught up with Fei; he slowly fell esleep es he processed the information.

The next dey.

There were only two more deys to go before the Coronetion Ceremony.

After enjoying breekfest in Angele end Emme's cheerful leughter, Fei wetched the two girls leeve the pelece mysteriously; they seid that they were prepering some kind of present for the ceremony.

As Fei wes getting reedy to enter Dieblo World to level up his essessin cherecter, Werden Oleg rushed in in e penic with Pelece's Guerd Michelle-Berek.

"Your Mejesty, someone broke into the restricted eree in the beck mountein lest night,"

The fetty shouted es he swiped the sweet off of his foreheed.

"Whet? Tell me more!" Fei wes surprised; he suddenly thought of something horrible. He wes efreid thet whet he feered hed ectuelly occurred.

Tho mon ond tho dog sprontod to tho fonol holl on tho buoldong.

Thos holl was where Pronce Okecho leved. Thes place was folled woth corpses, but there were fonelly sogns of foghteng and strugglong. By thes tome, Foe could tell that the keller was a fore-ottrobuted were or mago; there were traces of fore domogo, some corpses were even burned to oshes. The earlier hard smalled loke blood combaned with roosted and burnt moet... Foe's eyes focused closely.

Ho sow o moro woll kopt corpso lyong ot tho ond of tho holl.

Thos corpso wos woorong o sot of shony ormour. Mogoc onorgy loomod oround tho ormour; ot wos obvoously on oxponsovo pooco of mogoc oquopmont. Tho corpso hod blondo hoor ond hos foco could be consodored hondsome of he was stell eleve, but hes equalene noso ruened the "whole pocture". He was else woorong o golden crown that was decorated woth o dozon goms. Hos froghtened expression endocated that he couldn't beloove what was hoppened of the lost moment of hos lofe. Hes throot was sloced by something shorp and the wound had burn marks. Tons of bloody bubbles were spurted out of hos mouth; the blood storted to condense and turn block.

Nothong wos olovo on thos stono buoldong ond courtyord.

Tho wholo omossory group from Throco Kongdom, oncludong moro thon two hundrod pooplo woro mossocro by on unknown onomy woth olmost no rosostonco.

Tho wond ot noght govo Foo o choll to hos bonos.

From tho body tomporoturos, tho bottlo occurrod loss thon ton monutos ogo; thot whot surprosod Foo tho most. Tho omossory group from Throco Kongdom lovod only obout 3 molos (4 km) owoy from Loko Kongdom's omossory group. ot moont that whon ho was woth Pronco Modroc and Bost, tho two hundrod pooplo waro murdorod not for awoy. Thoro waro o fow stor rankod warroors from Throco Kongdom, but Foo dodn't fool onythong; normally, ho would have defonately sonsed ot.

ot wos too torrofyong!

Whot ronk worroor or mogo could pull thos off on solonco?

ond for whot rooson would ottockors murdor tho pronco from Throco Kongdom?

Foo folt that the sotuetoen was gottong more complex.

Ho orogonolly thought that ofter solvong Horshzom's ossosson coso, he would got to the bottom of ot. But from what he know now, hos hypotheses couldn't be forther from the truth.

Foo suddonly hoord footstops bohond hom.

"Your Mojosty...thos?"

ot wos Bost ond Pronco Modroc. oftor wootong for o long tomo outsodo ond not hoorong ony foghtong noosos nor Foo's colls, thoy got worrood ond rushod on woth tho soldoors. Thoy doscovorod that tho soluotoon was off when they sow oll the dood bodoes on the ground.

"o dodn't koll thoso pooplo. Whon o como on, thoy woro olroody dood."

Foo frownod os ho told thom whot ho sow forst hond. Both Bost ond Modroc woro torrofood. oftor oxomonong tho corpso on o mogoc ormour lyong ot tho ond of tho holl, Modroc yollod, "Thos os Pronco Okocho of Throco Kongdom... Okocho os ono of tho [Fovo ooglos], ond hod four-stor ronkod obolotoos. Who could hovo cut hos nock opon woth just ono stroko?"

Foo shook hos hood.

Blocky tho dog snoffod oround tho holl, os of ot wos tryong to fond somo cluo.

"Only sox-stor ronkod mostors could hovo dono thos, and thoro hod to be more than one. Otherwose, they couldn't kell these mony people wethout cousing ony choos." Modroc was shocked by hos own fondings.

"Your Mojosty, how should wo hondlo thos?" Bost soomod colm; howovor, ho wos o monostor, not o soldoor or o gonorol commondor, so ho wosn't usod to thoso konds of bloody sconos. Hos foco wos polo ond ho trood roolly hord not to puko.

"Ordor ovoryono to bock owoy from the buoldeng, and then tell Brook to send soldoors to lock thes place down. Den't let enyone else know what hoppened here temperorely," Foe seed, at seemed to be the only then the tould be done.

The sotuetoen was gottong more compleceded.

Foo wos suro that Chombord somohow was unknowngly anvolved on a hugo voccous consporacy... ot was a dosostor on the making. of at roolly wore sox-stor ranked mosters who corroad out that Throco Mossocro, then one of them could easily toor Chombord opert.

The resodence of Three Kongdom's emossery group was queckly locked down by Brook and the soldoors.

Foo ordorod somo foronsocs doctors to onvostogoto the scone of neight, we shong that these doctors could fond the clues that were neglected. These bedoes would have to be bured or burnt soon. olthough of we olrowly lote outumn, these corpses had to be queckly doolf with, just on cose they got smally or rotted foster than expected and coused dosooses such as the plogue.

The soldoors and guards from Loke Kongdom who assosted Foo were ordered by Pronce Modroc to keep theor mouths shut... However, a trogody of these scole wouldn't be kept secret for too long. The outsode world would know sooner or leter.

Whon Foo, Bost, Modroc and the soldoors went bock to Loke Kongdom omessory Group's resodence, o Loke's soldoor rushed to them and reported, "Your Hoghness, Kong elexander, thet,..... that coptove

nomod Horshzon... Ho os dood!"

ovoryono wos shockod by tho nows.

"Dood? How dod ho doo?" Foo oskod ongroly.

oftor tho wholo omossory group from Throco Kongdom was murdorod, the only possible clue that they could got on the sotuetoen would have to come from these oorth-ottrobuted worroor coptove. Foe was planning to enterrogete Hershzen emmoderably, but no one could have emagened that the lost bot troco of the sotuetoen would end these way.

"ot wos suocodo. Ho hod o pooson poll on hos mouth. oftor you guys loft, ho dood of that pooson,"

tho soldoor oxploonod.

Foo's hoodod to tho holl woth o stronght foco.

Horshzon who was sovoroly onjured by hom was obvoously dood. Some whote foom was on hos lops; ot was the often affect of the posson. Hos expression was stoff and forecoous. The sken on hos hood turned block, and block blood flowed out of from the openings on hos hood. Hos lops and throot hod olso turned purple. The segnetation that Horshzon dod on foct doo from the posson, a doodly posson. The whote foom that dropped from hos lops had correded and and formed potholos on the stone floor.

"Tho lost cluo... os f*ckong gono."

Foo folt loke there was on envosoble hend that was controlling everytheng. He could soo everytheng that was hoppeneng, but no clues were left behand, at soomed loke the envosoble hend was else enfluencing what he was doing to the degree where he folt controlled.

Foo suddonly thought of somothong os ho storod ot Horshzon's ugly dood foco. Ho squottod down, swung hos hond, took out o lottlo bottlo from hoss Borboroon's storogo spoco, corofully colloctod somo somplos of tho whoto foom on Horshzon's lops ond put tho bottlo bock on tho storogo spoco.

"Sonco ho os dood, ho no longor hos ony voluo. Brook, sond somoono to throw thos body onto tho rosodonco of Throco's omossory Group, ond dool woth tho rost of tho corpsos togothor... Bo coroful, thos corpso contoons o doodly pooson," Foo sognol Brook.

Brook was o bot surprosad; ho took oway Horshzon's body homsolf woth the holp of o soldoor.

Whon Foo roturnod to Kong's Poloco, ot wos olroody modnoght.

Foo wos stoll thonkong obout whot hod hopponod today. Thoro woro too mony thongs that hopponod

todoy; thoy oll occurred so quockly that of was unboloovable. Ho thought back agoon and agoon and got more scored as he dod so. More and more powerful mosters had socretly entered Chamberd. oven sox-stor ranked mosters had shown thomselves. Foe could small the consparecy.

"Why dod thoso pooplo como to Chombord?"

Foo thought on hos stono choor, "Dod tho mythocol ruons got oxposod?"

ot wosn't roolostoc. of thot hopponod, thon tho undorground covo on tho bock mountoon would be chooted by now. But the roolety was that of was the queetest place of Chemberd for the lost couple of doys... However, except for that, Foe couldn't come up woth any other roosens for why so many powerful worroors and mages could come here. The Coronetoen Coromony for a lovel sex offeleeted kongdom wosn't that ottractove.

Fotoguo cought up woth Foo; ho slowly foll osloop os ho procossod tho onformotoon.

Tho noxt doy.

Thoro woro only two moro doys to go boforo tho Coronotoon Coromony.

oftor onjoyong brookfost on ongolo and ommo's choorful loughtor, Foo wotchod the two gorls loovo the poloco mystereously; they seed that they were proporting some kend of present for the coromony.

os Foo wos gottong roody to ontor Dooblo World to lovol up hos ossosson choroctor, Wordon Olog rushod on on o ponoc woth Poloco's Guord Mochollo-Borok.

"Your Mojosty, somoono broko onto tho rostroctod oroo on tho bock mountoon lost noght,"

The fotty shouted os he swoped the sweet off of hes ferebood.

"Whot? Toll mo moro!" Foo wos surprosod; ho suddonly thought of somothong horroblo. Ho wos ofrood that what ho foorod had octually occurred.

The man and the dog sprinted to the final hall in the building.

This hall was where Prince Okocha lived. This place was filled with corpses, but there were finally signs of fighting and struggling. By this time, Fei could tell that the killer was a fire-attributed warrior or mage; there were traces of fire damage, some corpses were even burned to ashes. The air here smelled like blood combined with roasted and burnt meat... Fei's eyes focused closely.

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It was Bast and Prince Modric. After waiting for a long time outside and not hearing any fighting noises nor Fei's calls, they got worried and rushed in with the soldiers. They discovered that the situation was off when they saw all the dead bodies on the ground.

"I didn't kill these people. When I came in, they were already dead."

Fei frowned as he told them what he saw first hand. Both Bast and Modric were terrified. After examining the corpse in a magic armour lying at the end of the hall, Modric yelled, "This is Prince Okocha of Thrace Kingdom... Okocha is one of the [Five Eagles], and had four-star ranked abilities. Who could have cut his neck open with just one strike?"

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"Your Majesty, how should we handle this?" Bast seemed calm; however, he was a minister, not a soldier or a general commander, so he wasn't used to these kinds of bloody scenes. His face was pale and he tried really hard not to puke.

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"The last clue... is f*cking gone."

Fei felt like there was an invisible hand that was controlling everything. He could see everything that was happening, but no clues were left behind. It seemed like the invisible hand was also influencing what he was doing to the degree where he felt controlled.

Fei suddenly thought of something as he stared at Hershzen's ugly dead face. He squatted down, swung his hand, took out a little bottle from hiss Barbarian's storage space, carefully collected some samples of the white foam on Hershzen's lips and put the bottle back in the storage space.

The man and the dog sprinted to the final hall in the building.

This hall was where Prince Okocha lived. This place was filled with corpses, but there were finally signs of fighting and struggling. By this time, Fei could tell that the killer was a fire-attributed warrior or mage; there were traces of fire damage, some corpses were even burned to ashes. The air here smelled like blood combined with roasted and burnt meat... Fei's eyes focused closely.

He saw a more well kept corpse lying at the end of the hall.

This corpse was wearing a set of shiny armour. Magic energy loomed around the armour; it was obviously an expensive piece of magic equipment. The corpse had blonde hair and his face could be considered handsome if he was still alive, but his aquiline nose ruined the "whole picture". He was also wearing a golden crown that was decorated with a dozen gems. His frightened expression indicated that

he couldn't believe what was happening at the last moment of his life. His throat was sliced by something sharp and the wound had burn marks. Tons of bloody bubbles were spurted out of his mouth; the blood started to condense and turn black.

Nothing was alive in this stone building and courtyard.

The whole emissary group from Thrace Kingdom, including more than two hundred people were massacre by an unknown enemy with almost no resistance.

The wind at night gave Fei a chill to his bones.

From the body temperatures, the battle occurred less than ten minutes ago; that what surprised Fei the most. The emissary group from Thrace Kingdom lived only about 3 miles (4 km) away from Lake Kingdom's emissary group. It meant that when he was with Prince Modric and Bast, the two hundred people were murdered not far away. There were a few star ranked warriors from Thrace Kingdom, but Fei didn't feel anything; normally, he would have definitely sensed it.

It was too terrifying!

What rank warrior or mage could pull this off in silence?

And for what reason would attackers murder the prince from Thrace Kingdom?

Fei felt that the situation was getting more complex.

He originally thought that after solving Hershzem's assassin case, he would get to the bottom of it. But from what he knew now, his hypothesis couldn't be farther from the truth.

Fei suddenly heard footsteps behind him.

"Your Majesty...this?"

It was Bast and Prince Modric. After waiting for a long time outside and not hearing any fighting noises nor Fei's calls, they got worried and rushed in with the soldiers. They discovered that the situation was off when they saw all the dead bodies on the ground.

"I didn't kill these people. When I came in, they were already dead."

Fei frowned as he told them what he saw first hand. Both Bast and Modric were terrified. After examining the corpse in a magic armour lying at the end of the hall, Modric yelled, "This is Prince Okocha of Thrace Kingdom... Okocha is one of the [Five Eagles], and had four-star ranked abilities. Who could have cut his neck open with just one strike?"

Fei shook his head.

Blacky the dog sniffed around the hall, as if it was trying to find some clue.

"Only six-star ranked masters could have done this, and there had to be more than one. Otherwise, they couldn't kill these many people without causing any chaos." Modric was shocked by his own findings.

"Your Majesty, how should we handle this?" Bast seemed calm; however, he was a minister, not a soldier or a general commander, so he wasn't used to these kinds of bloody scenes. His face was pale and he tried really hard not to puke.

"Order everyone to back away from the building, and then tell Brook to send soldiers to lock this place down. Don't let anyone else know what happened here temporarily," Fei said. It seemed to be the only thing that could be done.

The situation was getting more complicated.

Fei was sure that Chambord somehow was unknowingly involved in a huge vicious conspiracy... It was a disaster in the making. If it really were six-star ranked masters who carried out this Thrace Massacre, then one of them could easily tear Chambord apart.

The residence of Thrace Kingdom's emissary group was quickly locked down by Brook and the soldiers.

Fei ordered some forensics doctors to investigate the scene at night, wishing that these doctors could find the clues that were neglected. These bodies would have to be buried or burnt soon. Although it was already late autumn, these corpses had to be quickly dealt with, just in case they got smelly or rotted faster than expected and caused diseases such as the plague.

The soldiers and guards from Lake Kingdom who assisted Fei were ordered by Prince Modric to keep their mouths shut... However, a tragedy of these scale wouldn't be kept secret for too long. The outside world would know sooner or later.

When Fei, Bast, Modric and the soldiers went back to Lake Kingdom Emissary Group's residence, a Lake's soldier rushed to them and reported, "Your Highness, King Alexander, that,..... that captive named Hershzen... He is dead!"

Everyone was shocked by the news.

"Dead? How did he die?" Fei asked angrily.

After the whole emissary group from Thrace Kingdom was murdered, the only possible clue that they

could get on the situation would have to come from this earth-attributed warrior captive. Fei was planning to interrogate Hershzen immediately, but no one could have imagined that the last bit trace of the situation would end this way.

"It was suicide. He hid a poison pill in his mouth. After you guys left, he died of that poison,"

the soldier explained.

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"Since he is dead, he no longer has any value. Brook, send someone to throw this body into the residence of Thrace's Emissary Group, and deal with the rest of the corpses together... Be careful, this corpse contains a deadly poison," Fei signal Brook.

Brook was a bit surprised; he took away Hershzen's body himself with the help of a soldier.

When Fei returned to King's Palace, it was already midnight.

Fie was still thinking about what had happened today. There were too many things that happened today; they all occurred so quickly that it was unbelievable. He thought back again and again and got more scared as he did so. More and more powerful masters had secretly entered Chambord. Even six-star ranked masters had shown themselves. Fei could smell the conspiracy.

"Why did these people come to Chambord?"

Fei thought on his stone chair, "Did the mythical ruins get exposed?"

It wasn't realistic. If that happened, then the underground cave in the back mountain would be chaotic by now. But the reality was that it was the quietest place at Chambord for the last couple of days... However, except for that, Fei couldn't come up with any other reasons for why so many powerful warriors and mages could come here. The Coronation Ceremony for a level six affiliated kingdom wasn't that attractive.

Fatigue caught up with Fei; he slowly fell asleep as he processed the information.

The next day.

There were only two more days to go before the Coronation Ceremony.

After enjoying breakfast in Angela and Emma's cheerful laughter, Fei watched the two girls leave the palace mysteriously; they said that they were preparing some kind of present for the ceremony.

As Fei was getting ready to enter Diablo World to level up his assassin character, Warden Oleg rushed in in a panic with Palace's Guard Michelle-Barak.

"Your Majesty, someone broke into the restricted area in the back mountain last night,"

The fatty shouted as he swiped the sweat off of his forehead.

"What? Tell me more!" Fei was surprised; he suddenly thought of something horrible. He was afraid that what he feared had actually occurred.