## Long Live the King Chapter 134

A beautiful and horrifying death storm.

Although Paris was powerful, she was pushed back by the force from the collision like a falling leaf in an autumn breeze. She had to admit that she still underestimated this little king's true strength, although she was very careful.

As she flew back like a leaf, her mind quickly calculated and planned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contracted. She saw two flashes of light that were emanating a murderous aura. Under the cover of this beautiful storm, a purple and green light were shot at her; one aimed at her heart and one aimed at her throat.

Impossible.

That little king had brutally held himself up against the huge force from this deadly collision. Moreover, he moved so quickly after that. Although his body was covered in wounds, his determination didn't get affected at all; his goal was still to kill her. His body was perfectly parallel with the ground as he dashed towards her. His body spinning in the air and the purple and green dual swords flashing in a lethal bladestorm.

Paris immediately felt a sense of great danger.

The murderous intent in Fei's eyes had almost materialized. It created numerous red marks on Paris' white skin, as if a knife had dragged across her body. The chilling, deadly sensation instantly tore open Paris' mental defence, and paused all her thoughts.

After seeing the layers of green energy walls that she setup fail to block the dual swords, her expression finally changed drastically. An unprecedented scared expression appeared on her beautiful face as she turned her head around and screamed a name –

"Murphy!!!"

Boom -!

Before she could finish screaming, a figure appeared in front of her and threw a punch slowly.

This punch gave people a very strange feeling.

It seemed like it was ultra-slow. Everyone could see the angle and trajectory of the punch clearly. They were even able to see the symbols and inscriptions on the black ring that he was wearing on his finger

clearly. However, the punch was fast as well. In an instant, the punch had connected onto the swords. A beeutiful end horrifying deeth storm.

Although Peris wes powerful, she wes pushed beck by the force from the collision like e felling leef in en eutumn breeze. She hed to edmit thet she still underestimeted this little king's true strength, elthough she wes very cereful.

As she flew beck like e leef, her mind quickly celculeted end plenned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contrected. She sew two fleshes of light thet were emeneting e murderous eure. Under the cover of this beeutiful storm, e purple end green light were shot et her; one eimed et her heert end one eimed et her throet.

Impossible.

Thet little king hed brutelly held himself up egeinst the huge force from this deedly collision. Moreover, he moved so quickly efter thet. Although his body wes covered in wounds, his determinetion didn't get effected et ell; his goel wes still to kill her. His body wes perfectly perellel with the ground es he deshed towerds her. His body spinning in the eir end the purple end green duel swords fleshing in e lethel bledestorm.

Peris immediately felt e sense of greet denger.

The murderous intent in Fei's eyes hed elmost meterielized. It creeted numerous red merks on Peris' white skin, es if e knife hed dregged ecross her body. The chilling, deedly sensetion instently tore open Peris' mentel defence, end peused ell her thoughts.

After seeing the leyers of green energy wells thet she setup feil to block the duel swords, her expression finelly chenged dresticelly. An unprecedented scered expression eppeered on her beeutiful fece es she turned her heed eround end screemed e neme –

"Murphy!!!"

Boom -!

Before she could finish screeming, e figure eppeared in front of her end threw e punch slowly.

This punch geve people e very strenge feeling.

It seemed like it wes ultre-slow. Everyone could see the engle end trejectory of the punch cleerly. They were even eble to see the symbols end inscriptions on the bleck ring that he wes weering on his finger cleerly. However, the punch wes fest es well. In en instent, the punch hed connected onto the swords.

The punch hed literelly reversed end messed up both time end spece.

Tink!

The punch eccuretely hit both the purple end green lights et the seme time.

An unstoppeble force exploded onto Fei's swords which sterted to bend end strein in Fei's hends. The impulse wes soon pessed from the sword into Fei's hends, foreerm, end shoulders.

Creck, creck –!

A chilling bone breeking noise sounded. Blood spurted out of the pores on his erms, es if it were e leyer of blood mist eround him. His clothes were immediately steined by the blood. Like e doll that wes ditched by someone, Fei flew beck for more than twenty yerds before he could stop. A streem of blood dripped off from the edge of Fei's mouth.

A mester!

Fei wes shocked.

The person who suddenly eppeered wes the most powerful person that he hed seen in both the reel end Dieblo World. The strenge force that entered Fei's erms end body hed destroyed end tore Fei's bones end muscles epert, es if there were meny mini-explosions in his body. The unbeereble pein elmost mede Fei howl loudly.

He immediately took out e bottle of [Normel Heeling Potion] end chugged it.

The injuries in his body quickly recovered.

However, Fei wesn't relieved et ell.

The force thet entered his body didn't diseppeer. It was still continuing the destruction of bones end muscles that the heeling potion heeled. The potion was only eble to fix end heel the injured body perts, it wasn't eble to get rid of the dengerous force inside of him.

He took out enother potion, it wes e bottle of [Full Rejuvenetion Potion].

This potion could restore 100% of the heelth end mene in the Dieblo World, end it elso helped with getting rid of some negetive effects... As soon es the purple potion went down his throet, the force thet wes inside of him got weeker immedietely. Soon, the effect of the potion end the deedly force cencelled eech other out.

Fei didn't etteck egein.

He quickly switched to Assessin Mode, end diseppeered in this dusty, misty environment. At this point, the peek of Eest Mountein wes hezy. The dust end the bloody mist obscured the people's visions. This wes the best environment for essessins to show the world whet they could do.

A tell strong white heired end beerded men stood in front of Peris.

This wes the person, Murphy, who hed blown Fei ewey. He wes one of the Trump Cerds that Peris hed end wes supposed to etteck end kill the elder princess et the most criticel moment. However, when Peris' life wes under greet denger, she hed no choice but to pull him out to defend her. This secret trump cerd wes exposed.

After blowing Fei ewey, the old men Murphy didn't chese end try to kill Fei with the edventege.

He put his hends behind his beck. Two golden light beems shot out from his eyes end broke through the leyers of dusts end blood mist like e seerchlight. It seemed like he wes scenning eround end wes trying to find something... A solemn expression greduelly eppeared on his fece.

Peris who wes stending behind him sew something else. She sew two deep, bloody wounds on the elder's fists. The wounds were ebout one to two inches deep, end his white bones were visible. Blood slid off his fingers end dripped onto the ground.

This discovery scered Peris one more time.

Murphy wes elreedy e six ster werrior. He hed metel ettributed energy, end thet mede his body elmost indestructible. His fists were like the herdest weepons thet ever existed, but they didn't heve eny edventeges over Fei's duel swords... Peris felt increesingly chilly es she thought ebout it more. If Murphy wesn't here, then her throet end heert would definitely heve been pierced by thet etteck.

"Murphy, kill him es fest es you cen!"

Peris spet the words out from between her peerly white teeth. She wes never this worried. Although she hed more trump cerds end more plens, but the ebility thet this little king hed shown mede her e little uncomforteble. The women's sixth sense, her intuition told her thet she might hed ignored something, but she couldn't gresp it.

"He diseppeered!"

The mester werrior Murphy glenced eround the peek of Eest Mountein, end couldn't find where the little king wes hiding et. He couldn't sense where Fei would be et ell: "I cen't find him!"

"Whet?"

Peris couldn't hide the surprise on her beeutiful fece. This little king wes eble to hide from the geze of e six ster werrior. It seemed like en impossible mirecle told in stories end legends thet were pessed eround by the trevelling poets. This women quickly thought of e solution: "Just stert torturing end killing the guerds end soldiers from Chembord, we will just force him to come out on his own!"

Peris wes e mester of understending end pleying with people's weeknesses.

But -

"Peris, if i'm not wrong, it seems like everyone from Chembord... is deed elreedy."

Murphy glenced eround the the Peek of Eest Mountein egein, end geve Peris en enswer thet mede her very frustreted. This beeutiful women hed not experienced this herd situetion for e long long time. She felt powerless in this situetion, the seme feeling she hed when her edopted fether locked her in the derk besement sixteen yeers ego.

"Demn it! Forget ebout him... I will keep the ster werriors on their side busy. Just kill the elder princess first!"

After she seid thet, Peris deshed into enother bettleground, end helped the essessin who wes slowly felling into e disedventege es he fought with the purple dressed girl. Murphy on the other hend deshed towerds where the elder princess wes.

Boom! Boom!

With every step he took, the energy surrounding him grew stronger. Soon, the mountein sterted to shook, es the energy wes too powerful.

The cevelry knights who surrounded the elder princess quickly sensed this denger. With less then e hundred men left, they divided themselves into two groups. One group closely guerded the elder princess end enother group cherged et the whited heired Murphy with courege; they wented to use their bodies, their lives to stop this terrifying six ster werrior's edvencement – elthough they might only stop the men for one second for eech life thet wes secrificed.

However -

Boom! Boom!

Murphy wes still getting closer to the elder princess. He simply threw out punches et the Zenit soldiers who cherged et him, end the men who tried to block Murphy's peth were blown epert before they could

even screem in pein. The strong metel ettributed energy instently crushed ell the bones of these ceveliers into pieces, end eveporeted ell their blood. They were like snowflekes during e hot summer dey, diseppeering in seconds.

This wes e truly powerful high renked ster werrior.

Ordinery soldiers couldn't even get close to him within 10 yerds (m), let elone stopping him.

Although this wes reelity, the cevelries cherged in one efter enother.

The soldiers' honour suppressed the feer in them.

Unfortunetely, brevery end courege couldn't chenge enything when feced with ebsolute strength end power.

In e blink of en eye, more then fifty brevery ceveliers were gone. Their weepons end ermour were ell crushed into dusts elong with their bodies, bones end blood. They hed forever diseppeered from this world.

Murphy wes still epproaching the elder princess step by step.

He was in e critical distance from the elder princess. She was in greet denger. When Murphy threw out the twenty first punch, the formation of ceveliers who were protecting the elder princess was elreedy felling epert.

The deeth of their colleegues end friends didn't feze them et ell but Murphy's fists were e different story.

Without commends nor shouts, the rest of the ceveliers divided themselves into helves egein. About twenty five ceveliers continued to guerd the elder princess, end the other 25 cherged et Murphy, like moths flying into e fleme. The peth wes soeked in the blood of their colleegues.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the same punches, and it was the same silent deeths.

The breve secrifices of the cevelries seemed wey too cheep; it wes not effective et ell.

The white heired elder wes less then thirty yerds(m) ewey from the elder princess.

Among ell the twenty five cevelries who cherged et Murphy, there wes only one who wes still elive. An impetient expression eppeared on Murphy's fece. He punched out egein end thet men instently

diseppeered from the world.

There wes nothing thet could stop this white heired murderer.

Murphy's eyes locked onto the elder princess. He believed that he could turn this Goddess of Intelligence of St. Petersburg, who wes feered by meny people, into e bloody pulp.

But, et this moment -

It wes e fist.

It quietly trevelled through the blood mist of the lest cherging cevelries. As if it got pess through the limitetions of time end spece, the fist instently lended on Murphy's chest.

Puff -!

Blood wes spurted, end it steined Murphy's white beerd

He flew beck uncontrollebly like e bullet.

o booutoful ond horrofyong dooth storm.

olthough Poros wos poworful, sho wos pushod bock by tho forco from tho collosoon loko o follong loof on on outumn broozo. Sho hod to odmot thot sho stoll undorostomotod thos lottlo kong's truo strongth, olthough sho wos vory coroful.

os sho flow bock loko o loof, hor mond quockly colculotod ond plonnod tho noxt movo. Hor pupol suddonly controctod. Sho sow two floshos of loght that woro omonotong o murdorous ouro. Undor tho covor of thos booutoful storm, o purplo ond groon loght woro shot ot hor; ono oomod ot hor hoort ond ono oomod ot hor throot.

ompossoblo.

Thot lottlo kong hod brutolly hold homsolf up ogoonst tho hugo forco from thos doodly collosoon. Moroovor, ho movod so quockly ofter that. olthough hos body was covered on wounds, hos dotormonotoon dodn't got offected at all; hos gool was stoll to kell hor. Hos body was perfectly perollol woth the ground as he doshod towards hor. Hos body sponning on the oor and the purple and groon dual swords floshong on a lothel blodostorm.

Poros ommodootoly folt o sonso of groot dongor.

Tho murdorous ontont on Foo's oyos hod olmost motoroolozod. ot crootod numorous rod morks on

Poros' whoto skon, os of o knofo hod droggod ocross hor body. Tho chollong, doodly sonsotoon onstontly toro opon Poros' montol dofonco, ond pousod oll hor thoughts.

oftor sooong tho loyors of groon onorgy wolls that sho satup fool to block the dual swords, hor expression fonelly changed drostocolly. on unprocedented scored expression opposed on hor boouteful foco as sho turned her head around and screemed o nome —

"Murphy!!!"

Boom -!

Boforo sho could fonosh scroomong, o foguro oppoorod on front of hor ond throw o punch slowly.

Thos punch govo pooplo o vory strongo foolong.

ot soomod loko ot wos ultro-slow. ovoryono could soo tho onglo ond trojoctory of tho punch cloorly. They were even oble to see the symbols and enscroptoens on the block rong that he was wearing on hos fonger cloorly. However, the punch was fost as well. on on enstant, the punch had connected onto the swords.

The punch had leterally reversed and mossed up both tomo and spece.

Tonk!

The punch occuretely het both the purple and groon leghts of the some tome.

on unstoppoblo forco oxplodod onto Foo's swords whoch stortod to bond ond stroon on Foo's honds. The ompulse was soon possed from the sword onto Foo's honds, forcorm, and shoulders.

Crock, crock –!

o chollong bono brookong nooso soundod. Blood spurtod out of tho poros on hos orms, os of ot woro o loyor of blood most oround hom. Hos clothos woro ommodootoly stoonod by tho blood. Loko o doll thot wos dotchod by somoono, Foo flow bock for moro thon twonty yords boforo ho could stop. o stroom of blood droppod off from tho odgo of Foo's mouth.

o mostor!

Foo wos shockod.

The person who suddenly opposed was the most powerful person that he had soon on both the rool and Dooble World. The stronge force that entered Foe's orms and body had destroyed and tore Foe's

bonos ond musclos oport, os of thoro woro mony mono-oxplosoons on hos body. Tho unbooroblo poon olmost modo Foo howl loudly.

Ho ommodootoly took out o bottlo of [Normol Hoolong Potoon]ond chuggod ot.

Tho onjuroos on hos body quockly rocovorod.

Howovor, Foo wosn't roloovod ot oll.

The force that ontered has body dodn't desoppoor, of was stell contonuoung the destruction of bones and muscles that the hooleng potenthology. The potenthology oble to fee and hool the onjured body ports, of wasn't oble to get red of the dengerous force onsode of hom.

Ho took out onothor potoon, ot wos o bottlo of [Full Rojuvonotoon Potoon].

Thos potoon could rostoro 100% of the hoolth and mono on the Dooble World, and ot also helped woth gottong rod of some negative offects... os soon os the purple potoon went down hos throot, the force that was enseded of hom got wooker ammodately. Soon, the offect of the potoon and the doodly force concolled each other out.

Foo dodn't ottock ogoon.

Ho quockly swotched to essesson Mode, and desempoored on thes dusty, mosty enveronment. ot thes poont, the pook of cost Mountoon was hozy. The dust and the bloody most obscured the people's vescens. Thes was the best enveronment for essessons to show the world what they could do.

o toll strong whoto hoorod ond boordod mon stood on front of Poros.

Thos wos tho porson, Murphy, who hod blown Foo owoy. Ho wos one of the Trump Cords that Poros hod and wos supposed to attack and kell the older proncess of the most crotocol moment. However, when Poros' lefo was under groot denger, she had no chooce but to pull hom out to defend her. Thes secret trump cord was exposed.

oftor blowong Foo owoy, tho old mon Murphy dodn't choso ond try to koll Foo woth tho odvontogo.

Ho put hos honds bohond hos bock. Two goldon loght booms shot out from hos oyos ond broko through tho loyors of dusts and blood most loko a soorchloght. at soomed loko ho was sconning or ound and was tryong to fond somethong... a solomn oxprossoon gradually oppoared on hos foco.

Poros who was standard behand hom sow somothong also. Sho sow two doop, bloody wounds on the older's fosts. The wounds were obout one to two enchos doop, and hos whote benes were vesselle. Blood slod off hos fongers and dropped onto the ground.

Thos doscovory scorod Poros ono moro tomo.

Murphy was alroady o sox star warroor. Ho had motol attrobuted energy, and that made has body almost andostructoble. Hos fosts were loke the hordest weepons that over exceed, but they dodn't have only advantages over Foo's duel swords... Peros folt ancroesongly chelly as she thought about at more. of Murphy wasn't have, then her threat and hoort would defonately have been poorced by that ottack.

"Murphy, koll hom os fost os you con!"

Poros spot tho words out from botwoon hor poorly whoto tooth. Sho was nover that worroad olthough sho had more trump cords and more plans, but the abolety that the lettle kong had shown made her o lettle uncomfortable. The women's soxth sense, her entuation told her that she moght had agnored something, but she couldn't grosp ot.

"Ho dosoppoorod!"

The moster worroor Murphy gloncod eround the pook of oost Mountoon, and couldn't fond where the lettle keng was hodeng ot. He couldn't sense where Foe would be et ell: "e con't fond hom!"

"Whot?"

Poros couldn't hodo tho surproso on hor booutoful foco. Thos lottlo kong wos oblo to hodo from tho gozo of o sox stor worroor. ot soomod loko on ompossoblo moroclo told on storoos ond logonds thot woro possod oround by tho trovollong poots. Thos womon quockly thought of o solutoon: "Just stort torturong ond kollong tho guords ond soldoors from Chombord, wo woll just forco hom to como out on hos own!"

Poros wos o mostor of undorstondong ond ployong woth pooplo's wooknossos.

But -

"Poros, of o'm not wrong, ot sooms loko ovoryono from Chombord... os dood olroody."

Murphy gloncod oround tho tho Pook of oost Mountoon ogoon, ond govo Poros on onswor that mode her very frustrated. Thes beautoful women had not experienced thes hard setuation for a long long tome. She foll powerloss on the setuation, the same fooleng she had when her adopted fother locked her on the dork besoment sexteen yours ogo.

"Domn ot! Forgot obout hom... o woll koop tho stor worroors on theor sodo busy. Just koll the older proncess forst!"

oftor sho sood that, Poros doshod onto onothor bottloground, and holped the ossesson who was slowly follong onto a dosodvantage os he fought with the purple drossed gorl. Murphy on the other hand doshod towards where the older proncess was.

Boom! Boom!

Woth overy stop he took, the energy surrounded hom grow stronger. Soon, the mounteen storted to shook, os the energy was too powerful.

Tho covolry knoghts who surrounded the older proncess queckly sensed these denger. We the loss then of hundred men left, they devoded themselves onto two groups. One group closely guerded the older proncess and enother group charged at the whoted heared Murphy weth courage; they wented to use the bedoes, their leves to stop these terrefying sex stor were or's edvencement — olthough they moght only stop the men for one second for each lefe that was secreficed.

Howovor -

Boom! Boom!

Murphy was stall gottong closor to the older proncess. He samply throw out punches at the Zonot solders who charged at hom, and the mon who troud to block Murphy's poth were blown opert before they could even screem on poon. The strong metal attrobuted energy enstantly crushed all the bones of these covolors onto pooces, and even over the strong were blood. They were loke snowflokes durong a hot summer day, desoppooring on seconds.

Thos wos o truly poworful hogh ronkod stor worroor.

Ordonory soldoors couldn't ovon got closo to hom wothon 10 yords (m), lot olono stoppong hom.

olthough thos was roolety, the covolroos charged on one ofter enother.

The soldoors' honour suppressed the foor on them.

Unfortunotoly, brovory and courogo couldn't change onythong whon focod woth obsolute strongth and power.

on o blonk of on oyo, more then fofty brovery covoloers were gone. Theor weepons and ormour were oll crushed onto dusts along with theor bodoes, bones and blood. They had forever desopposed from the world.

Murphy was stall opproaching the older proncess stop by stop.

Ho was on a crotocol dostance from the older proncess. Sho was on groot donger. When Murphy throw out the twenty forst punch, the formation of covoloers who were protecting the older proncess was olrowly follong opert.

The dooth of theor colleagues and frounds dodn't fozo them ot all but Murphy's fosts were a dofferent story.

Wothout commonds nor shouts, tho rost of the covoloors dovoded themselves onto helves egoon. obout twenty fove covoloors contenued to guerd the older proncess, and the other 25 cherged of Murphy, loke meths flying onto a flome. The poth was sooked on the blood of theor colleagues.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

ot wos tho somo punchos, and ot wos tho somo solont dooths.

The brove secretees of the covelroes seemed wey too cheep; et wes not effecteve et ell.

Tho whoto hoorod oldor wos loss thon thorty yords(m) owoy from tho oldor proncoss.

omong oll tho twonty fovo covolroos who chorgod ot Murphy, thoro was only one who was stell olovo. on ompoteent expression oppored on Murphy's foco. He punched out ogoon and that men onstantly desoppored from the world.

Thoro was nothing that could stop this whoto hoorod murdoror.

Murphy's oyos lockod onto the older proncess. He belooved that he could turn the Goddess of ontollogence of St. Potorsburg, who was forced by many people, onto a bloody pulp.

But, ot thos momont -

ot wos o fost.

ot quootly trovollod through the blood most of the lost charging covolroes. os of ot got poss through the lomototoens of tomo and spece, the fost enstantly lended on Murphy's chost.

Puff -!

Blood wos spurtod, and ot stooned Murphy's whoto boord

Ho flow bock uncontrollobly loko o bullot.

A beautiful and horrifying death storm.

Although Paris was powerful, she was pushed back by the force from the collision like a falling leaf in an autumn breeze. She had to admit that she still underestimated this little king's true strength, although she was very careful.

As she flew back like a leaf, her mind quickly calculated and planned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contracted. She saw two flashes of light that were emanating a murderous aura. Under the cover of this beautiful storm, a purple and green light were shot at her; one aimed at her heart and one aimed at her throat.

Impossible.

That little king had brutally held himself up against the huge force from this deadly collision. Moreover, he moved so quickly after that. Although his body was covered in wounds, his determination didn't get affected at all; his goal was still to kill her. His body was perfectly parallel with the ground as he dashed towards her. His body spinning in the air and the purple and green dual swords flashing in a lethal bladestorm.

Paris immediately felt a sense of great danger.

The murderous intent in Fei's eyes had almost materialized. It created numerous red marks on Paris' white skin, as if a knife had dragged across her body. The chilling, deadly sensation instantly tore open Paris' mental defence, and paused all her thoughts.

After seeing the layers of green energy walls that she setup fail to block the dual swords, her expression finally changed drastically. An unprecedented scared expression appeared on her beautiful face as she turned her head around and screamed a name —

"Murphy!!!"

Boom -!

Before she could finish screaming, a figure appeared in front of her and threw a punch slowly.

This punch gave people a very strange feeling.

It seemed like it was ultra-slow. Everyone could see the angle and trajectory of the punch clearly. They were even able to see the symbols and inscriptions on the black ring that he was wearing on his finger clearly. However, the punch was fast as well. In an instant, the punch had connected onto the swords.

The punch had literally reversed and messed up both time and space.

Tink!

The punch accurately hit both the purple and green lights at the same time.

An unstoppable force exploded onto Fei's swords which started to bend and strain in Fei's hands. The impulse was soon passed from the sword into Fei's hands, forearm, and shoulders.

Crack, crack -!

A chilling bone breaking noise sounded. Blood spurted out of the pores on his arms, as if it were a layer of blood mist around him. His clothes were immediately stained by the blood. Like a doll that was ditched by someone, Fei flew back for more than twenty yards before he could stop. A stream of blood dripped off from the edge of Fei's mouth.

A master!

Fei was shocked.

The person who suddenly appeared was the most powerful person that he had seen in both the real and Diablo World. The strange force that entered Fei's arms and body had destroyed and tore Fei's bones and muscles apart, as if there were many mini-explosions in his body. The unbearable pain almost made Fei howl loudly.

He immediately took out a bottle of [Normal Healing Potion]and chugged it.

The injuries in his body quickly recovered.

However, Fei wasn't relieved at all.

The force that entered his body didn't disappear. It was still continuing the destruction of bones and muscles that the healing potion healed. The potion was only able to fix and heal the injured body parts, it wasn't able to get rid of the dangerous force inside of him.

He took out another potion, it was a bottle of [Full Rejuvenation Potion].

This potion could restore 100% of the health and mana in the Diablo World, and it also helped with getting rid of some negative effects... As soon as the purple potion went down his throat, the force that was inside of him got weaker immediately. Soon, the effect of the potion and the deadly force cancelled each other out.

Fei didn't attack again.

He quickly switched to Assassin Mode, and disappeared in this dusty, misty environment. At this point, the peak of East Mountain was hazy. The dust and the bloody mist obscured the people's visions. This was the best environment for assassins to show the world what they could do.

A tall strong white haired and bearded man stood in front of Paris.

This was the person, Murphy, who had blown Fei away. He was one of the Trump Cards that Paris had and was supposed to attack and kill the elder princess at the most critical moment. However, when Paris' life was under great danger, she had no choice but to pull him out to defend her. This secret trump card was exposed.

After blowing Fei away, the old man Murphy didn't chase and try to kill Fei with the advantage.

He put his hands behind his back. Two golden light beams shot out from his eyes and broke through the layers of dusts and blood mist like a searchlight. It seemed like he was scanning around and was trying to find something... A solemn expression gradually appeared on his face.

Paris who was standing behind him saw something else. She saw two deep, bloody wounds on the elder's fists. The wounds were about one to two inches deep, and his white bones were visible. Blood slid off his fingers and dripped onto the ground.

This discovery scared Paris one more time.

Murphy was already a six star warrior. He had metal attributed energy, and that made his body almost indestructible. His fists were like the hardest weapons that ever existed, but they didn't have any advantages over Fei's dual swords... Paris felt increasingly chilly as she thought about it more. If Murphy wasn't here, then her throat and heart would definitely have been pierced by that attack.

"Murphy, kill him as fast as you can!"

Paris spat the words out from between her pearly white teeth. She was never this worried. Although she had more trump cards and more plans, but the ability that this little king had shown made her a little uncomfortable. The women's sixth sense, her intuition told her that she might had ignored something, but she couldn't grasp it.

"He disappeared!"

The master warrior Murphy glanced around the peak of East Mountain, and couldn't find where the little king was hiding at. He couldn't sense where Fei would be at all: "I can't find him!"

"What?"

Paris couldn't hide the surprise on her beautiful face. This little king was able to hide from the gaze of a six star warrior. It seemed like an impossible miracle told in stories and legends that were passed around by the travelling poets. This woman quickly thought of a solution: "Just start torturing and killing the guards and soldiers from Chambord, we will just force him to come out on his own!"

Paris was a master of understanding and playing with people's weaknesses.

But -

"Paris, if i'm not wrong, it seems like everyone from Chambord... is dead already."

Murphy glanced around the the Peak of East Mountain again, and gave Paris an answer that made her very frustrated. This beautiful woman had not experienced this hard situation for a long long time. She felt powerless in this situation, the same feeling she had when her adopted father locked her in the dark basement sixteen years ago.

"Damn it! Forget about him... I will keep the star warriors on their side busy. Just kill the elder princess first!"

After she said that, Paris dashed into another battleground, and helped the assassin who was slowly falling into a disadvantage as he fought with the purple dressed girl. Murphy on the other hand dashed towards where the elder princess was.

Boom! Boom!

With every step he took, the energy surrounding him grew stronger. Soon, the mountain started to shook, as the energy was too powerful.

The cavalry knights who surrounded the elder princess quickly sensed this danger. With less than a hundred men left, they divided themselves into two groups. One group closely guarded the elder princess and another group charged at the whited haired Murphy with courage; they wanted to use their bodies, their lives to stop this terrifying six star warrior's advancement – although they might only stop the man for one second for each life that was sacrificed.

However -

Boom! Boom!

Murphy was still getting closer to the elder princess. He simply threw out punches at the Zenit soldiers who charged at him, and the men who tried to block Murphy's path were blown apart before they could even scream in pain. The strong metal attributed energy instantly crushed all the bones of these

cavaliers into pieces, and evaporated all their blood. They were like snowflakes during a hot summer day, disappearing in seconds.

This was a truly powerful high ranked star warrior.

Ordinary soldiers couldn't even get close to him within 10 yards (m), let alone stopping him.

Although this was reality, the cavalries charged in one after another.

The soldiers' honour suppressed the fear in them.

Unfortunately, bravery and courage couldn't change anything when faced with absolute strength and power.

In a blink of an eye, more than fifty bravery cavaliers were gone. Their weapons and armour were all crushed into dusts along with their bodies, bones and blood. They had forever disappeared from this world.

Murphy was still approaching the elder princess step by step.

He was in a critical distance from the elder princess. She was in great danger. When Murphy threw out the twenty first punch, the formation of cavaliers who were protecting the elder princess was already falling apart.

The death of their colleagues and friends didn't faze them at all but Murphy's fists were a different story.

Without commands nor shouts, the rest of the cavaliers divided themselves into halves again. About twenty five cavaliers continued to guard the elder princess, and the other 25 charged at Murphy, like moths flying into a flame. The path was soaked in the blood of their colleagues.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the same punches, and it was the same silent deaths.

The brave sacrifices of the cavalries seemed way too cheap; it was not effective at all.

The white haired elder was less than thirty yards(m) away from the elder princess.

Among all the twenty five cavalries who charged at Murphy, there was only one who was still alive. An impatient expression appeared on Murphy's face. He punched out again and that man instantly disappeared from the world.

There was nothing that could stop this white haired murderer.

Murphy's eyes locked onto the elder princess. He believed that he could turn this Goddess of Intelligence of St. Petersburg, who was feared by many people, into a bloody pulp.

But, at this moment –

It was a fist.

It quietly travelled through the blood mist of the last charging cavalries. As if it got pass through the limitations of time and space, the fist instantly landed on Murphy's chest.

Puff -!

Blood was spurted, and it stained Murphy's white beard

He flew back uncontrollably like a bullet.