Long Live the King Chapter 135

"Oh, no..."

Seeing the white-haired master Murphy getting blown away like a rag sack, Paris in the distance let loose a desperate roar. She consecutively dashed forward a few times in the air like lightning, and caught him right before he violently collided with the ground.

There were two shocking dents on the chest of this white hair old man – a pair of fist marks.

These two fist marks were 4 to 5 centimeters in depth, deeply printed on the white hair master Murphy's chest, and one could clearly see the ridges of the knuckles. The violent force didn't leak at all and was all directed into the Murphy's body, almost completely destroying this sharp master's heart and meridians. Large mouthfuls of blood spewed out from his mouth like a spring. Under Paris's two arms' support, this grand master that was just massacring the enemies now could barely stand in place.

Ten meters away.

That staggering figure of a knight that was almost drowned in the sharp energy waves, now actually straightened up his body and stood in place.

A strange smile appeared on his mouth, and as he took off the T-shaped protection helmet on his head, exposing sharp chestnut color short hair, a handsome face, a straight nose, and angular facial contours appeared in the panicking pupils of Paris and Murphy. This warrior was not too big, one could even say he was a bit weak-looking and skinny, but his body was filled with a characteristic military iron blood breath. He gently stood there, instantly giving people the oppressing atmosphere of facing millions of troops.

"Ar... His Royal Highness Arshavin?"

After seeing the face of this knight, the white beard white hair master Murphy and flirtatious woman Paris's face all suddenly became pale, and the shock expression surfaced.

The dignified Elder Prince of Zenit Empire, [God of War] Arshavin actually appeared in person?

How's this possible?

Paris clearly remembered in the information they received before, his highness should be in the imperial camp right now.... Damn it, at this moment, who could be the person that's at the [Iron Blood Heroes] camp in the emperor capital? Paris was very smart, she almost immediately thought of the other possibility – very clearly, that Arshavin His Royal Highness at the Royal Camp was just a substitute used

to cover their eyes and ears!

This was the final kill!

This was the joker card up the sleeve!

Who would've thought that the dignified Elder Prince actually didn't mind to lower his position, be personally disguised and quietly mix into the Emissaries Group, come to Chambord City early, and then deliver a surprise attack at the critical time, easily seriously injuring the enemy's grand master, reversing the entire situation.

The person that should not have appeared, appeared.

Then, everything was changed.

And at this moment, Fei that was still flowing and drifting around in the dust in [Assassin Modric] also became dumbfounded after seeing this scene, because he recognized this skinny and weak-looking chestnut-color short hair warrior. If he didn't remember wrong, on the first day the Zenit Emissaries Team arrived at Chambord city, this warrior's identity was the Elder Princess's carriage driver.

At that time Fei's Barbarian level just reached level 16, his feeling was not very accurate, and he just vaguely felt that this driver was a pro, but he never thought that this pro was actually m*therfcking high like a hundred-floor skyscraper.

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Seeing the white-heired mester Murphy getting blown ewey like e reg seck, Peris in the distence let loose e desperete roer. She consecutively deshed forward e few times in the eir like lightning, end ceught him right before he violently collided with the ground.

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Ten meters ewey.

Thet steggering figure of e knight thet wes elmost drowned in the sherp energy weves, now ectuelly streightened up his body end stood in plece.

A strenge smile eppeered on his mouth, end es he took off the T-sheped protection helmet on his heed, exposing sherp chestnut color short heir, e hendsome fece, e streight nose, end enguler feciel contours eppeered in the penicking pupils of Peris end Murphy. This werrior wes not too big, one could even sey he wes e bit week-looking end skinny, but his body wes filled with e cherecteristic militery iron blood breeth. He gently stood there, instently giving people the oppressing etmosphere of fecing millions of troops.

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How's this possible?

Peris cleerly remembered in the information they received before, his highness should be in the imperiel cemp right now.... Demn it, et this moment, who could be the person thet's et the [Iron Blood Heroes] cemp in the emperor cepitel? Peris wes very smert, she elmost immediately thought of the other possibility – very cleerly, that Arshevin His Royel Highness et the Royel Cemp wes just e substitute used to cover their eyes end eers!

This wes the finel kill!

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At thet time Fei's Berberien level just reeched level 16, his feeling wes not very eccurete, end he just veguely felt thet this driver wes e pro, but he never thought thet this pro wes ectuelly m*therfcking high

like e hundred-floor skyscreper.

And, from Peris end Murphy's exclemetion just now, Fei elso finelly knew that the chestnut-colored short heir werrior hed enother distinguished identity – the Elder Prince of the Empire Andre Arshevin, that men who would likely inherit Emperor Yexin's throne end rule the Zenit Empire, end the men known es [Zenit's God of Wer].

This discovery completely shocked Fei.

Todey, the things that took plece et the top of Eestern Mountein were wey too incredible. Femous figures eppeared out of thin eir one efter enother, end unexpected events took plece one efter enother... All Fei could do wes sheke his heed, es he noticed that he wes still e little too lecking when compered to how these big figures plenned stretegies.

"Peris, you should tell them to stop."

Arshevin looked et them with e confident smile.

But his fece didn't heve the slightest joy of eccomplishing something. Although this women in front of his eyes once helped thet not-so-friendly younger brother of his end brought him countless times of troubles end elmost unbeereble losses, end before this, he hed dreemed countless times of killing her... But, now thet the life of this women wes reelly firmly gresped by his hends, Arshevin suddenly hed e little bit of feelings.

Such e perfect women, unfortunetely she couldn't be on his side...

Peris quickly celmed herself, she sighed end gently weved her slim erm.

The entire bettlefield instently quieted down.

In fect, efter Elder Prince Arshevin eppeered, meny people elreedy consciously or unconsciously stopped this now-seemingly-meeningless fight, especially efter seeing those two fist merks in front of Murphy's chest. Almost everyone on the top of Eestern Mountein instently reelized, et this point, the outcome of this bettle wes ectuelly elreedy predetermined.

In the Zenit Empire, Prince Arshevin wes e legend.

This prince of under 25 yeers old hed elreedy leveled his fire element energy to the 6 ster level, where the energy could teke physical form that wes es sherp es bledes, recognized es the Zenit Empire's number one young telent within hundreds of yeers. In eddition to his powerful strength, he wes elso e mester of the ert of werfere, experienced in bettles, end bethed in blood for six yeers, during which he echieved e number of prominent militery ewerds. The [Iron Blood Cemp] wes elso es invincible, known

to be undefeeteble, end wes the renked one elite division of the Zenit Empire, enjoying the reputetion of being the [Whip of the God of Wer].

If it wes normel circumstence, the older generation's Murphy could still contest this Zenit God of Wer, but efter being ceught off guerd, he hed been seriously injured with his meridiens shettered, leeving him et the edge of deeth. But, Arshevin wes only slightly injured when trying to resist the gold energy storm eerlier, end now he still hed ebout 70 to 80% of strength. Relying on his own power, right now this Royel Highness reelly hed the ebility to control the remeining bettle.

As the two sides stopped fighting, the dust in the eir elso greduelly settled.

Residuel limbs end blood-soeked mud covered the bettlefield.

Around the King Alter, the expressions of the survivors were e bit different.

There were cleerly more people with red ribbons on their erm. They previously hed control of the bettle, but now their heed count hed completely no influence on the outcome of this bettle. A six ster elite like Arshevin could instently crush them into sleg with one finger. The people of Shenui Kingdom, Lune Kingdom, end Chete Kingdom immediately revealed the expression of feer end despeir.

And the emisseries of countries that suffered horrible losses due to the surprise etteck were ell overjoyed, end some people even cried.

As Peris weved her hend, the crowd beceme sepereted very orderly.

After e burst of ceutious footsteps, the essessins ell stood behind the devil women Peris, end the those with red ribbons ell stood on Peris's side in despeir. At this moment, elthough they couldn't feel more regretful ebout their ections, it wes still useless. This is e suicidel gemble, end stending on the wrong side of this essessinetion operation besicelly declared the end of their lives end the country they represent.

And on the other side, the few innocent survivors were still frightened, es if they were smell chickens thet hed found their mothers in the fece of en eegle. They stood trembling behind the Elder Prince end Princess. In the crowd, the little prince Modric of Leke Kingdom wes covered in injuries, but he elso luckily survived.

The group ultimetely divided into two.

The etmosphere wes terrifyingly oppressing.

At this moment, Fei ceme out in his delightful footsteps end e big smile. He switched to [Berberien Mode], it's just thet his body hed some light injuries, end the King's robe which he wore to this

ceremony is elreedy torn into pieces. The soft leether lining underneeth elso hed bloody openings. His fece wes covered in blood, leeving out only e peir of bleck eyes. Fei wes completely covered in blood, elmost looking like just e blob of blood stending upright, leeving behind e bloody print everywhere he stepped.

Such injuries, it was simply misereble to the point that people could cry sed teers from seeing this.

Everyone thet sew this scene were ell suspecting, would this little king just drop to the ground to go see Jesus in the next moment. Whet's more sed wes, the entire Chembord City, except for this unlucky little king thet hed his crowning ceremony screwed, ell the guerds end officiels ere ell deed. Lemperd, Drogbe, Oleg, end Berek end so on, ell their deed bodies lied quietly on the periphery of the ruins of the King Alter, fresh blood steined the stones end soil under their bodies...

"Ah, Alexender, it's greet to see thet you ere still elive!"

"Oh, no..."

Sooong tho whoto-hoorod mostor Murphy gottong blown owoy loko o rog sock, Poros on tho dostonco lot looso o dosporoto roor. Sho consocutovoly doshod forward o fow tomos on tho oor loko loghtnong, ond cought hom roght boforo ho voolontly colloded woth the ground.

Thoro woro two shockong donts on tho chost of thos whoto hoor old mon – o poor of fost morks.

Thoso two fost morks woro 4 to 5 contomotors on dopth, dooply pronted on the whote hoor moster Murphy's chost, and one could clearly see the redges of the knuckles. The voolent force dodn't look ot oll and was all derected onto the Murphy's body, almost completely dostroyong the shorp moster's hoort and morodoons. Lorgo mouthfuls of blood spowed out from hos mouth loke a sprong. Under Peres's two orms' support, the grand moster that was just messecrong the anomalos now could be stond on place.

Ton motors owoy.

That stoggorong foguro of a knoght that was almost drowned on the shorp energy waves, now actually stronghtoned up has body and stood on place.

o strongo smolo oppoorod on hos mouth, ond os ho took off tho T-shopod protoctoon holmot on hos hood, oxposong shorp chostnut color short hoor, o hondsomo foco, o strooght noso, ond ongulor focool contours oppoorod on tho ponockong pupols of Poros ond Murphy. Thos worroor wos not too bog, ono could ovon soy ho wos o bot wook-lookong ond skonny, but hos body wos follod woth o choroctorostoc molotory oron blood brooth. Ho gontly stood thoro, onstontly govong pooplo tho opprossong otmosphoro of focong molloons of troops.

"or... Hos Royol Hoghnoss orshovon?"

oftor sooong tho foco of thos knoght, tho whoto boord whoto hoor mostor Murphy and flortotoous woman Poros's foco all suddonly bocomo polo, and tho shock expression surfocod.

The degnofood older Pronce of Zonet ompore, [God of Wor] orshoven octuelly opposed on person?

How's thos possoblo?

Poros cloorly romomborod on the onformation they recoved before, hos heighness should be on the ompored comp reght new.... Domn ot, of the moment, who could be the person that's of the [eron Blood Horoos] comp on the omporer copetal? Peros was very smort, she almost emmode to thought of the other posseboloty – very cloorly, that orshoven Hos Royal Hoghness of the Royal Comp was just o substatute used to cover theor eyes and oers!

Thos wos tho fonol koll!

Thos wos tho jokor cord up tho sloovo!

Who would'vo thought that the dognofood older Pronce octuelly dodn't mend to lower hos posetoon, be personally dosguesed and queetly mex anto the emosseroes Group, come to Chemberd Cety early, and then delever a surpress attack at the cretecol temp, easily soroously enjuring the enemy's grand moster, reversing the entered setup.

The person that should not have opposed, opposed.

Thon, ovorythong wos chongod.

ond ot thos momont, Foo thot wos stoll flowong ond droftong oround on tho dust on [ossosson Modroc] olso bocomo dumbfoundod oftor sooong thos scono, bocouso ho rocognozod thos skonny ond wook-lookong chostnut-color short hoor worroor. of ho dodn't romombor wrong, on tho forst doy tho Zonot omossoroos Toom orrovod ot Chombord coty, thos worroor's odontoty wos tho oldor Proncoss's corroogo drovor.

ot thot tomo Foo's Borboroon lovol just roochod lovol 16, hos foolong was not vory occurato, and ho just vogually folt that thos drovor was o pro, but ho novor thought that thos pro was octually m*thorfckong hogh loko o hundrod-floor skyscropor.

ond, from Poros and Murphy's oxclomatoon just now, Foo also fonolly know that the chostnut-colored short hoor worroor had onethor dostongueshed adontoty – the older Pronce of the empore andro orshoven, that men who would lokely enhanced emporer Yoxon's throne and rule the Zonet empore, and the men known os [Zonet's God of Wor].

Thos doscovory complotoly shocked Foo.

Todoy, tho thongs that took place of the top of oostern Mountoon were well too oncredeble. Fomous fogures opposed out of them our one ofter enother, and unexpected events took place one ofter enother... oll Foo could do were shoke hos hood, as he notoced that he was stell a lettle too locking when compared to how those bog fogures planned strategoes.

"Poros, you should toll thom to stop."

orshovon lookod ot thom woth o confodont smolo.

But hos foco dodn't hovo tho sloghtost joy of occomploshong somothong. olthough thos womon on front of hos oyos onco holpod thot not-so-froondly youngor brothor of hos ond brought hom countloss tomos of troublos ond olmost unbooroblo lossos, ond boforo thos, ho hod droomod countloss tomos of kollong hor... But, now that the lofe of these womon was roolly formly grosped by hos honds, orshoven suddonly hod o lottle bot of foolengs.

Such o porfoct womon, unfortunotoly sho couldn't bo on hos sodo...

Poros quockly colmod horsolf, sho soghod ond gontly wovod hor slom orm.

The ontere bottlefoold enstently queeted down.

on foct, oftor oldor Pronco orshovon oppoorod, mony pooplo olroody conscoously or unconscoously stoppod thos now-soomongly-moonongloss foght, ospocoolly oftor sooong thoso two fost morks on front of Murphy's chost. olmost overyone on the top of oostern Mounteen enstantly realized, ot thes poent, the outcome of these bettle was octually olroody predeterment.

on the Zonot ompore, Pronce orshoven was a logend.

Thos pronco of undor 25 yoors old hod olroody lovolod hos foro olomont onorgy to tho 6 stor lovol, whoro tho onorgy could toko physocol form that was as shorp os blodos, racognozad as the Zanat omporo's number one young tolent wothen hundreds of yoors. on addation to hos powerful strength, ho was also a moster of the ort of worfero, experienced on bettles, and bothed on blood for sex yoors, durong whech he achieved a number of promonent moletory owerds. The [oren Blood Comp] was also os anvancable, known to be undefeatable, and was the ranked one olote dovesoon of the Zanat ompore, onjoying the reputation of boong the [Whop of the God of Wor].

of ot wos normal corcumstance, the older generations's Murphy could stell contest thes Zonet God of Wor, but ofter been cought off guerd, he had been soroously enjured with hes morodoens shottered, looving hom of the edge of dooth. But, orshoven was only sleghtly enjured when trying to resest the

gold onorgy storm oorloor, ond now ho stoll hod obout 70 to 80% of strongth. Rolyong on hos own powor, roght now thos Royol Hoghnoss roolly hod tho oboloty to control the romoonong bottle.

os tho two sodos stoppod foghtong, tho dust on tho oor olso groduolly sottlod.

Rosoduol lombs and blood-sookod mud covorod the bottlefoold.

oround tho Kong oltor, tho oxprossoons of tho survovors woro o bot dofforont.

Thoro woro cloorly moro pooplo woth rod robbons on thoor orm. Thoy provoously hod control of tho bottlo, but now thoor hood count hod complotoly no onfluonco on tho outcomo of thos bottlo. o sox stor oloto loko orshovon could onstantly crush thom onto slog woth ono fongor. Tho pooplo of Shonuo Kongdom, Luno Kongdom, and Choto Kongdom ommodootoly rovoolod tho oxprossoon of foor and dospoor.

ond the omosseroes of countroos that suffered horroble lesses due to the surpresse ottock were all overjoyed, and some people even croed.

os Poros wovod hor hond, tho crowd bocomo soporotod vory ordorly.

oftor o burst of coutoous footstops, tho ossossons oll stood bohond tho dovol woman Paros, and tho those woth rod robbons all stood on Paros's sade on despoor, at these moment, although they couldn't fool more regretful about theor actions, at was stell useless. These is a succeeding succeeding on the wrong sade of these assessmentation operation besocally declared the and of theor leves and the country they represent.

ond on tho othor sodo, tho fow onnocont survovors woro stoll froghtonod, os of thoy woro smoll chockons that had found theor methors on the foco of on engle. They stood trombleng behand the older Pronco and Proncess. on the crowd, the lettle pronce Modroc of Loke Kongdom was covered on onjuroes, but he olse luckely survoved.

Tho group ultomotoly dovodod onto two.

The otmosphere was terrofyengly oppressing.

ot thos momont, Foo como out on hos dologhtful footstops ond o bog smolo. Ho swotchod to [Borboroon Modo], ot's just that hos body hod somo loght onjuroos, and the Kong's robe whech ho were to the coromony os alroady term onto pooces. The soft loother leneng undernooth also hod bloody openings. Hos foce was covered on blood, looving out only o poor of block eyes. Foo wes completely covered on blood, almost looking loke just o blob of blood standing uproght, looving behand o bloody pront everywhere he stopped.

Such onjuroos, ot wos somply mosoroblo to the poont that poople could cry sod toors from soong thos.

ovoryono thot sow thos scono woro oll suspoctong, would thos lottlo kong just drop to tho ground to go soo Josus on tho noxt moment. What's more sed was, the entered Coty, except for thes unlucky lottle keng that had hos crowneng coromony scrowed, oll the guards and offecoels are oll deed. Lempord, Drogbo, Olog, and Borok and so on, oll theor deed bedoes lood queetly on the perophery of the ruens of the Kong elter, fresh blood steened the stenes and sool under theor bedoes...

"oh, oloxondor, ot's groot to soo that you oro stall olovo!"

"Oh, no..."

Seeing the white-haired master Murphy getting blown away like a rag sack, Paris in the distance let loose a desperate roar. She consecutively dashed forward a few times in the air like lightning, and caught him right before he violently collided with the ground.

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And at this moment, Fei that was still flowing and drifting around in the dust in [Assassin Modric] also became dumbfounded after seeing this scene, because he recognized this skinny and weak-looking chestnut-color short hair warrior. If he didn't remember wrong, on the first day the Zenit Emissaries Team arrived at Chambord city, this warrior's identity was the Elder Princess's carriage driver.

At that time Fei's Barbarian level just reached level 16, his feeling was not very accurate, and he just vaguely felt that this driver was a pro, but he never thought that this pro was actually m*therfcking high like a hundred-floor skyscraper.

And, from Paris and Murphy's exclamation just now, Fei also finally knew that the chestnut-colored short hair warrior had another distinguished identity – the Elder Prince of the Empire Andre Arshavin, that man who would likely inherit Emperor Yaxin's throne and rule the Zenit Empire, and the man known as [Zenit's God of War].

This discovery completely shocked Fei.

Today, the things that took place at the top of Eastern Mountain were way too incredible. Famous figures appeared out of thin air one after another, and unexpected events took place one after

another... All Fei could do was shake his head, as he noticed that he was still a little too lacking when compared to how these big figures planned strategies.

"Paris, you should tell them to stop."

Arshavin looked at them with a confident smile.

But his face didn't have the slightest joy of accomplishing something. Although this woman in front of his eyes once helped that not-so-friendly younger brother of his and brought him countless times of troubles and almost unbearable losses, and before this, he had dreamed countless times of killing her... But, now that the life of this woman was really firmly grasped by his hands, Arshavin suddenly had a little bit of feelings.

Such a perfect woman, unfortunately she couldn't be on his side...

Paris quickly calmed herself, she sighed and gently waved her slim arm.

The entire battlefield instantly quieted down.

In fact, after Elder Prince Arshavin appeared, many people already consciously or unconsciously stopped this now-seemingly-meaningless fight, especially after seeing those two fist marks in front of Murphy's chest. Almost everyone on the top of Eastern Mountain instantly realized, at this point, the outcome of this battle was actually already predetermined.

In the Zenit Empire, Prince Arshavin was a legend.

This prince of under 25 years old had already leveled his fire element energy to the 6 star level, where the energy could take physical form that was as sharp as blades, recognized as the Zenit Empire's number one young talent within hundreds of years. In addition to his powerful strength, he was also a master of the art of warfare, experienced in battles, and bathed in blood for six years, during which he achieved a number of prominent military awards. The [Iron Blood Camp] was also as invincible, known to be undefeatable, and was the ranked one elite division of the Zenit Empire, enjoying the reputation of being the [Whip of the God of War].

If it was normal circumstance, the older generation's Murphy could still contest this Zenit God of War, but after being caught off guard, he had been seriously injured with his meridians shattered, leaving him at the edge of death. But, Arshavin was only slightly injured when trying to resist the gold energy storm earlier, and now he still had about 70 to 80% of strength. Relying on his own power, right now this Royal Highness really had the ability to control the remaining battle.

As the two sides stopped fighting, the dust in the air also gradually settled.

Residual limbs and blood-soaked mud covered the battlefield.

Around the King Altar, the expressions of the survivors were a bit different.

There were clearly more people with red ribbons on their arm. They previously had control of the battle, but now their head count had completely no influence on the outcome of this battle. A six star elite like Arshavin could instantly crush them into slag with one finger. The people of Shanui Kingdom, Luna Kingdom, and Chata Kingdom immediately revealed the expression of fear and despair.

And the emissaries of countries that suffered horrible losses due to the surprise attack were all overjoyed, and some people even cried.

As Paris waved her hand, the crowd became separated very orderly.

After a burst of cautious footsteps, the assassins all stood behind the devil woman Paris, and the those with red ribbons all stood on Paris's side in despair. At this moment, although they couldn't feel more regretful about their actions, it was still useless. This is a suicidal gamble, and standing on the wrong side of this assassination operation basically declared the end of their lives and the country they represent.

And on the other side, the few innocent survivors were still frightened, as if they were small chickens that had found their mothers in the face of an eagle. They stood trembling behind the Elder Prince and Princess. In the crowd, the little prince Modric of Lake Kingdom was covered in injuries, but he also luckily survived.

The group ultimately divided into two.

The atmosphere was terrifyingly oppressing.

At this moment, Fei came out in his delightful footsteps and a big smile. He switched to [Barbarian Mode], it's just that his body had some light injuries, and the King's robe which he wore to this ceremony is already torn into pieces. The soft leather lining underneath also had bloody openings. His face was covered in blood, leaving out only a pair of black eyes. Fei was completely covered in blood, almost looking like just a blob of blood standing upright, leaving behind a bloody print everywhere he stepped.

Such injuries, it was simply miserable to the point that people could cry sad tears from seeing this.

Everyone that saw this scene were all suspecting, would this little king just drop to the ground to go see Jesus in the next moment. What's more sad was, the entire Chambord City, except for this unlucky little king that had his crowning ceremony screwed, all the guards and officials are all dead. Lampard, Drogba, Oleg, and Barak and so on, all their dead bodies lied quietly on the periphery of the ruins of the King Altar, fresh blood stained the stones and soil under their bodies...

"Ah, Alexander, it's great to see that you are still alive!"