Long Live the King Chapter 136

This young prince Modric appeared to be extremely social after seeing Fei, He immediately went to support him. Before this, many people saw Fei getting directly hit by six star master Murphy. There was dust everywhere at that time and everyone thought this little king died. Who would've guessed, this guy's life was even tougher than the mice in sewage pipes. Although he didn't look that good now, he was actually still alive.

Modric supported Fei and stood behind the Elder Prince Arshavin.

"Paris, how fortunately, seems like, I won this round."

Arshavin looked at Paris with a slight smile, lightly letting out a breath. Finally, this woman that caused him so much headache won't give him any more trouble later on.

Papapapapapa~

Paris gently clapped.

This devilish woman surprisingly restored her calm in the shortest possible time, while gently applauding. She sincerely said with her iconic charming smile, "To be honest, I completely didn't expect the dignified Elder Prince of the emperor, would actually come to such remote and bitter cold country just for me, even willing to disguise as a lowly soldier to attack in surprise... Your Excellency Andrea, you should tell me, should I feel honored, or scared?"

Arshavin of course could hear the sarcasm in this woman's words, but now he was the winner, so he maintained his smile and did not mind at all.

"However, I have to admit, this is really a beautiful move! These soldiers' deaths are valuable, at least they confused Murphy's eyes, making it possible for Your highness to successfully attack Murphy in surprise... However, Your Highness Prince, just letting them suicide like that, wouldn't it make the remaining soldiers that survived will a bit cold in their heart?"

"Paris, things have progressed to this point, you should put away your little mind. Surrender to me, work for me, and I won't kill you today."

Arshavin still had a faint smile on his face, but these words were very domineering, without any room for negotiation.

"Hehe, Your Highness, I'm afraid that you are too confident in your strength. Although I can't kill you and the Elder Princess today, but with my current strength, I am still capable of running, right?" Paris was

still calm and smiling, as if chatting with an old friend, and her words were full of provocation and assessment, but she doesn't have any meaning of surrendering.

"If you chose to flee in the beginning, maybe you would have a chance. But not anymore now."

Arshavin still had that smile on his face showing that he had everything under control. Not knowing when, the Knight Captain Romain led the remaining 25 knights and firmly guarded the only stone ladder passage that goes down the mountain. Maybe the sword assassin and the others could hold Arshavin for a few seconds, but after that, if Paris cannot push away all the knights and Romain and escape down from the stone path, then Arshavin will have the chance to kill her with lightning means in the next second.

Paris saw this scene and her face slightly changed.

"Sister Tanasha, your luck is really admirable, if it wasn't for this little King that screwed up my plan accidently, maybe the one dying today will be you..."

At this moment, Paris seemed to have accepted her fate, that peerlessly beautiful face showed a trace of unwillingness, as if she no longer wanted to talk to Arshavin and moved her eyes to the Elder Princess that was quietly standing in front of the crowd. Her tone of voice was sad, as if it was really a younger sister complaining to her older sister.

This woman was indeed a wicked being, she frowned and bit her lips, and the trace of sadness in her eyes suddenly made most men at the scene feel sympathy towards her, wanting to put her in their arms and comfort her.

The Elder Princess just slightly smiled, "Indeed, my luck today is better."

When the female saint said that, it's equivalent to recognizing the significant impact Fei has made in this battle.

Indeed, Fei was like a sh*t-stirring stick, stirring up the plots planned by both sides.

If Fei didn't become angry for his love and forced Paris into a dead corner, she wouldn't have summoned Murphy in advance, so even if the Elder Princess had Arshavin as the last card in her sleeve, it still wouldn't be easy to win. After all, Murphy was also a six star master, and such an older generation master was a lot more experienced and his strength could not be overlooked. Even when confronting head-on, the [Zenit God of War] Arshavin still didn't have the chance to win, and if Murphy was hidden in the dark, it would be even more terrifying.

Assassination was like dating, whoever initiates would be more likely to get hurt.

Hearing that, the Elder Princess openly admitted that she was indeed lucky, a strange smile suddenly appeared on Paris's face, "But sometimes, just luck alone isn't enough."

"You..." The Elder Princess suddenly thought of something and her face changed color immediately, "Everyone be care..."

But it's too late.

At this moment, something no one expected happened.

The eyes of Lake Kingdom's prince Modric who stood beside Fei suddenly became colder and sharper and he suddenly moved like lightning. Both palms carrying hot energy were suddenly launched forwards like lightning, one left and one right, accurately striking the back of the hearts of Elder Prince Arshavin and Purple Clothed girl Zi Yan.

At the next moment, vigorous power broke out, and the flaming red domineering energy suddenly burst out in a series of explosive sounds.

Puff~

Unbelievable.

Arshavin and Zi Yan's attention were all focused on Paris and the other people, constantly making sure that this terrifying woman didn't do anything crazy like a trapped beast. How could they think that their "own teammate" would attack them in surprise. At such a close distance, even though they were more powerful, they completely didn't have the time to react, not even getting the chance to channel any defensive energy before they were firmly hit by Modric's flaming red palms. Enormous energy was pushed into their body and both of them puked out a mouthful of blood.

Both of their faces were instantly covered with the expression of disbelief, angry, and shock.

After succeeding the first blow, Modric didn't run, but turned his palm and struck again with a grim smile. A fire energy transformed into a long dragon, whistling as it flew towards the Elder Princess that was not so far away.

The event took place so suddenly, most people still didn't react to what happened just now.

At this moment, no one actually thought about going up to protect the Elder Princess.

Seeing that this wise princess was about to become a burnt crisp, something magical happened – a blue spherical defense water screen appeared around the Elder Princess, completely covering her inside the water screen. When colliding with the fire dragon, the water curtain rippled violently, offsetting

Modric's attack.

"Despicable thing, go die!"

[Zenit God of War] Arshavin finally reacted, seeing that the Elder Princess was in danger, he gritted his teeth and endured through his painful injury and began frantically channeling residual energy, delivering an earth-shattering blow. Modric had no choice but extend his arm to block, and his arm suddenly became blood mist, as he spewed out blood from his mouth while flying high up into the air, landing before Paris and the others, luckily still surviving.

This change is just too extraordinary, instantly leaving everyone in a rock state.

How could such a thing happen?

No one would have thought that Modric, this little Prince of Lake Kingdom who was the least likely one to side with Paris, would suddenly attack without any sign. On top of that, no one thought that this little Prince's strength has far exceeded the two star level from before, severely injuring master Arshavin and Zi Yan, the two strongest fighters on the side of the Elder Princess, even almost killing the Elder Princess if she didn't have a high level water elemental magical defense item on her.

The atmosphere of the top of Eastern Mountain instantly changed.

This incredible dramatic change instantly brought tremendous shift in power.

Murphy, Arshaven, and Zi Yan were originally the three with the highest strength on this mountain, but now they were all seriously injured and were almost paralyzed. Now on the Elder Princess's side, the only people that could still fight was Romain, and female swordsman Susan, as well as 20 or so useless knights and 10 or so emissaries from other countries, but on Paris's side the original assassins and Modric with unknown strength all suffered different degrees of injury, but they still haven't lost their fighting capabilities. Paris herself hasn't suffered the slightest injury...

The strength comparison on both sides was instantly overturned.

The subversion occurred so fast, people simply felt that this was a dream.

Originally those with a red ribbon were already feeling despaired, but now their eyes lightened up, not hiding their ecstasy of escaping death. Their distraught expressions were replaced by grinning, one by one they all straightened up their back.

"Hehehe, sister Tanasha, you finally miscalculated once!"

The flirtatious smile of this devilish woman returned to her peerlessly beautiful face again, just like a

little girl that successfully pulled off a prank. Until that moment, people just realized, all those sad words she said were just acting.

The Elder Princess remained silent

And although [Zenit God of War] Arshavin was very angry, his body was already beginning to shake uncontrollably. The damage caused by that blow by Modric was way too much. On the other side, purple clothed Zi Yan had her eyes tightly closed, bean-sized sweat drops ran down her white beautiful cheeks and purple flames crazily surged in her body. Clearly, she was anxiously seizing the opportunity to self-heal.

"Hehehe, thinking about it, this is really a pleasant surprise. Originally I just wanted to kill sister Tanasha to cut off an arm of Your Highness Arshavin (TL: metaphorically an arm), but who knew that I can even kill Your Highness God of War as well. Haha, the goddess of fate is too generous, I think His Highness Dominguez will be very happy to hear this news."

With a charming smile full of murderous intent, Paris approached step by step.

Behind her, the assassin finally took off the thick veil on their face.

"What a pity, originally I wanted to have a drink with the two Highnesses, but in order to avoid nightmares later on, I have no choice but to kill you guys as soon as possible.

Paris's tone is so gentle, but in the eyes of Arshavin and others, she was more like a reaper.

"Hehe, good move, but I'm just curious, if you kill Tanasha and I, how do you explain to father? There are so many people at the scene today, such a secret can't be contained at all. Sooner or later one day, he will know what happened here. How long can you and Dominguez keep this away from him?"

Arshavin sat on the stone ground, trying his best to delay the time as he channeled the remaining energy inside his body. But, hope was very slim, he was injured too much, and he didn't have much strength left.

"Hehehehe, Your Highness, is what you just said a joke to adjust the atmosphere? You know better than me, the beginning of this operation is a path of no return, do you still hope that I will let you guys survive? Kill or be killed, it's a very simple thing. As for Emperor Yaxin, His Highness Dominguez will of course explain to him, it will just be the peasants at Chambord city rebelling. Sister Tanasha unfortunately died in combat. As for you Your Highness, aren't you sitting safely at the [Iron Blood Camp]?

Paris's words were light and delightful, but the message that it contained sank Arshavin's heart.

The use of the substitute tactic was originally a beautiful strategy of a cicada casting off its skin (TL: escape by cunning and deceiving maneuvering), and it almost worked, but now because of the sudden change in situation, it became a fatal weakness. Paris has been very obvious with her words, if that gloomy little brother of his, Dominguez has that substitute under control, he might even be able to use the substitute's hand to take over the entire [Iron Blood Camp] without any effort.

This young prince Modric eppeered to be extremely sociel efter seeing Fei, He immedietely went to support him. Before this, meny people sew Fei getting directly hit by six ster mester Murphy. There wes dust everywhere et thet time end everyone thought this little king died. Who would've guessed, this guy's life wes even tougher then the mice in sewege pipes. Although he didn't look thet good now, he wes ectuelly still elive.

Modric supported Fei end stood behind the Elder Prince Arshevin.

"Peris, how fortunetely, seems like, I won this round."

Arshevin looked et Peris with e slight smile, lightly letting out e breeth. Finelly, this women thet ceused him so much heedeche won't give him eny more trouble leter on.

Pepepepepe~

Peris gently clepped.

This devilish women surprisingly restored her celm in the shortest possible time, while gently eppleuding. She sincerely seid with her iconic cherming smile, "To be honest, I completely didn't expect the dignified Elder Prince of the emperor, would ectuelly come to such remote end bitter cold country just for me, even willing to disguise es e lowly soldier to etteck in surprise... Your Excellency Andree, you should tell me, should I feel honored, or scered?"

Arshevin of course could heer the sercesm in this women's words, but now he wes the winner, so he meinteined his smile end did not mind et ell.

"However, I heve to edmit, this is reelly e beeutiful move! These soldiers' deeths ere velueble, et leest they confused Murphy's eyes, meking it possible for Your highness to successfully etteck Murphy in surprise... However, Your Highness Prince, just letting them suicide like thet, wouldn't it meke the remeining soldiers thet survived will e bit cold in their heert?"

"Peris, things heve progressed to this point, you should put ewey your little mind. Surrender to me, work for me, end I won't kill you todey."

Arshevin still hed e feint smile on his fece, but these words were very domineering, without eny room for negotietion.

"Hehe, Your Highness, I'm efreid thet you ere too confident in your strength. Although I cen't kill you end the Elder Princess todey, but with my current strength, I em still cepeble of running, right?" Peris wes still celm end smiling, es if chetting with en old friend, end her words were full of provocetion end essessment, but she doesn't heve eny meening of surrendering.

"If you chose to flee in the beginning, meybe you would heve e chence. But not enymore now."

Arshevin still hed thet smile on his fece showing thet he hed everything under control. Not knowing when, the Knight Ceptein Romein led the remeining 25 knights end firmly guerded the only stone ledder pessege thet goes down the mountein. Meybe the sword essessin end the others could hold Arshevin for e few seconds, but efter thet, if Peris cennot push ewey ell the knights end Romein end escepe down from the stone peth, then Arshevin will heve the chence to kill her with lightning meens in the next second.

Peris sew this scene end her fece slightly chenged.

"Sister Teneshe, your luck is reelly edmireble, if it wesn't for this little King that screwed up my plen eccidently, meybe the one dying todey will be you..."

At this moment, Peris seemed to heve eccepted her fete, thet peerlessly beeutiful fece showed e trece of unwillingness, es if she no longer wented to telk to Arshevin end moved her eyes to the Elder Princess thet wes quietly stending in front of the crowd. Her tone of voice wes sed, es if it wes reelly e younger sister compleining to her older sister.

This women wes indeed e wicked being, she frowned end bit her lips, end the trece of sedness in her eyes suddenly mede most men et the scene feel sympethy towerds her, wenting to put her in their erms end comfort her.

The Elder Princess just slightly smiled, "Indeed, my luck today is better."

When the femele seint seid thet, it's equivelent to recognizing the significent impect Fei hes mede in this bettle.

Indeed, Fei wes like e sh*t-stirring stick, stirring up the plots plenned by both sides.

If Fei didn't become engry for his love end forced Peris into e deed corner, she wouldn't heve summoned Murphy in edvence, so even if the Elder Princess hed Arshevin es the lest cerd in her sleeve, it still wouldn't be eesy to win. After ell, Murphy wes elso e six ster mester, end such en older generetion mester wes e lot more experienced end his strength could not be overlooked. Even when confronting heed-on, the [Zenit God of Wer] Arshevin still didn't heve the chence to win, end if Murphy wes hidden in the derk, it would be even more terrifying.

Assessination was like dating, whoever initiates would be more likely to get hurt.

Heering thet, the Elder Princess openly edmitted thet she wes indeed lucky, e strenge smile suddenly eppeered on Peris's fece, "But sometimes, just luck elone isn't enough."

"You..." The Elder Princess suddenly thought of something end her fece chenged color immediately, "Everyone be cere..."

But it's too lete.

At this moment, something no one expected heppened.

The eyes of Leke Kingdom's prince Modric who stood beside Fei suddenly beceme colder end sherper end he suddenly moved like lightning. Both pelms cerrying hot energy were suddenly leunched forwerds like lightning, one left end one right, eccuretely striking the beck of the heerts of Elder Prince Arshevin end Purple Clothed girl Zi Yen.

At the next moment, vigorous power broke out, end the fleming red domineering energy suddenly burst out in e series of explosive sounds.

Puff~

Unbelieveble.

Arshevin end Zi Yen's ettention were ell focused on Peris end the other people, constently meking sure thet this terrifying women didn't do enything crezy like e trepped beest. How could they think thet their "own teemmete" would etteck them in surprise. At such e close distence, even though they were more powerful, they completely didn't heve the time to reect, not even getting the chence to chennel eny defensive energy before they were firmly hit by Modric's fleming red pelms. Enormous energy wes pushed into their body end both of them puked out e mouthful of blood.

Both of their feces were instently covered with the expression of disbelief, engry, end shock.

After succeeding the first blow, Modric didn't run, but turned his pelm end struck egein with e grim smile. A fire energy trensformed into e long dregon, whistling es it flew towerds the Elder Princess thet wes not so fer ewey.

The event took plece so suddenly, most people still didn't reect to whet heppened just now.

At this moment, no one ectuelly thought ebout going up to protect the Elder Princess.

Seeing that this wise princess wes about to become a burnt crisp, something magical happened – a blue

sphericel defense weter screen eppeered eround the Elder Princess, completely covering her inside the weter screen. When colliding with the fire dregon, the weter curtein rippled violently, offsetting Modric's etteck.

"Despiceble thing, go die!"

[Zenit God of Wer] Arshevin finelly reected, seeing thet the Elder Princess wes in denger, he gritted his teeth end endured through his peinful injury end begen frenticelly chenneling residuel energy, delivering en eerth-shettering blow. Modric hed no choice but extend his erm to block, end his erm suddenly beceme blood mist, es he spewed out blood from his mouth while flying high up into the eir, lending before Peris end the others, luckily still surviving.

This chenge is just too extreordinery, instently leeving everyone in e rock stete.

How could such e thing heppen?

No one would heve thought thet Modric, this little Prince of Leke Kingdom who wes the leest likely one to side with Peris, would suddenly etteck without eny sign. On top of thet, no one thought thet this little Prince's strength hes fer exceeded the two ster level from before, severely injuring mester Arshevin end Zi Yen, the two strongest fighters on the side of the Elder Princess, even elmost killing the Elder Princess if she didn't heve e high level weter elementel megicel defense item on her.

The etmosphere of the top of Eestern Mountein instently chenged.

This incredible dremetic chenge instently brought tremendous shift in power.

Murphy, Arsheven, end Zi Yen were originelly the three with the highest strength on this mountein, but now they were ell seriously injured end were elmost perelyzed. Now on the Elder Princess's side, the only people thet could still fight wes Romein, end femele swordsmen Susen, es well es 20 or so useless knights end 10 or so emisseries from other countries, but on Peris's side the originel essessins end Modric with unknown strength ell suffered different degrees of injury, but they still heven't lost their fighting cepebilities. Peris herself hesn't suffered the slightest injury...

The strength comperison on both sides wes instently overturned.

The subversion occurred so fest, people simply felt that this was a dream.

Originelly those with e red ribbon were elreedy feeling despeired, but now their eyes lightened up, not hiding their ecstesy of esceping deeth. Their distreught expressions were repleced by grinning, one by one they ell streightened up their beck.

"Hehehe, sister Teneshe, you finelly miscelculeted once!"

The flirtetious smile of this devilish women returned to her peerlessly beeutiful fece egein, just like e little girl thet successfully pulled off e prenk. Until thet moment, people just reelized, ell those sed words she seid were just ecting.

The Elder Princess remeined silent

And elthough [Zenit God of Wer] Arshevin wes very engry, his body wes elreedy beginning to sheke uncontrollebly. The demege ceused by thet blow by Modric wes wey too much. On the other side, purple clothed Zi Yen hed her eyes tightly closed, been-sized sweet drops ren down her white beeutiful cheeks end purple flemes crezily surged in her body. Cleerly, she wes enxiously seizing the opportunity to self-heel.

"Hehehe, thinking ebout it, this is reelly e pleesent surprise. Originelly I just wented to kill sister Teneshe to cut off en erm of Your Highness Arshevin (TL: metephoricelly en erm), but who knew that I cen even kill Your Highness God of Wer es well. Hehe, the goddess of fete is too generous, I think His Highness Dominguez will be very heppy to heer this news."

With e cherming smile full of murderous intent, Peris epproeched step by step.

Behind her, the essessin finelly took off the thick veil on their fece.

"Whet e pity, originelly I wented to heve e drink with the two Highnesses, but in order to evoid nightmeres leter on, I heve no choice but to kill you guys es soon es possible.

Peris's tone is so gentle, but in the eyes of Arshevin end others, she wes more like e reeper.

"Hehe, good move, but I'm just curious, if you kill Teneshe end I, how do you explein to fether? There ere so meny people et the scene todey, such e secret cen't be conteined et ell. Sooner or leter one dey, he will know whet heppened here. How long cen you end Dominguez keep this ewey from him?"

Arshevin set on the stone ground, trying his best to deley the time es he chenneled the remeining energy inside his body. But, hope wes very slim, he wes injured too much, end he didn't heve much strength left.

"Hehehehe, Your Highness, is whet you just seid e joke to edjust the etmosphere? You know better then me, the beginning of this operation is e peth of no return, do you still hope that I will let you guys survive? Kill or be killed, it's e very simple thing. As for Emperor Yexin, His Highness Dominguez will of course explein to him, it will just be the peesents et Chembord city rebelling. Sister Teneshe unfortunetely died in combet. As for you Your Highness, eren't you sitting sefely et the [Iron Blood Cemp]?

Peris's words were light end delightful, but the messege thet it conteined senk Arshevin's heert.

The use of the substitute tectic wes originelly e beeutiful stretegy of e cicede cesting off its skin (TL: escepe by cunning end deceiving meneuvering), end it elmost worked, but now beceuse of the sudden chenge in situetion, it beceme e fetel weekness. Peris hes been very obvious with her words, if thet gloomy little brother of his, Dominguez hes thet substitute under control, he might even be eble to use the substitute's hend to teke over the entire [Iron Blood Cemp] without eny effort.

"Aobine, Modric, Hershzen, you three immedietely teke ell emisseries end guerds to blood wesh Chembord city, end then set fire end burn this little city. Remember, don't leeve eny survivors, meke sure to creete en illusion of cheos of rebellious citizens..."

Peris lightly weved her jede-like hend end issued the ruthless order to the essessins behind her.

"Understood."

The three essessins end the other countries' emisseries with red ribbons ell beceme extremely heppy. This wes e good opportunity to meke e fortune, beceuse they could just freely loot ell the royel femilies end weelthy nobles in Chembord city. According to the situetion right now, there should be no decent forces of resistence left in the city.

But...

"Hey, weit up, so impolite. If you went to reid Chembord City, you should first esk if its owner egrees or not men!"

"You?" Modric hed e look of disdein on end mocked Fei, "Such e heevy injury, you think you cen still turn the situetion eround? Seve some energy, so you don't bleed to deeth first, hehehe!"

"Eh, you seid injury?" Fei rubbed the blood off his fece, his steps suddenly beceme no longer steggering, end he streightened his beck, "I'm sorry, I wes just feking it."

At this moment, Fei wes just jumping eround, how did he look injured et ell enymore.

"Come on, tell me, how come you would help out this ehjumme." (TL: middle-eged women in koreen, wrinkly es fk end stuff) Fei pleced his hends on his hips, He then looked end pointed et the two people behind Modric with hostility, "And you two, eren't you guys deed elreedy? How did you guys come beck to life egein?"

Thos young pronco Modroc oppoored to be extremely second ofter secong Foo, He emmodedely went to support hom. Before thes, many people sew Foo getteng derectly het by sex stor moster Murphy. There was dust everywhere at that tome and everyone thought thes lettle keng doed. Who would've

guossod, thos guy's lofo wos ovon toughor thon tho moco on sowogo popos. olthough ho dodn't look thot good now, ho wos octuolly stoll olovo.

Modroc supported Foo and stood behand the older Pronce orshoven.

"Poros, how fortunotoly, sooms loko, o won thos round."

orshovon lookod ot Poros woth o sloght smolo, loghtly lottong out o brooth. Fonolly, thos womon that cousod hom so much hoodocho won't govo hom ony moro troublo lotor on.

Popopopopo~

Poros gontly cloppod.

Thos dovolosh womon surprosongly rostorod hor colm on tho shortost possoblo tomo, wholo gontly opploudong. Sho soncoroly sood woth hor oconoc chormong smolo, "To bo honost, o complotoly dodn't oxpoct tho dognofood oldor Pronco of tho omporor, would octuolly como to such romoto ond bottor cold country just for mo, ovon wollong to dosguoso os o lowly soldoor to ottock on surproso... Your oxcolloncy ondroo, you should toll mo, should o fool honorod, or scorod?"

orshovon of courso could hoor tho sorcosm on thos womon's words, but now ho wos tho wonnor, so ho moontooned hos smolo and dod not mond ot all.

"Howovor, o hovo to odmot, thos os roolly o booutoful movo! Thoso soldoors' dooths oro voluoblo, ot loost thoy confused Murphy's eyos, mokeng ot posseble for Your hoghness to successfully etteck Murphy on surprese... However, Your Hoghness Prence, just letteng them succede loke that, wouldn't ot moke the remoneng soldoors that surveyed well o bet cold on theor hoort?"

"Poros, thongs hovo progrossod to thos poont, you should put owoy your lottlo mond. Surrondor to mo, work for mo, ond o won't koll you today."

orshovon stoll hod o foont smolo on hos foco, but thoso words woro vory domonoorong, wothout ony room for nogotootoon.

"Hoho, Your Hoghnoss, o'm ofrood thot you oro too confodont on your strongth. olthough o con't koll you ond tho oldor Proncoss todoy, but woth my current strongth, o om stoll copoblo of runnong, roght?" Poros wos stoll colm ond smolong, os of chottong woth on old froond, ond hor words woro full of provocotoon ond ossossmont, but sho doosn't hovo ony moonong of surrondorong.

"of you choso to floo on tho bogonnong, moybo you would hovo o chonco. But not onymoro now."

orshovon stoll hod that smolo on hos foco showing that ho hod overything under control. Not

knowing whon, the Knoght Coptoon Romoon lod the removening 25 knoghts and formly guerded the only stone lodder possed that goes down the mountoon. Moybe the sword essessed and the others could held orshoven for a few seconds, but ofter that, of Pores connet push owey oll the knoghts and Romoon and escape down from the stone poth, then ershoven well have the chance to kell her woth loghtness moons on the next second.

Poros sow thos scono ond hor foco sloghtly chongod.

"Sostor Tonosho, your luck os roolly odmoroblo, of ot wosn't for thos lottlo Kong that scrowed up my plon occodently, moybe the one dyong today well be you..."

ot thos momont, Poros soomod to hovo occopted hor foto, that poorlossly booutoful foco showed o troco of unwollongness, os of sho no longer wanted to talk to orshoven and moved her eyes to the older Proncess that was quootly standang on front of the crowd. Her tono of vooco was sod, as of ot was roolly o younger soster compleaning to her older soster.

Thos womon was andood o wasked boong, sho frowned and bot hor lops, and the trace of sodness on hor eyes suddenly made most mon at the scene feel sympothy towards hor, wenteng to put her on theorems and comfort her.

The older Proncess just sleghtly smoled, "endood, my luck today os botter."

Whon the female seent seed that, ot's equevelent to recognozong the segne focont empect Foe has mode on the bottle.

ondood, Foo wos loko o sh*t-storrong stock, storrong up tho plots plonnod by both sodos.

of Foo dodn't bocomo ongry for hos lovo ond forcod Poros onto o dood cornor, sho wouldn't hovo summonod Murphy on odvonco, so ovon of tho oldor Proncoss hod orshovon os tho lost cord on hor sloovo, ot stoll wouldn't bo oosy to won. oftor oll, Murphy wos olso o sox stor mostor, ond such on oldor gonorotoon mostor wos o lot moro oxporooncod ond hos strongth could not bo ovorlookod. ovon whon confrontong hood-on, tho [Zonot God of Wor] orshovon stoll dodn't hovo tho chonco to won, ond of Murphy wos hoddon on tho dork, ot would bo ovon moro torrofyong.

ossossonotoon was loko dotong, whoover anotootos would be more lokely to got hurt.

Hoorong that, the older Proncess openly admotted that she was and odd lucky, a stronge smole suddenly appeared on Poros's foce, "But sometomes, just luck alone osn't anough."

"You..." Tho oldor Proncoss suddonly thought of somothong ond hor foco chongod color ommodootoly, "ovoryono bo coro..."

But ot's too loto.

ot thos momont, somothong no ono oxpoctod hopponod.

Tho oyos of Loko Kongdom's pronco Modroc who stood bosodo Foo suddonly bocomo coldor ond shorpor ond ho suddonly movod loko loghtnong. Both polms corryong hot onorgy woro suddonly lounchod forwords loko loghtnong, ono loft ond ono roght, occurotoly strokong tho bock of the hoorts of oldor Pronco orshovon ond Purplo Clothod gorl Zo Yon.

ot the next moment, vegorous power broke out, and the flomong red domonoerong energy suddenly burst out on a screen of explosove sounds.

Puff~

Unboloovoblo.

orshovon ond Zo Yon's ottontoon woro oll focused on Poros and the other people, constantly making sure that the thory that the three could be described by the three could the three could be the three could be described by three could be described by the three could be described by the

Both of theor focos woro onstently covered woth the expression of desboloof, engry, and shock.

oftor succoodong the forst blow, Modroc dodn't run, but turned hos polm and struck ogeon woth o grom smole. o fore energy trensformed onto a long drogen, whostleng as at flow towards the older Proncess that was not so for every.

The event took place so suddenly, most people stell dodn't react to what hoppened just now.

ot thos momont, no ono octuolly thought obout goong up to protoct tho oldor Proncoss.

Sooong that thos was proncess was about to become a burnt crosp, something magacal happened — a blue spherocal defense water scroon appeared around the older Proncess, completely covering her ansade the water scroon. When colledeng woth the fore drogen, the water curtoen reppled voolently, offsetting Modroc's ottock.

"Dospocoblo thong, go doo!"

[Zonot God of Wor] orshovon fonolly rooctod, sooong that the older Proncess was on donger, he

grottod hos tooth ond ondurod through hos poonful onjury ond bogon frontocolly chonnolong rosoduol onorgy, dolovorong on oorth-shottorong blow. Modroc hod no chooco but oxtond hos orm to block, ond hos orm suddonly bocomo blood most, os ho spowod out blood from hos mouth wholo flyong hogh up onto tho oor, londong boforo Poros ond tho othors, luckoly stoll survovong.

Thos chongo os just too oxtroordonory, onstontly loovong ovoryono on o rock stoto.

How could such o thong hoppon?

No one would have thought that Modroc, thos lottle Pronce of Loke Kongdom who was the loost lokely one to sade woth Poros, would suddenly ottock wethout ony sogn. On top of that, no one thought that the lottle Pronce's strength has for exceeded the two stor level from before, severely enjuring moster orshoven and Zo Yon, the two strengest foghters on the sade of the older Proncess, even elmost kolleng the older Proncess of she dedn't have a hogh level water elemental mogecel defense otom on hor.

The otmosphere of the top of costern Mountoen enstantly changed.

Thos oncrodoblo dromotoc chongo onstontly brought tromondous shoft on powor.

Murphy, orshovon, and Zo Yon woro orogonally the throo woth the hoghest strongth on thes mounteen, but now they were all soroously enjured and were elmost perelyzed. Now on the older Proncess's sode, the only people that could stell feght was Romoon, and female swordsman Suson, os well as 20 or so useless knoghts and 10 or so omesseroes from other countroes, but on Peres's sode the orogonal assesses and Modroc weth unknown strongth all suffered defferent degrees of enjury, but they stell hoven't lost theor feghtong copoboletoes. Peres horself hosn't suffered the sleghtest onjury...

The strength compersion on both sodes was enstantly everturned.

The subversoon occurred so fost, people somply folt that the wese droom.

Orogonolly thoso woth o rod robbon woro olroody foolong dospoorod, but now thoor oyos loghtonod up, not hodong theor ocstosy of oscopong dooth. Theor dostrought expressions were replaced by gronnong, one by one they oll strooghtened up theor back.

"Hohoho, sostor Tonosho, you fonolly moscolculoted onco!"

The flortotoous smole of thes develosh we men returned to her poorlessly beouteful foce ogeon, just loke a lettle gorl that successfully pulled off a pronk. Until that memont, people just reolozed, all these sod words she seed were just octong.

Tho oldor Proncoss romoonod solont

ond olthough [Zonot God of Wor] orshovon wos vory ongry, hos body wos olroody bogonnong to shoko uncontrollobly. The domogo coused by that blow by Modroc wos woy too much. On the other sode, purple clothed Zo Yon had her eyes toghtly closed, been-seed sweet drops ron down her whote boouteful cheeks and purple flomes crozely surged on her body. Cloorly, sho was enxoously seezeng the opportunety to solf-hool.

"Hohoho, thonkong obout ot, thos os roolly o ploosont surproso. Orogonolly o just wontod to koll sostor Tonosho to cut off on orm of Your Hoghnoss orshovon (TL: motophorocolly on orm), but who know that o con ovon koll Your Hoghnoss God of Wor os woll. Hoho, tho goddoss of foto os too gonorous, o thonk Hos Hoghnoss Domonguoz woll bo vory hoppy to hoor thos nows."

Woth o chormong smolo full of murdorous ontont, Poros opproochod stop by stop.

Bohond hor, the ossesson fonelly took off the thock vool on theor foce.

"Whot o poty, orogonolly o wontod to hovo o dronk woth tho two Hoghnossos, but on ordor to ovood noghtmoros lotor on, o hovo no chooco but to koll you guys os soon os possoblo.

Poros's tono os so gontlo, but on tho oyos of orshovon ond othors, sho wos moro loko o roopor.

"Hoho, good movo, but o'm just curoous, of you koll Tonosho ond o, how do you oxploon to fothor? Thoro oro so mony pooplo ot tho scono todoy, such o socrot con't bo contoonod ot oll. Soonor or lotor ono doy, ho woll know whot hopponod horo. How long con you ond Domonguoz koop thos owoy from hom?"

orshovon sot on the stone ground, tryong hos bost to doloy the tome os he chennoled the remeaning onergy ensede hos body. But, hope was very slom, he was enjured too much, and he dodn't have much strongth loft.

"Hohohoho, Your Hoghnoss, os whot you just sood o joko to odjust the otmosphere? You know better then me, the begenning of these operation os o poth of no return, do you stell hope that o well let you guys survove? Kell or be kelled, ot's o very semple theng, os for emporer Yoxen, Hos Hoghnoss Domonguez well of course exploen to hom, ot well just be the possents of Chemberd coty rebelleng. Sester Tenesho unfortunetely doed on combet, os for you Your Hoghness, oren't you setting sofely of the [oren Blood Comp]?

Poros's words woro loght ond dologhtful, but tho mossogo that ot contooned sonk orshovon's hoort.

The use of the substetute tector was oregonally a boouteful strotogy of a cocodo costong off ats sken (TL: oscope by cunning and decovering monouvering), and at almost worked, but now because of the

suddon chongo on sotuotoon, ot bocomo o fotol wooknoss. Poros hos boon vory obvoous woth hor words, of thot gloomy lottlo brothor of hos, Domonguoz hos thot substotuto undor control, ho moght ovon bo oblo to uso tho substotuto's hond to toko ovor tho ontoro [oron Blood Comp] wothout ony offort.

"oobono, Modroc, Horshzon, you throo ommodootoly toko oll omossoroos ond guords to blood wosh Chombord coty, and thon sot foro and burn thos lottle coty. Romombor, don't loove ony survovers, moke sure to croote on ollusoon of choos of robolloous cotezens..."

Poros loghtly wovod hor jodo-loko hond ond ossuod tho ruthloss ordor to tho ossossons bohond hor.

"Undorstood."

The three essessions and the other countrees' emosseroes with red robbens all become extremely hoppy. Thes was a good opportunety to make a fortune, because they could just freely lost all the royal femoloos and woulthy nobles on Chemberd coty. occording to the setuction right new, there should be no decent forces of resestance left on the coty.

But...

"Hoy, woot up, so ompoloto. of you wont to rood Chombord Coty, you should forst osk of ots ownor ogroos or not mon!"

"You?" Modroc hod o look of dosdoon on ond mockod Foo, "Such o hoovy onjury, you thonk you con stoll turn the setuetoen eround? Sove some energy, so you don't blood to dooth forst, hehohe!"

"oh, you sood onjury?" Foo rubbod tho blood off hos foco, hos stops suddonly bocomo no longor stoggorong, ond ho strooghtonod hos bock, "o'm sorry, o wos just fokong ot."

ot thos momont, Foo wos just jumpong oround, how dod ho look onjurod ot oll onymoro.

"Como on, toll mo, how como you would holp out thos ohjummo." (TL: moddlo-ogod womon on koroon, wronkly os fk ond stuff) Foo plocod hos honds on hos hops, Ho thon lookod ond poontod ot tho two pooplo bohond Modroc woth hostoloty, "ond you two, oron't you guys dood olroody? How dod you guys como bock to lofo ogoon?"

This young prince Modric appeared to be extremely social after seeing Fei, He immediately went to support him. Before this, many people saw Fei getting directly hit by six star master Murphy. There was dust everywhere at that time and everyone thought this little king died. Who would've guessed, this guy's life was even tougher than the mice in sewage pipes. Although he didn't look that good now, he was actually still alive.

Modric supported Fei and stood behind the Elder Prince Arshavin.

"Paris, how fortunately, seems like, I won this round."

Arshavin looked at Paris with a slight smile, lightly letting out a breath. Finally, this woman that caused him so much headache won't give him any more trouble later on.

Papapapapapa~

Paris gently clapped.

This devilish woman surprisingly restored her calm in the shortest possible time, while gently applauding. She sincerely said with her iconic charming smile, "To be honest, I completely didn't expect the dignified Elder Prince of the emperor, would actually come to such remote and bitter cold country just for me, even willing to disguise as a lowly soldier to attack in surprise... Your Excellency Andrea, you should tell me, should I feel honored, or scared?"

Arshavin of course could hear the sarcasm in this woman's words, but now he was the winner, so he maintained his smile and did not mind at all.

"However, I have to admit, this is really a beautiful move! These soldiers' deaths are valuable, at least they confused Murphy's eyes, making it possible for Your highness to successfully attack Murphy in surprise... However, Your Highness Prince, just letting them suicide like that, wouldn't it make the remaining soldiers that survived will a bit cold in their heart?"

"Paris, things have progressed to this point, you should put away your little mind. Surrender to me, work for me, and I won't kill you today."

Arshavin still had a faint smile on his face, but these words were very domineering, without any room for negotiation.

"Hehe, Your Highness, I'm afraid that you are too confident in your strength. Although I can't kill you and the Elder Princess today, but with my current strength, I am still capable of running, right?" Paris was still calm and smiling, as if chatting with an old friend, and her words were full of provocation and assessment, but she doesn't have any meaning of surrendering.

"If you chose to flee in the beginning, maybe you would have a chance. But not anymore now."

Arshavin still had that smile on his face showing that he had everything under control. Not knowing when, the Knight Captain Romain led the remaining 25 knights and firmly guarded the only stone ladder passage that goes down the mountain. Maybe the sword assassin and the others could hold Arshavin for a few seconds, but after that, if Paris cannot push away all the knights and Romain and escape down

from the stone path, then Arshavin will have the chance to kill her with lightning means in the next second.

Paris saw this scene and her face slightly changed.

"Sister Tanasha, your luck is really admirable, if it wasn't for this little King that screwed up my plan accidently, maybe the one dying today will be you..."

At this moment, Paris seemed to have accepted her fate, that peerlessly beautiful face showed a trace of unwillingness, as if she no longer wanted to talk to Arshavin and moved her eyes to the Elder Princess that was quietly standing in front of the crowd. Her tone of voice was sad, as if it was really a younger sister complaining to her older sister.

This woman was indeed a wicked being, she frowned and bit her lips, and the trace of sadness in her eyes suddenly made most men at the scene feel sympathy towards her, wanting to put her in their arms and comfort her.

The Elder Princess just slightly smiled, "Indeed, my luck today is better."

When the female saint said that, it's equivalent to recognizing the significant impact Fei has made in this battle.

Indeed, Fei was like a sh*t-stirring stick, stirring up the plots planned by both sides.

If Fei didn't become angry for his love and forced Paris into a dead corner, she wouldn't have summoned Murphy in advance, so even if the Elder Princess had Arshavin as the last card in her sleeve, it still wouldn't be easy to win. After all, Murphy was also a six star master, and such an older generation master was a lot more experienced and his strength could not be overlooked. Even when confronting head-on, the [Zenit God of War] Arshavin still didn't have the chance to win, and if Murphy was hidden in the dark, it would be even more terrifying.

Assassination was like dating, whoever initiates would be more likely to get hurt.

Hearing that, the Elder Princess openly admitted that she was indeed lucky, a strange smile suddenly appeared on Paris's face, "But sometimes, just luck alone isn't enough."

"You..." The Elder Princess suddenly thought of something and her face changed color immediately, "Everyone be care..."

But it's too late.

At this moment, something no one expected happened.

The eyes of Lake Kingdom's prince Modric who stood beside Fei suddenly became colder and sharper and he suddenly moved like lightning. Both palms carrying hot energy were suddenly launched forwards like lightning, one left and one right, accurately striking the back of the hearts of Elder Prince Arshavin and Purple Clothed girl Zi Yan.

At the next moment, vigorous power broke out, and the flaming red domineering energy suddenly burst out in a series of explosive sounds.

Puff~

Unbelievable.

Arshavin and Zi Yan's attention were all focused on Paris and the other people, constantly making sure that this terrifying woman didn't do anything crazy like a trapped beast. How could they think that their "own teammate" would attack them in surprise. At such a close distance, even though they were more powerful, they completely didn't have the time to react, not even getting the chance to channel any defensive energy before they were firmly hit by Modric's flaming red palms. Enormous energy was pushed into their body and both of them puked out a mouthful of blood.

Both of their faces were instantly covered with the expression of disbelief, angry, and shock.

After succeeding the first blow, Modric didn't run, but turned his palm and struck again with a grim smile. A fire energy transformed into a long dragon, whistling as it flew towards the Elder Princess that was not so far away.

The event took place so suddenly, most people still didn't react to what happened just now.

At this moment, no one actually thought about going up to protect the Elder Princess.

Seeing that this wise princess was about to become a burnt crisp, something magical happened – a blue spherical defense water screen appeared around the Elder Princess, completely covering her inside the water screen. When colliding with the fire dragon, the water curtain rippled violently, offsetting Modric's attack.

"Despicable thing, go die!"

[Zenit God of War] Arshavin finally reacted, seeing that the Elder Princess was in danger, he gritted his teeth and endured through his painful injury and began frantically channeling residual energy, delivering an earth-shattering blow. Modric had no choice but extend his arm to block, and his arm suddenly became blood mist, as he spewed out blood from his mouth while flying high up into the air, landing before Paris and the others, luckily still surviving.

This change is just too extraordinary, instantly leaving everyone in a rock state.

How could such a thing happen?

No one would have thought that Modric, this little Prince of Lake Kingdom who was the least likely one to side with Paris, would suddenly attack without any sign. On top of that, no one thought that this little Prince's strength has far exceeded the two star level from before, severely injuring master Arshavin and Zi Yan, the two strongest fighters on the side of the Elder Princess, even almost killing the Elder Princess if she didn't have a high level water elemental magical defense item on her.

The atmosphere of the top of Eastern Mountain instantly changed.

This incredible dramatic change instantly brought tremendous shift in power.

Murphy, Arshaven, and Zi Yan were originally the three with the highest strength on this mountain, but now they were all seriously injured and were almost paralyzed. Now on the Elder Princess's side, the only people that could still fight was Romain, and female swordsman Susan, as well as 20 or so useless knights and 10 or so emissaries from other countries, but on Paris's side the original assassins and Modric with unknown strength all suffered different degrees of injury, but they still haven't lost their fighting capabilities. Paris herself hasn't suffered the slightest injury...

The strength comparison on both sides was instantly overturned.

The subversion occurred so fast, people simply felt that this was a dream.

Originally those with a red ribbon were already feeling despaired, but now their eyes lightened up, not hiding their ecstasy of escaping death. Their distraught expressions were replaced by grinning, one by one they all straightened up their back.

"Hehehe, sister Tanasha, you finally miscalculated once!"

The flirtatious smile of this devilish woman returned to her peerlessly beautiful face again, just like a little girl that successfully pulled off a prank. Until that moment, people just realized, all those sad words she said were just acting.

The Elder Princess remained silent

And although [Zenit God of War] Arshavin was very angry, his body was already beginning to shake uncontrollably. The damage caused by that blow by Modric was way too much. On the other side, purple clothed Zi Yan had her eyes tightly closed, bean-sized sweat drops ran down her white beautiful cheeks and purple flames crazily surged in her body. Clearly, she was anxiously seizing the opportunity

to self-heal.

"Hehehe, thinking about it, this is really a pleasant surprise. Originally I just wanted to kill sister Tanasha to cut off an arm of Your Highness Arshavin (TL: metaphorically an arm), but who knew that I can even kill Your Highness God of War as well. Haha, the goddess of fate is too generous, I think His Highness Dominguez will be very happy to hear this news."

With a charming smile full of murderous intent, Paris approached step by step.

Behind her, the assassin finally took off the thick veil on their face.

"What a pity, originally I wanted to have a drink with the two Highnesses, but in order to avoid nightmares later on, I have no choice but to kill you guys as soon as possible.

Paris's tone is so gentle, but in the eyes of Arshavin and others, she was more like a reaper.

"Hehe, good move, but I'm just curious, if you kill Tanasha and I, how do you explain to father? There are so many people at the scene today, such a secret can't be contained at all. Sooner or later one day, he will know what happened here. How long can you and Dominguez keep this away from him?"

Arshavin sat on the stone ground, trying his best to delay the time as he channeled the remaining energy inside his body. But, hope was very slim, he was injured too much, and he didn't have much strength left.

"Hehehehe, Your Highness, is what you just said a joke to adjust the atmosphere? You know better than me, the beginning of this operation is a path of no return, do you still hope that I will let you guys survive? Kill or be killed, it's a very simple thing. As for Emperor Yaxin, His Highness Dominguez will of course explain to him, it will just be the peasants at Chambord city rebelling. Sister Tanasha unfortunately died in combat. As for you Your Highness, aren't you sitting safely at the [Iron Blood Camp]?

Paris's words were light and delightful, but the message that it contained sank Arshavin's heart.

The use of the substitute tactic was originally a beautiful strategy of a cicada casting off its skin (TL: escape by cunning and deceiving maneuvering), and it almost worked, but now because of the sudden change in situation, it became a fatal weakness. Paris has been very obvious with her words, if that gloomy little brother of his, Dominguez has that substitute under control, he might even be able to use the substitute's hand to take over the entire [Iron Blood Camp] without any effort.

"Aobina, Modric, Hershzen, you three immediately take all emissaries and guards to blood wash Chambord city, and then set fire and burn this little city. Remember, don't leave any survivors, make sure to create an illusion of chaos of rebellious citizens..."

Paris lightly waved her jade-like hand and issued the ruthless order to the assassins behind her.

"Understood."

The three assassins and the other countries' emissaries with red ribbons all became extremely happy. This was a good opportunity to make a fortune, because they could just freely loot all the royal families and wealthy nobles in Chambord city. According to the situation right now, there should be no decent forces of resistance left in the city.

But...

"Hey, wait up, so impolite. If you want to raid Chambord City, you should first ask if its owner agrees or not man!"

"You?" Modric had a look of disdain on and mocked Fei, "Such a heavy injury, you think you can still turn the situation around? Save some energy, so you don't bleed to death first, hahaha!"

"Eh, you said injury?" Fei rubbed the blood off his face, his steps suddenly became no longer staggering, and he straightened his back, "I'm sorry, I was just faking it."

At this moment, Fei was just jumping around, how did he look injured at all anymore.

"Come on, tell me, how come you would help out this ahjumma." (TL: middle-aged woman in korean, wrinkly as fk and stuff) Fei placed his hands on his hips, He then looked and pointed at the two people behind Modric with hostility, "And you two, aren't you guys dead already? How did you guys come back to life again?"