

Long Live the King Chapter 155

As the sky-blue and water-like screen gradually grew thinner and disappeared, the seductive activity going on in the stone room finally ended.

Elena was already in her inner armor. This was a very tight leather armor; it perfectly emphasized and drew out the female mercenary's elegant, yet intriguing figure. Fei never would have thought that a woman's figure could get to that degree of hotness – it was the type of beauty that would be impossible to move one's eyes away after viewing it once. According to the legends, the former [Flower of Rogue]Andariel caused even the most devoted priests to lose focus uncontrollably during their prayers; Fei believed that Elena's charm wasn't any less compared to Andariel.

After lightly waving her smooth white hand, the armor and bow that were sitting on the stone table far away flew onto Elena's body as if they had their own intelligence.

The girl who was as gentle as water a moment ago had immediately returned to her valiant Valkyrie appearance. After successfully combining the strength and power of the six other NPC female mercenaries, Elena had a devastating strength at this point. She could switch in between lightning, fire, ice, and poison—the four different magic attributes. On top of the different fighting techniques she acquired, every magic attribute she had grew exponentially. Her actual combat ability had probably more than doubled; she had at least a mid-tier four-star warrior's combat ability. At this point, her fighting ability was a bit higher than Fei if he was in his normal state.

After getting dressed, Elena's expression didn't change at all. She looked at Fei as if nothing had happened.

She was the only one who knew how happy she was inside. She always felt like she was a little lowly rogue; like all her sisters, she was going to die under the demons' and monsters' claws during the endless and hopeless fights; there was no way that she could escape her horrible

fate. If it wasn't for her belief and passion in protecting the encampment that held her up, she would have been pressured into a crazy person by this endless darkness and numbing lifestyle.

Fei's appearance had changed her fate completely, like a warm candle light that suddenly appeared in the endless darkness.

In the destroyed Tristram, when Fei used his body to block the arrows from the Skeleton Archers that almost covered up the sky... in the basement at the monastery, when Fei used his thick chest to block the Skeleton Fighters and Shaman's swords and blades... in the Claw Viper Temple at the Far Oasis, when Fei attracted the attention of the Blunderbores, Zombies, and Bat Demons to himself... Elena didn't know when she fell in love with this young warrior. The love that was nourished from the bottom of her heart quickly spread through the Valkyrie's heart like an incurable disease; it tortured her so hard that she almost even crazy.

However, Elena, who had a hard and invincible appearance, had a soft heart that was as weak as a fluttering catkin.

All of her heart was tied to Fei, and that caused her to forget about herself.

Especially after knowing that Fei's real identity was a prestigious king in the "Light World", Elena felt that the gap between Fei and herself had grown even wider. The existence of the pure, flower-like girl Angela, also created an abyss in Elena's heart... She thought that the curse of the [Flower of Rogue] was realized on her once again, but what just happened had elevated her heart that was falling down to the bottomless and dark abyss and filled with desperation into a haven.

At that moment, the crystal clear tear wasn't due to sadness, but rather due to pure happiness.

Elena finally let herself loose for once. She hugged onto Fei tightly with both of her arms – that was the craziest and most daring action she had ever done. Even when she was facing the female demon Andariel, Elena wasn't even that nervous.

There were no traces of the beautiful dream left.

However, Elena felt like she was very satisfied.

This was because she received what she wanted even in her dreams – it wasn't that moment of pleasure, but she could feel that Fei really cared about her. It was just like how Andariel decided to fall as a demon for Diablo, and even practiced vicious technique to gain power at the cost of sacrificing her beautiful face that she cared deeply about. It seemed like every girl that who got the title of [Flower of Rogue] all had brave and warm hearts that dared to seek love hidden under their ice cold appearance. They were like moths chasing after flames; even if they ended up getting destroyed, they were willing to give up everything they had without any hesitation.

"King Alexander!"

Elena kneeled down with one knee as she lowered her head. The portion of her red hair that was hanging loose in the air swung and fluttered around in the wind.

Fei instantly understood Elena's intent.

He lightly dragged Elena off of the floor and tightly hugged the Valkyrie, who didn't know how to react, tightly in his arms. "As the king of Chambord and the Supreme Leader of Rogue Encampment, Elena, I'm going to take away your right to kneel down. From now on, you can only stand behind me closely. You got that?"

After listening to Fei's peremptory and domineering speech, Elena was stunned for a few seconds. Then, a pleasantly surprised expression appeared on her face, as if she couldn't believe what she had heard. Of course, she understood the intention behind Fei's words; it was the happiness that she could only see, but never touch before.

The stone room shined up with smiles as if spring had arrived.

Every woman had a side of her that people didn't know about.

Who could have thought that the godly Valkyrie that was dominating in the fight on the Peak of East Mountain would lose her invincible presence, and would be swayed by consideration of wins and losses like a little timid girl.

Fei could understand what Elena was going through.

He felt like he was the luckiest person that ever lived.

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"The lowly citizens of Chambord, listen up. Drop down the suspension bridge immediately and let go of the princes that you locked up illegally. If your dumb pig King Alexander kneels as he walks out to apologize, we may spare Chambord Kingdom from getting run down to nothing!"

On the other side of the stone bridge, a man on the horse sat tall against the wind. He shouted with a disdainful look on his face.

"How dare you! Who are you? How dare you act so disrespectfully toward King Alexander?"

Silver Saint Saiya Michelle-Barak jumped onto the huge iron wheel for the suspension bridge as he asked back angrily. Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink! Behind him, all the Chambord Soldiers had mad expressions on their faces as they drew out their weapons, and all the archers strung their bows and loaded the arrows; as long as their captain commanded, they were ready to shoot out the arrows and pierce through that knight's throat.

"Yuck, you useless pest, do you think you are qualified to ask for my name? Go and tell that Alexander to come out and kneel down to apologize!"

This brightly dressed knight said as he waved his hands. After he chanted a paragraph of obscure spells, it drifted in the air and quickly turned into a series of dense and transparent, yet visible wind blades that were positioned in front of him. As the knight waved his hand again, these wind blades shot towards the Chambord people while creating a sharp, ear-piercing, air-breaking whooshing noises.

"It's a magic spell! He is a mage!"

Gasps immediately sounded from the crowd on Chambord's side. Although they had experienced a hard and extremely dangerous war with the black armored enemies and Chambord's soldiers were warriors who had seen blood and violence, the mysterious factor that mages had shocked them easily. Additionally, this enemy was obviously a high-level mage.

"Don't panic, back off! Form into groups and create formations!!"

The five people: Michelle-Barak, Drogba, Pierce, Ivanoski and Essien all had fast reactions. They immediately grabbed the two yard tall Iron Tower Shield from the soldiers beside them and

formed an iron defense wall that even wind couldn't pass through. These Tower Shields were all war trophies from the war with the black armored enemies. Every single one of them was over a thousand pounds. Only the Saint Saiya who were reformed by the [Hulk Potion]like Pierce were able to lift these shields up.

Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang! –

The numerous wind blade smashed onto the Tower Shields forcefully as they tore through the air, and they left a series of horrifying deep marks on the iron shields. Under the powerful strikes, even Saint Saiyas like Drogba felt their shoulders go numb and their heart start to race.

"Shoot! Quickly shoot him!! Kill that bastard with your arrows!"

As Barak shouted, the Chambord archers released the bowstrings that they were pulling tightly. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! After a series of bowstring shaking noise, sharp arrows were shot towards the man on the horse on the other side of the bridge; there were so many arrows that they almost blocked the sunlight.

"Oh, you damn low lives, how dare you shoot at me!"

The mage on the horse became enraged. After a paragraph of magic spells and hand gestures, greenish wind blades formed a three to four yard tall translucent shield. Bang! Bang! Bang! The numerous arrow collided onto the shield; the force from the collisions pushed the mage with his horse backwards several yards. Crack! After the first round of arrows, several cracks appeared on the translucent shield. Finally, as if it was glass that was dropped on the floor, the shield broke into pieces.

"You damn low lives, do you know who I am? Damn... You guys dare to shoot at a noble mage from Zenit Empire? Dead, you guys are all dead! Your skulls will be made into urinals..."

After the first round of arrows, the mage on the horse yelled angrily as he backed off, as if he was a beast that got his ass poked with a stick.

Although he was mad, he believed that his life was more important; he got scared by this "arrow rain."

He pulled on the horse, and the man and horse quickly rushed back to get out of the range of the arrows as the horse cried.

On the south side of the bridge, the mysterious troop finally showed itself in front of the people of Chambord. Various complex flags fluttered in the wind. The flags told the people of Chambord that this troop included several kingdoms and powerhouses. Nine fully armored knights rode their horses and led this troop; their retainers who followed them closely held up nine different flags, and the soldiers behind them all wore different styled and different colored clothing. Like nine flood streams, they slowly approached Chambord.

The mage on the horse who approached Chambord alone returned to join this troop. He pointed at the opposite side of the bridge with his whip as he said something angrily.

On the Chambord defense wall.

"It looks like it is a joined force formed by many little kingdoms: Shuani Kingdom, Lunar Kingdom, Chamb Kingdom, Derk Kingdom, Lushi Kingdom, Chishui Kingdom..." Chambord's military commander Brook looked through each of the flags, and he quickly identified the make-up of the troops. A murderous intent appeared in his eyes, "I know why they are here... Hehe, they really don't know where their limit is. King Alexander temporarily doesn't want to target them, but who knew that these dumbasses would want to take back their princes by force. If we don't let them feel pain, they will think that Chambord is a piece of delicious meat that anyone can come and take a bite out of!"

"This is an opportunity!" An excited smile appeared on the Head Minister Bast's face. "This is a great chance to use them to train our men; get our men prepared for the military exercise."

No one knew since when, but the two heads of military and civil affairs of Chambord loved fights; they had decided and turned up the background music and melody of this battle.