

Long Live the King Chapter 211

By the lake side, the night gradually deepened.

On the side of the stone forest beside the lake, the torches were burning loudly with bursting sparks, and two groups of people were in a confrontation.

One side seemed to be a caravan group, about 40 people, all in light armor. They were all neatly dressed and were tightly surrounded in the middle. All of them had a nervous expression, and some even began sweating. The leader was an elder with a red nose and was in a black robe, and on his left and right sides stood a swordsman in white and a charming woman in a red skirt. All three of their expressions were uneasy, and they guarded the three carriages behind them.

Surrounded them were over 200 people, all wearing a dark red outfit with the bloody machete symbol embroidered on their cloth. They were not only superior in numbers, their weapons were also of a higher tier, and they also had 10 strong crossbow users aiming at the center. Those cold crossbow arrows could definitely penetrate a heavy-armor knight's armor, just like the grim reaper of death, freely harvesting life. And standing at the front were four leader-like people in dark red light-armor. There was one giant muscular one-eyed guy wearing a black eye patch, a seemingly humble and nice middle-aged person, a white skinny young man that kept on glancing at the young woman in red on the opposite side, as well as a beautiful girl about 18 years old.

The atmosphere between the two sides was obviously unfriendly.

It's probably because 20 or so people died already at the scene. Most of them were killed by crossbow, and they clearly belong to the disadvantaged side.

"The Blood-Edge mercenary group?" The Red-nosed black-robed old man holding a magic wand roared in a deep voice, "Is your group crazy? A little tier-5 mercenary group actually dares to lay hands on the Soros Caravan group. You are not afraid that President Soros will unleash his wrath after finding out and level your Blood-Edge group to the ground?"

"Haha, you are indeed right, the Reverend Manager Redknapp. The Soros Group is indeed loaded, and if it was any other time, even 10 Blood-Edge Mercenary Groups wouldn't dare to f*ck around. However, this time you guys thought you were smart enough to take the short cut through the scorched mountains and was accidentally noticed by my brothers. Haha, isn't this god's will? After killing you all, President Soros won't know a thing about it, and how would he lay his hands on our Blood-Edge mercenary group?"

The One-Eyed muscular leader of this Blood-Edge team smiled and was completely unmoved by Elder Redknapped's words.

"How did you guys really find out about this?" The elder in black robe held tight to his wand and asked, as he was a little unwilling to accept fate.

"About this matter, you can go ask Death yourself!" The bald muscular guy was afraid of any other accidents, he was unwilling to say more, and was about to command his crossbow archers to shoot. However, his face suddenly changed as if he heard something, and then he immediately turned around to look into the distance.

This move suddenly made everyone a little dumbfounded, and then they followed the bald muscular man's vision and looked, and they noticed that there was actually a young teen in black light-armor casually strolling down as if he was taking a walk. His expression was extremely relaxed, and behind him followed an elder and a kid. The elder had a head full of white hair, and the kid was skinny like a bamboo stick as if he didn't get enough nutrition. It was as if both would be blown away if there was some mountain wind.

By the time they got closer, everyone could take a closer look.

The young man in black had waterfall-like black hair, and he was pretty handsome, with a faint smile on his face. His eye kept glancing past the people of the Blood-Edge mercenary group as if looking at a group of pigs waiting to be slaughtered. Behind him, the elder and the kid were a little nervous, but the way the two looked at the people from Blood-Edge were like four sharp knives as if they were anxious to carve the enemies' heart out.

"Who are you?"

Something was definitely wrong. Unknowingly, those three got into hundred meter range, but the hidden scouts on the periphery areas didn't give out any warning. Something clearly had happened to them. Thinking about that, the bald muscular man's pupil slightly shrunk, and he became vigilant.

"Just passing by..."

Fei casually replied.

Then, he almost immediately burst into laughter, just realizing that he might've played it too cool, and then he tried for awhile to hold back his laugh, and finally solemnly said, "I suddenly met a few acquaintances, so I decided that it would be convenient to come and collect some debt... Umm, collect some interest first!"

There was not the slightest energy fluctuation on Fei's body, nor were there any magic elements surging, and he just appeared to be a vulnerable young man without the slightest power to fight back. Behind him, Zolasc and Modric's footsteps were even more unstable, and one look was enough to tell that they were not pros.

However, it was those three's appearance of being vulnerable people that made the bald muscular guy a little nervous.

Out of caution, the one-eyed bald-headed giant didn't immediately react, but he quietly hinted the three assistants around him to command other mercenaries to tightly surround the Soros caravan to prevent anyone from escaping, and then he faintly asked, "Oh? Collecting debt? What kind of debt?"

"Life debt!" Fei stroked his chin and said with a smile.

"To whom?" The bald-headed muscular man's face changed and a thought already popped into his mind.

"Blood-Edge Mercenary Group! !" Fei said it word by word, and at this time, his face had turned completely cold. His eyes were like blades, landing on the one-eyed bald man's face. Fei let his energy surge, and that instant surge in energy and change in the atmosphere actually gave this elite of the Blood-Edge mercenaries a subconscious instinct of not daring to stare into the other person's eye.