

Long Live the King Chapter 224

The cheering crowd took a long time to calm down.

This time, everyone's eyes on Fei completely changed. Especially those guards of the Soros Caravan that were still looking down on this subsidiary kingdom's peasant king who was used to seeing all kinds of nobles and elites. However, the way they looked at Fei was filled with respect and worship now. This was the natural reaction of the weak to the strong. On the land of Azeroth governed by the rule of the jungle, the strong were respected, and all issues were resolved with fists and weapons.

The team set out after a slight reorganization.

The victory of this battle dispelled all the notions of sneak attacks ahead of the expedition team's journey. Now with an elite capable of defeating the Execution Knights on the team, unless someone was really tired of living, people wouldn't even have enough time to suck up to Fei, let alone sneak attacking. It was basically suicidal!

So, everyone advanced full of confidence.

Fei comfortably rode on the big black dog's back with the beauty in his arms.

He went past the twin towering mountains. Now, there was only a hilly region ahead of them and then it would be a vast plain. The expedition team's remaining journey would be a smooth road with no more danger, and it would be expected that they would arrive at the Empire Capital in a little more than a day.

However, just as they were about to pass the hilly region, Fei suddenly looked back. Just at that moment, don't know why, Fei suddenly had a feeling inside his heart. A strange kind of feeling lingered in his heart, as if in the distant the Chambord City encountered something...

...

...

Rumble~

The whole prairie trembled and the earth was wailing.

The cavalry that was like a flood appeared in the distance on the border between sky and earth. The long flags flying in the wind were like many little black dragons, ferociously advancing in the sky. All the flags were black, and on top of them there was a simple and ugly painting of a steel knife dripping blood and a white skull. This was an unknown army completely dressed in black armor. The leading cavalry units' horses, armor, helmet, and armor had no symbol or markings. It was obvious that they deliberately hid their identity.

All 2000 cavalry soldiers were like a black torrent that was murderously galloping over.

In front of them, on a slightly uplifted hill, a red figure and a black figure stood up tall, like two towering stones. They fearlessly faced the torrent, quietly waiting for something.

The distance between the two sides was getting closer.

"This is the Taurus Golden Knight Didier Drogba under the Chambord King's command. The advancing army should listen up! You guys already invaded Chambord's territory. I will give you ten breaths of time to turn around and leave, otherwise.... We will kill without pardon!"

The knight on the hill suddenly shouted. His voice rolled out so loudly that it pierced the heavens and travelled far away, unexpectedly suppressing the sound of thousands of horses galloping.

But-

Pew!

The other side's response was an even louder arrow.

With a burst of deafening wailing that pierced through space, the arrow was shrouded in a faint color of flame, akin to a falling meteor from heaven.

"Not good... Didier, be careful!" Lampard's face changed.

He saw that the arrow contained a strong fire element with terrifying and lightning-like momentum. That was an arrow shot out by an elite that was at least an intermediate 3-star. He was worried that Drogba would pay a price for underestimating the shot, so he took a step up and punched into the sky. A silver thunder burst out from his fist and hit directly onto the arrow. After a big boom, an explosion appeared in the sky, and an invisible air wave scattered towards all directions destroying all plantations nearby!

"Son of a b*tch, show some respect!" Drogba flew into rage.

He looked around, reached and took down the giant axe that was hanging on the side of his horse. Then with both hands using full strength, he threw it towards the enemy. After the transformation by the [Hulk Potion], both arms had at least tens of thousands of pounds of force. The axe was rotating and whistling frantically, seemingly to even be a level higher than that red arrow.

This axe was actually thrown out more than 200 meters by him.

The knight that shot the arrow before saw the situation and didn't dare to block head on. With the flaming red energy flashing on his body, he instantly leaped into the air and dodged it. His movement was extremely agile, and he returned to the back of his horse with another flash. He was clearly an elite.

However, the ones that followed behind him weren't so lucky.

Before the first one could react, he was sliced directly by the giant axe. Without letting out a single sound, he was hacked into halves, with the bottom half still riding on the horse while the upper half already fallen to the ground and trampled into minced meat. Even so, the axe kept on going with the same momentum and the 6 or 7 fully armored knights also met the same tragic end. Instantly, a blood-red countercurrent appeared inside the black torrent of knights.

"Damn it, charge and kill him!" The fire-element knight shouted, pulling out the long sword on his waist and gritting his teeth.

The black torrent quickened their speed of propulsion and became even more blatantly mad.

Pew pew pew pew!

Sharp sounds pierced the sky and four long swords covered in all kinds of energy light instantly began bursting out random shots from the black torrent.

"Oh sh*t, there are pros on the enemy side! The two of us can't handle them!"

The moment Lampard heard the sound, his face changed immediately. Those sword shots showed great force, meaning that there were at least 4 elites that were level 3 and above. In addition to the 2000 cavalry troops, the enemy force was not something that Droghda and him could handle on their own.

"Frank, don't worry, let's just give these bastards some greeting gift, hehehe..."

Droghda said as he took off three other axes. Under the terrifying strength, the giant axes spun like tornados that are about to crush the dimension, and they set off three more blood countercurrents in the opposition's black torrent.

"Damn it..."

"Sinful people..."

"Kill!"

Before even encountering, Drogba's four flying axes already killed 40 or so people, making those four masters at the front that were flashing different colors of energy light can't help but roar in anger. In the blink of an eye, the distance between the two sides were less than 100 meters, and the sky-covering arrow rain began coming down towards those two.

"Quick, retreat!"

The two jumped on Crimson Flame Beasts and raised dust behind their asses. The tier 4 Crimson Flame Beast's speed far exceeded the military horses. They instantly left the battlefield and began retreating towards Chambord City.

Three kilometers away.

More than 100 of Chambord City's soldiers were standing on a hill. The one in the lead had black fall-like hair, and was covered in an unique black armor. There was a five feet long five fingers wide long sword by his waist, and his face was all majestic, solemn, and full of justice. This was the military overlord of Chambord City, Brook.

Chambord's reinforcements were here!

About 5 meters from where the reinforcement was stationed, there were 600-700 rescued exhausted Chambord mine slaves that were rushing into the city under the help of compatriots that came out to

welcome them. As long as they entered the city, then the Chambord army could take advantage of the terrain to defend, and it might not even be a problem to completely counter-annihilate these enemies that just showed up of no where.

"Lord Brook, there's a change in situation. There are four aces in the enemy formation!" Frank and Drogba came to Brook and reported all the details about the encounter.

Brook's face changed, but he quickly assumed his calmness, "No problem, we just need to stall them for a quarter of an hour, and we can retreat back to the city to defend." He frowned and thought for a second, and at the next instant, a series of decisive orders quickly flowed down the army. Brook's prestige was high. Everyone immediately took command and began preparing.

Very soon, the rumbling black iron torrent appeared in their sight, and those four aces that were flashing different color of energy were most noticeable.