

Long Live the King Chapter 227

In the fire that would envelop the sky, the whining and struggling figures gradually quieted down and stopped moving.

However, lives were a miracle of their own. Even though the fire was very violent, quite a lot of the black armored cavaliers survived.

Although they were a mess, their iron armor saved them. Metal conducted heat energy quickly, but it couldn't be lit on fire. With the minimal warrior energy that they had, the cavaliers who lost direction in the smoke protected themselves from the heat and charged out of the fire with the help of their horses were running forward and their scar-faced leader's roar that was amplified by the use of his warrior energy.

The three gold crowned kings were less affected by the fire compared to the ordinary soldiers. They had two star warriors on their sides protecting them. Although these two warriors were only two star rank, their warrior energy was enough to envelop the kings within it and push the flames and smoke away.

The dry grasses on the plain couldn't sustain the fire for too long. After about ten minutes, the fire toned down.

At the time, about five to six hundred cavaliers out of a thousand five hundred survived the sea of fire.

Behind them, there were still sparks appearing under the ashes. Some of the cavalier hadn't died yet, and their limbs that were seriously deformed by the heat twitched and moved under their reflex. The scene was horrifying. The entire plain was black as if it was hell itself. It was hard to stare at. A stinky burnt smell mixed with the smell of roasted meat dispersed in the air, and people were still able to tell cavaliers from their horses by looking at the charcoal like solid objects. A slight bammng noise would sound infrequently. It was the sound of internal organs exploding inside the horses and the cavaliers who died under the flames. The red and white liquid would pop out of the charcoal like statues and explode like fireworks.

The cavalier who charged out of the fire and survived were all elite soldiers who had been to numerous battles. But now, they didn't dare to turn their heads around and see what was happening behind them. The cavaliers who accidentally saw the hell like scene would instantly bend their backs and puke or cry out loud. Many of them lost their ability to think momentarily as their bodies shivered as if they had lost their souls. It was terrifying, it was hell.

The scar-faced leader stopped his horse and looked back as his face darkened.

He had been in more than a hundred battles, and he had successfully become a knight of the Imperial Knight Palace after he accumulated enough military merits for ten years. Since the sixteen year old boy first went on the battlefield, the burn scars on his face was his greatest medal. He considered the special executive armor that he was wearing only the second greatest symbol of authority he had, although it was from Imperial Knight Palace. Until now, he thought he grasped the essence of war and he couldn't suffer any casualties when playing within a remote kingdom... Who knew, he didn't just incur some casualties, he failed big time!

"Team! Reform!" The scar-faced knight shouted, and the bugle sounds resonated again.

Among the five to six hundred cavaliers who survived, only about four hundred of them were able to fight. The cavaliers quickly organized themselves into teams, and they all charged at the hill that was about fifty meters away from them as their scar-faced leader pointed his sword forward and roared "Revenge!" so loud that it sounded like thunder from the heaven.

The scar-faced knight charged at the very front, and the rest of the black armored cavaliers followed behind him closely.

On the hill, under the strange flag of the two-headed dog and crossed sword and axe, a black armored commander of Chambord only had less than fifty soldiers around him. It was clear that these soldiers of Chambord were in chaos. It seemed like they didn't anticipate the invader would survive this great fire. It was too late for them to run away even if they wanted to.

The invaders could close the gap of fifty meter within ten seconds.

"Kill them! Chop their heads off! Charge into Chambord Castle, and let the bugs of Chambord taste the feeling of getting burnt!"

This was the only thought on the scar-faced knight's and every other invader's mind.

They were about to go crazy!

...

Tink! Tink! Tink!

A series of metal collision sounds resonated in the forest. Although it was day time, the sparks appeared under the trees were still bright and eye-catching.

Two figures flew into the air and crossed each other in a split second.

It was a direct dual of sword techniques.

When they were in the air, knight Dick struck out twenty three times, and Lampard pierced out twenty six times. The consequences of striking three times less was significant. When they both landed on the ground again, a wound that was an inch deep appeared on Dick's shoulder, arm, and thigh.

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff!

After a short moment of silence, more than a dozen trees that were about a feet in diameter suddenly fell down. The cut on them were so clean that the cut surface could be used as a mirror. These cuts were made by the invisible warrior energy that leaked from the sword strikes. Since the strikes were so

subtle, the trees were alright when the warrior energy went through them. Only when the wind blew by did the trees fall.

"Great sword techniques!" The four star warrior Dick turned around and looked at the huge black sword in Lampard's hand. The surprise in his eyes grew thicker as he said, "I could never have thought that a master like you would hide in Chambord Kingdom. Your sword is about forty pounds heavier than mine, but you are able to strike three times more than I. I have to admit that your technique is superior!"

"Humph." Lampard didn't say anything back.

Chapter 196: I will crush your heart (Part Two)

"Hehe, however, it's quite unfortunate. Your insane sword technique couldn't save you since you chose the wrong battlefield..." A cruel smile appeared on the thin and shout four star warrior's face. Bright green dots suddenly flew out of the trees around him and entered his body, then the three deep wounds that were bleeding quickly recovered and disappeared. He laughed proudly: "My warrior energy attribute is wood, the most powerful healing energy attribute there is. Since there are a lot of trees around me, I'm able to absorb the wood energy from the surroundings and recover. Even if you stab me thirty times, three hundred times, I could still recover. However, every time I successfully strike you, your strength would decrease a little. Haha, when all the blood inside of you depletes, I will chop your head off and make it my thirtieth war trophy!"

"Too talkative!" Lampard sneer. He didn't move, but the lightning surrounding him grew bigger and bigger.

"Haha, you are cool! Hehe, and I love collecting the heads of cool warriors like you..." This Dick loved to talk. He was doing it to attack his opponent's confidence. He squinted his eyes, and small green dots would leave the numerous trees around him and envelop him. Although the trees were drying and dying at a visible speed, the green warrior energy enveloping Dick got stronger and stronger. Dick's energy soon grew bigger than Lampard, and he licked his lips and said, "Next, try to take this strike..."

Dick moved the swords as he said.

A green light appeared on the blade of his sword, and a vivid green dragon head was formed on the blade by his green warrior energy. The dragon opened its mouth, and its sharp teeth were vivid as well. Pressure appeared on Lampard's shoulders as if he was facing a real dragon.

"Warrior combat technique... Green – Light – Dragon – Sword !!!"

The huge dragon head opened its mouth again, and a huge ancient looking green sword shot out of it. The sword was about four meters long, and it looked very real. It buzzed in the air as it pierced through everything in its way, including trees and rocks. Dust on the ground was also sent into the air as everything struck towards Lampard!

It was another high level warrior combat technique.

The warriors of the Imperial Knight Palace had great resources, and ordinary four star warriors couldn't be compared to them.

The technique [Green Light Dragon Sword] had at least double Dick's power, and this strike was on the level of the peak four star warrior... It was an insane boost!

However, Lampard's face didn't even change color.

The huge sword in his hand was now stabbed into the ground. The cracking noise of lightning resonated in the forest as the lightning drew an image of an angry golden lion roaring at the sky behind him. He slowly gasped his right hand and formed a fist around his wrist. This movement seemed to have unbelievable magic. All of the lightning around him instantly condensed onto his right fist as if a whale swallowed all the water in the ocean. Then, a light silver dot appeared on his fist followed by eye-piercing silver light shining at everything around him...

For a moment, even the sunlight was enveloped by this silver light.

Dick suddenly felt like his eyes hurt, so he had to close his eyes in order to dodge the light that came from his opponent's right fist. Then, he heard the deep roar of the red haired cool warrior.

"Lightning – Speed – Fist !!!"

"Warrior combat technique? This bumpkin warrior knows warrior combat techniques as well?"

Dick couldn't believe what he was hearing.

He suddenly sensed a great amount of danger as he felt a vast amount of lightning energy dashing towards him. He was shocked, but he wasn't slowed. He unleashed all of his energy and injected all of it into the Green Light Dragon Sword. The four meter long green sword instantly grew bigger.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Numerous silver lightning bolts struck the five meter long green dragon sword formed by the warrior energy.

Then –

Crack ... crack... crack!

A series of light cracking noise sound as Dick was shocked again. He had sensed the collapse of his green dragon sword. When it was struck by the numerous lightning bolts, each lightning bolt broke away a part of the sword at a time. Dick couldn't do anything but to watch his four star warrior combat technique get destroyed!

Then, the residual silver lightning dashed towards him.

"How... how is this possible?"

He opened his eye wide, but he wasn't able to catch anything.

"Too fast. I couldn't track his trace. I couldn't spot his fist... Shit....." Dick was so scared that his soul almost flew out of his body. He quickly set up a series of green swords made of his warrior energy for defense, and backed off rapidly. He wanted to dodge this strike, but all of his defensive swords were torn apart like paper. The lightning instantly went through his body...

Then, the world fell into silence again.

"Can you use your wood energy to repair your crushed heart?"

Lampard asked coldly. His face was almost next to the terrified face of his opponent. Lampard was still in the position of punching out his right fist, but now, his right fist had pierced through Dick's chest. In his right hand, there was a heart that was still pumping slowly.

"No..." Desperation appeared in Dick's eyes as the strength in his body slowly deteriorated.

"Relax, I don't have the habit of collecting heads." Lampard's voice sounded again.

A semi-sad and semi-happy expression appeared in Dick's face, and it seemed like he wanted to say something.

"However... I will crush my opponent's heart." As Lampard said that, he squeezed his hand. The heart in his hand turned into a bloody pulp.