

## Long Live the King Chapter 228

"Hoho...ho...hoho..."

The short and thin Dick was struggling to say something, but his throat could only make a noise akin to a beast roaring with despair. He watched Lampard's arm slowly emerge from his chest, the last expression of his once arrogant face was a look of regret. Then, the sword clattered on the ground, he died as soon as he ceased to breathe. Lampard lightly pushed him, and the cold body fell to the ground.

Just then, a sudden burst of fire and flames appeared in the distance, burning half the sky.

Lampard was shocked, his body flashed, and appeared on a hundred-meter-tall tree the next second.

He looked up into the distance. The flames covering the whole prairie were seen. Lampard knew that this was the army leader Brook's handiwork. However, Lampard was once again anxious. When he thought of the other team, there was a master who was almost at the four stars peak. This fire would not have burned that killer, even if more than one thousand black cavalries would have burned. There were no pros which can contend with the killer beside Brook, the situation will take a nosedive, as long as the other side charges through the fire sea.

He had to help.

After a clear whistle, the disappearance of more than twenty Chambord archers out from the woods, have appeared under the tree.

"Lord Lampard!"

"Is everyone here? Were there any casualties?"

"Yes Lord, everyone is here. Everyone else is fine, except Andy and Taylor who suffered minor injuries. The two hundred and fifty black cavalry invaders all stayed in the woods, none of them escaped."

"Good job. But the fight is not over yet, now divide into two groups, you guys go to support Lord Drogba and Lord Pierce immediately, I am going to help Lord Brook... Remember, the situation is urgent and you must be fast!" Lampard looked at the twenty soldiers' faces, some of them were still bleeding. Although they had the advantage of being on familiar terrain and killed more than two hundred black cavalries in the woods, the sacrifices made by the twenty men were also not low. However, Lampard could not think much at this time, he could only speak softly, "Take care!". Then with a flash, he disappeared instantly.

The silver lightning roared out air, Lampard lightning rushed to the distant hills which had the two headed dog and axe banner planted on it.

At the same time, a string of hurried whistles sounded. The sound of hooves came, the horses that were deserted in the forest had come back again. The bloody Chambord soldiers rode these horses, and headed towards the grassy meadow long distance away.

In there, their brothers were still in a bloody battle for defending the homeland.

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"Hehe, look at the two little mice, where can they escape to?"

The black knight Alan who had messy grass-like yellow hair had blue energy flames surging around his body. With just with one hand, the water blue energy crazily shot towards Drogba and Pierce like arrows, forcing them to creep away. Only two big asses could be seen between the grass indistinctly, and pools of blood.

He was playing a game of cat and mouse, appreciating the opponent's fleeting desperate scream.

"Haha, stop and take a break! Hehe, can you guys still run away with such a severe wound and so much blood spilling out?" Alan's yellow hair was blowing in the wind. He jumped up into the air, looked at the two men running ahead, spreaded out water-blue sword energy and then sent it like a volley, sweeping up bursts of dust and grass on the ground.

The imperial Knight Alan came with several orders from a powerful figure. Naturally, he was aware that the two people fleeing were important people under the Chambord king. It would be a great achievement with a big reward if he could kill these two people. Therefore, he does not care that the other Chambord horse archers had escaped and just chased Drogba and Pierce.

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After a series of energy bombardments, the grass was covered in blood. There were bloodstains everywhere, and apparently the two guys were badly hurt and shouldn't be able to run any minute now...

The chase continued like this.

But——

After been chasing for more than ten minutes, gradually, Alan found that something was wrong.

"Strange... even if it was two buffalos, they would die after shedding so much blood. Why are two guys still full of vigour and vitality like mice? Alan stood where he was and pursued no more. Just then, he patted his head and found himself lost in the hay meadow where he had been chasing them.

"Two cowards, I am going to massacre the whole Chambord city first, let's see how long you guys can hide!"

Alan turned his eyes, shouted loudly deliberately, then turned away.

He was not faking it this time, but really had the heart to return. If the two shitty Saint Seiya did not appear, he would leave. Although there was a credit available for killing these two Saint Seiya, he would get nothing if his other companions were one step ahead after the capture of the city. They would loot all the treasures.

"Ahah, Don't go, you are really disappointing, we are just having fun, why do you want to leave?"

"Exactly, you still haven't caught up with us yet?"

The two tall and muscular people appeared and started laughing. They drilled out from the thick grass behind, quickly chased out and swore at Alan, apparently not satisfied because Alan chickened out.

"Ahahah, you two cowards..." Alan laughed and turned around, still standing.

He was about to mercilessly mock the shit out of those two Saint Seiya, but the word "coward" didn't even come out from his mouth yet before he was suddenly stunned as he stared at the things that Drogba and Pierce were carrying. It was two headless black cavalries' bodies that couldn't be more dead. The two men shamelessly carried them like chickens in their hands. With a slight appliance of force, blood would spray out onto the ground.

"How can....you guys..."

Alan understood a lot of things instantly, when he saw the two men laugh wretchedly as if they hit some jackpot. They were clean without any marks, let alone wounds. It was almost clean to the point of being shameless.

"I was....tricked!"

No wonder he felt that the two men's blood was a bit too much after they were "wounded". People would have become a mummy after losing that much blood, how could they still run?

"You guys.....cannot be forgiven! You should die ten thousand times!" Alan growled.

"Paul, Look, look, the Yellow Kid seems to be mad at us!" Drogba smiled proudly, "How was my idea?" He asked a question and answered himself, "Haha, I'm a f\*cking genius!"

"Didier, I've become naughty too now after following you!" Capricorn Saint Seiya Pierce laughed.

"You're all gonna die for me!"

Alan was extremely angry, his head was smoking, his eyes were firing, his ears puffed white steam. Water blue energy flamed and soared all surround him. The sounds of waves crashing against the shore came from the flame. The sharp sword became controlled by an invisible power. Suddenly, it spun furiously and a faint water energy ripple started spreading out from the center...

"Two stinking rats, you really piss me off..."

The sword wrapped in a blue energy turned into a lightning suddenly shot out countless air sword cuts in the sky. The two meters tall grass around them was mowed down, the sword light cut more quickly, more and more sharp, finally to a point uncapturable by the naked eye. The sound of the tides made it sound as if they were all in the vast ocean.

"Energy technique... Furious Thousand Layer Wave – !!"

Alan shouted, waving his swords again and again. In a moment, the sound of the tide was loud, like deafening roars... The sword lights all over the sky suddenly appeared all at once, forming a wave-like sword web, charging directly towards Drogba and Pierce from all sides.

"Ah, well, this guy is angry..." Drogba screamed and cried out suddenly, "Long live your majesty... Taurus Saint Cloth, come to me!"

As the words rolled, something strange happened—

They saw his cow-like body suddenly float like there was no more gravity. Then a black light from his forehead came out and became a black iron box. The iron box above the seal had a lively running pattern of Taurus. At the next moment the iron box opened and the golden light burst out, and a huge black steel bull rushed out of it. It split into 125 armour parts instantly, as if they were blessed with a soul. They all changed into golden flames, automatically flying in the air and finally landing on the body of Drogba.

At the moment that everything finished, a huge golden ox totem consisting of 125 dazzling stars appeared as if it was breaking through the black space. They flashed behind Drogba mysteriously. The giant cow's body had a vast and mysterious surging scent of ancient breath. When it proudly roared, the force was almost unbearable to the point of forcing bystanders to kneel down in worship.