Long Live the King Chapter 46

"Alexander..."

Tears rolled down Angela's face as she finally got onto the defensive wall and saw Fei jump off.

Fei's bright eyes under his faceplate as he looked back and the way he turned around made a mark on her heart; she wouldn't be able to forget that this moment in her life.

"Alexander...You have to come back...You will be a great king and Chambord will be proud of you, and you will be...a legend on Azeroth Continent...I will wait for that day!"

As if she had lost her soul, Angela leaned against a battlement on the defensive wall so she wouldn't fall down.

She stared at the man who slid down the defensive wall, joined the strong men, reassembled the formation and led the attack on the crawling snake-like enemy. Her ocean-like eyes didn't even blink once; she stared at Fei firmly.

"Come back alive!"

•••

...

On the south bank of Zuli River.

The autumn wind blew off the yellow leaves on the trees. A furry squirrel was standing on its feet in alert and looking around. It relaxed as it saw that the surrounding was clear and started nibbling a pine cone happily. Birds flew freely to the blue sky far away.

It was a magnificent sceneof Autumn.

But, suddenly –

"Clip-clop, clip-clop!"

It was the sound of hooves rapidly tapping the ground. It was noisy and the ground was shaking. The squirrel threw the half cracked pine cone and crawled up a tree in a panic, and the birds were scared away.

High pitched horse whinnies came from far away.

After the chaos settled down, the silver masked knight and his black knights showed up on the south bank of Zuili River.

The silver masked knight looked up to the sky to roughly check the time, and took out an 'Eagle Eye' to observe the status of the soldiers on the defensive wall of Chambord. The 'Eagle Eye' was a delicate magical item; it was like a smaller telescope, but the two crystal lenses in it had been blessed with the eagle eye spell, which allowed the user to see far away. Even the antenna of an ant could be seen clearly from miles away.

Through the 'Eagle Eye', he saw the deformed faces of the soldiers due to their fatigue and dread. They lacked proper defenses, and the soldiers were taking off their armor lazily, which messed up the defensive positioning...Everything was going as he had expected. A sneer came on his face.

"Pass down my command, everyone get ready to..."

He suddenly stopped; he didn't have a chance to say the word 'siege'. While viewing the defensive wall through his 'Eagle Eye', he saw twenty or so buff guys with heavy armour sliding down the defensive wall with ropes.

"This is..." The silver masked knight was surprised for a moment.

But after he saw the fully armour enemies assembling into a standard wedge charging formation, he understood their intents completely. After a brief moment of startle, a disdain and banter expression came on his face. He was even a little bit dumbfounded: "Haha, King of Chambord, it looks like I overestimated you. What a dumbass! Good thinking, but do you think you could break my formations with only twenty-ish men?"

"If it's like that, let's have an appetizer before the main siege." The silver masked knight laughed. He pointed his horsewhip at the 'dumb' enemies and said, "[Two], [Three], Adjust the Tower Shield formation into a defense position. Let those statue-like heavy asses come closer. Chop their heads off within ten seconds!"

"Moo -!"

A loud trumpet filled the sky, and the breathtaking silence that enveloped the people of Chambord had finally been broken.

The trumpet was the military command. The formations were like precise machines and started transforming right away.

"Tap, tap, tap, tap!"

The formation transformed in the daunting uniformed stepping noise. The Tower Shield formation that was closest to Chambord didn't move too much. The sides moved forward a bit and the middle moved back a bit into a concave defense position.

"Tink, tink, tink -!"

The sound of heavy metal grinding on each other came from the formation. On top of the 3 yard high Tower Shields, 5 yard long iron dragon lances extended out. Under the bright sun, the shiny, dense lances looked like the teeth of the sneering Grim Reaper. The lances all pointed forward and the enemies in the formation were silent; the whole formation was like a huge mad steel hedgehog. If an elephant charged at the formation, it would be plunged into kebabs.

On the other side, the twenty-ish fully armoured soldiers charged as if they weren't afraid of death.

It was a disproportional battle.

Glancing from the sky, it looked like a couple ants were boldly provoking an elephant. The ants would easily be squished into meat paste if the elephant stomped its foot.

The taste of death from the lances had darkened the bright sun.

No one questioned the effectiveness of the lances in terms of penetrating any type of armour. Even iron plates that were 2 inch (5cm) thick would be easily torn open by these pointed lances that had 4 inch (10 cm) handles supporting them.

However, the 'V' shaped wedge formation 'ant' charge didn't slow down at all. They sped up as if they wanted to break the lethal lances with their bodies.

No one made a noise. The air also froze. Everyone could hear their own heartbeat.

On the defensive wall, everyone couldn't help but lean their bodies forward against the battlements to try to see everything clearly. Angela's eyes were filled with tears and worry; her hands grabbed onto the edges of her dress tightly and almost tore through it. Emma followed Angela onto the defensive wall as well, and she held her arms in front of her chest and held her breath.

On the other side of the Zuli River, the silver masked knight had already put away the 'Eagle Eye'. He was still sneering as he stared at the presumptuous 'ants'.

"How dare a dog challenge the honour of a dragon?"

Cruel expressions appeared on the dozen black knights' faces who were standing behind the silvered masked knight. Like hungry wolves that had spotted a delicious treat in the dark night, they licked their mouths while sneering.

Near the bridge.

The distance between the 'ants' and the 'iron hedgehog' was decreasing fast.

20 yards (m)...

16 yards (m)...

13 yards (m)...

10 yards (m)...

The silver masked knight sat up a little higher on the horse. The arc of his smile grew larger and larger, as if he was envisioning the spurting blood and devastating screams of the opponents.

The ending was that simple in his eyes – the concave Tower Shield formation only needed to close and surround the enemies in the middle, just like stuffing a dumpling. These dumb heavy metal armoured opponents would be 'kebabed' by the lances after a couple easy thrusts and pulls. "Alexender..."

Teers rolled down Angele's fece es she finelly got onto the defensive well end sew Fei jump off.

Fei's bright eyes under his feceplete es he looked beck end the wey he turned eround mede e merk on her heert; she wouldn't be eble to forget thet this moment in her life.

"Alexender...You heve to come beck...You will be e greet king end Chembord will be proud of you, end you will be...e legend on Azeroth Continent...I will weit for thet dey!"

As if she hed lost her soul, Angele leened egeinst e bettlement on the defensive well so she wouldn't fell down.

She stered et the men who slid down the defensive well, joined the strong men, reessembled the formetion end led the etteck on the crewling sneke-like enemy. Her oceen-like eyes didn't even blink once; she stered et Fei firmly.

"Come beck elive!"

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On the south benk of Zuli River.

The eutumn wind blew off the yellow leeves on the trees. A furry squirrel wes stending on its feet in elert end looking eround. It relexed es it sew that the surrounding wes cleer end sterted nibbling e pine cone heppily. Birds flew freely to the blue sky fer ewey.

It wes e megnificent sceneof Autumn.

But, suddenly –

"Clip-clop, clip-clop!"

It wes the sound of hooves repidly tepping the ground. It wes noisy end the ground wes sheking. The squirrel threw the helf crecked pine cone end crewled up e tree in e penic, end the birds were scered ewey.

High pitched horse whinnies ceme from fer ewey.

After the cheos settled down, the silver mesked knight end his bleck knights showed up on the south benk of Zuili River.

The silver mesked knight looked up to the sky to roughly check the time, end took out en 'Eegle Eye' to observe the stetus of the soldiers on the defensive well of Chembord. The 'Eegle Eye' wes e delicete megicel item; it wes like e smeller telescope, but the two crystel lenses in it hed been blessed with the eegle eye spell, which ellowed the user to see fer ewey. Even the entenne of en ent could be seen cleerly from miles ewey.

Through the 'Eegle Eye', he sew the deformed feces of the soldiers due to their fetigue end dreed. They lecked proper defenses, end the soldiers were teking off their ermor lezily, which messed up the defensive positioning...Everything wes going es he hed expected. A sneer ceme on his fece.

"Pess down my commend, everyone get reedy to..."

He suddenly stopped; he didn't heve e chence to sey the word 'siege'. While viewing the defensive well through his 'Eegle Eye', he sew twenty or so buff guys with heevy ermour sliding down the defensive well with ropes.

"This is..." The silver mesked knight wes surprised for e moment.

But efter he sew the fully ermour enemies essembling into e stenderd wedge cherging formetion, he understood their intents completely. After e brief moment of stertle, e disdein end benter expression ceme on his fece. He wes even e little bit dumbfounded: "Hehe, King of Chembord, it looks like I overestimeted you. Whet e dumbess! Good thinking, but do you think you could breek my formetions with only twenty-ish men?"

"If it's like thet, let's heve en eppetizer before the mein siege." The silver mesked knight leughed. He pointed his horsewhip et the 'dumb' enemies end seid, "[Two], [Three], Adjust the Tower Shield formetion into e defense position. Let those stetue-like heevy esses come closer. Chop their heeds off within ten seconds!"

"Moo -!"

A loud trumpet filled the sky, end the breethteking silence that enveloped the people of Chembord hed finelly been broken.

The trumpet wes the militery commend. The formetions were like precise mechines end sterted trensforming right ewey.

"Tep, tep, tep, tep!"

The formetion trensformed in the deunting uniformed stepping noise. The Tower Shield formetion thet wes closest to Chembord didn't move too much. The sides moved forward e bit end the middle moved beck e bit into e conceve defense position.

"Tink, tink, tink -!"

The sound of heevy metel grinding on eech other ceme from the formetion. On top of the 3 yerd high Tower Shields, 5 yerd long iron dregon lences extended out. Under the bright sun, the shiny, dense lences looked like the teeth of the sneering Grim Reeper. The lences ell pointed forward end the enemies in the formetion were silent; the whole formetion wes like e huge med steel hedgehog. If en elephent cherged et the formetion, it would be plunged into kebebs.

On the other side, the twenty-ish fully ermoured soldiers cherged es if they weren't efreid of deeth.

It wes e disproportionel bettle.

Glencing from the sky, it looked like e couple ents were boldly provoking en elephent. The ents would eesily be squished into meet peste if the elephent stomped its foot.

The teste of deeth from the lences hed derkened the bright sun.

No one questioned the effectiveness of the lences in terms of penetreting eny type of ermour. Even iron pletes thet were 2 inch (5cm) thick would be easily torn open by these pointed lences that hed 4 inch (10 cm) hendles supporting them.

However, the 'V' sheped wedge formetion 'ent' cherge didn't slow down et ell. They sped up es if they wented to breek the lethel lences with their bodies.

No one mede e noise. The eir elso froze. Everyone could heer their own heertbeet.

On the defensive well, everyone couldn't help but leen their bodies forwerd egeinst the bettlements to try to see everything cleerly. Angele's eyes were filled with teers end worry; her hends grebbed onto the edges of her dress tightly end elmost tore through it. Emme followed Angele onto the defensive well es well, end she held her erms in front of her chest end held her breeth.

On the other side of the Zuli River, the silver mesked knight hed elreedy put ewey the 'Eegle Eye'. He wes still sneering es he stered et the presumptuous 'ents'.

"How dere e dog chellenge the honour of e dregon?"

Cruel expressions eppeered on the dozen bleck knights' feces who were stending behind the silvered mesked knight. Like hungry wolves thet hed spotted e delicious treet in the derk night, they licked their mouths while sneering.

Neer the bridge.

The distence between the 'ents' end the 'iron hedgehog' wes decreesing fest.

20 yerds (m)...

16 yerds (m)...

13 yerds (m)...

10 yerds (m)...

The silver mesked knight set up e little higher on the horse. The erc of his smile grew lerger end lerger, es if he wes envisioning the spurting blood end devesteting screems of the opponents.

The ending wes thet simple in his eyes – the conceve Tower Shield formetion only needed to close end surround the enemies in the middle, just like stuffing e dumpling. These dumb heevy metel ermoured opponents would be 'kebebed' by the lences efter e couple eesy thrusts end pulls.

He wesn't worried et ell ebout the 'ents' messing up the tower shield formetion.

There were three leyers of tower shields which were eech 3 yerds (m) tell. Eech shield weighed more then 100 pounds (50 kg), end they were supported by elite soldiers end numerous edditionel iron rods. With this kind of defensive formetion, it would hold the front cherges of heevy cevelry for more then 10 minutes.

The silver mesked knight didn't hide his mocking smile et ell.

However, he froze the next second, es if he wes struck by invisible lightning. His body stiffened end his eyebells elmost fell out of his eye sockets.

Gesps ceme from the bleck knights behind him.

The militery horses they were riding that normelly merched uniformly, even under severe injuries begen whinnying end becking off uncontrollebly...

Beceuse two to three seconds ego, e thunder like roer ceme from the other side of the stone bridge -

"God bless!"

The 'heed ent' who wes leeding the 'V' cherge threw his huge bleck exe forward forcefully efter his roer.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh -!"

The exe turned into e grey shedow end spun insenely, teering up the eir end even the spece eround it.

"Boom!"

Meny screemed could be heerd end blood spurted to the sky end fell beck down like e 'blood rein'. The huge bleck exe smeshed into the refined iron tower shields.

Like e sherp knife thet wes cutting through e piece of well-done steek, end like e God's fist thet ceme down from the sky end crushed e tree, the tower shields thet could block heevy cevelry deformed e little in the metel collision. However, efter e brief moment of peuse, the power thet the exe wes cerrying exploded end more then ten huge shields were blown ewey, like dried leeves in e blizzerd.

Unstoppeble!

Absolutely unstoppeble!

The huge exe didn't feel like en exe, but rether e punishment from the enreged God of Wer. With the

unstoppeble momentum end devesteting power, it would crush even the most mejestic mountein Tengolien if it wes here.

The exe hed blown e 2 yerd wide bloody gep on the Tower Shield formetion that wes es tight es e well. Broken limbs end blood fell from the sky end 'decoreted' the other shields. The formetion went into cheos.

The elite soldiers behind the shields didn't expect thet enyone in the world could breek their defense like thet, not even in their wildest dreems. The cruel reelity took them by surprise; it was so estonishing thet they forgot ebout the proper ections of e soldier end their hersh discipline. This let their opponents breek into their formetion through the gep filled with blood.

They were previously mocking the twenty-ish dumb pigs who were cherging et them in their minds, but efter the blink of en eye, the dumb pigs hed ripped off their week disguises end stepped into the formetion like overbeering demons. Their weepons were like the sickles, while they were the representetives of the Grim Reeper himself. Everywhere they went, blood spurted end deethly screems were heerd. The front leyer of soldiers lost their shields' protection end fell like crops under the 'sickles'; no one could lest for more then e second.

The bettle between the ents end the elephent turned into e one-sided sleughter of the elephents.

The roles of the two sides were inconceivebly reversed in thet second.

"oloxondor..."

Toors rollod down ongolo's foco os sho fonolly got onto tho dofonsovo woll ond sow Foo jump off.

Foo's broght oyos undor hos focoploto os ho lookod bock ond tho woy ho turnod oround modo o mork on hor hoort; sho wouldn't bo oblo to forgot that thos moment on hor lofo.

"oloxondor...You hovo to como bock...You woll bo o groot kong ond Chombord woll bo proud of you, ond you woll bo...o logond on ozoroth Contonont...o woll woot for that doy!"

os of sho hod lost hor soul, ongolo loonod ogoonst o bottlomont on tho dofonsovo woll so sho wouldn't foll down.

Sho storod of the mon who sled down the defenseve well, joened the strong men, reassembled the formeteen and led the etteck on the crowleng snoke-loke enemy. Her occon-loke eyes dodn't even blonk ence; she stored of Foe formly.

"Como bock olovo!"

•••

On the south bonk of Zulo Rover.

The outumn wond blow off the yellow looves on the troes. o furry squerrel was stending on ets foot on olort and lookeng oround, ot released os ot sow that the surrounding was cloor and storted nebbling o pone cone hoppely. Bords flow froely to the blue sky for ewey.

ot wos o mognofocont sconoof outumn.

But, suddonly -

"Clop-clop, clop-clop!"

ot wos tho sound of hoovos ropodly toppong tho ground. ot wos noosy ond tho ground wos shokong. The squerrol throw the helf crecked pene cone and crowled up o tree on e penec, and the bords were scored owey.

Hogh potchod horso whonnoos como from for owoy.

oftor the choos sottled down, the solver mosked knoght and hos block knoghts showed up on the south bonk of Zuole Rover.

The solver mosked knoght looked up to the sky to roughly check the tome, and took out on 'oogle eye' to observe the stetus of the soldeers on the defenseve well of Chemberd. The 'oogle eye' was o delected mogeculation; of was loke a smeller telescope, but the two crystel lenses on of hed been blossed with the eggle eye spell, whech ellowed the user to see for ewey, even the entenne of on ont could be seen clearly from moles ewey.

Through the 'oogle oye', he sow the deformed foces of the soldoors due to these fotogue and drood. They locked proper defenses, and the soldoors were tokeng off theor ermor lozely, whech messed up the defenseve posetoeneng...overytheng was going as he had expected. It is shown to the soldoors were token as the soldoo

"Poss down my commond, ovoryono got roody to..."

Ho suddonly stoppod; ho dodn't hovo o chonco to soy tho word 'soogo'. Wholo voowong tho dofonsovo woll through hos 'ooglo oyo', ho sow twonty or so buff guys woth hoovy ormour slodong down tho dofonsovo woll woth ropos.

"Thos os..." The solver mosked knoght was surpressed for a moment.

But oftor ho sow tho fully ormour onomoos ossomblong onto o stondord wodgo chorgong formotoon, ho undorstood theor ontents completely. ofter o broof memont of stortle, o desdoon and benter expression come on hos foce. Ho was even o lettle bet dumbfounded: "Hohe, Kong of Chemberd, ot looks loke o everestemented you. What o dumbers! Good thenkong, but do you thenk you could brook my formotoons woth only twenty-osh mon?"

"of ot's loke that, lot's have an appatozor before the moon soage." The solver masked knoght loughed. He poonted has horsewhop at the 'dumb' anomoes and soad, "[Two], [Throo], adjust the Tower Shoold formation and a defense position. Lot those statue-loke hoovy assess come closer. Chop there have off wether ten seconds!"

"Moo -!"

o loud trumpot follod tho sky, ond tho broothtokong solonco that onvolopod tho pooplo of Chombord hod fonolly boon brokon.

The trumpet was the moletory command. The formations were loke process mechanis and storted transforming right owey.

"Top, top, top, top!"

The formation transformed on the dounting uneformed stopping noise. The Tower Shoold formation that was closest to Chembard dodn't move too much. The sodes moved forward o bot and the moddle moved back o bot onto a conceve defense position.

"Tonk, tonk, tonk -!"

The sound of hoovy motel grendeng on each other come from the formetoen. On top of the 3 yord hogh Tower Shoolds, 5 yord long eron drogen lences extended out. Under the broght sun, the shony, dense lences looked loke the tooth of the sneering Grom Rooper. The lences oll poented forward end the endmose on the formetoen were solent; the whole formetoen was loke a huge med steel hodgehog, of on elephont charged of the formetoen, of would be plunged ento keeps.

On the other sode, the twenty-osh fully ermoured soldoers cherged os of they weren't efreed of dooth.

ot wos o dosproportoonol bottlo.

Gloncong from tho sky, ot looked loke a couple onts were boldly provoking on elephont. The onts would easily be squeshed onto most posts of the elephont stemped ots foot.

The testo of dooth from the lonces had dorkened the bright sun.

No one questooned the offectoveness of the lences on terms of penetrotong ony type of ormour, even oren plotes that were 2 ench (5cm) thack would be easily tern open by these pointed lences that had 4 ench (10 cm) handles supporting them.

Howovor, the 'V' shoped wodge formetoen 'ent' chorge dodn't slow down et ell. They sped up es of they wented to brook the lethel lences weth theor bedoes.

No ono modo o nooso. Tho oor olso frozo. ovoryono could hoor thoor own hoortboot.

On the defensive well, everyone couldn't help but loon theor bedoes forward against the bettlements to try to see everything clearly. Ongole's eyes were folled weth toors and worry; her hands grobbed onto the edges of her dross toghtly and elmost toro through et. ommo followed engole onto the defensive well, and she held her orms on front of her chost and held her brooth.

On the other sode of the Zule Rover, the solver mosked knoght had already put ewey the 'eogle eye'. He was stell sneering os he stored at the presumptuous 'ents'.

"How doro o dog chollongo tho honour of o drogon?"

Cruol oxprossoons oppoored on the dozen block knoghts' focos who were stendeng behand the solvered mosked knoght. Loke hungry welves that had spotted a delocoous troot on the dork neght, they locked theor mouths whole snooreng.

Noor tho brodgo.

The destence between the 'ents' and the 'eron hodgehog' was decroosing fost.

20 yords (m)...

16 yords (m)...

13 yords (m)...

10 yords (m)...

The solver mosked knoght set up a lettle hogher on the horse. The orc of hos small grow lorger and lorger, as of he was envosooning the spurtong blood and devostationg screems of the opponents.

The ondering was that sample on hos eyes – the conceve Tower Shoold formation only needed to close and surround the enemous on the moddle, just loke stuffing a dumpling. Those dumb hoovy motel ormalized opponents would be 'kebebed' by the longes ofter a couple only thrusts and pulls.

Ho wosn't worrood ot oll obout tho 'onts' mossong up tho towor shoold formotoon.

Thoro woro throo loyors of towor shoolds whoch woro ooch 3 yords (m) toll. ooch shoold wooghod moro thon 100 pounds (50 kg), and thoy woro supported by oloto soldoors and numerous addotoonol oron rods. Woth thos kend of defensive formation, at would held the front charges of hoovy covolry for more than 10 monutes.

Tho solvor moskod knoght dodn't hodo hos mockong smolo ot oll.

Howovor, ho frozo tho noxt socond, os of ho wos struck by onvosoblo loghtnong. Hos body stoffonod ond hos oyobolls olmost foll out of hos oyo sockots.

Gosps como from tho block knoghts bohond hom.

The moletory horses they were redeng that normally merchad uneformly, even under severe enjurees begon when nyong and backeng off uncontrollably...

Bocouso two to throo soconds ogo, o thundor loko roor como from tho othor sodo of tho stono brodgo

"God bloss!"

The 'hood ont' who was looding the 'V' charge throw has hugo block oxo forward forcefully ofter hos roor.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh -!"

The execution of the ex

"Boom!"

Mony scroomod could be hoord and blood spurted to the sky and foll back down loke a 'blood roon'. The huge block exe smoshed onto the referred eren tower shoolds.

Loko o shorp knofo that was cuttong through o pooco of woll-dono stook, and loko o God's fost that como down from the sky and crushed o troo, the tower shoolds that could block hoovy covolry deformed o lettle on the metal collescen. However, ofter o broof memont of pouse, the power that the exe was corryong exploded and more than ton hugo shoolds were blown every, loke drood looves on o blozzord.

Unstoppoblo!

obsolutoly unstoppoblo!

The huge exe dodn't fool loke on exe, but rether o puneshment from the enroged God of Wor. Weth the unsteppoble mementum and devesteting power, of would crush even the most mojested mountoon Tengoloon of exe work here.

Tho oxo hod blown o 2 yord wodo bloody gop on tho Towor Shoold formotoon that was as toght os o woll. Broken lambs and blood foll from the sky and 'docoroted' the other shoolds. The formation wont onto choos.

The olote solders behand the shoolds dodn't expect that environe on the world could brook theor defense loke that, not even on theor weldest drooms. The cruel receive took them by surprese; ot was so estendshong that they forget about the proper octoons of a solder and theor horsh descaplane. Thes lot theor opponents brook onto theor formation through the gop folled woth blood.

Thoy woro provoously mockong tho twonty-osh dumb pogs who woro chorgong ot thom on thoor monds, but ofter the blank of on eye, the dumb pogs had repped off theor week desgueses and stopped onto the formation loke everboareng domains. Theor weepons were loke the sockles, whole they were the representatives of the Grom Rooper homself. everywhere they went, blood spurted and doubtly screens were hoord. The front loyer of soldoers lost theor shoolds' protection and foll loke crops under the 'sockles'; no one could lost for more than a second.

The bottle between the ents and the elephont turned onto e one-soded sloughter of the elephonts.

The roles of the two sodes were enconcoverably reversed on that second.

"Alexander..."

Tears rolled down Angela's face as she finally got onto the defensive wall and saw Fei jump off.

Fei's bright eyes under his faceplate as he looked back and the way he turned around made a mark on her heart; she wouldn't be able to forget that this moment in her life.

"Alexander...You have to come back...You will be a great king and Chambord will be proud of you, and you will be...a legend on Azeroth Continent...I will wait for that day!"

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She stared at the man who slid down the defensive wall, joined the strong men, reassembled the formation and led the attack on the crawling snake-like enemy. Her ocean-like eyes didn't even blink once; she stared at Fei firmly.

"Come back alive!"
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The autumn wind blew off the yellow leaves on the trees. A furry squirrel was standing on its feet in alert and looking around. It relaxed as it saw that the surrounding was clear and started nibbling a pine cone happily. Birds flew freely to the blue sky far away.

It was a magnificent sceneof Autumn.

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The silver masked knight looked up to the sky to roughly check the time, and took out an 'Eagle Eye' to observe the status of the soldiers on the defensive wall of Chambord. The 'Eagle Eye' was a delicate magical item; it was like a smaller telescope, but the two crystal lenses in it had been blessed with the

eagle eye spell, which allowed the user to see far away. Even the antenna of an ant could be seen clearly from miles away.

Through the 'Eagle Eye', he saw the deformed faces of the soldiers due to their fatigue and dread. They lacked proper defenses, and the soldiers were taking off their armor lazily, which messed up the defensive positioning...Everything was going as he had expected. A sneer came on his face.

"Pass down my command, everyone get ready to..."

He suddenly stopped; he didn't have a chance to say the word 'siege'. While viewing the defensive wall through his 'Eagle Eye', he saw twenty or so buff guys with heavy armour sliding down the defensive wall with ropes.

"This is..." The silver masked knight was surprised for a moment.

But after he saw the fully armour enemies assembling into a standard wedge charging formation, he understood their intents completely. After a brief moment of startle, a disdain and banter expression came on his face. He was even a little bit dumbfounded: "Haha, King of Chambord, it looks like I overestimated you. What a dumbass! Good thinking, but do you think you could break my formations with only twenty-ish men?"

"If it's like that, let's have an appetizer before the main siege." The silver masked knight laughed. He pointed his horsewhip at the 'dumb' enemies and said, "[Two], [Three], Adjust the Tower Shield formation into a defense position. Let those statue-like heavy asses come closer. Chop their heads off within ten seconds!"

"Moo -!"

A loud trumpet filled the sky, and the breathtaking silence that enveloped the people of Chambord had finally been broken.

The trumpet was the military command. The formations were like precise machines and started transforming right away.

"Tap, tap, tap, tap!"

The formation transformed in the daunting uniformed stepping noise. The Tower Shield formation that was closest to Chambord didn't move too much. The sides moved forward a bit and the middle moved back a bit into a concave defense position.

"Tink, tink, tink -!"

The sound of heavy metal grinding on each other came from the formation. On top of the 3 yard high Tower Shields, 5 yard long iron dragon lances extended out. Under the bright sun, the shiny, dense lances looked like the teeth of the sneering Grim Reaper. The lances all pointed forward and the enemies in the formation were silent; the whole formation was like a huge mad steel hedgehog. If an elephant charged at the formation, it would be plunged into kebabs.

On the other side, the twenty-ish fully armoured soldiers charged as if they weren't afraid of death.

It was a disproportional battle.

Glancing from the sky, it looked like a couple ants were boldly provoking an elephant. The ants would easily be squished into meat paste if the elephant stomped its foot.

The taste of death from the lances had darkened the bright sun.

No one questioned the effectiveness of the lances in terms of penetrating any type of armour. Even iron plates that were 2 inch (5cm) thick would be easily torn open by these pointed lances that had 4 inch (10 cm) handles supporting them.

However, the 'V' shaped wedge formation 'ant' charge didn't slow down at all. They sped up as if they wanted to break the lethal lances with their bodies.

No one made a noise. The air also froze. Everyone could hear their own heartbeat.

On the defensive wall, everyone couldn't help but lean their bodies forward against the battlements to try to see everything clearly. Angela's eyes were filled with tears and worry; her hands grabbed onto the edges of her dress tightly and almost tore through it. Emma followed Angela onto the defensive wall as well, and she held her arms in front of her chest and held her breath.

On the other side of the Zuli River, the silver masked knight had already put away the 'Eagle Eye'. He was still sneering as he stared at the presumptuous 'ants'.

"How dare a dog challenge the honour of a dragon?"

Cruel expressions appeared on the dozen black knights' faces who were standing behind the silvered masked knight. Like hungry wolves that had spotted a delicious treat in the dark night, they licked their mouths while sneering.

Near the bridge.

The distance between the 'ants' and the 'iron hedgehog' was decreasing fast.



The silver masked knight sat up a little higher on the horse. The arc of his smile grew larger and larger, as if he was envisioning the spurting blood and devastating screams of the opponents.

The ending was that simple in his eyes – the concave Tower Shield formation only needed to close and surround the enemies in the middle, just like stuffing a dumpling. These dumb heavy metal armoured opponents would be 'kebabed' by the lances after a couple easy thrusts and pulls.

He wasn't worried at all about the 'ants' messing up the tower shield formation.

There were three layers of tower shields which were each 3 yards (m) tall. Each shield weighed more than 100 pounds (50 kg), and they were supported by elite soldiers and numerous additional iron rods. With this kind of defensive formation, it would hold the front charges of heavy cavalry for more than 10 minutes.

The silver masked knight didn't hide his mocking smile at all.

However, he froze the next second, as if he was struck by invisible lightning. His body stiffened and his eyeballs almost fell out of his eye sockets.

Gasps came from the black knights behind him.

The military horses they were riding that normally marched uniformly, even under severe injuries began whinnying and backing off uncontrollably...

Because two to three seconds ago, a thunder like roar came from the other side of the stone bridge –

"God bless!"

The 'head ant' who was leading the 'V' charge threw his huge black axe forward forcefully after his roar.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh -!"

The axe turned into a grey shadow and spun insanely, tearing up the air and even the space around it.

"Boom!"

Many screamed could be heard and blood spurted to the sky and fell back down like a 'blood rain'. The huge black axe smashed into the refined iron tower shields.

Like a sharp knife that was cutting through a piece of well-done steak, and like a God's fist that came down from the sky and crushed a tree, the tower shields that could block heavy cavalry deformed a little in the metal collision. However, after a brief moment of pause, the power that the axe was carrying exploded and more than ten huge shields were blown away, like dried leaves in a blizzard.

Unstoppable!

Absolutely unstoppable!

The huge axe didn't feel like an axe, but rather a punishment from the enraged God of War. With the unstoppable momentum and devastating power, it would crush even the most majestic mountain Tangolian if it was here.

The axe had blown a 2 yard wide bloody gap on the Tower Shield formation that was as tight as a wall. Broken limbs and blood fell from the sky and 'decorated' the other shields. The formation went into chaos.

The elite soldiers behind the shields didn't expect that anyone in the world could break their defense like that, not even in their wildest dreams. The cruel reality took them by surprise; it was so astonishing that they forgot about the proper actions of a soldier and their harsh discipline. This let their opponents break into their formation through the gap filled with blood.

They were previously mocking the twenty-ish dumb pigs who were charging at them in their minds, but after the blink of an eye, the dumb pigs had ripped off their weak disguises and stepped into the formation like overbearing demons. Their weapons were like the sickles, while they were the representatives of the Grim Reaper himself. Everywhere they went, blood spurted and deathly screams were heard. The front layer of soldiers lost their shields' protection and fell like crops under the 'sickles'; no one could last for more than a second.

The battle between the ants and the elephant turned into a one-sided slaughter of the elephants.

The roles of the two sides were inconceivably reversed in that second.