Long Live the King Chapter 47

The gasps of the soldiers, the screams of the wounded, the yelling of the officers, the colliding and breaking sound of metal... these sounds that would normally cause a chill to people's bones joined together under the defensive wall and formed a deathly symphony.

A round of cheers came from the defensive wall; it was too difficult to contain.

All their fears and worries turned into loud cheers.

The godlike axe strike hit the tower shield-dragon lance formation, but it also hit the heart of everyone on the wall. It was like a torch fire in the darkness; it gave them hope and ignited their blood and souls.

On the defensive wall, everyone knew who that axe belonged to. Everyone knew whose face was under that helmet, because everyone had watched the young and brave king slide down the defensive wall and stand at the very front of the other men. His back faced his followers as he faced the cruelest enemies.

Everyone on the wall was crying. They screamed, jumped and threw their arms into the air wildly, as if they could empower the brave men who charged into the enemies and fought alongside their king.

On the other side of the Zuli River.

The silver masked knight was feeling gloomy. His attitude of watching a good show with confidence disappeared. His expression was like that of finding out that he had bit on a hard rock and chipped his teeth after biting into a piece of delicious flesh.

After that axe was thrown, his heart beat faster and he knew something was wrong.

The tower shield formation that he was proud of didn't even hold for one second, and was smashed open by the enemies. Their ease in charging into the formation was a huge slap to his face.

The devastating power that the axe carried made him feel threatened for the first time. This shouldn't have been the power of any man. There wasn't any surge of energy, so what kind of power was that?

"Black knights, pass down my command, abandon the chaotic front formation and transform to [Lock Formation]; make sure to envelop those guys. Put up the dragon lances and keep some distance, don't fight them recklessly..."

The silver masked knight calmed himself down quickly and displayed proper adaptation abilities and executed another plan.

His eyes weren't fooled. He could tell that the 'death squad' of twenty-ish weren't star warriors, but simply ordinary men who had a ton of physical strength. When the battle went on, they would tire out eventually and it would be easy to kill them.

However, the silver masked knight didn't want to wait any longer. Although he was trained to be calm during any situation and was taught many techniques to command armies and read people's minds, after consecutive losses in battle against ant-like enemies, he felt ashamed. He decided not to wait any longer and crush the enemies with the most powerful method he had and conquer Chambord Castle at once.

After he thought about it for a while, he spoke coldly while biting his teeth, "Tell the three star warrior Landes to stop protecting the trebuchets and join forces with the rest of the tower shield soldiers to eliminate those bastards right away...Get the rest of the army prepared; start sieging right after that!"

After the silver masked knight thought about the two commands and made sure that they covered everything, he waved his horsewhip and the black knights rushed to pass on the commands.

On the bridge, the battle was still continuing.

By using the monstrous strength of the level 12 Barbarian, Fei smashed open a way into the formation. The twenty two strongmen followed him tightly; together, they were like a matchless blade that pierced the enemy's heart.

The Tower Shield formation had a great amount of frontal defense; even charging cavalry couldn't break through them easily. However, the soldiers behind the shields only wore thin leather armour; once the enemies break through, without the protection of the huge iron shields, they would be like pigs in a slaughter house.

Pierce and Drogba were right behind Fei. Both of them were the strongest men in Chambord; the war hammer and axe were slamming and crashing into the enemies with a huge amount of force. The tower shield enemies were killed when the weapons hit them and wounded when the weapons touched them; there was nothing that could stop them.

On the thin bridge, red blood decorated everything. Wherever the 'death squad' went turned to chaos.

Due to the terrain restrictions, although there were more enemies, they weren't able to surround Fei and the strongmen properly. The width of the bridge could only hold about fifteen men, so their

numbers advantage couldn't be utilized and they had the disadvantage.

In the chaos, an enemy officer who was nearing a one star warrior saw that the man who gave the Tower shield formation a deadly blow didn't have a weapon anymore. He was extremely excited; he thought the Goddess of Luck had blessed him. He picked up a half broken dragon lance and sneakily used the scarce energy he had to thrust it at Fei when he thought Fei's guard was down.

Although the lance was half broken, it weighed about fifty to sixty pounds. With a ton of momentum and energy of an almost one star warrior, the tip of the lance shined like a bloodthirsty light; it was aimed at Fei's heart.

"Go to hell!"

The enemy officer laughed as if he already saw the opponent's blood shoot out of his chest as his heart was pierced. Without a doubt, if he could kill a man who was so strong, it would be a great military honor and he would soon be promoted to higher ranks.

But -

The officer's smile froze on his face.

It soon turned into a deformed pale face that was experiencing a ton of pain and fear.

The weaponless man didn't panic at all after seeing sneak attack. Instead, a cunning and gloating smile could be seen under the man's faceplate. He reached his hands into the air; after a flash of white light, like magic, another huge axe appeared in his hand out of nowhere!"

"Tink!"

A frontal chop.

The axe accurately chopped the tip of the lance. After the sparks from the colliding metals faded, the axe's blade turned into a white thin line in the officer's eyes. Like a sharp knife cutting through a soft milk cake, the axe separated the iron lance in half. With the remaining momentum, the axe also went through his body...-

He felt cold...

The dragon lance, the officer...

The axe went through both of them easily. After a brief pause, they both separated into two pieces each.

There was no way that the blood could stop.

The man's bright red internal organs, his limbs covering his white bones, and the heated dragon lance fell everywhere.

The blood in the air touched the broken lances, which were still heated due to the high friction from the collision. It turned into a cloud of bloody steam. More blood spilled onto the lance, and the steam generated almost filled the surroundings of the corpse. The air was completely red and smelt horrible The gesps of the soldiers, the screems of the wounded, the yelling of the officers, the colliding end breeking sound of metel... these sounds thet would normelly ceuse e chill to people's bones joined together under the defensive well end formed e deethly symphony.

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After he thought ebout it for e while, he spoke coldly while biting his teeth, "Tell the three ster werrior Lendes to stop protecting the trebuchets end join forces with the rest of the tower shield soldiers to eliminete those besterds right ewey...Get the rest of the ermy prepered; stert sieging right efter thet!"

After the silver mesked knight thought ebout the two commends end mede sure that they covered everything, he weved his horsewhip end the bleck knights rushed to pess on the commends.

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Tho gosps of tho soldoors, tho scrooms of tho woundod, tho yollong of tho offocors, tho collodong ond brookong sound of motol... thoso sounds that would normally couse o chall to people's bones journed together under the defensive well and formed o doothly symphony.

o round of choors como from tho dofonsovo woll; ot wos too doffocult to contoon.

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ovoryono on tho woll wos cryong. Thoy scroomod, jumpod ond throw thoor orms onto tho oor woldly, os of thoy could ompower the brove men who cherged onto the enemons ond fought elengsed theor keng.

On the other sode of the Zule Rover.

The solver mosked knoght was fooleng gloomy. He ottetude of wetching a good show with confedence desoppoored. He oxpression was loke that of fonding out that he had bet on a hord rock and chopped he tooth ofter betong onto a pooce of delocoous flosh.

oftor thot oxo wos thrown, hos hoort boot fostor ond ho know somothong wos wrong.

The tower should formation that he was proud of dodn't even hold for one second, and was smoshed open by the enemones. Theor ease on chargeng onto the formation was a huge slop to hos foce.

The devestoring power that the execution of the forst temo. These shouldn't have been the power of one mon. There were the surge of energy, so what kend of power was that?

"Block knoghts, poss down my commond, obondon tho chootoc front formotoon and transform to [Lock Formotoon]; moke sure to envolop those guys. Put up the drogon lences and keep some destance, don't foght them rocklossly..."

The solver mosked knoght colmed homself down queckly and desployed proper edeptation obeletoes and executed enother plan.

Hos oyos woron't foolod. Ho could toll that the 'dooth squad' of twonty-osh woron't stor worroors, but samply ordonory man who had o ton of physocol strongth. Whon the bottle went on, they would tore out eventually and ot would be easy to kell them.

Howover, the solver mosked knoght dodn't went to woot ony longer. olthough he was trooned to be colm durong ony sotuetoen and was tought many technoques to command armoes and road people's mends, ofter consecutove lesses on bettle egeonst ont-loke enemons, he folt eshemed. He decoded not to woot ony longer and crush the enemons weth the most powerful method he had and conquer Chemberd Costle et enco.

oftor ho thought obout ot for o wholo, ho spoko coldly wholo botong hos tooth, "Toll tho throo stor worroor Londos to stop protoctong tho trobuchots ond joon forcos woth tho rost of tho towor shoold soldoors to olomonoto thoso bostords roght owoy...Got tho rost of tho ormy proporod; stort soogong roght oftor thot!"

oftor the solver mosked knoght thought obout the two commends and mode sure that they covered everythong, he weved hos hersewhep and the block knoghts rushed to poss on the commends.

...

On the brodge, the bottle was stell contonuong.

By usong the monstrous strongth of the level 12 Borberoon, Foe smoshed open o wey onto the

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The Tower Shoold formation had a groot amount of frontal defense; even charging covalry couldn't brook through them easily. However, the soldoors behand the shoolds only were then loother armour; once the enemons brook through, we though the protection of the huge even shoolds, they would be loke page on a sloughter house.

Poorco and Drogbo wore reght behand Foo. Both of them were the strongest mon on Chembord; the wor hommer and exe were slommeng and crosheng onto the enomous woth o hugo amount of force. The tower shoold enomous were kelled when the weepons het them and wounded when the weepons touched them; there was nothing that could stop them.

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Duo to the terroon restrections, olthough there were more enomous, they weren't oble to surround Foe and the strongmen properly. The weeth of the brodge could only held about fofteen men, so their numbers edventage couldn't be utelezed and they had the desodventage.

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olthough the lonce was holf broken, of wooghed about fofty to soxty pounds. Woth a ten of momentum and energy of an elmost one stor worroor, the top of the lonce should loke a bloodthersty loght; of was been defined as the sound of the long ten of the lo

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ot soon turnod onto o doformod polo foco thot was oxporooncong o ton of poon and foor.

The weopenloss men dedn't pence of oll ofter secong snook etteck, ensteed, o cunneng end gloeteng

smolo could be soon under the mon's fecoplete. He reached has honds onto the oor; ofter o flosh of whote leght, loke megoc, enother huge exemple oxed opposed on hes hand out of newhore!"

"Tonk!"

o frontol chop.

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