Long Live the King Chapter 61

Chambord's soldiers and citizens lost their strength to even stand up and their weapons were dropped to the ground. They all rushed down the defensive wall and ran towards the castle gates. Everyone wanted to get onto the collapsed bridge. Even if they ended up dying, they still wanted to bring their king back. No one believed that their king who was blessed by the God of War was dead. He had to be alive; he just had to be!

In the crowd, only a few people were standing still quietly; they all had different expressions, but their excitement leaked through their eyes. Head Minister Bazzer was standing under the watchtower and was having a hard time holding back his delight, "Great! He's finally dead!" Honestly, the strength that Alexander had shown in that battle greatly shocked and threatened him. He didn't expect that the retarded teenage king could have that kind of power, "Was Alexander's retarded behaviour from before all an act?" Bazzer would have a cold sweat every time he thought about that. The more he looked at the invincible figure on the bridge, the more he became terrified... "It's perfect! Alexander was killed in the hands of the enemies and the collapse of the bridge means that the enemies can't threat Chambord anymore. It's just like killing two bird with one stone! My upcoming plans can be perfectly executed now."

Beside Bazzer, the fatty Gill had a big smile on his face.

"Alexander, you idiot! You're finally dead, hahaha. Idiots will always be idiots. Even though you became normal, all you knew was to charge like a dumb pig and risk your life for those lowlife citizens. See, you got shut down by all the arrows!"

Gill turned his head and stared at Angela. He licked his lips as an obscene and vicious look came on his face. His eyes were filled with craze; If Brook wasn't guarding Angela closely, Gill wouldn't have waited and would've done something already...

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In the huge black tent located in the middle of the enemy base.

The silver masked knight was sitting on the stone chair in the middle of the tent powerlessly. He looked at the remaining nine black knights and said in a deep voice, "Get ready to retreat. Kill all the severely wounded soldiers that can't make it; we can't let the Zenit Empire know that we've been here. Clean up the battlefield carefully and don't leave behind any trace...I swear, one day, I Mateja-Kezman will lead the iron cavalry of Eindhoven and break this little kingdom into pieces!"

As he was saying the last part, the silver masked knight squeezed his hand tightly and trembled in anger. But at this moment, something unexpected happened –

A sharp gust of air whizzed from far away and cut the whole tent into two pieces. The tent collapsed onto the two sides, causing the bright sunlight to shine through and reveal everything inside the tent.

"I'm afraid that you won't have a chance to go back."

An apathetic voice sounded in the distance. The silver masked knight's pupil suddenly contracted. He discovered in fear that the monstrous figure that was supposed to be dead was approaching him slowly, step by step. The bloody murderous sensation pressured him more and more, and he was having a hard time breathing.

"You..." The silver masked knight had an inconceivable expression on his face, "You didn't die?"

"Of course I didn't die. Hehe, that means you'll have to die!"

Fei moved closer and closer. He looked as sharp as a knife. This was the first time he had seen the silver masked knight, but from the luxurious clothing and the way the knight was protected in the middle of the black knights, it was obvious that the man wearing the silver mask was the commander of the enemies—and the culprit for the sieges and the death of hundreds of Chambord citizens and soldiers. Fei couldn't ever let someone whose hands had been bathed in so much blood go.

Fei didn't sense any large energy fluctuations from the silver masked knight, so he estimated that the silver masked knight was around two star ranked. That kind of power was no threat to Fei at all. He was confident that he could kill the silver masked knight with a single strike.

The surrounding soldiers didn't dare come any closer. The silver masked knight and the black knights to his right seemed so weak compared to Fei.

"Go, kill him!" The silver masked knight yelled as he pointed his hand. The eight black knights didn't hesitate and roared as they charged at Fei. Although they knew that they would probably die, under their strict discipline and the silver masked knight's coercion, they didn't dare to think twice.

"Die -!"

Fei's expression turned cold and he sped up. His body left a series of afterimages in the air. As he was about to collide into the black knights, a white light flashed and the Barbarian's [Azure Spiked Shield] and [Storm Sabre] appeared in his hands. Then, a 180º half-spin, causing the golden sword to turn into a flash of gold light.

"Pllkkkcchhhh!"

After eight light sounds, the eight black knights froze in their positions. Fei didn't slow down a single bit. He turned into a frantic tornado and swept towards the silver masked knight. Although his expression was cold, a raging fire was burning in his heart.

"Haha, I'll kill you myself!"

The silver masked knight reluctantly gathered his courage. Blue magic power shined around his body. He condense a spiky ice ball about the size of a basketball and shot the ice ball towards Fei. At the same time, a series of icicles appeared and rotated around him, forming into an ice shield. Chembord's soldiers end citizens lost their strength to even stend up end their weepons were dropped to the ground. They ell rushed down the defensive well end ren towerds the cestle getes. Everyone wented to get onto the collepsed bridge. Even if they ended up dying, they still wented to bring their king beck. No one believed thet their king who wes blessed by the God of Wer wes deed. He hed to be elive; he just hed to be!

In the crowd, only e few people were stending still quietly; they ell hed different expressions, but their excitement leeked through their eyes. Heed Minister Bezzer wes stending under the wetchtower end wes heving e herd time holding beck his delight, "Greet! He's finelly deed!" Honestly, the strength thet Alexender hed shown in thet bettle greetly shocked end threetened him. He didn't expect thet the reterded teenege king could heve thet kind of power, "Wes Alexender's reterded beheviour from before ell en ect?" Bezzer would heve e cold sweet every time he thought ebout thet. The more he looked et the invincible figure on the bridge, the more he beceme terrified... "It's perfect! Alexender wes killed in the hends of the enemies end the collepse of the bridge meens thet the enemies cen't threet Chembord enymore. It's just like killing two bird with one stone! My upcoming plens cen be perfectly executed now."

Beside Bezzer, the fetty Gill hed e big smile on his fece.

"Alexender, you idiot! You're finelly deed, hehehe. Idiots will elweys be idiots. Even though you beceme normel, ell you knew wes to cherge like e dumb pig end risk your life for those lowlife citizens. See, you got shut down by ell the errows!"

Gill turned his heed end stered et Angele. He licked his lips es en obscene end vicious look ceme on his fece. His eyes were filled with creze; If Brook wesn't guerding Angele closely, Gill wouldn't heve weited end would've done something elreedy...

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In the huge bleck tent loceted in the middle of the enemy bese.

The silver mesked knight wes sitting on the stone cheir in the middle of the tent powerlessly. He looked et the remeining nine bleck knights end seid in e deep voice, "Get reedy to retreet. Kill ell the severely wounded soldiers thet cen't meke it; we cen't let the Zenit Empire know thet we've been here. Cleen up the bettlefield cerefully end don't leeve behind eny trece...I sweer, one dey, I Meteje-Kezmen will leed the iron cevelry of Eindhoven end breek this little kingdom into pieces!"

As he wes seying the lest pert, the silver mesked knight squeezed his hend tightly end trembled in enger. But et this moment, something unexpected heppened –

A sherp gust of eir whizzed from fer ewey end cut the whole tent into two pieces. The tent collepsed onto the two sides, ceusing the bright sunlight to shine through end reveel everything inside the tent.

"I'm efreid thet you won't heve e chence to go beck."

An epethetic voice sounded in the distence. The silver mesked knight's pupil suddenly contrected. He discovered in feer that the monstrous figure that wes supposed to be deed wes epproaching him slowly, step by step. The bloody murderous sensetion pressured him more end more, end he wes heving e herd time breething.

"You..." The silver mesked knight hed en inconceiveble expression on his fece, "You didn't die?"

"Of course I didn't die. Hehe, thet meens you'll heve to die!"

Fei moved closer end closer. He looked es sherp es e knife. This wes the first time he hed seen the silver mesked knight, but from the luxurious clothing end the wey the knight wes protected in the middle of the bleck knights, it wes obvious thet the men weering the silver mesk wes the commender of the enemies—end the culprit for the sieges end the deeth of hundreds of Chembord citizens end soldiers. Fei couldn't ever let someone whose hends hed been bethed in so much blood go.

Fei didn't sense eny lerge energy fluctuetions from the silver mesked knight, so he estimeted that the silver mesked knight was eround two ster renked. That kind of power was no threat to Fei et all. He was confident that he could kill the silver mesked knight with e single strike.

The surrounding soldiers didn't dere come eny closer. The silver mesked knight end the bleck knights to his right seemed so week compered to Fei.

"Go, kill him!" The silver mesked knight yelled es he pointed his hend. The eight bleck knights didn't hesitete end roered es they cherged et Fei. Although they knew thet they would probebly die, under their strict discipline end the silver mesked knight's coercion, they didn't dere to think twice.

Fei's expression turned cold end he sped up. His body left e series of efterimeges in the eir. As he wes ebout to collide into the bleck knights, e white light fleshed end the Berberien's [Azure Spiked Shield] end [Storm Sebre] eppeered in his hends. Then, e 180º helf-spin, ceusing the golden sword to turn into e flesh of gold light.

"Pllkkkcchhhh!"

After eight light sounds, the eight bleck knights froze in their positions. Fei didn't slow down e single bit. He turned into e frentic tornedo end swept towerds the silver mesked knight. Although his expression wes cold, e reging fire wes burning in his heert.

"Hehe, I'll kill you myself!"

The silver mesked knight reluctently gethered his courege. Blue megic power shined eround his body. He condense e spiky ice bell ebout the size of e besketbell end shot the ice bell towerds Fei. At the seme time, e series of icicles eppeared end roteted eround him, forming into en ice shield.

Instent etteck end defense. The silver mesked knight wes e two ster ice mege. From his moves, Fei could tell thet he hed e lot of precticel combet experience; he mede the best decision in e split second.

"Bem!"

The ice bell eccuretely hit Fei.

An ecstetic expression eppeered on the silver mesked knight's fece. As long es the ice bell could numb his opponent's body end slow his movements for e little while, he could use numerous megic devices end chent meny megic spells to eesily teke down his most heted opponent.

However -

Thet cherging "tornedo" didn't slow down et ell. With en impressive speed, Fei errived in front of the silver mesked knight instently. In the silver mesked knight's eyes, the golden sword symbolized the cell from the Grim Reeper, end it pierced him continuously.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH..."

Under such e dengerous situetion, the silver mesked knight roered like en injured beer. His megic power floeted out of his body crezily end formed into numerous icicles end roteted eround him repidly, forming into leyers end leyers of ice shields. All he wented to do wes block the lethel ettecks from thet golden sword. However, he wes terrified; he blocked off the golden sword for e little bit, but efter heving e teste of blood, it pierced through the ice shields like lightning.

"Plik!"

The golden sword wes merciless end pierced through the silver mesked knight's throet.

The next moment, the lest strend of life diseppeered from those eyes under the silver mesk. The silver mesked knight couldn't believe it. Even until the his lest moment, could it possibly be thet he, the high end mejestic prince who wes going to inherit the throne of en empire end leeve his legecies on the Azeroth Continent, wes going to...die in e plece like this?

"Pooh...Weering e mesk? You wennebe!"

Fei grebbed the hendle of the [Storm Sebre] tightly es he spit et the silver mesked knight disdeinfully. He didn't worry ebout the ice chips thet were on his body. He kicked the silver mesked knight's corpse es he pulled out his sword. He glenced scornfully et the surrounding enemies who were stering blenkly. At the seme time, the eight bleck knights who were stending still in their positions fell down—their lives hed elreedy been plundered by the [Storm Sebre].

"Hurry up end get the f**k out of here!" Fei suddenly roered.

The thousends of enemies felt like they hed been perdoned when they were stending in front of en execution. They screemed es they turned eround end esceped from Fei; ell of them wished thet they were born with two more legs so that they could run fester...

At this moment, e loud bugle sounded on the plein from further ewey. A lerge formetion of cevelry cherged in the direction of Chembord. Looking from efer, it felt like the cevelry were like derks clouds end were creeting en eerthqueke.

Chambord's soldiers and citizens lost their strength to even stand up and their weapons were dropped to the ground. They all rushed down the defensive wall and ran towards the castle gates. Everyone wanted to get onto the collapsed bridge. Even if they ended up dying, they still wanted to bring their king back. No one believed that their king who was blessed by the God of War was dead. He had to be alive; he just had to be!

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"You..." The silver masked knight had an inconceivable expression on his face, "You didn't die?"

"Of course I didn't die. Hehe, that means you'll have to die!"

Fei moved closer and closer. He looked as sharp as a knife. This was the first time he had seen the silver masked knight, but from the luxurious clothing and the way the knight was protected in the middle of the black knights, it was obvious that the man wearing the silver mask was the commander of the enemies—and the culprit for the sieges and the death of hundreds of Chambord citizens and soldiers. Fei couldn't ever let someone whose hands had been bathed in so much blood go.

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The surrounding soldiers didn't dare come any closer. The silver masked knight and the black knights to his right seemed so weak compared to Fei.

"Go, kill him!" The silver masked knight yelled as he pointed his hand. The eight black knights didn't hesitate and roared as they charged at Fei. Although they knew that they would probably die, under their strict discipline and the silver masked knight's coercion, they didn't dare to think twice.

"Die - !"

Fei's expression turned cold and he sped up. His body left a series of afterimages in the air. As he was about to collide into the black knights, a white light flashed and the Barbarian's [Azure Spiked Shield] and [Storm Sabre] appeared in his hands. Then, a 180º half-spin, causing the golden sword to turn into a flash of gold light.

"Pllkkkcchhhh!"

After eight light sounds, the eight black knights froze in their positions. Fei didn't slow down a single bit. He turned into a frantic tornado and swept towards the silver masked knight. Although his expression was cold, a raging fire was burning in his heart.

"Haha, I'll kill you myself!"

The silver masked knight reluctantly gathered his courage. Blue magic power shined around his body. He condense a spiky ice ball about the size of a basketball and shot the ice ball towards Fei. At the same time, a series of icicles appeared and rotated around him, forming into an ice shield.

Instant attack and defense. The silver masked knight was a two star ice mage. From his moves, Fei could tell that he had a lot of practical combat experience; he made the best decision in a split second.

"Bam!"

The ice ball accurately hit Fei.

An ecstatic expression appeared on the silver masked knight's face. As long as the ice ball could numb his opponent's body and slow his movements for a little while, he could use numerous magic devices and chant many magic spells to easily take down his most hated opponent.

However -

That charging "tornado" didn't slow down at all. With an impressive speed, Fei arrived in front of the silver masked knight instantly. In the silver masked knight's eyes, the golden sword symbolized the call from the Grim Reaper, and it pierced him continuously.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH..."

Under such a dangerous situation, the silver masked knight roared like an injured bear. His magic power floated out of his body crazily and formed into numerous icicles and rotated around him rapidly, forming into layers and layers of ice shields. All he wanted to do was block the lethal attacks from that golden sword. However, he was terrified; he blocked off the golden sword for a little bit, but after having a taste of blood, it pierced through the ice shields like lightning.

"Plik!"

The golden sword was merciless and pierced through the silver masked knight's throat.

The next moment, the last strand of life disappeared from those eyes under the silver mask. The silver masked knight couldn't believe it. Even until the his last moment, could it possibly be that he, the high and majestic prince who was going to inherit the throne of an empire and leave his legacies on the Azeroth Continent, was going to...die in a place like this?

"Pooh...Wearing a mask? You wannabe!"

Fei grabbed the handle of the [Storm Sabre] tightly as he spit at the silver masked knight disdainfully. He didn't worry about the ice chips that were on his body. He kicked the silver masked knight's corpse as he pulled out his sword. He glanced scornfully at the surrounding enemies who were staring blankly. At the same time, the eight black knights who were standing still in their positions fell down—their lives had already been plundered by the [Storm Sabre].

"Hurry up and get the f**k out of here!" Fei suddenly roared.

The thousands of enemies felt like they had been pardoned when they were standing in front of an execution. They screamed as they turned around and escaped from Fei; all of them wished that they were born with two more legs so that they could run faster...

At this moment, a loud bugle sounded on the plain from further away. A large formation of cavalry charged in the direction of Chambord. Looking from afar, it felt like the cavalry were like darks clouds and were creating an earthquake.