

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 Bazzar 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?" Bazzar 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 Bazzar, 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 180° 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 condensed 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 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. Heed Minister Bezzer was standing under the watchtower and was having a hard time holding back his delight, "Greet! 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?" Bezzer 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 threaten Chembord anymore. It's just like killing two birds with one stone! My upcoming plans can be perfectly executed now."

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

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

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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 Meteje-Kezmen 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.

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

"Hehe, I'll kill you myself!"

The silver masked knight reluctantly gathered his courage. Blue magic power shined around his body. He condensed 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.

"Bem!"

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 –

The 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 hell 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 the 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 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 legacy on the Azeroth Continent, was going to...die in a place like this?

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

Fei grabbed the hilt of the [Storm Sebe] 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 Sebe].

"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 dark clouds and were creating an earthquake.

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