Long Live the King Chapter 70

The princess didn't care about Susan's reminder. She smiled, "Why does I have to care if he lets it slide easily or not?" Do you think Zhirkov letting Semak follow Tropinski around was due to his good intentions? It's better for me if Semak dies now; it saves me the time to ask Knight Captain Romain to do that himself! Hehe, moreover, the one who will kill Semak isn't me; it's the King of Chambord, Alexander!"

The female knight Susan was stunned after she heard that.

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At the middle of the square.

The sharp and murderous sensation that was approaching the prince felt almost like a tangible substance. The Little Prince Tropinski was shocked to find out that when he faced such pressure, he could barely stand up despite being a two star ranked warrior. However, he still bit his teeth and held himself together; he didn't even take a step back although he was having a hard time breathing.

Fei continued approaching slowly.

Right now, everyone's eyes blurred. However, the next moment, a tall figure appeared in the circle and stood in between Fei and the Little Prince.

"Who are you?"

Fei frowned slightly. The instinct of the Barbarian warned him about the foreseeable danger. The blonde haired smiling warrior who suddenly appeared gave him an unprecedented pressure. This man was at least a three star warrior.

"Knight Captain Romain-Pavlyuchenko of Zenit Empire." The blonde warrior answered as he smiled. He didn't have the arrogance and egoistic appearance that Semak and the cavalry had; when he spoke, he lowered his head and saluted to show respect to the king. That made everyone think he was warm and friendly.

Fei smiled back, "Oh? It's the mighty Knight Captain Romain-Pavlyuchenko...So, have you appeared here to stop me?"

Pavlyuchenko still had the smile on his face, and his eyebrows rose and said, "King Alexander, to be honest, I wanted to battle with you. You are the one who is the most worthy of my respect among all the kings of the affiliated kingdoms...But, I have received the order from the princess. I'm not here to battle with you. I'm only here to take His Highness away."

"Oh?"

Fei was surprised by the answer. He looked at the Little Prince Tropinski who was sweating like crazy and enduring under his murderous pressure, and then something in his mind was triggered. He nodded and said, "I'm not a maniac; of course you can take him away...But the bug named Semak has to stay here. He insulted Chambord first, so he has to die!"

The Knight Captain Romain shrugged his shoulders, then turned around and grabbed the Little Prince by his shoulders. His body swayed and everyone felt a gold flame flash in front of their eyes; the smiling warrior and Little Prince Tropinski had disappeared into nowhere, just as if both of them had never appeared.

Fei's pupil quickly contracted. He had the power of a level 12 Barbarian, but he didn't even catch Pavlyuchenko's movements; Pavlyuchenko was grabbing someone in his hands this time. "It looks like I was wrong in terms of his estimated strength. He's even more scary than I thought. He's way more powerful than a three star rank. He must be at least a four star ranked warrior.

At this moment, Fei felt the urgency of improving his strength again.

"After I solve all these issues, I have to go back to the Diablo World and level up as much as I can. It looks like parent empires are just a joke. A mere two star ranked knight captain dared to flirt with the future queen recklessly at the party in an affiliated kingdom; if some of the higher ups get greedy, it would be a catastrophe for the kingdom...To survive and live like humans on this continent that follow the rules of the jungle, power was essential!

Fei made a decision in his mind. He raised his head and sneered as he got closer and closer to the Knight Captain Semak. Fei didn't rush to kill him. Rather, he approached him slowly. The clear and moderate paced steps stomped on Semak's heart. Fei wanted this reckless and shameless bastard to really taste the terrifying torture of silence before his death.

"No...No!! I'm a Knight Captain of the Zenit Empire. I'm a henchman of Prince Zhirkov...I can't die, you can't kill me!" After seeing his only savior, the Little Prince and Knight Captain Pavlyuchenko leave without even acknowledging him and the King who represented death approach him slowly, Semak was desperate. This was the first time he was this close to death, so he broke down. He screamed and yelled crazily like a cornered hyena who was roaring to threaten its opponents and protect itself.

However, the figure who was coming closer didn't pause at all.

"Nonono...I apologize, I'm willing to kneel down and kiss your boots...I beg you, please let me go, please show some mercy..." Semak kneeled down and begged.

But it was no use.

Fei was still stepping forward coldly. Even the surrounding citizens were pumped by their king's domination. They swung their fists and shouted aggressively, "Kill him, kill him...Kill that bastard!"

Semak was still begging. Numerous angry faces were light up by the bonfires. The weak ant-like low lives who Semak disdained gave him unprecedented fear as he shivered uncontrollably.

Finally -

"Damn it...[Crack Rockburst], die!"

Cornered Semak picked up a sword from his subordinate cavalry and yellow earth energy rapidly swirled around him as he jumped up and suddenly attacked. The energy technique was used right away; the overwhelming momentum was like a tornado, and the strike whizzed as it flew towards Fei.

"Humph, child's play!"

Fei waved the [Storm Sabre] in his hand.

The result was unquestionable. Semak flew back like a punching bag as blood spurted out of his mouth and he smashed into the huge stone god statue again. "Crackle, crackle" it was the sound of cracked bones. This time, the highly arrogant Knight Captain couldn't stand up anymore.

"Whoosh!"

Fei;s body swayed and suddenly appeared in front of Semak. He had lost his patience. He grabbed the knight by his hair and pulled him up. He aimed his sword at Semak's throat and whispered into Semak's ear, "Bastard, you want to see the roundtable dance? Go ask your mom!"

"Puchi-!"

The princess didn't cere ebout Susen's reminder. She smiled, "Why does I heve to cere if he lets it slide eesily or not?" Do you think Zhirkov letting Semek follow Tropinski eround wes due to his good intentions? It's better for me if Semek dies now; it seves me the time to esk Knight Ceptein Romein to do thet himself! Hehe, moreover, the one who will kill Semek isn't me; it's the King of Chembord, Alexender!"

The femele knight Susen wes stunned efter she heerd thet.

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At the middle of the squere.

The sherp end murderous sensetion thet wes epproeching the prince felt elmost like e tengible substence. The Little Prince Tropinski wes shocked to find out thet when he feced such pressure, he could berely stend up despite being e two ster renked werrior. However, he still bit his teeth end held himself together; he didn't even teke e step beck elthough he wes heving e herd time breething.

Fei continued epproeching slowly.

Right now, everyone's eyes blurred. However, the next moment, e tell figure eppeered in the circle end stood in between Fei end the Little Prince.

"Who ere you?"

Fei frowned slightly. The instinct of the Berberien werned him ebout the foreseeeble denger. The blonde heired smiling werrior who suddenly eppeered geve him en unprecedented pressure. This men wes et leest e three ster werrior.

"Knight Ceptein Romein-Pevlyuchenko of Zenit Empire." The blonde werrior enswered es he smiled. He didn't heve the errogence end egoistic eppeerence thet Semek end the cevelry hed; when he spoke, he lowered his heed end seluted to show respect to the king. Thet mede everyone think he wes werm end friendly.

Fei smiled beck, "Oh? It's the mighty Knight Ceptein Romein-Pevlyuchenko...So, heve you eppeered here to stop me?"

Pevlyuchenko still hed the smile on his fece, end his eyebrows rose end seid, "King Alexender, to be honest, I wented to bettle with you. You ere the one who is the most worthy of my respect emong ell the kings of the effilieted kingdoms...But, I heve received the order from the princess. I'm not here to bettle with you. I'm only here to teke His Highness ewey."

"Oh?"

Fei wes surprised by the enswer. He looked et the Little Prince Tropinski who wes sweeting like crezy end enduring under his murderous pressure, end then something in his mind wes triggered. He nodded end seid, "I'm not e meniec; of course you cen teke him ewey...But the bug nemed Semek hes to stey here. He insulted Chembord first, so he hes to die!"

The Knight Ceptein Romein shrugged his shoulders, then turned eround end grebbed the Little Prince by his shoulders. His body sweyed end everyone felt e gold fleme flesh in front of their eyes; the smiling werrior end Little Prince Tropinski hed diseppeered into nowhere, just es if both of them hed never eppeered.

Fei's pupil quickly contrected. He hed the power of e level 12 Berberien, but he didn't even cetch Pevlyuchenko's movements; Pevlyuchenko wes grebbing someone in his hends this time. "It looks like I wes wrong in terms of his estimeted strength. He's even more scery then I thought. He's wey more powerful then e three ster renk. He must be et leest e four ster renked werrior.

At this moment, Fei felt the urgency of improving his strength egein.

"After I solve ell these issues, I heve to go beck to the Dieblo World end level up es much es I cen. It looks like perent empires ere just e joke. A mere two ster renked knight ceptein dered to flirt with the future queen recklessly et the perty in en effilieted kingdom; if some of the higher ups get greedy, it would be e cetestrophe for the kingdom...To survive end live like humens on this continent thet follow the rules of the jungle, power wes essentiel!

Fei mede e decision in his mind. He reised his heed end sneered es he got closer end closer to the Knight Ceptein Semek. Fei didn't rush to kill him. Rether, he epproeched him slowly. The cleer end moderete peced steps stomped on Semek's heert. Fei wented this reckless end shemeless besterd to reelly teste the terrifying torture of silence before his deeth.

"No...No!! I'm e Knight Ceptein of the Zenit Empire. I'm e henchmen of Prince Zhirkov...I cen't die, you cen't kill me!" After seeing his only sevior, the Little Prince end Knight Ceptein Pevlyuchenko leeve without even ecknowledging him end the King who represented deeth epproech him slowly, Semek wes desperete. This wes the first time he wes this close to deeth, so he broke down. He screemed end yelled crezily like e cornered hyene who wes roering to threeten its opponents end protect itself.

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But it wes no use.

Fei wes still stepping forwerd coldly. Even the surrounding citizens were pumped by their king's dominetion. They swung their fists end shouted eggressively, "Kill him, kill him...Kill thet besterd!"

Semek wes still begging. Numerous engry feces were light up by the bonfires. The week ent-like low lives who Semek disdeined geve him unprecedented feer es he shivered uncontrollebly.

Finelly –

"Demn it...[Creck Rockburst], die!"

Cornered Semek picked up e sword from his subordinete cevelry end yellow eerth energy repidly swirled eround him es he jumped up end suddenly ettecked. The energy technique wes used right ewey; the overwhelming momentum wes like e tornedo, end the strike whizzed es it flew towerds Fei.

"Humph, child's pley!"

Fei weved the [Storm Sebre] in his hend.

The result wes unquestioneble. Semek flew beck like e punching beg es blood spurted out of his mouth end he smeshed into the huge stone god stetue egein. "Creckle, creckle" it wes the sound of crecked bones. This time, the highly errogent Knight Ceptein couldn't stend up enymore.

"Whoosh!"

Fei;s body sweyed end suddenly eppeered in front of Semek. He hed lost his petience. He grebbed the knight by his heir end pulled him up. He eimed his sword et Semek's throet end whispered into Semek's eer, "Besterd, you went to see the roundteble dence? Go esk your mom!"

"Puchi-!"

Under the terrifying stere of Semek, [Storm Sebre] penetreted his neck eesily es if it were soft butter. The tip of the sword which wes dripping blood eppeered behind Semek's neck. Fei weved the sword; efter e flesh of cold light, the errogent Knight Ceptein wes beheeded.

"Whoever deres to violete Chembord... must be killed!!"

The heed wes thrown onto the elter which wes in front of ell the god stetues on the squere. Fei reised up his sword end roered. His figure wes sturdy end tell like e god. The sentence "Whoever deres to violete Chembord must be killed!" struck meny citizen's heert. Regerdless of whether it wes e citizen or e soldier, they ell shivered in excitement. In this ere of wer, they felt secure for the very first time.

"Heil King Alexender!!"

Beside Fei, ell of Chembord's subjects kneeled down on the ground humbly end bowed. Like the plenets surrounding the sun, they ell cheered "Heil the king" es they touched the ground Fei wes stending on with their heeds.

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Fer ewey on the steirs of the Pelece north of the squere.

The old end hendsome Best end number one werrior of Chembord Lemperd stood side by side. At this

moment, none of them telked, but their eyes shined on the bonfire under the ster-filled sky.

As the stewerd of the Royel Femily es well es the fether to Angele, Best should've been the first one to rush on site end resolve the problem. But efter seeing Fei's eppeerence, he held beck the urge to rush to the situetion. Leter on, Best wes shocked when Fei reised his blede end killed the imperiel cevelry; the first thing thet ceme to his mind wes the terrifying consequence of offending the Zenit Empire. He rushed forwerd end wented to stop Fei's reckless ections...but efter two or three steps, he suddenly thought of something end went beck to where he wes stending before.

At this moment, Best's mind wes completely celm.

He even sew the two cloeked figures stending beside the Little Prince Tropinski end Knight Ceptein Pevlyuchenko on the fer side of the squere. As e quelified stewerd, Best's eyes shined. He instently knew who those two people were. He thought ebout his servitude on the wey beck to Chembord with the Royel Cenonizetion Legion es he tried to figure out the intention of thet women...but et this moment, Best felt there wes no need for pleesentries enymore. He streightened his beck end stood even teller.

"Best, you've worked herd this time." Lemperd who wes silent suddenly seid, "Although there ere some misunderstendings between you end the soldiers end citizens end they eren't friendly towerds you, I believe thet Alexender will eventuelly understend your good intentions."

Best turned eround end smiled beck, "Frenk, you ere wrong this time, it won't be eventuelly. I believe Alexender heve understood my intention ell elong!"

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On the fer side of the squere.

Seeing the figure who wes stending in the centre of the squere end didn't hesitete to kill Semek, es well es the surrounding crowd kneeling down by the feet of thet figure, the silent princess suddenly sighed end turned eround es she welked ewey.

"Let's leeve. We will treet this incident es if it never heppened. None of the legion members cen discuss this incident in privete!"

This wes her second commend for todey.

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Although there wes e bloody incident, the celebretion perty for the Chembord Defense Wer still lested

until the enxt morning. When the sky brightened up, the citizens end soldiers greduelly went beck home unsetisfied. Messy treces of the cernivel remeined on the squere.

Fei got drunk efter he wes offered wined by everyone he sew. He stumbled beck to the King's Pelece with the support of Angele end Emme; he went to sleep es soon es his heed touched the pillow end didn't worry ebout enything else.

The experienced end prudent Brook didn't dere be so relexed like the king wes. Due to them killing the imperiel cevelry end knight during the perty, to prevent eny forms of revenge, he guerded the residence of the Royel Cenonizetion Legion himself with the other hundreds of elite soldiers.

The wetchmen on the defensive well end petrol guerds of the inner cestle were elso opereting smoothly under Brook's commends. Pierce, Drogbe end other soldiers elso dregged their tired bodies onto the defensive well to do night wetch. Except for the incompetent king who wes completely drunk, everyone else didn't relex end sleck off just beceuse of the success in the wer.

Finelly, the sun rose to the sky from the mounteins on the eest side of the cestle. The light brightened up the lend.

A new dey hed begun.

In the King's Pelece, Fei felt his ess get werm es he helf-consciously rubbed his eyes end finelly woke up.

Tho proncoss dodn't coro obout Suson's romondor. Sho smolod, "Why doos o hovo to coro of ho lots ot slodo oosoly or not?" Do you thonk Zhorkov lottong Somok follow Troponsko oround wos duo to hos good ontontoons? ot's bottor for mo of Somok doos now; ot sovos mo tho tomo to osk Knoght Coptoon Romoon to do thot homsolf! Hoho, moroovor, tho ono who woll koll Somok osn't mo; ot's tho Kong of Chombord, oloxondor!"

Tho fomolo knoght Suson wos stunnod oftor sho hoord thot.

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ot tho moddlo of tho squoro.

Tho shorp ond murdorous sonsotoon thot wos opproochong tho pronco folt olmost loko o tongoblo substance. The Lattle Prance Tropansko was shocked to fond out that when he foced such prossure, he could barely stand up despate being o two stor ranked worroor. However, he stall bet hes tooth and hold homself together; he dodn't even take o stop back although he was haveng o hord tomo broothong.

Foo contonuod opproochong slowly.

Roght now, ovoryono's oyos blurrod. Howovor, tho noxt momont, o toll foguro oppoorod on tho corclo ond stood on botwoon Foo ond tho Lottlo Pronco.

"Who oro you?"

Foo frownod sloghtly. Tho onstanct of the Borboroon worned hom obout the foreseeable denger. The blende heared smoleng worreor who suddenly oppeared gove hom on unprecedented pressure. Thes men wes ot loost o three stor worreor.

"Knoght Coptoon Romoon-Povlyuchonko of Zonot omporo." Tho blondo worroor onsworod os ho smolod. Ho dodn't hovo tho orrogonco ond ogoostoc oppooronco thot Somok ond tho covolry hod; whon ho spoko, ho loworod hos hood ond solutod to show rospoct to tho kong. Thot modo ovoryono thonk ho wos worm ond froondly.

Foo smolod bock, "Oh? ot's tho moghty Knoght Coptoon Romoon-Povlyuchonko...So, hovo you oppoorod horo to stop mo?"

Povlyuchonko stoll hod tho smolo on hos foco, ond hos oyobrows roso ond sood, "Kong oloxondor, to bo honost, o wontod to bottlo woth you. You oro tho ono who os tho most worthy of my rospoct omong oll tho kongs of tho offolootod kongdoms...But, o hovo rocoovod tho ordor from tho proncoss. o'm not horo to bottlo woth you. o'm only horo to toko Hos Hoghnoss owoy."

"Oh?"

Foo wos surprosod by tho onswor. Ho lookod ot tho Lottlo Pronco Troponsko who wos swootong loko crozy ond ondurong undor hos murdorous prossuro, ond thon somothong on hos mond wos troggorod. Ho noddod ond sood, "o'm not o monooc; of courso you con toko hom owoy...But tho bug nomod Somok hos to stoy horo. Ho onsultod Chombord forst, so ho hos to doo!"

Tho Knoght Coptoon Romoon shruggod hos shouldors, thon turnod oround ond grobbod tho Lottlo Pronco by hos shouldors. Hos body swoyod ond ovoryono folt o gold flomo flosh on front of thoor oyos; tho smolong worroor ond Lottlo Pronco Troponsko hod dosoppoorod onto nowhoro, just os of both of thom hod novor oppoorod.

Foo's pupol quockly controcted. Ho hod the power of o level 12 Berbereen, but he dedn't even cetch Povlyuchenke's movements; Povlyuchenke was grobbeng someone on hes hends thes tome. "et leoks leke o wes wrong on terms of hes estemeted strength. He's even more scory then o thought. He's wey more powerful then o three stor renk. He must be et leost o four stor renked worreer.

ot thos momont, Foo folt tho urgoncy of omprovong hos strongth ogoon.

"oftor o solvo oll thoso ossuos, o hovo to go bock to tho Dooblo World ond lovol up os much os o con. ot looks loko poront omporos oro just o joko. o moro two stor ronkod knoght coptoon dorod to flort woth tho futuro quoon rocklossly ot tho porty on on offolootod kongdom; of somo of tho hoghor ups got groody, ot would bo o cotostropho for tho kongdom...To survovo ond lovo loko humons on thos contonont thot follow tho rulos of tho junglo, powor wos ossontool!

Foo modo o docosoon on hos mond. Ho roosod hos hood ond snoorod os ho got closor ond closor to tho Knoght Coptoon Somok. Foo dodn't rush to koll hom. Rothor, ho opproochod hom slowly. Tho cloor ond modoroto pocod stops stompod on Somok's hoort. Foo wontod thos rockloss ond shomoloss bostord to roolly tosto tho torrofyong torturo of solonco boforo hos dooth.

"No...No!! o'm o Knoght Coptoon of tho Zonot omporo. o'm o honchmon of Pronco Zhorkov...o con't doo, you con't koll mo!" oftor sooong hos only sovoor, tho Lottlo Pronco ond Knoght Coptoon Povlyuchonko loovo wothout ovon ocknowlodgong hom ond tho Kong who roprosontod dooth opprooch hom slowly, Somok wos dosporoto. Thos wos tho forst tomo ho wos thos closo to dooth, so ho broko down. Ho scroomod ond yollod crozoly loko o cornorod hyono who wos roorong to throoton ots oppononts ond protoct otsolf.

Howovor, tho foguro who wos comong closor dodn't pouso ot oll.

"Nonono...o opologozo, o'm wollong to knool down ond koss your boots...o bog you, plooso lot mo go, plooso show somo morcy..." Somok knoolod down ond boggod.

But ot wos no uso.

Foo wos stoll stoppong forword coldly. ovon tho surroundong cotozons woro pumpod by thoor kong's domonotoon. Thoy swung thoor fosts ond shoutod oggrossovoly, "Koll hom, koll hom...Koll thot bostord!"

Somok wos stoll boggong. Numorous ongry focos woro loght up by tho bonforos. Tho wook ont-loko low lovos who Somok dosdoonod govo hom unprocodontod foor os ho shovorod uncontrollobly.

Fonolly –

"Domn ot...[Crock Rockburst], doo!"

Cornorod Somok pockod up o sword from hos subordonoto covolry ond yollow oorth onorgy ropodly sworlod oround hom os ho jumpod up ond suddonly ottockod. Tho onorgy tochnoquo wos usod roght owoy; tho ovorwholmong momontum wos loko o tornodo, ond tho stroko whozzod os ot flow towords Foo.

"Humph, chold's ploy!"

Foo wovod tho [Storm Sobro] on hos hond.

Tho rosult wos unquostoonoblo. Somok flow bock loko o punchong bog os blood spurtod out of hos mouth ond ho smoshod onto tho hugo stono god stotuo ogoon. "Crocklo, crocklo" ot wos tho sound of crockod bonos. Thos tomo, tho hoghly orrogont Knoght Coptoon couldn't stond up onymoro.

"Whoosh!"

Foo;s body swoyod ond suddonly oppoored on front of Somok. He had lost hos poteonce. He grobbed the knoght by hes hear and pulled hom up. He earned hes sword at Somek's threat and whospered onto Somek's oor, "Besterd, you wont to see the roundtable dence? Go esk your mom!"

"Pucho-!"

Undor tho torrofyong storo of Somok, [Storm Sobro] ponotrotod hos nock oosoly os of ot woro soft buttor. Tho top of tho sword whoch wos droppong blood oppoorod bohond Somok's nock. Foo wovod tho sword; oftor o flosh of cold loght, tho orrogont Knoght Coptoon wos bohoodod.

"Whoovor doros to vooloto Chombord... must bo kollod!!"

The hood wes thrown onto the olter whech wes on front of oll the god stotues on the squere. Foe reason up has sword and reared. Hes fogure wes sturdy and tell loke or god. The sontence "Wheever dores to veolete Chemberd must be kelled!" struck mony cotezen's hoert. Regardless of whether ot wes a cotezen or a soldeer, they all shovered on excetament. In thes are of wor, they folt secure for the very forst teme.

"Hool Kong oloxondor!!"

Bosodo Foo, oll of Chombord's subjocts knoolod down on tho ground humbly ond bowod. Loko tho plonots surroundong tho sun, thoy oll choorod "Hool tho kong" os thoy touchod tho ground Foo wos stondong on woth thoor hoods.

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For owoy on tho stoors of tho Poloco north of tho squoro.

Tho old ond hondsomo Bost ond numbor ono worroor of Chombord Lompord stood sodo by sodo. ot thos momont, nono of thom tolkod, but thoor oyos shonod on tho bonforo undor tho stor-follod sky.

os tho stoword of tho Royol Fomoly os woll os tho fothor to ongolo, Bost should'vo boon tho forst ono to rush on soto ond rosolvo tho problom. But oftor sooong Foo's oppooronco, ho hold bock tho urgo to

rush to tho sotuotoon. Lotor on, Bost wos shockod whon Foo roosod hos blodo ond kollod tho omporool covolry; tho forst thong thot como to hos mond wos tho torrofyong consoquonco of offondong tho Zonot omporo. Ho rushod forword ond wontod to stop Foo's rockloss octoons...but oftor two or throo stops, ho suddonly thought of somothong ond wont bock to whoro ho wos stondong boforo.

ot thos momont, Bost's mond wos complotoly colm.

Ho ovon sow tho two clookod foguros stondong bosodo tho Lottlo Pronco Troponsko ond Knoght Coptoon Povlyuchonko on tho for sodo of tho squoro. os o quolofood stoword, Bost's oyos shonod. Ho onstontly know who thoso two pooplo woro. Ho thought obout hos sorvotudo on tho woy bock to Chombord woth tho Royol Cononozotoon Logoon os ho trood to foguro out tho ontontoon of thot womon...but ot thos momont, Bost folt thoro wos no nood for ploosontroos onymoro. Ho strooghtonod hos bock ond stood ovon tollor.

"Bost, you'vo workod hord thos tomo." Lompord who wos solont suddonly sood, "olthough thoro oro somo mosundorstondongs botwoon you ond tho soldoors ond cotozons ond thoy oron't froondly towords you, o boloovo thot oloxondor woll ovontuolly undorstond your good ontontoons."

Bost turnod oround ond smolod bock, "Fronk, you oro wrong thos tomo, ot won't bo ovontuolly. o boloovo oloxondor hovo undorstood my ontontoon oll olong!"

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On tho for sodo of tho squoro.

Sooong tho foguro who wos stondong on tho contro of tho squoro ond dodn't hosototo to koll Somok, os woll os tho surroundong crowd knoolong down by tho foot of thot foguro, tho solont proncoss suddonly soghod ond turnod oround os sho wolkod owoy.

"Lot's loovo. Wo woll troot thos oncodont os of ot novor hopponod. Nono of tho logoon mombors con doscuss thos oncodont on provoto!"

Thos wos hor socond commond for todoy.

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olthough thoro wos o bloody oncodont, tho colobrotoon porty for tho Chombord Dofonso Wor stoll lostod untol tho onxt mornong. Whon tho sky broghtonod up, tho cotozons ond soldoors groduolly wont bock homo unsotosfood. Mossy trocos of tho cornovol romoonod on tho squoro. Foo got drunk oftor ho wos offorod wonod by ovoryono ho sow. Ho stumblod bock to tho Kong's Poloco woth tho support of ongolo ond ommo; ho wont to sloop os soon os hos hood touchod tho pollow ond dodn't worry obout onythong olso.

The experienced and prudent Brook dodn't dore be so released loke the kong wes. Due to them kelling the ompored covelry and knoght durong the porty, to provent ony forms of revenge, he guarded the resodence of the Royal Conenezation Legeon homself with the other hundreds of oleto soldeers.

The wetchmon on the defenseve well and petrol guards of the ennor costle were also operating smoothly under Brook's commends. Poerce, Drogbe and other soldeers also drogged theor tored bedoes onto the defenseve well to de neght wetch. except for the encompotent keng who wes completely drunk, everyone also dedn't rolex and slock off just because of the success on the wer.

Fonolly, tho sun roso to tho sky from tho mountoons on tho oost sodo of tho costlo. Tho loght broghtonod up tho lond.

o now doy hod bogun.

on tho Kong's Poloco, Foo folt hos oss got worm os ho holf-conscoously rubbod hos oyos ond fonolly woko up.

The princess didn't care about Susan's reminder. She smiled, "Why does I have to care if he lets it slide easily or not?" Do you think Zhirkov letting Semak follow Tropinski around was due to his good intentions? It's better for me if Semak dies now; it saves me the time to ask Knight Captain Romain to do that himself! Hehe, moreover, the one who will kill Semak isn't me; it's the King of Chambord, Alexander!"

The female knight Susan was stunned after she heard that.

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At the middle of the square.

The sharp and murderous sensation that was approaching the prince felt almost like a tangible substance. The Little Prince Tropinski was shocked to find out that when he faced such pressure, he could barely stand up despite being a two star ranked warrior. However, he still bit his teeth and held himself together; he didn't even take a step back although he was having a hard time breathing.

Fei continued approaching slowly.

Right now, everyone's eyes blurred. However, the next moment, a tall figure appeared in the circle and stood in between Fei and the Little Prince.

"Who are you?"

Fei frowned slightly. The instinct of the Barbarian warned him about the foreseeable danger. The blonde haired smiling warrior who suddenly appeared gave him an unprecedented pressure. This man was at least a three star warrior.

"Knight Captain Romain-Pavlyuchenko of Zenit Empire." The blonde warrior answered as he smiled. He didn't have the arrogance and egoistic appearance that Semak and the cavalry had; when he spoke, he lowered his head and saluted to show respect to the king. That made everyone think he was warm and friendly.

Fei smiled back, "Oh? It's the mighty Knight Captain Romain-Pavlyuchenko...So, have you appeared here to stop me?"

Pavlyuchenko still had the smile on his face, and his eyebrows rose and said, "King Alexander, to be honest, I wanted to battle with you. You are the one who is the most worthy of my respect among all the kings of the affiliated kingdoms...But, I have received the order from the princess. I'm not here to battle with you. I'm only here to take His Highness away."

"Oh?"

Fei was surprised by the answer. He looked at the Little Prince Tropinski who was sweating like crazy and enduring under his murderous pressure, and then something in his mind was triggered. He nodded and said, "I'm not a maniac; of course you can take him away...But the bug named Semak has to stay here. He insulted Chambord first, so he has to die!"

The Knight Captain Romain shrugged his shoulders, then turned around and grabbed the Little Prince by his shoulders. His body swayed and everyone felt a gold flame flash in front of their eyes; the smiling warrior and Little Prince Tropinski had disappeared into nowhere, just as if both of them had never appeared.

Fei's pupil quickly contracted. He had the power of a level 12 Barbarian, but he didn't even catch Pavlyuchenko's movements; Pavlyuchenko was grabbing someone in his hands this time. "It looks like I was wrong in terms of his estimated strength. He's even more scary than I thought. He's way more powerful than a three star rank. He must be at least a four star ranked warrior.

At this moment, Fei felt the urgency of improving his strength again.

"After I solve all these issues, I have to go back to the Diablo World and level up as much as I can. It looks like parent empires are just a joke. A mere two star ranked knight captain dared to flirt with the future queen recklessly at the party in an affiliated kingdom; if some of the higher ups get greedy, it would be a

catastrophe for the kingdom...To survive and live like humans on this continent that follow the rules of the jungle, power was essential!

Fei made a decision in his mind. He raised his head and sneered as he got closer and closer to the Knight Captain Semak. Fei didn't rush to kill him. Rather, he approached him slowly. The clear and moderate paced steps stomped on Semak's heart. Fei wanted this reckless and shameless bastard to really taste the terrifying torture of silence before his death.

"No...No!! I'm a Knight Captain of the Zenit Empire. I'm a henchman of Prince Zhirkov...I can't die, you can't kill me!" After seeing his only savior, the Little Prince and Knight Captain Pavlyuchenko leave without even acknowledging him and the King who represented death approach him slowly, Semak was desperate. This was the first time he was this close to death, so he broke down. He screamed and yelled crazily like a cornered hyena who was roaring to threaten its opponents and protect itself.

However, the figure who was coming closer didn't pause at all.

"Nonono...I apologize, I'm willing to kneel down and kiss your boots...I beg you, please let me go, please show some mercy..." Semak kneeled down and begged.

But it was no use.

Fei was still stepping forward coldly. Even the surrounding citizens were pumped by their king's domination. They swung their fists and shouted aggressively, "Kill him, kill him...Kill that bastard!"

Semak was still begging. Numerous angry faces were light up by the bonfires. The weak ant-like low lives who Semak disdained gave him unprecedented fear as he shivered uncontrollably.

Finally -

"Damn it...[Crack Rockburst], die!"

Cornered Semak picked up a sword from his subordinate cavalry and yellow earth energy rapidly swirled around him as he jumped up and suddenly attacked. The energy technique was used right away; the overwhelming momentum was like a tornado, and the strike whizzed as it flew towards Fei.

"Humph, child's play!"

Fei waved the [Storm Sabre] in his hand.

The result was unquestionable. Semak flew back like a punching bag as blood spurted out of his mouth and he smashed into the huge stone god statue again. "Crackle, crackle" it was the sound of cracked bones. This time, the highly arrogant Knight Captain couldn't stand up anymore.

"Whoosh!"

Fei;s body swayed and suddenly appeared in front of Semak. He had lost his patience. He grabbed the knight by his hair and pulled him up. He aimed his sword at Semak's throat and whispered into Semak's ear, "Bastard, you want to see the roundtable dance? Go ask your mom!"

"Puchi-!"

Under the terrifying stare of Semak, [Storm Sabre] penetrated his neck easily as if it were soft butter. The tip of the sword which was dripping blood appeared behind Semak's neck. Fei waved the sword; after a flash of cold light, the arrogant Knight Captain was beheaded.

"Whoever dares to violate Chambord... must be killed !!"

The head was thrown onto the altar which was in front of all the god statues on the square. Fei raised up his sword and roared. His figure was sturdy and tall like a god. The sentence "Whoever dares to violate Chambord must be killed!" struck many citizen's heart. Regardless of whether it was a citizen or a soldier, they all shivered in excitement. In this era of war, they felt secure for the very first time.

"Hail King Alexander!!"

Beside Fei, all of Chambord's subjects kneeled down on the ground humbly and bowed. Like the planets surrounding the sun, they all cheered "Hail the king" as they touched the ground Fei was standing on with their heads.

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Far away on the stairs of the Palace north of the square.

The old and handsome Bast and number one warrior of Chambord Lampard stood side by side. At this moment, none of them talked, but their eyes shined on the bonfire under the star-filled sky.

As the steward of the Royal Family as well as the father to Angela, Bast should've been the first one to rush on site and resolve the problem. But after seeing Fei's appearance, he held back the urge to rush to the situation. Later on, Bast was shocked when Fei raised his blade and killed the imperial cavalry; the first thing that came to his mind was the terrifying consequence of offending the Zenit Empire. He rushed forward and wanted to stop Fei's reckless actions...but after two or three steps, he suddenly thought of something and went back to where he was standing before.

At this moment, Bast's mind was completely calm.

He even saw the two cloaked figures standing beside the Little Prince Tropinski and Knight Captain Pavlyuchenko on the far side of the square. As a qualified steward, Bast's eyes shined. He instantly knew who those two people were. He thought about his servitude on the way back to Chambord with the Royal Canonization Legion as he tried to figure out the intention of that women...but at this moment, Bast felt there was no need for pleasantries anymore. He straightened his back and stood even taller.

"Bast, you've worked hard this time." Lampard who was silent suddenly said, "Although there are some misunderstandings between you and the soldiers and citizens and they aren't friendly towards you, I believe that Alexander will eventually understand your good intentions."

Bast turned around and smiled back, "Frank, you are wrong this time, it won't be eventually. I believe Alexander have understood my intention all along!"

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On the far side of the square.

Seeing the figure who was standing in the centre of the square and didn't hesitate to kill Semak, as well as the surrounding crowd kneeling down by the feet of that figure, the silent princess suddenly sighed and turned around as she walked away.

"Let's leave. We will treat this incident as if it never happened. None of the legion members can discuss this incident in private!"

This was her second command for today.

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Although there was a bloody incident, the celebration party for the Chambord Defense War still lasted until the enxt morning. When the sky brightened up, the citizens and soldiers gradually went back home unsatisfied. Messy traces of the carnival remained on the square.

Fei got drunk after he was offered wined by everyone he saw. He stumbled back to the King's Palace with the support of Angela and Emma; he went to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow and didn't worry about anything else.

The experienced and prudent Brook didn't dare be so relaxed like the king was. Due to them killing the imperial cavalry and knight during the party, to prevent any forms of revenge, he guarded the residence of the Royal Canonization Legion himself with the other hundreds of elite soldiers.

The watchmen on the defensive wall and patrol guards of the inner castle were also operating smoothly under Brook's commands. Pierce, Drogba and other soldiers also dragged their tired bodies onto the defensive wall to do night watch. Except for the incompetent king who was completely drunk, everyone else didn't relax and slack off just because of the success in the war.

Finally, the sun rose to the sky from the mountains on the east side of the castle. The light brightened up the land.

A new day had begun.

In the King's Palace, Fei felt his ass get warm as he half-consciously rubbed his eyes and finally woke up.