

The First Heir – Chapter 1834

One of the orders was to immediately evacuate the people within a ten-mile radius of the city's central district. In short, a bunch of special forces began to operate in Hampton.

One after another, specialized personnel from all corners of Hampton rushed to the periphery of the special energy field formed by the Swords of Kingship. This force field covered a radius of ten miles. Moreover, the force field formed by the Swords of Kingship was still expanding!

These people were either dressed in suits, coarse linen, or casual outfits. Some looked at the two Swords of Kingship hanging in the sky with their arms over their chests and a fiery look of worship in their eyes. Others put their hands in their trouser pockets, looking indifferent with disgust in their eyes.

In short, these special people who arrived in a steady stream soon gathered at the periphery of this force field. One of them was shrouded under a black robe with a silver triangular pattern on their chest and the back of the black robe.

“Order from the Turtle Pavilion: prevent the power of kingship from running amok! This first order is to evacuate the crowd. The second order is to assist the Dunley family in killing the king of disciples whose kingship power is at risk of going berserk!”

The figure in the black robe mumbled these words softly, but all the disciples scattered in a ten mile radius heard the orders from the Turtle Pavilion in their minds.

They looked up at the sky, and everyone knew that the king of disciples whose kingship power was about to run rampant was the owner of the steel colored Sword of Kingship.

That was because that sword of kingship was about to disintegrate!

The raging energy fluctuations around it were about to break through the critical limit!

At this moment, in the center of the special field formed by the swords of kingship was none other than the Dunley Manor.

Fennel and Spencer stood facing each other. Fennel held the red dragon halberd and pointed it at Spencer, who was holding a rusty iron sword on the opposite.

He looked up at the sword of kingship in the sky that was about to shatter and sneered. “Spencer, your body has degenerated and you’re about to lose control of that. power. In your current state, how are you going to fight me?”

Spencer held the rusty iron sword in his hand with a sneer at the corner of his mouth. He looked at the sword of kingship in the sky that belonged to him and said, “Age grows with the years, but as a king, why should I be afraid of a battle? This is the dignity of a king. Fennel, you and I are the same type of people. You should understand this. Let me say one last thing withdraw from the Dunley Manor. Regarding your sister’s death, I’ll definitely give you an explanation on behalf of the Dunley family.”

Fennel twitched his eyebrows and snorted. “Hehe, I was still feeling sorry for you at first, but it turns out that you’re nothing but a coward. Are you worried that your kingship power will go out of control and render you into ashes?”

The corners of Spencer’s eyes froze. He closed his eyes slightly before abruptly opening them. His expression and demeanor also became extremely cold blooded. He shouted, “Fennel Leigh, I’ve repeatedly backed down. Why are you so relentless? Don’t forget that I was once a king!”

Zing!

As soon as he said that, the rusty iron sword in Spencer’s hand emitted a shrill cry.

The layer of rust on the surface of the sword gradually peeled off, revealing its original true appearance!

The body of the sword, a dazzling silver, was engraved with a long string of ancient runes. The hilt transformed into a silver snake like it was alive. It tightly wrapped itself around Spencer's arm. Then, it traveled across his body and finally gathered at the center of his eyebrows, forming a silver snake brand!

Twang!

Spencer raised the sword in his hand, pointed it at Fennel from afar, and roared, "Fight!"