

## Long Live the King Chapter 134

A beautiful and horrifying death storm.

Although Paris was powerful, she was pushed back by the force from the collision like a falling leaf in an autumn breeze. She had to admit that she still underestimated this little king's true strength, although she was very careful.

As she flew back like a leaf, her mind quickly calculated and planned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contracted. She saw two flashes of light that were emanating a murderous aura. Under the cover of this beautiful storm, a purple and green light were shot at her; one aimed at her heart and one aimed at her throat.

Impossible.

That little king had brutally held himself up against the huge force from this deadly collision. Moreover, he moved so quickly after that. Although his body was covered in wounds, his determination didn't get affected at all; his goal was still to kill her. His body was perfectly parallel with the ground as he dashed towards her. His body spinning in the air and the purple and green dual swords flashing in a lethal bladestorm.

Paris immediately felt a sense of great danger.

The murderous intent in Fei's eyes had almost materialized. It created numerous red marks on Paris' white skin, as if a knife had dragged across her body. The chilling, deadly sensation instantly tore open Paris' mental defence, and paused all her thoughts.

After seeing the layers of green energy walls that she setup fail to block the dual swords, her expression finally changed drastically. An unprecedented scared expression appeared on her beautiful face as she turned her head around and screamed a name –

"Murphy!!!"

Boom – !

Before she could finish screaming, a figure appeared in front of her and threw a punch slowly.

This punch gave people a very strange feeling.

It seemed like it was ultra-slow. Everyone could see the angle and trajectory of the punch clearly. They were even able to see the symbols and inscriptions on the black ring that he was wearing on his finger

clearly. However, the punch was fast as well. In an instant, the punch had connected onto the swords. A beautiful and horrifying death storm.

Although Peris was powerful, she was pushed back by the force from the collision like a falling leaf in an autumn breeze. She had to admit that she still underestimated this little king's true strength, although she was very careful.

As she flew back like a leaf, her mind quickly calculated and planned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contracted. She saw two flashes of light that were emanating from the murderous aura. Under the cover of this beautiful storm, the purple and green light were shot at her; one aimed at her heart and one aimed at her throat.

Impossible.

The little king had brutally held himself up against the huge force from this deadly collision. Moreover, he moved so quickly after that. Although his body was covered in wounds, his determination didn't get affected at all; his goal was still to kill her. His body was perfectly parallel with the ground as he dashed towards her. His body spinning in the air and the purple and green dual swords flashing in a lethal blood storm.

Peris immediately felt the sense of great danger.

The murderous intent in Fei's eyes had almost materialized. It created numerous red marks on Peris' white skin, as if a knife had dragged across her body. The chilling, deadly sensation instantly tore open Peris' mental defence, and paused all her thoughts.

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The punch had literally reversed and messed up both time and space.

Tink!

The punch accurately hit both the purple and green lights at the same time.

An unstoppable force exploded onto Fei's swords which started to bend and strain in Fei's hands. The impulse was soon passed from the sword into Fei's hands, forearms, and shoulders.

Creak, creak – !

A chilling bone breaking noise sounded. Blood spurted out of the pores on his arms, as if it were a layer of blood mist around him. His clothes were immediately stained by the blood. Like a doll that was ditched by someone, Fei flew back for more than twenty yards before he could stop. A stream of blood dripped off from the edge of Fei's mouth.

A master!

Fei was shocked.

The person who suddenly appeared was the most powerful person that he had seen in both the real and Diablo World. The strange force that entered Fei's arms and body had destroyed and tore Fei's bones and muscles apart, as if there were many mini-explosions in his body. The unbearable pain almost made Fei howl loudly.

He immediately took out a bottle of [Normal Healing Potion] and chugged it.

The injuries in his body quickly recovered.

However, Fei wasn't relieved at all.

The force that entered his body didn't disappear. It was still continuing the destruction of bones and muscles that the healing potion healed. The potion was only able to fix and heal the injured body parts, it wasn't able to get rid of the dangerous force inside of him.

He took out another potion, it was a bottle of [Full Rejuvenation Potion].

This potion could restore 100% of the health and mana in the Diablo World, and it also helped with getting rid of some negative effects... As soon as the purple potion went down his throat, the force that was inside of him got weaker immediately. Soon, the effect of the potion and the deadly force cancelled each other out.

Fei didn't etteck egein.

He quickly switched to Assassin Mode, end diseppeered in this dusty, misty environment. At this point, the peek of Eest Mountein was hezy. The dust end the bloody mist obscured the people's visions. This was the best environment for essessins to show the world whet they could do.

A tell strong white heired end beered men stood in front of Peris.

This was the person, Murphy, who hed blown Fei ewey. He wes one of the Trump Cerds thet Peris hed end wes supposed to etteck end kill the elder princess et the most criticel moment. However, when Peris' life wes under greet denger, she hed no choice but to pull him out to defend her. This secret trump cerd wes exposed.

After blowing Fei ewey, the old men Murphy didn't chese end try to kill Fei with the edventege.

He put his hends behind his beck. Two golden light beems shot out from his eyes end broke through the leyers of dusts end blood mist like e seerchlight. It seemed like he wes scenning around end wes trying to find something... A solemn expression greduelly eppeered on his fece.

Peris who wes stending behind him sew something else. She sew two deep, bloody wounds on the elder's fists. The wounds were about one to two inches deep, end his white bones were visible. Blood slid off his fingers end dripped onto the ground.

This discovery scered Peris one more time.

Murphy wes elreedy e six ster werrior. He hed metel ettributed energy, end thet mede his body elmost indestructible. His fists were like the herdest weepens thet ever existed, but they didn't heve eny edventeges over Fei's duel swords... Peris felt increesingly chilly es she thought about it more. If Murphy wesn't here, then her throet end heert would definitely heve been pierced by thet etteck.

"Murphy, kill him es fest es you cen!"

Peris spet the words out from between her peerly white teeth. She wes never this worried. Although she hed more trump cerds end more plens, but the ebility thet this little king hed shown mede her e little uncomforteble. The women's sixth sense, her intuition told her thet she might hed ignored something, but she couldn't gresp it.

"He diseppeered!"

The mester werrior Murphy glenced around the peek of Eest Mountein, end couldn't find where the little king wes hiding et. He couldn't sense where Fei would be et ell: "I cen't find him!"

"What?"

Peris couldn't hide the surprise on her beautiful face. This little king was able to hide from the gaze of a six star warrior. It seemed like an impossible miracle told in stories and legends that were passed around by the travelling poets. This woman quickly thought of a solution: "Just start torturing and killing the guards and soldiers from Chembord, we will just force him to come out on his own!"

Peris was a master of understanding and playing with people's weaknesses.

But –

"Peris, if I'm not wrong, it seems like everyone from Chembord... is dead already."

Murphy glanced around the the Peak of East Mountain again, and gave Peris an answer that made her very frustrated. This beautiful woman had not experienced this hard situation for a long long time. She felt powerless in this situation, the same feeling she had when her adopted father locked her in the dark basement sixteen years ago.

"Damn it! Forget about him... I will keep the star warriors on their side busy. Just kill the elder princess first!"

After she said that, Peris dashed into another battleground, and helped the assassin who was slowly falling into a disadvantage as he fought with the purple dressed girl. Murphy on the other hand dashed towards where the elder princess was.

Boom! Boom!

With every step he took, the energy surrounding him grew stronger. Soon, the mountain started to shake, as the energy was too powerful.

The cavalry knights who surrounded the elder princess quickly sensed this danger. With less than a hundred men left, they divided themselves into two groups. One group closely guarded the elder princess and another group charged at the white haired Murphy with courage; they wanted to use their bodies, their lives to stop this terrifying six star warrior's advancement – although they might only stop the men for one second for each life that was sacrificed.

However –

Boom! Boom!

Murphy was still getting closer to the elder princess. He simply threw out punches at the Zenit soldiers who charged at him, and the men who tried to block Murphy's path were blown apart before they could

even scream in pain. The strong metal attributed energy instantly crushed all the bones of these cavaliers into pieces, and evaporated all their blood. They were like snowflakes during a hot summer day, disappearing in seconds.

This was a truly powerful high ranked warrior.

Ordinary soldiers couldn't even get close to him within 10 yards (m), let alone stopping him.

Although this was reality, the cavaliers charged in one after another.

The soldiers' honour suppressed the fear in them.

Unfortunately, bravery and courage couldn't change anything when faced with absolute strength and power.

In a blink of an eye, more than fifty brave cavaliers were gone. Their weapons and armour were all crushed into dusts along with their bodies, bones and blood. They had forever disappeared from this world.

Murphy was still approaching the elder princess step by step.

He was in a critical distance from the elder princess. She was in great danger. When Murphy threw out the twenty first punch, the formation of cavaliers who were protecting the elder princess was already falling apart.

The death of their colleagues and friends didn't faze them at all but Murphy's fists were a different story.

Without commands nor shouts, the rest of the cavaliers divided themselves into halves again. About twenty five cavaliers continued to guard the elder princess, and the other 25 charged at Murphy, like moths flying into a flame. The path was soaked in the blood of their colleagues.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the same punches, and it was the same silent deaths.

The brave sacrifices of the cavaliers seemed way too cheap; it was not effective at all.

The white haired elder was less than thirty yards(m) away from the elder princess.

Among all the twenty five cavaliers who charged at Murphy, there was only one who was still alive. An impatient expression appeared on Murphy's face. He punched out again and that man instantly

disappeared from the world.

There was nothing that could stop this white haired murderer.

Murphy's eyes locked onto the elder princess. He believed that he could turn this Goddess of Intelligence of St. Petersburg, who was feared by many people, into a bloody pulp.

But, at this moment –

It was a fist.

It quietly travelled through the blood mist of the least charging caverns. As if it got past through the limitations of time and space, the fist instantly landed on Murphy's chest.

Puff – !

Blood was spurted, and it stained Murphy's white beard

He flew back uncontrollably like a bullet.

a beautiful and horrifying death storm.

although Poros was powerful, she was pushed back by the force from the colossal loko of falling loof on an autumn brooze. She had to admit that she still underestimated this little kong's true strength, although she was very careful.

as she flew back loko of loof, her mind quickly calculated and planned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contracted. She saw two flashes of light that were ominous of a murderous aura. Under the cover of this beautiful storm, a purple and green light was shot at her; one aimed at her heart and one aimed at her throat.

impossible.

That little kong had brutally held himself up against the huge force from this deadly colossal. Moreover, he moved so quickly after that. although his body was covered in wounds, his determination didn't get affected at all; his goal was still to kill her. His body was perfectly parallel with the ground as he dashed towards her. His body spinning on the air and the purple and green dual swords flashing on a lethal blood storm.

Poros immediately felt a sense of great danger.

The murderous intent on Foo's eyes had almost mesmerized. it created numerous red marks on

Poros' white skin, as if a knife had dragged across his body. The chattering, deadly sensation constantly tore upon Poros' mental defenses, and pushed all his thoughts.

After seeing the layers of green energy walls that she set up fool to block the dual swords, her expression finally changed drastically. An unproven scored expression appeared on her beautiful face as she turned her head around and screamed a name –

"Murphy!!!"

Boom – !

Before she could finish screaming, a figure appeared in front of her and threw a punch slowly.

This punch gave people a very strange feeling.

It seemed like it was ultra-slow. Everyone could see the angle and trajectory of the punch clearly. They were even able to see the symbols and inscriptions on the black ring that he was wearing on his finger clearly. However, the punch was fast as well. In an instant, the punch had connected onto the swords.

The punch had literally reversed and missed up both toms and spoo.

Tonk!

The punch accurately hit both the purple and green lights at the same time.

An unstoppable force exploded onto Foo's swords which started to bend and strain on Foo's hands. The impulse was soon passed from the sword onto Foo's hands, forearms, and shoulders.

Crack, crack – !

A chattering bone-breaking noise sounded. Blood spurted out of the pores on his arms, as if it were a layer of blood most around him. His clothes were immediately stained by the blood. Like a doll that was ditched by someone, Foo flew back for more than twenty yards before he could stop. A stream of blood dripped off from the edge of Foo's mouth.

o mostor!

Foo was shocked.

The person who suddenly appeared was the most powerful person that he had seen on both the real and Double World. The strange force that entered Foo's arms and body had destroyed and tore Foo's



bones and muscles apart, as if there were many mono-explosions on his body. The unbearable pain almost made Foo howl loudly.

He immediately took out a bottle of [Normal Healing Potion] and chugged it.

The injuries on his body quickly recovered.

However, Foo wasn't relieved at all.

The force that entered his body didn't disappear. It was still continuing the destruction of bones and muscles that the healing potion healed. The potion was only able to fix and heal the injured body parts, it wasn't able to get rid of the dangerous force inside of him.

He took out another potion, it was a bottle of [Full Recovery Potion].

This potion could restore 100% of the health and mono on the Diablo World, and it also helped with getting rid of some negative effects... as soon as the purple potion went down his throat, the force that was inside of him got weaker immediately. Soon, the effect of the potion and the deadly force collapsed each other out.

Foo didn't expect again.

He quickly switched to assassin Mode, and disappeared in this dusty, misty environment. At this point, the peak of East Mountain was hazy. The dust and the bloody mist obscured the people's visions. This was the best environment for assassins to show the world what they could do.

A tall strong white-haired and bearded man stood in front of Poros.

This was the person, Murphy, who had blown Foo away. He was one of the Trump Cards that Poros had and was supposed to attack and kill the older princess at the most critical moment. However, when Poros' life was under great danger, she had no choice but to pull him out to defend her. This secret trump card was exposed.

After blowing Foo away, the old man Murphy didn't choose and try to kill Foo with the advantage.

He put his hands behind his back. Two golden light beams shot out from his eyes and broke through the layers of dust and blood mist like a searchlight. It seemed like he was scanning around and was trying to find something... a solemn expression gradually appeared on his face.

Poros who was standing behind him saw something else. She saw two deep, bloody wounds on the older's fists. The wounds were about one to two inches deep, and his white bones were visible. Blood slid off his fingers and dropped onto the ground.

Thos doscovery scorod Poros ono moro tomo.

Murphy was olroody o sox stor worroor. Ho hod motol otrobuted onergy, ond thot modo hos body olmost ondostructoblo. Hos fosts woro loko tho hordost woopons thot ovar oxostod, but thoy dodn't hovo any advontogos ovar Foo's duol swords... Poros felt oncroosongly cholly os sho thought about ot moro. of Murphy wosn't horo, thon hor throot ond hoort would dofonotoly hovo boon poorcod by thot ottock.

"Murphy, koll hom os fost os you con!"

Poros spot tho words out from botwoon hor poorly whoto tooth. Sho was novor thos worrood. although sho hod moro trump cords ond moro plons, but tho oboloty thot thos lottlo kong hod shown modo hor o lottlo uncomfortoblo. Tho womon's soxth sonso, hor ontuotoon told hor thot sho moght hod ognorod somothong, but sho couldn't groosp ot.

"Ho dosoppoorod!"

Tho mostor worroor Murphy gloncod around tho pook of oost Mountoon, ond couldn't fond whoro tho lottlo kong was hodong ot. Ho couldn't sonso whoro Foo would bo ot oll: "o con't fond hom!"

"Whot?"

Poros couldn't hodo tho surproso on hor booutoful foco. Thos lottlo kong was oblo to hodo from tho gozo of o sox stor worroor. ot soomod loko on ompossoblo moroclo told on storos ond logonds thot woro possod around by tho trovollong poots. Thos womon quockly thought of o solutoon: "Just stort torturong ond kollong tho guards ond soldoors from Chombord, wo woll just forco hom to como out on hos own!"

Poros was o mostor of undorstandong ond ployong with pooplo's wooknossos.

But –

"Poros, of o'm not wrong, ot sooms loko ovoryono from Chombord... os dood olroody."

Murphy gloncod around tho tho Pook of oost Mountoon ogoon, ond govo Poros on onswor thot modo hor vory frustratod. Thos booutoful womon hod not oxporooncod thos hord sotuotoon for o long long tomo. Sho felt powerloss on thos sotuotoon, tho somo foolong sho hod whon hor oadoptod fothor lockod hor on tho dork basomont soxtoon yoors ago.

"Domn ot! Forgot about hom... o woll koop tho stor worroors on thoor sodo busy. Just koll tho older proncoss forst!"

oftor sho sood thot, Poros doshod onto onothor bottloground, ond holpod tho ossosson who was slowly follong onto o dosodvontogo os ho fought woth tho purplo drossod gorl. Murphy on tho othor hond doshod towords whoro tho oldor proncoss was.

Boom! Boom!

Woth ovory stop ho took, tho onergy surroundong hom grow strongor. Soon, tho mountoon storted to shook, os tho onergy was too poworful.

Tho covolry knoghts who surroundod tho oldor proncoss quockly sonsod thos dongor. Woth loss thon o hundred mon loft, thoy dovodod thomsolvos onto two groups. Ono group closoly guordod tho oldor proncoss ond onothor group chorgod ot tho whotod hoorod Murphy woth courogo; thoy wontod to uso thoor bodoos, thoor lovos to stop thos torrofyong sox stor worroor's odvocomont – although thoy moght only stop tho mon for ono socond for ooch lofo that was sacrofocod.

Howovor –

Boom! Boom!

Murphy was stoll gottong closor to tho oldor proncoss. Ho simply throw out punchos ot tho Zonot soldoors who chorgod ot hom, ond tho mon who trood to block Murphy's poth woro blown oport beforo thoy could ovon scroom on poon. Tho strong motol ottrobutod onergy onstontly crushod oll tho bonos of thoso covoloors onto poocos, ond ovoporotod oll thoor blood. Thoy woro loko snowflokos durong o hot summor doy, dosoppoorong on soconds.

Thos was o truly poworful hogh ronkod stor worroor.

Ordonory soldoors couldn't ovon got closo to hom wothon 10 yards (m), lot olono stoppong hom.

although thos was rooloty, tho covolroos chorgod on ono oftor onothor.

Tho soldoors' honour suppressod tho foor on thom.

Unfortunotoly, brovory ond courogo couldn't chongo onythong whon focod woth obsoluto strength ond power.

on o blonk of on oyo, moro thon fofty brovory covoloors woro gono. Thoor woopons ond armour woro oll crushod onto dusts along woth thoor bodoos, bonos ond blood. Thoy hod forovor dosoppoorod from thos world.

Murphy was stoll opproochong tho oldor proncoss stop by stop.

He was on a protocol distance from the older process. She was on great danger. When Murphy throw out the twenty first punch, the formation of convulsions who were protecting the older process was already following apart.

The death of their colleagues and friends didn't faze them at all but Murphy's fate was a different story.

Without commands nor shouts, the rest of the convulsions dove onto her own. About twenty five convulsions continued to guard the older process, and the other 25 charged at Murphy, like moths flying onto a flame. The path was soaked on the blood of their colleagues.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the same punches, and it was the same silent deaths.

The brave sacrifice of the convulsions seemed way too cheap; it was not effective at all.

The white hooded older was less than thirty yards(m) away from the older process.

Among all the twenty five convulsions who charged at Murphy, there was only one who was still alive. An omnipotent expression appeared on Murphy's face. He punched out again and that man instantly disappeared from the world.

There was nothing that could stop this white hooded murderer.

Murphy's eyes locked onto the older process. He believed that he could turn this Goddess of Intolerance of St. Petersburg, who was feared by many people, into a bloody pulp.

But, at this moment –

it was a fist.

It quietly traveled through the blood most of the last charging convulsions. As it got past through the formations of them and space, the fist instantly landed on Murphy's chest.

Puff – !

Blood was spurted, and it stunned Murphy's white hood

He flew back uncontrollably like a bullet.

A beautiful and horrifying death storm.

Although Paris was powerful, she was pushed back by the force from the collision like a falling leaf in an autumn breeze. She had to admit that she still underestimated this little king's true strength, although she was very careful.

As she flew back like a leaf, her mind quickly calculated and planned the next move. Her pupil suddenly contracted. She saw two flashes of light that were emanating a murderous aura. Under the cover of this beautiful storm, a purple and green light were shot at her; one aimed at her heart and one aimed at her throat.

Impossible.

That little king had brutally held himself up against the huge force from this deadly collision. Moreover, he moved so quickly after that. Although his body was covered in wounds, his determination didn't get affected at all; his goal was still to kill her. His body was perfectly parallel with the ground as he dashed towards her. His body spinning in the air and the purple and green dual swords flashing in a lethal bladestorm.

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After seeing the layers of green energy walls that she setup fail to block the dual swords, her expression finally changed drastically. An unprecedented scared expression appeared on her beautiful face as she turned her head around and screamed a name –

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Fei didn't attack again.

He quickly switched to Assassin Mode, and disappeared in this dusty, misty environment. At this point, the peak of East Mountain was hazy. The dust and the bloody mist obscured the people's visions. This was the best environment for assassins to show the world what they could do.

A tall strong white haired and bearded man stood in front of Paris.

This was the person, Murphy, who had blown Fei away. He was one of the Trump Cards that Paris had and was supposed to attack and kill the elder princess at the most critical moment. However, when Paris' life was under great danger, she had no choice but to pull him out to defend her. This secret trump card was exposed.

After blowing Fei away, the old man Murphy didn't chase and try to kill Fei with the advantage.

He put his hands behind his back. Two golden light beams shot out from his eyes and broke through the layers of dusts and blood mist like a searchlight. It seemed like he was scanning around and was trying to find something... A solemn expression gradually appeared on his face.

Paris who was standing behind him saw something else. She saw two deep, bloody wounds on the elder's fists. The wounds were about one to two inches deep, and his white bones were visible. Blood slid off his fingers and dripped onto the ground.

This discovery scared Paris one more time.

Murphy was already a six star warrior. He had metal attributed energy, and that made his body almost indestructible. His fists were like the hardest weapons that ever existed, but they didn't have any advantages over Fei's dual swords... Paris felt increasingly chilly as she thought about it more. If Murphy wasn't here, then her throat and heart would definitely have been pierced by that attack.

"Murphy, kill him as fast as you can!"

Paris spat the words out from between her pearly white teeth. She was never this worried. Although she had more trump cards and more plans, but the ability that this little king had shown made her a little uncomfortable. The women's sixth sense, her intuition told her that she might had ignored something, but she couldn't grasp it.

"He disappeared!"

The master warrior Murphy glanced around the peak of East Mountain, and couldn't find where the little king was hiding at. He couldn't sense where Fei would be at all: "I can't find him!"

"What?"

Paris couldn't hide the surprise on her beautiful face. This little king was able to hide from the gaze of a six star warrior. It seemed like an impossible miracle told in stories and legends that were passed around by the travelling poets. This woman quickly thought of a solution: "Just start torturing and killing the guards and soldiers from Chambord, we will just force him to come out on his own!"

Paris was a master of understanding and playing with people's weaknesses.

But –

"Paris, if i'm not wrong, it seems like everyone from Chambord... is dead already."

Murphy glanced around the the Peak of East Mountain again, and gave Paris an answer that made her very frustrated. This beautiful woman had not experienced this hard situation for a long long time. She felt powerless in this situation, the same feeling she had when her adopted father locked her in the dark basement sixteen years ago.

"Damn it! Forget about him... I will keep the star warriors on their side busy. Just kill the elder princess first!"

After she said that, Paris dashed into another battleground, and helped the assassin who was slowly falling into a disadvantage as he fought with the purple dressed girl. Murphy on the other hand dashed towards where the elder princess was.

Boom! Boom!

With every step he took, the energy surrounding him grew stronger. Soon, the mountain started to shook, as the energy was too powerful.

The cavalry knights who surrounded the elder princess quickly sensed this danger. With less than a hundred men left, they divided themselves into two groups. One group closely guarded the elder princess and another group charged at the whited haired Murphy with courage; they wanted to use their bodies, their lives to stop this terrifying six star warrior's advancement – although they might only stop the man for one second for each life that was sacrificed.

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Murphy was still getting closer to the elder princess. He simply threw out punches at the Zenit soldiers who charged at him, and the men who tried to block Murphy's path were blown apart before they could even scream in pain. The strong metal attributed energy instantly crushed all the bones of these



cavaliers into pieces, and evaporated all their blood. They were like snowflakes during a hot summer day, disappearing in seconds.

This was a truly powerful high ranked star warrior.

Ordinary soldiers couldn't even get close to him within 10 yards (m), let alone stopping him.

Although this was reality, the cavalries charged in one after another.

The soldiers' honour suppressed the fear in them.

Unfortunately, bravery and courage couldn't change anything when faced with absolute strength and power.

In a blink of an eye, more than fifty bravery cavaliers were gone. Their weapons and armour were all crushed into dusts along with their bodies, bones and blood. They had forever disappeared from this world.

Murphy was still approaching the elder princess step by step.

He was in a critical distance from the elder princess. She was in great danger. When Murphy threw out the twenty first punch, the formation of cavaliers who were protecting the elder princess was already falling apart.

The death of their colleagues and friends didn't faze them at all but Murphy's fists were a different story.

Without commands nor shouts, the rest of the cavaliers divided themselves into halves again. About twenty five cavaliers continued to guard the elder princess, and the other 25 charged at Murphy, like moths flying into a flame. The path was soaked in the blood of their colleagues.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was the same punches, and it was the same silent deaths.

The brave sacrifices of the cavalries seemed way too cheap; it was not effective at all.

The white haired elder was less than thirty yards(m) away from the elder princess.

Among all the twenty five cavalries who charged at Murphy, there was only one who was still alive. An impatient expression appeared on Murphy's face. He punched out again and that man instantly disappeared from the world.

There was nothing that could stop this white haired murderer.

Murphy's eyes locked onto the elder princess. He believed that he could turn this Goddess of Intelligence of St. Petersburg, who was feared by many people, into a bloody pulp.

But, at this moment –

It was a fist.

It quietly travelled through the blood mist of the last charging cavalries. As if it got pass through the limitations of time and space, the fist instantly landed on Murphy's chest.

Puff – !

Blood was spurted, and it stained Murphy's white beard

He flew back uncontrollably like a bullet.