

Long Live the King Chapter 210

"That's strange, not many people know about this lake, how are there so many people here?" Seeing that most of the area by the lake had already been occupied, old Zolasc was a little dumbfounded. Since the camping ground he recommended to the king was previously occupied, he felt like he didn't do a good job as a guide.

"No problem, we will go check it out first." Fei saw the torch light in the distance and smiled, "I see that there are still some places by the lake. Although it might be a bit crowded, it should be enough for us to settle down."

But, just at this moment-

Swish-!

A white arrow plumed with fresh blood suddenly shot out from the dark distance, and inserted right into the ground before their feet. Half of the arrow was already in the ground, with its shaft was still trembling. The blood beads scattered everywhere, and along with the arrow came an overbearing shout from a tree in the distant, "The Blood-Edge Mercenary Group is settling and taking care of some affairs here. Leave if you don't want to die!"

The blood-dripping white feather arrow signified that taking one step forward will be met with death.

Such a warning was very popular in the land of Azeroth, and the Chambord Expedition army once used it in the Black Stone Kingdom's territory. Although the words spoken were a little rude, it was still reasonable. If there is really a mercenary group that was taking care of some private business in the distance, it was indeed reckless and impolite for Fei's group to just pass through them.

But, after hearing the guy giving his name, Fei's face immediately changed.

Not just Fei, the old Zolasc and young Modric by Fei's side also started shaking uncontrollably.

They held their fists tightly, and a fierce flame burned in their eyes.

Blood-Edge Mercenary Group!

It's actually the Blood-Edge Mercenary Group!

These 4 simple words, to the countless mining slaves from Chambord, actually represented a terrifying nightmare.

Because 80-90% of the Chambord mining slaves were all captured and sold to the scorching mineral mines inside the Black Stone Kingdom by all kinds of methods used by this mercenary group either under broad daylight or in the dark. Blood-Edge was a tier-5 mercenary group, and it was quite reputable in the Zenit Empire. There were quite a few elite fighters in the group, their infamous name was spread very far away, and they would accept any mercenary missions to make money. Capturing slaves was one of the main ways for this mercenary group to gather money, and many tier-5 or 6 subsidiary countries in the empire were often bullied by this group. However, since these experienced rascals in the group acted very sly and cautious, and they had a strict organization and was secretly supported by some imperial aristocracy. They never left behind any survivors or evidence when they executed missions. That's why even if an issue got to the imperial court, the Imperial Knight's Palace's law enforcement team wouldn't be able to do too much about them.

It was worth mentioning that, in Azeroth, mercenaries are a peculiar force.

They don't belong to any kingdom, but yet they penetrated every part of the continent, accepting all kinds of commissions from different forces or parties, including joining wars. Their shadows would even appear in some wars between different empires. In terms of strength, some powerful mercenary groups, although not having any set territory or title, still were equipped comparably to empires.

And the Blood-Edge Mercenary group was one of the three top tier mercenary groups within the Zenit Empire.

Fei jumped down from the big black dog and petted it on the head. This thing understood Fei right away and carried the sleepy Angela to the center of the army. Fei glanced at a hundred-year-old giant tree in the distance. His eyes were like lightning and he instantly saw a cold-looking skinny mercenary with a crossbow standing on the branch. He was dressed in dark black cloth, and there was a blood red machete symbol embroidered on the sleeve and collar of his cloth, and he was grinning and chuckling provocatively towards Fei's direction.

Fei smiled at him, revealing his white teeth.

Then he raised his arm with the blood-dripping white arrow in his hand and snapped it in half.

This move meant-

Go f*ck yourself. He was seeking revenge, never going to stop until death.

The short skinny mercenary's face suddenly changed, and he became even more shocked after seeing the big army behind Fei. He reached his hand to his back, pull out a horn-like thing, placed it beside his mouth and was about to sound it to warn his group...

However-

Swish~

A sharp arrow silently pierced the night sky, into the mouth of his that just opened...

Poof-!

The short and skinny mercenary didn't even get to scream, and he fell off the tree.

Pew Pew Pew Pew!

At the same time, a string of arrows was shot from the young blonde Fernando Torres's bowstring. The sharp arrows' speed was incredibly fast, but it didn't make any shocking sound. Yet, blood began blooming, just like the death god's cold touch. The arrows easily shot dead the other Blood Edge scouts on several other trees.

One arrow takes one soul, and all the arrows were merciless.

Fei smiled at the blond teen beside him and gave him a look of appreciation. It was indeed a good call to cultivate him towards the Sagittarius Saint Seiya direction. Torres's talent in archery was indeed rare.

"Flank!"

Fei made a gesture, then Warden Oleg, Torres, Cech all led 10 Saint Seiya and quickly started closing in from three directions. Fei just brought old Zolasc and Modric, and they casually walked towards the distant firelight at ease.