

Long Live the King Chapter 226

A day before.

Outside of Chambord, the autumn wind was blowing through the dry grass.

"Charge! Conquer Chambord in one go!"

Four warriors who were at least at the four star rank charged on their horses towards Chambord with different attributed warrior energy flame enveloping them. Behind them, there were a couple kings who were dressed in shiny armors with golden crowns on their heads. Their expressions were vicious as they didn't hid their murderous intents. Following them, there were more than two thousand black armored cavaliers who were charging like a black flood. The iron hooves stepped on the ground and caused dust to fly into the air. And in the dust, several black flags with a skeleton head and blade with blood dripping off of it fluttered in the wind like black dragons.

The entire group was like a pack of hungry wolves that were charging towards a group of fatty delicious sheep.

Finally, the continuous mountains and beautiful Chambord Castle appeared in the eyes of this bunch of red-eyed invaders.

"Charge! Kill them all!"

"Wipe out Chambord... Conquer them! Hahaha, men over the height of the wheel shall all be killed!"

After seeing the target, every invader started to scream and shout as if they were vicious jackals who smelled blood.

About fifteen minutes ago, two guys who called themselves the golden knights under the king of Chambord appeared in front of them arrogantly and ran away after a little defense. That provoked and stimulated the morale of the invaders. The kings with gold crowns on their head laughed as they commanded their soldiers when they finally saw the castle. The long and loud bugle sounded, and the black armored cavaliers slowed down their speed. Each formation kept some distance between them, and they were adjusting their pace to save up energy for the last necessary crazy charge.

But at this moment, a change occurred –

Whoosh -! Whoosh – ! Whoosh – !

A ton of arrows suddenly shot out of the hill on the right of the cavaliers like a dark shadow. The hungry locust like arrows screamed as they dashed into these soldiers! Without their guards up, more than twenty cavaliers on the right side of the formations whined as they fell off of their horse and got stomped into meat paste by their peers who were behind them.

"There is an ambush... they are mounted archers from Chambord. Be careful, they are on the right."

"Shit! They had already discovered us!"

"Haha, what ambush are you talking about? There are only thirty of them! How dare they challenge us? Kolad, take a team of fifty men and bring back those bastards' head to me in ten minutes....."

The invaders quickly discovered this raid. After seeing the number of Chambord soldiers, all of them relaxed. A king with the gold crown on his head waved his sword, and a team of more than a hundred cavaliers laughed as they broke off from the big group and charged towards the archers of Chambord who were hiding by the hill.

These cavaliers disappeared behind the hill as everyone expected a slaughter.

But in less than two minutes, something occurred as that king expected his men to return.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

A series of arrows were shot out of the bush under the hill on the right of them.

It was surprising!

The black armored cavaliers who were charging forward didn't expect this, and many of them fell to the ground. However, the attackers soon showed themselves when more than fifty cavaliers were killed – they were another team of mounted archers from Chambord. There were only about twenty of them, but they cleverly used the hill and the tall grasses to hide themselves. Although there were only a few of them, they were great at shooting. Almost every arrow that was shot from them took down an enemy. However, the invaders didn't really spot this fact as most of them were just charging by. The only thing that the commanders of the invaders saw was their numbers. It was obvious that twenty more people couldn't threaten a two thousand men force. Another gold crowned king waved his sword, and another team of a hundred cavaliers separated from the group and charged at these archers.

But soon, the invaders sensed the abnormality.

There were still volleys of arrows that were being shot at them from two sides, and there were black armored cavaliers falling down from their horses continuously. In the last ten minutes, they had suffered more than four hundred casualties. What was more bone chilling was that both teams of more than a hundred cavaliers who were after these archers didn't return; they were probably dead from what they could tell.

At the same time, about twenty mounted archers appeared behind them. These archers were fast since their horses were top quality. They used a guerilla tactic where they would back off after they successfully attacked and shoot at them from afar when the situation seemed right. These archers were like the invaders' tails. The invaders just couldn't get rid of them.

Under such harassment, the high morale and the unified formation seemed to be a little shattered.

"Mister, what should we do?" A gold crowned king's face changed color. He even asked and addressed the warrior who was charging at the front and had energy flame around as mister.

"Dick, Allen. Each of you take four hundred cavaliers to clear all the mounted archers of Chambord in twenty minutes! Don't let any single one of them survive! Gulo, you take a hundred cavaliers to watch our backs and make sure that the opponents won't harass us anymore from the back! Everyone else, don't worry about the archers on both sides and charge at full speed! Something must have happened, that is why they are harassing us to buy time... sound the bugle! Charge! Speed up!!" One of the four warriors who were leading the group shouted and commanded as if he was the leader.

The other three warriors who were charging beside him nodded. Two of them waved their swords and shouted as the same time. Their voices were as loud as the thunder, and each of them led four hundred men to break off of the main group lightly and attacked the archers of Chambord on each side.

With two mysterious warriors leading the cavaliers, most of the arrows that were shot at them were crushed into pieces by these two warriors' energy flames. With little casualties, they quickly approached the archers of Chambord who were hiding behind the grasses and hills.

The other warrior led a hundred cavaliers and left the main group from the left side. They slowed down and stayed behind the group to deal with the archers at the back. Under the lead of that warrior, they quickly stopped the archers from a hundred meters away so they couldn't get close.

At the same time, the leader of the entire force led more than a thousand cavaliers to charge at Chambord at an insane speed.

The leader of the group was a strong knight who wasn't wearing any helmet. His black curly hair fluttered in the air, and he looked like demon from hell with half of his face twitching and deformed. You couldn't tell his nose apart from his mouth. Everything on his face was like wet mud; it was obvious that his face had been severely burnt. On top of his hideous face, his eyes were pitch black as if he was a demon from hell.

This man's face was very calm as if he discovered Chambord's forces' intention quickly. A smile appeared on his face as he sneered in disdain. As an elite knight from the Imperial Knight Palace, he had been in more than a hundred battles, and he had extensive amounts of commanding experience. He believed that he was not inferior to the famous generals and commanders at Zenit, so he didn't think the low lives from this remote kingdom could fool him with dumb tricks.

"The resistance of ants, such bad acting!"

The knight with the scar face could almost feel the heat from the blood that would appear on his sword soon.

At the same time –

On a high hill that wasn't far away, Brook who was carefully monitoring the invaders was surprised. He murmured to himself: "There is someone who is great at military strategies in the enemies! This is bad... Adjustments must be made to the plan!"

Brook glanced around and observed the surrounding terrains a bit more as he tried to calculate the possible changes. After he considered both the man power and the number of star warriors of Chambord and the invaders, he felt helpless as he knew no one at Chambord was able to take on the four star warriors who were leading the charge. Once these four star warriors couldn't be handled, this battle would be hard to win. On Azeroth Continent, masters like star warriors couldn't be ignored! If there was a huge gap between the powerful warriors of the two sides, the party with little man power could potentially win just because of superior top warriors. Although the defense wall of Chambord was tall and firm, it wasn't enough to block the invasion of four four-star warriors.

"The only strategy now was to risk everything and take them directly on!"

Brook bit his teeth and made a decision. As the man in charge of the military, he wasn't the strongest warrior, and he was very straightforward and a little dull. However, he didn't lack leadership and courage during battle. He had the authority, and he was decisive.

This was a part of the reasons why Fei placed Brook on such an important role.

At this moment, when faced with danger, Brook knew that he had to do something impossible to protect Chambord and execute his strategies to prove to everyone that the king didn't pick the wrong person.

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"Chase after them! Kill them all!"

The thin and short four star warrior named Dick charged on his horse with his sword risen. He was really mad! The task of taking care of thirty mounted archers of Chambord with four hundred elite cavaliers was easy in his eyes, but he didn't expect his opponents to be this sly and tricky. They were fast, and their archery were exceptional. During this chase, he didn't get to them, and about a hundred of his cavaliers who shot down by those archers. This was a great shame to him.

After a while, all the arrows of archers from Chambord had their arrows depleted.

The mounted archers of Chambord without arrows were like tigers without teeth and claws; they were essentially meat on the chopping board.

"Hahah, they are out of arrows, charge!"

But soon, the cavaliers couldn't laugh anymore. The archers of Chambord soon turned to soldiers who threw axes. They all took off the axes that were hanging by the saddle and threw them at the invaders after full rounds of swinging. The axes that were the size of doors flew towards the black armored

cavaliers who were unprepared for this and made them cry out loud. With the backdrop of spurting blood and broken limbs, these axes took away around fifty lives. There was only about twenty hundred fifty cavaliers; they suffered a lot of casualties.

Finally, after about ten minutes of chase, the black armored cavaliers pushed the mounted archers of Chambord into a forest under a mountain. The horses couldn't run in here freely, so the monkey like soldiers of Chambord jumped off of the horses and escaped into the forest.

"Dismount! Run after them, kill them all!"

The leader Dick was already raged. He lost his rationality and swore that he would skin those bastards and used them as leather.

But soon, Dick regretted his actions.

Since his cavaliers dismounted and chased into the forest, they were lost in this "maze". After a little while, the cavaliers were scattered around the forest. When Dick calmed down and wanted to command all of his men to gather back together, a strong man with a huge black sword on his back appeared in front of him.

Dick's pupil instantly contracted.

He sensed a sense of danger from this red haired man.

"Who are you?"

Dick drew his sword as he enveloped himself in a green warrior energy.

"Leo Saint Saiya Frank-Lampard under the Chambord King is here to take away your life."

The red haired strong man stabbed his black sword onto the ground, and then stood there calmly. Although he looked calm, a series of light cracking noises sounded inside of him as strands of white lightning started to pop out of his body. Soon, the white lightning enveloped his body and burnt the plants and trees around him into charcoal and smokes.

"Lightning attributed warrior?" Dick was surprised. But then an excited expression appeared on his face as he licked his lips and said: "I didn't expect it. A little Chambord Kingdom has such a warrior like you. Good, good...Great!" The green warrior energy around his grew rapidly as he said: "My hobby is to torture great warriors. This sword has chopped the heads of thirty six four star warriors. You would make the thirty seventh warrior today!"

"You are too talkative!" This was Lampard's response.

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At the same time, on the field to the right of Chambord.

In a field with grass that was over two meters tall

Four star warrior Allen, the leader of the other team of cavaliers encounter the same problem as his peer Dick. Almost half of his cavaliers were killed by the arrows and axes from the mounted archers of Chambord. Under the anger, he led his black armored men into this field of grass. When he entered this place, he felt like he entered an ocean of green. His opponents tried to divide his team up on purpose, and almost all of his men were scattered around in this field. In front of him now, there were two strong man from Chambord who didn't look too friendly.

"Taurus Saint Saiya Drogba, Capricorn Saint Saiya Pierce of Chambord...Hehe, you ugly ass, you are dead for sure this time!" The two men who were big like mountains told Allen who they were as they cracked their knuckles and walked towards him while laughing viciously.

"Humph! Idiots! How are you two talk to me like that? You guys weren't even three star warriors yet!" Allen shook the sword in his hand, and the blue, water attributed warrior energy flame exploded as two dash of sword strikes pierced towards the throat of the two strongmen like lightning.

"He is a master!"

"We are no match!"

Both Drogba and Pierce's faces changed color as they sensed their opponent's strength.

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"Ready.....shoot!"

Brook was still calm. He waved his sword forward and commanded. As his voice sounded in the air, the sounds of bowstrings vibrating resonated. The arrows screamed as they covered all the noises of the surroundings and pierced through people's ear drums. Like locusts flying towards crops, they flew towards the black flood like enemies.

In an instant, the black armored cavaliers fell down like crops under the sickles as they whined.

This was a battle, a war!

Cruel and merciless.

As the arrows fell, blood spurted into the sky. The screams soon resonated in the sky.

The peers who were charging beside a cavalier screamed as he fell down the horse. He was instantly stomped into meat paste by the cavaliers behind him and lost his breath.

Under the full coverage of the arrows, every cavalier had to kick their horses with the spurs on their iron boots to make the sweating horses charge a little bit faster. They had to get close to the archers of Chambord in the shortest amount of time! They tilted their body forward to try to minimize their exposed body as they prayed to gods and hoped that they wouldn't be shot by the arrows that were raining down from the sky. No one was able to dodge this level of arrow coverage, and except the kings who were protected by strong warriors and high ranking military officials, only the soldiers who were both lucky and strong could survive through this.

Fortunately, they could already see their enemies who were on a small hill about two hundred meters away.

There were only a hundred of them, and they formed a defensive formation. Looking from afar, they looked like a bunch of helpless scarecrows. This weak and powerless scene stimulated the testosterone inside every cavalier. Every one of them believed that they could stomp their weak opponent into meat paste after one charge! They also believed that they could soon charge into Chambord Castle like a storm to kill, light things on fire, **** any woman, and take away any valuables and treasures to make their lives more meaningful.

They were getting closer and closer...

There was only about fifty meters between the two groups.

The black armored cavaliers who had great eye sight could already see the scared expressions on the military officers' faces and their trembling legs since no one was allowed to retreat. This scene stimulated the viciousness in their blood even more! Every one of them roared as they whipped their horses to make them run faster. They swung the weapons in their hands as they expected their weapons to chop off the heads of their enemies.

Only the scar-faced knight while the silver warrior energy enveloping himself with his horse frowned lightly. He had finally sensed something strange by using his instinct.

Now sure when, but a strange yet familiar nose piercing smell dispersed in the air. When he looked at the black haired enemy commander who stood straight under the strange flag of two dog head on a pair crossing axe and sword that were dripping down blood, he was frightened! The fact that this commander was standing under the flag like a nail and looked very valiant gave him a bad feeling!

"Wait, there must be a trap..." A lot of thoughts flashed through this scar-faced knight's face. He suddenly thought of something when he smelled this scent in the air more.

However, it was too late.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A series of bowstring vibrating noise sounded at this moment.

The scar-faced knight looked up, and his pupil contracted as he saw twenty flaming magic arrows. Like twenty meters, they dashed into this "black flood" with violent burning fires.

In the next second, the unbelievable happened –

Boom! The ground started to burn as well-

That's right, the whole ground caught on fire.

The dry grass that were about half a meter tall instantly turned into the flames from hell that were there to take away these cavaliers' lives. Like an erupting volcano, the red-yellowish fire appeared on the ground and licked the charging cavaliers mercilessly. The nose-piercing smell and black smoke were everywhere, and the fire quickly spread and lit the area of a kilometer in radius in just forty seconds as if it was alive. Almost every cavalier was caught inside this burning fire from hell.

The Grim Reaper appeared with no sign.

The merciless flames swallowed everything.

Numerous cavaliers who were laughing viciously and swinging their weapons were turned into flame man who were screaming and struggling. They all dropped their weapons and slapped the flames on their bodies as they tried to extinguish them. However, the flames ate their bodies as if they were the most passionate lovers on this continent. Soon, these men were killed in the fire one by one.

This scene was so majestic and terrifying that it looked like it was comparable to the forbidden fire spells in legends.

However, the scar-faced knight clearly knew that this was no forbidden spell.

The twenty fire arrows contained the surge of fire elements that he was very familiar with. He knew that they were the simplest and easiest to make fire magic arrows. There was only one reason why the entire field lit up – in this field where the grass was about half a meter tall, there was a ton of catalysts for fire that were planted here before. These catalysts for fire had a strange smell, and these special minerals could turn a spark into a burning flame in seconds. That was the source of the smell in the air, and this was the reason why the scar-faced knight was uneasy, and this was the reason the fire spread this quickly.

Not sure when, but the wind suddenly started to blow.

With the help of the wind, the fire grew bigger and stronger! Smoke soared into the sky, and screams and whines resonated on the field. Man on fire... horses on fire... there was fire everywhere!

The scar-faced cavalier unleashed all of his warrior energy and kept the burning fire three meters away from him.

"Everyone, listen up! Don't be afraid, charge! Charge! Charge out of this sea of fire! There is a river at the front!"

The scar-faced knight leader roared in anger as he commanded the cavaliers to charge forward. The only way of survival was to get away from this fire as soon as possible! Since the wind blew from the north, the field fifty meters away from them where their enemies stood didn't catch on fire. The cavaliers all knew that as long as they charged over their enemies' defensive line, they could escape from their worst nightmare.

"Charge over, kill all of those damn people of Chambord!"

This was the only thought in the scar-faced knight's raging mind