

LONG LIVE THE KING !

24 CHAPTER 24 TWO COMPLETE OPPOSITE COMMANDS

"Him?"

The question took Landes by surprise. Those beast-like eyes appeared in his mind instantly. The eyes behind the helmet...made him shiver a little.

"That man has the strength of a one star warrior. What was strange was that he didn't have any energy, as if he was born with that strength....." Landes said as he was trying to recall what had happened. "And also, he felt like a growing vicious beast, born to battle and kill."

"A beast?" The silver masked knight put down the cup and finally looked at Landes. He laughed, "That's an interesting metaphor...Landes, what if I capture this 'beast' and send him to the Empire Colosseum. Wouldn't that be even more interesting?"

"Colosseum? That's a great idea, master..." Landes said flatteringly, "If that crazy bastard goes to the Empire Colosseum, he will be the greatest gladiator. There will be a ton of people willing to pay a high price for him!"

On Azeroth Continent, empire colosseums were the places that nobles wanted to go to.

There was cruel and bloody entertainment going on daily. Strong slaves who were trained to kill were forced to engage in deadly fights with all kinds of weird beasts and dangerous monsters all for the entertainment of the nobles.

These kinds of bloody fights had become a custom in Azeroth Continent. They were initially the sacrificial ceremonies to the God of War, but it had devolved into something purely for the thrill of the nobles. As

they crazed for it more and more, the colosseums became an enormous profit chain. Numerous empires were involved in it, and it could also increase the growth in the gambling industry. Many people became super rich from it while others lost everything they owned.

What was worth mentioning was that being candidates for gladiators had a strict restriction; only slaves and the poor who didn't have a ranked title were able to become gladiators. People who were ranked warriors and mages couldn't appear in the colosseums. The Warrior Union and the Mage Union believed that it was an insult to the unions if a warrior or mage was put into the colosseums.

Of course, it wasn't this way when it started. Many nobles from the super powerful empires didn't follow this rule. There was a time when a ton of warriors and mages were forced to fight in the colosseums. This

behaviour had infuriated the most powerful people on the Azeroth Continent. Five hundred years ago, many powerful people came together under the call of the Sun ranked warrior Beckenbauer and the Sun raked mage Bailey. Together, they passed the [Declaration of Honour] and wiped out 241 empires and 10,000 colosseums. After that case, there wasn't a single colosseum or empire that dared to go against the Declaration.

Under the Declaration, a great gladiator was hard to find. People like Fei who had the strength of a one star warrior but didn't have any energy were treasures in the eyes of people like the silver masked knight. If they operated everything properly, they could profit greatly. They could even network with nobles from higher empires.

"[One], after the night clears, take [Sixteen], [Seventeen] and [Eighteen] and command Chambord

to surrender. Tell that retarded king of theirs that if they are willing to surrender, the king and the minister can be spared, and the citizens will not be killed and only be slaves ...If not, when we conquer their kingdom, we will kill everyone we see for three days and wash their castle with blood!" The silver masked knight said coldly.

As he finished speaking, a white, chilly energy appeared in his hand, freezing the jade cup and the wine into a nice ice sculpture.

"Yes, master!" The black knight named [One] standing to the right inside the tent stepped up and bowed.

"Eh, make sure that you convey this message to that retarded king in front of all of his soldiers." The silver masked knight had a playful smile on his face. He exhorted as he threw the cup to the side.

"Yes, master!"

[One] bowed with [Sixteen], [Seventeen] and [Eighteen], and then they left the tent.

"[Two], [Three], [Four], [Five], [Six]. All five of you prepare your soldiers. When Chambord opens their gate and surrenders, rush in with your soldiers and kill everyone except that Angela and the 'Beast'.

The silver masked knight continued issuing commands. His second command was completely different from the first. The five black knights stepped up and bowed to obey the order. However, they were surprised. [One] was going to grant Chambord a path to survival, but the silver masked knight had set such a cold order so quickly; he was trying to trick Chambord all along.

"Time is tight. According to our plan, Chambord

Castle must be conquered as soon as possible. If this continues, I'm afraid that Zenit Empire will know what's going on. We have to do this..." As if the silver masked knight felt doubt in his subordinates' minds, he explained himself. After that, he turned around and said to Landes, "Landes, I hope you can do what you promised; bring me the head of that three star warrior!"

"As you wish, my master!" Landes was very confident.

"The rest of you can wait for my order...Ok, now go prepare yourselves. When the sun rises, we will take action!"

All the knights bowed and were ready to leave the tent... But at this moment-

"Wait!"

The quiet, mysterious mage suddenly interrupted them.

The man covered his face under his cloak. He nodded towards the silver masked knight as a salute. His voice was hoarse, as if someone was dragging a dull blade on a rough stone. The high pitched voice sounded horrible, "Your highness, I sense that there is a powerful mage in Chambord Castle. Your plan might be interfered with."

"A mage?" The silver masked knight's face expression changed. A mage could greatly interfere a battle easily. He asked, "Teacher, can you tell what rank this mage is?"

"This mage is hiding pretty deep; I feel he is trying to hide from something. I only sensed him moments ago...Eh, he is around three stars!"

"Three stars?" The silver masked knight was a little relaxed. "If it's only a three star mage, the threat isn't that great, but I still hope teacher can help me tomorrow when it's appropriate and eliminate this problem!"

"Eh." The man in cloak nodded: "I would, but even if it's only a three star mage, the damage could be pretty significant. Tell your army to stay away in case of accidental injuries."

After hearing the mysterious mage accept his request, the silver masked knight was relieved. He smiled, "Alright teacher. You can do anything you want, just don't damage the exterior and the defensive wall of Chambord."

The mysterious mage nodded again. He returned to silence as the cold chilling energy surrounded him once again.

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The cold breeze was chilling to the bones. Fei shivered as he opened his eyes.

"Oh shit! I was on the night watch...Cough, Cough. I fell asleep? The enemies didn't attack, did they?" He was a little scared.

As he was thinking, he smelled a faint fragrance. He turned around and was surprised to find out that the beautiful Angela was sitting beside him. However, she was asleep and lying against a cold stone wall.

As if the girl felt cold in her dream, she held her knees tightly while curling her back. The crystal dew had wet the tip of her hair. She smiled as if she was having a

sweet dream. Under the starlight, her fine, white face gave Fei the impression of a flower fairy.

Fei slightly moved his body. He then discovered that his body was covered by a thick velvet blanket.

Angela was obviously worried and brought it to him at midnight.

Feeling the warmth from the blanket, Fei's heart was warmed as well. For some reason, the beautiful, kind girl in front of him reminded him of his first love – innocent, pure and warm...Everything was beautiful.

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