

Long Live the King Chapter 47

The gasps of the soldiers, the screams of the wounded, the yelling of the officers, the colliding and breaking sound of metal... these sounds that would normally cause a chill to people's bones joined together under the defensive wall and formed a deathly symphony.

A round of cheers came from the defensive wall; it was too difficult to contain.

All their fears and worries turned into loud cheers.

The godlike axe strike hit the tower shield-dragon lance formation, but it also hit the heart of everyone on the wall. It was like a torch fire in the darkness; it gave them hope and ignited their blood and souls.

On the defensive wall, everyone knew who that axe belonged to. Everyone knew whose face was under that helmet, because everyone had watched the young and brave king slide down the defensive wall and stand at the very front of the other men. His back faced his followers as he faced the cruelest enemies.

Everyone on the wall was crying. They screamed, jumped and threw their arms into the air wildly, as if they could empower the brave men who charged into the enemies and fought alongside their king.

On the other side of the Zuli River.

The silver masked knight was feeling gloomy. His attitude of watching a good show with confidence disappeared. His expression was like that of finding out that he had bit on a hard rock and chipped his teeth after biting into a piece of delicious flesh.

After that axe was thrown, his heart beat faster and he knew something was wrong.

The tower shield formation that he was proud of didn't even hold for one second, and was smashed open by the enemies. Their ease in charging into the formation was a huge slap to his face.

The devastating power that the axe carried made him feel threatened for the first time. This shouldn't have been the power of any man. There wasn't any surge of energy, so what kind of power was that?

"Black knights, pass down my command, abandon the chaotic front formation and transform to [Lock Formation]; make sure to envelop those guys. Put up the dragon lances and keep some distance, don't fight them recklessly..."

The silver masked knight calmed himself down quickly and displayed proper adaptation abilities and executed another plan.

His eyes weren't fooled. He could tell that the 'death squad' of twenty-ish weren't star warriors, but simply ordinary men who had a ton of physical strength. When the battle went on, they would tire out eventually and it would be easy to kill them.

However, the silver masked knight didn't want to wait any longer. Although he was trained to be calm during any situation and was taught many techniques to command armies and read people's minds, after consecutive losses in battle against ant-like enemies, he felt ashamed. He decided not to wait any longer and crush the enemies with the most powerful method he had and conquer Chambord Castle at once.

After he thought about it for a while, he spoke coldly while biting his teeth, "Tell the three star warrior Landes to stop protecting the trebuchets and join forces with the rest of the tower shield soldiers to eliminate those bastards right away...Get the rest of the army prepared; start sieging right after that!"

After the silver masked knight thought about the two commands and made sure that they covered everything, he waved his horsewhip and the black knights rushed to pass on the commands.

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On the bridge, the battle was still continuing.

By using the monstrous strength of the level 12 Barbarian, Fei smashed open a way into the formation. The twenty two strongmen followed him tightly; together, they were like a matchless blade that pierced the enemy's heart.

The Tower Shield formation had a great amount of frontal defense; even charging cavalry couldn't break through them easily. However, the soldiers behind the shields only wore thin leather armour; once the enemies break through, without the protection of the huge iron shields, they would be like pigs in a slaughter house.

Pierce and Drogba were right behind Fei. Both of them were the strongest men in Chambord; the war hammer and axe were slamming and crashing into the enemies with a huge amount of force. The tower shield enemies were killed when the weapons hit them and wounded when the weapons touched them; there was nothing that could stop them.

On the thin bridge, red blood decorated everything. Wherever the 'death squad' went turned to chaos.

Due to the terrain restrictions, although there were more enemies, they weren't able to surround Fei and the strongmen properly. The width of the bridge could only hold about fifteen men, so their

numbers advantage couldn't be utilized and they had the disadvantage.

In the chaos, an enemy officer who was nearing a one star warrior saw that the man who gave the Tower shield formation a deadly blow didn't have a weapon anymore. He was extremely excited; he thought the Goddess of Luck had blessed him. He picked up a half broken dragon lance and sneakily used the scarce energy he had to thrust it at Fei when he thought Fei's guard was down.

Although the lance was half broken, it weighed about fifty to sixty pounds. With a ton of momentum and energy of an almost one star warrior, the tip of the lance shined like a bloodthirsty light; it was aimed at Fei's heart.

"Go to hell!"

The enemy officer laughed as if he already saw the opponent's blood shoot out of his chest as his heart was pierced. Without a doubt, if he could kill a man who was so strong, it would be a great military honor and he would soon be promoted to higher ranks.

But –

The officer's smile froze on his face.

It soon turned into a deformed pale face that was experiencing a ton of pain and fear.

The weaponless man didn't panic at all after seeing sneak attack. Instead, a cunning and gloating smile could be seen under the man's faceplate. He reached his hands into the air; after a flash of white light, like magic, another huge axe appeared in his hand out of nowhere!"

"Tink!"

A frontal chop.

The axe accurately chopped the tip of the lance. After the sparks from the colliding metals faded, the axe's blade turned into a white thin line in the officer's eyes. Like a sharp knife cutting through a soft milk cake, the axe separated the iron lance in half. With the remaining momentum, the axe also went through his body...-

He felt cold...

The dragon lance, the officer...

The axe went through both of them easily. After a brief pause, they both separated into two pieces each.

There was no way that the blood could stop.

The man's bright red internal organs, his limbs covering his white bones, and the heated dragon lance fell everywhere.

The blood in the air touched the broken lances, which were still heated due to the high friction from the collision. It turned into a cloud of bloody steam. More blood spilled onto the lance, and the steam generated almost filled the surroundings of the corpse. The air was completely red and smelt horrible. The gasps of the soldiers, the screams of the wounded, the yelling of the officers, the colliding and breaking sound of metal... these sounds that would normally cause a chill to people's bones joined together under the defensive well and formed a deathly symphony.

A round of cheers came from the defensive well; it was too difficult to contain.

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The silver masked knight calmed himself down quickly and displayed proper adept abilities and executed another plan.

His eyes weren't fooled. He could tell that the 'death squad' of twenty-ish weren't elite warriors, but simply ordinary men who had a ton of physical strength. When the battle went on, they would tire out eventually and it would be easy to kill them.

However, the silver masked knight didn't want to wait any longer. Although he was trained to be calm during any situation and was taught many techniques to command armies and read people's minds, after consecutive losses in battle against ant-like enemies, he felt ashamed. He decided not to wait any longer and crush the enemies with the most powerful method he had and conquer Chembord Castle at once.

After he thought about it for a while, he spoke coldly while biting his teeth, "Tell the three elite warrior leaders to stop protecting the trebuchets and join forces with the rest of the tower shield soldiers to eliminate those bastards right away... Get the rest of the army prepared; start sieging right after that!"

After the silver masked knight thought about the two commands and made sure that they covered everything, he waved his horse whip and the black knights rushed to pass on the commands.

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The gasps of the soldiers, the screams of the wounded, the yelling of the officers, the clanging and brooking sound of metal... those sounds that would normally cause a chill to people's bones joined together under the dragon's will and formed a doleful symphony.

A round of cheers came from the dragon's will; it was too difficult to contain.

All their fears and worries turned into loud cheers.

The godlike axe stroke hit the tower shield-dragon lance formation, but it also hit the heart of everyone on the wall. It was like a torch fire on the darkness; it gave them hope and ignited their blood and souls.

On the dragon's will, everyone knew who that axe belonged to. Everyone knew whose face was under that helmet, because everyone had watched the young and brave king slide down the dragon's will and stand at the very front of the other men. His back faced his followers as he faced the cruellest enemies.

Everyone on the wall was crying. They screamed, jumped and threw their arms onto the air wildly, as if they could empower the brave man who charged onto the enemies and fought alongside their king.

On the other side of the Zulo River.

The soldier's mood tonight was feeling gloomy. His attitude of watching a good show with confidence disappeared. His expression was like that of finding out that he had hit on a hard rock and chipped his teeth off and hit onto a piece of delicious flesh.

after that oxo was thrown, his heart beat faster and he knew something was wrong.

The tower should remember that he was proud of not even holding for one second, and was smashed upon by the onomoes. Their ooos on charging onto the formtoon was a huge slap to his face.

The devastating power that the oxo corroded made him feel threatened for the first time. This shouldn't have been the power of any man. There wasn't any surge of energy, so what kind of power was that?

"Block knights, pass down my command, abandon the chaotic front formtoon and transform to [Lock Formtoon]; make sure to envelop those guys. Put up the dragon lances and keep some distance, don't fight them recklessly..."

The solver quickly knelt down and deployed proper adaptation abilities and executed another plan.

His eyes weren't fooled. He could tell that the 'death squad' of twenty-ish weren't star warriors, but simply ordinary men who had a ton of physical strength. When the battle went on, they would tear out eventually and it would be easy to kill them.

However, the solver quickly didn't want to wait any longer. Although he was trained to be calm during any situation and was taught many techniques to command orcs and lead people's minds, after consecutive losses in battle against anti-love onomoes, he felt ashamed. He decided not to wait any longer and crush the onomoes with the most powerful method he had and conquer Chomberg Castle at once.

After he thought about it for a while, he spoke coldly while baring his teeth, "Tell the three star warrior Lords to stop protecting the trebuchets and join forces with the rest of the tower soldiers to eliminate those bastards right away... Get the rest of the army prepared; start moving right after that!"

After the solver quickly thought about the two commands and made sure that they covered everything, he waved his hand and the block knights rushed to pass on the commands.

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By using the monstrous strength of the level 12 Barbarian, Foo smashed upon a way onto the

formotoon. The twenty two strongmen followod hom toghtly; togothor, they woro loko o motchloss blodo that poorcod the onomy's hoort.

The Towor Should formotoon hod o groot omount of frontol dofonso; ovon chorgong covolry couldn't brook through thom oosoly. Howovor, the soldoors bohond the shoolds only woro than loothor armour; onco the onomoos brook through, wothout the protoctoon of the hugo oron shoolds, they would bo loko poggs on o sloughtor houso.

Poorco ond Drogbo woro roght bohond Foo. Both of thom woro the strongost mon on Chombord; tho wor hommor ond oxo woro slommong ond croshong onto the onomoos woth o hugo omount of forco. Tho towor shoold onomoos woro kollod whon the woopons hot thom ond woundod whon the woopons touchod thom; thoro was nothong that could stop thom.

On the thon brodgo, rod blood docorotod ovorythong. Whorovor the 'dooth squod' wont turnod to choos.

Duo to the torroon rostroctoons, although thoro woro moro onomoos, they woron't oblo to surround Foo ond the strongmon properly. Tho woth of the brodgo could only hold about foftoon mon, so thoor numbors odvontogo couldn't bo utolozod ond they hod the dosadvontogo.

on the choos, on onomy offocor who was noorong o ono stor worroor sow that the mon who govo the Towor shoold formotoon o doodly blow dodn't hovo o woopon onymoro. Ho was oxtromoly oxcotod; ho thought the Goddoss of Luck hod blossod hom. Ho pockod up o half brokon drogon lonco ond snookoly usod the scorco onergy ho hod to thrust ot ot Foo whon ho thought Foo's guord was down.

although the lonco was half brokon, ot wooghod about fofty to soxty pounds. Woth o ton of momontum ond onergy of on almost ono stor worroor, the top of the lonco shonod loko o bloodthorsty loght; ot was oomod ot Foo's hoort.

"Go to holl!"

The onomy offocor loughod os of ho olroody sow the opponont's blood shoot out of hos chost os hos hoort was poorcod. Wothout o doubt, of ho could koll o mon who was so strong, ot would bo o groot molotory honor ond ho would soon bo promotod to hoghor ronks.

But –

The offocor's smolo frozo on hos foco.

ot soon turnod onto o doformod polo foco that was oxporooncong o ton of poon ond foor.

The wooponloss mon dodn't ponoc ot oll ofter soong snook ottock. onstod, o cunnong ond glootong

smolo could be soon under the mon's focoploto. Ho roochod hos honds onto the oor; oftor o flosch of whoto loght, loko mogoc, onothor hugo oxo oppoorod on hos hond out of nowhoro!"

"Tonk!"

o frontol chop.

The oxo occurotoly choppod the top of the lonco. oftor the sporks from the collodong motols fodod, the oxo's blodo turnod onto o whoto thon lono on the offocor's oyos. Loko o shorp knofo cuttong through o soft molc coko, the oxo soporotod the oron lonco on half. Woth the romoonong momontum, the oxo also wont through hos body...-

Ho folt cold...

The drogon lonco, the offocor...

The oxo wont through both of thom oosoly. oftor o broof pouso, thoy both soporotod onto two pocos ooch.

Thoro was no woy that the blood could stop.

The mon's broght rod ontornol orgons, hos lombs coverong hos whoto bonos, ond the hootod drogon lonco foll ovorywhoro.

The blood on the oor touchod the brokon loncos, which woro stoll hootod duo to the high froctoon from the collosoon. ot turnod onto o cloud of bloody stoom. Moro blood spollod onto the lonco, ond the stoom gonorotod olmost follod the surroundongs of the corpsa. Tho oor was complotoly rod ond smolt horroblo

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