

Long Live the King Chapter 48

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAH..."

A couple soldiers who were standing beside the officer were terrified. Their minds couldn't take it and broke down. As if they had lost their souls, they screamed and tried to escape from the "demons" in front of them. Unfortunately for them, there were layers of Tower Shields and Dragon Lances positioned behind them. When they turned around to escape, they were forced into them by their own comrades behind them, making them into "kebabs". However, the severe injuries didn't kill them instantly, they screamed and cried as they died painfully.

Fei took the magic axe of the level 12 Barbarian. After he sneak attacked the enemy officer, he gave it a full swing and the couple enemy soldiers in front of him didn't even get a chance to run away. They were separated into halves along with their weapons from the waist down.

Behind him, the fully protected, heavily armoured strongmen started slaughtering the terrified soldiers.

The heavy armours that they were wearing allowed them to ignore the attacks of the enemies, and on the other hand, their huge hammers and axes harvested the enemies' lives relentlessly. Even if the enemies could react and block their attacks, under the monstrous strength of the strongmen, the enemy soldiers would be smashed into pieces with their weapons or blown away by the strong force.

That was the power of the enraged strongmen in close combat.

After drinking the diluted [Stamina Potion], the strongmen temporarily had unlimited endurance. They could abuse their strength endlessly without tiring themselves out. The heavy armour and weapons didn't weight them down at all and instead became the enemies' worst nightmare. The unbreakable suits of heavy armour, and with unblockable weapons, they were like a team of war beasts from hell.

The twenty three men were like twenty three fully armoured hungry tigers who were led into a barn of sheep. You can already infer the outcome.

The king, Alexander, was at the very front of their meat grinder formation. There were no soldiers among the enemies who could take one strike from him. He was almost pushing forward at the same speed that he charged in at. The front portion of the Tower Shield formation was torn into chaos.

The enemies who were at the back of the formation tried to hold their positions but the enemy soldiers in the front were broken. They felt like they were facing a bunch of demons and wanted to have two more legs so that they could run faster away from them. All they could do now was follow their instincts and run for their lives. Many of them weren't rookies on the battlefield, but they never experienced a one sided massacre like this. They couldn't even fight back, how could they just wait for their deaths?

Even though they were all elite soldiers, there was only one thing that was on all their minds, and that was –

Escape!

Run as far away as they could!

Run from these unkillable demons!

...

At this point, someone had to stand out and re-establish the order in this chaos.

The black knight [Two] who was the commander of the Tower Shield formation had finally gained back his senses after the shock that that horrifying strike gave him.

After seeing the chaos in his formations, he knew that he had to prevent it from getting any worse. He pulled out his commander sword and struck at the couple soldiers who were escaping. Those soldiers didn't even have time to react and their heads flew off. The headless bodies continued the motions of running back for a couple steps before falling. The blood spewed out like a fountain...

"Hold the formation! Reassemble the second defense line! Anyone who backs off shall be executed! No exceptions!"

[Two]'s sword was still dripping blood as he shouted.

Under the death threat, most of the soldiers in the formation was forced to calm down. They came together slowly and stabilized the formation. After seeing his formation was reformed, [Two] calmed down a little bit. He sent off many commands to rebuild the proper defensive power of the formation.

With the commander in position, the soldiers had demonstrated their superior battle abilities. They abandoned the chaotic front soldiers and backed off a little bit as a formation to clear out about 4, 5 yards of space. In just in a couple seconds, layers of tower shields were established and rows of lethal dragon lances were pointed out again. It brought back the original power of the formation.

"Tink!"

The Tower Shield Dragon Lance formation was stable once again.

Black [Two] positioned himself behind the formation, staring at the twenty three armored marching beasts.

He sneered. There wasn't enough distance between his formation and the "beasts" so they couldn't pick up enough momentum to strike like that again and there was no way that they could break open the defense again.

"As long as the new defense line doesn't get torn open again, the dragon lances could easily pierce the armour and the bodies of the bastards!" Black knight [Two] thought coldly. He was staring at the front line closely through the thin gap between shields.

With this new transformation, he had abandoned more than thirty soldiers outside of the formation. Those fully armored beasts were wiping out the poor soldiers like leaves. Blood, torn limbs, broken weapons were scattering everywhere...

[Two] had to admit that those beasts were indeed brutal monsters. The huge weapons in their hands even gave him, a one star warrior, a chill. Under such terrain constraints, it would be a nightmare for any army to deal with these fully armored beasts.

Especially the man at the front, compared to the chill that the weapon made him feel, that man made [Two] feel like he was in a freezer.

The man was the smallest in size among his peers, but he was also the strongest and most wild one.

[Two] remembered clearly that from the beginning of the battle, that man threw out a monstrous axe, and blew open the unbreakable Tower Shield Dragon Lance formation like a god.... Whenever [Two] thought back to it, even him who was a veteran on the battlefield was scared.

Through the thin gaps between shields, [Two] could see clearly that that man somehow got another even more dangerous looking axe.

The axe was larger than a door. It had a ton of dangerous looking back hooks. The black axe was glistening red from all the blood. It looked so heavy that it should only be lifted by two or three soldiers. However, the way that man was using it was like the axe weighed as much as a straw. Whenever he struck with that "door", no one would be left standing.

That man was like killing machine made for battle.

Thirty well trained elite soldier couldn't even hold the "metal monsters" off for twenty seconds. They were all turned into corpses, particularly ugly corpses. They were either chopped into a couple pieces, or smashed into meat paste. Limbs, organs, weapons... they were all broken everywhere...

Wherever they went, except for the bridge itself, nothing was left in its original form.

At this point, the black armoured enemies had backed off 50 yards (46 m) on the bridge.

It felt like an eternity for the enemy army and the defending soldiers on the defensive wall of Chambord, but the whole process only took 40 seconds.