

Long Live the King Chapter 51

In just two minutes, the specialized defense formation had been wrecked.

In contrast, the twenty three opponents didn't suffer any casualties at all. They tirelessly continued their murdering spree and pushed forward unstopably.

The thin stone bridge had turned into a road of death to hell. The enemies had no way of resisting, and could only slowly face their end in wails and screams under the call of the Grim Reaper.

Quickly, the remaining four siege ladders were pushed off of the bridge into the river hundred yards (m) below. They were swallowed by the fast current and disappeared in seconds.

"Forward!"

The twenty three roars in unison shook the sky. The strongmen were enraged at their homeland being invaded on. Their blood burned as they followed their king resolutely. The twenty three beasts looked like they had just crawled out of a pool of blood in hell; blood dripped off of every part of their bodies.

They pushed four or five hundred yards (m) into the mile and a half long bridge.

After destroying the siege ladders, the trebuchet formation was next. But farther into the bridge, it got thinner and thinner. At the centre of the bridge, it was less than 2 yards (m) wide. It was also the most dangerous place on the bridge. The fast current somehow formed a giant swirl and periodically created a bizarre suction force underneath the bridge. If an ordinary person didn't pay attention, they would be sucked into the river and get devoured.

The battle was continuing.

Fei along with his loyal strongmen were getting closer and closer to the six trebuchets as they pushed forward. Back on the defensive wall of Chambord, it was filled with cheers and applause. The soldiers and the new recruits shouted, trying to give all the energy they had in their voices to the intense bridge battleground.

Sometime during the battle, even the scared and weak citizens had climbed onto the defensive wall. They were holding various tools that could help with the defense and yelled with craze as they watched their king and loved ones rushing into the enemies and getting their revenge. That scene was deeply engraved onto their souls, and they would probably never forget it even when they passed away.

The beautiful Angela and Emma were scared to watch and covered their eyes with their fingers as if they were watching a horror movie. However, they couldn't hold back their care for Fei and peaked at the

battleground through their fingers. They screamed every time the situation got dangerous and hugged each other and cheered every time Fei had turned the situation around.

The number one warrior Lampard stood firmly on the defensive wall.

From the beginning of the battle when Fei jumped off of the defensive wall to him destroying the Tower Shield-Dragon Lance formation, as a three star warrior, Lampard had seen and understood the situation much better than the other people. Although his expression was calm and collected, Alexander's power created a storm in his mind. It was clear that Alexander had at least three different types of mysterious yet strong powers – the monstrous physical strength, the white cold energy and the holy knight-like divine energy. This had confirmed Lampard's hypothesis – the young King Alexander was the one who had displayed four different types of powers in the watchtower.

"What exactly happened to Alexander that allowed him to return back to normal and grant him such strong powers? Is it really the God of War..."

Lampard wouldn't wrap his head around it.

But deep in his heart, he wanted Alexander to continue his mysterious miracles. He suddenly became emotional; he looked up to the clear blue sky. It seemed like he had seen a familiar face and was gratified, "Old friend, you can see your son being so brave and strong in heaven, right? Maybe one day, he can grow powerful and can help us find the missing Helen..."

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The south bank of Zuli River, on a hill.

"Impossible! This is impossible! Shit...Someone tell me, how could this happen? How could this happen?! That man is a holy knight? A dual battle ring holy knight? But he clearly didn't have any energy before...My tower shield formation...Unforgivable!"

The silver masked knight stared at the battlefield. He was calm and collected, but was now a bit sluggish.

He couldn't believe what he saw.

The elite formation that he was proud of vanished into thin air under the challenge of a bunch of dogs.

He was enraged; a blue energy shined around his body and the temperature around him dropped a couple of degrees. Like an iceberg releasing all of its cold energy, the horsewhip in the silver masked knight's hand was frozen into an icicle and crushed into icy bits.

Had there ever been anything that embarrassed him more?

The strategy that he considered invincible was smashed into pieces by twenty-ish low lives. His pride and sweat, the Tower Shield-Dragon Lance formation didn't even hold on for two minutes. Two minutes! Not even enough time passed for him to give commands and it had turned into piles of junk and flesh!

This sudden defeat was an unbearable blow to the silver masked knight, who was conceited and had never lost a battle in his life. To him, it felt like he was a god who controlled everything, and was punched to the floor by a dirty beggar. Moreover, the dirty beggar stepped on the god's face with his stinky and abscess-filled feet.

"I swear! Not a single creature will be left alive after I conquer this dirty kingdom! I will skin all of the dirty slaves of Chambord and hang their skins on this bridge...I will chop up their flesh and bones into pastes and feed it to the reckless King of theirs!"

The silver masked knight roared angrily.

His blue energy force field was looming around, then quickly expanded. After a white, cold energy blew through, the saddle on his horse condensed into a layer of frost. The precious battle horse that he was riding froze into an ice sculpture; its blood and flesh froze instantly.

The black knights behind him didn't dare say a word. They all lowered their heads and shut their mouths. The horses that the black knights were riding felt the danger too. They all backed off while being disturbed, and fear filled their eyes. They looked at the silver masked knight as if he was a bloodthirsty angry beast.

No one made a sound on the hill.