

Hail the King 661

Chapter 661: Sudden Changes, Beginning of Chaos (Part One)

When the group reached the square, the high-level people from the various envoy groups were already seated in their pre-arranged spots. On this large square, the influential figures who were rarely seen by people were everywhere.

The square was divided into four areas. The northern area was the platform for the wedding as well as the seats for Chambordians such as high-level saint seiyas, the ministers, and the high-ranking officials. The southern, eastern, and western areas were for all the guests such as senior people from various envoy groups, mercenary groups, and merchant groups, as well as powerful masters.

Some of the bylaw enforcement officers and the students in the Civil and Military University were walking in these areas and acted as temporary servants.

The citizens of Chambord could only stand around the square and watch, but none of them were resentful.

First of all, they support all of their king's decisions.

Second of all, the people who had seats on the square were all influential figures. According to the strict social ladder on the continent, the current set up was the most appropriate and wouldn't offend anyone.

The rest of bylaw enforcement officers and saint seiyas were fully armored and maintaining the order in the region.

As Fei led the group to the square, loud bugles sounded. The people who were standing outside the square all moved aside respectfully to create a path for the king, and the citizens of Chambord kneeled on the ground, welcoming their king and future queens to the ceremony as they cheered.

Almost all the guests on the square stood up to welcome the most important three people for tonight's event.

Only a few people were eating and drinking at their VIP tables as they watched this and sneered.

For example, the Group Leader of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group], [War Pirate] Mellberg, didn't hide his murderous spirit and hatred toward Fei, and so did his henchmen around him. The temperature around where they were sitting dropped by several degrees.

Around them, some young noblemen stared at the two beautiful future queens and drooled.

In the midst of thunderous applause, Fei jumped off his horse and walked to the magic carriage.

He bent his back and reached out his hand, inviting the two future queens to get off the carriage in the most gentleman-like manner.

Then, he held onto Angela and Elena's hands under the blessing stares of Bast and tens of thousands of others, and they walked toward the tall platform in the northern area of the square on a long red carpet.

As the king and the two future queens moved, dashes of magic fireworks were shot into the sky, forming all kinds of images and patterns in the air. It was so beautiful and bright that lights overtook the darkness.

There were people in fancy clothes who performed the traditional celebratory dances of Chambord behind Fei and the two girls, adding to the already-heated atmosphere.

With the magic fireworks in the sky, the entirety of Chambord City looked like an unbelievable paradise, and it was truly breathtaking.

Even the princes and ministers from the big empires around Zenit were stunned by what they saw. Even though they saw a lot of royal weddings at powerful empires, they couldn't think of one that could be compared to this. The fancy colors and the cheerful atmosphere made people feel like they weren't on the Azeroth Continent anymore. They felt like they were somewhere holy, and there weren't any conflicts and negative emotions.

Under people's stares, Fei and his two future queens finally arrived before the tall platform.

Chapter 661: Sudden Changes, Beginning of Chaos (Part Two)

This platform had nine levels, and each level was about half a meter tall. This entire wedding platform was made from one giant piece of white stone, and 36 steps led to the ninth level. Each step was sculpted out by the most talented artists at Chambord, and all kinds of delicate images such as flowers, warriors, demon beasts, dragons, goddess, and gods were engraved on them.

In addition, there were four warrior statues about six meters tall around the platform, guarding it with might.

Under the fancy magic fireworks in the sky, this giant silver platform looked splendid like a true art piece.

After smiling at the two girls beside him, Fei raised his left leg and set foot onto the first step.

The people standing around the square instantly started to cheer again.

According to the tradition of Chambord and this ancient continent, as long as Fei and the two girls walked up this nine-leveled and 36-stepped platform, it could count as that they finished the holiest wedding under the watch and blessing of the gods.

It would be perfect.

At this moment, a voiced sounded, “Wait a moment! I have something to say!”

This loud, thunder-like shout resonated in the area and instantly attracted people’s attention.

Since it was powered by abundant warrior energy, it overpowered the cheering of tens of thousands of Chambordians and disrupted the wedding that was ongoing.

Everyone was surprised.

“Damn it! Who is it! Does he want to die?!”

“Fck this bastard! Where did he come from? How dare he mess around at this time?”

“Chop this b*stard up! Who is he? Stand out! How dare you interrupt this royal wedding?”

The Chambordians who were sitting in the northern area on the square were enraged, and they jumped up and shouted back. As they looked toward the direction of that voice, they almost drew out their weapon and tried to kill that person.

Interrupting the wedding process when the king and the future queens were climbing the tall platform was unforgivable!

The Chambordians who were outside the square also started to cuss and swear.

For a moment, almost all friends of Chambord were mad as well.

Everyone was looking toward the direction of that voice, wanting to figure out who it was.

“How dare he do something this disrespectful? He is getting on the King of Chambord’s nerves! Does he want to die?” people thought.

The surprised glares soon met the person who spoke, and the people were stunned again.

It was [War Pirate] Mellberg, the Group Leader of the No.1 Mercenary Group in the region of 500,000 kilometers around Zenit!

He was a powerful Full Moon Elite years ago, and he singlehandedly created and supported the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group].

No one was able to defeat him, and almost all the empires in the region were afraid of him. Even though the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] hadn’t established its own empire, Mellberg was the undisputable lord of the mercenaries!

The fact that he decided to come out and disrupt this ceremony already said enough.

He presented an attitude.

“If the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] decides to stand against the King of Chambord, the situation tonight would be interesting,” a lot of people thought.

“Hahahahaha! Alexander, I have one thing to ask you! You better answer it honestly, or your damn wedding ceremony can stop!” Mellberg said overbearingly as he walked to the center of the square with six masters of Wind Horse.

Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink!

A hundred soldier of Chambord drew out their swords and stood between Mellberg and Fei fearlessly.

Even though Mellberg was infamous in the region, these soldiers in heavy armors stood still with determination.

The atmosphere instantly tensed up.

The people who were celebrating were surprised, and all the dances stopped.

Even though the magic fireworks were still being shot into the sky, the audiences were in different moods now.

In the VIP areas on the square, some people were angry while others were gloating. Everyone had different thoughts on their minds.

However, one thing was the same. They all wanted to know how the King of Chambord was going to deal with this situation.

Chapter 662: Taurus's First Battle (Part One)

Under everyone's gaze, the King of Chambord who was holding the hands of his two beautiful fiancées only paused a little when he heard the shout. After that, he completely ignored Mellberg and moved toward the second step. It seemed like he was even too tired to turn around and look at this troublemaker.

His attitude was very arrogant since he just ignored the person who was one of the most influential people in the region.

After a short pause, Mellberg laughed angrily, and his voice was as loud as thunder. In the same time, all the short hair on his head stood up, looking like sharp iron needles.

“Great! Just great! I have battled around the continent for more than 100 years, and it is my first time seeing such an arrogant younger warrior. Since this is the case, the Chambord Kingdom doesn’t need to exist anymore, and all Chambordians are enemies to our [Wind Horse Mercenary Group]. Hehe, this damn wedding ceremony can end right here! I want to see which is harder, your attitude or my blade?... Alexander, are you really naïve enough to believe that your weak, ant-like subordinates could stop me? Elm!”

As Mellberg shouted, a thin and tall, long-faced mercenary walked out behind him.

This person had a bitter expression on his long-face as if everyone in the world owed him something, and he was wearing light-red leather armor.

He didn’t say a word, but he walked toward the ceremony platform that had nine levels and 36 steps murderously.

This mercenary named Elm only moved forward for a few steps, and there were no warrior energy flames on him. However, he floated in the air, half a meter above the ground, and it felt like he was stepping on something invisible since he walked calmly and steadily.

“Moon-Class Elite!” someone shouted subconsciously.

This thin and tall mercenary who had a bitter expression could easily stand in mid-air, and it was the best indication that he was already a Moon-Class Elite.

“Ah! I know who he is! He is [Bitter Murder God] Elm, and he is one of the ten battle generals of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group]! Once, he got mad and killed everyone in ten cities of a level 3 empire. Even the infants who were just born weren’t spared! He is truly murderous! His fire-elemental warrior energy is strange, and he is one of the Moon-Class Elites under [War Pirate] Mellberg’s command. It is heard that he already reached the Half Moon Realm many years ago!” A person who was knowledgeable in the VIP areas spoke. Even though his voice wasn’t loud, everyone was able to hear who this mercenary was.

Now, almost everyone was looking at the 100 fully-armored soldiers of Chambord with sympathy.

The hardest armor in this world was nothing in front of the power of Moon-Class. In fact, ordinary thick armors were like thin papers in front of Moon-Class Elites. If the masters of Chambord weren't going to show up, these brave and elite soldiers would be turned into pieces of flesh and scrap metals in a few seconds.

In front of real power, bravery and loyalty were useless.

Everyone looked at the King of Chambord.

However, this young king was still facing everyone with his back.

As if King Alexander didn't discover what was happening behind him, he held the hands of his two fiancées and walked up toward the ninth level.

"Doesn't he care about the lives of his loyal soldiers? Or....." people thought.

Suddenly, a vicious grin appeared on Elm's bitter face.

Lights dashed out of his eyes as he stood half a meter above the ground, and he lightly grasped his right hand and pushed it forward.

Then, a hot beam of fire appeared on the square out of nowhere as a result of this casual movement, and that terrifying sensation dispersed into the area.

The casual strike of a Moon-Class Elite was disastrous for ordinary Star-level Warriors.

The red beam of fire instantly shot toward the 100 elite soldiers of Chambord who were about 20 meters away from Elm, and the heat energy formed a small tornado, also moving toward the soldiers with a death sensation.

[Bitter Murder God!]

He was going to kill these soldiers first!

However, none of the bylaw enforcement officers wavered and backed off. Under 100 black, cold masks, 100 pairs of clear eyes filled with bravery didn't even blink in front of the terrifying attack that could vaporize them like ice.

That was because a heroic figure suddenly appeared before the bylaw enforcement officers and blocked the red beam of fire.

Chapter 662: Taurus's First Battle (Part Two)

Under the shiny moonlight, the smile that was filled with disdain appeared on this person's face.

As he slowly raised his hand, he grasped onto the beam of fire easily and suddenly clenched his fist, instantly crushing this strike which could have easily killed those 100 soldiers of Chambord.

In his hand, this beam of fire felt like a piece of cheese.

"Huh?" The bitter expression on Elm's face changed as he frowned a little.

This opponent who suddenly appeared was able to dismantle his strike easily, and it was clear that this man was also a Moon-Class Elite. In addition, this thin and tall mercenary felt like his opponent had a mysterious power around him and knew that the latter wasn't weak.

Everyone in the three VIP areas on the square gasped in unison.

They all felt like what was happening was too dramatic!

At this critical moment, a Moon-Class Elite on Chambord's side, who wasn't King Alexander, showed himself and blocked that strike of a Moon-Class Elite of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group]

"No wonder this young king is so calm; he is still walking up the platform. He is ignoring everything because Chambord is already prepared, right?" people thought, "However..... Is one

Moon-Class Elite enough to stop everyone from the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] including [War Pirate] himself?”

As the guests were thinking about that, the Chambordians who were on and outside the square already started shouting.

“Mr. Drogba!”

“Hahaha! It is Mr. Drogba! Now, we shall see if this damn Moon-Class Elite can still be arrogant? Humph! How could you outsiders know how many masters we Chambordians have?”

“Mr. Drogba! Kill these rude b*stards! How dare they interrupt our king’s wedding ceremony? They all deserve to die!”

The Chambordians who were all nervous a moment ago relaxed, and they couldn’t help but jump into the air and shout. They weren’t afraid; instead, they were all shivering in excitement.

They felt like their blood was boiling, and everyone including children and elders clenched their right hand and placed them on the right side of their chest.

“You want to challenge our great King Alexander? Hehe, pass the 12 Golden Saint Seiyas who guard the 12 Golden Saint Mountains first! Today, we will let you, the arrogant outsiders, know what kind of power Chambord is capable of! Shiver under the fear for our great king!” they thought.

-In the center of the square-

“B*stard! Tell me; how do you want to die?”

Drogba sneered coldly. His long black hair was already tied into braids, and each braid was bright and eye-catching. He looked like a battle-hungry lion that couldn’t wait for combat. In fact, his eyes were shining due to the excitement.

Of course, what surprised most people was that he was also not standing on the ground. Just like Elm, he was still hovering half a meter above the ground.

“He is also a Moon-Class Elite! Who is he? I have never heard of him before!” most people thought.

Not too far away, [War Pirate] Mellberg was slightly surprised. Then, a vicious expression appeared on his rough face, and he shouted in a deep voice, “Elm, kill him! Tear this dirty Chambordian into pieces!”

This bitter-faced mercenary licked his lips in excitement as if he was a beast that targeted its prey. He stared at Drogba and suddenly spoke, “I won’t die, but you will. Doesn’t matter who they are or how old they are, as long as they are citizens of Chambord, they will be killed tonight! They will die tragically!”

He pointed at the sky and provoked, “This square is too small, and it is not so convenient. If you are daring enough, come to the sky with me, and we can battle this out!”

After he said that, Elm got covered with fire-elemental energy flames. As if he turned into a fire dragon, he dashed into the high sky.

“Hahahahaha! If you want this, I will kill you up there!” Drogba laughed fearlessly.

Like a huge ax, his body shot up and left a terrifying orange mark in the sky.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the next moment, he caught up with Elm, and they started to battle in the sky without hesitation or more talking.

The two Moon-Class Elites were in a ferocious battle.

This was the first battle between Chambord and the troublemakers, and both Drogba and Elm knew its importance. As a result, none of them held back, and they fought each other directly, trying to kill their opponent in the shortest time possible.

For a moment, the colorful, beautiful, and deadly Moon-Class warrior energy flames shone in the sky. The orange light rings, as well as the red fire, continued to collide and explode, sending

residual energy in all directions. In fact, this battle was even more flashy compared with the magic fireworks show prior.

Chapter 663: The Song of Chambord (Part One)

The battle in the sky attracted a lot of people's attention, and it was pulling on many people's heartstrings.

"This is strange. Drogba? According to our intelligent report, he showed his face and strength at the competition among all affiliated kingdoms of Zenit half a year ago. At that time, he was still an insignificant character. Only about half a year had passed, and he is now a Moon-Class Elite? The King of Chambord..... how did he make this happen?"

"There is someone else other than Lampard who reached the realm of Moon-Class? This is shocking news!"

"The little Chambord brought me so much surprise. Hahahaha....."

"If we can figure out how the Chambord Kingdom got so many Moon-Class Elites..... Eh, it is worth the risk!"

"It seems like this Moon-Class Elite of Chambord just advanced recently; I never heard of such a person before..... Unfortunately, compared with [Bitter Murder God], he is going to lack in terms of experience. He is practicing earth-elemental warrior energy, but he ditched fighting on the ground where the earth elements are more abundant and chose to fight thousands of meters in the sky. The outcome of this battle is determined from the beginning! Chambord is going to lose!"

The people in the three VIP areas were all thinking of something different. Some were surprised, some were shocked, some were confused, and some were worried. Also, there were people who sat there emotionlessly and just watched everything unfold.

Some of them were powerful masters, and they murmured to each other and commentated as they watched the battle with their sharp eyes.

-In the south VIP area-

Second Prince Dominguez of Zenit was still sitting on his stone chair with Oka, the little disabled dog, in his arms. His eyes were squinted as if he was turning a blind eye to everything, but if one looked closer, they could see the dashes of lights deep in his eyes.

Beside him, [Demonic Woman] Paris and [Red Beard] Granello looked at each other in shock as they observed the battle. The two of them were very familiar with this new Moon-Class Elite Drogba.

If they broke down the progression of this black-haired man, it would be an unbelievable legend! A strongman who didn't have any warrior energy before turned into a Moon-Class Elite! This man achieved the dream of many warriors in about a year!

"Are Moon-Class Elites so commonplace now? Are they like cabbages?" they thought, "The King of Chambord is a genius! How did he do all of this?"

.....

-In the middle of the square-

[War Pirate] Mellberg who was filled with hatred couldn't wait for the fight in the high-sky to finish since the King of Chambord already got to the first level of the platform.

As he watched the King of Chambord and his two future queens walk toward the second level of the platform hand-in-hand, Mellberg couldn't take it anymore. He turned around and allowed another master beside him to make a move.

This master was a mid-aged man in a mage robe. He wasn't tall or short, and his long grey hair fluttered in the wind. He had a black half-mask on his face, and cold glares shined out of his eyes.

As he walked forward with his huge two-meter-tall wand, his magic robe puffed up even though the wind wasn't blowing in that direction. As a result of that, his body looked larger, and he suddenly looked tough and strong.

He didn't chant any spells, but his body hovered in the air.

As streaks of chilly energy appeared on him, a blue crescent-moon symbol appeared on his forehead slowly.

He was a Moon-Class Elite! A Moon-Class Ice-Elemental Mage!

The power of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] sure was high! No wonder it was the No.1 Mercenary Group in the region and had the ability to negotiate and be on par with all the empires in the area. Almost all its high-ranked leaders were powerful masters.

“Who can battle with me?” This mage with the half-mask on his face didn’t attack anyone. He just hovered in the air and looked down at where the elite Chambordians were sitting with an arrogant expression on his face.

Chapter 663: The Song of Chambord (Part Two)

His voice was hoarse and lifeless, making people feel like they were listening to a rusty saw cutting a piece of wood. It was ear-piercing and horrible, but it also contained a depressing murderous spirit. The people who heard it felt a little chilly.

The people on and off the square looked in the direction of the northern area.

Then, the expressions on their faces turned from anticipation to surprise, and then from surprise to shock!

“There is one more Moon-Class Elite on the side of Chambord!” people thought, “Also, he looks so young! It feels like he is younger than 20 years old!”

The young man who came out had long blond hair and a handsome face.

His slender body was protected by a tight-fitting leather armor, and clouds of green wind-elemental warrior energy circled him, making him look like a pretty elf under the bright moonlight.

[Son of Wind] Fernando Torres!

Under the moonlight, Torres was also hovering in mid-air. As he looked at the mage with the black half-mask on, battle-hunger appeared in his eyes. Without any further ado, he turned into a dash of green light and shot toward the sky.

That mage also followed him up the air.

The casual strikes of Moon-Class Elites were destructive and could shake the land.

Since everyone on the square was all influential figures from various forces and empires, fighting on the square might affect them and bring more trouble. Therefore, the sky was the best battleground for Moon-Class Elites.

In addition, every single Moon-Class Elite was prideful in themselves, and they would never back down from a challenge.

After sensing the battle-hunger in Torres' eyes, this mage with the black half-mask couldn't back down and would follow for sure.

"It is Mr. Torres!"

"Hahahaha! Mr. Torres advanced to the Moon-Class? When did that happen?"

"Hail! Hail Chambord! Hail the king!"

"How dare they disrupt the wedding of our king? Let these stupid mercenaries pay for what they did! Let them pay with blood! Let's see who dares to challenge our great king again!"

The Chambordians outside the square were all excited, and they laughed out loud.

Didn't matter if they were males, females, children, or the elderly, they all felt like they were proud of their identities. They placed their right fists on their hearts and sensed the pumping in their chests.

They felt like it was fire that was running through their bodies, and they couldn't hold back their emotions.

At this moment, someone suddenly sang.

Then, all the Chambordians in the area started to sing along. It was the Song of Chambord, something that the king hummed all the time.

“There is a wide river that has big waves, and the wind blows by and brings fragrances of nature to both river banks. Chambordians live to the north of the river and listen to the rumble of Zuli, and we glance at the grasslands to the south..... This is our beautiful Chambord City, where we grow up..... This is the homeland of heroes, and it brews a thunder-like power..... This is a great land, and our homes are open to all friends. But if wolves come by, they will be received by spears and arrows!”

Almost all the Chambordians roared when they sang the last line, and it was shocking.

The loud voices that were empowered by their souls as well as the powerful lyrics shocked all the guests, and those people who had malicious intents got a bit fearful; their faces even changed color.

Chapter 664: Prince Simon of the Marse Empire (Part One)

“Damn it! You are just a bunch of low-lives! Shut up right now!” Mellberg sensed an ominous feeling, and he got furious. After hearing the roars of the citizens of Chambord who didn’t even possess warrior energy or magic energy, he somehow got a little fearful. That finding shamed and angered him.

Also, he had sent out two of his masters, but it wasn’t able to get the King of Chambord to turn around and look at him.

Instead, he looked like a clown, and he made the Chambordians even more united. To this overlord who had been dominating in the region, he felt ashamed.

Behind him, there was one more Moon-Class Elite aside from Isaac. He turned around without hesitation, and he dashed toward the crowd. As his golden metal-elemental warrior energy flames shone, dashes of energy were shot toward the ordinary Chambordians who were standing outside the square! He was attacking ordinary people! It was inhumane and cruel!

“Shameless!”

“Despicable!”

“Stop!”

“You are a Moon-Class Elite, but you are attacking ordinary civilians? Do you still have the honor of a master? This is damn shameful!”

No one expected the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] to be so shameless and have no respect for themselves. The elites of Chambord who were sitting on the square were mad. Even though they wanted to stop the tragedy, they couldn't move that fast and stop this Moon-Class Elite.

However, something no one expected occurred at this moment!

When the sharp and lethal metal-elemental sword energies were only about less than one meter away from the crowd, layers of blue, translucent ripples appeared out of nowhere. A magic array formation appeared in a sudden.

Even though the Moon-Class metal-elemental sword energies tried to break it and attacked it like raindrops in a storm, it was no use. Although this layer of magic energy shivered, it didn't break!

In the next moment, this Moon-Class Elite of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] roared with a cold expression on his face, and he struck forward with his fists.

It was a full-on strike of a Moon-Class Elite, and it was powerful enough to shatter a mountain.

However, none of that was useful.

The firmness of that layer of blue, translucent magic energy was beyond people's imagination, and this strike that was enough to break down the defense walls of cities only left a small dent that was less than one centimeter deep.

In the next second, this Moon-Class Elite's face changed color. As he roared, the dent on the magic array formation bounced back and pushed him away.

“Eh..... Puff!!!!”

This vicious and arrogant Moon-Class Elite opened his mouth and puked up a mouthful of blood. Then, crackling noises sounded in his right arm, signaling the breaking of his arm bones.

As if he were a dried leaf in a storm, he flew back and landed beside [War Pirate] Mellberg. When his feet touched the group, he staggered so much that he fell to the ground.

This was shocking!

Almost everyone sitting in the VIP areas on the stage jumped up in surprise as they stared at and observed this blue and translucent magic array formation.

At the same time, this thin layer of magic energy started to change. The blue magic elements began to move around like water on a screen, and they started to expand outward.

In the blink of an eye, the magic elements went around the square and enveloped it entirely. Like a vast blue, translucent half sphere, it locked the guests on the square inside.

“What is this?”

“[Water Screen Heavenly Glare]? It can block the full-on strike of a Half Moon Elite? Could it be..... a forbidden-spell-level water-elemental magic array formation? How is this possible? That would mean Chambord could construct the most powerful water-elemental defensive magic array formation!”

“This is impossible! How much energy would it need to power this forbidden-spell-level water-elemental magic array formation? I’m afraid that even the perfect-tier magic crystals couldn’t do it..... This..... How did the Chambordians do it? How?”

“The King of Chambord..... Is he imprisoning us in this magic array formation? He..... what does he want to do?”

Chapter 664: Prince Simon of the Marse Empire (Part Two)

“Damn! This is truly shocking! He sure is brave! Haha, his nickname, [Sky Covering Fist], sure is accurate. Is he trying to capture all the masters in the region? Hahaha, he is too arrogant! He is going to pay for all this!”

“The Chambordians are this powerful? This forbidden-spell-level water-elemental magic array formation alone means that the Chambord Kingdom is comparable to a level 1 empire! The King of Chambord sure is ambitious!”

All the guests on the square were shocked.

Since they were inside this forbidden-spell-level water-elemental magic array formation, they all felt insecure and afraid.

Even the people of the Holy Church were surprised. A mysterious elderly priest who was standing in front of Priest Zola and Holy Knight Luciano and had a confident smile on his face changed his expression, and the five holy knights who were silent behind him all jumped up in surprise.

At this moment, the King of Chambord and his two beautiful fiancées already reached the fourth level on the nine-leveled platform.

From the beginning until now, this young king didn’t even turn around once, and neither did his two future queens.

[War Pirate] Mellberg finally got a little surprised and cautious. Events that were outside of their plans kept on happening, and he suddenly felt like this young king was in control of everything. The silence and no reactions from the King of Chambord finally scared him a little.

Even though the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] hadn’t attacked yet, he jumped out first and was going to be sacrificed first as well.

“That damn [Fire Blood Mercenary Group]! None of them stood out!” he thought, “I thought this little kingdom couldn’t do anything to my mercenary group, but now it seems like this little king isn’t that simple. It looks like I need to get serious!”

As Mellberg was about to make a move himself, someone finally stood out from the VIP areas.

“Alexander, what is the meaning of this? Did you use a forbidden-spell-level water-elemental magic array formation to envelop this entire square? What is this? You want to imprison all of us?” This person was aggressive. He instantly accused Fei of doing something immoral, and he called Fei by his name without holding back.

This man looked like he was about 30 years old and had short black hair. At the moment, arrogant lights were flashing in his triangular-eyes.

He was wearing a set of dark-red fancy magic armor, and it was giving out a glare. On the inside, he was wearing a light-blue shirt with an M-shaped royal symbol on it.

Everyone gasped.

Many people already recognized this man; he was Prince Simon of the Marse Empire and the group leader of the envoy group from his empire.

Behind him, there were three warriors who were dressed in light-blue royal armor of the Marse Empire, and their warrior energy flames shone brightly.

Just their auras alone were impressive. Even though they didn’t battle anyone yet, their presences told others that they were in Moon-Class.

As a prince of Marse, Prince Simon wasn’t polite at all; he was pretty much accusing Chambord of wrongdoing.

Although it wasn’t directly expressed, people could tell that he was standing on the side of [Wind Horse Mercenary Group].

Many people wondered, “Is the Marse Empire going to stand against Chambord and try to destroy it at this moment?”

Faced with the accusation, Chambord responded.

Head Minister Bast walked out of the northern area on the square elegantly, showing the etiquettes of a noble gentleman.

“My Majesty doesn’t mean any malicious intent. Chambord is just trying to be a good host to our real friends and offer them great food and wine. On the other hand, we are going to capture all the sly wolves hiding in the crowd. Just in case that these people escape from here and kill our powerless citizens, we have to do this,” Bast said with a strange smile on his face as he looked at the people of Marse, “Prince Simon, if your Marse Empire isn’t trying to be hostile toward Chambord, why are you so nervous and pressing right now?”

What Bast said was neutral and proper, instantly calming down those who were friendly yet nervous about being inside this [Water Screen Heavenly Glare].

‘Humph! I don’t care about that! Protecting your citizens is something that you should do, but the existence of this magic array formation makes me uncomfortable! I will give you guys three seconds to remove it! Otherwise, the masters of Marse are going to attack!’ With an arrogant expression on his face, Prince Simon threatened.

Then, the three warriors of Marse slowly walked out, and the warrior energy flames around them intensified.

After sensing their real power, the other guests on the square thought to themselves in surprised, “They are real Moon-Class Elites!”

It looked like Prince Simon of Marse had the backing to be arrogant.

Chapter 665: What is Justice? (Part One)

The smarter people in the VIP areas suddenly thought of something, and their expressions started to change.

At this moment, even idiots could tell that Prince Simon of Marse was trying to find an excuse to flip out on the King of Chambord, and it was clear that this was set up beforehand.

Jumping out at this critical moment and giving Chambord a ridiculous request clearly sent a message!

Asking Chambord to put away a forbidden-spell-level magic array formation alone was a reckless request, and it was clear that Prince Simon was trying to find an excuse to attack Chambord.

The smell of conspiracy and killing dispersed into the air.

Several masters from the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] and the Marse Empire expressed hostility toward Chambord, and everything wasn't as simple as it seemed.

This wedding night wasn't going to be smooth.

.....

The three masters from Marse Empire moved forward silently without saying a word, and their powerful auras crashed forward mercilessly.

“Hahaha! Open this magic array at this instant! Otherwise, I’m going to give them the order to kill everyone here! Humph! You are only a little affiliated kingdom! How dare you ignore the request from a prince? If I don’t teach you a lesson, you would never understand the difference between getting lucky and real power!” Prince Simon of Marse said proudly. As he pointed at Chambordians, mockery was unhidden on his face.

“Two Moon-Class Elites of yours are already occupied! How could a little affiliated kingdom have more Moon-Class Elites?” he thought.

It was also the thoughts in many guests’ minds.

However, just as people thought that Chambord was in a huge disadvantage, something shocking occurred again.

“Humph! Shameless b*stards! You aren’t even that powerful! Is the Marse Empire that good?” a cold sneer sounded from the northern area on the square, and three figures walked out in a line.

They stood in front of the 100 bylaw enforcement officers and Head Minister Bast, looking like they formed a giant wall. The powerful auras of the three warriors of the Marse Empire were shattered once they met these three people as if waves smashed onto giant reefs.

“Three more Moon-Class Elites? This is impossible!” someone cried out in shock.

“Impossible!” This phrase had been used more than four times in less than half an hour!

Every time something looked deadly and hopeless, Chambord would create a miracle!

One of the three masters of Chambord had short silver hair, and he was burly, giving people a suffocating pressure. As golden warrior energy flames enveloped him, his aura told everyone what realm he was on without having to fly in the sky.

One of the other masters had short black hair and was thin and tall. His arms reached his knees, and his face was a bit white despite his shiny, eagle-like eyes. The last person was a bit shorter and looked like he was in his twenties. He gave people an agile feeling as if he was going to disappear into the air in the next moment.

“It is Mr. Pierce, Mr. Cech, and Mr. Robbin!”

The Chambordians who were standing outside the magic array were excited. They instantly recognized the three people! These warriors were all pretty weak before, but they got so powerful under the nurturing of their king!

The outsiders who researched into Chambord’s past all lost the ability to speak temporarily.

Second Prince Dominguez of Zenit accidentally squeezed Oka, the little disabled dog, too hard, making the latter bark loudly.

“Pierce! Guardian of Golden Capricorn Mountain! Gold Saint of Capricorn!”

Pierce learned how to show off from his king, so he put on the coolest pose and stated his identity slowly by emphasizing each word. His sharp eyes instantly locked onto one of the three Moon-Class Elites from Marse, and he immediately dashed forward and punched out, casting a sword energy.

At this moment, a cloud of blue flames suddenly appeared on the square.

In the next second, the audience saw something unimaginable!

Pierce and this Moon-Class Elite of Marse were enveloped by another blue half-square which had the diameter of about 20 meters. The ground inside the half-square suddenly displayed a hexagram, and various mysterious blue magic runes flashed around, building a wall made from lights.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Chapter 665: What is Justice? (Part Two)

The two Moon-Class Elites each struck out more than 100 times in that short time window, and sharp energies that could penetrate mountains appeared and spilled in all direction. However, as soon as they collided with the blue light wall, they disappeared instantly, not even causing a ripple on it.

“An..... another forbidden-spell-level magic array?” people thought.

“No! This..... is a battle seal! It is [Water God Battle Seal]! Damn it! How did Chambord get its hands on this kind of magic array?” [War Pirate] Mellberg reacted first.

Even though he had experienced a lot of things, he gasped in shock. It was enough to prove how unique and powerful this array was.

Only the real powerful masters knew the abilities of battle seals.

Mellberg’s face suddenly turned ugly, and he grew fearful for the first time. He even doubted the success rate of tonight’s operation.

The Chambord Kingdom, the King of Chambord..... He couldn’t see through them.

At the same time, two more clouds of blue flames appeared.

The other two Moon-Class Elites of Marse encountered their opponents, and they had nowhere to hide.

Before they could do anything, the two [Water God Battle Seal] that suddenly appeared blocked them, making them unable to coordinate with each other. They had no choice but to take on the warriors of Chambord heads-on.

“Guardian of Golden Scorpio Mountain! Gold Saint of Scorpio, Cech!”

“Guardian of Golden Libra Mountain! Gold Saint of Libra, Robbin!”

The two shouts sounded in the [Water God Battle Seals], and the two warriors of Chambord attacked at the same time. Golden metal-elemental warrior energy and green wind-elemental warrior energy both shined, and they used their most powerful ultimate techniques on their opponents.

On the square, loud explosion noises sounded within the three [Water God Battle Seals].

The terrifying energy surges appeared like tsunamis, and they even covered the figures of the six masters. Even though the light walls created by the [Water God Battle Seals] blocked most of the energies, the guests on the square could still sense how violent the battles were.

To most of the guests, they had never witnessed death battles of Moon-Class Elites this close, and they were very excited. The Star-level Warriors focused all their attention on the three battles, wanting to sense everything. Perhaps a move or a moment could inspire them and help them break through their thresholds.

At this movement, on the nine-leveled platform, King Alexander of Chambord and his two beautiful fiancées walked up the stairs calmly and casually. As their robes and dresses fluttered in the wind, they proceeded forward like a god and two goddesses. Right now, no one was paying attention to them due to the battles that were going on, and they were only four levels away from the ninth level.

If it were any other king, being threatened by both the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] as well as the Marse Empire would scare them to death and make them beg for mercy.

However, none of this was even enough to make the King of Chambord turn around and acknowledge them.

“Humph! The King of Chambord! Aren’t you a little arrogant? Both Group Leader Mellberg and Prince Simon asked you questions, but you completely ignored them…… Do you really think that since this is your territory, no one would uphold fairness and justice?” Another person stood out of the VIP area.

He was Prince Sark of the Maze Empire, and there were also three masters standing behind him.

It was the similar attitude, words, provocation, and excuse. Most people didn’t expect Prince Sark of Maze to stand against the Chambord Kingdom, just like Prince Simon of Marse. It was clear that he was representing the will of the Maze Empire as a whole.

“How did the Chambord Kingdom trigger so many powerful forces?” Many people thought. As they felt like tonight’s event was moving toward a terrifying and unpredictable future, something occurred.

Bam!

A figure fell from the sky and smashed onto the ground.

It was the first Moon-Class Elite of Chambord who stood out, Drogba, and this muscular man had several deep and bloody wounds on his body. Blood flowed out of the wounds continuously, staining half of his body. As he half-kneeled on the ground and propped himself up using his right arm, his blood even soaked the ground under him.

“From the look of it…… Is Drogba defeated?” people thought.

Just as when people thought Chambord lost the first battle, another figure fell from the sky and landed onto the ground like a meteor, sending a ton of dust and chipped stones into the air. This figure didn’t move after he fell.

It was [Bitter Murder God] Elm, the famous Moon-Class Elite of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group].

This famous butcher was now..... dead!

Everyone's face froze!

Mellberg opened his eyes wide and couldn't believe what he saw! Elm was one of his most trusted subordinates and was like his arm to him. Elm was an experienced Moon-Class Elite who had been through thousands of battles, but he died here at Chambord?

The overbearing Prince Sark of Maze suddenly felt cold after seeing this, and his opened mouth didn't say anything.

"Yuck!" Under everyone's stare, Drogba who was stained in blood slowly stood up and whipped the blood off his face. With battle-hungriness still in his eyes, he spat out a mouthful of spit mixed with blood, and he sneered like a ferocious beast.

"Uphold justice? Who? You? What a fucking joke! Where is justice? What is justice? Fcking tell me!"

Chapter 666: Deaths of Masters (Part One)

"You..... You..... How dare you talk to me like that?"

Prince Sark of Maze was furious after hearing Drogba's words. As a prince of a mighty empire, he was only weaker than a few people and more powerful than millions! There were a ton of soldiers and masters under his command, and his status was prestigious! The fact that the warrior of a little kingdom talked to him in such a rude manner made him so mad that he couldn't even speak properly, and his elegance and demeanor of a prince were all lost.

"Hehe, Your Highness, please calm down; he is not worthy! Although this bug of Chambord is a Moon-Class Elite, he is half dead! I only need to strike him once to decapitate him! Your Highness could use his head as a ball and kick it for fun!" A bearded master of Maze stood out from behind Prince Sark and said with a vicious grin.

He was stunned by Drogba's fearlessness and battle-hunger, but he couldn't wait to jump out now. He could tell that Drogba was severely injured from the previous battle. After all, [Bitter Murder God] Elm was an infamous Moon-Class Elite of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group], but Drogba was only someone who recently reached this level.

Although Drogba surprised everyone and killed his opponent, he was severely injured. Without his combat abilities, this bearded master of Maze thought he could take advantage of this situation.

"Ok! Really torture him and don't let him die too fast! I need this bug whine and cry as his blood gets drained from him!" Prince Sark said in hatred.

"Don't worry, Your Highness! I will make this bug regret ever being born!" the bearded master replied.

He walked a few steps forward and instantly released his aura. Streaks of blue warrior energy flames enveloped him, and splashing sounds of water resonated in the area as if there were endless ocean waves. It was clear that he was a Moon-Class Elite.

Drogba couldn't even stand up straight at the moment. It was impossible for him to fight another Moon-Class Elite.

Sitting in one of the VIP areas, a handsome young man who had blond hair lightly sighed. He looked at the young king who already set foot on the ninth level of the platform and felt like it was time for him to do work. Just as he turned around, smiled at the two beautiful girls who were in tight-fit bodysuits, and was about to stand up, something happened again.

Whoosh!!!! Bam!!!!!!!

A loud, ear-piercing noise sounded, and a dash of green warrior energy flames fell from the sky as if it was another meteor. It smashed onto the ground and left a long tail in the sky.

When the dust settled, everyone looked there and was stunned again.

After a moment of silence, everyone looked at [War Pirate] Mellberg in sympathy.

At this moment, Mellberg himself shivered, and his eyes turned bright red. The insane amount of anger and pain put him in a berserk mode; even his face was twisted.

It turned out that the other Moon-Class Elite of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] who was fighting Torres in the sky died!

He had a hoarse voice and a gloomy expression, and his death was also tragic.

A mystic black arrow that had a silver glare shot this mage in the heart from above and pinned him onto the ground! The arrow penetrated his left chest and destroyed his ribs and heart, and it killed this ice-elemental mage who was scary to many people and nailed his corpse right next to [Bitter Murder God] Elm.

Masters died!

The two masters of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group], the Moon-Class Elites who were like left and right arms of [War Pirate] Mellberg, the two infamous people who dominated over the region and had their hands stained in blood.....

They had been through thousands of battles and killed many powerful masters! Who could have thought that they would fail at the little Chambord Kingdom, dying before having the opportunity to escape?

It was deadly silent.

To the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group], it was a huge blow!

Chapter 666: Deaths of Masters (Part Two)

After today, this no.1 mercenary group in the region of 500,000 kilometers around Zenit would fall in rankings! After losing about 40% of its top-tier combat power, this title wouldn't belong to them anymore.

As people started to gasp and murmur, a cloud of green warrior energy flames appeared on the square.

After the warrior energy flames died down, [Son of Wind] Torres appeared beside Drogba. He was in a much better condition compared to [Black-Haired Vicious Fist]. Except for a layer of blue frost under his knees, there weren't any injuries on him. As his long blond hair fluttered in the wind, his handsome face and slender figure were shined upon by the moon, making him look like a holy elf.

The murmurs on the square finally reached an unstoppable level!

It got louder and louder.

In the end, almost everyone couldn't suppress their shocks and started chatting amongst themselves while ignoring the reactions of people like Mellberg.

It seemed like Second Prince Dominguez was already used to this. As he lightly squinted his eyes, no one knew what he was thinking about. On the other hand, Oka the dog looked around in his arms, acting very energetic and curious.

[Demonic Woman] Paris was so shocked that her beautiful face twitched as her mouth opened to an O-shaped, and [Red Beard] Granello was rubbing his face subconsciously while pulling out his beard, that he treasured, one hair at a time.

The mysterious gold-masked Group Leader of the [Fire Blood Mercenary Group] sat still on the chair. Since this gold mask blocked this person's face, others didn't know what the reaction was. Instead, the three giant warriors who were standing behind this person got excited.

These three warriors were only wearing tight-fit leather shorts, and they weren't wearing anything on the top. With their axes on their backs, it was clear that the ferociousness of the warriors of Chambord stirred up their battle-hunger as well.

Prince Gurkov of Bordeaux looked excited, but the four young knights who were dressed in fancy armors behind him were scared. As their faces paled, they looked down and didn't dare to glance at that demon-like young king on the platform.

In the area where the people of the Holy Church were sitting, Priest Zola and Holy Knight Luciano's faces paled as well. They were sweating a lot, and their clothes were soaked. However, the white-haired elderly priest who was sitting beside them already calmed down, and he was looking around with a confident smile on his face as if he were watching a show

The best part wasn't here yet!

.....

-In the center of the square-

The sudden change surprised that bearded Moon-Class Elite of Maze, and he stopped his steps.

He was confident in dealing with Drogba who was severely injured, but he was no longer sure of himself when Torres landed. He wasn't a ferocious warrior in the first place, and he only jumped out when he saw he could take advantage of the situation. Since the situation had changed, he started to hesitate.

"Yuck! How could such a coward say that he can decapitate me?" Drogba sneered with disdain when he saw this.

Although Torres just stood there and didn't say anything, the mocking smirk on his face told everyone how he felt about this.

"What are you waiting for! Go and kill him!" Prince Sark of Maze was embarrassed by this, and he shouted angrily.

After various expressions appeared on this bearded Moon-Class Elite's face, he clenched his teeth and looked like a prisoner who was about to be hung. As he looked at the two masters of Chambord, he hesitated and said, "This is a two on one, and it is not fair. If you have the guts, fight me one on one!"

"Hahaha!" Drogba instantly laughed out loud, and the mockery wasn't hidden at all.

Torres lightly shook his head and smiled uncontrollably as well.

"What? You guys don't have the guts?" This bearded man was truly talented. He let go of everything and stuffed his honor and dignity into his underwear. He provoked, "If you aren't daring enough, get the f*ck out of my face! I don't want to fight with two cowards!"

Chapter 667: Real Warriors (Part One)

Before this bearded Moon-Class Elite could finish speaking, Drogba suddenly stopped laughing and opened his eyes wide. As his aura expanded, he suddenly stood up and took a step forward, looking like a demon.

Even though all the newly-formed scars on his body burst open, and blood flowed down his body, it seemed like he didn't even notice it.

As he walked forward dominantly, he roared, "B*stard! If you have the balls, come and fight me one on one! If I can't destroy you with one strike, I wouldn't be a warrior under King Alexander His Majesty's command!"

His loud voice and viciousness instantly made all the guests on the square sense a chill.

Even those who opposed Chambord had to give Drogba a thumb up. In their mind, this Taurus Gold Saint was a real warrior!

"Hahaha! Good! You said that! I will give you some face and fight you!" The bearded Moon-Class Elite was thrilled to see that Drogba fell for his provocation trickery, and he instantly walked up just in case his opponent regretted this.

Even though Drogba was still staggering a little and couldn't stand still, he was staring at his opponent with cold glares.

The bearded Moon-Class Elite walked forward. He was in his best state, so it was hard for Drogba to win in almost any circumstance.

If Drogba wanted to fight, it would be like hitting a stone with an egg.

Drogba would be dead for sure.

Just as many people felt pity toward Drogba and didn't want the tragedy to take place, a dash of green light suddenly flashed by.

To everyone's surprise, a handsome and slender blond young man appeared in front of Drogba and blocked the bearded Moon-Class Elite's way.

"I will take over for Mr. Drogba and fight you this time," this young man said with a bright smile on his face, and it stole the spotlight from the surroundings and the stars in the sky.

There were hundreds of green dots flying around this blond young man, looking like many green fireflies that were intimate toward him. Even though he didn't reveal any powerful aura, that abundant and vast life energy around him dispersed into the area, making everyone aware of his power.

"Who is he?" Everyone was wondering.

Since this young man walked out of one of the VIP areas, he couldn't be from Chambord. However, since he was willing to fight for Chambord, it was clear that he was a friend of the kingdom.

"Is he a friend of Chambord or a secret trump card of Chambord? From the surprised expressions on the Chambordians' faces, it doesn't seem like they know him. Also, he is so handsome that it is out of this world!" the guests thought.

Even though there were many handsome young men on the square today such as Gold Saint Torres of Sagittarius, Second Prince Dominguez of Zenit, and King Alexander of Chambord, they were still inferior to this blond young man!

"Who are you? Why are you helping us?" Drogba shivered and asked in confusion.

Torres was surprised as well.

"I'm Akinfeev. I have fought with King Alexander His Majesty once before, and we could be considered as friends. When my friend is in trouble, it is normal for me to stand out." This blond young man smiled and said in an earnest tone. As soon as he said that, everyone in the area believed him! His voice was that magical!

All the guests looked at him with strange expressions.

“They have fought before? Since they are barely friends, he is still willing to stand out and fight for King Alexander of Chambord? He is now standing against the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] and several powerful empires. He is either very dumb and loyal or very vicious and sly!” people thought.

“Eh? Great! Hahahaha! You are a real friend of Chambord to stand out at a time like this! I’m honored to be able to stand with you!” Drogba laughed heroically but soon shook his head.

Chapter 667: Real Warriors (Part Two)

“However, I need to fight this battle!” His tone was filled with determination.

Drogba’s decision surprised everyone.

“Are all Chambordians this crazy?” the guests thought.

“Your body……” Akinfeev frowned.

“Although I’m injured, I can still take care of this ball-less coward with ease! I, Drogba, am one of the best gold saints under our supreme king’s command; how can a dog like him scare me?” Drogba said loudly with power, and it resonated in the sky, even changing the weather a little.

Even though that bearded Moon-Class Elite of Maze had a thick face, he got angry and roared, “Ok! I will grant your wish today! Let me see how an injured trash like you could battle with me!”

Then, he unleashed all his power, creating the noises of ocean waves crashing against each other, and the water elements quickly condensed in the area. Although this man lacked character and virtues, he was a powerful master.

Akinfeev paused for a second but ended up moving away.

Drogba nodded at Akinfeev with a big smile on his face. After that, he turned to that bearded master with a cold grin filled with disdain.

As he walked forward, he staggered with blood flowing out of his wounds continuously. He was basically creating a path of blood as he moved forward.

His condition was worrying. Many people felt like this brave and stubborn warrior of Chambord was going to fall and faint in the next moment, let alone taking on a powerful Moon-Class Elite.

“Too stubborn! Way too stubborn! Although he is fierce and brave, what he is doing now is too risky!”

“If he continues with this, is it any different from seeking his own death?”

“Is the King of Chambord going to let one of his loyal warriors die like this? Is he going to turn a blind eye to this?”

Many guests didn’t want to witness a tragedy, and some of them started to complain about King Alexander. Even though completing the wedding ceremony was important, but how could he let a brave and loyal warrior under his command, who was a Moon-Class Elite, die like this?

“Is this king’s heart made from metal?”

Vicious grins were already showing on Prince Simon of Marse and Prince Sark of Maze’s faces.

“Since you want to die, I will grant your wish! You should be honored that you can die under my ultimate Moon-Class Combat Technique, Death Water Stacking Tsunami! Hahahahaha! Death! Water! Stacking! Tsunami!!!!!!” this bearded Moon-Class Elite of Maze shouted, and his body dashed around like lightning. He left several blue afterimages in the area, and they turned into fast-spinning drill heads once he struck out, forming clusters of deadly hurricanes and tsunamis.

This combat technique was very powerful; it brought along a sense of death. No wonder it was a Moon-Class Combat Technique.

On the other side, Drogha started to shiver, and the orange warrior energy flames on him already dimmed. It seemed like he was so weak that he couldn’t even dodge.

A lot of guests already closed their eyes; they didn’t want to see such a brave warrior die like this. Some of them even gasped.

A vicious grin shined on the face of that bearded Moon-Class Elite.

In an instant, the blue energy dashed toward Drogba and was about to envelop him completely.

At this moment, Drogba who was as weak as faint candlelight in a crazy wind stood tall.

As bright light shone in his eyes, he no longer looked weak. His orange warrior energy flames instantly brightened, and a huge strange-shaped shield suddenly dashed out of his body and appeared in his hands.

“B*stard! Come here!” Drogba laughed like a mad beast and roared, “I will let you know the power of Chambord warriors! I will let you know that cowards like you could never defeat us! Take this! Ultimate strike of Taurus Gold Saint! Gigantic! Long! Horn!!!!”

Chapter 668: Many Dangers (Part One)

As Drogba roared, he picked up this huge shield with one of his arms. He lowered his center of gravity, tilted his body to one side so that his shoulder was pressing on the back of the shield, and dashed forward rapidly. His huge shield, [Holy Collision], was pushed forward like a colossal defense wall, and it took his opponent by surprise.

At that moment, everyone felt like they saw a vague golden image of a huge bull behind Drogba. As that image appeared, it seemed like that golden bull tilted its head forward and targeted its two sharp horns toward the bearded Moon-Class Elite.

As the golden bull charged forward with an indescribable power, the pressure it brought was merciless!

Whoosh!

The orange warrior energy flames and blue warrior energy flames quickly passed each other.

The terrifying warrior energy explosion that would occur after a huge collision didn't appear, and the battleground which was very fancy and full of action suddenly froze.

“Eh..... Puff!!!!!! How is this possible? That shield..... it is..... a..... high-level combat weapon!” The bearded Moon-Class Elite of Maze opened his eyes wide. Until his pupils expanded and he died, he couldn’t believe that it was him who lost the battle.

There were many wounds on his body as if many blades cut it, and blood gushed out of these openings on his body and formed blood fountains.

In the end, he couldn’t stand still and collapsed onto the ground. His magic leather armor was completely shattered, and his blue warrior energy flames were extinguished and went away like smoke.

Instant kill!

This powerful Moon-Class Elite was instantly killed by Drogba’s ultimate strike even though he used his ultimate technique as well!

This ending surprised everyone! They felt like they were dreaming or watching a poorly written play! Everything that had happened was too unimaginable!

The actual ending was completely different from people’s anticipations! Even the Goddess of Fate might not have written this into the two warriors’ fates!

As all the guests looked at Drogba who was trembling and about to fall, they couldn’t suppress their shock!

That figure who was covered in blood didn’t look messy and weak at all! Instead, people felt like he was as extraordinary as a huge mountain and was unparalleled.

Of course, some people’s eyes were glued onto Drogba’s huge shield, [Holy Collision].

“That is a combat weapon! It is a unique and powerful weapon! From the power it unleashed during the battle, it is at least a level 5 combat weapon!”

“How can Chambord have a level 5 combat weapon? It doesn’t belong to an affiliated kingdom! Only the legendary forge master could create it..... Could it be that there is a mysterious and unknown forge master at Chambord City?”

“There are a lot of secrets around Chambord! Hahahaha! If our [Dragon Hunt Operation] is successful, the number of treasures we can get will far surpass our most optimistic estimation!”

“Since this master named Drogba has a level 5 combat weapon, does it mean..... the other masters of Chambord also have combat weapons?”

After thinking about that, those masters who had malicious intents began to breathe heavily.

They all knew the importance of having a combat weapon! Even the powerful Moon-Class Elites didn’t have combat weapons most of the time. This was demonstrated in the battle between Drogba and that bearded Moon-Class Elite of Maze. Without a combat weapon, that bearded Moon-Class Elite was instantly killed by Drogba who was already severely injured beforehand! The key was that the warrior of Chambord had a combat weapon!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

After a short moment of silence, changes occurred.

Chapter 668: Many Dangers (Part Two)

People started to dash forward from the VIP areas. Dozens of figures rushed toward Drogba who was even more injured, and they had the same idea on their minds; they wanted to rob this combat weapon, [Holy Collision], from this warrior of Chambord when he was the weakest.

“Shameless!”

“Spineless!”

“F*ck off!”

“Do you want to die?”

A series of angry shouts sounded from the seating area of Chambord, and various colored warrior energy flames shone like fireworks in the sky. The well-prepared masters of Chambord dashed out even faster and tried to stop the people who wanted to steal the [Holy Collision].

Among the masters of Chambord, one burly figure with silver lightning around him was the most eye-catching.

In an instant, he struck out three times, turning three enemies into clouds of blood mists. Then, he quickly landed beside Drogba, grabbed the latter by the shoulder, and brought him back to the seating area of Chambord.

Gold Saint Lampard of Leo! The man who was only weaker than King Alexander in the Chambord Kingdom.

As if he were a tiger in a herd of sheep, he quickly saved Drogba who was severely injured and took back the level 5 combat weapon, [Holy Collision].

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The masters started to fight on the square, and the warrior energy surges and magic energy surges collided, making a ton of noises and sending out a ton of residual energies.

After a short while, both parties sensed the power of each other.

Especially since Lampard revealed his mighty strength, he deterred a group of malicious masters.

Both parties slowly backed off carefully, and about 30 people who were fighting clearly separated into two groups.

From the number of masters, Chambord was in a clear disadvantage.

Lampard, Torres, Oleg, and Akinfeev..... So far, there were only four Moon-Class Elites on the side of Chambord who still had combat abilities.

Standing on the other side, there were about 24 masters. Except for a few prestigious princes, the rest were all Moon-Class Elites of various empires. None of them showed their real identity before, but they all unleashed their power now. Their bright warrior energy flames shone, and their auras dispersed into the area like powerful ocean waves. The collective auras of these masters made it a little suffocating for everyone else who was weaker.

“Hehehe, four against 24! The difference in strength is huge! The Chambordians are dead for sure!”

“Six empires, seven noble families, two mercenary groups..... Hahaha! Even though the Chambord Kingdom is much more powerful than we anticipated, the ending would be the same! No one can stand in the way of our [Dragon Hunt Alliance]! Chambord City is going to be washed by blood tonight!”

“Hand over all your combat weapons! King of Chambord, destroy your own cultivation strength and power! Then, all the Moon-Class Elites, you need to swear loyalty to us! If you do all this, we won’t slaughter all the citizens of Chambord. Otherwise..... Hehehehehe, none of the lives of Chambord shall be spared!

“All the guests! Tonight, it is only about Chambord, and you guys aren’t affected! Just sit still and watch the show! Otherwise, you will be killed as well!”

With an absolute advantage, the members of the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] all laughed viciously and revealed who they were.

Except for the Marse Empire, the Maze Empire, and the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group], there was the Lance Empire, the Lear Empire, the Rain Empire, the Tulu Empire.....

All the envoy groups from the big empires had Moon-Class Elites hidden in them, and they tore off their disguises and put away their fake smiles, revealing their vicious fangs!

It was a group of devastating force! It was unstoppable!

Six empires, seven noble families, two mercenary groups..... A total of 24 Moon-Class Elites! If they wanted to, they could wipe out 99% of the empires in the region of 500,000 kilometers around Zenit!

“Poor Chambordians! Although you showed surprising strength, tonight is not your night! In front of absolute power, you guys are doomed!” [War Pirate] Mellberg finally relaxed. The power of the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] was revealed, and he didn’t need to fight alone! The scale of victory was heavily tilting toward them.

“Kneel and beg for mercy! Surrender and hand out your treasures! Also, give us the blueprint for that battle seal! This is your only option!” Prince Simon of Marse laughed arrogantly.

“Humph! If you dare to resist, we will kill all the citizens of Chambord, no matter male or female, young or old!” Prince Sark of Maze added murderously.

Chapter 669: Give You an Opportunity (Part One)

The absolute advantage allowed the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] to gain complete control over the situation. The power of more than 20 Moon-Class Elites was dominating, and it was enough to crush any opposition.

“Why are we wasting time with these low-lives? Let’s all attack! After killing all the members of Chambord and taking over, all the treasures here will be ours!” [War Pirate] Mellberg said murderously. After losing two experienced Moon-Class Elites on his side, he hated Chambord to an extreme. He couldn’t wait to take down the King of Chambord and wipe out this kingdom.

“Hahahaha! Yeah, I agree! Let’s all attack together, and no one can stop us!”

The 24 Moon-Class Elites released their auras, and the enormous amount of pressure pressed toward the seating area of Chambord.

As the tsunami-like energy surges blew by, those 100 bylaw enforcement officers who were standing in front of the seating area were blown into the air like straws in a storm, and they couldn’t even stand still after they were thrown into the seating area.

Lampard, Torres, Oleg, and Akinfeev stood still with their warrior energy flames burning brightly, but it was still not enough to rival with the forces on the other side.

The numbers disadvantage they had was way too difficult to overcome.

At this moment, only that white-haired elderly priest who was sitting in the seating area of the Holy Church, as well as the few Moon-Class Holy Knights behind him, were smiling confidently.

The situation was tilting to an extreme degree! The boat known as Chambord was about to go down at any second now!

If Chambord didn't have any more trump cards or helpers, it couldn't escape from its fate of being exterminated.

At this critical moment, all the Chambordians who were either inside or outside the square held each other's hands, sensed the heartbeats of their peers, and didn't get scared. In front of the danger, none of them chose to escape. Instead, they straightened their backs, opened their eyes wide, and sang with their loudest voice.

"There is a wide river that has big waves..... Chambordians live to the north of the river and listen to the rumble of Zuli..... This is a great land, and our homes are open to all friends. But if wolves come by, they will be received by spears and arrows!"

An indescribable heroic yet tragic sensation appeared, and it permeated the tense atmosphere.

The Chambordians would never surrender! Even if the ending were death, none of them was going to yield!

The reason they were so brave was that they all had trust in their king! In their minds, their king was invincible!

This scene stunned the 24 Moon-Class Elites on the side of the [Dragon Hunt Alliance]. At the moment, the people who they thought were low-lives demonstrated a level of courage that they didn't even possess! In fact, these Moon-Class Elites sensed a little ominous feeling! It was too rare!

"Go! Kill them all! Let's see how they can sing when they are dead!"

A Moon-Class Elite who had his face veiled up couldn't bear this atmosphere anymore. He roared and dashed toward the Moon-Class Elites of Chambord such as Lampard. As if his action suddenly triggered a stick of dynamite, three more Moon-Class Elites who were dressed in the same way also roared and dashed forward.

The battle began!

The upcoming battle was going to be bloody, and only one side could survive it!

Lightning energy flashed and cracked on Lampard, Torres pulled the bowstring, Oleg swung the huge hammer with its chains around his arm, and Akinfeev opened his palm, revealing a strong green bow that looked like a tree branch which just got cut off from a tree since it still had tree leaves with drops of dew on it!

Chapter 669: Give You an Opportunity (Part Two)

Battle! Battle! Battle! Battle! Battle! Battle! Battle! Battle! Battle!!!!!!!

At this moment, almost everyone was roaring in their minds! They all unleashed their power and got to their peak states!

However, something these Moon-Class Elites in the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] didn't anticipate occurred.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Four golden sword energies suddenly dashed from the nine-leveled, white stone platform that wasn't too far away. As if they were lights from gods, the brightness of the sword energies was eye-piercing, almost blinding everyone in the region. They looked magnificent and were like the condemnations of the gods.

As they torn through the sky, they entered the zone where battles were about to break out.

“Ah!!!!”

“Eh..... Puff!!”

“No!!! Save me!!”

“AHHHH!”

Terrifying screams sounded in an instant, and they were so high-pitched that it almost broke people’s eardrums. At the same time, these Moon-Class Elites were shocked.

In the next moment, several bloodflowers blossomed in the sky, beautiful and deadly. For a moment, flesh, chipped bones, shattered armors, broken weapons.....

The four veiled Moon-Class Elites who were charging forward screamed as if they were demon beasts that were pieced by powerful magic arrows. As their screams resonated in the sky, their bodies blew up and stained the area.

“Sh*t!”

“Retreat!”

“Way too powerful! Who is it? How powerful is this person?”

“Damn it! It is the King of Chambord! The king attacked!!!!!”

The Moon-Class Elites of the [Dragon Hunt Operation] were all scared, and they couldn’t help but feel depressed. As they sensed the power within those four golden sword energies, they felt defeated; none of them was able to fight against it! All their greedy and wicked thoughts disappeared in an instant.

They dashed forward fast but backed off even faster!

The Moon-Class Elites who were yelling arrogantly were now screaming and backing off with pale faces.

They all could tell how much power was contained within each of those golden sword energies. Those veiled Moon-Class Elites all had the power of level 9 top-tier New Moon, and they were only one step away from Half Moon! However, they couldn’t defend against those terrifying golden sword energies for one bit!

It was one-sided domination!

“This is too much!” they thought.

“Hahaha, idiots! Ridiculous! Do you really think that my Chambord can be damaged by a bunch of cowards like you who are hiding everywhere?” a cold voice sounded from the ninth level on that tall white stone platform in the northern area on the square.

Even though this voice didn’t sound vicious, it was magnificent and supreme! Anyone who heard it would feel like kneeling and worshipping him!

The King of Chambord!

King Alexander of Chambord!

All the guests looked up and saw that this legendary young king finally stepped onto the top level of the platform that had nine levels and 36 steps.

In his sky-blue robe, the King of Chambord stood there firmly with his long black hair fluttering in the wind. His two queens were standing beside him, glancing at the people on the square and in the area from above.

In fact, the expression on the king’s face was calm; it seemed like the 24 Moon-Class Elites were nothing in his eyes! It looked like he was staring at 24 kids who were misbehaving!

His attitude completely disregarded these masters!

However, even in this situation, none of the Moon-Class Elites on the side of the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] even dared to stare back at the King of Chambord. They felt like an ancient beast traveled through time and was staring at them, and they were so afraid that they were shivering a little.

Even the vicious [War Pirate] Mellberg looked away subconsciously at this moment.

All the Chambordians on and outside the square were also shivering, but they were shaking in excitement.

This was their king!

Their invincible king!

“[War Pirate] Mellberg! Didn’t you say that you want to talk to me? I will give you the opportunity! Come on and tell me your reasons for interrupting my wedding! Let’s see if it is enough to justify your bad behavior!” Fei stared at this group leader of Wind Horse tightly and said in a calm tone.

He seemed so calm that it was truly terrifying!

Chapter 670: The Fall of an Infamous Warrior (Part One)

“I.....” Faced with the King of Chambord’s question, Mellberg somehow felt a little weak.

Right now, the power of the King of Chambord updated in his mind, and it was far beyond his most pessimistic estimate. From the power contained in those four golden sword energies, he knew that this young man was at least a peak Full Moon Elite and very close to the realm of Sun-Class.

It was clear to Mellberg that he couldn’t rival with the King of Chambord! If he forced it, he would die for sure!

However, since the current situation was already in this state, he couldn’t pull back! After all, an arrow that was shot out couldn’t be pulled back.

After he turned around and looked at the few figures who were sitting in their seats further away, he suddenly got some confidence and said, “Last night, 150 elite mercenaries of our [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] died and disappeared! There is enough evidence to prove that your people killed my brothers! Alexander, what excuses do you have for this? How can you compensate us?”

“Compensate?” As if he heard the funniest joke in the world, Fei sneered and replied, “Too bad that you wasted this opportunity. Why do I need to compensate you for anything? Since more than 100 mercenaries sneaked into my Chambord City without people knowing, I’m sure you know why they

are here. Since they have malicious intent, they deserve to die! I haven't gotten the chance to question you, but you dare to bring up this topic first?"

"Impossible! All my brothers in the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] are honorable mercenaries, and they couldn't have bad intent! Even if they are doing something wrong, only I can punish them. I was right here in the city last night! Before your men killed my brothers, have you thought about informing me, the group leader?" Mellberg turned the whole thing around with a few words and questioned Fei with a cold grin on his face.

"Hahahahah! Inform you? Who do you think you are?" Fei laughed.

In the next moment, Fei suddenly stopped laughing and stared at Mellberg with a pitiful and mocking smile.

"It looks like the arrogant and reckless behaviors these years made the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] forget how much power it has. You are right; your mercenaries were killed by my warriors one by one. There is no argument here, and I won't deny it. However, Mr. Mellberg, your nickname is [War Pirate]; do you really have no idea about why those 150 elite mercenaries of yours are here at Chambord City? Aren't you the person who selected them and told them to hide here? You already planned to sacrifice them, but you now are trying to act all virtuous... this is unexpected. Before, I thought that even though you are arrogant, you still have balls. From the look of it, your performance is truly disappointing. Come on! If you want to avenge for your mercenaries, come at me! Let me see if your [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] is powerful enough to do that!" Fei sneered as he said that.

"You....." Fei's words successfully provoked Mellberg, and this group leader was furious!

When he was trying to question Fei, he was being a little careful and even lied, which wasn't his style of doing things! He was the [War Pirate] and only liked to be upfront and overbearing.

From the beginning, Fei took control of the tempo and forced Mellberg out of his comfort zone. Therefore, Mellberg felt strange and weak, and it was infuriating for him.

He turned around and looked at the other two Moon-Class Elites behind him. "Let's move together and kill the King of Chambord!"

Before he finished whispering, Mellberg, Isaac, and that metal-elemental Moon-Class Elite who got pushed away by the magic array formation dashed forward at the same time and attacked!

For all these years, Mellberg was able to act recklessly in this region. On top of having many masters in [Wind Horse Mercenary Group], Mellberg was a powerful warrior as well. He was at peak Half Moon many years ago.

As he instantly unleashed his warrior energy flames and his aura, Fei could tell that he was about level 8 or level 9 top-tier Full Moon!

Behind him, both Isaac and that metal-elemental warrior were experienced Moon-Class Elites, and they had crawled out of corpse piles many times in their lifetime.

The three of them had battled against powerful masters frequently, and they coordinated very well; it seemed like they were using a kind of mysterious battle seal. Their powers were able to be stack up perfectly! Like waves in the ocean, they gave momentum to each other and grew into a tsunami.

Chapter 670: The Fall of an Infamous Warrior (Part Two)

The terrifying sensation enveloped more than half of the square, and their strikes flew at Fei who was standing on the top of the high platform in the north speedily.

Their combined strike was terrifying! On damage alone, it was comparable to the full-on strike of a peak Moon-Class Elite who was only one step away from Sun-Class.

Everyone held onto their breaths and paid attention to this battle; it was a critical moment.

Although the king demonstrated shocking power, it might be hard for him to take on this combined strike of three Moon-Class Elites! If these three people were able to distract the King of Chambord and buy time, then the rest of Chambord wouldn't be able to pose a threat...

The masters of the [Dragon Hunt Alliance] were warming up again, and they couldn't wait to attack.

However, things didn't go as planned.

“Is this the power of Wind Horse? Unfortunately, it is far from enough!”

Standing on the nine-leveled platform in the north, Fei lightly shook his head and raised his hand.

A huge golden hand appeared in the sky. This hand was so vivid that each finger, hair, pore, and strand of muscle was clearly depicted. In fact, people felt like they could even see the blood vessels underneath the skin! It looked like the hand of a god, and an indescribable majestic sensation enveloped everything.

As Fei clenched his fist, this huge golden hand that was made from energy also closed. It was so fast that it left a series of afterimages in the air, making the process look slow. From afar, it seemed like a golden lotus was slowly closing, creating an intoxicating image.

The hand turned into a fist.

“Invincible Emperor Fist!”

Fei moved his hand, and a golden fist that was about half a meter in each dimension flew out and dashed forward.

All of this took place in a second.

Except for the moving fist, nothing else was happening. There was no terrifying pressure and wave-like energy fluctuations.

In comparison, it seemed like the energy fist Fei cast was a little butterfly in the face of a terrifying dragon created by the other three Moon-Class Elites. This huge visual contrast made people feel like there was no way that the King of Chambord’s strike could block the combined strike of the other three.

However, reality would confound their expectations

When the two energies collided, everything went against predictions. Like a hot knife that was cutting into butter, Fei’s golden fist easily destroyed the combined strike of the three Moon-Class Elites who performed their techniques in a unique way.

Shock!

Angry roars!

Puking blood!

Flying back!

As the golden fist's power was unveiled, the energy surges and waves created by the combined strike disappeared at a visible speed! It felt like it was a drop of liquid on a hot stove!

Bam! Bam!

As soon as Isaac, who acted as the advisor of Wind Horse, and that metal-elemental Moon-Class Elite landed on the ground, their bodies exploded as desperate expressions appeared on their faces, staining the square.

Mellberg wasn't in a better situation. His body was covered in wounds and blood. Also, his skin bulged as if there were a monster running around under his skin.

Right now, he was regretting all his decisions.

He now knew that he shouldn't have agreed to this plan even though he was promised a lot of treasures. This trip to Chambord which he once thought was riskless buried all the top-tier masters of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group].

Also, to his surprise, that person who schemed everything just sat there and watched without having the intention of helping.

"You..... don't get so happy! I..... The real overlord of the [Wind Horse Mercenary Group]... Will wipe out your little Chambord City! You will be killed..... AH!"

After saying this last sentence, Mellberg couldn't suppress that terrifying energy in his body, and he quickly enlarged like a balloon that was being blown.

Bam!

Just like his two subordinates, his body exploded, and his flesh and chipped bones fell from the sky.

An infamous warrior fell!

The [Wind Horse Mercenary Group] was destroyed and broken!