

Long Live the King Chapter 117

The man was more than 7 feet tall (210 cm), and he was very strong; his muscles filled up the leather armour, as if they were about to explode. He stood there, like a bear, like a giant wall.

The way he looked at Fei was like a cat looking at a mouse. With his lip lifting up, he didn't hide his joking expression.

There was reason for him to do so.

From the information that he received, the little king in front of him was only a three-star warrior. Also, Okocha was suspicious that the mysterious four-star warrior was this guy in front of him, but he didn't think so. No one in this world could advance to four-star rank from three-star rank in less than half a month.

It was impossible!

Therefore, when Okocha ordered him to test Fei's strength, he followed Fei tightly and didn't hide at all.

In his eyes, the fact that Fei led him to this back alley was like an insect jumping into a spider web.

But before testing this dumb king's strength, he didn't mind to shame the dignity of this king who appeared to be majestic. He was a little abnormal; nothing was more thrilling to him than ravaging the higher up royals and nobles.

Therefore, when he was talking, he didn't hide his strength at all. It didn't take very long for a cloud of energy to fly towards Fei – It was enough to shake the land. Wherever the orange, yellowish energy passed by, it was plated with a layer of yellow. Under such an environment, the man could control all the soil and rocks within 50 yards(m) from him.

He was an earth attributed master.

His name was Hershzen.

His strength was ranked number three in Thrace Kingdom.

In between his palms, numerous skulls were smashed into pieces; they belonged to defenseless kids, enchanting beauties, respectable elders, poor citizens, nobles, and more... He was even ordered to kill a prince of Thrace Kingdom. It was a masterpiece that he could never forget about. He let that little 6 year old prince wail for ten days and ten nights before he died. That poor thing, when he died, there wasn't a bone in his body that was left intact. By that point, his body had already turned into a pile of stinky,

black meat paste.

Hershzen turned the little prince's skull into a wine cup and carried it with him, using it to drink.

Quickly, Hershzen saw the scene that he wanted to see – after he demonstrated his strength slightly, the king's confidence melted like the ice in a stove. His face changed color and his confidence turned into panic. Also, he tried to calm himself down, but Hershzen saw the king's leg shaking like crazy. He was already looking around and observing the terrain, trying to find the best opportunity to escape.

This dumb king was trash as he expected.

"You want to run?"

Hershzen stepped forward and the joking expression on his face became even more obvious.

"You... who are you? What do you want to do?" The king said in a shaky voice. What made Hershzen mad was that this guy covered his chest with his hands, as if Hershzen was about to do something inappropriate to him.

"Me?"

After seeing this, he was more confident with his guess. He chewed on a grass stem that he put in his mouth and whispered the words out in between his teeth disdainfully, "Little guy, daddy here is a killer. I will kill anyone if the price is right. What do you think I'm here to do?"

He tried to scare the hapless king in front of him even more.

"Ah...you...kill...kill me?" The little king trembled like a timid rabbit. He screamed as his faced turned pale. He stared at the man in shock, "Do you know who I am? I'm the king of Chambord. Do you dare to kill a king?"

Dumbass.

Hershzen was too lazy to say anything more to the little king.

Some people lacked even the basic self-awareness and lived in the world that they constructed for themselves. The privilege that they were born with made them arrogant. Not knowing that without their privilege, they were nothing... how sad was that?

"The little king in front of me is this type of naive and sad person."

Hershzen walked closer step by step.

He definitely wasn't going to kill this little king. After all, this king was an important part to the plan that was about to initiate. If the king died, it would destroy that person's plan, and he couldn't handle that.

All he wanted was to enjoy the scene of a king struggling and wailing in front of him.

"Ahhhhhhhhh...You...You, don't come closer...what do you want?" The little king took many steps back. His face was as pale as a little rabbit that was pushed into a dead corner by a big wolf. He asked cautiously, "Why do you want to kill me? Who sent you? Tell me... there must be some misunderstanding!"

Hershzen stepped closer and closer.

The orange, yellow flame flickered around him. The strength of a four-star earth attributed warrior was fully exerted. Wherever he stepped, even the hard rock would become a thick liquid, as if it turned into a swamp – this was the power of a four-star warrior; he could change the surroundings and create a battlefield that was the most suitable for him.

"Who sent you here?" The little king trembled even more. Under the cold, murderous intent, his conscious seemed to collapse and that was the only thing that he was shouting.

Unfortunately, it didn't matter how overconfident Hershzen was; he didn't answer any questions.

After all, he wasn't really going to kill the king.

But at this moment, something strange happened –

When Hershzen was less than ten yards from the king, his expression changed.

He suddenly saw the trembling king's expression changed from panic to ... disappointment.

Yes, it was the disappointment that kids would have when they didn't get any comfort from their parents for crying or throwing a tantrum.

Before he could react, he heard the little king say, "Sigh, this isn't fun. I didn't get anything useful out of this... Hey, blacky, tell me, was my act that bad?"

"Bark! Bark! Bark!"

The big black dog that had laid behind Fei yawned and barked out of boredom. It's big shiny eyes glanced at Fei, as if it was urging – "Let's go back to the palace after you quickly finish this, I haven't had any dinner yet."

"Whatever..." Fei looked at Hershzen in dissatisfaction. The timid expression was nowhere to be found. He instantly turned from prey to predator. His knuckles popped as he held on his fist tightly, shook his fist and said, "If you aren't willing to cooperate, then I'll change up my methods – I'll let my fists do the talking!"

Hershzen's face turned cold, and he said in a disdainful voice, "Just you?"

Fei didn't say anything back.

He started stepping forward.

Hershzen's face soon turned ugly.

Every step Fei took, the powerful sensation that his body emitted grew stronger. The sensation grew from peak two-star up; when Fei took his fifth step, the sensation was not weaker than that sensation that Hershzen's four-star earth attributed energy emitted. Although there were no flashy energy flames, this explosive sensation gave Hershzen a sense of danger.

"I was tricked!"

Hershzen's heart dropped.

It was this moment that he knew that he f*cked up.

He thought he had the dominance from the beginning and was laughing at the king for not having enough self awareness, but who knew that this king was acting and that damn dog was watching the drama.

Especially that giant black dog, the scornful look that it gave him made him feel like he wasn't even worthy to the dog.

"You — are — dead!"

When the string of inferiority and pride in his heart was triggered, Hershzen fell into a state of total violence, as if the anus of a bear was plugged up with a stick by someone. He roared as the orange-yellowish energy shot all around like a high power light bulb and lit up the dark back alley. Then, his body turned into a bullet and flew towards Fei as he threw out a punch.

Fei stepped forward and answered the punch with a punch.

Boom!

The fists met in mid-air.

At this moment, it seemed that even time paused for a while. Then, the whole back alley started shaking and that orange-yellowish flame started to crack. A tiny visible wave appeared on Hershzen's fists and moved towards his arms...

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What followed the wave was a series of bone cracking noises.

Then, it was Hershzen's body. It was like a broken bag, he tilted and flew back at a speed that was faster than his initial charge.

Blood spilled everywhere.