

## **LONG LIVE THE KING !**

### **14 CHAPTER 14: THE HEALING FACILITY**

Now Angela and Emma noticed the abnormal surrounding atmosphere.

The soldiers were looking at Alexander with complete respect. The king who had previously been a laughing gag for everyone in Chambord now seemed like a super idol that every soldier would sacrifice their own life for. This level of respect and worship from the soldiers was usually only directed toward Lampard.

"Hail King Alexander!"

"Long live King Alexander!"

Fei felt great in front of Angela. He gave the surrounding soldiers a look that only bros would understand. The soldiers laughed and were very cooperative; they all raised their arms and yelled,

"Hail King Alexander!"

Back then, every soldier felt that Alexander was a pile of shit compared to his fiancé Angela, who was a shining diamond. They felt sorry for Angela and believed that Alexander was not good enough for her. However, they now felt that 'the pile of shit' Alexander was the only one in Chambord worthy of this diamond.

To Angela and Emma, they never encountered such an atmosphere when Alexander was present.

"What happened??" The two smart girls wouldn't wrap their heads around it.

At this moment –

"My majesty, Pierce almost didn't make it..."

Brook, the second commander of the king's guards, rushed towards Fei.

Although he knew that King Alexander was not a doctor nor even a priest from the church, he still had a tiny amount of hope in Fei because his amazing performance today. He hoped that Fei was still hiding some secrets under his sleeves, "God please! Give us one more miracle! Just one more miracle from King Alexander!"

"Pierce?"

The white haired man who had risked his life to destroy the two siege ladders appeared in Fei's mind. That man was a real warrior, no doubt about it—not just because of his strength, but also because of his mindset and willingness to sacrifice his life for something that he cherished.

"Brook, take care of Angela and Emma for me, I will go and take a look!"

Fei tapped on Angela's hand and passionately told her to be careful. Then, he looked at Emma and raised his eyebrows to show off his new influence on the soldiers, including the commanders to her. Finally, a soldier led him towards the healing facility.

"Feh!"

Emma couldn't take Fei's teasing. She stared the Fei's back 'bitterly' as he was rushing away. Then she turned around and said cutely, "Uncle Brook! What happened? Alexander seems like ..."

That was the same question that Angela, who was blushing because of Fei's flirty behaviour, wanted to know the answer to.

Brook smiled as he told them what had happened in the critical moment of the battle when Fei arrived.

As the second commander of the king's guards, Brook treated these two girls like his own daughters – in fact, almost every citizen at Chambord liked these two kind and mature girls. They all felt injustice towards Angela, the poor girl that was forced to marry this retarded king. But now, everyone who had witnessed or participated in the battle believed that only Alexander was the right fit for Angela.

After listening to the entire story, Angela and Emma were shocked.

"Is our retarded Alexander really the hero of the story?" Emma had her doubts.

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At Chambord Healing Facility.

When Fei walked in, he was shocked.

"This place isn't the healing facility, is it? It looks like a pigpen." Fei thought to himself.

A cold, moist, and moldy smell filled this seemingly abandoned place. There wasn't even a door to block the wind and the rain. The windows were blocked by rocks; dust and mud were everywhere. There was only some hay on the ground, while hundreds of heavily wounded soldiers were crying and groaning.

Four or five doctor personnel who were dressed in black and white robes walked between these soldiers. There was definitely a shortage of hands as these doctors were sprinting around, covered in sweat.

"Your Majesty has arrived!" yelled the soldier who led Fei.

That had caught the attention of everyone in the facility, except those who were still in a coma or had fainted.

The bravery and the power of king Alexander spread throughout the facility by the wounded soldiers who were sent here after Fei had arrived on the battlefield. Many soldiers were imagining the exciting and manly battle scenes. Of course, some soldiers who didn't see Fei on the battlefield were a little skeptical. They wanted to see the king who turned from a retard into a hero in person.

After seeing King Alexander arrive, the soldiers here were really pumped.

Some soldier ignored the wounds on their bodies. They struggled to sit up to see the king, breaking the scabs that had just formed on their wounds. The ones who fought alongside Fei all cheered: "Hail King Alexander!"

Fei thanked the soldier who had led him to the facility, then quickly tried to comfort the soldiers who were struggling to sit up...

He didn't know what to say.

This was definitely not the right place display his royal status. After seeing many young, mature, and old faces, their startling wounds, the blood from their body soaking into the soil beneath them...

Something triggered Fei's heart.

The glorious hero's legacies from Earth seemed to be



re-lived by the people in front of him. Technically speaking, these soldier were wounded from protecting him; some of them would be disabled forever. As a person from Earth, Fei wouldn't convince himself to accept this fact; if possible, he wished that he had fought the battle from the beginning alongside these soldiers.

Human seemed to always contradict themselves, and Fei was a prime example.

He was a coward and was extremely scared of death, but at this moment, he desired to fight and battle.

Maybe he was affected by the endless violence and bloodiness in the Diablo world, or it might have been his animal instincts being triggered by the enemy's pressure.

"My warriors, you have protected Chambord and you deserve the glory we have won today!"

Although Fei considered himself a talker, he didn't really know what to say at this point. When he bowed to all the soldiers in the healing facility, that sentence suddenly came out.

This world was similar to medieval European feudal societies under strict classes and hierarchies. A king bowing to a lower classed soldier was unheard of – not even a retarded king.

Sometimes, human emotions were simple. Many soldiers were touched by Fei's bow. Some soldiers who were complaining and spiteful as a result of their new disabilities felt that it was worth it at that moment.

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After Fei comforted a majority of the wounded soldiers, he arrived in front of Pierce. He had entered

a coma. The enemy left some of his energy inside of Pierce's body when his shoulder was pierced by the rapier. The energy damaged Pierce's body and shocked his internal organs. Blood was flowing out of the wounded area non-stop. A young doctor was scrambling on the side attempting to stop it, but it was not effective.

Fei now had the chance to observe the doctor's treatment in close detail.

He was really disappointed. The doctors at Chambord didn't have the magical healing spells Fei had imagined. They could only perform simple first aid, including cleaning wounded areas and applying healing medicine to it. The effectiveness of these treatments was very limited. The life and death of the wounded soldiers depended all on their own physical attributes and the severity of their wounds. If they were lucky, they could stay alive; if not? Then they

couldn't do anything but to die.

Now ngl nd mm notcd th bnorml surrounding tmosphr.

Th soldrs wr lookng t lxndr wth complt rspct. Th kng who hd prvously bn lughng gg for vryon n Chmbord now smd lk supr dol tht vry soldr would scrfc thr own lf for. Ths lvl of rspct nd worshp from th soldrs ws usully only drctd towrd Lmprd.

"Hi Kng lxndr!"

"Long lv Kng lxndr!"

F flt grt n front of ngl. H gv th surrounding soldrs look tht only bros would undrstnd. Th soldrs lughd nd wr vry cooprtv; thy ll rsd thr rms nd ylld, "Hi Kng lxndr!"

Bck thn, vry soldr flt tht lxndr ws pl of sht comprd to hs fncé ngl, who ws shngng dmond. Thy flt sorry for ngl nd

blvd tht lxndr ws not good nough for hr. Howvr, thy now flt tht 'th pl of sht' lxndr ws th only on n Chmbord worthy of ths dmond.

To ngl nd mm, thy nvr ncountrd such n tmosphr whn lxndr ws prsnt.

"Wht hppnd??" Th two smrt grls wouldn't wrp thr hds round t.

t ths momnt –

"My mjsty, Prc lmost ddn't mk t..."

Brook, th scnd commndr of th kng's gurds, rushd towrds F.

lthough h knw tht Kng lxndr ws not doctor nor vn prst from th church, h still hd tny mount of hop n F bcus hs mzng prformnc tody. H hopd tht F ws still hdng som

scrts undr hs slvs, "God pls! Gv us on mor mrcl! Just on mor mrcl from Kng lxndr!"

"Prc?"

Th wht hrd mn who hd rskd hs lf to dstroy th two sg lddrs pprd n F's mind. Tht mn ws rl wrror, no doubt bout t—not just bcus of hs strngth, but lso bcus of hs mindst nd wllngnss to scrfc hs lf for somthng tht h chrshd.

"Brook, tk cr of ngl nd mm for m, wll go nd tk look!"

F tppd on ngl's hnd nd pssontly told hr to b crful. Thn, h lookd t mm nd rsd hs ybrows to show off hs nw nflunc on th soldrs, ncludng th commndrs to hr. Fnllly, soldr ld hm towrds th hlng fcly.

"Fh!"

mm couldn't tk F's tsng. Sh strd th F's bck 'bttrly' s h ws rushng wy. Thn sh turnd round nd sd cutly, "Uncl Brook! Wht hppnd? lxndr sms lk ..."

Tht ws th sm quston tht ngl, who ws blushng bcus of F's flrty bhvour, wntd to know th nswr to.

Brook smld s h told thm wht hd hppnd n th crtcl momnt of th btll whn F rrvd.

s th scnd commndr of th kng's gurds, Brook trtd ths two grls lk hs own dughtrs – n fct, lmost vry ctzn t Chmbord lkd ths two knd nd mtur grls. Thy ll flt njustc towrds ngl, th poor grl tht ws forcd to mrry ths rtrdd kng. But now, vryon who hd wtssd or prtctpd n th btll blvd tht only lxndr ws th rght ft for ngl.

ft r lstng to th ntr story, ngl nd mm wr shockd.

"s our rtrdd lxndr rlly th hro of th story?" mm hd hr

doubts.

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t Chmbord Hlng Fclty.

Whn F wlkd n, h ws shockd.

"Ths plc sn't th hlng fclty, s t? t looks lk pgpn." F thought to hmslf.

cold, most, nd moldy smll flld ths smngly bndond plc. Thr wsn't vn door to block th wnd nd th rn. Th wndows wr blockd by rocks; dust nd mud wr vrywhr. Thr ws only som hy on th ground, whl hundrds of hvly woundd soldrs wr cryng nd gronng.

Four or fv doctor prsonnl who wr drssd n blk nd wht



robs wkld btwn ths soldrs. Thr ws dfntly shortg of hnds s ths doctors wr sprntng round, covrd n swt.

"Your Mjsty hs rrvd!" ylld th soldr who ld F.

Tht hd cught th ttnton of vryon n th fcly, xcpt thos who wr still n com or hd fntd.

Th brvry nd th powr of kng lxndr sprd throughout th fcly by th woundd soldrs who wr snt hr ftr F hd rrvd on th bttlflld. Mny soldrs wr mgng th xctng nd mnly bttl scns. Of cours, som soldrs who ddn't s F on th bttlflld wr lttl skptcl. Thy wntd to s th kng who turnd from rtrd nto hro n prson.

ftr sng Kng lxndr rrv, th soldrs hr wr rily pumpd.

Som soldr gnord th wounds on thr bods. Thy struggld to st up to s th kng, brkng th scbs tht hd just formd on thr wounds. Th ons who fought longsd F ll chrd: "Hi

King Alexander!"

F thought the soldier who had led him to the field, then quickly tried to comfort the soldiers who were struggling to stand up...

He didn't know what to say.

This was definitely not the right place to display his royal status. For so many young, mature, and old faces, their striking wounds, the blood from their bodies soaking into the soil beneath them...

Something triggered F's heart.

The glorious heroes' legions from the south seemed to be revealed by the people in front of him. Technically speaking, the soldier who was wounded from protecting him; some of them would be disabled forever. As a person from the north, F wouldn't convince himself to accept this fact; if possible, he wished that he had fought the battle from the beginning alongside the soldiers.

Human seem to always contradict themselves, and F was prime example.

He was coward and was extremely scared of death, but at this moment, he decided to fight and battle. Maybe he was affected by the endless violence and bloodiness in the Dablo world, or it might have been his natural instincts being triggered by the enemy's pressure.

"My warriors, you have protected Chembord and you deserve the glory we have won today!"

Although F considered himself a leader, he didn't really know what to say at this point. When he bowed to all the soldiers in the hall finally, that sentence suddenly came out.

This world was similar to medieval European feudal societies under strict classes and hierarchies. King bowing to lower classed soldier was unheard of – not even retarded king.

Sometimes, human emotions were simple. Many soldiers were

touchd by F's bow. Som soldrs who wr complng nd sptful s rsult of thr nw dsblts flt tht t ws worth t t tht momnt.

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ft F comfortd mjorty of th woundd soldrs, h rrvd n front of Prc. H hd ntrd com. Th nmy lft som of hs nrgy nsd of Prc's body whn hs shouldr ws prcd by th rpr. Th nrgy dmgd Prc's body nd shockd hs ntrnl orgns. Blood ws flowng out of th woundd r non-stop. young doctor ws scrmbng on th sd ttmtng to stop t, but t ws not ffctv.

F now hd th chnc to obsrv th doctor's trtmnt n clos dtl.

H ws rilly dsppontd. Th doctors t Chmbord ddn't hv th mgcl hng splls F hd mgnd. Thy could only prform smpl frst d, ncludng clng woundd rs nd pplyng hng mdcn to t. Th ffctvns of ths trtmnts ws vry lmtd. Th If

and death of the wounded soldiers depended on their own physical  
contributions and the severity of their wounds. If they were lucky, they  
could stay alive; if not? Then they couldn't do anything but to die.

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