

Long Live the King Chapter 191

"I'm the king of Chambord."

Every time Fei said it before, he felt very cool and dominating. If exaggerated a little bit more, one could say that he had an aura around him, as if he was the king of the world. However, when he said it this time, he felt like he could only look at the two people in front of him.

However, elder Zolasc was obviously stunned.

The expression on his face turned from loss to shock, to wild joy, to indescribable excitement and finally chagrin. Like a little kid who had been bullied and finally saw his parents, he hugged onto Fei's thigh and stared crying out loud.

"Boo-hoo..."

He suddenly let loose all the emotions that were oppressed inside of him.

The elder's voice was hoarse and dry, as if his tongue that was cut off didn't grow back yet. The sound shot directly out of his throat. It sounded like the cry of a dying beast, like the surging current of a river that broke through the dam, like a hundred meter long defense wall collapsing under the strike of a huge force. and like the roar of a sprout that grew from under a heavy rock. Fei always disliked men who cried, but for some reason he felt his eyes getting a bit wet upon hearing this complex, yet straightforward sob.

The thin and bamboo-like young boy Modric was completely stunned beside the elder.

"He is the king of Chambord?"

"This is this Saint King who passed the saint-like statues and the law?"

"This is the Saint King of Chambord who swiped the joint force from nine other kingdom that uncle Zolasc was talking about?"

"Yeah." The more Modric thought about it, the more he understood, "It must be him! Except for our king of Chambord, who else could arrive in front of me from the sky with other powerful warriors, and who could kill all the demon soldiers of Blackstone for a little Chambord boy like me? Who else could heal uncle Zolasc who was on the verge of dying like a god?"

"It can't be anyone else except for him!"

A huge sense of satisfaction and thrill filled this thin boy's body.

"Your majesty... You... you are finally here..." This was the first thing that the elder said to Fei. Zolasc was a very wise person who had experienced a lot of things. After a short moment, his cool returned. He pointed at the mountain made out of corpses in the pit with his finger as tears dripped down his wrinkly face. With his eyes filled with anger and hate, he said, "They are all our Chambord's citizens..."

"What?" Fei was shocked; he felt like he was mishearing, "All... all of them?"

In the pit, there were more than a thousand cold corpses. From the injuries, Fei could tell that they were all tortured to death. A missing leg or an arm was very common as there weren't any complete corpses; the scene was terrifying... Fei thought this was the burying pit for all the slaves who died from exhaustion or beating in the mines, but all of these people were from Chambord?! Since when did so many people from Chambord end up being enslaved here?

"... For all these years, Blackstone Kingdom has been behind all this. There are at least three to four thousand people from Chambord who were captured by mercenaries, by groups who captured people for slavery, and by other kingdoms due to war. They were all brought here to work in these mining pits. Everyone who came here three to four years ago had all died; no one could survive the dark mining pits, the lack of food, and the beating of the supervising soldiers for more than three years. Also, since Chambord and Blackstone were enemies with deep hatred towards each other, slaves from Chambord

suffered the most out of all the slaves here; there were slaves from Chambord who were almost beaten to death by the guards using iron chains every day. In the last month, your majesty's name and your story of beating the joint forces from the nine kingdoms has been spread around, and that threatened the king of Blackstone. Under his anger and hatred, the torture that Chambord's citizens experience became even worse. For the last half month, these inhuman demons tortured and killed more than a thousand slaves from Chambord!"

Elder Zolasc's thoughts become clearer and clearer. He used the simplest words to describe the tragic history of the Chambord slaves at these mining pits. Fei stared at every single cold corpse in the pit in silence; he could see every that single one of his citizens suffered a horrifying death from all the torture and screams. He could almost see the wronged souls that were floating in front of him and telling him about the cruelties of Blackstone; he felt like they were asking him where the king of Chambord was when they were suffering through this.

Resentment soared into the sky, and everyone at Blackstone Fortress felt it.