

Long Live the King Chapter 198

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"Siiiiii-!"

In the neighs of a horse, Blackstone King who was still in the grasses raised his head and looked up. The guard who ditched him in danger came back.

"Your Majesty, are ... are you ok?"

The guard took off his helmet and showed his young face. Due to the fear, his black hair was wet and messy. His tone didn't sound like someone who pledged loyalty to the king, but he did sound earnest as if he knew he shouldn't had ditched the king and escape alone.

"Humph! I won't die..."

Blackstone King slowly sat up in the grasses. Although he didn't die in the moment, he was still scared. Although he still held a grudge against the young man in front of him, he controlled himself well. He stared at the direction where Fei disappeared and said with unprecedented viciousness and hatred, "King of Chambord. I didn't die this time. Hehehe, you will regret this! Soon, as the king of Blackstone, I promise that you will see your castle getting conquered, and all your subjects getting murdered in front of you. As the king, I swear that I will make you wish you are already dead!"

"So weird? Why did the King of Chambord leave?" The young man murmured curiously.

"Nothing strange. Although that idiot is violent, he is not stupid. He knew what will happen if he killed me, the king of a level 6 affiliated kingdom... Hehehehe, although he doesn't dare to kill me, I will kill him one day."

The black haired young man didn't agree with the king's opinion. But he didn't say anything more. He exhaled and said, "Ok, if you are ok, when we should act in accordance with the plan. Let's go back to Blackstone Castle first and get prepared for the Burning Sun Operation..."

"Ok, but Prince Evan, my military suffered a great lose. All the cavaliers that I have were lost in the Blackstone Fortress. If we want to monitor King of Chambord, we might have to tell the big boss to find some other people!" After thinking about the collapse of Blackstone Fortress and the clean sweep of his four thousand elite soldiers, Blackstone King felt like his heart was bleeding.

"That's no problem... the King of Chambord and Chambord's strength are beyond our original estimation. We have to tell everything that happened here to the big boss..." As he said, the black haired Prince Evan waved his hand and called down a white winged eagle that was flying in the sky. He talked to the bird in a strange language and the eagle soon flew away.

The Blackstone King felt very ashamed, but he was still scared. Chambord's power was far beyond his estimation; not only was the Chambord King's strength powerful, the warriors under him were powerful as well. All of this made Blackstone King feel an unprecedented fear. As he supported himself on a big rock and wanted to stand up, his body suddenly shook and felt an unprecedented weakness. The arm that he used to swung his sword and kill his enemies couldn't use any strength. His nose also felt cold, and when he touched his nose with his hands, blood smeared his hand.

"Shit... I must have got injured from falling down the horse."

Blackstone King didn't pay much attention to it. He had been through wars, and it was normal for him to get injured. He forced himself to stand up as he got a horse that belonged to one of his guard who was killed by an arrow. When he wanted to jump onto the horse, his legs suddenly felt very weak as well; if he didn't hold onto the rein, he would fall off of the horse again. When he used all of his warrior energy and barely got onto the back of the horse, his nose started to bleed even more.

For some reason, Blackstone King had a desire of wanting to tear Prince Evan, who was the prince of a top affiliated kingdom and was ordering him around, into pieces. At that moment, he even held onto the handle of his sword. When he half-drew his sword and wanted to stab at Prince Evan, the tiny bit of consciousness he had left stopped him.