

## Long Live The King Chapter 27

"See? He's awake now!" Fei sneered at Bazzar who was literally about to explode. He then said to Brook, "Let him loose; have two soldiers protect him. I need Mage Gill to do what a mage is supposed to do on the battlefield!"

Bazzar gave a murderous glare at Fei, then quickly restrained himself.

At this moment, Fei felt a chill, as if there was a hideous monster hiding in the dark, ready to eat him alive...

He looked around but didn't find anything.

"Was it only my imagination?" Fei thought to himself.

Brook who was standing beside Fei didn't feel anything. He obeyed the king's command; he waved his hand and two soldiers carried the half-dead Gill inside the watchtower on the defensive wall. Although that was the place where the battle would be the most dangerous, a mage's effectiveness would be maximized there as well.

The fatty Gill had learned his lesson; he was scared of Fei now. He didn't dare resist, and instead stared at his father Bazzar, hoping he could do something.

The Head Minister was about to say something, but another arrogant voice sounded –

"Hey! How dare you two lay your filthy hands on Young Master Gill!" Following the voice, a tough figure rushed through the crowd.

The arrogant man kicked the two soldiers who were carrying Gill away aggressively, then quickly picked Gill up gently and sucked up to him as if he was their loyal dog.

He turned around and started yelling at the lightly wounded soldiers around him, "Why are you guys standing there?! Are you guys blind? Go find a good stretcher and take Young Master Gill to rest...Shit, these injuries are so severe... Who the fuck did it? Come out!"

After hearing his question, Fei decided to make fun of this man. He stepped up proclaimed, "I did it."

The atmosphere on the defensive wall became silent all of a sudden. Deathly silence – no one spoke a word.

This man sensed that something was wrong. In his arms, Gill was trembling uncontrollably. It wasn't

because Gill was excited to see him, but because Gill was scared to death. This fatty trembled as he turned his head to look at Fei; he was scared of the deadly slaps. He had experienced it twice, and he never wanted to experience it a third time.

Fei didn't even look at Gill; he was observing this arrogant man. He was 6 feet tall and had messy blonde hair, which gave him a vicious look. A long, scary looking scar went from his forehead to his chin and an eyepatch covered his right eye; he looked just like 'Cyclops'. He looked very manly in his shiny armour, but the expression on his face revealed his ugliness.

Brook whispered into Fei's ear, "He is the Military Judge, Conca."

Fei nodded. At this moment-

"Oh, it's King Alexander. Ha, what should I say? Why are you here making a mess on the defensive wall? You should be staying at the palace. Let Gill go quickly, this is no joke!"

After seeing Fei step up, Conca wasn't nervous at all. He walked towards Fei and unwillingly bowed as he spoke. He didn't give a damn about the king.

This military judge had excused himself from the battle on day one and had hid ever since. He had no clue what happened yesterday, and didn't see the scene where Fei slapped Gill vigorously earlier. He thought Fei was still the retarded king who had the intelligence of a three year old.

"Dumbass!" Bazzar swore in his mind, he knew things were about to get worse. He bent his back slightly and started coughing intentionally.

But, the military judge thought he meant something else. Like a dog who got the appraisal from its master, after hearing Bazzar cough, Conca became more arrogant. He blocked Fei and started ordering soldiers around, "You bunch of dirty bugs! You should all die on the battlefield! Go now and find a stretcher! Remember, bring all the doctors in Chambord to Mr. Bazzar's mansion and heal Young Master Gill!"

"All the doctors are taking care of the wounded soldiers now. They don't have time..." Someone responded.

"See? He's awake now!" Fei sneered at Bazzar who was literally about to explode. He then said to Brook, "Let him loose; have two soldiers protect him. I need Mage Gill to do what a mage is supposed to do on the battlefield!"

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"Dumbass!" Buzzer swore in his mind, he knew things were about to get worse. He bent his back slightly and started coughing intentionally.

But, the military judge thought he meant something else. Like a dog who got the appraisal from its master, after hearing Buzzer cough, Conca became more arrogant. He blocked Fei and started ordering soldiers around, "You bunch of dirty bugs! You should all die on the battlefield! Go now and find a stretcher! Remember, bring all the doctors in Chambord to Mr. Buzzer's mansion and heal Young Master Gill!"

"All the doctors are taking care of the wounded soldiers now. They don't have time..." Someone responded.

"Those dirty low lives, let them all die! They are no comparison to Young Master Gill. Quick, quick, quick! Do what I said!" Conca didn't care at all.

But...

No one listened to him this time.

"Shit!" Buzzer thought again, but he didn't know how to wrap this situation up now.

After seeing that no one responded to his commands, Conca felt his prestige being challenged. He was mad, "You lowly slave! Dumb dirty bugs! Why are you guys still standing here? Aren't you guys afraid of the military laws?"

"Aren't you afraid of the military laws?" Someone asked him from behind.

"Me? Hahahahaha, military laws? I make the military laws! At Chambord, anything I say is a military law!" Conca who was enraged answered subconsciously.

However, he felt something was wrong right after he said it. He turned around and realized that the person who had asked the question was the 'retarded' King Alexander. He only worried for a little bit, then he felt relieved.

"What does a retard know? I can say whatever I want, just like always. Hahaha, what could he do?" Conca thought.

But-

"You reckless idiot!" An impatient sneer came from Fei.

Not even in Conca's wildest dreams would he imagine that the 'retarded' king would kick him on his back. An unstoppable force came from his behind and he flew forward uncontrollably.

"Ho...How?!"

Conca smashed into the defensive wall. Blood spurted out his mouth like a fountain. He was shocked; how was a retarded king able to kick him, a peak one star, almost two star warrior away like a sandbag?

"Did I miss something?"

Conca looked at Head Minister Bazzar as he was spurting blood, but he was surprised to find that the former 'acting' ruler of Chambord was standing aside quietly, not daring to say anything.

Conca had a history of being a mercenary. He may have looked tough and reckless, but he was a smart and tricky character. He moved to Chambord Kingdom two years ago; because of his one star warrior strength, Bazzar appreciated him and tried relentlessly to get him the position of Military Judge to keep him as a henchman. Conca didn't observe anything carefully so he missed a lot of key hints earlier. After he got kicked, he had finally realized that something was wrong; that retarded King Alexander...had changed!

Conca started thinking fast. He knew that he was in a big trouble. It looked like the retarded King Alexander was back in power again.

After he thought about it, he instantly understood the situation. He didn't even have time to care about his injuries. He flipped around and kneeled in front of Fei and started his act. He slapped himself and begged for mercy, "Please forgive me, Your Majesty! I...I was drunk...I don't know what I did....Please forgive me!"

The image of a 6 feet tall man kneeling on the ground and begging for mercy grossed everyone out.

"Please forgive me, Your Majesty! I'm sorry, I was drunk, please forgive me!" Conca didn't mind the

soldiers' disdain. He kept slapping himself and begging for mercy.

"You are sorry?" Fei sneered, "You are right! You should be sorry! You deserve to die!"

Fei walked to the two soldiers who were kicked by Conca. He picked them up and brushed the dirt and dust off of them. He then brought the two clueless soldiers in front of Conca, who was still kneeling and begging.

"Military Judge Conca, open your eyes! Are they the dirty bugs you were talking about? Open your fucking eyes and take a good look! Which of them aren't wounded? Which of them didn't bleed in battle? When they were defending the kingdom for four days straight without sleep, where were you? The Military Judge was the one who was supposed be here in the frontline, but what were you doing?"

The thunder-like roars horrified Conca, who kneeled even more. However, the soldiers on the defensive wall were pumped by what Fei said.

Some soldiers were shivering due to excitement; tears filled their eyes. What the king said spoke to their hearts.

"Dirty bugs? No! In my eyes, they are the cleanest people in Chambord. Blood stains and dirt? So what, that is a man's true honour! Those things will never cover up my warriors' pure souls...But you... you are the complete opposite. Although you're dressed in shiny and bright armour, they will never cover up your dirty, disgusting soul! If you call them dirty bugs, then what the fuck are you?!"