

Long Live the King Chapter 30

Time flew by. Like an ominous storm, a cruel battle was about to happen.

The enemies on the other side of the Zuli River seemed to finish getting into position. The siege was going to start soon. Brook began directing the soldiers to set up defense tools and mechanisms. The average young adults came onto defensive walls to help out with some simple and crude tools, such as wooden sticks and chopping axes.

However, the defensive power was still not enough. There were less than 400 soldiers from the King's Guards due to injuries and wounds and about 1,000 young adults who were just recruited with no military training. A total of less than 1,500 manpower was the strongest defense power Chambord could pull together.

This force was way too weak compared with the 2,000 well trained enemies.

Fortunately, Chambord had a ton of advantages due to terrain. But even under that advantage, Chambord's situation was still not optimistic.

A powerful warrior or mage was very important to wars on Azeroth continent. If enemies had one or two more fighters like Landes, then Chambord would be doomed.

Fei was extremely concerned about this.

The sun started to rise and the atmosphere was getting tense.

There seemed to be an invisible fire in the air. Most people felt a burning sensation in their chest every time they breathed.

Fei stood beside the watchtower and waited for the battle to arrive.

'Fatty' Gill was not too far away from Fei. His legs were shaking heavily from fear. The bloodiness of war had terrified this spoiled young master and his head went blank. Fortunately, Bazzar had sent a few loyal guards of his to protect Gill, or Gill would've already fainted.

What surprised Fei was that according to Brook, this red robed bastard didn't have any battle abilities. That's why Fei didn't pay attention to him after dealing with Conca and Oleg. Fei thought that he would escape from the defensive wall, but who knew that he walked onto the wall and stood beside his son.

"This tricky fox really cares about his son, huh? He does have some humanity... unexpected..."

Fei looked at Bazzar, but he didn't say anything. Everyone was waiting for the battle to begin.

On the other side of the moat.

The enemies had formed ten square formations. They approached Chambord step by step. Blades and lances shined under the sun.

On the defensive wall, it was quiet. Everyone could hear their own heart pumping.

Some of the new recruits' legs started to shake as well. Their hands were sweating like crazy; they almost couldn't hold onto their weapons anymore. A bloody battle was about to begin, and no one knew if they are able to survive this battle. But for their families, they couldn't back off.

"Tap, tap, tap, tap ---"

The enemies marched in unison. Like a black flood, they approached Chambord Castle slowly and steadily with a ton of pressure. Like drumsticks hitting the drum, the sounds hit the soldiers' heart. It became faster and faster, stifling everyone on the defensive wall.

The enemies at the front were positioned in a tower shield formation.

There were one hundred huge black shields that were 2 yard (2 metre) high, and had ferocious devil faces carved onto them. They protected all the enemies behind them and walked forward steadily, as if there were a horde of devils approaching Chambord. Their formation changed as they approached the stone bridge. In each row, the ten person formation reduced to three people, allowing them to pass the stone bridge without a problem. They were still stepping in unison as this happened.

There wasn't a single sound throughout the process. The enemies were like cruel and accurate killing machines, strictly and orderly operated. They demonstrated unbelievable discipline. Time flew by. Like an ominous storm, the cruel battle was about to happen.

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A powerful warrior or mage was very important to wars on Azeroth continent. If enemies had one or two more fighters like Lendes, then Chembord would be doomed.

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What surprised Fei was that according to Brook, this red-robed bastard didn't have any battle abilities. That's why Fei didn't pay attention to him after dealing with Conce and Oleg. Fei thought that he would escape from the defensive well, but who knew that he walked onto the well and stood beside his son.

"This tricky fox really cares about his son, huh? He does have some humanity... unexpected..."

Fei looked at Bezzer, but he didn't say anything. Everyone was waiting for the battle to begin.

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This made Fei even more uncertain about the battle that he had yet to begin. The enemy had a well-trained army, no question about it. Compared with the soldiers beside him, Fei knew that this battle was hard to win.

The distance between the two parties was shrinking fast.

In less than 10 minutes, the tower shield formation would step their feet onto Chembord's side of the moat. Once they did that, they would be in effective range of Chembord's archers, and the battle would begin.

"Tink!"

Brook drew out his sword and stepped onto the battlement and yelled, "Archers...Ready!"

"Creek, creek..." It was the sound of the archers pulling their bows. More than 100 longbows were pulled into a full moon shape. The shining tips of the arrows were like the grin of the Grim Reaper, waiting for Brook's command.

But, at that moment –

"Tep!"

The tower shield formation that was at the very front of the enemy's line stopped moving for some reason. The spear formation, swordsmen formation, archer formation and the other six formations behind them stopped moving successively.

The whole process was in uniform, as if it was only one person.

"What's this?"

After seeing that, Fei frowned. He didn't know what the enemy commander was thinking.

Brook was also confused, but he didn't relax at all. He yelled, "Archers ready, concentrate, no one is allowed to leave their positions!"

After he said that, there was a new change to the enemy's formation. Four black knights appeared in the formation slowly and walked to the front of the tower shield formation. The lead knight was holding a three yard long (3 metre) knight lance, and the tip of the lance was lugging a helmet.

Brook's face changed. He withdrew his sword and sprinted back to Fei; he lowered his voice and said, "Your Majesty, the enemies went to negotiate."

"Negotiate?" Fei was amused.

"So lugging a helmet on a lance means that the enemy wants to negotiate on Azeroth Continent..." Fei memorized this little tip; he may need to use it later.

"But these bastards have a great advantage, why do they want to negotiate?" Fei thought.

"Let them come closer!" Fei ordered Brook. He wanted to know what kind of trick the enemies' commander was playing.

"As you wish!"

Brook turned around and let a soldier signal the response of accepting the negotiation.

After seeing the response, the four knights rode their horses toward the defensive well and stopped under the main gate of Chembord.

"Following my master's command, let the King of Chembord come up and hear the order."

The black knight named [One] stomped his lance on the ground. He raised his head and yelled arrogantly. His one star warrior's strength allowed his voice to resound loud and clear on the well. Everyone on the defensive well heard it and felt the arrogance in the voice.

"Say what you fucking have to say!"

Fei yelled roughly on the defensive well. The attitude of this enemy irritated him, so he didn't bother to pretend to be nice.

Under the defensive well, the pupil of [One] contracted.

He didn't expect that the King of Chembord was the 'bull' that injured the three star warrior Lendes... "Shit! Didn't the information from our intelligence agency 'Eagle' say that the king was a retard? How did this happen?"

Far away. The silver masked knight who was observing all this on the other side of the river was a bit surprised as well.

But quickly, a smile came on his face, "This is getting more interesting. Sending a king to the colosseum, this amazing gimmick will surely get the interest of those noble ladies... Hehehe, it's more interesting than I imagined!"

Under the defensive wall.

"Mester is very generous and kind; he is willing to let you all live..." The black knight [One] yelled proudly, "Listen closely, King of Chembord. Mester said if you are willing to open the gates and surrender, the royalties and ministers and officers shall be protected by us. The citizens will only become slaves and not be killed..." after [One] said that, his tone changed. He sneered and threatened, "If you are so dumb and refuse to surrender, after we conquer your kingdom, we will massacre your kingdom for three days; not a single creature will survive!"

The black knight's words were heard clearly by everyone on the defensive wall.

People had different reactions. Bezzer, Oleg and some other ministers and officers started considering the 'suggestion' and were thinking about surrendering. Some citizens who were scared of death also wanted to surrender. Being a slave was better than being dead. Of course, there were people that showed disdain and held their weapons even tighter.

Everyone was looking at the young King Alexander.

The decision was up to the young king.

Fei didn't reject right away. He looked at everyone's face. After seeing everyone's expressions, he thought of something and said slowly, "I didn't expect the enemies to do this ... This is a hard choice, hehehe. Let's talk about it, what do you guys think?"

As soon as he finished, Werden Oleg stepped up impatiently.

This fletcherer smiled brightly and said, "My great king, Oleg is willing to die for you on the battlefield. However, I believe you should consider the enemies' suggestions. We only have less than 400 soldiers and everyone is wounded in some way. If we continue to defend, we probably wouldn't hold up and we will provoke the enemies even more. Then everyone in the castle will die... Oh, of course! I'm not scared

of dying; I'm just thinking for the whole kingdom."

Although he sounded as if he were caring, his facial expressions revealed his true feelings. A werden counted as an officer of Chembord, so he would be protected by the enemies. He wouldn't have to die, and wouldn't have to become a slave. As a coward, it was the best choice for Oleg.

Many people glanced disdainfully at Oleg as if they could shoot arrows with their eyes, but Oleg pretended that he didn't notice anything.