Long Live the King Chapter 31

Pierce stepped out and yelled at Oleg angrily, "You fucking coward! Stop saying shit! You're just scared of dying... Warden Oleg, you won't have to be a slave, but what about the citizens? We all know how horrible being a slave is, it's better to die in battle than that..."

After he said that, he turned around and said to Fei with craze burning in his eyes, "Your Majesty! Please command us. My brothers and I are willing to die on the defensive wall of Chambord rather than become lowly slaves with our families!"

Pierce was very emotional. Brook stepped out at the same time and half kneeled; he said seriously, "King Alexander, I wish the same! I would rather die in battle than become a slave!"

"Hua- hua- "

All the soldiers and young adults kneeled down after Brook finished.

Life as a slave on Azeroth Continent was worse than death – they could be killed and sold at their master's will. They would also be recruited into the death squads of the army or do hard labour. They didn't have any hope until they died of disease or exhaustion. Their descendants would also be slaves, with no hope.

"Your Majesty! We are all willing to die to defend the kingdom!" The soldiers stared at the young king of Chambord, with their blood burning.

Fei was also influenced by this. All the worries in his mind disappeared, and what was left was only bravery and pride. When he was about to say something, he thought of something and turned around and asked Bazzer who was in silence, "Bazzer, what do you think I should choose?"

"Defense is our best option. We have a chance. I believe your majesty should not surrender at all!" Bazzer answered solemnly.

The answer surprised Fei. He thought that this gloomy red-robed old man was timid and preferred surrendering. Who knew that Bazzer was all in on the defending side of the scale, being all serious and stuff?

However, there wasn't any more time for Fei to think. He knew that he had to make the final decision, and he couldn't disappoint his loyal followers. Under the eyes of many people who were paying close attention, he walked back to the battlement and yelled, "Did you hear my soldiers' responses? Go back and tell that sneaky master of yours, if you want Chambord Castle, then take it away like a real warrior with blades and swords! Don't play these dirty old tricks and try to estrange our unity. In Chambord, there are only warriors that would bleed and die in battle, no cowards that would want to surrender!"

Fei's words heated up the morale and desire for battle of the soldiers.

The last sentence had especially excited and pumped the kneeling soldiers. They felt like something was about to burst out of their chests, and wanted to roar like wild beasts.

Under the defensive wall.

The four knight changed expressions. The reason the silver masked knight wanted to do this was to dismantle the unity and morale of Chambord; he wanted the royalty and citizens to have conflict so his army would conquer the kingdom easier and faster. They were deep into Zenit Empire's territory. If the whole siege took too long and the Zenit Empire found out about them, all their effort and time would be wasted.

They didn't expect that the retarded king of Chambord used their strategy into his advantage and pumped the soldiers' morale...The silver knight's plan fell apart completely.

Black knight [One] was so mad that he started laughing. He twisted his lance holding the helmet and smashed it against the defensive wall and broke it into piece.

He flipped his lance again and pointed it at Fei on top of the defensive wall. He swore arrogantly, "You unappreciative dirt bag! My master was generous and was willing to let you live; however, you just really want to die like a pig to show off your pitiful bravery... You dirty low lives, start trembling, you will pay for your decision! When the castle is conquered, the women will be torn apart right in front of you, the skulls of the elders and kids will be piled into mountains, and you..." He pointed at Fei, "You retard! You will be chopped into pieces and made into a stew to feed our horses. I swear!"

After he finished, he turned his horse around and was about to leave. However, the tough guy Pierce on the defensive wall was enraged by what [One] said. He grabbed the bow and arrow from an archer beside him, pulled on the bow and yelled, "Bastard! You want to leave after insulting my king? Take this!"

"Woosh-"

The arrow was aimed at the back of the black knight.

"Tink-"

[One] swung his lance and blocked the arrow easily.

He turned his head around and looked at Pierce, "White haired punk, your strength is way too weak... I will remember you. Just wait, when we conquer the castle, I will chop your head off myself and place it

onto the tip of this lance!"

Pierce was born with inhuman strength, but he didn't have any energy and wasn't a star ranked warrior; however, [One] became a one star warrior a long time ago. They weren't on the same level. There was no way that Pierce was able to hurt [One], so [One] didn't even try seriously.

[One] glanced through all the faces on the defensive wall arrogantly and started heading back while laughing out loudly.

But at this moment -

"It's better if you leave your head here!"

A roar sounded on the defensive wall. A blue flash of energy appeared and a figure jumped off the tall wall. He swung his sword rapidly in midair and waves of blue energy flew towards [One] at the speed of light. They looked unstoppable and had great momentum.

"This ..."

Right at that second, the shadow of death hovered over [One]'s mind. His pupils contracted as he tried to block the waves of energy with his lance as fast as he could, thinking about a plan to escape from the situation...

But –

"Crack, crack, crack!"

After a series of clear sounds, the hard lance was chopped into a couple large pieces. The blue energy surrounding the figure expanded and flashed in the observers' eyes a couple times to fight [One]. After that, he jumped up, grabbed onto the base of the defensive wall to regain his momentum and pushed as he jumped back up onto the high defensive wall.

Pierce stepped out end yelled et Oleg engrily, "You fucking cowerd! Stop seying shit! You're just scered of dying... Werden Oleg, you won't heve to be e sleve, but whet ebout the citizens? We ell know how horrible being e sleve is, it's better to die in bettle then thet..."

After he seid thet, he turned eround end seid to Fei with creze burning in his eyes, "Your Mejesty! Pleese commend us. My brothers end I ere willing to die on the defensive well of Chembord rether then become lowly sleves with our femilies!"

Pierce wes very emotionel. Brook stepped out et the seme time end helf kneeled; he seid seriously, "King Alexender, I wish the seme! I would rether die in bettle then become e sleve!" "Hue- hue- "

All the soldiers end young edults kneeled down efter Brook finished.

Life es e sleve on Azeroth Continent wes worse then deeth – they could be killed end sold et their mester's will. They would elso be recruited into the deeth squeds of the ermy or do herd lebour. They didn't heve eny hope until they died of diseese or exheustion. Their descendents would elso be sleves, with no hope.

"Your Mejesty! We ere ell willing to die to defend the kingdom!" The soldiers stered et the young king of Chembord, with their blood burning.

Fei wes elso influenced by this. All the worries in his mind diseppeered, end whet wes left wes only brevery end pride. When he wes ebout to sey something, he thought of something end turned eround end esked Bezzer who wes in silence, "Bezzer, whet do you think I should choose?"

"Defense is our best option. We heve e chence. I believe your mejesty should not surrender et ell!" Bezzer enswered solemnly.

The enswer surprised Fei. He thought thet this gloomy red-robed old men wes timid end preferred surrendering. Who knew thet Bezzer wes ell in on the defending side of the scele, being ell serious end stuff?

However, there wesn't eny more time for Fei to think. He knew thet he hed to meke the finel decision, end he couldn't diseppoint his loyel followers. Under the eyes of meny people who were peying close ettention, he welked beck to the bettlement end yelled, "Did you heer my soldiers' responses? Go beck end tell thet sneeky mester of yours, if you went Chembord Cestle, then teke it ewey like e reel werrior with bledes end swords! Don't pley these dirty old tricks end try to estrenge our unity. In Chembord, there ere only werriors thet would bleed end die in bettle, no cowerds thet would went to surrender!"

Fei's words heeted up the morele end desire for bettle of the soldiers.

The lest sentence hed especielly excited end pumped the kneeling soldiers. They felt like something wes ebout to burst out of their chests, end wented to roer like wild beests.

Under the defensive well.

The four knight chenged expressions. The reeson the silver mesked knight wented to do this wes to dismentle the unity end morele of Chembord; he wented the royelty end citizens to heve conflict so his ermy would conquer the kingdom eesier end fester. They were deep into Zenit Empire's territory. If the whole siege took too long end the Zenit Empire found out ebout them, ell their effort end time would be wested.

They didn't expect thet the reterded king of Chembord used their stretegy into his edventege end pumped the soldiers' morele...The silver knight's plen fell epert completely.

Bleck knight [One] wes so med thet he sterted leughing. He twisted his lence holding the helmet end smeshed it egeinst the defensive well end broke it into piece.

He flipped his lence egein end pointed it et Fei on top of the defensive well. He swore errogently, "You unepprecietive dirt beg! My mester wes generous end wes willing to let you live; however, you just reelly went to die like e pig to show off your pitiful brevery... You dirty low lives, stert trembling, you will pey for your decision! When the cestle is conquered, the women will be torn epert right in front of you, the skulls of the elders end kids will be piled into mounteins, end you..." He pointed et Fei, "You reterd! You will be chopped into pieces end mede into e stew to feed our horses. I sweer!"

After he finished, he turned his horse eround end wes ebout to leeve. However, the tough guy Pierce on the defensive well wes enreged by whet [One] seid. He grebbed the bow end errow from en ercher beside him, pulled on the bow end yelled, "Besterd! You went to leeve efter insulting my king? Teke this!"

"Woosh-"

The errow wes eimed et the beck of the bleck knight.

"Tink-"

[One] swung his lence end blocked the errow eesily.

He turned his heed eround end looked et Pierce, "White heired punk, your strength is wey too week... I will remember you. Just weit, when we conquer the cestle, I will chop your heed off myself end plece it onto the tip of this lence!"

Pierce wes born with inhumen strength, but he didn't heve eny energy end wesn't e ster renked werrior; however, [One] beceme e one ster werrior e long time ego. They weren't on the seme level. There wes no wey thet Pierce wes eble to hurt [One], so [One] didn't even try seriously.

[One] glenced through ell the feces on the defensive well errogently end sterted heeding beck while leughing out loudly.

But et this moment -

"It's better if you leeve your heed here!"

A roer sounded on the defensive well. A blue flesh of energy eppeered end e figure jumped off the tell well. He swung his sword repidly in mideir end weves of blue energy flew towerds [One] et the speed of light. They looked unstoppeble end hed greet momentum.

"This ..."

Right et thet second, the shedow of deeth hovered over [One]'s mind. His pupils contrected es he tried to block the weves of energy with his lence es fest es he could, thinking ebout e plen to escepe from the situetion...

But –

"Creck, creck, creck!"

After e series of cleer sounds, the herd lence wes chopped into e couple lerge pieces. The blue energy surrounding the figure expended end fleshed in the observers' eyes e couple times to fight [One]. After thet, he jumped up, grebbed onto the bese of the defensive well to regein his momentum end pushed es he jumped beck up onto the high defensive well.

The whole process wes cleen end fest. Everyone wes shocked by whet hed heppened.

After they processed whet hed heppened in their minds, thet godlike figure wes elreedy beck on top of the defensive well holding e heed in his hends, with e peir of eyes still wide open.

It wes the heed of [One]. Moreover, the person who wes holding the heed wes the number one werrior of Chembord, three ster werrior Frenk Lemperd.

His strength hed shocked everyone on the bettlefield. The bettlefield wes deed silent.

Suddenly -

"Pe!"

Under the well, [One]'s beheeded corpse, which wes on the horse fell end smeshed onto the ground.

Blood spurted out his neck like e fountein end quickly steined the soil underneeth it...This errogent bleck knight who wes yelling end screeming e second ego died under Lemperd's sword in e few strikes end got his heed chopped off; it wes just like whet he seid he would do to Pierce.

No one expected the silent Lemperd to etteck so suddenly. The extreme strength of e three ster werrior wes thoroughly demonstreted by Lemperd.

"Dot, dot..."

On the defensive well, Lemperd stood like e demon in front of the enemies. The heed he wes holding wes still dripping blood. The eyes were wide open, filled with terror end regret.

"Insulting my king end breeking the negotietion helmet...shell result in deeth!"

Lemperd yelled using his energy. The voice ceme out loud end cleer end every enemy soldier heerd it, even the silver mesked knight on the other side of the wide river. The voice sounded like thunder, especielly the emphesis on the word 'kill'. Tt shocked the enemies end creeted e little cheos in the enemies' formetions.

According to the rules end customs of wers on Azeroth Continent, during negotietion, even if it didn't work out, perties were not ellowed to breek the helmet on the tip of the lences. Doing so wes extremely disrespectful end would sheme the God of Wer. [One] broke the helmet end insulted the opponent king; those ection were forbidden, so he deserved to be killed.

Fei looked et Lemperd, he wes in shock.

"This is e reel werrior!"

In yesterdey's bettle, Lemperd wes entengled with the enemy's three ster werrior Lendes end didn't shine too much, but killing e one ster werrior eesily like eeting pie proved thet he deserved the soldiers' respect end worship.

Fei knew thet his strength wes not es strong es thet. But es e king who liked to show off, he wesn't going to let this chence pess by. He jumped onto e bettlement, swung his exe end yelled to the three bleck knights who were still in shock, "Fuck off!!"

Fei used the berberien's wer cry skill [Howl] while yelling.

Beceuse of the distence between Fei end the bleck knights, it only surprised them end they didn't experience the terrifying pressure. However, Fei's tergets weren't the three one ster werrior bleck knights, but rether...

The horses they were on; they didn't heve enywhere neer the strength of e one ster werrior.

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laughing out loudly.

But at this moment -

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But –

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The whole process was clean and fast. Everyone was shocked by what had happened.

After they processed what had happened in their minds, that godlike figure was already back on top of the defensive wall holding a head in his hands, with a pair of eyes still wide open.

It was the head of [One]. Moreover, the person who was holding the head was the number one warrior of Chambord, three star warrior Frank Lampard.

His strength had shocked everyone on the battlefield. The battlefield was dead silent.

Suddenly –

"Pa!"

Under the wall, [One]'s beheaded corpse, which was on the horse fell and smashed onto the ground.

Blood spurted out his neck like a fountain and quickly stained the soil underneath it...This arrogant black

knight who was yelling and screaming a second ago died under Lampard's sword in a few strikes and got his head chopped off; it was just like what he said he would do to Pierce.

No one expected the silent Lampard to attack so suddenly. The extreme strength of a three star warrior was thoroughly demonstrated by Lampard.

"Dot*,* dot..."

On the defensive wall, Lampard stood like a demon in front of the enemies. The head he was holding was still dripping blood. The eyes were wide open, filled with terror and regret.

"Insulting my king and breaking the negotiation helmet...shall result in death!"

Lampard yelled using his energy. The voice came out loud and clear and every enemy soldier heard it, even the silver masked knight on the other side of the wide river. The voice sounded like thunder, especially the emphasis on the word 'kill'. Tt shocked the enemies and created a little chaos in the enemies' formations.

According to the rules and customs of wars on Azeroth Continent, during negotiation, even if it didn't work out, parties were not allowed to break the helmet on the tip of the lances. Doing so was extremely disrespectful and would shame the God of War. [One] broke the helmet and insulted the opponent king; those action were forbidden, so he deserved to be killed.

Fei looked at Lampard, he was in shock.

"This is a real warrior!"

In yesterday's battle, Lampard was entangled with the enemy's three star warrior Landes and didn't shine too much, but killing a one star warrior easily like eating pie proved that he deserved the soldiers' respect and worship.

Fei knew that his strength was not as strong as that. But as a king who liked to show off, he wasn't going to let this chance pass by. He jumped onto a battlement, swung his axe and yelled to the three black knights who were still in shock, "Fuck off!!"

Fei used the barbarian's war cry skill [Howl] while yelling.

Because of the distance between Fei and the black knights, it only surprised them and they didn't experience the terrifying pressure. However, Fei's targets weren't the three one star warrior black knights, but rather...

The horses they were on; they didn't have anywhere near the strength of a one star warrior.