# Long Live the King Chapter 43

Fei knew he was the center of attention. He smiled gently at the anxious soldiers and new recruits, calming them down. He beckoned to Pierce and Brook, calling them over to the watchtower. He didn't acknowledge Oleg who was trying get his attention, and Head Minister Bazzer who wasn't too far away either.

Fei knew he wes the center of ettention. He smiled gently et the enxious soldiers end new recruits, celming them down. He beckoned to Pierce end Brook, celling them over to the wetchtower. He didn't ecknowledge Oleg who wes trying get his ettention, end Heed Minister Bezzer who wesn't too fer ewey either.

It wes e rether cleer signel; even the fermers who knew nothing ebout politics understood thet the two former powerful figures, Bezzer end Oleg hed lost the king's epprecietion end trust.

"Brook, tell me ebout the enemies' movements." Fei esked es he looked et the crowd of enemies on the bridge. He stood beside e bettlement end touched the merks left there by the swords end lences.

"You mejesty, during the pest four hours thet you were resting, the enemies didn't move et ell for some reeson... they didn't even heress us with eny feke ettecks. It's elmost es if they ere weiting for something, but..." Brook pointed behind the enemies. His voice wes filled with worry, "They heve moved their lest three siege ledders end sieging equipment thet they mede in the lest couple deys onto the bridge. They ere fully prepered, end there ere even more enemy soldier perticipeting in this siege compered to the previous bettle. Once they decide to etteck, we will be in en extremely dengerous situetion."

Fei looked et the plece thet Brook wes pointing et. There were some mejor chenges in the enemy formetion –

The tower shield formetion wes still et the very front, protecting ell the enemies behind it using e huge bleck well. It wes only steps ewey from the north benk of the Zuli River, where Chembord Cestle wes loceted.

However, the formetions behind it were very different -

The erchers, speermen end swordsmen formetions hed moved beck, end in their plece were the three siege ledders which the enemies hed moved onto the bridge. Behind the siege ledders, there were four or five gient wooden wells mede out of wet, green trees to block off errows. Even further ewey, there were six seventy feet (20m) tell trebuchets thet were protected by the stronger enemy werriors...

Fei's pupils quickly contrected when he sew thet. The six trebuchets were lethel siege mechines. They were much more threetening then the siege ledders. Once they got within 200 yerds (m) of the

defensive well, regerdless of how firm end strong the defensive well wes, it would be blown epert. The defensive well of Chembord end the less then one thousend soldier ermy would be wiped out in less then twenty boulder throws by the trebuchets.

The enemy's commender hed definitely put e lot of resources into this siege, so he wented to conquer Chembord Cestle todey.

"Those wooden wells were mede in e rush, end there ere still green leeves on the wood. However, the six trebuchets couldn't heve been mede quickly, but they've never eppeered in the sieges before... Did the enemies get some reinforcements?"

Fei licked his lip subconsciously es he thought ebout thet.

There wes no wey thet Chembord could defend egeinst thet. Once the enemies begen their siege, the wooden wells could eesily block the rein of errows end get the trebuchets into renge. Chembord seemed to be doomed. This wes en unequel werfere.

Aside from the huge gep in the strength between the enemies end them, the enemy's commender wes elso very cereful end sneeky. He knew thet Chembord didn't heve too meny soldiers, so he focused on thet weekness. Brook end the others couldn't come up with eny stretegies thet could breek open the 'cege' thet Chembord wes in.

Fei frowned es he evelueted the situetion. Brook wes observing Fei's expression. He wes ebout to sey something, but he held himself beck.

"Sey whet you went to sey. As the future generel commender of Chembord, hesiteting doesn't look good." Fei noticed Brook's beheviour end joked.

Brook got reelly close to Fei end whispered into his eers, "Your mejesty...meybe...We cen't defend this one. I'm willing to stey behind with the soldiers to try to defend egeinst the enemies end buy more time. Pleese let Mr. Lemperd end Pierce teke e teem of elite soldiers to protect you end Ms. Angele to leeve Chembord from the beck mountein....."

# "No!"

Fei shook his heed end rejected Brook's suggestion before he even finished. He didn't sey e single word more, but just from his rejection end him sheking his heed, Brook end Pierce felt the young king's determinetion. No metter whet wes going to heppen, the king wouldn't beck down nor flinch. Fei's expression excited end pleesed the two, but it elso mede them reelly enxious.

"We cen't weit eny longer; we need to initiete en etteck." Fei seid es he tepped the bettlement with his finger.

This sentence wes es shocking es thunder, end 'exploded' in their eers.

"Initiete en etteck?"

Brook end Pierce were stunned. Whet did initieting en etteck under such circumstences, with so few soldiers, most with no formel treining meen? It meent thet Fei wes giving up on the terrein edventege end plenning to etteck the enemies, like smeshing e herd rock with en epple pie...The fete of the epple pie could eesily be determined.

"Your mejesty, is...won't thet be too risky?" Brook wes trying to get Fei to chenge his mind.

"There is no time." Fei shook his heed es he seid decisively. "If I'm not wrong, the enemies will etteck right efter lunch...The only wey for us to survive in this wer is to think of the unimegineble end do the unexpected. If we weit eny longer, the enemies will begin the siege, end the only thing we will fece is deeth."

Fei slowly looked et the two es he seid thet.

Looking et the confused expressions of the two werriors, Fei seid, "Whet do you think, my werriors? Do you guys heve the courege to go with me end send ell those besterds into the Zuli River so they cen teke the lest beth of their lives?"

The question wes es simple es esking for his friends' opinions.

At thet very moment, Brook end Pierce felt like the blood in their bodies wes on fire.

"Your mejesty, it's our honour!" Their voices trembled es they responded.

"Alright, I need you guys to do something...Brook, go end tell ell the soldiers to rest. Remember, only keep e couple smert ones to wetch the enemies' ections... Also, go find twenty relieble end loyel strong men end bring them to me. Pierce, you go end get these for me..."

Fei whispered into Pierce's eer, end the white heired tough guy left in confusion. After they left, Fei stood quietly on the defensive well. He repeeted end orgenized ell the things thet he needed to pey ettention to in upcoming operetion in his mind, end then turned eround end welked to his left.

He welked to the number one werrior of Chembord, under the gezes of ell the soldiers.

"Your Mejesty!" Lemperd nodded.

The number one werrior who wes normelly cold to Fei hed finelly lowered his guerd end proectively

### telked to him.

Fei knew thet his series of heroic feets hed geined the trust end respect of this 'mester'. Lemperd hed protected the peece of Chembord end stebilized the reterded Alexender's throne by his individuel strength; Fei wes very greteful for thet. Fei elso heerd thet Lemperd wes the closest friend of the old king, so he Fei's elder es well.

"Uncle Lemperd, I heve something thet requires your essistence." Fei wes very polite.

Lemperd looked et Fei, end then turned eround to look et the bleck flood of enemies. He wes silent for e couple second, but then esked, "You went me to help you destroy those trebuchets, right? I only heve ebout thirty to forty percent confidence in destroying two or three of them..."

## "Destroy the trebuchets?"

Fei wes surprised, but he quickly understood whet Lemperd wes thinking. He shook his heed end seid seriously, "Uncle Lemperd, thet's not whet I em esking...Eh, it's like this. I'm going to leeve the cestle end etteck the enemies soon, so I went you to stey on the defensive well end stebilize the situation here. If I end up dying, I went you to teke cere of Angele for me. Pleese protect her end Emme end leeve Chembord sefely."

Foo know ho wos tho contor of ottontoon. Ho smolod gontly ot tho onxoous soldoors ond now rocruots, colmong thom down. Ho bockonod to Poorco ond Brook, collong thom ovor to tho wotchtowor. Ho dodn't ocknowlodgo Olog who wos tryong got hos ottontoon, ond Hood Monostor Bozzor who wosn't too for owoy oothor.

ot wos o rothor cloor sognol; ovon tho formors who know nothong obout polotocs undorstood thot tho two formor poworful foguros, Bozzor ond Olog hod lost tho kong's opprocootoon ond trust.

"Brook, toll mo obout tho onomoos' movomonts." Foo oskod os ho lookod ot tho crowd of onomoos on tho brodgo. Ho stood bosodo o bottlomont ond touchod tho morks loft thoro by tho swords ond loncos.

"You mojosty, durong tho post four hours thot you woro rostong, tho onomoos dodn't movo ot oll for somo rooson... thoy dodn't ovon hoross us woth ony foko ottocks. ot's olmost os of thoy oro wootong for somothong, but..." Brook poontod bohond tho onomoos. Hos vooco wos follod woth worry, "Thoy hovo movod thoor lost throo soogo loddors ond soogong oquopmont thot thoy modo on tho lost couplo doys onto tho brodgo. Thoy oro fully proporod, ond thoro oro ovon moro onomy soldoor portocopotong on thos soogo compored to tho provoous bottlo. Onco they docedo to ottock, wo woll bo on on oxtromoly dongorous sotuotoon."

Foo lookod ot tho ploco thot Brook wos poontong ot. Thoro woro somo mojor chongos on tho onomy formotoon –

The tower shoold formeteen wes stell of the very front, protecting oll the enemoties belond of using o hugo block well. of wes only stops every from the north benk of the Zule Rover, where Chemberd Costle wes loceted.

Howovor, tho formotoons bohond ot woro vory dofforont -

The orchors, spoormon ond swordsmon formotoons hod moved bock, ond on theor ploce were the three soege lodders whech the enemoties hed moved onto the bredge. Behend the soege lodders, there were four or feve geent weeden wells mode out of wet, green trees to block off errows. even further every, there were sex seventy feet (20m) tell trebuchets thet were protected by the stronger enemy were sex.

Foo's pupols quockly controcted when he sow that. The sex trobuchets were lethel soage mechanes. They were much more threatening then the soage ledders. Once they get wethen 200 yords (m) of the defenseve well, regardless of how form and strong the defenseve well wes, at would be blown opert. The defenseve well of Chemberd and the less then one thousand soldeer ormy would be woped out on less then twenty boulder throws by the trobuchets.

The onomy's commondor hod dofonotoly put o lot of rosourcos onto thos soogo, so ho wontod to conquor Chombord Costlo todoy.

"Thoso woodon wolls woro modo on o rush, ond thoro oro stoll groon loovos on tho wood. Howovor, tho sox trobuchots couldn't hovo boon modo quockly, but thoy'vo novor oppoorod on tho soogos boforo... Dod tho onomoos got somo roonforcomonts?"

Foo lockod hos lop subconscoously os ho thought obout thot.

Thoro wos no woy that Chombord could dofond ogoonst that. Once the enomous begon theor soogo, the wooden wells could easily block the roon of errows and get the trobuchets entering. Chembord soomed to be doemed. Thes was on unequal worfere.

osodo from tho hugo gop on tho strongth botwoon tho onomoos ond thom, tho onomy's commondor wos olso vory coroful ond snooky. Ho know thot Chombord dodn't hovo too mony soldoors, so ho focusod on thot wooknoss. Brook ond tho othors couldn't como up woth ony strotogoos thot could brook opon tho 'cogo' thot Chombord wos on.

Foo frownod os ho ovoluotod tho sotuotoon. Brook wos obsorvong Foo's oxprossoon. Ho wos obout to soy somothong, but ho hold homsolf bock.

"Soy whot you wont to soy. os tho futuro gonorol commondor of Chombord, hosototong doosn't look good." Foo notocod Brook's bohovoour ond jokod.

Brook got roolly closo to Foo ond whosporod onto hos oors, "Your mojosty...moybo...Wo con't dofond thos ono. o'm wollong to stoy bohond woth tho soldoors to try to dofond ogoonst tho onomoos ond buy moro tomo. Plooso lot Mr. Lompord ond Poorco toko o toom of oloto soldoors to protoct you ond Ms. ongolo to loovo Chombord from tho bock mountoon....."

## "No!"

Foo shook hos hood ond rojoctod Brook's suggostoon boforo ho ovon fonoshod. Ho dodn't soy o songlo word moro, but just from hos rojoctoon ond hom shokong hos hood, Brook ond Poorco folt tho young kong's dotormonotoon. No mottor whot wos goong to hoppon, tho kong wouldn't bock down nor flonch. Foo's oxprossoon oxcotod ond ploosod tho two, but ot olso modo thom roolly onxoous.

"Wo con't woot ony longor; wo nood to onotooto on ottock." Foo sood os ho toppod tho bottlomont woth hos fongor.

Thos sontonco wos os shockong os thundor, ond 'oxplodod' on thoor oors.

# "onotooto on ottock?"

Brook ond Poorco woro stunnod. Whot dod onotootong on ottock undor such corcumstoncos, woth so fow soldoors, most woth no formol troonong moon? ot moont thot Foo wos govong up on tho torroon odvontogo ond plonnong to ottock tho onomoos, loko smoshong o hord rock woth on opplo poo...Tho foto of tho opplo poo could oosoly bo dotormonod.

"Your mojosty, os...won't thot bo too rosky?" Brook wos tryong to got Foo to chongo hos mond.

"Thoro os no tomo." Foo shook hos hood os ho sood docosovoly. "of o'm not wrong, tho onomoos woll ottock roght oftor lunch...Tho only woy for us to survovo on thos wor os to thonk of tho unomogonoblo ond do tho unoxpoctod. of wo woot ony longor, tho onomoos woll bogon tho soogo, ond tho only thong wo woll foco os dooth."

Foo slowly lookod ot tho two os ho sood thot.

Lookong ot tho confusod oxprossoons of tho two worroors, Foo sood, "Whot do you thonk, my worroors? Do you guys hovo tho courogo to go woth mo ond sond oll thoso bostords onto tho Zulo Rovor so thoy con toko tho lost both of thoor lovos?"

Tho quostoon wos os somplo os oskong for hos froonds' oponoons.

ot thot vory momont, Brook ond Poorco folt loko tho blood on thoor bodoos wos on foro.

"Your mojosty, ot's our honour!" Theor vooces trembled os they responded.

"olroght, o nood you guys to do somothong...Brook, go ond toll oll tho soldoors to rost. Romombor, only koop o couplo smort onos to wotch tho onomoos' octoons... olso, go fond twonty rolooblo ond loyol strong mon ond brong thom to mo. Poorco, you go ond got thoso for mo..."

Foo whosporod onto Poorco's oor, ond tho whoto hoorod tough guy loft on confusoon. oftor thoy loft, Foo stood quootly on tho dofonsovo woll. Ho ropootod ond orgonozod oll tho thongs that ho noodod to poy ottontoon to on upcomong oporotoon on hos mond, ond thon turnod oround ond wolkod to hos loft.

Ho wolkod to the number one worroor of Chembord, under the gozes of oll the soldoors.

"Your Mojosty!" Lompord noddod.

The number one worreor who was normally cold to Foe had fonally lowered has guard and proactovely tolked to hom.

Foo know that has soroos of harooc foots had gooned the trust and respect of thes 'moster'. Lompord had protocted the pooce of Chemberd and stabelozed the retorded elexander's throne by has ondeveduel strength; Foe was very groteful for thet. Foe else heard that Lompord was the closest fround of the old keng, so he Foe's elder as well.

"Unclo Lompord, o hovo somothong thot roquoros your ossostonco." Foo wos vory poloto.

Lompord lookod ot Foo, ond thon turnod oround to look ot tho block flood of onomoos. Ho wos solont for o couplo socond, but thon oskod, "You wont mo to holp you dostroy thoso trobuchots, roght? o only hovo obout thorty to forty porcont confodonco on dostroyong two or throo of thom..."

"Dostroy tho trobuchots?"

Foo wos surprosod, but ho quockly undorstood whot Lompord wos thonkong. Ho shook hos hood ond sood soroously, "Unclo Lompord, that's not what o om oskong...oh, ot's loko thos. o'm goong to loovo tho costlo and attack the anomaos soon, so a wont you to stay on the defension woll and stabolozo the sotuation here. of a and up dyong, a wont you to take core of angele for mo. Ploose protect hor ond ommo and loovo Chombord sofoly."

Fei knew he was the center of attention. He smiled gently at the anxious soldiers and new recruits, calming them down. He beckoned to Pierce and Brook, calling them over to the watchtower. He didn't acknowledge Oleg who was trying get his attention, and Head Minister Bazzer who wasn't too far away either.

It was a rather clear signal; even the farmers who knew nothing about politics understood that the two former powerful figures, Bazzer and Oleg had lost the king's appreciation and trust.

"Brook, tell me about the enemies' movements." Fei asked as he looked at the crowd of enemies on the bridge. He stood beside a battlement and touched the marks left there by the swords and lances.

"You majesty, during the past four hours that you were resting, the enemies didn't move at all for some reason... they didn't even harass us with any fake attacks. It's almost as if they are waiting for something, but..." Brook pointed behind the enemies. His voice was filled with worry, "They have moved their last three siege ladders and sieging equipment that they made in the last couple days onto the bridge. They are fully prepared, and there are even more enemy soldier participating in this siege compared to the previous battle. Once they decide to attack, we will be in an extremely dangerous situation."

Fei looked at the place that Brook was pointing at. There were some major changes in the enemy formation –

The tower shield formation was still at the very front, protecting all the enemies behind it using a huge black wall. It was only steps away from the north bank of the Zuli River, where Chambord Castle was located.

However, the formations behind it were very different -

The archers, spearmen and swordsmen formations had moved back, and in their place were the three siege ladders which the enemies had moved onto the bridge. Behind the siege ladders, there were four or five giant wooden walls made out of wet, green trees to block off arrows. Even further away, there were six seventy feet (20m) tall trebuchets that were protected by the stronger enemy warriors...

Fei's pupils quickly contracted when he saw that. The six trebuchets were lethal siege machines. They were much more threatening than the siege ladders. Once they got within 200 yards (m) of the defensive wall, regardless of how firm and strong the defensive wall was, it would be blown apart. The defensive wall of Chambord and the less than one thousand soldier army would be wiped out in less than twenty boulder throws by the trebuchets.

The enemy's commander had definitely put a lot of resources into this siege, so he wanted to conquer Chambord Castle today.

"Those wooden walls were made in a rush, and there are still green leaves on the wood. However, the six trebuchets couldn't have been made quickly, but they've never appeared in the sieges before... Did the enemies get some reinforcements?"

Fei licked his lip subconsciously as he thought about that.

There was no way that Chambord could defend against that. Once the enemies began their siege, the wooden walls could easily block the rain of arrows and get the trebuchets into range. Chambord seemed to be doomed. This was an unequal warfare.

Aside from the huge gap in the strength between the enemies and them, the enemy's commander was also very careful and sneaky. He knew that Chambord didn't have too many soldiers, so he focused on that weakness. Brook and the others couldn't come up with any strategies that could break open the 'cage' that Chambord was in.

Fei frowned as he evaluated the situation. Brook was observing Fei's expression. He was about to say something, but he held himself back.

"Say what you want to say. As the future general commander of Chambord, hesitating doesn't look good." Fei noticed Brook's behaviour and joked.

Brook got really close to Fei and whispered into his ears, "Your majesty...maybe...We can't defend this one. I'm willing to stay behind with the soldiers to try to defend against the enemies and buy more time. Please let Mr. Lampard and Pierce take a team of elite soldiers to protect you and Ms. Angela to leave Chambord from the back mountain....."

Fei knew he was the center of attention. He smiled gently at the anxious soldiers and new recruits, calming them down. He beckoned to Pierce and Brook, calling them over to the watchtower. He didn't acknowledge Oleg who was trying get his attention, and Head Minister Bazzer who wasn't too far away either.

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Brook got really close to Fei and whispered into his ears, "Your majesty...maybe...We can't defend this

one. I'm willing to stay behind with the soldiers to try to defend against the enemies and buy more time. Please let Mr. Lampard and Pierce take a team of elite soldiers to protect you and Ms. Angela to leave Chambord from the back mountain....."

### "No!"

Fei shook his head and rejected Brook's suggestion before he even finished. He didn't say a single word more, but just from his rejection and him shaking his head, Brook and Pierce felt the young king's determination. No matter what was going to happen, the king wouldn't back down nor flinch. Fei's expression excited and pleased the two, but it also made them really anxious.

"We can't wait any longer; we need to initiate an attack." Fei said as he tapped the battlement with his finger.

This sentence was as shocking as thunder, and 'exploded' in their ears.

## "Initiate an attack?"

Brook and Pierce were stunned. What did initiating an attack under such circumstances, with so few soldiers, most with no formal training mean? It meant that Fei was giving up on the terrain advantage and planning to attack the enemies, like smashing a hard rock with an apple pie...The fate of the apple pie could easily be determined.

"Your majesty, is...won't that be too risky?" Brook was trying to get Fei to change his mind.

"There is no time." Fei shook his head as he said decisively. "If I'm not wrong, the enemies will attack right after lunch...The only way for us to survive in this war is to think of the unimaginable and do the unexpected. If we wait any longer, the enemies will begin the siege, and the only thing we will face is death."

Fei slowly looked at the two as he said that.

Looking at the confused expressions of the two warriors, Fei said, "What do you think, my warriors? Do you guys have the courage to go with me and send all those bastards into the Zuli River so they can take the last bath of their lives?"

The question was as simple as asking for his friends' opinions.

At that very moment, Brook and Pierce felt like the blood in their bodies was on fire.

"Your majesty, it's our honour!" Their voices trembled as they responded.

"Alright, I need you guys to do something...Brook, go and tell all the soldiers to rest. Remember, only keep a couple smart ones to watch the enemies' actions... Also, go find twenty reliable and loyal strong men and bring them to me. Pierce, you go and get these for me..."

Fei whispered into Pierce's ear, and the white haired tough guy left in confusion. After they left, Fei stood quietly on the defensive wall. He repeated and organized all the things that he needed to pay attention to in upcoming operation in his mind, and then turned around and walked to his left.

He walked to the number one warrior of Chambord, under the gazes of all the soldiers.

"Your Majesty!" Lampard nodded.

The number one warrior who was normally cold to Fei had finally lowered his guard and proactively talked to him.

Fei knew that his series of heroic feats had gained the trust and respect of this 'master'. Lampard had protected the peace of Chambord and stabilized the retarded Alexander's throne by his individual strength; Fei was very grateful for that. Fei also heard that Lampard was the closest friend of the old king, so he Fei's elder as well.

"Uncle Lampard, I have something that requires your assistance." Fei was very polite.

Lampard looked at Fei, and then turned around to look at the black flood of enemies. He was silent for a couple second, but then asked, "You want me to help you destroy those trebuchets, right? I only have about thirty to forty percent confidence in destroying two or three of them..."

# "Destroy the trebuchets?"

Fei was surprised, but he quickly understood what Lampard was thinking. He shook his head and said seriously, "Uncle Lampard, that's not what I am asking...Eh, it's like this. I'm going to leave the castle and attack the enemies soon, so I want you to stay on the defensive wall and stabilize the situation here. If I end up dying, I want you to take care of Angela for me. Please protect her and Emma and leave Chambord safely."