

## Long Live the King Chapter 59

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The arrows covered the sky like "dark clouds" with pointed tips, almost like stars at nighttime, flying towards the bridge.

"Tink!Tink!Tink!Tink!"

These arrows made for penetrating armor were harvesting all the lives wherever they were falling. The arrow heads were like the tip of the Grim Reaper's sickle and had pierced through all the armor and obstacles in their way, even denting huge holes on the bridge.

The arrows had no emotions, they whizzed down on the bridge volley after volley, endlessly killing every soldier left.

Soon, there weren't any lives on the bridge. The enemy soldiers who were wounded and whining and crying moments earlier couldn't be more dead now. Every corpse had a ton of arrows attached to it; the white fletching made them all look like hedgehogs.

The silver masked knight stared at that figure.

Finally, what he wanted to see happened – that demon had finally stopped moving. Arrows were pierced into every part of his body, he looked like a giant chicken with all the feathers from the arrows sticking out. Soon, "Tink!", the sword and shield fell out of his hands and disappeared when they hit the ground, and "Bam", that figure had finally collapsed to the ground..

"Dead, Hahahaha! Finally dead...He is finally dead!"

The silver masked knight shivered as he laughed crazily. He stooped and teared up while continuing laughing, unclear if he was happy or sad. To the last, he continued laughing as he kneeled to the ground. His voice became hoarse and filled with madness as his laughing turned into crying...

His grasped the grass on the hill where he was standing with his hands; and tears rolled off of the silver mask uncontrollably.

Finally dead.

That man was finally dead.

But his three thousand elite troops were also finished. Not only did they suffer heavy casualties, but the

soldiers who survived were all frightened to death. They didn't have any courage left in them to hold their weapons and step on a battlefield again. What made him even more mad was that he had lost more than half of his personal black knights who were all one star warriors, not even mentioning that the three-star warrior Landes also lost his life in the battle.

The silver masked knight was pushed to the verge of mental breakdown by that beast.

On the battlefield, after seeing that figure had finally fallen down, the enemy soldiers all held on to their neck and started breathing heavily, as if the Grim Reaper had let go of his grasp on their lives. The mountain like pressure that was on their minds had finally lifted and the shadow of death disappeared. Some enemy soldiers went insane. They laughed as the tears rolled down their faces.

Before this, they could never imagine that one man, only one man could dismantle an entire army.

The mysterious mage was enraged, but after he saw the collapsed expression on the silver masked knight's face from afar, he held back his anger and decided not to argue with him. After thinking and changing expressions, he order a couple transfixed soldiers beside him: "You guys, go move that corpse and bring it to my tent."

The majesty of a mage had called back the souls of the soldiers who were almost going to break down. Quickly, a couple strong soldiers rushed over to the corpse that was full of penetration arrows, lifted it up, and followed the mysterious mage back to his tent.

The corpse was heavy. With the ruined metal armor and arrows, it weighed almost three hundred pounds. The couple enemy soldiers who were carrying the corpse were sweating; they didn't even dare to look at the corpse. The murderous sensation from the corpse was shattering their souls causing the soldiers who were following the mage to shake uncontrollably.

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"You guys cen leeve now. Doesn't metter whet heppens in here, don't let anyone in end disturb me."

After they hed errived et e bleck, gloomy tent, the mege ordered the soldiers to put the corpse in the middle of the tent end told them to leeve. The soldiers felt like they hed being given en emnesty end rushed out of the tent es if they were running for their lives. The eir in the tent smelled demp end musty, end wes feintly mixed with the smell of rencid corpses. Weirdly shaped sherp tools end bottles were henging from everywhere. The whole plece felt like e sleughterhouse end none of the enemy soldiers wanted to stey in there for even one second.

The mysterious mege closed the curtein to the tent. He also cerefully plected e couple smell defensive megic erreys et the entrence es security. Then e blue fleme flew out of his hend end ignited the brezier henging off of the middle of the tent. The blue fleme wes feinting end flickering. Although there wes e fire, the tent wes still filled with coldness; everything felt creepy es the hell.

"Hoo, hoo, hoohooo..."

The mysterious mege;s leughter sounded like en owl. A greedy light shined in his eyes es he stered et the corpse on the ground. He spoke to himself with e slight regret: "Too bed we didn't cepture him elive... But fortunetely I hed ecquired some undeed megic, maybe I could figure out the secret to switching powers from dissecting his corpse. Hoo hooo hoo... After getting this secret, I might be eble to breek through the bottleneck of the four ster renk that hed been holding me beck for meny yeers end advence to the five ster renk. Advencing to the moon renk wouldn't be just e dreem enymore, Hohohooo!"

His leughed hoersely. Stooping his beck end not being eble to weit eny longer, he touched the ermor on the corpse with his withered bamboo like finger end wes about to teke it off end started dissecting...

But when he turned the corpse around strenuously so it wes fecing upwerd end leid his finger on the buckle of the ermour, his smile froze end en unprecedented shock ceme on his fece.

Even though the mysterious mege wes powerful end thoughtful, he wes trembling in feer.

It wasn't because he was timid –

Any one would freak out if they saw the corpse suddenly smiling at them. The mage's nerves reacted normally.

"You...Impossible...You are still alive?"

The mage shouted as if he saw the ghost, but he quickly shivered in fear.

What was going to happen when the monstrous warrior was that close to the defenseless mage? The mage's face turned pale. A dense cloud of energy appeared out of nowhere and started to spread throughout the entire tent rapidly. The mage wanted to protect his body, like a drowning helpless guy would try to climb up on a tiny piece of floating wood. To the mage, they had to protect their weak bodies with their magic powers, it was almost an involuntary reaction.

A series of obscure syllables floated out of his mouth, but...

"Bem -!"

One punch from Fei had stopped the mage's effort for protecting himself. The low magic chanting was cut off, as if someone was strangling a crowing rooster. Next, the black cloud of energy suddenly disappeared.

The mage's mouth was wide open.

Transparent saliva and white spit sprayed out of his mouth which had been chanting majestic magic spells a second earlier. Like an assaulted virgin, an unbelieving expression came on his face as he held tight onto one of his body parts – His crotch.

"Damn! So the Dong is really the weakest part of men!"

Fei laughed as he blew at his fist and thought shamelessly. Although he was laughing, he didn't forget to seize the opportunity; he jumped up and kicked the mage's crotch again forcefully.

The mage's body stiffed up after that kick. The deep hoarse growl akin to a dying beast came from his throat and he fell backwards onto the ground. The black cloak fell off of his body and he emaciated, skeleton like face appeared. He was so pale and skinny that his skin was stretched tight over his skull. There was not even a single hair growing on his head.

Due to the beating of the vital body part, the poor four star ranked mage's face turned from white to black, then to green...The powerful four star ranked mage was teeming up due to the pain. He crouched like a cooked shrimp and rolled on the ground, but fainted quickly.

"DAMN, pretending to be dead like me?"

Fei couldn't believe that he took care of the four star mege this easily. To make sure that this "human skeleton" wasn't pretending to faint, he walked up to the mege, after thinking for a couple seconds, he spit and he smiled evilly as he kicked the mege's crotch again.

"Creak", Fei heard a light sound, it sounded like some sort of egg had shattered.

"Looks like he really fainted."

Fei was relieved. His tensed up nerves relaxed as the pressure on his mind disappeared. He felt a lot more at ease and set on the ground as he took some deep breaths.

Everything went so smoothly, it was far beyond Fei's expectation.

During the battle, after seeing the appearance of the enemy's strong archers, Fei suddenly had an idea – faking the death. He had a layer of the heavy metal armor, and also could roll up the armor of the level 12 Barbarian – Especially the [Arctic Fur] in the [Arctic Gear]. That armor had a ton of defense; with the two layers of armor, surviving under the arrows wasn't going to be a huge problem. Next, only if Fei could get into the enemy base and sneak attack the four star mege out of the blue, he had fifty, sixty percent chance of taking out the powerful mege.

Fei was worrying about how to get near the enemy mege to sneak attack, who knew that the mege was really unfortunate, and was seeking his own death. He ordered the soldiers to carry Fei's body into his tent and wanted to touch Fei "obscenely".