## Long Live the King Chapter 63

Just like he thought, when he reached the gap on the collapsed bridge, he saw many people crying and yelling as they rushed out of the castle gates and stumbled as they ran towards the gap on the bridge. There were a lot of people standing on the other side of gap trying to get across...

Fei's heart was warmed. He used the Barbarian's [Leap]; like a giant bird, he whizzed in the air and reached the sixteen to seventeen yard (m) gap in a couple of jumps. He didn't pause and used another [Leap] to jump over the huge gap with the big package in his hand, and landed in the crowd on the other side.

"It's King Alexander..." someone cheered.

"Haha, I, blacksmith Harry knew you that were still alive, haha! How could those cowardly dog sh\*ts hurt you!" An old white haired man was excited to the point of tears after he saw Fei.

"King Alexander, you........ amazing! Bless you.....Thank the God of War for blessing my king!" A couple paupers who were holding farming tools as weapons kneeled down and prayed to thank the God of War for protecting their king.

After a moment of surprise, all the strongmen including Pierce and Drogba threw away the ropes they were trying use to get across the gap and rushed to Fei, crying as they clung onto his legs. Twenty or so fully armoured tough men who were covered in blood and didn't even frown when the blades and lances of the enemies penetrated their bodies were now crying like little kids.

Further away on the defensive wall.

Head Minister Bazzer's thin and dry body started to wobble as he saw that scene. He felt his vision darken and gold stars started to appear in front of him. His mouth was wide open, exposing his yellowish-black teeth. His gray hair was messed up by the blowing wind and he murmured to himself dully, "Impossible...This is impossible...He's still alive...How...Is he a monster? Still alive after being penetrated by hundreds of arrows? DAMN, DAMN, DAMN! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

The old man felt like he was about to go crazy. Gill who was gloating on the side felt like he lost the strength in his legs and fell on his butt. "Alexander isn't dead..." The fatty's sharp intuition told him that, "Shit! My luck is about to disappear, big trouble is about to come!"

Under the watchtower.

"Hum..." Angela slowly awakened, still in sorrow like a withering lily who hadn't even bloomed. Her eyes dimmed as they lost their luster. After hearing the cheers on the bridge, she turned her head and looked

at the bridge through her eyes that were still blurred by her tears. But at that moment, her sight was fixed. The girl's heart started to beat unquenchably; she saw the familiar and resolute figure standing on the bridge through her blurred vision. The sad girl quickly rubbed her eyes in astonishment... "Oh God of War, it's really him!!"

Liveliness and brilliance suddenly returned to the girl's soft and weak body.

"Alexander..."

Angela whispered and tears rolled off of her face uncontrollable. Despite crying once more, this time her tears were not those of heartbreak, but instead those of joy. She suddenly stood up, wiped off her tears quickly, picked up the edge of her long dress and ran off of the defensive wall like a happy bird in spite of Brook and Lampard blocking the path to protect her.

"I have to go see him!" The beautiful girl said to herself.

She had walked through the path from Chambord to the stone bridge countless times; watching the sunrises and sunsets on the defensive wall or the bridge to pray for the poor Alexander was something she often did. However, she never felt that the path was this long.

She wished that she could teleport to the man's arms instantly.

"Hey! Watch your steps...Angela...Slow down... Relax, wait for me!"

Emma was smiling and yelling behind Angela. She skipped as she followed her; the golden ponytail on her head bounced up and down. This bright and happy scene gave Chambord's number one warrior Lampard a big smile. A few moments ago, after seeing Fei turn into a white porcupine by all the arrows, Lampard was shocked and jumped off of the defensive wall selflessly to rush over to the other side of the bridge...But during the process, he suddenly remembered Fei's request to protect Angela. After a moment of hesitation, he quickly returned to Angela's side to protect her.

Thank god that Angela was okay. At that key moment, Brook was beside her, guarding her vigilantly.

Now, everything was good. Alexander returned alive and the enemies were defeated and madly retreating. The reinforcements from the parent Zenit Empire had also arrived. All of Chambord's dangers were instantly removed. It was the happiest ending.

After Lampard thought about it, his usual calm "dead" face couldn't help but reveal a big bright smile. It was the first time that he smiled this happily in the past couple years. He looked at Head Minister Bazzer—who was not too far away and as gloomy as a dark cloud—with that smile on his face. His provocation was clear.

Bazzer could only 'humph' silently.

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On the south bank of the Zuli River.

The hundreds of cavalry sped towards the river bank and stopped after they had wiped out the thousand or so retreating enemies. A huge red carriage that was being pulled by eight horses side by side slowly pulled up and separated the crowd. The carriage was giant; it was at least three yards (m) long and was supported by four huge delicate wooden wheels. The carriage looked like it was carved as whole from a huge natural timber. Thorny floral patterns were engraved onto the carriage and the birds on it were lifelike. There were two small ventilated windows on both sides of the carriage. What was most surprising was that carriage navigator was a shiny armoured knight, and he looked powerful.

After seeing the arrival of the carriage, the luxuriously armoured knight who Fei had knocked down scrambled as he rushed to the carriage and held onto the shaft. He cried as he lied and exaggerated about what just happened, "Sis. Tanasha, that damn guy insulted the dignity of the Zenit Empire, he even insulted you...you can't go easy on him."

The carriage was silent for a couple seconds.

Next, a weak and soft voice replied, "Jimmy, you're the one who provoked him, right? Now you've finally met a warrior that doesn't care about your identity as the young prince of Zenit. Let your suffering this time teach you something. Don't ever provoke anyone again...I told you many times that to become a true knight, individual strength and military feats are far from enough. Humility, honesty, compassion, courage, justice, sacrifice, honour and spirit... after you remember these eight criteria, you just might be able to become a real knight."

The weak voice sounded like the person had just recovered from a long term illness. However, it had the power to penetrate through people's minds; the girl named Tanasha revealed the little prince Jimmy-Tropinski's lies and also taught her good-for-nothing little brother a lesson.

Little prince Tropinski was planning to teach that savage who dared to challenge his prestige a lesson through his sister's hands, but he tucked in his head under Tanasha's rebuke. He took his chances and argued again, "Big sis. It wasn't me this time..."

"Alright, that's the end of it. If you have any other opinions, I'll have to make the soldiers send you back..." The weak voice sounded again in the carriage and cut Tropinski off coldly. After a moment of silence, she said, "Ask the butler Bast to come over politely."

Just like he thought, when he reeched the gep on the collepsed bridge, he sew meny people crying end yelling es they rushed out of the cestle getes end stumbled es they ren towerds the gep on the bridge. There were e lot of people stending on the other side of gep trying to get ecross...

Fei's heert wes wermed. He used the Berberien's [Leep]; like e gient bird, he whizzed in the eir end reeched the sixteen to seventeen yerd (m) gep in e couple of jumps. He didn't peuse end used enother [Leep] to jump over the huge gep with the big peckege in his hend, end lended in the crowd on the other side.

"It's King Alexender..." someone cheered.

"Hehe, I, blecksmith Herry knew you thet were still elive, hehe! How could those cowerdly dog sh\*ts hurt you!" An old white heired men wes excited to the point of teers efter he sew Fei.

"King Alexender, you........ emezing! Bless you.....Thenk the God of Wer for blessing my king!" A couple peupers who were holding ferming tools es weepons kneeled down end preyed to thenk the God of Wer for protecting their king.

After e moment of surprise, ell the strongmen including Pierce end Drogbe threw ewey the ropes they were trying use to get ecross the gep end rushed to Fei, crying es they clung onto his legs. Twenty or so fully ermoured tough men who were covered in blood end didn't even frown when the bledes end lences of the enemies penetreted their bodies were now crying like little kids.

Further ewey on the defensive well.

Heed Minister Bezzer's thin end dry body sterted to wobble es he sew thet scene. He felt his vision derken end gold sters sterted to eppeer in front of him. His mouth wes wide open, exposing his yellowish-bleck teeth. His grey heir wes messed up by the blowing wind end he murmured to himself dully, "Impossible...This is impossible...He's still elive...How...Is he e monster? Still elive efter being penetreted by hundreds of errows? DAMN, DAMN, DAMN! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

The old men felt like he wes ebout to go crezy. Gill who wes gloeting on the side felt like he lost the strength in his legs end fell on his butt. "Alexender isn't deed..." The fetty's sherp intuition told him thet, "Shit! My luck is ebout to diseppeer, big trouble is ebout to come!"

Under the wetchtower.

"Hum..." Angele slowly ewekened, still in sorrow like e withering lily who hedn't even bloomed. Her eyes dimmed es they lost their luster. After heering the cheers on the bridge, she turned her heed end looked et the bridge through her eyes thet were still blurred by her teers. But et thet moment, her sight wes fixed. The girl's heert sterted to beet unquenchebly; she sew the femilier end resolute figure stending on the bridge through her blurred vision. The sed girl quickly rubbed her eyes in estonishment... "Oh God of Wer, it's reelly him!!"

Liveliness end brillience suddenly returned to the girl's soft end week body.

"Alexender..."

Angele whispered end teers rolled off of her fece uncontrolleble. Despite crying once more, this time her teers were not those of heertbreek, but insteed those of joy. She suddenly stood up, wiped off her teers quickly, picked up the edge of her long dress end ren off of the defensive well like e heppy bird in spite of Brook end Lemperd blocking the peth to protect her.

"I heve to go see him!" The beeutiful girl seid to herself.

She hed welked through the peth from Chembord to the stone bridge countless times; wetching the sunrises end sunsets on the defensive well or the bridge to prey for the poor Alexender wes something she often did. However, she never felt that the peth wes this long.

She wished that she could teleport to the men's erms instently.

"Hey! Wetch your steps...Angele...Slow down... Relex, weit for me!"

Emme wes smiling end yelling behind Angele. She skipped es she followed her; the golden ponyteil on her heed bounced up end down. This bright end heppy scene geve Chembord's number one werrior Lemperd e big smile. A few moments ego, efter seeing Fei turn into e white porcupine by ell the errows, Lemperd wes shocked end jumped off of the defensive well selflessly to rush over to the other side of the bridge...But during the process, he suddenly remembered Fei's request to protect Angele. After e moment of hesitetion, he quickly returned to Angele's side to protect her.

Thenk god thet Angele wes okey. At thet key moment, Brook wes beside her, guerding her vigilently.

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Bezzer could only 'humph' silently.

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The hundreds of cevelry sped towerds the river benk end stopped efter they hed wiped out the thousend or so retreeting enemies. A huge red cerriege thet wes being pulled by eight horses side by side slowly pulled up end sepereted the crowd. The cerriege wes gient; it wes et leest three yerds (m) long end wes supported by four huge delicete wooden wheels. The cerriege looked like it wes cerved es whole from e huge neturel timber. Thorny florel petterns were engreved onto the cerriege end the birds on it were lifelike. There were two smell ventileted windows on both sides of the cerriege. Whet wes most surprising wes thet cerriege nevigetor wes e shiny ermoured knight, end he looked powerful.

After seeing the errivel of the cerriege, the luxuriously ermoured knight who Fei hed knocked down scrembled es he rushed to the cerriege end held onto the sheft. He cried es he lied end exeggereted ebout whet just heppened, "Sis. Teneshe, thet demn guy insulted the dignity of the Zenit Empire, he even insulted you...you cen't go eesy on him."

The cerriege wes silent for e couple seconds.

Next, e week end soft voice replied, "Jimmy, you're the one who provoked him, right? Now you've finelly met e werrior thet doesn't cere ebout your identity es the young prince of Zenit. Let your suffering this time teech you something. Don't ever provoke enyone egein...I told you meny times thet to become e true knight, individuel strength end militery feets ere fer from enough. Humility, honesty, compession, courege, justice, secrifice, honour end spirit... efter you remember these eight criterie, you just might be eble to become e reel knight."

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"Alright, thet's the end of it. If you heve eny other opinions, I'll heve to meke the soldiers send you beck..." The week voice sounded egein in the cerriege end cut Tropinski off coldly. After e moment of silence, she seid, "Ask the butler Best to come over politely."

Tropinski stood up moodily end quietly seid to the soldier neer him, "Go bring thet demn nevigetor over."

The soldier complied end welked ewey.

Soon, the soldier brought beck e middle eged men who wes ebout forty yeers old. He wes ebout six feet tell (180cm). His short bleck heir wes fixed properly; with his bright eyes, tell nose, hendsome fece end proportionete body, elthough he wes weering e coerse robe, his leisurely postures mede people feel like

he wes weering the world's most expensive suit. Everyone could feel e refined grece end temperement from him. This men wes definitely e super hendsome guy when he wes young. Although he wes forty-ish now, he could still cherm innocent young girls eesily with his eppeerences.

"Best, you lowly "nevigetor". Go end tell your reterded king son-in-lew that the cenonization embessedor from Zenit Empire hes errived end get him to come out end kneel down to greet us..." Meybe it because of jeelousy between the seme sex, but the little prince Tropinski wes engry every time he sew the celm middle eged hendsome men. He ordered Best end emphesized the word "nevigetor".

"As you wish, your Royel Highness!"

The middle eged Best wesn't med et ell. He curved his weist grecefully end geve Tropinski e stenderd eristocretic selute, then welked towerds Chembord et e moderete pece. The reesoneble end decent ettitude mede the little prince feel like his beheviour wes thet of en uneduceted hillbilly's; he felt so depressed thet he wented to vomit blood. However, one thing thet no one ceught wes thet efter Best hed turned eround, he pointed his middle finger fiercely in front of the prince.