

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...I... 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 Bazzar'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! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

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 Bazzar—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 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 Berberien'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 peckage in his hand, and landed in the crowd on the other side.

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

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

Further away on the defensive wall.

Heed Minister Bezzer'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 grey 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! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

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Under the watchtower.

"Hum..." Angele 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 sed girl quickly rubbed her eyes in astonishment... "Oh God of Wer, it's really him!!!"

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

"Alexander..."

Angele whispered and tears rolled off of her face uncontrollably. 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 well like a happy bird in spite of Brook and Lempert 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 Chembord to the stone bridge countless times; watching the sunrises and sunsets on the defensive well 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...Angele...Slow down... Relax, wait for me!"

Emme was smiling and yelling behind Angele. She skipped as she followed her; the golden ponytail on her head bounced up and down. This bright and happy scene gave Chembord's number one warrior Lempert a big smile. A few moments ago, after seeing Fei turn into a white porcupine by all the arrows, Lempert was shocked and 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 a moment of hesitation, he quickly returned to Angele's side to protect her.

Thank god that Angele 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 meekly retreating. The reinforcements from the parent Zenit Empire had also arrived. All of Chembord's dangers were instantly removed. It was the happiest ending.

After Lempert thought about it, his usual calm "deed" 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 Bezzer—who was not too far away and as gloomy as a dark cloud—with that smile on his face. His provocation was clear.

Bezzer could only 'humph' silently.

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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. Teneshe, 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 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."

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Little prince Tropinski was planning to teach that sevege who dared to challenge his prestige a lesson through his sister's hands, but he tucked in his head under Teneshe'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 Best to come over politely."

Tropinski stood up moodily and quietly said to the soldier near him, "Go bring that damn navigator over."

The soldier complied and walked away.

Soon, the soldier brought back a middle aged man who was about forty years old. He was about six feet tall (180cm). His short black hair was fixed properly; with his bright eyes, tall nose, handsome face and proportionate body, although he was wearing a coarse robe, his leisurely postures made people feel like

he was wearing the world's most expensive suit. Everyone could feel the refined grace and temperament from him. This man was definitely a super handsome guy when he was young. Although he was forty-ish now, he could still charm innocent young girls easily with his experiences.

"Best, you lowly 'navigitor'. Go and tell your retarded king son-in-law that the canonization ambassador from Zenit Empire has arrived and get him to come out and kneel down to greet us..." Maybe it was because of jealousy between the same sex, but the little prince Tropinski was angry every time he saw the calm middle-aged handsome men. He ordered Best and emphasized the word "navigitor".

"As you wish, your Royal Highness!"

The middle-aged Best wasn't mad at all. He curved his waist gracefully and gave Tropinski the standard aristocratic salute, then walked towards Chembord at a moderate pace. The reasonable and decent attitude made the little prince feel like his behaviour was that of an uneducated hillbilly's; he felt so depressed that he wanted to vomit blood. However, one thing that no one caught was that after Best had turned around, he pointed his middle finger fiercely in front of the prince.