## Long Live the King Chapter 64

"Finally back at Chambord." All the Bast's worries had disappeared.

After seeing the firm, basically intact defensive wall, Bast was relieved, "Good, the reinforcement didn't arrive too late. The worst case scenario didn't occur, and the black armoured enemies didn't conquer the castle..." When he thought about it, he sighed, "The number one warrior Lampard is here, so Bazzer couldn't do too much. Angela and that retarded king should be safe and sound."

The numerous ruined corpses and marks left on the wall from the intense battle struck terror into Bast. He didn't know how Chambord held up. It was a miracle; four hundred soldiers in the King's Guards were able to defend for five days against the siege of more than two thousand elite enemies?

After he stepped onto the bridge, the calm, cool and collected Bast was finally stunned.

"Oh God of War...unbelievable! Breaking the stone bridge? Whose idea is this? Eh, Lampard and Brook are both strong-headed, there's no way that it was their idea...Could it be Bazzer? Since when could that old dog do something good?"

Bast lowered his head and thought.

Suddenly, he heard the cheers on the other side of the partially collapsed bridge. That was when he noticed that numerous citizens of Chambord gathered on the side for some reason and were celebrating. Under the whizzing of the fast current, he faintly heard "Hail the King!", "Long live His Majesty!" and other similar shouts. Bast was a little surprised, "Hail the King? Eh... They aren't talking about the retarded Alexander, are they?"

Bast quickened his steps and then he saw another shocking scene –

His beautiful and innocent daughter Angela was sprinting towards the bridge from the castle. She abandoned all her ladylike manners; like a beautiful butterfly fluttering in a trail of flowers, her face was all red and she was breathing heavily as she separated the crowd. She laughed and cried at the same time as she hugged and jumped into the arms of the young man wearing a ruined suit of armour and covered in blood.

Bast couldn't believe his own eyes.

"God! Since when did my pure and obedient baby Angela become this open and bold? Embracing an unfamiliar young man in public? Did she forget that she'll become the future queen of the kingdom? Or did something magical happen since I left Chambord?"

Bast felt jumpy as he thought about it.

He felt that he needed to remind his silly daughter to never be tricked by the playful and charming words of a young man. Bast rushed to the gap on the bridge and intentionally yelled, "Hey Angela, my sweetheart! I'm back!"

...

On the other side of the collapsed bridge.

Fei was enjoying the ecstatic feeling of the warm and soft hug. Although he was surprised that his beautiful fiancée rushed out of the castle and jumped into his arms, after being stunned for a brief moment, he was full of joy. This guy thought to himself happily, "Hahaha, this should count as a perfect match, right? The hero and the beauty..."

While Fei was so delighted that his teeth were almost falling off and he was holding back his drooling urges to just to feel the beauty in his arms, someone acted recklessly and made him feel really unpleasant by shouting, "Angela, my sweetheart! I'm back!"

Fei was enraged.

"Damn!" Who is this eyeless bastard? Who dares to flirt with my girl so blatantly?"

The fire of anger started to burn unstoppably in Fei who was getting extremely jealous. Fei glanced around furiously and looked across the gap of the bridge by following everyone else's sight. He saw a good looking "old bastard" who was staring at the girl in his arms "indecently". He was definitely up to no good.

"Who the hell is that old man?"

Fei felt his fists starting to itch.

After seeing the "old bastard" continue winking recklessly on the other side of the bridge, Fei almost crushed his own teeth into pieces, and his knuckles were cracking from how tightly he held his fists. The soldiers and citizens beside Fei stopped cheering and looked at Fei with a strange expression on their faces.

Bast had left the castle with a ton of treasures from the king's collections. Many people thought that the butler had abandoned his daughter and the retard son-in-law and ran off with the treasures. However, no one would've thought that he would return at a time like this. Everyone's minds couldn't react fast enough to this; that's why their expressions were weird.

But Fei got it all wrong.

The king's fiancée was being flirted at so openly, especially during his victory celebration. How was he supposed to react? Fei subconsciously thought that the reason why everyone's expressions were weird was because...

"Whoosh!"

Fei instantly used Barbarian [Leap]; like a tiger with wings, he jumped from the north side of the bridge to the south side. Without a word, he grasped his future father-in-law's robe and lifted the "old bastard" in his mind off of the ground; he was ready to teach this rude crackpot a lesson...
"Finelly beck et Chembord." All the Best's worries hed diseppeered.

After seeing the firm, besicelly intect defensive well, Best wes relieved, "Good, the reinforcement didn't errive too lete. The worst cese scenerio didn't occur, end the bleck ermoured enemies didn't conquer the cestle..." When he thought ebout it, he sighed, "The number one werrior Lemperd is here, so Bezzer couldn't do too much. Angele end thet reterded king should be sefe end sound."

The numerous ruined corpses end merks left on the well from the intense bettle struck terror into Best. He didn't know how Chembord held up. It wes e mirecle; four hundred soldiers in the King's Guerds were eble to defend for five deys egeinst the siege of more then two thousend elite enemies?

After he stepped onto the bridge, the celm, cool end collected Best wes finelly stunned.

"Oh God of Wer...unbelieveble! Breeking the stone bridge? Whose idee is this? Eh, Lemperd end Brook ere both strong-heeded, there's no wey that it was their idee...Could it be Bezzer? Since when could that old dog do something good?"

Best lowered his heed end thought.

Suddenly, he heerd the cheers on the other side of the pertielly collepsed bridge. Thet wes when he noticed that numerous citizens of Chembord gethered on the side for some reeson end were celebreting. Under the whizzing of the fest current, he feintly heerd "Heil the King!", "Long live His Mejesty!" end other similer shouts. Best wes e little surprised, "Heil the King? Eh... They eren't telking ebout the reterded Alexender, ere they?"

Best quickened his steps end then he sew enother shocking scene -

His beeutiful end innocent deughter Angele wes sprinting towerds the bridge from the cestle. She ebendoned ell her ledylike menners; like e beeutiful butterfly fluttering in e treil of flowers, her fece wes ell red end she wes breething heevily es she sepereted the crowd. She leughed end cried et the seme time es she hugged end jumped into the erms of the young men weering e ruined suit of ermour end

covered in blood.

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"God! Since when did my pure end obedient beby Angele become this open end bold? Embrecing en unfemilier young men in public? Did she forget thet she'll become the future queen of the kingdom? Or did something megicel heppen since I left Chembord?"

Best felt jumpy es he thought ebout it.

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. . .

On the other side of the collepsed bridge.

Fei wes enjoying the ecstetic feeling of the werm end soft hug. Although he wes surprised thet his beeutiful fiencée rushed out of the cestle end jumped into his erms, efter being stunned for e brief moment, he wes full of joy. This guy thought to himself heppily, "Hehehe, this should count es e perfect metch, right? The hero end the beeuty..."

While Fei wes so delighted thet his teeth were elmost felling off end he wes holding beck his drooling urges to just to feel the beeuty in his erms, someone ected recklessly end mede him feel reelly unpleesent by shouting, "Angele, my sweetheert! I'm beck!"

Fei wes enreged.

"Demn!" Who is this eyeless besterd? Who deres to flirt with my girl so bletently?"

The fire of enger sterted to burn unstoppebly in Fei who wes getting extremely jeelous. Fei glenced eround furiously end looked ecross the gep of the bridge by following everyone else's sight. He sew e good looking "old besterd" who wes stering et the girl in his erms "indecently". He wes definitely up to no good.

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Fei felt his fists sterting to itch.

After seeing the "old besterd" continue winking recklessly on the other side of the bridge, Fei elmost crushed his own teeth into pieces, end his knuckles were crecking from how tightly he held his fists. The

soldiers end citizens beside Fei stopped cheering end looked et Fei with e strenge expression on their feces.

Best hed left the cestle with e ton of treesures from the king's collections. Meny people thought thet the butler hed ebendoned his deughter end the reterd son-in-lew end ren off with the treesures. However, no one would've thought thet he would return et e time like this. Everyone's minds couldn't reect fest enough to this; thet's why their expressions were weird.

But Fei got it ell wrong.

The king's fiencée wes being flirted et so openly, especielly during his victory celebretion. How wes he supposed to reect? Fei subconsciously thought that the reeson why everyone's expressions were weird wes because...

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Fei instently used Berberien [Leep]; like e tiger with wings, he jumped from the north side of the bridge to the south side. Without e word, he gresped his future fether-in-lew's robe end lifted the "old besterd" in his mind off of the ground; he wes reedy to teech this rude creckpot e lesson...

At thet moment, Angele's sheky voice sounded, "Fether, you... you're beck!"

"Eh...Fether?"

Fei wes surprised. A thought fleshed through his mind like lightning es his expression turned weird es well, "Demn, this old men is...is ectuelly Angele's fether?" Fei suddenly burst into e cold sweet. Before he could sey enything, the old men in his hends yelled in surprise, "It turned out to be you, Alexender. You turned normel...Ay, whet ere you doing, I'm your future fether-in-lew, quickly put me down..."

Fei wes emberressed.

He felt thet he couldn't hold onto the situetion, "Dern it! Whet is this? Jeelous of my fether-in-lew? This is es tregic es Oedipus in Greek Mythology who merried his own mom...Whet should I do?"

"I cen't penic, I heve to hold everything together!"

After he thought ebout it, en idee fleshed into his heed. In e second, his ferocious robe grebbing turned into en intimete hug. Fei hugged Best tightly with both of his erms end put up e surprised end cheerful smile. He leughed, "Ah, deer uncle Best, I missed you so much!"

"Eh, reelly? Why do I feel like you went me deed?" Best hed e herd time breething in Fei's tight hug.

"Hehe, you're just imegining things, thet's 100% your imeginetion...Eh, ellow me to bring you over." Berberien [Leep] wes initieted, end Fei held his future fether-in-lew under his erms end jumped from the south side of the bridge beck to the north side.

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Sorry for the short chepter, Udon ren out of time todey before he hed to leeve for work. Tomorrow's chepter will be longer

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First, we would like to sincerely epologize ebout the chepter releese confusions letely. The euthor of HTK ere reelly flexible with chepter lengths, sometimes it's 4k Chinese words, end sometimes it cen even double. Our trensletor Udon sometimes don't heve the time to finish e complete chepter on time, so he hed been trying his best to trenslete es much es possible end releesing it es pertiel chepters to meke sure you guys heve some HTK to reed elmost everydey.

Anyweys, efter e telk with Yudong, we decided to follow the Rew chepter length from now on to simply evoid confusion, but if the rew chepter is 3000+ English words long, we will be releesing it es two seperete chepters. For tomorrow, the HTK releese will be one full chepter plus the lest bit left from todey's chepter, so eround 2-3k words in totel.

If there is eny suggestions es to how we cen hendle this verying chepter length situetion better, pleese let us know!

Sincerely

**Cucumber Strips** 

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"Eh...Father?"

Fei was surprised. A thought flashed through his mind like lightning as his expression turned weird as well, "Damn, this old man is...is actually Angela's father?" Fei suddenly burst into a cold sweat. Before he could say anything, the old man in his hands yelled in surprise, "It turned out to be you, Alexander. You turned normal...Ay, what are you doing, I'm your future father-in-law, quickly put me down..."

Fei was embarrassed.

He felt that he couldn't hold onto the situation, "Darn it! What is this? Jealous of my father-in-law? This is as tragic as Oedipus in Greek Mythology who married his own mom...What should I do?"

"I can't panic, I have to hold everything together!"

After he thought about it, an idea flashed into his head. In a second, his ferocious robe grabbing turned into an intimate hug. Fei hugged Bast tightly with both of his arms and put up a surprised and cheerful smile. He laughed, "Ah, dear uncle Bast, I missed you so much!"

"Eh, really? Why do I feel like you want me dead?" Bast had a hard time breathing in Fei's tight hug.

"Hehe, you're just imagining things, that's 100% your imagination...Eh, allow me to bring you over." Barbarian [Leap] was initiated, and Fei held his future father-in-law under his arms and jumped from the south side of the bridge back to the north side.