

Long Live the King Chapter 104

In the deep corridor, the captain of the King's bodyguard army Peter Cech exposed his strong upper body. His muscles stood out like rocks, and his lower body was wearing Fei's design, which were straight breeches that had recently swept the entire Chambord city as a fashion leader. He waved a giant iron hammer of at least five hundred kilograms like a windmill; in the roar of the loud noises, the dirty yellow color of his muscles were flashing, and Cech was like a violent humanoid excavator, smashing down steel fences within the endless rumbling noises and caused by the demolition work.

At this time, Cech had completely digested the remnants of the [Hulk Potion] left inside his body, and the faint green color on the surface of his skin had disappeared. He had also erased the miserable mental state from before and got his muscles to sturdy up. In addition to his physical strength, through the days and nights of hard training, he even returned to his past pinnacle 2-star power. To be able to recover to the peak of his power within only a dozen days, it still mainly had to do with the strength he originally had. In the past, Cech was recognized to be number one among 2-stars in terms of defense with his air-tight horizontal lock-down sword style. Besides, he originally had some talent in terms of leading an army, so Cech's recovery meant that Fei gained another talent that could lead an army on his own besides Brooke.

The prison official Oleg's chubby body shuttled back and forth among the crowd.

As if affected by Cech's naked body style, the prison official also exposed his upper body, and whenever there were huge stones or steel that couldn't be moved due to being too heavy, Oleg would jiggle his fat and laugh, and then personally join in to help, showing off the great power he gained after being transformed with the [Hulk Potion].

Just like Fei, this guy was also a show off.

Whenever hearing the soldiers exclaiming and talking, Oleg would always look triumphant. Perhaps it was also because of this kind of heart, that although his power stayed at around 1 star, his physical strength had actually crazily grown to 2 stars, as if he spent all the effects of the [Hulk Potion] onto his physical body's transformation. Right now, Oleg even had a ferocious and sturdy scent and developed a six-pack, completely changing from his obnoxiously fat man image from half month ago.

Seeing from afar how this greedy and coward-like fatty actually became close with the soldiers and even got some respect from the veterans, Fei was slightly surprised, but also satisfied that fat Oleg was on his journey to return to grace, but wasn't he running a bit too f**king fast? It was like a fart that blew all the dust away!

"King Alexander!"

"His Majesty!"

Seeing Fei's arrival, the face of worshipping a god emerged on all the soldiers' faces, and they all bowed and saluted. Fei walked very slowly and greeted them all with a smile. After a few days of contact, he could now accurately call out the names of every soldier. That was also a small means of capturing the hearts of the soldiers. After all, when the young soldiers heard that His Majesty actually knew their names, they would always feel touched to the point that their blood boiled.

The demolition work at the water prison was still being carried out in an intense but orderly manner.

This time, Fei brought back some second stage forging blueprints and gave them to the busy blacksmiths.

Among the 30 or so blacksmiths in Chambord city, the best one and also the most respected one was a middle-aged man named Samuel. His short black hair shot up like needles and he was usually pretty quiet and as stable as a boulder, so people liked calling him Rock. His personality was pretty dull, but he was very loyal to friends and very kind; he was the type of typical rough man that had a cold outside but a warm heart.

On the edge of the hot iron stove, Samuel carefully looked at the drawings on the beast skins that His Majesty gave to him, and his eyebrows frowned tightly into a ball. He stopped the work in his hand and began thinking; he was sometimes surprised and sometimes confused, and the two facial expressions just kept alternating.

Seeing how interesting his face was, Fei couldn't help but jump in and explain those drawings one by one, and then also carefully reminded the detailed problems that needed attention during the forging process. Samuel stayed silent; his talent was very high as a blacksmith, and he was often capable of reaching enlightenment with just a brief pointer. After hearing Fei to the end, his eyebrows finally relaxed, and it seemed like he finally realized what should be done and kept on nodding, "Your Majesty, please rest assured. We can build these iron tools within 10 days for sure."

Fei smiled and said, "These days you guys have been really working hard. Time is tight and the task is heavy, so if you guys have any requests for pay or accommodation, feel free to request it to Oleg and he will satisfy everyone."

Upon hearing His Majesty's generous promise, the blacksmiths cheered.

Fei carefully examined the whole underground cave, made slight adjustments to his design according to the actual situation, and then summoned Cech and Oleg to his side and walked towards the king's palace hall that was already set up in the giant stone hall.

He has something to say to both of them.

But, when Fei walked past the iron stove, he suddenly had another idea.

In fact, Samuel and the other blacksmiths in Chambord city were forging some large-scale heavy equipment. They were a bit simple and easier to forge, but for those small gears, screws, and other small fine and difficult parts, Fei gave them to the female blacksmith Charsi in the Diablo world so that they wouldn't be a problem. When the time came, he would just have to think of a way to exchange these items out of the Diablo world.

However, exchanging items out of the Diablo world was too costly and needed a lot of gold coins. If he could do something for Charsi and Elena to come to the real world, then it would all be good. That would not only save a significant amount of exchange fee, but Fei could also let Rock Samuel follow Charsi and learn some superb forging skills. For the current Chambord city, skilled craftsmen were needed most after skilled warriors, so it would be best to let the big chested girl Charsi train a group of talents in this field as soon as possible.

This idea flew past Fei's mind and made him instantly think of a lot of other things, so he decided to actually try out this plan in the near future.

The three men came to a comfortable stone chamber inside the cave that was the temporary palace for His Majesty.

Fei took out another bottle of [Hulk Potion] and gave it Cech, letting him follow the previous method to once again dilute it into clear water and let the soldiers unconsciously drink it.

These 100 soldiers were now the secret force of the Chambord city. After taking the potion during the first stage, their bodies had been transformed almost to the point where they were ready for the second transformation. Unfortunately, due to people like Cech and Brooke taking a large quantity for their first dose, their potential had been completely revealed, so taking the [Hulk Potion] again wouldn't have any more effects. If Fei wanted to enhance their strength further, he needed to think of other ways.

Cech held the [Hulk Potion] and was about to leave when Fei suddenly thought of something.

He suddenly stopped Cech and said, "Oh right Peter, among those several blacksmiths, if there are any loyal and reliable people, you can also let them take some of the diluted [Hulk Potion]. If their physical body strength gets increased to the same level of the soldiers, the forging tasks later on will also be completed quicker."

With a pleasant surprise in Cech's eyes, he bowed and left with the order.

There were only Fei and Oleg left in the hall.

Fei looked up and down on Oleg several times, and his eyes stopped at the 6-pack of this fat man for a second. He checked him out until Oleg couldn't stand straight anymore due to how uncomfortable it was to be checked out by another man, and then Fei finally nodded with satisfaction and said, "Very good, you are good, very good... Oleg, you are a wise man, you know what I'm talking about, right?"

Oleg nodded.

Of course he understood what the phrase "very good" His Majesty was referring to.

Presently, the power structure within Chambord city has been re-established. The former commander-in-chief Bazel became a wanted fugitive offender of the country, and his accomplices had all been killed either under the hands of His Majesty himself or by the two giants Bast and Brooke. If one was to say that one person escaped, it would be Oleg. His body was also deeply marked with a Bazel clan mark, and as one of the main evildoers he originally couldn't escape punishment. But just because His Majesty remembered Oleg's participation at the stone bridge war, the King used his personal prestige and saved his worthless life once. His Majesty always hoped that Oleg could be reformed and use actions to change how people used to look at him and seek their forgiveness and ultimately merge into the leading group at Chambord city. Otherwise, despite having His Majesty's support, Oleg's existence would always be a thorn, deeply rooted inside the core power of Chambord city and potentially cause internal strife.

Oleg had long understood of King Alexander's hard planning. He's was smart fatty, and at least he had his own way to manage relationships with people and naturally knew how to win the recognition of Brooke and the other good people. So during this period of time, he tried very hard to do everything right, and he did indeed do a lot of good deeds which finally had an effect, helping him gain the recognition of most people in the Chambord city.

"Oleg thanks Your Majesty for the reform opportunity."

Thinking of all of that, Oleg's heart was full of affection.

This time, this fat suck-up kneeled down to the ground for a standard bow, without gorgeous rhetoric and kissing Fei's boots.

It was also at this moment that he found his inner peace and finally understood at that moment: only if a spine was always upright and solemnly bent down in front of His Majesty, could it be regarded as true respect; on the contrary, a spine that could bend down any moment wouldn't mean much in front of his king; it wouldn't be glory, but rather an insult.