

Long Live the King Chapter 140

"Biu..."

Fei placed his fingers around his mouth and whistled loudly. The whistle travelled with the morning wind.

Then –

Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!

In response to this whistle, a series of crisp barking noises sounded under the peak. It was strange, yet familiar.

While the crowd was confused, the black dog that was so big that its mother probably couldn't even recognize him appeared on the peak of Eastern mountain. Of course, the appearance of this dog itself wasn't surprising, but a flower-like girl was riding on the back of this dog and smiling at Fei.

It was... the little king's fiancée Angela.

Everyone on the peak of Eastern mountain was shocked and couldn't move their eyes off the beautiful girl who was smiling at Fei like an angel. Fei on the other hand was laughing crazily like a retard. The golden sun lit up Angela's body, and the crowd felt like their IQs were lower than ever, as if they were tricked by a kindergartener.

They could no longer view everything from a normal perspective.

"What is going on?"

"How is this possible?"

Although it was chaotic during the fight that broke loose earlier, most of the people saw this valiant girl commit suicide when she was controlled by Paris just to let her lover make the right decision. A lot of people were moved by that scene; even the cold-blooded Paris was touched, and she gracefully returned Angela's "corpse" back to the little king. The little king was enraged and even killed off a lot of star warriors on Paris' side in revenge...

But how could they explain the current situation?

What was going on?

Why was this girl who should have been dead now healthy and alive and riding this dog?

Paris was the person who was the most shocked to see this. She thought that she had seen a lot of conspiracies and traps and tricks after working for Dominguez for many years. She felt that she would no longer be surprised by any tricks, but as soon as Angela appeared alive and healthy, there was an undisguised shock on her face. "How could this be?" she thought. She clearly remembered that she had felt the girl's heart stop beating; this kind of biological sign of death couldn't be forged or faked... But why did the girl reappear in front of her alive and well?

Under the dull stares from the crowd, the big black dog acted "coquettishly". The dog put on a catwalk and walked around in a strange pattern before it arrived in front of Fei. Then, it put on a "personable" smile as it bent its knees and kneeled down in front of Fei.

Angela grabbed two large water bags and jumped off the black dog right away.

"Alexander, here is the stuff you wanted... How are Emma and Uncle Lampard?" Angela wasn't used to this scene at all: blood flowing everywhere, limbs and internal organs laid around, and on top of that, the stares from men who were wounded and almost naked. She was disgusted; after handing over the two water bags to Fei, she hid behind him.

However, this pure and pretty girl immediately remember something. She carefully took out a sky-blue suit and handled it to Fei with a blush on her face. "Alexander...Eh, I found some clothes for you when I was in the kingdom with Blacky.... Your clothes are ragged...

"Ah, Angela, you are so thoughtful..." Fei wanted to make some people nauseous, so he intentionally held onto Angela's white smooth hands and lightly rubbed them as he glanced at Paris provokingly.

WTF?

The crowd on the peak of Eastern mountain felt like they were going to pass out. "Watch the time! WTF? In this serious situation, how could these two find the leisure to cuddle and talk about their romance... Be more serious! We are talking about killing people here!" almost everyone thought in unison.

Fei's original blue suit had already turned into a "beggar style" wear during the battle; it hung loose on his body strip by strip, hanging by the threads. His nipples and body were completely exposed. Without giving it too much thought, Fei ripped the clothes off his body, and his hard muscles were completely exposed.

The lean, strong muscle and his tall figure were dyed in a golden color by the sun. His perfectly proportioned body, the blood on his face and his hair, the blood dripping sword... At this moment, Fei looked magnificent! He looked like an invincible God of War; the people who were looking down at Fei felt inferior at this moment.

Both the eldest princess and Paris squinted their eyes; no one knew what they were thinking about at this moment. As for Angela who had fallen for Fei, she didn't hide the love in her eyes in the slightest. In this river of love, she had already sunk to the rock bottom.

Fei handed over the old suit to Angela and said, "Kept it for me. I will wear it later..." As he said that, he patted the black dog whose tail was wiggling like a windmill. This beast was so smart that it immediately understood Fei. It jumped up and started its catwalk in a strange pattern; it was obvious that it was dodging the invisible magic traps on the ground. Soon, it had brought back Lampard's, Drogba's, and Emma's corpse in front of Fei.

The crowd was perplexed. They didn't know what trick this little king was trying to pull off.

Perhaps some people had already guessed it, but they couldn't believe it.

Only Paris and the eldest princess stared at the black dog carefully. They memorized every step it took and the safe path around the peak.

During the whole process, the people from both sides remained quiet.

People minimized the noise they made and stared at the king carefully. They knew that whatever action the king took would affect their chances of survival..... At this point, even the dumbest person knew that the control of the situation had shifted from Paris and the eldest princess to this little king who was ignored by most at the beginning of the day.

"You shall witness a miracle... Hahaha!"

Fei laughed as his pearl white teeth were visible to everyone. He couldn't keep a straight face on... There was no way that he would stay low-key anymore. He was the deciding factor in this fight, and everything was under his control; why would he remain low-key?

The king looked at the crowd in a provoking manner, especially towards Paris. After that, he opened the water bags and poured the water over the corpses' face.

People who guessed what was about to happen already screamed in surprise.

Paris frowned very hard; she felt powerless, a weird kind of powerlessness. She didn't know whether she should laugh or cry.

Of course –

"Cough! Cough! Cough!"

Lampard, who was covered in blood, coughed and got up as he wiped the water off of his face. His reaction didn't feel like he had been revived from death; there was no hesitation or confusion. He drew out his long black sword, used his energy to dry up his clothes, and stood behind Fei as he glanced around the peak of Eastern mountain.

Lampard's chilling reaction proved the guesses in everyone's minds.

Everything was planned!

Splash! Splash!

The water continued to pour.

However, the crisp water sound gave people on the peak a chill.

This was because a moment later, all the "corpses" had opened their eyes. Among them, a black-haired man rubbed his butt and said, "Ah, damn! These rocks are hard. My bones are about to break! It is so tiring just lying on this ground..."

Seeing the guards of the little king wiping the blood off their faces and their bodies and showing off their unharmed faces and armour, the crowd was silent. These guys weren't dead! These honourless guys didn't even get injured. All the terrifying wounds and blood were painted onto their armour and face using blood from the real corpses...

Someone behind Paris finally couldn't take the reality. After seeing this, he went crazy. His eyes lost focus as he drooled. He only said one word, "Impossible...Impossible!

...Impossible!"

The eldest princess sighed and lowered her head.

Arshavin, [Zenit's God of War] and the purple-dressed girl who were meditating to speed up their recovery were deeply shocked as well. Their energy that surrounded them fluctuated vigorously and they almost lost control of it; if they did lose control, their energy could have exploded and killed them...

Paris' eyes were almost glued onto Fei's face, and her flirtatious eyes opened to their max. She looked like she was staring at her lover who she hadn't met in years. The unimaginable expression on her face was so hot that it could melt through iron.

Even the assassin who used the sword was silent the whole time while gripping onto the handle of the sword tightly; his fingers turned white.

This had to be one of the most ironic scenes they had experienced in their lifetime.