

LONG LIVE THE KING !

2 CHAPTER 2: THE IDIOT BECAME A MAD MAN

Angela held on tight to the edge of the bed, her mind anxiously racing as worry filled her widened eyes.

"Poor Alexander, I hope the fall didn't damage his brain. Although he wasn't very bright before, at least he could talk."

At the moment, a loud, arrogant echoed from beyond the doorway.

"Alexander! I heard that you were injured." A grimace flickered across the girls' faces as they turned towards the source of the sound. The voice drew the tone out as if to mockingly be concerned.

"Is everything alright?"

Fei looked up and noticed that a well-dressed, chubby

man had barged through the doors to the palace bedroom. An icy laugh slipped between his crooked lips.

"Gill, what are you doing here?" Angela said coldly. Fei felt the tension between the shady, obese newcomer and the beauty beside him.

It was clear that they were not on good terms.

"Haha... Angela, my angel, whatever do you mean? I heard my dear friend Alexander got injured and was worried. What's wrong with me coming by to check up on him?"

The fat noble casually walked up and sat right on a side of the bed as if it was his own.

"Gill, what are you doing! How dare you to sit on the bed of the king!" Emma angrily exclaimed.

Gill shot a look at Emma. Lust and malice flashed through his eyes. He licked his thick, sausage-like lips and retorted. "Shut up, you low class slave. Don't say anything that you'll regret." He then leisurely turned around and glanced at Fei. The expression was not someone showing empathy for an injured friend, but more like the gloating of looking at an injured animal. Fei was looking at Gill at the same time.

He felt the scorn, malice and sarcasm in Gill's eyes; Gill was not hiding his feelings even a little bit.

Fei was confused. "Is this ugly meatball really Alexander's friend? His face has so many chins, yet he's brave enough to show that mess to even the king? Does he have a strong family background as well?"

As Fei was thinking, Gill started to squish Fei's face

with his oily hands as if it was a toy. The move was so natural that it seemed like Gill has done it thousands of times.

"Alexander, looks like you are fine, Haha. I have a few important guests this afternoon to host, so how about you come with me?" Gill was smiling, but the tone at which he said it was not like an invitation but a command.

He squished Fei's face a little bit more, and slapped it a little. Gill loved this feeling — treating the king like a pet.

He then started thinking out loud, about how was it possible that someone like Alexander became the king. "He has a three year old's intelligence at the age of seventeen, yet why does the god love him so much that he gave him the throne?"

When Gill was enjoying himself, something unexpected happened.

"Slap!"

Gill covered up his left cheek with his hand. A vivid red hand mark had appeared on his cheek just like paint being flung onto an abstract painting. His expression was the textbook definition of shock.

Both Angela and Emma had felt uncomfortable when Gill appeared but the slap had shocked them as well. They couldn't believe what they saw.

Alexander had always acted meek and cowardly and thus he had always been picked on by Gill due to his unwillingness to fight back.

"He just smacked Gill's face! Did that actually just happen?" Although it was shocking, they were thrilled.

They had tolerated Gill for a long time.

"How ... how dare you!"

"Fag, if you touch me again with your disgusting hand, I'm gonna shove my foot up your ass!" Fei said.

Gill had made Fei very frustrated, and Fei was not a gentle person when dealing with people that make him upset.

Gill shoved a fat sausage finger at Fei and screamed. He was so mad that all the fat on his body was shaking as if he was a Parkinson inflicted pudding.

"How dare you slap me, you bastard!" Gill yelled again and again.

Fei didn't respond. He was trying to push his body up.

"How dare he yell at the palace?" Fei was perplexed. None of the king's guards showed up like they were supposed to. "Could he really be someone that important that a king can't punish?"

As Fei was thinking, Gill had made a mad decision. He pounced at Fei, seeming like he wanted revenge.

"Stop it!" Angela commanded, "Gill, you are just the son of a Minister, how dare you do such a thing!"

No matter what Angela was shouting, nothing affect Gill as he kept his eyes locked on Fei. Angela and Emma tried their best to protect Fei by pulling on Gill's robes.

However, there was no way the both of them were any match for Gill.

"Slap!"

Frustrated Gill slapped Emma across her face. The force send her back a couple yards. Her pretty face was swelling up on the cheek as tears filled her eyes.

Gill grabbed Angela by her wrist next and pulled her towards him. He lowered his head onto Angela's neck. He sniffed a couple time enjoyably and pervertedly said: "Beautiful Angela, this retarded Alexander is never going to be good enough for you. Look at him, he doesn't resemble anything of a king. He had made a mess of Chambord Kingdom after just inheriting the throne. Hehe, Angela; how about becoming my women."

He was holding tight onto Angela's wrist; the warm and smooth sensation of her body broke down the last bit of his reasoning. He forgot he was inside the king's palace and Angela was the future queen. In the momentum that came from his loss of sanity, he tried

to kiss Angela's lips forcefully.

Suddenly.

"Peng!"

A metal helmet "kissed" his forehead instead. But with that amount of force, it was more like a smack of a hammer.

This attack was so sudden that Gill didn't even see it coming. Surprised at the blood gushing out of the wound, he screamed as he fell back and let go of Angela's wrist.

Angela once again witnessed something that she thought wouldn't happen in this life time and was speechless.

As Fei picked up the helmet off the ground, he

sneered: "How dare you touch my woman, you fat motherfucker! How dare you touch the King! I'm gonna beat you until you become quadriplegic or, I swear to god, I'm not the King!"

He was feeling better as he swore, thinking to himself. "Man, I was scared by this fat tub of lard. I thought he was some important figure, but it turned out that he is just the son of a minister. I can fuck him up any day of the week!"

It was dead silent in the royal bedroom. They could hear the sound of a needle dropping onto the ground.

Although there were already many times Fei's actions had shocked both Angela and Emma, This time, they sensed that something was different. "It is not possible! How could it be?" They stared at Fei "It feels like the seventeen years old retard Alexander who listened to Gill all the time has ... changed."

Gill was lying motionless on the floor. His mind was blank. He sensed that Alexander's personality has changed too much.

Fei's actions in Alexander's body had scared Gill due to how out of character it was. That blow from the helmet was full of power and felt as though Fei was actually trying to kill him.

After a couple seconds, he calmed down. He thought about why he came to the palace today and he decided to give it all he's got.

He lifted his left hand and a strange and mysterious spell rolled off of his tongue. A ball of fire was forming upon his hand and a burning sensation was filling the whole palace.

Gill forgot how he felt earlier and suddenly became a

lot braver. He mocked at Fei: "You, the King? Ha. Except yourself, who do you think considers you as our king in the entire Chambord Kingdom? How dare you hit me? Alexander, prepare to feel the wrath of a prestige mage!"

Fei was still posing in a brave posture trying to impress Angela and Emma. But when he saw the fireball forming, his pupil contracted a little: "Ma..Mage? Holy shit this dumb fucker is a mage? Looks like he's got some skills. What should I do? Man I shouldn't have made that decision under impulse. If I knew this, I would have tried to talk him out of it rather than using force..."

Fei was trying to think of a solution to this hot mess.

He looked at the burning fireball on Gill's hand and the dented helmet in his hand and thought: "What the hell is this? If we are going to fight, at least give me a

sword or some sort of weapon." He thought for a few seconds and started yelling, "Guards... Guards! Assassins! Someone is trying to assassinate me!"

"Haha, that's no use!"

Gill laughed as he flicked his hand and the red hot projectile flew toward Fei's face like a bullet.

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