

Long Live The King Chapter 26

"That bastard! After knowing that I've become normal, he still dares to disobey my order?! Looks like he doesn't think I'm the king. It's time for me to show him who's the boss..." Fei thought.

"Sick? Humph." Fei snorted, "Pierce, take 20 soldiers. I don't want any excuses, bring Gill here. Even if you need to tie him up, bring his ass onto this defensive wall. If anyone dares resist, I give you permission to kill them on the spot!" Fei's voice was cold. Everyone felt the anger of the king and the murderous look in his eyes.

"As you wish, your majesty!"

Pierce was excited. This decisive and eminent king was the type that he and his fellow soldiers wanted to support and pledge allegiance to. After accepting the command, he rushed down the defensive wall with the soldier.

"Brook, send someone to call up Military Judge Conca and Warden Oleg to help with the defense. If they dare resist, kill them on the spot!"

Fei sent these two 'cold-blooded' commands. He was going to teach these guys a lesson.

Healing the wounded soldiers last night was to show his kindness, while seizing a couple of nobles that escaped from battle was to show everyone what he was made of. This was the idea he thought of last night. If Fei couldn't do anything to the enemies, he could at least do something to the corrupted Chambordians.

As Fei expected, after sending the two commands, the atmosphere on the defensive wall got very serious. Fei could feel the boost in morale of the soldiers.

At this moment, Angela smiled as she walked out of the watchtower.

Emma followed her drowsily. She yawned as she rubbed her eyes. After seeing Fei, she winked at him secretly and swung her fist. Fei could tell she meant, "You know what to do!"

Fei smiled back.

After the conversation they had one hour ago, Emma's hostile attitude had already disappeared.

"Angela, you woke up just on time. I have a very important matter that needs your help." Fei said as he fixed his fiancée's messy hair.

"What do you need?"

After hearing Alexander request her help, this beautiful girl was energized. She was afraid that she couldn't help Alexander at all; now he needed her help, she was more than willing to do it. She overcame her shyness from Fei's touch as she raised her head and asked with a blush on her face.

"Can you and Emma go and ask Uncle Lampard to come? The battle is beginning and we really need him to take charge here." Fei said seriously.

"I'll go right now!" After hearing the urgent request, Angela dragged the drowsy Emma and left right away.

"One more thing, Angela. After you notify Uncle Lampard, don't come to the defensive wall. There are still wounded soldiers in the palace that need help, take care of them for me with Emma. Thanks!" Fei said.

This took Angela by surprise. However, Angela was a smart girl and knew what Fei meant instantly – the battle was about to begin, so the defensive wall would become very dangerous. If she stayed there, she would only be a burden. Alexander was sending her away on purpose; taking care of the wounded soldiers was only a bad excuse. However, she didn't object.

Even though she wanted to stay on the wall and help Alexander, she knew that she wouldn't help him at all by staying on there. So, she nodded and agreed to Fei's suggestion. Emma clearly knew Fei's intention as well.

She ran away with Angela as she gave a thumbs up to Fei.

...

After twenty minutes.

The enemies on the other side of the river had gathered together. Numerous square infantry formations stepped out of the enemies' base and approached the defensive wall of Chambord. Their weapons pointed at the sky had formed a 'forest', and they shined under the sunlight. These enemies were definitely properly trained soldiers. Looking from afar, the people on the defensive wall felt the pressure of war instantly.

As Fei observed the enemies outside the wall, a ton of noise came from his back.

"Don't touch me with your lowly hands...Fuck off! Damn it! I'll fucking kill all of you dumbasses later!" A familiar yet arrogant voice sounded.

Fei turned around to see a tied up Gill being brought onto the defensive wall by Pierce. This

fatty didn't have any idea that his luck was over, yelling and screaming rampantly as he arrived.

Fei's pupils contracted as he looked past the fatty and saw the man standing behind Gill.

It was an old man wearing a red silk robe. He was thin, about 5 foot 8, and had a curved nose. His face appeared gloomy and his eyes subconsciously squinted. He was a little humpbacked, but he walked calmly and steadily. His white hair was combed together by a gem embedded golden hair ring.

"This old man looks powerful, is he..." As Fei was thinking, Pierce came up and laughed, "Your Majesty, we've brought Gill here like you commanded. But we had to tie him up, haha." He then pointed at the old man in red, "However, Head Minister Bazzar is here too."

This was the old man who had controlled Chambord on Alexander's behalf.

Fei took a detailed look at the old man. For some reason, this average looking old man gave Fei the impression of a dangerous, vicious and poisonous snake.

"Your Majesty, I need an explanation!" When Fei was observing this old man, the old man stepped by and asked Fei aggressively, "Your Majesty, I want to know what law my son Gill broke that forced you to tie him up and bring him onto the defensive wall. Please give me a proper explanation!"

As to coordinate with his father's aggressive question, Gill who was tied up yelled at Fei angrily, "Alexander, you dumb idiot! Tell these low class dirt bags to let go of me..."

Fei sneered. "You want to act all arrogant in front of me?" He thought.

He didn't even look at Bazzar. He walked up to Gill quietly and started brutally slapping Gill without saying a word.

"Pia, Pia, Pia, Pia -!"

After twenty or so loud slaps, Gill's face swelled up like an inflated balloon. Fei didn't go easy on him at all; the strength of a barbarian had completely knocked out Gill. Blood dripped from the side of his mouth.

After he had done this, he slowly walked to Bazzar, with everyone still shocked by his action. He cleaned his hand and laughed condescendingly, "I'm the king! Does a king have to explain himself to you when he does something?"

Domineering!

Purely domineering!

I will do whatever I want, and I won't explain shit to you!

That was the attitude!

Bazzer who was gloomy was about to explode. He was not expecting this at all.

He knew of Alexander's godlike performance in yesterday's battle and the mysterious linkage between Alexander and the God of War, so he actually prepared a little. His appearance on the defensive wall was well calculated. "Your intelligence is back to normal? So what?" Bazzer didn't think a kid who wasn't even eighteen was able to deal with him.

If he couldn't beat Alexander physically, then he would just use his brain and strategies.

He planned to 'reason' with the young king. Playing tricks and constructing conspiracies were his major. He was 100% confident in 'convincing' Alexander. By tricking Alexander, Chambord would still be his backyard.

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However –

Bazzar didn't expect that all his planning would go down the toilet and that the 'new' Alexander would be this domineering – not even in his wildest dreams!

He suddenly regretted his decisions.

From the rumours that were circling around Chambord, Alexander only became 'normal' after he was shot by the arrow on the defensive wall and hit his head on an object. What goes around comes around. He was the one who brought Alexander onto the defensive wall. He planned to kill the retarded king in the hands of the enemies, but he had made himself a new and more difficult obstacle. However, this feeling of regret only appeared in his head for a

fraction of a second. He quickly adjusted himself.

Although he was enraged by the swollen face of his son, he had to swallow it. His plan was already initiated and there was too much on the hook to be messed with. The most important reason was that the number one warrior of Chambord Lampard was walking up the stairs.

"Your Majesty, I apologize for my earlier rudeness!"

Bazzer properly adjusted himself. He bowed to Fei sincerely, "I was only too worried about my son, I was too anxious, please forgive me... But Gill is now...Eh, is now fainted, I'm afraid that he cannot participate in the upcoming battle. Can I take him back to get some rest?"

"Rest? Rest for what? Chambord is under a great threat. Every man, if not dead, must help with the defense. This light injury is nothing!" Fei didn't give Bazzer any chance.

He said something to a soldier, and the soldier carried a bucket of cold water and dumped it on Gill mercilessly. As if the fatty was stabbed by eighteen knives, he regained consciousness and started to struggle and scream again.