

## Long Live the King Chapter 31

Pierce stepped out and yelled at Oleg angrily, "You fucking coward! Stop saying shit! You're just scared of dying... Warden Oleg, you won't have to be a slave, but what about the citizens? We all know how horrible being a slave is, it's better to die in battle than that..."

After he said that, he turned around and said to Fei with craze burning in his eyes, "Your Majesty! Please command us. My brothers and I are willing to die on the defensive wall of Chambord rather than become lowly slaves with our families!"

Pierce was very emotional. Brook stepped out at the same time and half kneeled; he said seriously, "King Alexander, I wish the same! I would rather die in battle than become a slave!"

"Hua- hua- "

All the soldiers and young adults kneeled down after Brook finished.

Life as a slave on Azeroth Continent was worse than death – they could be killed and sold at their master's will. They would also be recruited into the death squads of the army or do hard labour. They didn't have any hope until they died of disease or exhaustion. Their descendants would also be slaves, with no hope.

"Your Majesty! We are all willing to die to defend the kingdom!" The soldiers stared at the young king of Chambord, with their blood burning.

Fei was also influenced by this. All the worries in his mind disappeared, and what was left was only bravery and pride. When he was about to say something, he thought of something and turned around and asked Bazzar who was in silence, "Bazzar, what do you think I should choose?"

"Defense is our best option. We have a chance. I believe your majesty should not surrender at all!" Bazzar answered solemnly.

The answer surprised Fei. He thought that this gloomy red-robed old man was timid and preferred surrendering. Who knew that Bazzar was all in on the defending side of the scale, being all serious and stuff?

However, there wasn't any more time for Fei to think. He knew that he had to make the final decision, and he couldn't disappoint his loyal followers. Under the eyes of many people who were paying close attention, he walked back to the battlement and yelled, "Did you hear my soldiers' responses? Go back and tell that sneaky master of yours, if you want Chambord Castle, then take it away like a real warrior with blades and swords! Don't play these dirty old tricks and try to estrange our unity. In Chambord, there are only warriors that would bleed and die in battle, no cowards that would want to surrender!"

Fei's words heated up the morale and desire for battle of the soldiers.

The last sentence had especially excited and pumped the kneeling soldiers. They felt like something was about to burst out of their chests, and wanted to roar like wild beasts.

Under the defensive wall.

The four knight changed expressions. The reason the silver masked knight wanted to do this was to dismantle the unity and morale of Chambord; he wanted the royalty and citizens to have conflict so his army would conquer the kingdom easier and faster. They were deep into Zenit Empire's territory. If the whole siege took too long and the Zenit Empire found out about them, all their effort and time would be wasted.

They didn't expect that the retarded king of Chambord used their strategy into his advantage and pumped the soldiers' morale...The silver knight's plan fell apart completely.

Black knight [One] was so mad that he started laughing. He twisted his lance holding the helmet and smashed it against the defensive wall and broke it into piece.

He flipped his lance again and pointed it at Fei on top of the defensive wall. He swore arrogantly, "You unappreciative dirt bag! My master was generous and was willing to let you live; however, you just really want to die like a pig to show off your pitiful bravery... You dirty low lives, start trembling, you will pay for your decision! When the castle is conquered, the women will be torn apart right in front of you, the skulls of the elders and kids will be piled into mountains, and you..." He pointed at Fei, "You retard! You will be chopped into pieces and made into a stew to feed our horses. I swear!"

After he finished, he turned his horse around and was about to leave. However, the tough guy Pierce on the defensive wall was enraged by what [One] said. He grabbed the bow and arrow from an archer beside him, pulled on the bow and yelled, "Bastard! You want to leave after insulting my king? Take this!"

"Woosh-"

The arrow was aimed at the back of the black knight.

"Tink-"

[One] swung his lance and blocked the arrow easily.

He turned his head around and looked at Pierce, "White haired punk, your strength is way too weak... I will remember you. Just wait, when we conquer the castle, I will chop your head off myself and place it

onto the tip of this lance!"

Pierce was born with inhuman strength, but he didn't have any energy and wasn't a star ranked warrior; however, [One] became a one star warrior a long time ago. They weren't on the same level. There was no way that Pierce was able to hurt [One], so [One] didn't even try seriously.

[One] glanced through all the faces on the defensive wall arrogantly and started heading back while laughing out loudly.

But at this moment –

"It's better if you leave your head here!"

A roar sounded on the defensive wall. A blue flash of energy appeared and a figure jumped off the tall wall. He swung his sword rapidly in midair and waves of blue energy flew towards [One] at the speed of light. They looked unstoppable and had great momentum.

"This ..."

Right at that second, the shadow of death hovered over [One]'s mind. His pupils contracted as he tried to block the waves of energy with his lance as fast as he could, thinking about a plan to escape from the situation...

But –

"Crack, crack, crack!"

After a series of clear sounds, the hard lance was chopped into a couple large pieces. The blue energy surrounding the figure expanded and flashed in the observers' eyes a couple times to fight [One]. After that, he jumped up, grabbed onto the base of the defensive wall to regain his momentum and pushed as he jumped back up onto the high defensive wall.

Pierce stepped out and yelled at Oleg angrily, "You fucking coward! Stop saying shit! You're just scared of dying... Werden Oleg, you won't have to be a slave, but what about the citizens? We all know how horrible being a slave is, it's better to die in battle than that..."

After he said that, he turned around and said to Fei with a fire burning in his eyes, "Your Majesty! Please commend us. My brothers and I are willing to die on the defensive wall of Chembord rather than become lowly slaves with our families!"

Pierce was very emotional. Brook stepped out at the same time and half-kneeled; he said seriously, "King Alexander, I wish the same! I would rather die in battle than become a slave!"

"Hue- hue- "

All the soldiers and young adults knelt down after Brook finished.

Life as a slave on the Azeroth Continent was worse than death – they could be killed and sold at their master's will. They would also be recruited into the death squads of the army or do hard labour. They didn't have any hope until they died of disease or exhaustion. Their descendants would also be slaves, with no hope.

"Your Majesty! We are all willing to die to defend the kingdom!" The soldiers stared at the young king of Chembord, with their blood burning.

Fei was also influenced by this. All the worries in his mind disappeared, and what was left was only bravery and pride. When he was about to say something, he thought of something and turned around and asked Bezzer who was in silence, "Bezzar, what do you think I should choose?"

"Defense is our best option. We have a chance. I believe your Majesty should not surrender at all!" Bezzer answered solemnly.

The answer surprised Fei. He thought that this gloomy red-robed old man was timid and preferred surrendering. Who knew that Bezzer was all in on the defending side of the scale, being all serious and stuff?

However, there wasn't any more time for Fei to think. He knew that he had to make the final decision, and he couldn't disappoint his loyal followers. Under the eyes of many people who were paying close attention, he walked back to the battlement and yelled, "Did you hear my soldiers' responses? Go back and tell that sneaky master of yours, if you want Chembord Castle, then take it away like a real warrior with blades and swords! Don't play these dirty old tricks and try to estrange our unity. In Chembord, there are only warriors that would bleed and die in battle, no cowards that would go to surrender!"

Fei's words heated up the morale and desire for battle of the soldiers.

The last sentence had especially excited and pumped the kneeling soldiers. They felt like something was about to burst out of their chests, and wanted to roar like wild beasts.

Under the defensive wall.

The four knights changed expressions. The reason the silver masked knight wanted to do this was to dismantle the unity and morale of Chembord; he wanted the royalty and citizens to have conflict so his army would conquer the kingdom easier and faster. They were deep into Zenit Empire's territory. If the whole siege took too long and the Zenit Empire found out about them, all their effort and time would be wasted.

They didn't expect that the retarded king of Chembord used their strategy into his advantage and pumped the soldiers' morale...The silver knight's plan fell apart completely.

Black knight [One] was so mad that he started laughing. He twisted his lance holding the helmet and smashed it against the defensive wall and broke it into pieces.

He flipped his lance again and pointed it at Fei on top of the defensive wall. He swore arrogantly, "You unappreciative dirt beg! My master was generous and was willing to let you live; however, you just really went to die like a pig to show off your pitiful bravery... You dirty low lives, start trembling, you will pay for your decision! When the castle is conquered, the women will be torn apart right in front of you, the skulls of the elders and kids will be piled into mountains, and you..." He pointed at Fei, "You retard! You will be chopped into pieces and made into a stew to feed our horses. I swear!"

After he finished, he turned his horse around and was about to leave. However, the tough guy Pierce on the defensive wall was enraged by what [One] said. He grabbed the bow and arrow from an archer beside him, pulled on the bow and yelled, "Bastard! You went to leave after insulting my king? Take this!"

"Woosh-"

The arrow was aimed at the back of the black knight.

"Tink-"

[One] swung his lance and blocked the arrow easily.

He turned his head around and looked at Pierce, "White haired punk, your strength is way too weak... I will remember you. Just wait, when we conquer the castle, I will chop your head off myself and place it onto the tip of this lance!"

Pierce was born with inhuman strength, but he didn't have any energy and wasn't the strongest warrior; however, [One] became the strongest warrior a long time ago. They weren't on the same level. There was no way that Pierce was able to hurt [One], so [One] didn't even try seriously.

[One] glanced through all the feces on the defensive wall arrogantly and started heading back while laughing out loudly.

But at this moment –

"It's better if you leave your head here!"

A roar sounded on the defensive well. A blue flash of energy appeared and a figure jumped off the well. He swung his sword rapidly in midair and waves of blue energy flew towards [One] at the speed of light. They looked unstoppable and had great momentum.

"This ..."

Right at that second, the shadow of death hovered over [One]'s mind. His pupils contracted as he tried to block the waves of energy with his lance as fast as he could, thinking about a plan to escape from the situation...

But –

"Creak, creak, creak!"

After a series of creak sounds, the heavy lance was chopped into a couple large pieces. The blue energy surrounding the figure expanded and flashed in the observers' eyes a couple times to fight [One]. After that, he jumped up, grabbed onto the base of the defensive well to regain his momentum and pushed as he jumped back up onto the high defensive well.

The whole process was clean and fast. Everyone was shocked by what had happened.

After they processed what had happened in their minds, that godlike figure was already back on top of the defensive well holding the head in his hands, with a pair of eyes still wide open.

It was the head of [One]. Moreover, the person who was holding the head was the number one warrior of Chembord, three-star warrior Frenk Lempert.

His strength had shocked everyone on the battlefield. The battlefield was dead silent.

Suddenly –

"Pe!"

Under the well, [One]'s beheaded corpse, which was on the horse fell and smashed onto the ground.

Blood spurted out his neck like a fountain and quickly stained the soil underneath it... This arrogant black knight who was yelling and screaming a second ago died under Lempert's sword in a few strikes and got his head chopped off; it was just like what he said he would do to Pierce.

No one expected the silent Lempert to attack so suddenly. The extreme strength of the three-star warrior was thoroughly demonstrated by Lempert.

"Dot, dot..."

On the defensive well, Lempard stood like a demon in front of the enemies. The head he was holding was still dripping blood. The eyes were wide open, filled with terror and regret.

"Insulting my king and breaking the negotiation helmet...shall result in death!"

Lempard yelled using his energy. The voice came out loud and clear and every enemy soldier heard it, even the silver masked knight on the other side of the wide river. The voice sounded like thunder, especially the emphasis on the word 'kill'. It shocked the enemies and created a little chaos in the enemies' formations.

According to the rules and customs of wars on Azeroth Continent, during negotiation, even if it didn't work out, parties were not allowed to break the helmet on the tip of the lances. Doing so was extremely disrespectful and would shame the God of War. [One] broke the helmet and insulted the opponent king; those actions were forbidden, so he deserved to be killed.

Fei looked at Lempard, he was in shock.

"This is a real warrior!"

In yesterday's battle, Lempard was entangled with the enemy's three star warrior Lendes and didn't shine too much, but killing a one star warrior easily like eating pie proved that he deserved the soldiers' respect and worship.

Fei knew that his strength was not as strong as that. But as the king who liked to show off, he wasn't going to let this chance pass by. He jumped onto the battlement, swung his axe and yelled to the three black knights who were still in shock, "Fuck off!!"

Fei used the barbarian's war cry skill [Howl] while yelling.

Because of the distance between Fei and the black knights, it only surprised them and they didn't experience the terrifying pressure. However, Fei's targets weren't the three one star warrior black knights, but rather...

The horses they were on; they didn't have anywhere near the strength of a one star warrior.

Pierce stepped out and yelled at Oleg angrily, "You fucking coward! Stop saying shit! You're just scared of dying... Warden Oleg, you won't have to be a slave, but what about the citizens? We all know how horrible being a slave is, it's better to die in battle than that..."

After he said that, he turned around and said to Fei with a crazed burning in his eyes, "Your Majesty! Please

command us. My brothers and I are willing to die on the defensive wall of Chambord rather than become lowly slaves with our families!"

Pierce was very emotional. Brook stepped out at the same time and half kneeled; he said seriously, "King Alexander, I wish the same! I would rather die in battle than become a slave!"

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"Your Majesty! We are all willing to die to defend the kingdom!" The soldiers stared at the young king of Chambord, with their blood burning.

Fei was also influenced by this. All the worries in his mind disappeared, and what was left was only bravery and pride. When he was about to say something, he thought of something and turned around and asked Bazzar who was in silence, "Bazzar, what do you think I should choose?"

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The answer surprised Fei. He thought that this gloomy red-robed old man was timid and preferred surrendering. Who knew that Bazzar was all in on the defending side of the scale, being all serious and stuff?

However, there wasn't any more time for Fei to think. He knew that he had to make the final decision, and he couldn't disappoint his loyal followers. Under the eyes of many people who were paying close attention, he walked back to the battlement and yelled, "Did you hear my soldiers' responses? Go back and tell that sneaky master of yours, if you want Chambord Castle, then take it away like a real warrior with blades and swords! Don't play these dirty old tricks and try to estrange our unity. In Chambord, there are only warriors that would bleed and die in battle, no cowards that would want to surrender!"

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laughing out loudly.

But at this moment –

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It was the head of [One]. Moreover, the person who was holding the head was the number one warrior of Chambord, three star warrior Frank Lampard.

His strength had shocked everyone on the battlefield. The battlefield was dead silent.

Suddenly –

"Pa!"

Under the wall, [One]'s beheaded corpse, which was on the horse fell and smashed onto the ground.

Blood spurted out his neck like a fountain and quickly stained the soil underneath it...This arrogant black

knight who was yelling and screaming a second ago died under Lampard's sword in a few strikes and got his head chopped off; it was just like what he said he would do to Pierce.

No one expected the silent Lampard to attack so suddenly. The extreme strength of a three star warrior was thoroughly demonstrated by Lampard.

"Dot, dot..."

On the defensive wall, Lampard stood like a demon in front of the enemies. The head he was holding was still dripping blood. The eyes were wide open, filled with terror and regret.

"Insulting my king and breaking the negotiation helmet...shall result in death!"

Lampard yelled using his energy. The voice came out loud and clear and every enemy soldier heard it, even the silver masked knight on the other side of the wide river. The voice sounded like thunder, especially the emphasis on the word 'kill'. It shocked the enemies and created a little chaos in the enemies' formations.

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Fei looked at Lampard, he was in shock.

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In yesterday's battle, Lampard was entangled with the enemy's three star warrior Landes and didn't shine too much, but killing a one star warrior easily like eating pie proved that he deserved the soldiers' respect and worship.

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