

Long Live the King Chapter 43

Fei knew he was the center of attention. He smiled gently at the anxious soldiers and new recruits, calming them down. He beckoned to Pierce and Brook, calling them over to the watchtower. He didn't acknowledge Oleg who was trying get his attention, and Head Minister Bazzer who wasn't too far away either.

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It was a rather clear signal; even the farmers who knew nothing about politics understood that the two former powerful figures, Bazzer and Oleg had lost the king's appreciation and trust.

"Brook, tell me about the enemies' movements." Fei asked as he looked at the crowd of enemies on the bridge. He stood beside a battlement and touched the marks left there by the swords and lances.

"Your majesty, during the past four hours that you were resting, the enemies didn't move at all for some reason... they didn't even harass us with any feck attacks. It's almost as if they are waiting for something, but..." Brook pointed behind the enemies. His voice was filled with worry, "They have moved their last three siege ladders and sieging equipment that they made in the last couple days onto the bridge. They are fully prepared, and there are even more enemy soldiers participating in this siege compared to the previous battle. Once they decide to attack, we will be in an extremely dangerous situation."

Fei looked at the place that Brook was pointing at. There were some major changes in the enemy formation –

The tower shield formation was still at the very front, protecting all the enemies behind it using a huge black wall. It was only steps away from the north bank of the Zuli River, where Chembord Castle was located.

However, the formations behind it were very different –

The archers, spearmen and swordsmen formations had moved back, and in their place were the three siege ladders which the enemies had moved onto the bridge. Behind the siege ladders, there were four or five giant wooden walls made out of wet, green trees to block off arrows. Even further away, there were six seventy feet (20m) tall trebuchets that were protected by the stronger enemy warriors...

Fei's pupils quickly contracted when he saw that. The six trebuchets were lethal siege machines. They were much more threatening than the siege ladders. Once they got within 200 yards (m) of the

defensive well, regardless of how firm and strong the defensive well was, it would be blown apart. The defensive well of Chembord and the less than one thousand soldier army would be wiped out in less than twenty boulder throws by the trebuchets.

The enemy's commander had definitely put a lot of resources into this siege, so he wanted to conquer Chembord Castle today.

"Those wooden walls were made in a rush, and there are still green leaves on the wood. However, the six trebuchets couldn't have been made quickly, but they've never appeared in the sieges before... Did the enemies get some reinforcements?"

Fei licked his lip subconsciously as he thought about that.

There was no way that Chembord could defend against that. Once the enemies began their siege, the wooden walls could easily block the rain of arrows and get the trebuchets into range. Chembord seemed to be doomed. This was an unequal war.

Aside from the huge gap in the strength between the enemies and them, the enemy's commander was also very careful and sneaky. He knew that Chembord didn't have too many soldiers, so he focused on that weakness. Brook and the others couldn't come up with any strategies that could break open the 'cage' that Chembord was in.

Fei frowned as he evaluated the situation. Brook was observing Fei's expression. He was about to say something, but he held himself back.

"Say what you want to say. As the future general commander of Chembord, hesitating doesn't look good." Fei noticed Brook's behaviour and joked.

Brook got really close to Fei and whispered into his ears, "Your majesty...maybe...We can't defend this one. I'm willing to stay behind with the soldiers to try to defend against the enemies and buy more time. Please let Mr. Lempert and Pierce take a team of elite soldiers to protect you and Ms. Angele to leave Chembord from the back mountain...."

"No!"

Fei shook his head and rejected Brook's suggestion before he even finished. He didn't say a single word more, but just from his rejection and him shaking his head, Brook and Pierce felt the young king's determination. No matter what was going to happen, the king wouldn't back down nor flinch. Fei's expression excited and pleased the two, but it also made them really anxious.

"We can't wait any longer; we need to initiate an attack." Fei said as he tapped the battlement with his finger.

This sentence was as shocking as thunder, and 'exploded' in their ears.

"Initiate an attack?"

Brook and Pierce were stunned. What did initiating an attack under such circumstances, with so few soldiers, most with no formal training mean? It meant that Fei was giving up on the terrain advantage and planning to attack the enemies, like smashing a herd of rock with an apple pie...The fate of the apple pie could easily be determined.

"Your majesty, is...won't that be too risky?" Brook was trying to get Fei to change his mind.

"There is no time." Fei shook his head as he said decisively. "If I'm not wrong, the enemies will attack right after lunch...The only way for us to survive in this war is to think of the unimaginable and do the unexpected. If we wait any longer, the enemies will begin the siege, and the only thing we will face is death."

Fei slowly looked at the two as he said that.

Looking at the confused expressions of the two warriors, Fei said, "What do you think, my warriors? Do you guys have the courage to go with me and send all those bastards into the Zuli River so they can take the last breath of their lives?"

The question was as simple as asking for his friends' opinions.

At that very moment, Brook and Pierce felt like the blood in their bodies was on fire.

"Your majesty, it's our honour!" Their voices trembled as they responded.

"Alright, I need you guys to do something...Brook, go and tell all the soldiers to rest. Remember, only keep a couple smart ones to watch the enemies' actions... Also, go find twenty reliable and loyal strong men and bring them to me. Pierce, you go and get these for me..."

Fei whispered into Pierce's ear, and the white-haired tough guy left in confusion. After they left, Fei stood quietly on the defensive wall. He repeated and organized all the things that he needed to pay attention to in upcoming operation in his mind, and then turned around and walked to his left.

He walked to the number one warrior of Chembord, under the gazes of all the soldiers.

"Your Majesty!" Lempard nodded.

The number one warrior who was normally cold to Fei had finally lowered his guard and proactively

talked to him.

Fei knew that his series of heroic feats had gained the trust and respect of this 'mester'. Lemperd had protected the peace of Chembord and stabilized the reterded Alexander's throne by his individual strength; Fei was very grateful for that. Fei also heard that Lemperd was the closest friend of the old king, so he Fei's elder as well.

"Uncle Lemperd, I have something that requires your assistance." Fei was very polite.

Lemperd looked at Fei, and then turned around to look at the black flood of enemies. He was silent for a couple seconds, but then asked, "You want me to help you destroy those trebuchets, right? I only have about thirty to forty percent confidence in destroying two or three of them..."

"Destroy the trebuchets?"

Fei was surprised, but he quickly understood what Lemperd was thinking. He shook his head and said seriously, "Uncle Lemperd, that's not what I'm asking...Eh, it's like this. I'm going to leave the castle and attack the enemies soon, so I want you to stay on the defensive well and stabilize the situation here. If I end up dying, I want you to take care of Angele for me. Please protect her and Emme and leave Chembord safely."

Foo knew he was the center of attention. He smiled gently at the anxious soldiers and now recruits, calming them down. He beckoned to Poorco and Brook, calling them over to the watchtower. He didn't acknowledge Olog who was trying to get his attention, and Hood Monstor Bozzor who wasn't too far away either.

It was a rather clear signal; even the farmers who know nothing about politics understood that the two former powerful figures, Bozzor and Olog had lost the king's approval and trust.

"Brook, tell me about the onomoo's movements." Foo asked as he looked at the crowd of onomoo on the bridge. He stood beside a bottleneck and touched the marks left there by the swords and lances.

"Your majesty, during the past four hours that you were resting, the onomoo didn't move at all for some reason... they didn't even harass us with any fake attacks. It's almost as if they are waiting for something, but..." Brook pointed behind the onomoo. His voice was filled with worry, "They have moved their last three siege ladders and siege equipment that they made on the last couple days onto the bridge. They are fully prepared, and there are even more enemy soldiers portocopting on the siege compared to the previous battle. Once they decide to attack, we will be on an extremely dangerous situation."

Foo looked at the place that Brook was pointing at. There were some major changes on the enemy formation –

The tower should formoon was still at the very front, protecting all the onemoos behind it using a huge block wall. It was only steps away from the north bank of the Zulo River, where Chombord Castle was located.

However, the formoons behind it were very different –

The archers, spearmen and swordsmen formoons had moved back, and in their place were the three soigo ladders which the onemoos had moved onto the bridge. Behind the soigo ladders, there were four or five goot wooden walls made out of wet, green trees to block off arrows. Even further away, there were six seventy foot (20m) tall trebuchets that were protected by the stronger onemy warriors...

Foo's pupils quickly contracted when he saw that. The six trebuchets were lethal soigo machines. They were much more threatening than the soigo ladders. Once they got within 200 yards (m) of the defensive wall, regardless of how firm and strong the defensive wall was, it would be blown apart. The defensive wall of Chombord and the less than one thousand soldier army would be wiped out in less than twenty boulder throws by the trebuchets.

The onemy's commander had definitely put a lot of resources onto this soigo, so he wanted to conquer Chombord Castle today.

"Those wooden walls were made in a rush, and there are still green leaves on the wood. However, the six trebuchets couldn't have been made quickly, but they've never appeared on the soigos before... Did the onemoos get some reinforcements?"

Foo locked his lips subconsciously as he thought about that.

There was no way that Chombord could defend against that. Once the onemoos began their soigo, the wooden walls could easily block the rain of arrows and get the trebuchets onto range. Chombord seemed to be doomed. This was an unequal war.

Aside from the huge gap in the strength between the onemoos and them, the onemy's commander was also very careful and sneaky. He knew that Chombord didn't have too many soldiers, so he focused on that weakness. Brook and the others couldn't come up with any strategies that could break upon the 'cage' that Chombord was in.

Foo frowned as he evaluated the situation. Brook was observing Foo's expression. He was about to say something, but he held himself back.

"Say what you want to say. As the future general commander of Chombord, hesitating doesn't look good." Foo noticed Brook's behavior and joked.

Brook got really close to Foo and whispered into his ears, "Your majesty...maybe...We can't defend this one. I'm willing to stay behind with the soldiers to try to defend against the onomoes and buy more time. Please let Mr. Lombard and Poorco take a team of elite soldiers to protect you and Ms. Ongolo to leave Chombard from the back mountain...."

"No!"

Foo shook his head and rejected Brook's suggestion before he even finished. He didn't say a single word more, but just from his reaction and his shaking his head, Brook and Poorco felt the young king's determination. No matter what was going to happen, the king wouldn't back down nor flinch. Foo's expression excited and pleased the two, but it also made them really anxious.

"We can't wait any longer; we need to negotiate on the spot." Foo said as he tapped the bottom of his finger.

This sentence was as shocking as thunder, and 'exploded' in their ears.

"negotiate on the spot?"

Brook and Poorco were stunned. What did negotiating on the spot under such circumstances, with so few soldiers, most with no formal training mean? It meant that Foo was going up on the tower and planning to negotiate with the onomoes, like smashing a hard rock with an apple core...The fate of the apple core could easily be determined.

"Your majesty, as...won't that be too risky?" Brook was trying to get Foo to change his mind.

"There is no time." Foo shook his head as he said decisively. "If I'm not wrong, the onomoes will attack right after lunch...The only way for us to survive on this war is to think of the unimpossible and do the unexpected. If we wait any longer, the onomoes will begin the siege, and the only thing we will face is death."

Foo slowly looked at the two as he said that.

Looking at the confused expressions of the two warriors, Foo said, "What do you think, my warriors? Do you guys have the courage to go with me and send all these bastards onto the Zulo Rover so they can take the last both of their loves?"

The question was as simple as asking for his friends' opinions.

At that very moment, Brook and Poorco felt like the blood on their bodies was on fire.

"Your majesty, it's our honour!" Thore vociferously responded.

"Alright, I need you guys to do something...Brook, go and tell all the soldiers to rest. Remember, only keep a couple smart ones to watch the oncoming octons... also, go find twenty reliable and loyal strong men and bring them to me. Poorco, you go and get those for me..."

Foo wandered onto Poorco's door, and the white-haired tough guy left in confusion. After they left, Foo stood quietly on the defensive wall. He retreated and organized all the things that he needed to pay attention to on the upcoming operation on his mind, and then turned around and walked to his loft.

He walked to the number one warrior of Chombord, under the gazes of all the soldiers.

"Your Majesty!" Lompord nodded.

The number one warrior who was normally cold to Foo had fondly lowered his guard and protectively talked to him.

Foo knew that his services of heroic feats had gained the trust and respect of this 'master'. Lompord had protected the peace of Chombord and stabilized the rotund octon's throne by his undivided strength; Foo was very grateful for that. Foo also heard that Lompord was the closest friend of the old king, so he Foo's old man as well.

"Uncle Lompord, I have something that requires your assistance." Foo was very polite.

Lompord looked at Foo, and then turned around to look at the black flood of octons. He was silent for a couple seconds, but then asked, "You want me to help you destroy those trebuchets, right? I only have about thirty to forty percent confidence on destroying two or three of them..."

"Destroy the trebuchets?"

Foo was surprised, but he quickly understood what Lompord was thinking. He shook his head and said seriously, "Uncle Lompord, that's not what I'm asking...oh, it's like this. I'm going to leave the castle and attack the octons soon, so I want you to stay on the defensive wall and stabilize the situation here. If I end up dying, I want you to take care of myself for me. Please protect her and myself and leave Chombord safely."

Fei knew he was the center of attention. He smiled gently at the anxious soldiers and new recruits, calming them down. He beckoned to Pierce and Brook, calling them over to the watchtower. He didn't acknowledge Oleg who was trying to get his attention, and Head Minister Buzzer who wasn't too far away either.

It was a rather clear signal; even the farmers who knew nothing about politics understood that the two former powerful figures, Bazzar and Oleg had lost the king's appreciation and trust.

"Brook, tell me about the enemies' movements." Fei asked as he looked at the crowd of enemies on the bridge. He stood beside a battlement and touched the marks left there by the swords and lances.

"Your majesty, during the past four hours that you were resting, the enemies didn't move at all for some reason... they didn't even harass us with any fake attacks. It's almost as if they are waiting for something, but..." Brook pointed behind the enemies. His voice was filled with worry, "They have moved their last three siege ladders and sieging equipment that they made in the last couple days onto the bridge. They are fully prepared, and there are even more enemy soldiers participating in this siege compared to the previous battle. Once they decide to attack, we will be in an extremely dangerous situation."

Fei looked at the place that Brook was pointing at. There were some major changes in the enemy formation –

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However, the formations behind it were very different –

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The enemy's commander had definitely put a lot of resources into this siege, so he wanted to conquer Chambord Castle today.

"Those wooden walls were made in a rush, and there are still green leaves on the wood. However, the six trebuchets couldn't have been made quickly, but they've never appeared in the sieges before... Did the enemies get some reinforcements?"

Fei licked his lip subconsciously as he thought about that.

There was no way that Chambord could defend against that. Once the enemies began their siege, the wooden walls could easily block the rain of arrows and get the trebuchets into range. Chambord seemed to be doomed. This was an unequal warfare.

Aside from the huge gap in the strength between the enemies and them, the enemy's commander was also very careful and sneaky. He knew that Chambord didn't have too many soldiers, so he focused on that weakness. Brook and the others couldn't come up with any strategies that could break open the 'cage' that Chambord was in.

Fei frowned as he evaluated the situation. Brook was observing Fei's expression. He was about to say something, but he held himself back.

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Brook got really close to Fei and whispered into his ears, "Your majesty...maybe...We can't defend this one. I'm willing to stay behind with the soldiers to try to defend against the enemies and buy more time. Please let Mr. Lampard and Pierce take a team of elite soldiers to protect you and Ms. Angela to leave Chambord from the back mountain....."

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one. I'm willing to stay behind with the soldiers to try to defend against the enemies and buy more time. Please let Mr. Lampard and Pierce take a team of elite soldiers to protect you and Ms. Angela to leave Chambord from the back mountain....."

"No!"

Fei shook his head and rejected Brook's suggestion before he even finished. He didn't say a single word more, but just from his rejection and him shaking his head, Brook and Pierce felt the young king's determination. No matter what was going to happen, the king wouldn't back down nor flinch. Fei's expression excited and pleased the two, but it also made them really anxious.

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Brook and Pierce were stunned. What did initiating an attack under such circumstances, with so few soldiers, most with no formal training mean? It meant that Fei was giving up on the terrain advantage and planning to attack the enemies, like smashing a hard rock with an apple pie...The fate of the apple pie could easily be determined.

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"Your Majesty!" Lampard nodded.

The number one warrior who was normally cold to Fei had finally lowered his guard and proactively talked to him.

Fei knew that his series of heroic feats had gained the trust and respect of this 'master'. Lampard had protected the peace of Chambord and stabilized the retarded Alexander's throne by his individual strength; Fei was very grateful for that. Fei also heard that Lampard was the closest friend of the old king, so he Fei's elder as well.

"Uncle Lampard, I have something that requires your assistance." Fei was very polite.

Lampard looked at Fei, and then turned around to look at the black flood of enemies. He was silent for a couple second, but then asked, "You want me to help you destroy those trebuchets, right? I only have about thirty to forty percent confidence in destroying two or three of them..."

"Destroy the trebuchets?"

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