

## Long Live the King Chapter 56

The re-organized formations were in chaos again and every single enemy was screaming and fighting to escape first.

The bridge was shaking more intensely as time passed. Fei was the only one standing still in the middle of the bridge which was filled with the largest cracks. He was very calm as he quickly planned his next move.

He took out a bottle of [Normal Healing Potion] and a bottle of [Stamina Potion] and chugged them down under the cover of flying dust and stone chips. All of his fatigue went away and his wounds instantly began to recover.

Soon, he was back at his peak state. Except for the holes in his armour and his broken axe, his body didn't have any problems. Not even a scar was left.

The potions from the Diablo World were just too magical.

At the same time, the strongmen on the north side of the bridge were shocked.

They surprisingly found out that King Alexander was standing in the middle of the crack, yet he was just standing there and not moving for some reason...They all thought Fei was exhausted and didn't have the strength to move anymore. If the bridge collapsed, falling into the river would be too dangerous, so they were all terrified for Fei.

"Damn...Quick, save the king!"

Pierce rushed forward to Fei's location like a mad god.

The other strongmen reacted the same way; they forgot about their bleeding wounds and risked their lives to rush to save Fei.

"Come back; you guys are crazy!"

At this time, Drogba kept a rare calmness; he grabbed Pierce and pulled him back swiftly. He roared, "If all of us go there, our combined weight will cause the bridge to collapse faster...We need to send someone who's fast to go and bring the back the king speedily."

"I will go! I'm the fastest!" After Pierce mulled for a second, he shouted as he was about to charge again.

"Hehe...You aren't as fast as me." A sly expression appeared on Drogba's face. He hit Pierce on the back

of his head with his axe handle and knocked Pierce out. He rushed towards Fei as he laughed, as if he had gain something super advantageous. He yelled at his peers, "You guys don't need to come, I will help the king. Hahaha, take care of that whited haired idiot..."

After he said that, he charged even faster than a cheetah. The bridge was cracking and collapsing; Drogba used agility that wasn't proportional to his huge torso and rushed to Fei in just a couple seconds. He didn't say a word as he planned to grab Fei by the waist and put him on his shoulders to run back to the north bank of Zuli River.

"The f\*\*k...Drogba? What are you doing here?"

Fei was concentrating on perfecting his upcoming plan and was surprised by the huge figure that sprang out of the dust.

"Your Majesty, the bridge is about to collapse, we need to get back!"

Fei was about to say something, but the part of the bridge under his feet suddenly shook aggressively. The biggest supporting stone finally collapsed and fell into the river. Many water beasts opened their big bloody mouths in anticipating to bite them...

"There's no time to do that!"

There was no way back, as the part of bridge that linked back to Chambord was gone. Fei grabbed Drogba's hand and used Barbarian's [Leap]. He powerfully stomped on the collapsing bridge, and the force caused the stone that Fei was stepping on to break off of the bridge completely. Fei jumped into the air with Drogba in his hands and 'flew' towards a safe location.

However, the direction that he leaped wasn't towards the north where Chambord was at, but rather... it the south where the enemies were at.

"Boom!"

Fei landed with Drogba firmly on a part of the bridge that was dozens of yards (m) away from the crack. This part of the bridge hadn't collapsed.

Finally, the dust that covered up the sky cleared up. The intense shaking of the bridge eventually calmed down as well.

Everyone could see the half collapsed bridge – There was now a gap about sixteen to seventeen yard (m) wide in the middle thinnest portion of the ancient half artificial bridge, as if a god had cut it in half. The current under the bridge whizzed as it quickly flowed downstream. The gap had become a natural barrier; after the collapse, the enemies had no way of getting to Chambord. Only star ranked warriors

would be able to get across with the help of roped hooks; ordinary soldier couldn't get across unless they had wings.

Fei and Drogba stood on the edge of the gap. Behind them, there was the sixteen to seventeen yard (m) long death zone, and the current and the water beasts weren't a joke.

In front of them stood thousands of enemies. Their blades shined with bloodthirst, and they all had murderous gazes.

To these two, this...was definitely a dead end; there was no way they could make it out of this situation alive – unless Chambord could find a way to get Fei and Drogba back, or if they could kill all the enemies in front of them...But both ways were impossible.

On the defensive wall, numerous hearts sunk.

The soldiers' and citizens' face turned pale, and they couldn't utter a sound. Three star warrior Lampard frowned; beside him, the fairy like Angela bit her lips tightly and blood started to flow out. Crystal clear tears rolled off of her cheeks like rain drops, and Emma was sobbing silently in Angela's arms.

On the south bank of the Zuli River, the silver masked knight stomped with fury.

After the collapse of the bridge, the plan of conquering Chambord in a short time was ruined. The long gap between the two sides of the bridge blocked them off as if it was god's will. It was insurmountable.

"Kill them...Kill them!"

The silver masked knight pointed at Fei and Drogba. His sense of superiority, confidence and feeling of having everything under his control had all disappeared. His entire body started to shiver uncontrollably as if he had a sudden seizure; he couldn't even speak properly. He screamed frantically and lost all elegance in his demeanor.

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After he said that, he charged even faster than a cheetah. The bridge was creaking and collapsing; Drogbe used agility that wasn't proportional to his huge torso and rushed to Fei in just a couple seconds. He didn't say a word as he planned to grab Fei by the waist and put him on his shoulders to run back to the north bank of Zuli River.

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On the defensive well, numerous hearts sunk.

The soldiers' and citizens' faces turned pale, and they couldn't utter a sound. The stern warrior Lempert frowned; beside him, the feisty Angele bit her lips tightly and blood started to flow out. Crystal clear tears rolled off of her cheeks like rain drops, and Emme was sobbing silently in Angele's arms.

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His subordinates had to rub their eyes to make sure that it was the same person. For many years, they had never seen their commander go crazy like a stimulated psycho. Without his usual calm demeanor, the respect was lower than that of a beggar on the street that was starving to death.

On the partially collapsed bridge.

Lendes was relieved after the dust cleared. In this situation, the two opponents could only die in his hands. They had no way back and no chance to escape; no matter how powerful one was, even three or four stern warriors wouldn't outlast thousands of soldiers.

Lendes was confident, "Hehe, you low lives, you're dead now....Dead! I will smash each of your bones, and cut off each piece of your flesh. I will make you beg for your death!"

Lendes slowly approached Fei and Drogbe with a nasty grin on his face.

Behind Lendes, the enemy troops began to move forward slowly as well under the pressure of the supervision team. The chilling murderous sensation blew at Fei and Drogbe, and the atmosphere became extremely depressing.

Ordinary people would've already broken down under such a situation, but –

"Phew...Looks like both of us are going to die here. Do you regret it?" Fei didn't even look at the approaching enemies, he turned around and smiled at Drogbe, "Are you scared?"

"To die beside the great warrior King Alexander is my Didier family's honour... Didier Drogbe will never

regret this!" After he said that, the strongmen who had wounds all over his body held his axe tightly, decisively stepped forward and stood in front of Fei. His glare at the enemies and roared, "Hehehe, I have killed enough today... Bell-less bastards, if you want to harm my king, you have to step over my dead body!"

The roar was as loud as thunder.

Even Lendes who was the three-star warrior was a little intimidated by the roar of the person who was weaker than him, which caused him to pause his steps. The enemies behind him reacted worse; hundreds and thousands of them were flustered and jumped as they backed off a couple steps.

At the moment, Fei's blood started to burn again.

Before this, Fei had asked himself repeatedly, "Why should I fight this herd? I'm only a passenger who accidentally came to this world. Wars, death, fighting, blood...all of these are irrelevant to me. If I wanted to leave, with Diablo World as my 'gold finger', I could survive anywhere else...Why would I fight so desperately?"