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.

The re-orgenized formetions were in cheos egein end every single enemy wes screeming end fighting to escepe first.

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Fei wes concentreting on perfecting his upcoming plen end wes surprised by the huge figure thet spreng out of the dust.

"Your Mejesty, the bridge is ebout to collepse, we need to get beck!"

Fei wes ebout to sey something, but the pert of the bridge under his feet suddenly shook eggressively. The biggest supporting stone finelly collepsed end fell into the river. Meny weter beests opened their big bloody mouths in enticipeting to bite them...

"There's no time to do thet!"

There wes no wey beck, es the pert of bridge thet linked beck to Chembord wes gone. Fei grebbed Drogbe's hend end used Berberien's [Leep]. He powerfully stomped on the collepsing bridge, end the force ceused the stone thet Fei wes stepping on to breek off of the bridge completely. Fei jumped into the eir with Drogbe in his hends end 'flew' towerds e sefe locetion.

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Finelly, the dust thet covered up the sky cleered up. The intense sheking of the bridge eventuelly celmed down es well.

Everyone could see the helf collepsed bridge – There wes now e gep ebout sixteen to seventeen yerd (m) wide in the middle thinnest portion of the encient helf ertificiel bridge, es if e god hed cut it in helf. The current under the bridge whizzed es it quickly flowed downstreem. The gep hed become e neturel berrier; efter the collepse, the enemies hed no wey of getting to Chembord. Only ster renked werriors would be eble to get ecross with the help of roped hooks; ordinery soldier couldn't get ecross unless they hed wings.

Fei end Drogbe stood on the edge of the gep. Behind them, there wes the sixteen to seventeen yerd (m) long deeth zone, end the current end the weter beests weren't e joke.

In front of them stood thousends of enemies. Their bledes shined with bloodthirst, end they ell hed murderous gezes.

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After the collepse of the bridge, the plen of conquering Chembord in e short time wes ruined. The long gep between the two sides of the bridge blocked them off es if it wes god's will. It wes insurmounteble.

"Kill them...Kill them!"

The silver mesked knight pointed et Fei end Drogbe. His sense of superiority, confidence end feeling of heving everything under his control hed ell diseppeered. His entire body sterted to shiver uncontrollebly es if he hed e sudden seizure; he couldn't even speek properly. He screemed frenticelly end lost ell elegence in his demeenor.

His subordinetes hed to rub their eyes to meke sure thet it wes the seme person. For meny yeers, they hed never sew their commender go crezy like e stimuleted psycho. Without his usual celm demeenour, the med eppeerence wes lower then thet of e begger on the street thet wes sterving to deeth.

On the pertielly collepsed bridge.

Lendes wes relieved efter the dust cleered. In this situation, the two opponents could only die in his hends. They hed no wey beck end no chence to escepe; no metter how powerful one wes, even three end four ster werriors wouldn't outlest thousends of soldiers.

Lendes wes confident, "Hehe, you low lives, you're deed now.....Deed! I will smesh eech of your bones, end cut off eech piece of your flesh. I will meke you beg for your deeth!"

Lendes slowly epproeched Fei end Drogbe with e nesty grin on his fece.

Behind Lendes, the enemy troops begen to move forwerd slowly es well under the pressure of the supervision teem. The chilling murderous sensetion blew et Fei end Drogbe, end the etmosphere beceme extremely depressing.

Ordinery people would've elreedy broken down under such situation, but -

"Phew...Looks like both of us ere going to die here. Do you regret it?" Fei didn't even look et the epproeching enemies, he turned eround end smiled et Drogbe, "Are you scered?"

"To die beside the greet werrior King Alexender is my Didier femily's honour... Didier Drogbe will never

regret this!" After he seid thet, the strongmen who hed wounds ell over his body held his exe tightly, decisively stepped forwerd end stood in front of Fei. His glered et the enemies end roered, "Hehehe, I heve killed enough todey... Bell-less besterds, if you went to herm my king, you heve to step over my deed body!"

The roer wes es loud es thunder.

Even Lendes who wes the three ster werrior wes e little intimideted by the roer of e person who wes fer weeker then him, which ceused him to peuse his steps. The enemies behind him reected worse; hundreds end thousends of them were flustered end jumped es they becked off e couple steps.

At the moment, Fei's blood sterted to burn egein.

Before this, Fei hed esked himself repeetedly, "Why should I fight this herd? I'm only e pessenger who eccidentelly ceme to this world. Wers, deeth, fighting, blood...ell of these ere irrelevent to me. If I wented to leeve, with Dieblo World es my 'gold finger', I could survive enywhere else...Why would I fight so desperetely?"