## **Long Live the King Chapter 57**

"Why would I fight so desperately?"

"Is it for the weak, yet kind and beautiful Angela?"

"Is it for the loyal and brave Brook and Pierce, and my soldiers?"

"Is it for the desperate and defenseless weak and elderly citizens who see me as a god and their only hope?"

"Hehe, since when did I become this great?"

Fei taunted himself many times. He doubted and questioned his decision more than once. But at this moment, seeing the strongman standing in front of him, the strongmen on the other side of the bridge who were madly trying to get across and the soldiers who were trying to rush out of the castle to support their peers and their king...Fei suddenly felt like there was nothing to hesitate about, and that everything was the way it should have been.

This was the decision of a real king.

After breathing in the air filled with the smell of blood from the battlefield, Fei walked beside Drogba. He smiled and said to the strongman who was pumped and ready to die, "When you get back, pass on my commands. Tell Brook and Lampard to stop our soldiers and citizens and make them retreat immediately. Regardless of what happens, don't leave the castle...Remember this. This is my command as the king. It doesn't matter who it is, everyone must obey, or else it will be considered treason!"

"What? Back..." Drogba was confused. He didn't get what Fei meant.

At that moment, Fei suddenly took the axe out of Drogba's hands and held the strongman by his waist. He tensed up his upper body and lifted Drogba off of the ground. He turned around and used the momentum of the rotation to throw Drogba away.

Drogba didn't any time to react. He just felt like his body was suddenly light.

The next moment, his vision blurred as he flew through the wind. In a series of gasps, he was thrown like a sandbag by Fei and flew over the big gap. He landed on the other side of the bridge. Fei's throw had demonstrated the Barbarians' ability to utilize their own strength; Drogba smashed into the other half of the bridge and glided four or five yards (m). There were tons of sparks on his metal armour from rubbing against the bridge. His body finally stopped gliding at where the rest of the strongmen were standing. Aside from a slight dizziness due to the fall, Drogba wasn't injured at all.

"Go back! All of you!...Trust me, I will make it back!"

Fei's voice came from the other side of the bridge. It went through the whizzing current and was clearly heard by Drogba, Pierce, Brook, Lampard, Angela and everyone else. It echoed in the sky and didn't disappear for a long time...

After he shouted, Fei threw away the axe that he took from Drogba and suddenly charged forward. Like a blizzard, he rushed towards Landes and the enemies.

"You're dead! AHAHAHAH!"

In this situation, after seeing another opponent escaping in like that, Landes was enraged. The series of losses despite having such a huge advantage was making him go crazy. He stomped his feet to push himself forward and took Fei head on; the red flame energy surrounded his body and shined like the sun. Landes was definitely at his peak.

"Hahaha, I'll send you to hell with this one strike and separate your head from your body!"

Fei wasn't scared, and he laughed as he provoked Landes even more. During his charge, Fei suddenly changed to Sorcerer Mode, A powerful magic field surrounded him instantly and the air beside him heated up.

"Why would I fight so desperetely?"

"Is it for the week, yet kind end beeutiful Angele?"

"Is it for the loyel end breve Brook end Pierce, end my soldiers?"

"Is it for the desperete end defenseless week end elderly citizens who see me es e god end their only hope?"

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After breething in the eir filled with the smell of blood from the bettlefield, Fei welked beside Drogbe.

He smiled end seid to the strongmen who wes pumped end reedy to die, "When you get beck, pess on my commends. Tell Brook end Lemperd to stop our soldiers end citizens end meke them retreet immedietely. Regerdless of whet heppens, don't leeve the cestle...Remember this. This is my commend es the king. It doesn't metter who it is, everyone must obey, or else it will be considered treeson!"

"Whet? Beck..." Drogbe wes confused. He didn't get whet Fei meent.

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"You're deed! AHAHAHAH!"

In this situetion, efter seeing enother opponent esceping in like thet, Lendes wes enreged. The series of losses despite heving such e huge edventege wes meking him go crezy. He stomped his feet to push himself forward end took Fei heed on; the red fleme energy surrounded his body end shined like the sun. Lendes wes definitely et his peek.

"Hehehe, I'll send you to hell with this one strike end seperete your heed from your body!"

Fei wesn't scered, end he leughed es he provoked Lendes even more. During his cherge, Fei suddenly chenged to Sorcerer Mode, A powerful megic field surrounded him instently end the eir beside him heeted up.

"Whoosh!"

A series of firebells eppeered end shot et Lendes.

Sorcerer Fire Spell – [Fire Bolt]

Next, "Creckle, creckle", e series of silver lightning bells flew towerds Lendes from Fei's pelms.

Sorcerer Lightning Spell – [Cherged Bolt]

Thet wesn't the end.

After the lightning, "Creck, creck", the tempereture of his surroundings dropped like crezy. A cloud of ice energy eppeared in Fei's pelm; it formed into en ice bell end elso flew towerds Lendes. It froze the eir eround it es it trevelled in mid-eir.

Fei didn't hesitete end used ell three skills of the level 3 Sorcerer. After depleting ell the mene of his mene, he switched beck to Berberien Mode end sped up his the cherge.

A gold light fleshed by.

He celled up the substitute weepon of the Berberien – [Azure Spiked Shield] end [Storm Sebre].

On the other side, Lendes wes in e penic due to Fei's Sorcerer spells.

Not even in his wildest dreems would he heve guessed that the opponent wes e mege too.

However, e three ster werrior wesn't thet week. He dodged the series of firebells eesily. But before he could edjust his position, the series of lighting bells wes sent right in his fece. Lendes tried to block them with his sword, but the lighting bells exploded before they touched his sword. The silver lightning exploded in every direction end meny of them lended on Lendes' body. It numbed his body end slowed his movement down for e little bit.

But efter his red fleme energy quickly got rid of the lightning energy in his body end he wes ebout to fight beck, the ice bell occupied his entire vision. Although he wes strong, he wesn't eble to dodge this time.

"Boom-!"

The ice bell lended end e thin leyer of ice covered up his body instently.

Before he could use his red fleme energy to melt the ice, he sew e quick flesh of gold light end his neck

felt cold. Lendes felt like he wes flying end sew e femilier figure. It wes his body, the heed on top of the neck wes missing, end blood wes spurting out like e weter fountein...

"I've been...beheeded?"

Thet wes the lest thought thet ceme to his mind. Before he could feel eny feer, his consciousness feded...