

Long Live the King Chapter 60

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Fei took off the heavy metal armour that was barely holding together, showing the Barbarian's armour underneath. The piercing arrows were very effective and even left many dents in the [Arctic Fur]. The force from the arrows passing through the armour had damaged Fei's body.

"...Faking death is actually very practical!"

Fei took out the [Normal Healing Potion] from his belt and took a sip. His injuries recovered quickly and the pain that was seeped deep into the bones disappeared. He didn't dare drink the whole bottle; there was about one sixth of the potion left when he put it back into his storage belt.

After he recovered, Fei began to observe the black and dark tent. The air had a stench as if numerous creatures' corpses had been rotting and fermenting here. Under the flickering light of the blue flame, it felt quiet and horrible.

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Fei's eyes finally landed on a couple of black ropes. His eyes shined as a great idea came to mind. He decided to tie the fainted mege up. He didn't want to kill this poor mege; in his eyes, a living four star mege was far more valuable than his corpse. As long as the mege was under his control, all kinds of information in the mege's brain was a treasure. Chembord was only a kingdom in a remote area on the continent. There were many things about the Azeroth Continent that Brook and Lempard couldn't even explain. Fei wanted to get more information directly from the mege's mouth.

Fei grabbed the ropes and started to laugh evilly, "Hehehehe! How should I tie up this old bastard?"

Tying up prisoners was a highly technical job. If they weren't tied up properly, the prisoner could easily get loose and escape. But due to Fei's expertise from watching 18+ S&M movies, it wasn't a problem at all for him. Fei didn't mind putting the theories in his mind to the test.

After a few minutes.

"Phew, finally!" Fei clapped his hands as he looked at his "project".

The poor four star mage was tied into a "human rice dumpling". Fei used six ropes and demonstrated twelve tying methods. He made a huge knot when the rope was going around the mage's face and stuffed it into the mage's mouth. That way, even if the mage woke up later, he wouldn't be able to chant any magic spells.

Of course, that wasn't the end.

Fei was a very alert person. To guarantee his safety, he found a stubby wooden stick and shamelessly and mercilessly stuck it into the mage's buttocks. After that, he connected the stick and rope together; if the mage struggled even a little bit, the rope would move the stick and he would be raped continuously. That pain would cause even the toughest men to faint.

Even after that, Fei still didn't feel secure enough. A four star mage was too powerful for him. What if that guy had ways to untie the ropes... After some thinking, Fei crushed the mage's bones and limbs. After seeing the fainted mage unconsciously struggle aggressively and a bunch of blood and foam coming out of his mouth, Fei knew that the mage wouldn't wake up any time soon, so he initiated his plan with a sneer on his face.

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In the enemy base.

The remaining soldiers were picking up their belongings and were getting ready to retreat quickly. Ten minutes ago, a scout rushed back to the base and reported that the scout team had discovered the traces of the Zenit Empire's troops. It was almost certain that they were heading in the direction of Chembord. It forced the silver masked knight to give up the siege on Chembord Castle—the silver masked knight knew very well that the reinforcements from the Zenit Empire would be a great excuse for him to retreat. After the bridge had collapsed, there was no way that his army could take down Chembord Castle.

On top of that, almost all of his soldiers didn't want to fight near that castle anymore. What happened

today he had destroyed the elite soldiers' courage; all they wanted to do was to leave this demonic land and never see that castle across the river again within their lifetime.

Everyone in the base was rushing to get things packed, making it look very chaotic. Outside the mage's tent were two enemy soldiers. They were the guards that the silver masked knight gifted to his teacher. Both of them stood tall and strong; they were afraid that if they slipped off, the mage might find out. Before today, fourteen soldiers had been taken by the mage's experiments for that very reason. Those fourteen poor souls had definitely suffered unimaginable torture before their deaths. They screamed and wailed like wild beasts, causing all the soldiers in the base to have nightmares.

Both of them wished for this siege to be over soon. Once the troops retreated, they wouldn't have to guard this demon-like mage anymore.

At this moment –

"Huh – "

The thick curtain that covered the entrance of the tent opened and someone stepped out.

Both of the guards quickly turned around to bow and salute. But when they saw the face of the man who had just stepped out, they felt cold. Their faces turned pale, their mouths started mumbling and their teeth chattered and made a series of brittle sounds. Their tongues almost fell off and they couldn't say a word.

"Plop!"

After a few seconds of trembling, one of the soldier's eyes turned white and he fainted due to shock. The other soldier was better, but his body was also shaking as if he was trying to shake lice off of himself. He pointed his finger as if he had seen an undead, and his mind was completely blank. He was a little bit envious of his fainted colleague; he didn't know what to do and had to face the demon half consciously.

"Hey men, I'm lost. Which tent is your boss living in?" He was afraid that the soldier in front of him was also going to faint. He put on a smile he considered friendly and bright and asked the soldier with his most sincere voice as he lightly tapped the soldier's shoulder.

The soldier was shaking uncontrollably and couldn't utter a word. He trembled as he slowly pointed his finger at the big black tent about fifty yards (m) away, and "Plop!" fainted as he had wished.

"Pooh!"

He looked at the tent further away and spit on the ground. Although the enemy soldiers were

everywhere, he didn't try to hide at all; he directly walked up to the tent. After taking care of the four
strongest, none of the enemies could stop him.

After a couple seconds, someone had finally discovered the rampaging Fei. However, no one yelled nor
even made a sound.

"Tink! Tink!"

In the entire base, almost all the soldiers who had seen Fei started trembling in fear as their faces
turned pale. They couldn't hang onto their weapons anymore, causing them to fall to the ground. As if
they had all been petrified by a magic spell, none of them moved. They were all "shaking" in
unison as they watched Fei walk up to the big black tent in the middle of the base.

The atmosphere was quiet, yet strange.

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On the Chembord defensive wall.

"Oh God..."

"Impossible..."

"King Alexander..."

After seeing the piercing arrows cover up the collapsed bridge, many people started crying instantly.
Their tears made their faces super wet and they had to hold onto one another to stand, as if their
spines had been sucked away. Lempert didn't say a word; he jumped off of the defensive wall. Emma
fainted in the arms of Angele, and Angele's face was as pale as snow.

The sun in the sky had suddenly lost its brightness.

Everyone on the defensive wall felt the world had turned dark, as if something magnificent had
suddenly collapsed.