

## Long Live the King Chapter 65

The courtly old handsome man half-closed his eyes from fear. After seeing the cloudy steaming fog on the river appear under his feet in mid-air, as well as hearing the wind blowing against his ears, his mouth widened in surprise. It was then that he realized that Alexander had just jumped over a sixteen to seventeen yard gap... "What kind of strength is that? That's at least the strength of a two star warrior...When did Alexander acquire such power?"

Bast was curious.

He felt that he had missed something magnificent after he left the castle.

"Bang!"

After both of them got onto the north side of the collapsed bridge, Angela happily jumped into Bast's arms as she burst into tears, " Father...I knew you would come back!"

"Of course, because my sweetheart who's more precious than my own life is still here." A gentle fatherly smile came on Bast's face as he kissed his daughter's forehead.

However, Pierce and the other soldiers and citizens "humphed" at him with disdain.

In their eyes, the sly and greedy old fox had spent all the treasures that he took and came back to Chambord to deceive the king again and obtain more treasures. Although the "old fox" appeared very graceful, elegant and noble-like, after a couple years, even the mercenaries that passed by Chambord had seen through his true colors: a king's butler that was afraid of death and treasured money like his life.

All the cold stares and expressions were seen by Bast.

However, not the slightest bit of embarrassment came onto the old man's face. He tapped his daughter's back, slowly fixed his coarse robe and said to Fei, "Alexander, it looks like something magical happened to you... That's great! But I recommend you to change into a set of clean clothes..." After he said that, he looked at the Barbarian's [Arctic Fur] which was a bit shabby. He moved a few steps back and continued, "Yassin Emperor of the Zenit Empire has send his oldest Princess Tanasha as the Royal Coronation ambassador and she has arrived with the Royal Coronation Legion. You're turning 18 in half a month; according to the customs on the continent, you can only formally become the king of Chambord after you receive the coronation from your parent Zenit Empire... This ceremony will be very significant; you have to prepare for it well."

The old handsome man pointed at the shiny armoured cavalry formation across the river who

resembled a forest with all their weapons pointing into the sky.

"So those dumbasses really are from the Zenit Empire...Eh wait, uncle Bast, what did you say? Royal Coronation Legion? Aren't they the reinforcements that are here to help out in the war?" Fei frowned.

"No, we only learned that Chambord was under siege while we were on the way."

Fei looked at the cocky and arrogant cavalry on the other side of the bank as he rubbed his chin. He laughed, "So that's how it was...Uncle Bast, as you can see, the only way to enter Chambord is through the bridge that collapsed during the battle. There's no way that all the cavalry can make it into the castle. Plus, my soldiers have battled sleeplessly for the last couple of days, and they're all exhausted. How about this? Let them camp on the other side of the bank for now, and after I get the bridge fixed in a few days, they can enter the castle."

Bast almost bit his tongue off after he heard that. "Alexander, are you kidding me? This is the Royal Coronation Legion from the Zenit Empire. I recommend you get people to start fixing the bridge right away and connect both sides of the bridge using ropes and wooden plates..." After he said that, he whispered into Fei's ear, "They are here to officially crown you. Do you know how much effort and treasures I spent so that they could come here?"

"The bridge has already collapsed, what can I do? If those noble knights can't wait, then they can fix up the bridge themselves." Fei didn't say much more after that. He turned around and announced into the crowd of soldiers and citizens, "I will be hosting a formal celebration at the King's Palace tonight to reward and honour my brave soldiers. Everyone in Chambord is welcome and invited!"

The last sentence was directed to the surrounding soldiers and citizens. The crowd started to cheer instantly, and joy and happiness appeared on the smiles on everyone's face.

Bast was stunned, but he soon shook his head helplessly.

He didn't say anything more.

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After he got back, Fei was physically and mentally exhausted, but he held himself up a little bit longer to oversee the aftermath of the war and the recovery programs. Although Bast had taken a large portion of the King's collection when he left, Fei still took out the rest of the treasures that the king had. The properties were divided into dozens of shares with the help of Angela and Emma, and they were distributed to the soldiers' and citizens' families who died in the defending battles.

This sympathetic move made the soldiers and citizens more grateful to Fei.

Especially for the families that had lost their loved ones and were grieving, the king's rewards were like fire in a cold winter day. It wasn't just a rare glory; it also gave them hope to live on after they lost their husbands and sons who would normally provide for the family.

Suddenly, the reputation and prestige of King Alexander had reached an all-time high. The first thing that people would do when they met him was raise their arms and cheer, "Hail the king!" The wounds and scars that the cruel war left on this ancient castle were recovering at an astonishing speed.

On top of that, Fei diluted the half bottle of [Normal Healing Potion] that was left and gave it to the doctors to heal the wounded soldiers. Except for the poor ones who had lost their limbs and became disabled, the severely injured soldiers were recovering quickly while lightly injured soldiers could already go home and unite with their families.

Everyone treated King Alexander as equals to the omnipotent God of War in many people's minds.

The final outcome of the war made some people who had ulterior motives anxious. Head Minister Bazzar and his son Gill returned to their mansion quietly after the battle ended. The gate was shut and not a single sound came out of the mansion; no one knew what was happening in there.

Warden Oleg on the other hand had lucky survived in battle. Maybe it was because he felt that Chambord was about to change, but the former flatterer didn't hide in his home, but rather changed his superiority complex that he used to have. It didn't matter who it was—even if it was a beggar on the street, he would smile at them and was very amiable. He firmly supported Fei's every decision and used a hundred times his effort to execute them tirelessly while wildly flattering Fei and proving his loyalty.

"Look! There's a rainbow!"

Someone suddenly yelled. No one was sure when but when everyone looked up, they found a colorful rainbow in the blue sky. What was more surprising was that the sky surrounding the rainbow turned misty red as if the whole sky was ignited by someone. Looking from afar, it appeared as though there was a mythological bridge standing on a red ocean.

"Lord! This is a miracle! The great God of War is blessing our King Alexander, blessing our Chambord Castle!"

Because there weren't any rain when the rainbow appeared, many people linked the cause to their king and the God of War. In a brief moment, there were people kneeling down and praying sincerely at every corner of Chambord.

Fei stood in front of the King's Palace and smiled.

He knew it was due to the prior battle. Numerous corpses fell into Zuli River and created many splashes of water and blood. When they evaporated into water vapour and blood mist under the hot sun, it had caused this magnificent view.

It was at this time that war exposed its rare beauty.

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"Big sis Tanasha, how can that sketchy dude be a glorious and graceful king? He is a reckless and rude savage...He dared to ignore us and didn't even give a damn about the majesty and dignity of our parent Zenit Empire..."

Little prince Tropinski fearfully arrived at the north bank of the Zuli River as he travelled through the temporary bridge that was made from ropes and wooden plates. When he entered the gates of Chambord, he was still bad mouthing Fei continuously. No matter if it was the first impression of knocking him and his followers off of their horses or the unreasonable behaviour of him ignoring the Royal Coronation Legion on the south bank of the river, Tropinski was very dissatisfied with the King of Chambord.

In fact, Tropinski wasn't the only one who was resentful. To the superior knights of the Zenit Empire, going to a remote countryside with the Royal Coronation Legion was already a huge honour to Chambord. But the pity uncrowned king of a level 6 affiliated kingdom put up his mucky pride and didn't welcome them fervently, and that attitude had made a lot of the knights in the legion mad. If it wasn't for the calmness of Princess Tanasha, they wouldn't be able to wait to rush into the King's Palace and teach the rude king an unforgettable lesson.

"Jimmy, the Knight's Code tells us that when blaming others for their rudeness, we should reflect on our actions first."

Tanasha didn't listen to her little brother's complaints at all. She still spoke with a weak and moderate tone. As the ambassador that represented the Zenit Empire to host the Coronation Ceremony, it was surprising that the Oldest Princess Tanasha didn't mind the cold treatment. No one knew what her royal highness was thinking; she was in the carriage the whole time and didn't make any appearances.

Below the gate of Chambord Castle.

Bast had changed into a luxurious black robe from his coarse navigator robe. Bast who now had an even more elegant temperament was waiting respectfully with two servants beside the gate.

After seeing the arrival of the princess's carriage, Bast quickly saluted and explained, "Her royal highness, his royal highness. Our king was severely injured during the battle and couldn't welcome you both personally; he is very sorry about this. However, we have already prepared a feast and residence for the Royal Coronation Legion."

Honestly, this old handsome man had been extremely busy for the past three to four hours.

The young and energetic King Alexander was only thinking and focusing on showing concern for and rewarding his soldiers and citizens. Bast had to concentrate on dealing with the Royal Coronation Legion. He was the one who organized people to quickly repair the collapsed bridge. Bast's prestige was an all-time low after he "ran off with treasures", and not many people were willing to listen to this sly and greedy "old bastard". However, an old sly fox was indeed an old sly fox. All he said was, "If the bridge isn't repaired in time, the Coronation Legion will draw back the crowning of King Alexander." The soldiers and citizens of Chambord instantly put in their complete effort into repairing the bridge. Even some lightly wounded soldiers voluntarily participated in the operation. Quickly, many ropes connected the two sides of the bridge and firm wooden plates were paved over them; the horses and the carriage were able to get across.

Bast smacked his tongue in his mouth when he was watching.

The whole process took two hours less than he thought. Alexander's prestige in Chambord was unparalleled; it was far greater than the old king's. It looked like if necessary, the soldiers and citizens were willing to die for the king.

"Lead the way."

After hearing Bast's excuse, Princess Tanasha who was still in the carriage spoke. The voice still sounded weak, yet apathetic and cold. No one could get any kind of information from this kind of voice. This oldest Princess of the Zenit Empire seemed like she only had one kind of mood.

Bast nodded and bowed gracefully. He turned around and led the way.

He wasn't surprised. Since they had left the capital of Zenit Empire – St. Petersburg, the mysterious oldest princess always had this attitude. Bast had been very curious about it in the beginning, but now he had gotten used to it.

After they entered the castle, the Royal Coronation Legion held residence in the former Military Judge Conca's mansion.

Because Conca was guilty of treason and was executed by King Alexander himself, the huge luxurious mansion had become the king's property. Bast had already picked and ordered a ton of servants to clean up the mansion; he went even further and re-decorated it. This kind of arrangement had even satisfied

the picky knights and prince Tropinski.

The Royal Coronation Legion had brought a lot of their own servants and maids, so Bast didn't have to worry about that. However, this old handsome man had utilized his strength in administrative tasks; no matter how coldly these arrogant knights treated him, he treated them fairly and didn't display any disrespect or negligence.

"Her royal highness and his royal highness, King Alexander will be hosting a celebration party at the King's Palace tonight to celebrate the success of Chambord's defensive war. It would be our honor if both your highnesses could show up."

Before he left, Bast invited both Tanasha and Tropinski.

Actually, Fei didn't mean to invite anyone who was in the Royal Coronation Legion, but Bast felt like the party would be a place for both sides to get to know each other and resolve the prior conflicts, so he decided to invite them.

"What celebration? Ha, he has the guts to celebrate? All of the black armoured enemies were wiped out by our cavalry on the plain...If it wasn't for the brave and skilled Zenit Cavalry, the king would already be captured and imprisoned by the enemies. Haha, alright, tell your retarded king that I will go for sure. I want to see how that cheeky guy claims someone else's credit!"

Little Prince Tropinski responded grumpily.

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The sunset was as red as blood.

The mountains surrounding Chambord Castle was showering in gold light. The castle appeared quiet and peaceful under the contrast of the surging river. It felt like an aesthetic landscape painting, intoxicating and addicting.

On the stone paved road in the castle, there were many pedestrians.

Although the kingdom succeeded in their defense and King Alexander had done many things to counter the aftermath, there were still many tasks for the citizens of Chambord to help complete. Many wooden boards, stones and heavy items that were temporarily dismantled to be used as defense tools and weapons had to be moved back. The corpses of their fellow soldiers had to be honored, and the enemy soldier's corpses had to be burned to prevent diseases like the plague that would arise from rotting and decomposing corpses...The ending of a war meant the beginning of other complicated operations.

No one noticed the new guest on the street.

A mysterious woman whose face was under a black veil was walking casually under the protection of a fully armoured female knight. Behind them, a smiling tall blonde warrior followed them in silence.

"Your highness, the scenery of this little castle is not bad and the streets are spacious and organized. Although it can't compare to St. Petersburg, this is rare for a level 6 affiliated kingdom." The female knight was observing the buildings on the street curiously. But when she spotted the King's Palace further away, she frowned, "But I think that King Alexander must be a greedy and luxurious man. If not, why would he build himself such a magnificent palace?"

"Susan, I see the exact opposite..."

The mysterious black veiled woman shook her head and spoke slowly, "There were rumors in the Imperial City saying that King Alexander was a retard who only had the intelligence of a three year old. Looking at it now, the rumors were false. If you look at the pedestrians on the street who had just went through an intense war, with some people even losing their loved ones, the smiles on their faces represent their inner happiness. Did you hear them say "Hail the king" when they greeted each other? Could a retarded king receive loyal support of this many civilians? About that magnificent palace...If you look at the color of the stones on the palace closely, you can tell that the palace was built more than eighty years ago; it's seems unrelated to this King named Alexander..."

The mysterious black veiled women took a pause and then said, "Susan, I'm suddenly interested in the celebration party tonight. Let's go back and prepare ourselves, you should come with me tonight."

"Hehehe, your highness, it seems like it's the first time you've participated in these kinds of parties. I will notify that butler named Bast and tell him to send someone to lead..." The young female knight was surprised.

"No need to notify him, we can go quietly... Didn't he say that there are no invitation cards for this party and anyone including the rich and the poor can go? Let's go as ordinary civilians." The mysterious woman said.

"Ha, that's even better! At least we won't have to deal with those annoying noblemen, hehe... Wait, your highness. What about this annoying guy?" The female knight pointed at the blonde warrior who was following them silently as she spoke.

"Knight Captain Romain, how about you come with us." It sounded like a recommendation from the black veiled women, but at the same time felt like an order.

The smiling blonde knight nodded, "My honor, your highness."

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The sun lowered on the west side of the sky and night embraced the land.

Lights were burning and looked like stars in the dark castle. The King's Palace was brightly lit. More and more citizens started to crowd into the palace. In less than half an hour, except for the soldiers who were guarding the defensive wall, almost everyone at Chambord was in the King's Palace.

The Celebration party was about to begin.