

Long Live the King Chapter 200

The slaves in the water dungeon were stunned. "How is this possible? Wasn't old Zolasc beaten badly by Blackstone soldiers and was thrown into the corpse pit in the back mountains?" They all thought. Four days ago, Zolasc was punished for inciting the slaves in public; one of his eyes was dug out and his tongue was cut off. After, all four of his limbs were crippled and he got thrown away. Every slave from Chambord saw that scene, and they were all shocked to hear Zolasc's normal and unharmed voice.

"Also, what did he say?"

"Ma...majesty?"

"Who else would be addressed by Zolasc this way?"

Almost everyone thought of one person.

They all knew about old Zolasc's personality. It was stubborn like a stone! Except for the king of Chambord, he wouldn't call any other king "your majesty". The Blackstone king valued the administrative and executive abilities of old Zolasc and offered to title him a noble of Blackstone if he called him "your majesty", but old Zolasc instantly declined.

"My citizens could be locked up in here for four days, why can't I go in there for a moment?"

A crisp yet undeniable voice reached everyone's ears. It sounded very majestic. The figured that was covered by the sunlight suddenly shone again, and a golden light came off of him. With a warm yet majestic sensation, this golden light lit up every corner in this water dungeon. As if this light had was heat, it made everyone feel an unprecedented warm energy flowing in their bodies. The wounds and scars that tortured them in this condition slowly healed under the envelopment of the light miraculously.

A young yet valiant face appeared in everyone's eyes.

This face was also engraved into everyone's soul.

They couldn't forget this face for the rest of their lifetimes.

"Warrior of Chambord, Alexander is here too late. I know what you suffered through, and I apologize to every one of you as your King. Sorry, Alexander has stained the honor of Chambord's Royal Family and didn't protect my citizens!"

Fei said as he stepped into the stinky black water, the golden light coming off of him getting stronger and stronger.

Paladin's skill – [Prayer]

After initiating this skill, it would heal the allies and help them recover. It would also heal the wounds on their bodies to a certain degree.

At the same time, he walked into the crowd with a black long sword. The body of the sword vibrated and dashed through the crowd as it broke all the chains and yokes on their bodies. The king's sword technique was godlike. Although these iron chains were tightly wrapped around the slaves' bodies, the sword didn't harm anyone of them.

Every mine slave was stunned as they stood there and witnessed the whole process.

After feeling the warmth in their bodies, and feeling the itchiness and numbness of their wounds healing, after feeling the chains on them breaking, after witnessing everything that was happening according to what they were all dreaming of when they were hungry and fainting, they forgot to think, forgot to talk, forgot to move, and even forgot about themselves...

"Is this real? Really real"? Everyone was asking themselves. Some of them lightly pinched themselves to make sure that they were not in another dream.

After half a minute when the other warriors of Chambord, including Lampard and Drogba who chased after Fei, were about to step into the water dungeon, they suddenly heard a loud cheer –

"Hail the king!"

"Hail your majesty!"

"Long live the Saint King of Chambord!!"

The volume of these cheers was so loud that they almost tore away the roof of the dungeon. The cheer had the blood-boiling joy and excitement, and it also had a sense of being wronged. At that moment, everyone, including Lampard, was touched. They almost felt like they were seeing the shocking and proud scene four months ago when the black armored enemies attacked and sieged Chambord Castle and the king was chopping down the enemy's three-star warrior and saved Chambord. Everyone surrounding him then had also been cheering "Hail the king!".

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The exhausted, wounded, and hungry mine slaves of Chambord in the water dungeon were in an aroused mood. Soon, they were all transferred to a relatively dry and more comfortable square with stone pillars on the side. The expeditionary force of Chambord had already destroyed the bloody stone pillar, and they had set up temporary tents, lit up cooking fires, set up big pots, and started to cook hot food.

"Ah, it is you! Old Tom, god, you are still alive..."

"Oh god of war, this is real? Father, after you disappeared, my mom and I thought you were already dead. You are still alive... Thank the god of war, thank his majesty!"

"Kunta, Aunt Nina cries every day because she misses you too much; her eyes are almost blind because of it. You have to go back soon..."

"Brother, do you still recognize me? I'm Kyle, big headed Kyle. I finally found you. Did you know? After you went missing, father and mother were overly-sad and had all passed away..."

Hundreds of these kinds of conversation occurred on the square.

For the last couple of years, a lot of citizens of Chambord had gone missing, and that alone had destroyed many families. The people who were still alive had to suffer the pain and the consequences. However, they didn't expect to meet friends and lost family members among the slaves there. It might have been God's decrees.

Of course, more than two hundred mine slaves had malaria due to their weak body condition and died in the water dungeon before Fei came.

Everyone gathered the corpses of the mine slaves of Chambord who died in Blackstone Fortress and put them all in the "corpse pit" at the back mountains. The burning flames that were shooting up at the sky were just like the hate of the mine slaves of Chambord. These flames soon enveloped the wounded and tortured corpse and provided the souls warmth and relieve who were far away from their homes. After more than thousands of corpses were burnt to ashes, they were put into more than a dozen big chests. As the king of Chambord, Fei promised everyone that these ashes would be taken back to Chambord and brought up to the peak of the east mountain and buried at the graves of heroes!

"As the king of Chambord, I promise to you all that no Chambordian would become a slave ever again from today onward. Any criminal who dares to harm a Chambordian would receive punishment from me, the king of Chambord, as well as the god of war himself. It doesn't matter what identity or status this criminal has!"

In front of the flames that could swallow the sky, Fei swore and promised to his loyal subjects.

The four hundred captured soldiers of Blackstone were brought to the stone pillar square. They were formed into a line, and the mine slaves of Chambord got the chance to point out the ones who had killed and tortured them or their peers. These soldiers would be executed on the spot, and the rest of them got their armor taken away from them and got kicked out of Blackstone Fortress.

The situation finally calmed down a little.

The Main leaders like Fei and Lampard had a meeting under the sky and discussed the methods and ways of settling the citizens that they had just rescued.

The expeditionary force had to hurry up and get to St. Petersburg on time so they could participate in the Zenit's Military Exercise that all affiliated kingdoms of Zenit had to take a part in. There was still a long way to go, and they couldn't really take these six to seven hundred weak former mine slaves who were exhausted due to long-term labor and a lack of food along with them. These people required delicate care and a long-period of rest. After a while of talking, the final decision was that the second most powerful warrior Lampard who was just behind Fei would bring Drogba and Pierce along with twenty-five Saint Seiya and fifty City Bylaw Enforcement Officers to protect and help to take these wounded poor citizens to Chambord. After getting them to the new Head Minister Bast, Lampard would lead the soldiers and rush back to try to catch up to Fei. According to this plan, Fei and Lampard would rejoin forces before arriving at the Holy Capital.

After the decision was made, the Chambord's Expeditionary Force decided to rest at Blackstone Fortress for a night, and let the poor wounded citizens have a good night of rest. After they recovered their stamina a little bit more, Lampard would guard them back with the previously decided men.

Fei switched back to Druid Mode and summoned four white wolves and three huge-winged Ravens. He scattered them around Blackstone Fortress to guard and patrol the fortress. This allowed his soldiers who fought a hard battle to have a great rest.

"Your majesty, something is attacking your bird!" Drogba suddenly shouted with his loud voice.

Fei didn't know what to say. Those raven were now called "birds" in Drogba's mouth.

Fei looked up and saw a white-winged huge eagle that came out of nowhere and was chasing after and attacking the Ravens that he just summoned. This eagle looked very vicious and aggressive.

"Shoot it down for me!"

Fei commanded. His personal bodyguard Fernando-Torres pulled his bow as he positioned a sharp arrow on it. The arrow shot out and accurately pierced the huge eagle's head. The huge eagle cried as it fell down the sky as it struggled and flattered its wings.