

Long Live the King Chapter 66

When talking about the magnificence of buildings, Chambord's King's Palace would be placed in the top three among all of the 250 affiliated kingdoms that Zenit Empire controlled. All the structures were made by collecting and assembling huge white stones. An extremely spacious stone square was right in the front of the palace. On the east, west and north sides of the square, there stood many thirty or forty yard (m) tall huge stone pillars and ten yard (m) tall statues of all the gods. The majestic King's Palace was behind all of these pillars and statues. The gates were at the south side of the square where the citizens and soldiers could enter through.

The celebration party would be hosted at the outdoor stone square.

The celebrating crowd was gathering together at the square. Six huge bonfires burned and lit up the dark sky. There were ten giant wooden towers the citizens and soldiers had created. and they were located in the middle of the square. They were all six or seven yards (m) tall and the corpses of all the soldiers and citizens who died in the war were placed on the layers of the towers.

The soldiers in the King's guards wore clear armour and patrolled the square and the King's Palace with lances in their hands. The citizens were dressed in white robes and were singing and dancing. Some acrobats were tumbling back and forth on the floor, and beautiful women were held their hands together and danced around the bonfire. People held up green tree branches that represented life and hope and laughed happily.

The night wore on.

Making "clip-clops" sounds, the prince of the Zenit Empire Tropinski had arrived with his cavalry guards. The old handsome man Bast led the prince and his henchmen to the VIP seats under the god's statues on the west side of the square. Because Zenit was their parent empire, the citizens and subjects of Chambord showed warm welcome to the prince's arrival. Many fragrant petals and clear water were sprinkled at them.

Tropinski quite enjoyed that welcome.

At this time, Tropinski had surprisingly showed the style and grace of an empire's prince. He smiled gently and waved continuously at the surrounding citizens. However, the cavalry behind the prince had unfavorable attitudes towards these low class people in this small kingdom. After seeing the smiles and hearing the cheers, they kept their lofty and arrogant attitude as if they were watching their dogs wave their tails at them flatteringly.

Seeing that Prince Tropinski was the only one who was here to join the party, Bast was a little disappointed. The Eldest Princess Tanasha was the leader of the legion and she controlled everything;

however, he couldn't read her attitude nor intentions. This party was a great opportunity for him to observe her, but she didn't come...Although that was the case, Bast didn't neglect anyone at all; he ordered the servants to watch their own manners and take care of the guests properly.

After a more than ten minutes, the crowd gradually calmed down from all the cheering and dancing. The square was quiet.

At this moment, two squads of fancily armoured soldiers walked out of the huge stone palace on the north side of the square and formed two straight lines on both sides of the path. Then under everyone's attention, King Alexander appeared on the high stairs in front of the palace while holding the hand of his beautiful fiancée Angela.

Fei was dressed in an azure king robe. The robe was fluttering in the wind and was perfectly framed for his slim and muscular body. He was also wearing a golden leaf-shaped crown. His ink-like black hair, crystal clear eyes, stalwart figure, unparalleled temperament that he had acquire throughout his cold killings and his natural affinity had perfectly combined together. Looking from afar, he was like a god that was high up in the sky and vividly represented the monarch of the kingdom.

Beside him, the beautiful Angela was in an azure colored dress. A thin gold belt hung around her waist; her skin was finer and whiter than snow on the highest mountains. She was wearing a crown that was made from numerous kinds of flowers. With the wind fluttering in her hair, she looked like a goddess that had landed in the mortal world; pure and mighty, people couldn't stare at her straightly, nor could they find any fault in her.

Both of them smiled as they appeared on the highest steps to the palace and they stole away the spotlights on the square instantly. Even the crystal like stars that were embedded into the dark sky suddenly lost their brightness.

The citizens and soldiers of Chambord all kneeled down and cheered, "Hail King Alexander!"

Many people had found out for the first time that their king was so extraordinary and powerful. At this moment, no one could link the perfect image of a king currently in front of them with the dumb retarded Alexander. They humbly kneeled on the square and cheered with their lives and souls.

Prince Tropinski who was sitting down in the VIP seats on the west side of the square couldn't help but stand up. During the day, he was very dismissive about the rumoured king. He was only here to participate in the party because he wanted to make trouble and tease the king. He didn't question his own looks and temperament before, and he thought that if he stood up on the square, he would be the center of attention and would steal the spotlight from everyone else...But now, the prince of the Zenit Empire suddenly felt a bit ashamed about his appearance. Seeing the couple in front of the palace who looked like a match made in heaven, he surprisingly realized that his disdain and dissatisfaction towards this kingdom, this castle and this king were quickly disappearing.

But what he didn't notice was that his henchmen didn't feel the same way. Behind the prince, a buff knight wearing a full suit of armour and a red cape stared at Angela who was still on the stairs. Greed and obscenity filled his eyes, and the dozens of cavalry and guards behind him didn't hide their lust either.

On a side of the square.

No one noticed that at the rear of the crowd under the shadow of the huge god's statues, three people covered in black cloaks stood there quietly. When they saw the appearance of King Alexander and Angela, the figure in the very front made a sound, "Huh?". The voice sounded weak, as if the person was just recovering from an illness. The person sounded surprised; this reaction made the two people behind stare at each other in unison; they'd never seen that reaction out of the person in front of them before.

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After the King and the future queen arrived, the carnival on the square had gradually stopped.

The atmosphere became formal and solemn. The crowd voluntarily made a path, and Fei and Angela slowly walked down from the high stairs and approached the ten temporarily crafted wooden towers.

The atmosphere was becoming more solemn.

Wars never ended on the Azeroth Continent, and numerous soldiers would die on the battlefield every day, every hour and every second. Burying all these soldiers' corpses became a huge and time consuming operation, in addition to taking up a lot of land. To prevent these situation from arising, the custom of cremation of dead soldiers was formed a long time ago. No matter if it was the king, nobles, citizens or even the slaves, if they died in battle, they would be placed in one of these wooden towers and be cremated. The people of Azeroth believed that the souls of the warriors would be redeemed and they would stay with the God of War in the Empire of Gods.

According to the knowledge that Fei had crammed into his head about the traditional customs and etiquette with help from Angela, he climbed up the towers and took pieces of gold coins from Angela's hands and placed them individually on the eyes of the dead soldiers – this was another custom on the Azeroth Continent. People believed that placing gold coins on the eyes of dead soldiers would help them re-open their eyes in the burning fire and find the correct path to the Empire of Gods.

It was a complicated and long process.

Chambord had lost one hundred and thirty one brave soldiers in this defensive war. There were supposed to be special personnel to place these gold coins for those dead soldiers, but Fei unexpectedly insisted on doing it himself. According to the custom, only high nobles or heroes who contributed

greatly to the kingdom had the honor of having gold coins placed on their eyes by the king; Fei's action granted unprecedented honour for these ordinary soldiers.

Obviously, it was his intention to win his people over.

It was quiet on the square; no one said a word. The wind seemed to stop as well. Only a few women dressed in black robes who were equal to temple priests sung an ancient song on the stairs in front of the palace. The song didn't have any lyrics, but it was still spread far across the continent; it was song for saying farewell to loved ones.

Fei patiently covered every dead soldier's eyes with gold coins under everyone's attention, and then he lit up the herbs that the bodies were lying on. The rapid fire soon devoured the bodies of the dead ones, and the families who lost their loved ones broke down and cried out loud...

The whole process took about an hour.

After the fire turned the corpses and ten wooden towers into ashes, the atmosphere on the square finally eased up. The crying gradually stopped and the doctors carefully collected the ashes and placed them in a huge black coffin. After twelve days, this coffin would be carried onto the highest mountain to the east of Chambord and be buried there. That way, the souls of the warriors would be the first ones to see the beautiful sunrise – it was the custom of Chambord.

After all of that, the square returned to its previous cheerful and lively atmosphere.

People started to sing and dance to celebrate their victory in the war. The crazy atmosphere became even more heated under the burning bonfire. Regardless of age, gender, and social class, people held their hands together and danced. Even the soldiers who were patrolling were dragged into the crowd, as well as Fei and Angela. At the celebration, everyone was equal. Prince Tropinski and his guards were invited as well.

Some women laughed as they carried plates full of fruits and barbeque into the crowds.

Prince Tropinski was influenced by the happy atmosphere. At this time, he put down his arrogance and coldness and returned to being a kid who was 17 years old. He held hands with other young boys and young girls and formed a big circle and danced around a bonfire; he was like a bird who had just gotten out of his cage, free and delighted.

But what Tropinski and the others didn't notice was that his guards and that red caped knight laughed and pushed their way into the centre of the square. They all had a malicious grin on their face; their eyes shined as they felt kinky.

The direction they were squeezing to in the middle of the square was where the pure goddess Angela

and blonde Emma and their girlfriends were dancing joyfully. The girl smiled happily; her beautiful face was filled with laughter and happiness, like a little Angel.