

Long Live the King Chapter 94

When you enter Chambord Castle through its main gate, the first thing you would see was a wide main street that could easily run six carriages in a row. Residents of Chambord liked to call it [The Road of Gold].

The street was paved exclusively by one type of yellowstone. Due to its age, green moss has grown in between the fine stone crevices. Looking from afar, it appeared as if there were strips of beautiful emerald inlaid into the pure gold.

The street extended throughout the entire Chambord Castle until it reached the square in front of the King's palace.

Looking down from the sky, [The Road of Gold] was like a sharp gold sword that was wrapped in a magical green aura, as if an unknown God firmly placed it horizontally into Chambord Castle.

It was close to evening, the golden light of sunset flowed onto the wide street.

This was the most beautiful time on [The Road of Gold]. The residents of Chambord loved strolling on this road, while talking and sharing with friends and neighbours about interesting things that they experienced.

The moment of sunset should be the most peaceful and calm time of the day.

Even Fei who was the king had put on a cloak and sneaked into the crowd during the evenings sometimes; just to feel the thick family and intimate atmosphere. In this atmosphere, Fei's anxious and irritable mood would become calm as ever, and he could forget all the heavenly burdens on his shoulders. He even felt like he was a ranger that had all the freedom he wanted in the world.

However, the calm atmosphere at [The Road of Gold] was altered by some people's intrusions.

When the residents of Chambord were strolling on the street and greeting each other like always, a series of sudden "Clip-Clop" noises came from the distance and shook the ground. A cavalry formation with six cavaliers per row, dressed in bright red capes appeared on the horizon from a distance. Like a cyclone, they rushed through the Castle's main gate, and raised horsewhips as they sprinted on the main street.

The cavaliers were like a raging wind, they didn't hesitate at all and rushed into the crowds of residents.

The whips made loud noises as the cavaliers lashed them in the air. They went on a rampage and deliberately rammed into the young and elders. Instantly, elders who couldn't dodge were trampled to

the ground with their arms broken and heads bleeding. There were also some women who turned around and covered their kids with their backs to protect them; the horsewhip in the cavaliers hands ripped apart their clothes and left strips of raw and deep wounds and bloodstains...

In a blink of an eye, the peaceful atmosphere on [The Road of Gold] was gone; as if a kid was playing prank and threw a damn rock into the calm surface of a lake. The cavaliers' ridiculing laughter, children's cries, elders and women's miserable voices...Heavy harsh sounds instantly resounded throughout [The Road of Gold].

"Lowlives, get out of here, quick!...The supreme pope Platini of the Holy Church and his most faithful servant, Mr. Zola, the priest who was personally appointed to Chambord's church by the thirty fourth Bishop of Zenit Empire Sergievsky are about to arrive. Soldiers of Chambord, listen up: go and tell your King Alexander to come and pay a visit...All unrelated personnel must leave immediately. If there are any stupid lowlives who dare to stand in the way and disturb priest Mr. Zola's carriage, they shall be executed on the spot."

A series of titles that were hard to say and remember were shouted out of the swaggering Cavaliers leader's mouth.

It was a huge guy that was about 7 feet tall. He was in a set of shiny silver armour. The Holy Church's fiery sun symbol was engraved onto his silver chestplate. The red cape on his back fluttered in the mild wind. The bright red cotton undershirt that was under the armour was exposed. His appearance as a whole looked like as if he was a cloud of burning flame. His bearded face showed a superior expression without any disguise. The whip in his hand was hanging by his iron boots; it was stained by the blood of the woman who protected her child with her body and got her back mercilessly whipped. The blood was dripping onto the ground drop by drop from the whip...

"Blockade the street, take control of the high points on both sides of the street! Make sure Mr. Zola's safety is protected."

"Quick, quick! Investigate and check for anyone that looks suspicious!"

"If there are people that looks suspicious, arrest them immediately. Anyone that dares to resist the arrest shall be executed instantly!"

As the cavaliers rode their horses back and forth on the street while ordering and yelling, more than one hundred of their retinues that were in scale armour and round iron helmets rushed into Chambord from outside. The retinues looked vicious. Some of them were holding the lances and swords that cavaliers would use during battle, the others were carrying the cavaliers' holy bucklers and other daily living necessities... Without exception, everyone of them viciously yelled and rushed away the crowds that were walking on the street. Quickly, they had formed a guarded security zone.

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Then, farther away under Chambord's huge gate, a long carriage fleet slowly and leisurely entered the castle.

The body of the leading carriage was covered fully in huge Holy Church's fiery sun symbols that were gilded with gold. The huge carriage had easily attracted everyone's attention. Although it was stunning how luxurious the carriage looked, what was more surprising was that it didn't have any wheels. Two clouds of rotating and whistling grey wind took the wheels' places. The horses were able to lightly dragged the heavy body of the carriage; like a light feather that was floating in the air. When the horses were pulling the carriage, it slid smoothly through the air.

It was the special magic carriage that only Holy Church had. The bottom of the carriage had a middle-level wind magic array engraved on it personally by senior priests. The magic array was powered by magic crystals, and it made the carriage look extremely mysterious and luxurious. Only senior priests had the status and eligibility to use and enjoy such a magic carriage.

On both sides of the luxurious magic carriage, there were about forty novice priests that were in black vestments with marks of the Holy Church embroidered onto their red collars. They were all wearing black cloaks, and followed the carriage alongside slavishly; they were ready to serve the priest humbly.

The novice priests were known as friars as well. They were half students and half servants to the priests, and was known as the humblest servants to the God. Everyone of them were burdened with a long black chain on their backs; even when they were just walking slowly, the metal chain would sway and make the tinkling, metal colliding sound. Many tinkling and colliding sounds combined together gave the bystanders an unspeakable pressure, gave them a chill to the spine and made them distance from the fleet of carriages.

Holy Knights and Priests were the two pillars of strength for the Holy Church on Azeroth Continent.

They were the best partners. The relationship between them somewhat was similar to warriors and mages. One specializes in short range combats, full of strength; and the other one specializes in magic and spells, long range combat, and their powers were more mysterious. In battles, they were complementary to each other. Therefore, whenever the Holy Church set up a new church in wherever, in terms of choosing delegate from the candidates, a priests and a knight would be appointed at the same time.

The street was quickly "cleaned up", residents of Chambord was forced to stand on both sides of the street earnestly. Any insincere or unusual movements would be considered disrespectful to Priest Zola by the cavaliers' retinues. If they get executed or killed on the spot, there won't be any place for them to complain to.

The gilded magic carriage slowly travelled on the [The Road of Gold], as if it was inspecting its own subjects.

People on both side of the road stared at the fleet of carriages with deep awe.

Of course, there were also a bit of deeply oppressed hatred and disgust.

When Chambord was under the attack by the black armoured enemies, and was in severe danger, the priests and knights from the Holy Church who could boss people around and enjoyed all the privileges at Chambord didn't hesitate at all, ditched the kingdom and ran away like homeless dogs. But as soon as the danger was eliminated, these greedy and vicious bastards couldn't wait to come back to force their own "prestige" and supremacy onto the people of Chambord... "Doesn't the Holy Church have any shame?"

As if he felt the unfriendly stares from people standing on the sides of the street, the gilded magic carriage suddenly stopped. The door opened and the black curtain behind the door was lifted. A slightly bald old man leaned forward, paused for a second, and walked out. He stood on the front footboard.

This was Priest Zola.

A greedy, smart, vicious and nasty guy. He wasn't tall, only about 5 feet 6. He was also thin; occasionally, terrible coldness would flash in his eyes. Someone had described Zola like this – "This little old man, he could think of more than a thousand secretive deadly tricks and traps in a blink of an eye." The people of Chambord gave him a very appropriate nickname behind his back – [Two Legged Bald Rattlesnake].

This vicious rattlesnake and the bearded knight leader Luciano who lashed the poor woman with his horsewhip were the two figureheads that the Holy Church sent to Chambord. Both of them together managed everything that was related to church and the religion of Chambord Kingdom. Due to the significant status that the Holy Church had on Azeroth Continent, and the fierce name that the Inquisition Branch made for itself; there were too many kingdoms that were destroyed by the iron hoofs of the Execution Knights who dared to resist the Holy Church's order. Therefore, although these two people were little characters that were unknown inside the Holy Church, but once they arrived at Chambord Kingdom, they were the highest status people at Chambord and could rival with the king.

Zola gently rubbed his beloved scepter with his palm.

His gloomy eyes glanced through the people who were standing on the sides of the street. The crowd suddenly was having a little commotion; no one dared to look at this vicious rattlesnake in the eyes.

Next moment, Zola causally pointed at a few people in the crowd.

The people who got pointed acted as if they received the invite from the Grim Reaper; they were so scared that their faces turned white, and cried and struggled desperately... However, it didn't matter if they were crying or struggling, none of it mattered. The novice priests on the side of the magic carriage opened their eyes widely, and looked at the people that Zola's finger was pointing at. Then, like loyal hyenas that heard their master's command, the novice priest rushed out, and without considering

anything else, they locked the chains in their hands onto the people's necks, and viciously pulled them out of the crowd like chickens.

Cries filled the street, but once anyone resisted the "arrest" a little bit, the dog like cavaliers' retinues would circle them as they punched and kicked the "arrestees". There were women who had their kids in their arms that got pulled out of the crowd, but there were more younger girls, as well as a few clean dressed middle aged men...

Instantly, cries resounded on the street, as if it was a living hell.