

Long Live the King Chapter 199

The Blackstone King's mind was filled with questions, "What is going on? Why would such a bloody and vicious idea appear in my head? I almost lost control!"

He told himself that this black haired Prince Evan wasn't someone that his Blackstone Kingdom could offend as he forced his hand off of the handle of his sword. However, he felt like taking his hand off of the hilt was harder than giving up his four thousand elite soldiers and the entire Blackstone Fortress.

The Black haired Prince Evan didn't know about this and rode his horse in front.

He didn't sense a pair of blood-seeking red eyes were staring at his back, and he did know that his life had jumped on the sickle of the Grim Reaper half a dozen times already.

In silence, both of them rode towards Blackstone Kingdom's capital – Blackstone Castle.

They were scared of the king of Chambord like two dogs. One of them was still dizzy from the fall, and one of them didn't even dare to look back while escaping. Prince Evan didn't see what Fei did when he was in his Necromancer Mode at all. He felt like he lost his face and wouldn't tell what happened to anyone, just like the Blackstone King.

At the same time, a white-winged eagle cried as it flew into the clouds and disappeared in the sky.

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Blackstone Fortress, Water Dungeon.

The shouting toned down outside, and the curiosity of the people who were inside the dungeon got stronger and stronger.

"Unbelievable! Who dares make chaos in Blackstone Fortress?"

A thin and tall man who was locked onto a moist and cold stone wall by chains asked his friend beside him as he moved his waist – In fact, that was the only body part that he was able to move slightly. That damn prison guard pierced through this man's limbs with spiked iron chains. The wounds continued to heal and break open due to the movement of this man against the sharp spikes. The red blood dripped into the disgusting black liquid that filled up to the man's knees along with pus from the inflamed wounds. What was surprising was that although this man had no complete skin on his body and a ton of wounds, his expression was still light as if he wasn't living in hell! He didn't look desperate or depressed with just a smile on his face.

"Maybe a mercenary team or merchant caravans have been targeted by these damn vampires of Blackstone. Maybe the Blackstone King had killed a group of people just for the money alone, just like the last few times." Someone beside that man answered, "Are you still hoping for a miracle to occur? Listen to it, there is no more noise. The poor prey; they are probably all eaten up by those demons..."

"If you can still think, think about our fate. That bastard Blackstone King is really going to murder all of us, Chambord mine slaves..."

All of Chambord mines slaves were concentrated in this water dungeon.

The dungeon was located in an underground cave on the side of a cliff. It was quite similar to the old [Iron Prison Water Dungeon] in the back of Chambord, but the condition was almost a hundred times worse. The water that was about knee high was actually all slimy stinky liquid, and corpses of small animals such as mice or bugs and swollen human limbs floated on top of it. Some of these corpses were there for so long, that they had rotten and green "hair" grew out of them. As it got further into autumn, the weather was getting chillier, and so was the "water" in the dungeon. Many slaves who were weak to start off couldn't survive for a day in the hunger and cold. Their lives were as cheap as dirt, but a lot of them persisted. Even under this extreme environment, the majority of the mine slaves from Chambord survived in this unforgiving condition by getting help from each other. It was quite a miracle!

This was because a light hope in their hearts supported them.

A saint king appeared in Chambord.

This was what the old Zolasc told them.

Zolasc also told them that the Saint King of Chambord would come here with his invincible forces and destroy the Blackstone Kingdom and save them from the torture and pain.

Even though... It was only a beautiful dream

However, the dream represented hope.

Before, they lived in the mine pits like zombies and already gave up on resisting the pain and torture; hope was even a luxury to them. Therefore, even though the chance of the Saint King of Chambord coming here to save them was slim, and sounded like a delusion, a hope was better than nothing.

But from the look of it from their perspective, this hope was about to die.

Maybe a Saint King of Chambord who established a saint-like law and defeated the joint forces of nine kingdoms, might one day conquer the Blackstone Kingdom with his invincible soldiers... But now, they all felt like they couldn't see that day after they sensed the decisiveness of the Blackstone King's murderous spirit. They knew that the Blackstone King wanted to kill them all before anything bad happened.

The people in the water dungeon fell into a moment of silence as they felt like they were so close to grabbing onto the hope.

"No, it's not like that..." The thin and tall man suddenly sensed something. He frowned as he listened carefully. A light appeared in his eyes as he asked his peer beside him in excitement, "It's so quiet out there. Those jailers who would swear and shout when the wind blows by are not saying anything..."

"Eddy, you... What do you want to say?" That peer started to shiver. He actually already understood what the thin and tall man was trying to say, but he couldn't believe it. He was asking, but it sounded like he was confirming it.

"Maybe... Old Zolasc was right for once." The thin and tall man named Eddy squinted his eyes as he said loudly.

"You are saying... No,no,no. How is this possible... How is this possible?!" More people joined in on the conversation.

A man whose frame looked big said. He was once tough and big as a bear, but the harsh conditions at the mine pits made him so thin that his skin was literally covering his bones. However, he was in the best condition among the four, five hundred people here. When he heard Eddy's words, he got very excited as well. He said in a tone as if he couldn't believe what Eddy was saying, but everyone could tell that he wished what Eddy said was true.

At this moment, every survivor in the water dungeon got excited.

"Yeah, what if it is true?"

"What if old Zolasc' prophecy came true?"

Everyone stared at the entrance of the dungeon and couldn't wait for what was going to happen; they were all surprised by the hope.

At this moment, a series of fast foot steps sounded in the hall.

It was the moment of truth.

At that moment, everyone's heart was racing. They were all afraid that the Blackstone soldiers with their murdering knives would appear behind the gate and not their Saint King of Chambord. Even the thin and tall man Eddy who used his positivity and spirit to motivate the desperate people in the dungeon felt like his lips were dry. To be honest, he was afraid of death, and he didn't want to see these many of his peers die in this dark, sunless underground water dungeon.

Creak -!

The rusted Iron Gate was opened.

Then the bright sunlight shone into the dungeon.

The poor slaves in the water dungeon weren't used to the eye-piercing white light; they all covered their eyes with their hands. In the bright light, they could only see the black figure of a young man in armor. They couldn't see his face at all.

"Wearing armor..."

"Could it be a soldier of Blackstone?"

"Ah... we are going to die..."

"Where is our Saint King? Why isn't he here to save us?"

Many slaves of Chambord collapsed when they saw this. Some of them held their fists tight in anger and were ready to fight to the death. But at this moment, they all heard a very familiar voice-

"Your majesty, this is the water dungeon, and they are all in there. But don't go in, it is filled with sewer-like water and it stinks!"

"This voice... its old Zolasc's voice!?"