

## Long Live the King Chapter 95

[Two Legged Bald Rattlesnake] Zola stood on the carriage and coldly watched.

There weren't any traces of mercy that a holy and just priest should have. He glanced at the crowd having a slight commotion and said: "The Church had received a top secret report, not too long ago, the most evil – undead magic was used during the battle on the stone bridge in Chambord... I suspect that these people had been allured by demons, because I feel slight traces of undead magic among them... God's children, don't try to doubt father's fairness... I promise to you people that the church will make the most just and fair ruling. As soon as we find out that they didn't make any deals with the devil, I will personally walk them out of the church."

This was the reason that Zola gave out.

But this seemingly simple reason instantly terrified the residents of Chambord on both sides of the street. Some people who were crying and begging for mercy because their friends and relatives were pulled out of the crowd were all stunned. They didn't dare to make any sounds; defeat and despair filled their eyes.

On Azeroth Continent, it didn't matter how much prestige you had or how powerful you are, once you have been considered making a deal with the devil by the Holy Church, that meant the same as saying hello to the Grim Reaper's sickle. There would be a location prepared for you in advance on the Holy Church's Burning Cross.

There was no exaggeration. There was a shocking incident –

Twenty years ago, Bruno, the famous emperor of the strong level 6 Dulin Empire had advanced to the peak of Moon Rank under the age of fifty – a Full Moon Warrior. Some people even predicted that with one more step, Bruno could advance to Sun Ranked. On top of that, Dulin Empire had armies of millions and numerous powerful warriors and mages. They indeed dominated a section of the continent, and no other Empires dared to cause conflict with them in more than ten years.

However, during his heyday, Bruno suffered from a man-made disaster.

The cause was from one of the parties that the Church hosted. Bruno, who was a little arrogant, had offended Pope Platini accidentally, and he was later accused of colluding with the devils in Hell by the Church. Under the command of the Pope, soldiers of the Execution Knight Templar wiped out the Dulin Empire from the Continent with their powerful force. The fate of the super strong Bruno was even more miserable – It was said that he was tied onto the Burning Cross of the Sun God on the peak of the Holy Mountain – Waulu Mountain, which was also the headquarter of the Holy Church. He was burned alive by the terrible magic fire for three years and died in endless pain.

Therefore, Zola's simple words had suddenly put everyone in despair. The few young girls who were dragged out of the crowd by iron chains on their necks even fainted and fell to the ground.

The crowd was silent on the street.

Even the friends and relatives of the young women and men who were "captured" didn't dare to say a word at this point; they didn't even dare to make crying noises.

The Holy Church's despotic power was evident.

Zola the [Two legged bald rattlesnake] was obviously satisfied with the result that he made.

He liked the atmosphere where he was feared by people.

Zola rubbed his "beloved" black scepter in his hand and glanced around "majestically". He nodded proudly after finding out that no one dared to even look at him. All the grievance and stinks that he experienced at the division of Holy Church in Zenit's Capital St. Petersburg were finally evened out and made up by this. He had his confidence back again.

But as he was turning around and about to get into his gilded magic carriage –

"Wait a moment, Mr. Priest. I can testify for these people. They have no connection with the evil undead magic."

A crisp and sweet voice sounded beside his ear. It instantly destroyed all of Zola's good mood.

The rattlesnake was raged.

He turned back around rapidly and pointed his scepter at the source of the voice without identifying who the voice belonged to first. Suddenly, a white beam with devastating power shot out of the purple crystal that was embedded onto the Zola's favorite black scepter, like a laser, headed toward the direction of the voice.

Priest skill – [Light Extinction].

The attack was deadly. No one was expecting that Zola would directly go for the kill.

Uncontrollable gasps and screams filled the street.

Priest Zola didn't see who was speaking, but everyone else clearly saw who it was; everyone's expression changed. The one who stood out bravely and faced danger was King Alexander's future

queen; The kind, gentle, and beautiful Angela.

The bright white beam with its scorching temperature was instantly about to hit Angela; it already burned a few of the girl's black hair that was fluttering in the wind... As the young girl was about to die because of something she said, at this moment –

"Tink!"

A huge black sword that was covered by a blue flame appeared out of nowhere and shielded Angela behind it.

The sword's handle was held in a thick and strong hand.

The body of the sword lightly shook as the blue energy flame on it collided with the white beam of light. The flamed rippled, and both energies disappeared eventually.

The person who appeared on time was the former number one warrior of Chambord, Lampard.

"How dare you attack queen her highness! Priest Zola, are you intentionally trying to cause conflict between the Holy Church and Chambord?"

Lampard stood firmly in front of the carriage. The blue flowing energy was stimulated to the max as it enveloped Lampard's body in its flames. The red hair also broke free from the linen hairband and fluttered in the wind. He stared at Zola who was on the gilded carriage and questioned him loudly.

"Oh, it's Angela her highness...Pardon my rudeness."

Zola now finally had seen who spoke and going against his will. However, a queen of a level 6 affiliated kingdom in a level 1 Empire was nothing in his eyes. Although he said sorry, but no one could see that he meant it. He curled his lips causally and said with a faint smile on his face: "Mr. Lampard, please put away your black magic weapon. Are you trying to attack a priest of the Holy Church?"

Lampard slightly paused.

After a few seconds, he frowned and suddenly swung his hand, the black sword turned into a shadow and inserted back to the scabbard on his back. However, you could still see the anger on Lampard's face. He quickly glanced at the few Chambord residents who were dragged out of the crowd by novice priests, and asked angrily: "I don't know what crimes these people committed. Does the Holy Church have the authority to arrest anyone they want?"

"Watch your words, Mr. Lampard..." Zola was getting a bit angry as well by all the oppositions. He stood high up on the carriage and shouted with a scorn expression: "Are you questioning God's fairness? We

have clear evidence showing that undead magic was used at the battle at Chambord. I suspect that these people are related to the matter, so I'm taking these people back to the church to find out the truth..."

"But Mr. Priest. I have clear evidence that these people that you arrested have nothing to do with undead magic..."

Before the [Two Legged Bald Rattlesnake] could finish speaking, Angela suddenly cut him off. The beautiful girl was obviously scared by the previous deadly attack, her face was still all pale, but her pure, crystal like big eyes shined a brave light. She looked at the begging expression on the few young girls who were arrested, and firmly retorted: "Mr. Priest, you just said that undead magic was used in the battle on the stone bridge, but everyone at Chambord could testify that none of the people that you arrested appeared on the stone bridge during that battle. Therefore, it's impossible for them to have any connection with undead magic."

Angela's words opened up everyone's mind.

"Yeah, they never left Chambord, how could the undead magic on the stone bridge be related to them?"

"Maybe it was those black armoured bastards who used undead magic!!"

"Mr. Priest, please don't arrest people randomly!"

"Angela her highness made a point. Nelly and other girls absolutely have no connection with undead magic..."

"That's right, Aunt Coulee just give birth to her child less than a month ago, and doesn't even have the strength to pick up a kitchen knife. How could she know any undead magic?"

After hearing Angela's defence, the crowd on both sides of the street finally had the courage to speak what was on their minds. They shouted and booed; especially the families of the people who were arrested, they shouted repeatedly and the situation was getting a bit out of control.

Honestly, everyone knew the reason why Zola arrested these people.

The few cleanly dressed young men would be used as hostages to extort money from their families. The other young and pretty girls would be used as tools for the higher up authorities in the Church to blow off sexual steam; they would be also kept as maids and slaves, to clean the church and take care of daily tasks for the church members. These incidents had happened many times. Of course, someone would be burned alive on the burning cross for the reason of colluding with evil forces; Aunt Coulee who had her newborn in her arms was probably the poor soul that Zola was planning to burn alive to demonstrate the church's power and majesty.

After seeing the scene in front of him, Zola who was standing on the footboard on the carriage was a little stifled.

He didn't expect that a little girl could stir up so much trouble. These low class people started to rebel and his majesty and prestige was seriously challenged. After thinking about that, this vicious rattlesnake was angered; his expression changed as he threatened fiercely: "The force of evil is always great at deceiving people, and blinding people who are naive and ignorant...Angela your highness, Mr. Lampard, if you don't move, you will be considered as having connections with the undead magic by the Holy Church. There shall be no mercy on the burning cross!"

After he said that, Zola didn't wait for either of them to respond. He turned around and enter the gilded magic carriage directly.

After seeing that, a short and fat novice priest who was the closest to Angela and Lampard shook the iron chains in his hands proudly and said: "Haha, please move! Or else...Hehe!" The novice priest's facial expression was reflecting the threat as well.

Lampard's eyebrow rose, and his hand grabbed onto the hilt of his black sword on his back.

He turned his head and looked at Angela, waiting for the "go ahead" signal.

Angela's big beautiful eyes were filled with anxious tears.

The girl didn't know what to do at the moment, as if she was an ant in a hot pan. She knew that if she allowed Lampard to take action and save those people by force, it would bring a disaster to Alexander who was about to get canonized, as well as Chambord as a whole... However, the kind girl couldn't just allow her innocent subjects to get arrested by the church.

At this moment –

A warm and strong hand suddenly held onto the girl's shoulder. A familiar voice then sounded beside Angela's ear like the sound from heaven: "Just leave everything to me!"