

MGE 251

Chapter 251 – Promoting to a Level-3 Warlock

The Red Earth Wasteland, The Miracle City, in a secret room of the city master's mansion.

Yang Feng sat inside the secret room. There was a huge magic array carved underneath him and a large number of top grade magic stones, which slowly exuded tremendous life magic energy, scattered around him. The tremendous life magic energy entered his body.

In Yang Feng's spirit sea, countless spirit force surge and tossed, and, inch by inch, gathered and formed the 3rd spell model Dragon Breath.

Once the 3rd spell model Dragon Breath was completed, very powerful life force suddenly appeared in his body and tremendous, indescribable strength surged in his body.

The soul seed that acted as the core also abruptly expanded frantically as it absorbed the life force.

A tremendous amount of life magic energy flowed into Yang Feng's body. After being absorbed, the life magic energy strengthened his physical constitution.

A long time later, Yang Feng suddenly faced upwards and issued a tremendous dragon roar, then opened his eyes and his eyes glimmered. His body was filled with strength.

The corners of Yang Feng's mouth rose slightly: "Level-3 Warlock, I finally promoted to a level-3 Warlock!"

Since he entered the Feisuo Plane, Yang Feng had never stopped practicing cultivation, and now, he finally promoted to a level-3 Warlock. Besides, he was a real level-3 Warlock, unlike some other level-3 Warlocks who only relied on elixirs. After advancing to a level-3 Warlock, Yang Feng's strength increased by several times again.

Yang Feng left the secret room and went to the underground base near the Miracle City, where he entered the virtual reality battle cabin. He selected level-3 Warlock rank enemies and began his combat training.

A few days later.

"Master, Governor Bousso requests to see you!" Yang Feng had just finished his training in the virtual reality battle cabin, when Lina's voice suddenly came from a communication magic box placed aside.

A secret treasure like the communication magic box refined using alchemy wasn't as eye-catching as a mobile phone, and it could be used on the Feisuo Plane.

Wizards also had all kinds of mystical communication means, so the communication magic box was nothing special.

Yang Feng said lightly: "Take him to the reception hall to wait for me."

Lena replied: "Yes, master!"

After taking a bath, Yang Feng left the underground base and went to the reception hall of the Miracle City.

When Bousso saw Yang Feng, he greeted him enthusiastically, saying: “Master Ian, good news! You’ve been enfeoffed as a hereditary peer earl of the Morrince Empire, with the Red Earth Wasteland as your fief!”

Bousso lamented: “The Orthux Family spent a great deal of energy for the sake of your title. Originally, with the help of our family, you should have gotten the title of duke. However, Duke Isere of the Hansen Family stepped in. In the end, under our family’s relentless arguments, we were only able to get you the title of earl. What a pity.”

Yang Feng creased his eyebrows slightly and asked in curiosity: “When did I offend Duke Isere of the Hansen Family?”

Yang Feng didn’t know many people in the Morrince Empire, so he didn’t know when he offended such a bigwig like Duke Isere.

Bousso said with a smile: “In the court, the one who pushed for the hunting fang corps to attack your Miracle City was Duke Isere! He took a fancy to your Miracle City.”

Killing intent flashed past Yang Feng’s eyes. He said with a light smile: “I see! Governor Bousso, I’m very grateful to your Orthux Family. As for Duke Isere, he’s bound to pay for his stupidity!”

With a flick of his wrist, he gave Bousso a warrior’s edge: “This is something I refined in passing, I hope that you like it.”

Bousso showed a satisfied smile. He took the warrior’s edge, examined it carefully for a moment, and sighed in praise: “What a good sword!! Master Ian, do you know for how much 1 warrior’s edge is being sold in the capital?”

Yang Feng answered: “I don’t!”

“For 2 million gold coins! Using your sword, the Storm Sacred Swordsman Demidio defeated the Gale Sacred Swordsman Favila! At the crucial moment of the fight between the 2 Sacred Swordsmen, the sword of the Gale Sacred Swordsman Favila was sliced apart by the warrior’s edge of the Storm Sacred Swordsman Demidio, which resulted in the former’s defeat.”

“In fact, it is common knowledge that Gale Sacred Swordsman Favila should be slightly stronger than the Storm Sacred Swordsman Demidio. After his defeat, the Gale Sacred Swordsman Favila wanted to purchase a warrior’s edge for a huge sum of money. Reportedly, if you offer him a warrior’s edge, you can be accepted as his personal disciple and be taught swordsmanship wholeheartedly.” Bousso looked fondly at the warrior’s edge in his hands and smiled.

For a Sacred Swordsman, a good sword was their second life. Many swords could not bear the qi of Sacred Swordsman rank powerhouses. Only when merged with precious magic metals like divine blood steel and mithril, could a magic sword bear the qi of Sacred Swordsman rank powerhouses.

Using an ordinary sword, a Sacred Swordsman could easily kill a Star Knight using such a precious sword as a warrior’s edge. However, when 2 Sacred Swordsmen fought to the death, if one used an ordinary

sword and the other used an elite magic weapon like the warrior's edge, the one to die would be the Sacred Swordsman using an ordinary sword.

Yang Feng smiled and said: "In this case, with this sword, you can become a personal disciple of the Gale Sacred Swordsman Favila, Governor Bousso."

Bousso smiled and replied: "I know very well that I don't have the talent for martial arts. Moreover, even after practicing until you reach the realm of Sacred Swordsman, you still have to listen to the orders of the court. The status of the empire's Sacred Swordsmen is just the same as that of us governors. However, their authority is not necessarily comparable to ours. Besides, martial arts cannot be passed down for the next generation to inherit. But lands and titles of aristocrats can be inherited from generation to generation. Being a good aristocrat is much more cost-effective than being a martial artist. Martial artists are but hunting dogs to aristocrats."

Yang Feng was slightly taken aback, and couldn't help but to look at Bousso with different eyes. Previously, he felt contemptuous towards Bousso, who was a coward. But after having dealings with the other, he realized that Bousso wasn't simply a good-for-nothing.

From the intelligence he received from Artais, Yang Feng got a lot of first-hand information about the Morrince Empire.

In the Morrince Empire, there were dozens of human Sacred Swordsmen. Many human Sacred Swordsmen either served the empire or became helpers of greater aristocrats. Very few Sacred Swordsmen really possessed a transcendental status.

The ultimate goal of Saint Swordsmen serving the empire was to become aristocrats, preferably peer hereditary greater aristocrats.

Bousso was already a greater aristocrat. Naturally, he wouldn't abandon his current foundation to learn martial arts instead.

Bousso hesitated for a moment before saying: "Master Ian, now that you are an aristocrat, I brought you the appointment document. Nevertheless, you have to make preparations to go to the capital and have an audience with His Majesty in the near future. This is a necessary procedure. Any baron hereditary peer aristocrat and above must go to the capital within 2 months from the date they were enfeoffed to have an audience with His Majesty. Otherwise, your appointment will lose its legitimacy."

Yang Feng's eyes narrowed slightly: "To go to the capital!"

The Morrince Empire was one of the 2 human empires on the Feisuo Plane, so the capital of the Morrince Empire was infested with powerhouses and experts. There were over 30 Sacred Warriors. Besides, Legend Wizards and Legend Priests of the various temples gathered there.

Yang Feng had just been promoted to a level-3 Warlock. With his strength, it was easy to claim hegemony over the Red Earth Wasteland. However, once he went to the St. Tulan City, he would just be a top expert.

In a divine city like the St. Tulan City, even Starry Sky Warlock and Moonlight Warlock rank powerhouses would be jointly suppressed and destroyed by the gods once they acted up.

Bousso smiled, saying: “Master Ian, don’t worry. This is just so that His Majesty can see you, and not a ploy to lure you into the capital to kill you. It has already spread through the entire aristocratic stratum that you have been enfeoffed as an earl. Besides, your aristocratic appointment has been approved by the aristocratic senate. If His Majesty set up an ambush to kill you, that would have a chilling effect on the entire aristocratic stratum. With all due respect, but you aren’t qualified to make His Majesty do such a thing.”

Yang Feng thought carefully for a while before also revealing a smile and saying: “In that case, I’ll make preparations to go to the capital to have an audience with His Majesty.”

Only demigod and god rank powerhouses were worthy for the Morrince Empire to destroy its reputation by setting up an ambush to kill them. In front of the huge colossus that was the Morrince Empire, a Great Wizard (others had yet to find out that he already promoted to an ‘Archwizard’) like Yang Feng was a nobody and was not worthy for the empire to do such a thing.

Bousso said with a smile: “I’ll return together with you! It just so happens that I also have to return to see His Majesty.”

Yang Feng agreed: “Alright!”

3 days later, a convoy escorted by 100 cavalymen left the Miracle City and headed towards the Molinson Province.

15 days later, the convoy appeared in the Barroman City.

Not long after, a huge convoy escorted by 1,000 people slowly traveled towards the St. Tulan City.

Along the way, Yang Feng witnessed the might of the Orthux Family. Wherever Governor Bousso passed through, numerous officials would greet him warmly, and compete to offer him local specialty products and jewelry. Yang Feng, who was a newly appointed earl of the Morrince Empire, was also entertained enthusiastically. Numerous officials sent all kinds of beautiful women to Yang Feng and Governor Bousso.

Along the way, Yang Feng and Bousso welcomed all the jewelry and beautiful women without hesitation. Anyway, his Miracle City could accommodate those beautiful women without any worries.

Along the way, he sampled the delicacies from different places and had a taste of the local customs and practices of the Morrince Empire. Yang Feng moved leisurely towards the capital of the Morrince Empire, the St. Tulan City.

Chapter 252 – Faldina in Distress

Inside a fragrant carriage, Yang Feng carefully studied a book on level-3 extraordinary plants. This was a book he got from the Demonic Fighting Sect with knowledge about different kinds of level-3 extraordinary plants recorded. Many of the level-3 extraordinary plants came from different planes, and each level-3 extraordinary plant had mystical powers.

Although the offensive strength of level-3 extraordinary plants could not exceed that of Great Warlocks, but there are many among the level-3 extraordinary plants with special abilities which even Great Warlocks could not replicate.

Suddenly, Yang Feng's heart was stirred slightly. He closed the book in his hands and, with a flick of his wrist, put it inside a storage ring.

Andro's voice came from outside the carriage: "Sir, there are people fighting ahead!"

After rendering a great contribution, Andro was promoted by Yang Feng to the vice-captain of his guards. Yang Feng wanted to take a closer look at the young man. If he was of use, Yang Feng would try his best to groom him.

On this trip to the St. Tulan City, Andro took the post of the vice-captain of Yang Feng's guards and commanded 100 Knights.

"I know!" When the carriage stopped, Yang Feng alighted and looked ahead.

He saw the peerless beauty Faldina, who looked like she came out of a painting, in a silver dress, with shiny blonde hair, a tall figure, jade-like fair skin, delicate and beautiful facial features, and beautiful and expressive eyes, as she desperately fled his way.

A dozen men wearing black clothes, with pitchforks, snare sticks, fishing nets, and other catching gear chased after her. The men had Knight rank cultivation bases.

"So it's an acquaintance!" Yang Feng scanned Faldina with a glance, and saw that she seemed to have been poisoned and her magic power was almost completely sealed.

If Faldina was at her prime, she could have killed the dozen Knight rank men with a single hand.

Bousso also alighted his carriage. When he saw Faldina, his eyes lit up and he said with excitement: "What a beautiful girl! How about we capture and enjoy her?"

Yang Feng was suddenly speechless. Obviously, Bousso was not a good person. When he saw a beautiful woman, his first reaction was to capture her.

Suddenly, Bousso's complexion changed and he said solemnly: "No, that is Faldina, a personal disciple of the Legend Wizard Alvita of the Titan Empire! Master Ian, she is the exclusive property of His Majesty, so you cannot capture her."

Despite his lust, Bousso knew that there were women he could touch and women he could never touch.

Yang Feng nodded slightly and turned towards his carriage: "Let's go!"

Although Faldina was a beautiful woman, but she ambushed Yang Feng with Edith. Yang Feng's impression of this stunning beauty of the Titan Empire wasn't good, and he didn't care whether she lived or died.

Bousso heaved a sigh of relief. He feared that Yang Feng would capture Faldina for his enjoyment. By then, he would be in a dilemma.

Less than a handful of people of the Morrince Empire could withstand the thunderous fury of Morrince 2,867th.

“Master Ian, save me! Save me!! I’ll tell you the location of a divine artifact so long as you save me!!” Faldina’s imploring voice came from behind Yang Feng.

“Divine armament!” When Yang Feng heard that, he suddenly had palpitations.

The so-called divine armaments were mystical treasures with the power of law created by gods. Each divine armament had a strange and formidable power.

According to the ranking of secret treasures on the Cangzhi Plane, divine armaments were at least level-6 secret treasures. At present, Yang Feng didn’t have a single level-6 secret treasure. There was a handful of level-6 secret treasures on the Turandot Subcontinent. However, those level-6 secret treasures either upgraded the soul aptitude or promoted the strength of Warlocks. There was not a single level-6 secret treasure that could be used in battle.

If Yang Feng could get a hold of a divine armament, he would have made it big on his trip to the Feisuo Plane.

Even in the continent’s Great Cloud Dynasty, divine armament rank secret treasures were definitely rare. They could only be forged by divine craftsman rank Alchemists. Each divine craftsman rank Alchemist was a terrifying being of the Moonlight Warlock rank or above, and had a noble status and extraordinary strength.

In the Great Cloud Dynasty, even Moonlight Warlock powerhouses may not have a divine armament.

“Save her!” Yang Feng turned to Andro standing beside him and ordered faintly.

“Yes! Sir!” Andro turned around, drew his sword, pointed at the dozen black-clothed men, and barked: “Charge!”

50 Knights suddenly burst out with strong qi, followed after Andro, and charged towards the dozen black-clothed men.

Startled, the dozen black-clothed men burst out with qi and resisted hurriedly.

Under the charge of the 50 Knights, the dozen black-clothed men were killed after only resisting for a moment.

Andro escorted Faldina to Yang Feng.

With a wave of Yang Feng’s hand, a vial of Liquid Metal Nano Robot Elixir flew out, pricked Faldina in her lily-white arm, and injected the elixir into her.

Faldina’s pretty complexion flushed a little. In a flash, a mysterious force erupted inside her and killed the liquid metal nano robots.

Yang Feng’s complexion changed slightly at once. The Liquid Metal Nano Robot Elixir could easily control Great Warlock rank powerhouses. Faldina, who was merely an Archwizard and who’s physical

constitution was much worse than that of level-3 Warlocks, could kill the liquid metal nano robots. This was simply unreasonable.

Looking beautiful without equal, Faldina smiled brightly: "I was blessed by the gods when I was born. Mind-enslavement spells, control spells, control poisons, and control magic drugs are ineffective against me."

Yang Feng said lightly: "Are you making fun of me? I am a Wizard proficient in pharmacology. I think that the mystical pharmacology should be able make a beautiful lady spit out the information I need. If pharmacology can't make you talk, then Andro here beside me, who is an expert in interrogations and torture, should be able to make you tell me the information I want to know."

Very cooperative, Andro took a step forward, scrutinized Faldina's private parts, and made eerie, lascivious laughing sounds

Faldina's pretty complexion changed and she took 2 steps back. She looked pitiable as tears poured down her cheeks, and said: "You're bullying me. To bully a weak woman like myself, are you still a man?"

It was a heartbreaking sight when Faldina cried.

Andro's eyes shook a little, and revealed a trace of obsession.

Yang Feng said coldly: "It's no use! Faldina, where is the divine armament? If you tell me that it is in the All Gods Sacred Mountain, I'll send you to meet your maker."

The All Gods Sacred Mountain was the headquarters of churches of the Zaliah divine system. The All Gods Sacred Mountain was the place with the most powerhouses in the Morrince Empire. In the eyes of countless believers of the Morrince Empire, it was the most holiest place.

The All Gods Sacred Mountain of the Morrince Empire and the Titan Divine Mountain of the Titan Empire both possessed divine armament rank treasures. People who went to steal divine armaments of these 2 places would all be turned into corpses. There, even Moonlight Warlock rank powerhouses could die if a little careless. Naturally, Yang Feng wouldn't go to such a place, and throw his life away.

Faldina's tears came to an end and her face turned straight. A trace of sadness appeared amid her composure, and she sighed lightly, saying: "Of course not! I can tell you the location of the divine armament. However, there is one condition! I want you to escort me to the St. Tulan City to meet Edith. I want to ask him why he poisoned me!"

Yang Feng was shocked: "Edith poisoned you?"

For Edith, Faldina abandoned her duty as the emissary of the Titan Empire, and even willingly followed Edith to assassinate Yang Feng.

For Edith to poison Faldina, that was heartless of him.

Faldina said faintly: "I'm tired."

Yang Feng pointed to a carriage and said: "Take this carriage!"

Faldina nodded silently, and, with graceful steps, boarded the carriage.

Yang Feng gave the carriage with Faldina a profound look, then turned around and boarded his carriage.

“Set out!” The huge convoy continued to move towards the St. Tulan City.

Just as the convoy started moving, Faldina’s carriage shook abruptly. In the midst of that shake, a mechanical flying ant the size of a grain of rice flew to the edge of Faldina’s skirt, attached itself to it, and melted and transformed into a part of the skirt.

5 days later, the magnificent and immense St. Tulan City finally appeared in front of Yang Feng’s group.

“The St. Tulan City, it looks like this city can contend a little against cities of the Cangzhi Plane.

Yang Feng looked at the huge St. Tulan City and his eyes flashed with praise.

In front of the St. Tulan City, there were huge convoys queuing, waiting for permission to enter the city. The huge queue extended for a dozen kilometers.

Yang Feng’s convoy, however, made a beeline for the exclusive passageway of the greater aristocrats.

Along the way, when the people in the convoys saw the crest of the Orthux Family on the carriages, their complexions changed dramatically, and they made way. This was one of the privileges of greater aristocrats.

Suddenly, an extremely arrogant and domineering voice came from in front of them: “Motherfucker, you peasants dare to block the way of this young master? You don’t want to live?”

Chapter 253 – Kidnapping a Woman

Yang Feng frowned slightly, then lifted the curtain of the carriage and looked outside.

He saw a fat, middle-aged woman dressed in tattered clothing on the ground with a young girl in her arms in front of a luxurious carriage of an aristocrat.

Escorted by 6 guards, a young man dressed in gorgeous aristocratic clothing came to in front of the middle-aged woman and hurled abuses at her.

“I’m sorry, Master. We were squeezed out by others. We’ll be going now! I’m very sorry to have offended you!!” While hugging the daughter, the fat, middle-aged woman kept apologizing in a low voice.

After letting her have it, the young aristocrat felt content, and wanted to wave his hand to let the 2 of them go. Suddenly, his eyes lit up and he stared at the face of the daughter of the middle-aged woman, unable to tear his eyes away.

Although the face of the daughter of the middle-aged woman was covered with a bit of dust, but if you looked carefully, you would find out that her eyes were limpid, her facial features were delicate and captivating, and her skin was as smooth as jade. She was very beautiful.

The young aristocrat's eyes lit up and he said with a wild smile: "What a beauty! It seems that today is my lucky day! Take her away! This is the punishment for bumping into this young master, you peasants!"

2 guards immediately stepped forward and pried away the pretty girl from the middle-aged woman, then kicked the middle-aged woman, kicking her to the ground.

The pretty girl made sorrowful cries: "Mom!! Save me! Mom!!"

Some commoners who weren't completely heartless couldn't help but turn their heads away, unwilling to look.

Warriors of the St. Tulan City standing a dozen meters away kept silent when they saw the crest above the luxurious carriage of the young aristocrat.

"Stop!" Just then, a stern shout came from the side.

Everyone's eyes focused on the place from where the voice came. The young aristocrat turned his head and saw Yang Feng alight his carriage.

"What a nice little beauty!" Bousso also alighted his carriage. When he saw the beautiful girl, his eyes burst out with excitement.

The young aristocrat turned and said coldly: "Who are you?"

Andro took a step forward and barked: "Impudent! The noble Sir in front of you is Sir Earl Ian, who was personally enfeoffed by His Majesty as the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland."

"An earl!"

"That's a hereditary peer earl!!"

"..."

When the people near the gate heard Andro, they immediately showed a look of awe. These people mingled in the St. Tulan City, so they were much more knowledgeable than people from other places. A hereditary peer earl was more than 100 times as powerful as a life peer earl. A hereditary peer earl was a bigwig even in the capital.

The arrogant young aristocrat suddenly changed his temperament and became courteous, saying: "So it's Sir Earl Ian, the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland. I am Angelo, the 3rd successor of the Antino Family. Is there something you want from me?"

Yang Feng said faintly: "I like this woman."

Angelo's complexion changed slightly and he hesitated.

Bousso also came over and said with some pride: "Angelo, since the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland likes this peasant, then just give her to him. Otherwise, I'm going to have a talk with your father, Antino."

After seeing Bousso, Angelo's pupils constricted slightly. With a graceful smile on his face, he handed Yang Feng and Bousso an invitation each: "Since you like her, then I'll give you these 2 peasants, Earl Ian. Governor Bousso, Earl Ian, my father's birthday is in a few days. I would like to invite you to attend the banquet."

Yang Feng and Bousso took the invitation.

"I'll take my leave first!" Angelo smiled, turned around, and boarded his carriage. After getting into the carriage, his face sank and turned gloomy, and his eyes flashed with enmity.

Bousso's small eyes revealed a covetous look as he stared at the beautiful girl. He said with a smile: "Earl Ian, congratulations, you got a hold of such a wonderful little beauty. Her figure, appearance, and skin are impeccable. After polishing her a bit, she will become a perfect beauty. If you don't want her, you can sell her to me? I can buy this little beauty for 300,000, oh, no, 500,000 gold coins."

Yang Feng said: "500,000 gold coins! You can buy an elven slave with such a sum of money. Bousso, you're willing to pay that much?"

Bousso gave a chuckle and said: "Elven slaves are not fun to play with. If discovered by the elven empire, there is the danger of being assassinated. Besides, this little beauty is more beautiful than an elf. After some training, she'll turn into a very tasty treat."

"Mom, don't go, don't leave me alone! Don't go, please, don't go, don't leave me alone. How can I live if you leave me? Mom! Don't go!!" Suddenly, a heart-wrenching weeping came from the side.

Yang Feng's gaze followed the sound of crying and saw that the little beauty had already thrown herself onto the middle-aged woman, and had 2 lines of tears wash away the dust on her pretty face, looking very pitiable.

Yang Feng sighed lightly and said: "Forget it, I want this girl to stay with me."

Bousso sighed with some regret: "What a pity!"

Yang Feng came to the girl and asked lightly: "Do you have a place to go?"

The girl raised her weeping, pretty face: "Master, I have no family other than my mom. Please, sir, help me bury my mother. I am willing to stay with you and work hard to repay your kindness, Master."

Yang Feng said: "Andro, go and bury her!"

Andro took a step forward and replied respectfully: "Yes! Sir!"

The girl showed a grateful expression and said: "Thank you, Master!"

Yang Feng said: "My name is Ian. What is your name?"

The girl said: "Master, my name is Alerina."

"Alerina, come with me, let's enter the city together!" Yang Feng's eyes flashed with a peculiar glint, then he grabbed Alerina by her little hand and strode towards the gate of the St. Tulan City.

There was a strong barrier, which was a blessing of the gods, at the gate of the St. Tulan City. Anyone who entered the St. Tulan City would be tested by magic. Once a fiend, devil, kindred, dark elf, or other darkness life form or evil life form entered the St. Tulan City, they would be discovered.

Alerina's pretty face flushed and she struggled slightly. Seeing that she could not free herself from Yang Feng, she let Yang Feng pull her into the gate of the St. Tulan City.

When Yang Feng reached the gate of the St. Tulan City, a bright divine light shot from the gate and shone on him.

The nano robots of blasphemy hidden in Yang Feng's head immediately simulated the spirit fluctuations of a fanatic of the Weave Goddess.

Even if it was a non believer who entered the gate of the St. Tulan City, they would be discovered instantly, and then burned at the stake.

in the world of humans of the Feisuo Plane, non believers were not welcome, and were considered to be heretics. They were like stray dogs, and could not be active in the central pockets of human power.

Yang Feng's spirit was tense and his gaze was firmly fixed on Alerina next to him, ready to fight at a moment's notice.

Looking innocent, as if she hadn't sensed anything, Alerina let the divine light shine on her, not triggering any response.

Yang Feng's eyebrows wrinkled slightly and his eyes flashed with doubt: "Did I guess wrong? Was I really lucky to meet such a beautiful girl?"

Alerina was so beautiful that she could be called a peerless beauty. Once such a beautiful girl was discovered by an aristocrat, she would be either pocketed, offered to a greater aristocrat as a gift, or sold to slave merchants for a huge sum.

After entering the St. Tulan City, Yang Feng silently recited an incantation and pointed at Alerina. A detection of evil spell fell on Alerina.

Alerina erupted with pure white light, showing that the girl was pure of heart, had a clear conscience, and hadn't killed any intelligent life forms.

Yang Feng gave a self-deprecating smile: "It seems that I am paranoid!"

Shortly after entering the gate, a handsome young aristocrat with short blond hair escorted by a dozen guards blocked in front of Yang Feng's group.

The young aristocrat blocking in front of Yang Feng's group said arrogantly: "Ian, Bousso, come out now!"

Yang Feng creased his eyebrows slightly, and then alighted his carriage unhurriedly.

Bousso also came out. When he saw the young aristocrat, his complexion changed slightly.

Yang Feng asked: "Who is this fellow?"

Bousso immediately whispered to Yang Feng: “He is Bernard, the eldest son of His Highness Great Prince André.”

Bernard sneered and ordered: “Sure enough. Bousso, you colluded with the Devil Ian and harmed the interests of the empire! Come, arrest the Devil Ian!”

“Yes! Your Highness!” The dozen Knight rank guards laughed fiercely, then burst out with strong qi and pounced at Yang Feng.

“Courting death!” Yang Feng’s eyes flashed with killing intent and, with a flick of his wrist, a king’s sword forged from divine blood steel suddenly appeared in his hand. As he stepped forward, he erupted with Firmament Knight rank qi in a flash, and his sword shone brightly like a star.

Mists of blood burst out next to Yang Feng and splashed about.

Chapter 254 – Your Highness, Are You Not Satisfied?

When Bousso saw this, his heart trembled and his eyes flashed with fear: “What a scary fellow! Worthy of the moniker Devil Ian!”

Ever since Bousso and Yang Feng reconciled, the relationship between both parties drew closer rapidly, and Bousso’s fear of Yang Feng faded away gradually. Seeing the mist of blood and body parts next to Yang Feng, fear overtook his body and mind and he finally understood the terror behind the moniker Devil Ian.

Andro’s eyes flashed with excitement and zealotry: “This is our Master – flawless, strong, callous, and merciful! Amazing!”

The eyes of the warriors who accompanied Yang Feng through numerous battles also flashed with excitement. For them, following such a powerful master was their goal.

Looking like a god of death treading in the secular world, Yang Feng walked up to Bernard and overlooked him coldly. In a flash, he erupted with divine energy of fear, and a terror enveloped Bernard, as if he was on the brink of death, as if he would be burnt at the stake if he said anything wrong.

Bernard’s face was pale, his eyes were filled with fear, his body trembled constantly, and his mouth was dry. He could not take his gaze away from Yang Feng.

“These rebellious bandits tried to assassinate you, so I helped you get rid of them, Your Highness.” Said Yang Feng in an aloof tone. Overlooking Bernard, he barked: “Your Highness, are you not satisfied?”

His face pale-white, Bernard took 3 steps back, and said fearfully: “I’m satisfied!! I’m satisfied!!”

Exuding divine energy of fear, Yang Feng took a step forward and threatened overbearingly: “Were my actions justified?”

Bernard replied fearfully: “They were!! They were more than justified!!”

Yang Feng smiled disdainfully and waived his hand, saying: “Alright, you can go!”

“Yes!! Yes!!” Looking frightened, Bernard mounted his horse and frantically rode away like the wind.

Bousso said with a look of worship: “Ian, you are so amazing. Although Bernard is an idiot who doesn’t even understand the rules of the game of aristocrats, but it still is really difficult to deal with him. And you scared him away with a few words. That’s really amazing.”

Ordinary princes still abided by the rules of the game of aristocrats, and, at least on the surface, were very respectful towards greater aristocrats. Bernard, on the other hand, shed all pretenses of cordiality with Yang Feng, which was a very foolish action in the eyes of aristocrats. However, Bernard’s status was very noble, and Bousso had no good way to deal with him in a short time.

From afar came the sound of whistles, as the security officers of the security hall of the St. Tulan City finally came out. Dozens of security officers, who hid close by beforehand, quickly rushed over.

When the security officers arrived at the scene, they saw the dozen corpses on the ground. The complexions of many security officers turned pale and their bodies shivered.

A supervisor hesitated, then took a dozen security officers to block in front of Yang Feng’s party and said with a gloomy face: “I am Bessières, a grade-1 supervisor of the security hall. I suspect that you are involved in this vicious homicide. Please follow me back to the station!”

Bousso sneered, pulled out a whip, and ruthlessly hit Bessières in the face, leaving a deep whip mark behind.

Bessières clasped his face, curled up, and screamed in pain.

Bousso looked down at the other party and said in contempt: “I am Governor Bousso, the baron of the Molinson Province. This is Earl Ian, the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland! We just killed these assassins who tried to assassinate His Highness Bernard! It was an act of justice and reasonable self-defense. Understood, you peasants!?”

The security officers suddenly turned pale and shivered slightly, realizing that they might have been drawn into the power struggle of bigwigs.

In the Morrince Empire, the power struggles between bigwigs were extremely cruel, and it was very normal for some nobodies to end up dead in the aftermath.

Bousso barked domineeringly: “Everyone here is our witnesses! If you want to arrest us, then get the order from His Majesty or the aristocratic senate first. Now scram! Otherwise, I’ll flog you to death, you peasants!”

The dozens of security officers quickly dispersed, making way for Yang Feng’s group.

Yang Feng sighed secretly: “This is the strength of power!!!”

If Yang Feng didn’t have enough power, he wouldn’t have been enfeoffed as a hereditary peer greater aristocrat of the Morrince Empire. Even as a Great Wizard (others had yet to find out that he already promoted to an ‘Archwizard’), if he openly committed murder in the St. Tulan City, he would be hunted down.

However, with the status of a hereditary peer earl of the Morrince Empire, only His Majesty, the aristocratic senate responsible for aristocratic affairs, and the temples of churches had the right to judge Yang Feng.

The security hall and other organs of authority would have the power to arrest Yang Feng only after collecting strong enough evidence, submitting it to the 3 forces mentioned before, and getting the green light. This was the privilege of greater aristocrats.

In the Morrince Empire, countless people aspired to become greater aristocrats because of the various privileges. Even many Sacred Swordsmen and Legend Wizards would serve aristocrats in order to obtain aristocratic hereditary peer titles and land.

In the Morrince Empire, which was an ancient empire with an over 100,000-year-long history, it was very difficult to become a hereditary peer aristocrat. Even Sacred Swordsmen had to serve the empire and render enough meritorious deeds before they could become hereditary peer aristocrats. Otherwise, they could only get the title of life peer aristocrats.

If Yang Feng hadn't occupied the forsaken Red Earth Wasteland, turned the land fertile, and decisively chosen to attach his territory, which satisfied the emperor's vanity of expanding the empire's territory, Yang Feng would find it impossible to become a hereditary peer aristocrat of the Morrince Empire.

The Orthux Family had great influence in the St. Tulan City, so Bousso quickly arranged a small villa with a wide area and complete facilities for Yang Feng to move in.

After Bousso arranged everything, he invited Yang Feng apologetically: "Ian, let's go have a drink! I owe you an explanation for today's affair."

Yang Feng said with a smile: "Okay!"

Escorted by a few guards, the 2 left the villa, entered a luxurious carriage each, and headed towards the inner part of the St. Tulan City.

The carriages stopped in front of a magnificent and extremely spacious inn that looked like a small manor.

Yang Feng and Bousso both alighted their carriages.

"This is the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn. It is one of the 4 best inns in the St. Tulan City, and it is very distinctive. Let's go inside!" Said Bousso with a mysterious smile.

Yang Feng smiled and followed Bousso into the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn.

When they entered the inn, Yang Feng saw elven, foxman, catman, dogman beauties, and beauties of other races dressed up inside, giving off a dazzling sight. When seeing this scene for the first time, some more innocent men wouldn't even know where to look.

"Welcome to the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn, distinguished guests, we will serve you wholeheartedly and give you a wonderful night." When the dozens of beauties of different races saw Yang Feng's group of 2 enter, they prostrated themselves on the ground and said in unison, as if holy maidens waiting upon gods.

Yang Feng asked curiously: “Elves! They even dare to use elves, isn’t the master of this establishment afraid of being assassinated by the powerhouses of the elven empire?”

Elven slaves were one of the most precious kinds of female slaves on the Feisuo Plane. The elven empire loathed people who used elven slaves, which would bring the elves decades and even centuries of pain, the most. Once someone was discovered using elven slaves, the elven empire would send experts to assassinate them.

Bousso said with a smile: “This is the St. Tulan City and not the Elven Woods. If elven experts dare to come here, that would be just akin giving us a few more playthings.”

There were countless powerhouses in the St. Talon City. Even Starry Sky Warlock rank powerhouses would be suppressed if they came here and misbehaved. No matter how angry the experts of the elven empire were, they still had no way around this.

Just then, a curvaceous, exceedingly fascinating, alluring beauty full of mature charm, with long, wavy blue hair walked over with a touch of fragrance wafting from her. Although her complexion wasn’t as delicate as that of elves, but she was full of mature charm. She said with a spirited smile: “Governor Bousso, you came.”

Bousso’s eyes flashed with a trace of infatuation. He touched the hands of the mature beauty and said with a smile: “Ani, take us to a heaven rank private room.”

Ani smiled sweetly, then looked at Yang Feng and asked in curiosity: “Okay. And this is?”

Bousso smiled and said: “This is Earl Ian, the Earl of the Red Earth Wasteland. He is a hereditary peer earl. You mustn’t slight him.”

A trace of graveness welled up inside Ani’s eyes, then she gave a sweet smile and said with faintly discernible respect: “So it’s Earl Ian. Hello, I am Ani, one of the managers of the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn. If you need anything, you can come and ask me. The Beautiful and Gaiety Inn will meet any of your requests.”

Yang Feng said faintly: “Okay!”

Under Ani’s lead, Yang Feng’s group went further inside the inn.

Along the way, Yang Feng’s horizons were expanded. In the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn, beauties were as common as clouds, and there was a manifold of ways to play with them. Even he, who was from Earth, couldn’t help but have his horizons expanded.

Eventually, under Ani’s lead, Yang Feng’s group of 2 arrived in a spacious and quiet private room without a trace of vulgarity, which sharply contrasted with the outside of the private room.

Bousso said with a vulgar smile: “How about it, are you interested? Let’s go have a good time after dinner.”

Chapter 255 – 6th Prince Garça

Yang Feng smiled and said, "That sounds pretty good. However, I don't plan to indulge myself until I reach my goal."

Bousso asked curiously: "Your goal? Can you tell me what it is?"

Yang Feng answered with a smile: "It is to pursue truth and gain eternity!"

Bousso chuckled involuntarily, and there was a trace of disapproval in his eyes: "To pursue truth and gain eternity? This is the dream of all Wizards. Right, you're also a Wizard!"

Even gods didn't dare to claim that they could live forever. A trifling Great Wizard (others had yet to find out that he already promoted to an 'Archwizard'), however, set such a goal for himself, which was unrealistic in Bousso's view.

Bousso said with an apologetic expression: "I'm sorry, Ian. Bernard should have come to find trouble with me because the Orthux Family supports His Highness Garça, the 6th prince of the empire. You came with me to the St. Tulan City, so they also regard you as a supporter of His Highness Garça."

Yang Feng was prepared for it. The Orthux Family worked so hard to help Yang Feng get the precious title of hereditary peer earl, which made Yang Feng a greater aristocrat of the Morrince Empire. They naturally had to get something in return.

Bousso felt unsure when he saw Yang Feng's expressionless face before saying at once: "Ian, 6th Prince Garça is a very talented, intelligent, and amicable person. If he can ascend the throne, that will be great news for the entire Morrince Empire."

Yang Feng replied with a faint smile: "I don't care what becomes of the Morrince Empire when he ascends the throne, at all. I only care about what I can gain from his ascension to the throne!"

Yang Feng was already a hereditary peer aristocrat, and just like Bousso, he was qualified to participate in the struggle for supreme power in the Morrince Empire and become a backstage manipulator. He was not a small character that could easily be crushed and forced into someone's ploy.

"Ha-ha. So long as you support me in my ascension to the throne, I will grant you the title of duke and assign you the Funes Province as your fief." Following a hearty laughter, a handsome young man with dazzling, short golden hair, and dressed in white civilian clothes entered the room.

Behind the young man followed a beautiful girl with a golden ponytail, and dressed in men's clothes, yet with 2 bulging peaks, exuding a noble temperament; a young man with an ordinary build, short blue hair, and a plain appearance radiating the aura of a competent warrior; an arrogant-looking, 27- or 28-year-old, tall, extremely handsome young man with a sword at his waist.

Bousso hurriedly rose from his seat and bowed towards the young man in salute: "Greetings, Your Highness Garça"

Yang Feng stood up, bowed slightly towards the young man according to the aristocratic etiquette, and said in a neither servile nor overbearing tone: "Greetings, Your Highness Garça."

"Good! No need to be too polite!" With a good-natured smile, Garça went straight to the seat of honor and sat down.

The girl with the noble temperament sat to the left of Garça. The tall, extremely handsome young man sat next to the girl. The plain-looking man sat to the right of Garça.

Garça praised passionately: "Let me introduce you. These 2 gentlemen are Governor Bousso and the legendary Earl Ian of the Red Earth Wasteland. The latter did what countless legendary heroes failed to; he built the Miracle City in the barren and dead Red Earth Wasteland."

When he heard his proudest deed to be so highly praised by 6th Prince Garça, Yang Feng felt a trace of warmth rise in his heart.

The tall, handsome young man stared at Yang Feng, and a trace of profound jealousy flashed past the abyss of his eyes.

Garça went on to say with a smile: "Earl Ian, this is my sister Ulyana, this is my great friend Goyena, and this is the Lightning Sacred Swordsman's chief disciple Girón. Girón is not yet 30 years old, but he already cultivated the Lightning Qi to the Star Knight rank. He is the most promising young martial arts genius to promote to a Sacred Warrior in the St. Tulan City."

Sitting next to Ulyana, Girón showed a proud smile.

Not yet 30 years old, yet he cultivated qi until the Star Knight rank. This cultivation speed was regarded as extremely amazing in the Morrince Empire. Even though he had the guidance of a famous master, but such a high cultivation speed still proved that Girón was extremely talented in the way of the sword.

Garça said directly: "Earl Ian, so long as you support me, I will enfeoff you as a duke and assign you the Funes Province as your fief once I ascend the throne."

The Funes Province had a common border with the Red Earth Wasteland. It was a vast but sparsely populated province of the Morrince Empire, it was barren on resources and perennially covered with ice and snow. Although the Funes Province was twice or thrice the size of other provinces, but its population was less than one-twentieth of other provinces, and it was the most barren province of the Morrince Empire. Garça was so generous that he was willing to offer the Funes Province to Yang Feng.

Yang Feng wrinkled his eyebrows slightly, and swept Ulyana, Goyena, and Girón with a glance.

Confidentiality was the the be-all and end-all in major schemes. Garça tried to rope Yang Feng in in front of the 3 people, which left him slightly worried.

Garça seemed to have see through Yang Feng's mind, and said with a meaningful smile: "Earl Ian, you needn't worry. Ulyana is my half sister, Goyena is a great friend of mine from my childhood, and Girón is my good friend. They won't betray me! Besides, Imperial Father is quite clear about our matters. As for you, you are already on my side in the eyes of many people."

The Orthux Family was a staunch supporter of Garça because he was the son of the Southern Consort Kateryna. If he ascended to the throne, the Orthux Family would be able to achieve great glory and gain huge power. Bousso, in fact, was Garça's uncle.

The Orthux Family fought tooth and nail to protect Yang Feng in the court and have him become the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland. In the eyes of many people. Yang Feng was already a member of the 6th prince's entourage. Once branded with this mark, it was very difficult to get rid of it.

Yang Feng contemplated for a while before making a prompt decision: "I am willing to serve Your Highness!"

In the Morrince Empire, Yang Feng had offended Duke Isere as well as the side of the great prince. If he didn't find a patron right away, he might find it difficult to leave the St. Tulan City alive.

Garça laughed straightforwardly, saying: "Ha-ha! Good! Good! From today on, we are on the same side."

A hereditary peer greater aristocrat with a 20,000-strong private army, over 100,000 slaves, and their own fief joined Garça's camp, which increased his chances of ascending the throne by a bit.

Garça clapped his hands gently. With a touch of fragrance wafting from them, beautiful and charming human women with different bearings came from outside.

Yang Feng's eyes brightened slightly. These beautiful women with light makeup were excellent. If placed on Earth, they would be greatly coveted by all men.

Garça beckoned with his finger somewhat coquettishly, and a beautiful woman with a mature and alluring body went to his side with an enchanting smile, and snuggled up to him.

Garça laughed wildly and said: "Everyone, you're free to pick as you like. If you want elven, foxman, catman beauties, or beauties of other races, say the word and they'll be here."

Bousso laughed and picked a tall, big-breasted beauty.

Goyena picked a beautiful woman with a coquettish and unrestrained temperament.

Yang Feng smiled and picked a petite girl with blue hair, well-developed twin peaks, and a pure and pitiable temperament.

Ulyana and Girón refused the women and had them withdraw.

Garça pinched the chest of the beautiful woman in his embrace, then smiled and clapped gently with his hands: "Earl Ian, you came here at the right time. Let's have you experience the most wonderful program of the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn."

Suddenly, as if spring water rustling in the mountains, pleasant music sounded.

As if she was a goddess who descended from the realm of gods, an exceptionally beautiful woman covered in beautiful light, with shiny, golden hair, and brimming with a mysterious, charming, and a fascinating aura appeared in the middle of the stage of the private room.

36 very beautiful human girls surrounded the exceptionally beautiful woman like green leaves foiling a sunflower, and used their their beauty to foil the exceptionally beautiful woman in the center like a goddess.

When the exceptionally beautiful woman appeared in the middle of the stage along with melodious and sweet music, the room seemed to have turned into her domain, and all eyes were deeply attracted by her. In the private room, she seemed to be the only protagonist.

Yang Feng's gaze was deeply attracted by the exceptionally beautiful woman.

When the exceptionally beautiful woman danced, her movements were as enchanting as when moonlight scattered over the earth. She looked like a beautiful fairy who received the favor and blessing of the gods offering the gods a beautiful dance as sacrifice to please them.

The wonderful and graceful dance movements were suffused with endless charm, with every motion bringing into full play the beauty and charm of the dancer.

The dance moves of the 36 beautiful human girls in the middle of the stage were also very beautiful and moving. However, in front of the golden-haired, exceptionally beautiful woman, it was like night and day.

Everyone's eyes were focused on the beautiful day, unable to tear them away. Their breaths were taken away.

Eventually, the exceptionally beautiful woman stopped and looked like the sun retracting its splendor. She paid her respects to Yang Feng and the others and withdrew with the 36 beautiful girls.

"Who is she?" When the golden-haired beauty withdrew, Yang Feng finally couldn't help asking.

This was the first time Yang Feng had seen such a beautiful and moving dance. As if it was a matter of course, he couldn't help but get moved slightly and feel a trace of covetousness rise inside him.

Chapter 256 – Florence, the Chosen of the Dance Goddess

Garça smiled brightly and, as if they had been buddies forever, said to Yang Feng: "Ha-ha! Sure enough, you asked who she is, Ian!! At that time, after I saw her dance, the first words that came out of my mouth were exactly the same as yours."

Garça went on to say with a smile: "If it was some other woman, I could give her to you right away. Unfortunately, I can't. Her name is Florence and she is a divine chosen of the Dance Goddess. Except for the aloof gods, no one in the Morrince Empire could force her to do anything against her will!"

The Dance Goddess Frederica was the youngest daughter of the strong divine power rank Radiant Primary God Prados, and the intermediate divine power rank Earth Goddess Maria of the Zaliah divine system.

The Radiant Primary God Prados and the Earth Goddess Maria had a total of 9 daughters. 6 of the daughters had died in battle, with only 3 remaining. The 3 remaining daughters were the Goddess of Joy Dorothy, the Goddess of Romance Mavis, and the Dance Goddess Frederica.

Among them, the Goddess of Joy Dorothy and the Dance Goddess Frederick were feeble divine power rank gods and the Goddess of Romance Mavis was a weak divine power rank god.

As the Dance Goddess, Frederica was reputed for her beautiful dancing, which could leave the other gods enamored. Similarly, she was known for her weak fighting strength. However, no one dared to bully her because the Radiant Primary God Prados and the Earth Goddess Maria were very fond of their daughter.

As Frederica's divine chosen, Florence may not have much power in the Morrince Empire. However, anyone who dared to act against her would be regarded as a heretic and burned at the stake. Even the emperor of the Morrince Empire didn't dare to force Florence to be his plaything.

Yang Feng replied somewhat regretfully: "So it's like this."

Yang Feng had done some research prior to entering the Feisuo Plane. Divine chosen were beings most intimate with and most favored by gods, and the gazes of gods would occasionally fall on them. Yang Feng didn't want to provoke such an existence.

Garça smiled and clapped his hands, saying: "However, although I can't give her to you, but I can still ask her to have a drink with us!"

A beautiful human woman standing to the side retreated at once.

Shortly after, a peerless beauty dressed in a white dress, with a golden ponytail and skin as smooth as jade entered the room with a chuckle. The peerless beauty had a slightly flushed face, carried the fragrance of someone who just took a bath, and had the tips of her hair still wet.

Yang Feng's eyes lit up slightly. After taking a bath, although Florence wasn't as stunning as she was on the dance floor, but she was still very beautiful and extremely charming. Her charm was a mixture of naivety and sexuality.

After Florence entered the room, everyone's gazes fell on her. With a light smile and a touch of fragrance wafting from her, she very naturally sat on an empty seat next to Yang Feng.

A trace of disappointment flashed past the eyes of Bousso and Girón.

Garça smiled and introduced: "Florence, you're familiar with these friends here. Let me introduce you to a new friend. This one is the legendary Earl Ian of the Red Earth Wasteland, who built the Miracle City in the barren Red Earth Wasteland and did what countless legendary heroes before him failed to."

Florence stared at Yang Feng and a touch of curiosity flashed through her beautiful eyes, and she revealed a sweet smile: "So you are Earl Ian of the Red Earth Wasteland. Hello, I am Florence, an ordinary dancer. Nice to meet you!"

Yang Feng said politely in a very skilled, aristocratic manner: "I am Ian. Beautiful Lady Florence, the pleasure is all mine."

Looking like a curious baby, Florence asked: "I've been to the Red Earth Wasteland once. The climate of that place is dry, there's no water, and there's a shortage of food. Ian, how did you established a city there?"

Yang Feng smiled lightly and said: "It was with the guidance of the great Weave Goddess. In order to spread the glory of the goddess, everyone gave they all, created a miracle, and finally established the Miracle City."

A peculiar light flashed through Florence's eyes when she was tactfully refused. Never had a man spoken to her like that after seeing her exceptionally beautiful dance. In the past, so long as she probed a bit, men would voluntarily boast about their merits and tell her everything to showcase her their greatness.

Garza smiled and interjected: "Florence, no need to ask. Everyone has their secrets, right?"

Florence revealed a fuming expression, which made her look very pitiable: "I don't really want to know, anyway."

Ulyana suddenly smiled and asked: "Ian, I heard that you are an Alchemist and have forged the magic sword warrior's edge. Do you still have a warrior's edge?"

"If it was someone else, I would have said no. However, since it was the beautiful Lady Ulyana who asked me, then I must have it!"

Yang Feng smiled and, with the flick of his wrist, the magic sword warrior's edge suddenly appeared in his hand. Bright light surrounded the warrior's edge, making it look mysterious and powerful.

When Girón saw the warrior's edge, his eyes lit up and, just like when seeing a peerless beauty, he could hardly move his gaze away.

Yang Feng smiled and handed Ulyana the warrior's edge.

A peculiar glint flashed past Ulyana's beautiful eyes when she saw the warrior's edge. She drew the dagger she had on her and slashed at the warrior's edge.

Ding! With a crisp sound, the fine steel dagger was cut in twine.

"That's a warrior's edge! It's such a good sword!" Ulyana played with the warrior's edge fondly. Her eyes shone with a strange glint and she said slowly: "The Storm Sacred Swordsman Demidio used a warrior's edge to defeat the Gale Sacred Swordsman Favila. Master Ian, magic sword warrior's edges forged by you are coveted by countless martial artists in the St. Tulan City."

Yang Feng smiled slightly: "Princess Ulyana, since you like this sword, then I'll gift it to you."

The most precious thing about the magic sword warrior's edge was divine blood steel mixed into the sword. Yang Feng had a lot of divine blood steel. If he wasn't worried that it would arouse suspicion as well as lead to lower prices, the people of the Miracle City would have been equipped with warrior's edges by now.

"Gift it to me?" Ulyana stared at Yang Feng, then suddenly smiled and said: "Ian, warrior's edges are currently very hard to come by in the St. Tulan City, and their price has already exceeded 3 million gold coins. Do you really want to give it to me?"

Yang Feng said without care: "If you like it, then the sword is yours, Ulyana."

With the warrior's edge in her hand, Ulyana fell into hesitation.

On the Feisuo Plane, 3 million gold coins was a huge fortune, with which you could buy as much as 300,000 slaves.

Ulyana finally shook her head and returned the magic sword to Yang Feng: "It's too valuable, I can't accept it!"

Yang Feng was slightly surprised, but then smiled and took back the magic sword.

Girón said suddenly: “Master Ian, I heard that you practice magic and martial dual cultivation, that you’re not only a Great Wizard, but also a Firmament Knight rank swordsman. How about we have a spar in terms of swordsmanship? Of course, I will suppress my qi to the Firmament Knight rank.”

When he heard the other party’s words, Garça frowned slightly and looked at Girón. He saw Girón’s balled up fists and face full of jealousy.

In the room, Florence and Ulyana both favored Yang Feng, and Yang Feng was the center of the conversation. This left the self-important Girón full of jealousy. After hearing that Yang Feng was willing to gift Ulyana a warrior’s edge, which was worth 3 million gold coins, Girón could no longer suppress his jealousy.

“Sounds good! It just so happens that I wanted to see to what extent my strength reached.”

Yang Feng looked at Girón, whose face was slightly twisted due to jealousy, smiled faintly, got up, and went to an empty area outside. He took out an ordinary fine steel sword.

Girón secretly heaved a long sigh of relief when he saw Yang Feng take out an ordinary fine steel sword. The sword in his hand was an excellent fine steel sword, which was several times better than the military standard sword of the Morrince Empire. However, there was no comparison between his sword and the magic sword warrior’s edge, at all. He was relieved to see Yang Feng change to an ordinary fine steel sword.

“Bastard, you aren’t using the warrior’s edge, are you looking down on me?! Underestimate me at your own peril!!” Girón just heaved a long sigh of relief, when fury overcame his heart, he stared at Yang Feng, and his eyes shone with anger. He drew the sword at his waist and went to stand opposite of Yang Feng.

Girón suddenly added: “We’re just sparing in terms of swordsmanship, so refrain from using spells at critical times, Master Ian!”

A trace of disdain flashed past the abyss of Ulyana’s and Florence’s beautiful eyes.

Wizards were very weak at close combat. As a Star Knight, Girón had an unfair advantage against a Wizard in close combat, yet he still didn’t let Yang Feng use magic. This was shameless.

Garça creased his eyebrows slightly and gave Girón a profound look.

Yang Feng’s eyes flickered with scorching battle intent and he said with a soft smile: “No problem! I won’t use magic! To put it in other words, you can’t force me to use magic!”

Chapter 257 – Defeating Girón

“You are talking a big game, but you’ll lose nonetheless!” Girón’s eyes flashed with a furious glint, he barked fiercely, erupted with Firmament Knight rank qi, and unleashed the Lightning Sacred Swordsman’s Lightning Sword Art. As if intending to devour him, densely packed sword rays, like lightning, swept towards Yang Feng with a frightening momentum.

His eyes were calm as Yang Feng also erupted with Firmament Knight rank qi.

After being promoted to a level-3 Warlock, Yang Feng's physical constitution was comparable to that of many level-3 extraordinary life forms. After erupting with qi and strengthening himself, Girón's physical constitution was far inferior to that of Yang Feng.

If Yang Feng conjured the spell to morph himself into a humanoid black dragon, a punch from him would be able to crush Girón's sword rays and another punch would be able to crush his heart.

Such a tyrannical fighting style was preferred by dragons, ancient fiends, ancient devils, multiple-armed trolls, and other extraordinary life forms with strong bodies.

Such a tyrannical fighting style also had its weaknesses. If you ran into a powerhouse with a sword forged from divine blood steel, you would be killed by the other in a face-to-face confrontation. Some extraordinary life forms with strong physiques would be restrained and frequently even instakilled by human Warlocks wielding secret treasures without displaying their combat prowess.

Of course, there was a variety of fighting methods in the Demonic Fighting Sect, and sword methods were also present. The Demonic Fighting Sword Art was a thoroughly tempered sword martial art with endless might.

Yang Feng unleashed the Demonic Fighting Art and executed expansive sword moves, with sword rays flying everywhere.

Girón's sword turned into lightning-like sword rays that continuously bombarded Yang Feng and issued crisp sounds. No matter how fast he channeled the sword rays, they were still easily blocked by Yang Feng.

Ulyana's beautiful eyes glimmered with a brilliant light as she stared at Yang Feng, and her mood surged: "Amazing! Such outstanding swordsmanship! His swordsmanship is even better than that of Girón!!"

Garça's eyes lit up brightly. He was shocked: "So amazing! Apart from gods, there are people who can practice magic and martial dual cultivation to this degree?"

On the Feisuo Plane, magic and martial dual cultivation was practically a thing of legends. Only gods, or elves, fiends, dragons, and other strong beings with talent far beyond that of humans could practice magic and martial dual cultivation.

Because of the Weave, human Wizards would forget the spell models they memorized the day before. Therefore, it was very difficult for humans to become official Wizards. They had to put all their effort into it. As for the Great Wizards and Archwizards, only genius who devoted themselves to magic research could reach these realms. For Yang Feng to be this powerful in both martial arts and magic was amazing.

When Florence saw this, an extraordinary light flashed through her beautiful eyes, then her eyes fell on Yang Feng and a mysterious and magnificent divine rune flickered in the abyss of her pretty eyes.

Yang Feng's initial application of the Demonic Fighting Sword Art was still somewhat rigid. After all, this was the first time he used swordsmanship outside the virtual reality battle cabin in an actual battle against a human swordsman. However, with his strong physique and hard training from the virtual reality battle cabin, he soon mastered the Demonic Fighting Sword Art and claimed control of the combat rhythm.

“No!! You’re a Wizard!! How can your swordsmanship be this strong?! No, I refuse to accept it! I refuse!” Not long into the battle, Girón was suppressed by Yang Feng. His eyes turned bloodshot and a burning jealousy overtook his mind. He issued an angry roar and elevated his qi to the Star Knight rank from the Firmament Knight rank. The brilliant sword rays surged suddenly, piercing frantically towards Yang Feng’s key points.

“Stop!! Girón!!” Garça’s complexion changed dramatically. He barked and erupted with Sky Knight rank qi in an attempt to deter Girón.

Goyena, who silently sat beside Garça, suddenly burst out with frightening Star Knight rank qi, unsheathed his sword, and, like a shooting star, thrust his sword at Girón.

“Fool! I was considerate for nothing!” Yang Feng sneered, then his eyes flashed with cold light and he hacked at Girón’s sword. In a flash, as if a humanoid dragon, he erupted with terrifying strength. With that sword move, Girón’s sword was sent flying and he bled from the webbing between his thumb and forefinger. Next, Yang Feng ruthlessly slammed his fist towards Girón’s dantian. [1]

Garça’s face changed greatly and he shouted, “Ian, don’t!”

Goyena’s expression changed slightly and he thrust a sword ray at Yang Feng’s arm in an attempt to force the other party to stop his fist.

His gaze was ice cold, as Yang Feng silently recited an incantations, and an incredibly strong Warping Force Field appeared around him in an instant.

Goyena was flung away by the incredibly strong Warping Force Field, and could only watch helplessly as Yang Feng’s fist slammed into Girón’s dantian.

Terrifying qi rushed into Girón’s dantian and crushed his dantian and meridians in an instant, wasting his cultivation.

“Ahhhh!” Girón’s face paled and he spat out a big mouthful of blood. Then, his face twisted, he crumpled to the ground, and curled up into the fetal position from the pain.

Yang Feng smiled faintly and said: “Your Highness Garça, I’m sorry. As Girón wanted to kill me, I overdid it and accidentally wasted him in the spur of the moment! I’m really sorry for this mishap.”

Garça smiled wryly. Yang Feng even used magic, so it certainly wasn’t a mishap. Obviously, Yang Feng didn’t want to leave Girón, who harbored enmity towards him, be. When he acted, he wasted Girón in a decisive and cruel fashion, not giving Garça any chance to advocate for peace.

Garça clapped his hands, and several beautiful maids came out. He pointed to Girón lying on the ground and said faintly: “Take my good friend Girón down and have him treated.”

“Yes!” The several maids responded respectfully, then lifted Girón up and withdrew.

Garça frowned slightly and said with a bitter smile: “Ian, you were too heavy-handed. Girón may be nothing much, but his master, the Lightning Sacred Swordsman, is ranked 15th in the St. Tulan City in terms of swordsmanship. Since you wasted Girón, the Lightning Sacred Swordsman won’t leave the matter at that.”

Yang Feng said with a faint smile: "A Sacred Swordsman is also just an ordinary civilian. Would he dare to come assassinate me?"

On some low-level planes, Sacred Swordsmen were already the most powerful existences those planes. On those planes, the status of Sacred Swordsmen was naturally very high.

But on the Feisuo Plane, although Sacred Swordsmen were still powerful beings, but they were not rare. Just in the St. Tulan City, there were more than 40 Sacred Swordsmen alone. This still didn't account for the hidden experts of churches and major forces. On the All Gods Sacred Mountain of the Morrince Empire, the number of Legend rank powerhouses must be much greater.

Although Sacred Swordsmen were respected and had a very high status in the St. Tulan City, but they still fell short by a lot of a hereditary peer earl with 20,000 warriors.

Girón was jealous of Yang Feng as soon as he saw him, as he knew very well that even if he was promoted to a Sacred Swordsman, his status would still fall short by a lot of the status of this hereditary peer earl.

Garça contemplated for a while before saying: "Normally, he shouldn't be so irrational. However, if he swallows his pride and flings caution to the wind, he'll be a most dangerous assassin."

Yang Feng asked, "Is Girón the only disciple of the Lightning Sacred Swordsman?"

Garça replied: "No, the Lightning Sacred Swordsman has dozens of disciples. However, Girón is the most outstanding one."

Yang Feng said meaningfully: "The Lightning Sacred Swordsman has many family members and friends in the St. Tulan City, right?"

Garça suddenly smiled and said: "Yes, he does have a lot of family members and friends in the St. Tulan City."

The Lightning Sacred Swordsman had too many people he cared about in the St. Tulan City, which meant that he wouldn't take the risk to go assassinate Yang Feng, who was a greater aristocrat with a massive military force at his beck and call. Otherwise, once his attempt on Yang Feng's life was thwarted, his family, friends, and disciples would die horrible and miserable deaths.

In fact, in the Morrince Empire, unless they had no other choice, Sacred Swordsmen weren't willing to go assassinate a greater aristocrat, as it would give rise to public anger and they would end miserably.

Yang Feng said lightly: "Moreover, Girón isn't beyond saving. If the Lightning Sacred Swordsman wants to save Girón, tell him to come see me."

Garça smiled and said: "I will tell him what you said!"

The banquet went on. During which, everyone talked merrily.

Shortly after Yang Feng went to attend the banquet, Faldina, who had her spirit force sealed and was sleeping inside a room, suddenly opened her eyes. The corners of her mouth rose slightly and she jumped off the bed.

Faldina silently recited an incantation and waved her lily-white hand. Suddenly, a paper doll flew out, gently floated toward the bed, and turned into an exact replica of Faldina.

Faldina pointed at the door of the room, it opened, and she stepped outside confidently. She disappeared once she stepped outside.

No one in the villa noticed that Faldina disappeared.

In a room of a luxurious inn not far from Yang Feng's villa, Edith, with traces of anxiety on his face, was pacing back and forth.

Suddenly, the door of the room opened itself without any wind.

Faldina appeared, plunged into Edith's arms, and said lovely: "Dear, I missed you so much. Did you miss me?"

Edith hugged Faldina and said sweet words affectionately: "Of course. It's only been a few days without seeing you, yet my heart felt like it was in shambles. You are the water and I am the fish. Without you, I can't survive for a day."

Faldina looked up at Edith and said: "Dear, are the preparations ready? I don't want to be around that damn Ian a day longer than necessary."

Edith's eyes spewed flames of anger as he stressed each syllable: "Naturally, the preparations are ready. That damn Orthux Family. If it wasn't for them, His Majesty wouldn't have forced our family to capture. I will make them pay."

[1] – <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dantian>

Chapter 258 – Pentapartite

A cold light flashed through Edith's eyes and he said solemnly: "Faldina, rest assured. Everything will be arranged soon. By then, those bastards Ian and Bousso will meet tragic ends."

Faldina smiled sweetly and nestled herself into Edith's embrace: "Well, I believe you! I'll make Ian fall head over heels for me."

In the distance, amidst the banquet, Yang Feng's eyes suddenly constricted slightly and flickered with an intense light, and killing intent flashed through the abyss of his eyes.

Faldina was undoubtedly an extremely charming woman. If Yang Feng wasn't alert, he might become infatuated by her.

When the banquet was over, Bousso took the beautiful woman in his arms to a private room.

Florence left the banquet halfway through.

Garça's group of 3 left the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn with 2 beautiful women.

After he drank a few glasses with the petite beauty, Yang Feng suddenly waved his hand and had the petite beauty retire somewhat regretfully.

A blond, extremely beautiful woman walked into the private room and sat on a seat beside Yang Feng. The woman was Florence, the divine chosen of the Dance Goddess.

Florence's big, beautiful eyes sparkled with a limpid light and she sighed faintly: "Master Ian, why have you come to the St. Tulan City and got yourself involved with this whirlpool? The dispute over the throne has always been a most dangerous affair. With your resources, you were bound to become a Legend Wizard if you stayed in the Red Earth Wasteland."

"Legend Wizard?" A trace of ridicule appeared in the abyss of Yang Feng's eyes. With the tremendous amount of resources in his hands, he could be promoted to a Great Warlock before the age of 100. He didn't care about becoming a trifling Legend Wizard.

On the Feisuo Plane, only demigods as well as the aloof gods were Yang Feng's goal. Yang Feng's purpose for letting his clone enter the Feisuo Plane was so that it could become one of the gods.

Thus, even if Yang Feng's true body were to die on the Cangzhi Plane, he could live on in the Feisuo Plane as a god.

On the Feisuo Plane, no one could cultivate in seclusion for hundreds or even thousands of years and then emerge as a god. Only if you were a descendant of a god, could you emerge as a god. Of course, it was only a possibility, not a certainty. Also, if you were someone favored and carefully cultivated by a strong god and granted a godhead, you could become that god's ancillary god.

Apart from this, anyone who wanted to become a god had to establish their church and forces. Later, they could rely on tremendous faith power to ignite their divine fire, condense a godhead, break through the limitations of mortal life forms, and incarnate into a god.

In this process, you had to compete!

You had to compete for power, establish a huge force, and amass a tremendous amount of resources. These resources have been occupied by other interest groups. Therefore, you could only get rid of them and take those resources for yourself.

This required power and strength. As the center of power of one of the 2 human empires of the Feisuo Plane, Yang Feng decided to step into the St. Tulan City and involve himself with the huge whirlpool. Either he would be crushed by this huge whirlpool or he would cross and gain tremendous benefits and power – a power so tremendous that it could make Sacred Swordsmen and Legend Wizards bow their heads.

Yang Feng finished a glass of wine, then replied with a smile: "Rule the world at dawn and own beautiful women at dusk, this is an ambition hidden in the heart of every man. Most men are like this, and even women are no exception. Many ordinary people have no chance to become such a person. Now that such a chance presented itself in front of me, I can't give it up."

"Rule the world at dawn and own beautiful women at dusk." Florence pondered over this sentence quietly, then her eyes sparkled brilliantly and she said with a smile: "I couldn't tell that you're also a poet, Ian. You can even recite such an interesting and profound verse."

Yang Feng's gaze suddenly became extremely sharp and he said with a faint smile: "Florence, on whose side are you?"

Florence replied with a smile: "I'm on no one's side. I am the best friend of the 19th princess, Princess Stacy. I came back because I didn't want to see a friend get involved with this dangerous and muddy giant whirlpool."

His gaze was as sharp as a blade, as Yang Feng silently scrutinized Florence, and a strong pressure slowly exuded from his body.

Florence suddenly got up and smiled: "Okay, I'm going to leave first! The next time we meet, I'll dance for you if I'm in a good mood!"

Yang Feng was stunned slightly before smiling meaningfully and saying faintly: "Alright!"

Florence waved her lily-white hand, and a slip of paper flew lightly towards Yang Feng: "This is the address of the Wiseman Adrian. I am a good friend of his daughter. If you have the chance, go take a look at the wiseman's home. There will be likely a surprise. Say that I sent you over, so he won't refuse you entry at least."

Next, with a touch of fragrance wafting from her, Florence turned around and left.

"This divine chosen of the Dance Goddess is truly an interesting beauty." Yang Feng smiled faintly, looked at the slip of paper, and memorized the address.

The next day, Bousso slept until noon.

Bousso entered the private room and apologized to Yang Feng: "Sorry, Ian, that little minx was too enchanting. My bad!!"

Yang Feng put down the book in his hands and said with a light smile: "Take a seat!"

Bousso followed Yang Feng's instruction unconsciously and sat opposite to Yang Feng.

On the table separating the both of them lied a variety of rare delicacies.

Yang Feng said solemnly: "Tell me about the situation of the capital! Who are our enemies? Who are our friends? Who are our allies?"

Although Yang Feng already had Artais' information network at his disposal. However, it hadn't been long since it was established, and it could only access the lower class and gather some common information.

Artais was just a common lesser aristocrat, so he had no access to the intelligence on the struggles of the upper class. Even with massive financial support, it was still not an easy task to establish a huge intelligence network.

Bousso replied gravely: "At present, in the Morrin Empire, the most promising successors to the throne are the Great Prince André, 3rd Prince Porta, 6th Prince Garça, 9th Prince Sanair, and 13th Prince Sucre. The other princes have no right to succeed the throne."

In the Morrince Empire, only the children born by the 2 empresses and 4 consorts had the right to succeed the throne. The other princes and princesses had no right to succeed the throne. Their status was equivalent to that of ordinary aristocrats, and they weren't even a match for a new greater aristocrat like Yang Feng.

"The Great Prince André, whose mother is the Empress Susana, has the support of the Hansen Family, Ubago Family, and Sokas Family. Susana is a daughter of the patriarch of the Sokas Family."

"The 3rd Prince Porta, whose mother is the Eastern Consort Sofia, has the support of the Chiça Family and Somen Family. Sofia is from the Somen Family."

"The 6th Prince Garça has the support of the Orthux Family and Windach Family!"

"The 9th Prince Sanair, whose mother is the Northern Consort Olena, has the support of the Sarraut Family."

"The 13th Prince Sucre, whose mother is the Western Consort Alva, has the support of the Quito Family."

"If we only go by the respective forces, then the Great Prince André, the 3rd Prince Porta, and His Highness Garça are in the lead. With you on our side, our forces will be able to compete with the Great Prince André!" Said Bousso with an elated smile.

After listening to the other party, Yang Feng understood his importance.

In the Morrince Empire, many greater aristocrats reached an impasse, where it was hard to take a step forward. Naturally, they would choose to pursue stability and wouldn't tread too deep into the whirlpool.

The several greater aristocratic families Bousso mentioned had very high statuses. They had to fight tooth and nail for their glory, splendor, wealth, and rank, as they had no way out.

Of course, in addition to the families that Bousso mentioned, there was still a huge heap of intermediate and lesser aristocrats revolving around the 5 princes. These aristocrats formed one after another interest groups, and strove to become new greater aristocrats.

Yang Feng continued to talk with Bousso, and gradually gained an understanding of the current state of affairs of the Morrince Empire.

Morrince 2,867th was getting on in years and could die at any moment, and the goal of the 5 princes was the throne.

Among the five princes, the mother of the Great Prince André was a noble empress and he had the full support of 3 families. He was a brilliant martial artist and a very outstanding man. He was also the grand marshal of the southern corps of the Morrince Empire, and commanded the southern corps to wage war against the southern Desert Empire all year round, gaining more victories than defeats. He was the star of a generation of the Morrince Empire.

Among the 5 princes, André was the most outstanding one. In a tacit understanding, the other 4 princes secretly joined hands to suppress André's forces.

At the time in the court, Yang Feng was able to become the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland so smoothly because the forces of the other 3 princes had a tacit understanding and kept quiet.

Even though Yang Feng joined the faction of the 6th Prince Garça, the 4 princes were still in the weaker position in contrast to the Great Prince André. After all, the 4 princes also fought among themselves, so they could not form a united front.

After learning of the current state of affairs, Yang Feng could only smile wryly in secret. If it was up to him, he would be more willing to join the faction of the great prince. After all, the influence of the great prince was clearly much greater, and whether it was seniority or power, the great prince had the advantage. Unfortunately, Yang Feng had already been branded and had no leeway to make his own choice.

Chapter 259 – The Potion Dragon Stamina

Yang Feng socialized in different banquets in the days that followed.

Garça held banquets one after another, and introduced Yang Feng to his supporters.

When the intermediate and lesser aristocrats saw Yang Feng, who was a hereditary peer aristocrat with great power, join their faction, their confidence in Garça's victory was strengthened by a little. At the same time, those aristocrats continuously showered Yang Feng with their courtesy. Within 3 days, he was presented with over a dozen beautiful women, which he accepted unceremoniously.

On the 4th day, Yang Feng received the summon from Morrince 2,867th.

"The Victory Palace! This is the Victory Palace!!" Yang Feng stood in front of the imperial palace. Looking at the beautiful and luxurious imperial palace, which had a 50-meter-tall city wall, his eyes flickered with a peculiar light.

The imperial palace of the Morrince Empire was called the Victory Palace, which implied invincibility. After constructing the Victory Palace, the 1st emperor of the Morrince Empire asked the gods to bless it.

Under the blessings of the gods, the Victory Palace was enchanted with numerous permanent divine spells, which would not fade away so long as the gods didn't die. Under the blessings of the gods, even feeble divine power rank gods couldn't destroy the city wall of the Victory Palace. In the airspace above the Victory Palace, even many demigods were incapable of flight.

However, this sturdy palace had experienced countless carnage. Numerous court coups d'état took place in the imperial palace, to which over 500 emperors of the Morrince Empire succumbed.

After a brief pause, Yang Feng followed an attendant into the palace.

As soon as Yang Feng stepped into the gate of the imperial palace, he was enveloped by powerful detection divine spells that were released from the gate.

The nano robots of blasphemy atop Yang Feng's head quickly simulated spirit fluctuations of a fanatic of the Weave Goddess.

In the St. Talon City, non believers would be burnt at the stake once found out.

The divine spell inspection at the gate of the Victory Palace was much stronger than that at the gate of the St. Talon City. Nonetheless, Yang Feng still managed to deceive the inspection with the spirit fluctuations of a fanatic of the Weave Goddess.

The attendant quietly looked at Yang Feng for a while. Seeing that Yang Feng didn't give rise to any changes under the divine spell inspection, the attendant continued to lead Yang Feng into the palace.

Inside the reception hall, Morrince 2,867th sat loftily on the throne, overlooking the scene at the bottom. His aged, cloudy eyes flashed with indifference.

An official said: "Your Majesty, Earl Ian of the Red Earth Wasteland is here."

Morrince 2,867th replied apathetically: "Send him in!"

Yang Feng slowly entered the reception hall.

As soon as he entered the hall, Yang Feng felt a powerful pressure from the golden throne, as if the person above the golden throne was the ruler of the world who could not be defied.

The reception hall was also blessed by the gods, and Emperor's Might was among the blessings. When you entered the reception hall, you would enter the area of effect of Emperor's Might, and would unconsciously feel reverence towards the man atop the throne. Under Emperor's Might, some weak-willed people would have their mental faculties suppressed.

"Your humble servant Earl Ian of the Red Earth Wasteland greets Your Majesty!" Yang Feng went forward, knelt on one knee, and saluted Morrince 2,867th.

When having an audience with the emperor, aristocrats of the Morrince Empire would kneel on one knee at most. Ordinarily, when aristocrats met the emperor, they would bow slightly in salute. However, this was the first time Yang Feng had an audience with Morrince 2,867th, so he had to kneel on one knee as per etiquette.

Morrince 2,867th looked at Yang Feng curiously and said faintly: "Get up!"

Yang Feng got up and said: "Thank you, Your Majesty!"

Morrince 2,867th asked abruptly: "Ian, I heard that you plundered hundreds of millions of gold coins from the Molinson Province, is it true?"

Gazes of schadenfreude gathered on Yang Feng. The officials of Garça's faction were nervous. If Yang Feng's response didn't agree with the emperor, it would be a catastrophe.

Morrince 2,867th had a very bad temperament. As he grew older, he became more unscrupulous.

Bousso's back was drenched in cold sweat, as he stood among the ministers. If Yang Feng's response didn't agree with Morrince 2,867th, the other would have Yang Feng killed.

Yang Feng replied with a faint smile: "It is!"

Morrince 2,867th's eyes lit up.

Yang Feng continued without batting an eye: "However, Governor Bousso is a brilliant general of a generation. Your humble servant came to his senses at last after being defeated 44 times in a row. Furthermore, all the plundered belongings were returned to their rightful owners."

Morrince 2,867th's complexion became gloomy, as he had planned to squeeze the hundreds of million of gold coins out of Yang Feng and use them for his own entertainment.

An official of the faction of the great prince jumped out and barked: "Ian, you say that you returned the belongings, but do you have any proof of that? If not, then it's a blatant attempt at deceiving His Majesty."

Morrince 2,867th's complexion became even gloomier.

Yang Feng smiled, and with a flick of his wrist 3 vials of potions, which radiated a blood-like light, appeared in his hand: "Your Majesty, I am a Wizard as well as a Pharmacist proficient at potions. When I delved into pharmacy and traveled the world, I found a potion formula from ancient times. It was the potion formula of Dragon Stamina! As a man, I studied the formula and succeeded in refining a few vials of Dragon Stamina. I want to offer the vials of potion to you, Your Majesty!"

Morrince 2,867th's eyes congealed and flashing with excitement, and he shouted somewhat impatiently: "Let me see!"

Once the potion Dragon Stamina was ingested by a man, a dragon-like vigor and strength would fill their body. Besides, not only had it no side effects, but it still had the effect of strengthening the body. Before the battle of gods, human monarchs and greater aristocrats were very fond of this potion.

However, because this potion wasn't valued during the time of the battle of gods, it disappeared in the long river of history.

In the Victory Palace, there were many Pharmacists specially tasked with refining a variety of potions for the emperor to ingest. However, none of those potions could match a legendary potion like Dragon Stamina.

From beside Morrince 2,867th, an attendant walked down the steps and arrived in front of Yang Feng.

Yang Feng handed the attendant the 3 vials of Dragon Stamina, who took the vials and took them towards Morrince 2,867th.

Morrince 2,867th clapped his hands. The light and shade next to him twisted and a Wizard dressed in a Wizard robe suddenly appeared. The Wizard had a hook nose, a thin figure, and a gloomy aura between his eyebrows.

When he saw the Wizard, Yang Feng's pupils constricted slightly. The Wizard's spiritual force was as great as a sea. He was clearly a Legend rank Wizard.

The Wizard took the vials of Dragon Stamina, then opened them, smelt the content, and sent a drop of it into his mouth.

The Wizard whispered: "Your Majesty, the potion is real. It's really the lost potion Dragon Stamina. If these 3 vials of potion were indeed refined by Ian, then he is really a top Pharmacist."

Morrince 2,867th said with a smile: "Very good. Ian, I like the potions you offered me. I want these vials of potion and the potion formula!"

Yang Feng smiled and handed the potion formula to a guard beside him: "This is the magic formula."

The guard immediately handed Morrince 2,867th the potion formula.

Morrince 2,867th threw the formula to the Wizard beside him. He looked at Yang Feng, who was now more pleasing to the eye, and said with a smile: "Ian, I received your offering. Say if there is anything that you want!"

"This humble servant feels great honor that my offering pleases Your Majesty. It has always been the wish of this humble servant to be able to serve Your Majesty." Yang Feng smiled, then changed his tone, pointed to the official who had just jumped out, and said: "When this humble servant was talking with Your Majesty, this person interrupted Your Majesty without Your Majesty's permission, and falsely accused this humble servant. This humble servant asks Your Majesty to serve justice."

Morrince 2,867th's apathetic gaze fell on the official.

The legs of the official went soft and he pleaded desperately: "Your Majesty, I didn't accuse him falsely. Your Majesty, I... I really didn't accuse him falsely."

Morrince 2,867th said indifferently: "Martigny, you dare to falsely accuse a greater aristocrat of the empire? Take him away and hang him!"

Martigny collapsed on the ground. Snot and tears streamed down his face, and he kowtowed: "Your Majesty, this humble servant didn't accuse him falsely! Your Majesty!!"

Several guards came from the side and dragged Martigny outside.

In the reception hall, many of the gazes that focused on Yang Feng were full of fear and dread.

As he watched Martigny being dragged away, a chill couldn't help but to creep into the abyss of Yang Feng's eyes.

Without a trial and after just a few words, a court official was dragged out and killed.

It was obvious how dangerous Morrince 2,867th, who was a foolish ruler among foolish rulers, was. With such a foolish ruler sitting on the throne, Yang Feng felt like his fate was completely out of his grasp.

Chapter 260 – Court Grandmaster

Morrince 2,867th spoke indifferently: "Ian!"

Yang Feng was even more respectful, his manners meticulous: "This humble servant is listening!"

Morrince 2,867th pondered for a while before saying: "I very much like the potion and potion formula that you offered me. You are a Wizard. As such, I'll reward you with the position of court grandmaster."

Yang Feng was taken aback slightly before replying deferentially: "Thank you, Your Majesty!"

Envious gazes were gathered on Yang Feng.

There were many court Wizards consecrated in the Morrince Empire. Court Wizards were divided into 5 grades: grade-1, 2, and 3 court master, court grandmaster, and court master-in-chief.

Some Archwizard rank Wizards could only become grade-3 court masters in the imperial palace of the Morrince Empire, while only the strongest Archwizards or Legend Wizards could become court grandmasters.

Yang Feng, who was only a mere Great Wizard (others had yet to find out that he already promoted to an 'Archwizard'), could become a court grandmaster, which represented honor as well as great power.

According to the customs of the imperial palace, a court grandmaster would have 1 grade-3 court master, 8 grade-2 court masters, and 50 grade-1 court masters as their subordinates.

In other words, as soon as Yang Feng became a court grandmaster, he had 59 strong Wizards under his command.

Of course, whether he could really subdue the 59 Wizards depended on Yang Feng's capability.

In the St. Tulan City, with the blessings of the gods and the numerous purification barriers, Yang Feng could not control others with liquid metal nano robots. Otherwise, if he made a misstep, he would be found out and have the foundation he laid down destroyed.

After receiving the appointment, Yang Feng humbly retreated to amid the ministers and stopped next to Bousso. As a hereditary peer earl, he was qualified to attend the court.

Shortly after, the court was dispersed.

"Earl Ian, His Majesty invites you to the imperial study." Just as Yang Feng wanted to leave, an attendant came to him and said respectfully.

Yang Feng replied: "Alright!"

Yang Feng followed the attendant through a cluster of corridors before arriving at the imperial study.

There was only Morrince 2,867th, who sat on a chair and flipped through a memorial to the throne, in the imperial study.

Yang Feng made an impeccable salutation and then spoke: "Ian, this humble servant, greets Your Majesty!"

Morrince 2,867th slowly turned around, looked at Yang Feng with his slightly muddy eyes, revealed a smile that was not a smile, and said faintly: "Ian, I heard that Garça invited you to the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn, where you passed a wonderful night, when you arrived at the St. Tulan City. Ian, what did he want from you?"

Yang Feng was shocked greatly and numerous thoughts revolved in his mind. By secretly relying on the superb perception of a level-3 Warlock, he could clearly detect at least 6 hidden Legend rank powers locked on him in the room. If he did anything suspicious, he would be besieged by 6 Legend rank powerhouses.

Yang Feng's back was drenched in cold sweat. His thoughts revolved lightning fast before he spoke honestly: "His Highness 6th Prince Garça invited this humble servant to the Beautiful and Gaiety Inn in the hopes that this humble servant would join his faction to help him ascend the throne."

Morrince 2,867th asked seemingly casually: "Have you agreed to join his faction yet?"

Yang Feng replied: "It was due to the recommendation from Governor Bousso that this humble servant could surrender to Your Majesty and become the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland. This kindness has been deeply ingrained in this servant's mind. Without any hesitation, this servant agreed to join the faction of His Highness 6th Prince."

Morrince 2,867th said with a light smile: "The one who made you an earl was me, not Garça. You should be loyal to me, not him!"

Yang Feng bowed his head slightly and flattered: "Yes! Yes! Your Majesty was indeed the one who made this servant an earl. This servant is willing to serve you till the last breath, Your Majesty!!"

Morrince 2,867th was a murderous, lascivious incapable ruler. So long as his bottom line wasn't crossed, Yang Feng didn't want to antagonize the other party.

Yang Feng said resolutely: "If Your Majesty wants for this subordinate to break ties with the faction of His Highness 6th Princes, this subordinate will immediately do so."

Compared with his own life, the relationship between Yang Feng and the 6th Prince Garça was not worth mentioning.

Morrince 2,867th nodded in satisfaction and spoke meaningfully: "No need. Since you agreed to join Garça's faction, then do a good job helping him."

Yang Feng heaved a long breath of relief. He felt that the clothes on his back were drenched in sweat. He said with a respectful expression: "Yes! Your Majesty!"

To accompany a ruler was akin to accompany a tiger. As an incapable ruler, Morrince 2,867th was extremely dangerous. If your response wasn't to his liking, you might have to forfeit your life.

Morrince 2,867th spoke faintly: "Alright! If there's nothing else, you may withdraw!"

Yang Feng said suddenly: "Your Majesty, would you please hear out this humble servant."

Morrince 2,867th replied indifferently: "Speak!"

Yang Feng spoke respectfully: "This humble servant wants to open a magic college in the St. Tulan City to cultivate talents for the empire. This servant would like to invite to assume the post of dean of this magic college, Your Majesty."

On the Feisuo Plane, the magic inheritance method was very antiquated. Apart from the churches as well as the empires cultivating their court Wizards, there were only some loose Wizard organizations formed by Wizards.

Those who went on to be Apprentice Wizards were either discovered by Wizards during their travels, recommended by acquaintances to be brought under their wings and cultivated, or came from Wizard

families. A Wizard would usually take no more than 4 apprentices. Such an inheritance method led to a very small number of Wizards in the world.

On the Cangzhi Plane, a long time ago, the magic inheritance method was the same. However, the dissemination of colleges eventually replaced this antiquated inheritance method and became the mainstream of the major forces on the Cangzhi Plane.

Morrince 2,867th contemplated for a moment before suddenly saying with a smile: "A magic college, you say? Okay. However, I won't subsidize it."

Yang Feng replied with a smile: "That's not an issue. All the expenses will be covered by me."

Morrince 2,867th said somewhat impatiently: "Good! You may withdraw!"

Yang Feng said respectfully: "Yes! Your Majesty!"

Morrince 2,867th took a vial of Dragon Stamina and drank it. His spirit was immediately roused and, as if he recovered his youth, he felt his body full of strength.

"What a good potion!!" Morrince 2,867th gave a long sigh, then went towards the imperial harem with a look of delight.

Yang Feng felt relieved when he stepped out of the palace gate.

The feeling of his fate being in another person's hand was extremely uncomfortable for a Warlock like Yang Feng, who pursued the truth and freedom.

In the Victory Palace, except for divine chosen, the upper echelon of churches, and the patriarchs of divine descendant families hidden in the Morrince Empire, all other people were ants in front of Morrince 2,867th. With an order, he could squash those ants to death. Even Legend rank powerhouses were no different. All the while, Morrince 2,867th himself wasn't even a Knight rank powerhouse. This was the strength of power.

"Ian, stop right there!" Yang Feng had just left the palace, when a girl dressed in a blue martial attire, with a blue ponytail and a sword at the waist blocked in front of him and stared daggers at him. The girl had a tall figure, a beautiful appearance, and an awe-inspiring and heroic temperament.

Behind the blue-haired girl followed 6 young men with swords at their waist. Looking very imposing, the 6 young men looked resentfully at Yang Feng.

Yang Feng creased his brows slightly and asked faintly: "Who are you?"

The blue-haired girl said indignantly: "Girón is my father's chief disciple. For you to waste him, you think that you're above the law?"

"Now I see." Yang Feng showed a slight smile of contempt and said lightly: "If I committed a crime, then go report it to the security hall. Now, get out of my way. You commoners are blocking the way of a greater aristocrat. According to the law of the empire, you have to repent with 30 lashes."

When they heard that, the imposing aura of the 6 young men standing behind the blue-haired girl was dampened and they recalled that the man before their eyes was a genuine greater aristocrat of the empire.

The law of the Morrince Empire stipulated that it was a crime for commoners to stand in the way of greater aristocrats, and it was subject to 10 gold coins and 30 lashes penalty.

In the Morrince Empire, commoners could not fight greater aristocrats, which was why countless people obsessed about becoming aristocrats themselves.

The complexion of a young man changed, and he spoke in a low voice: "Becky, let's leave! He is a greater aristocrat. If we continue to linger around and he screams, we'll be in trouble. The black dogs of the security hall are hunting dogs of greater aristocrats."

The security officers of the security hall were clad in a black uniform, which was how they came to be known as black dogs among the lower class.

"I'm not afraid of him! My father is the Lightning Sacred Swordsman. He's just an earl, what is so great about him? Look how I teach him a lesson, you cowards!!" Becky was angry. She barked and burst out with Sky Knight rank qi. Her figure flashed and she shot towards Yang Feng lightning-fast. Due to Yang Feng being a greater aristocrat, she was also fearful and didn't draw her sword. She just wanted to catch Yang Feng and teach him a hard lesson.

"Interesting!" Yang Feng smiled and shouted at once: "Somebody wants to make an attempt on the life of a greater aristocrat! Someone come quick!! Somebody here wants to make an attempt on the life of a greater aristocrat!!"

"Who? Who dares to make an attempt on the life of a greater aristocrat!!" 4 security officers patrolling nearby came over in a hurry while shouting and blowing their sirens frantically.