

MGE 291

Chapter 291 – Duke Ian

Buchak looked up at Garça standing atop the city wall and said unhurriedly: “Your Highness Garça, we came to guard the imperial palace at the orders of Her Highness Empress. We have no intention to rebel! Please let us in and see Her Highness Empress.”

Garça snapped: “Shut up, you rebels. You dare to besiege friendly forces of the empire? Obviously, you are in cahoots with the rebels who murdered His Majesty Emperor. Why haven’t you yet dropped your weapons, knelt on the ground, and surrendered?”

A cold light flashed past Cicéron’s eyes, and he stealthily gave a signal.

A marksman of the 2nd imperial guard corps, who had a Firmament Knight rank cultivation base, drew a bow and an arrow, then stimulated their qi and fired the arrow at Garça.

Shrouded in red qi light, the arrow shot toward Garça alike a shooting star, locking onto his heart.

A sword covered in lightning met the arrow and shattered it directly.

“Fucking rebels, go to hell!!” Garça’s face changed dramatically and his eyes flashed with a cold killing intent. He took out a divine seal about 10 centimeters in diameter engraved with numerous mysterious and profound runes.

The divine seal was a treasure given by the gods to the Morrince Family to control the Victory Palace. It could only be used by people with the Morrince Family bloodline and could not be taken out of the Victory Palace.

Once that divine seal appeared, resplendent light spread from it and enveloped the Victory Palace.

The whole Victory Palace bloomed with brilliant light and, as if an exceptionally fierce beast that awakened slowly, released terrifying pressure, covering the area 10 kilometers around the Victory Palace. Under that pressure, people felt a little breathless.

“This is beyond Starry Sky Warlock rank pressure. The power contained in the Victory Palace is indeed at the Moonlight Warlock rank, touching the domain of gods.” Yang Feng’s face changed slightly and his eyes flashed with graveness. Under this terrifying pressure, the vigor of heaven and earth in the region had been locked completely and fallen under the control of the Victory Palace.

With the vigor of heaven and earth locked, Yang Feng could only employ his 3 bloodline innate spells, unable to release other spells

What was known as magic was casters, via spell models and with spirit force acting as a bridge, connecting elemental particles within the vigor of heaven and earth and, with the support of the power of heaven and earth, forming various extraordinary powers.

To casters, if the vigor of heaven and earth was locked or its concentration was thin, it was absolutely a nightmare. When the vigor of heaven and earth was locked, many powerful spells could not be cast;

when the concentration of the vigor of heaven and earth was thin, the power of spells would be greatly reduced.

The so-called magic ban domain was an area where the vigor of heaven and earth was expelled or locked by formidable forces so that casters could not rely on the power of the vigor of heaven and earth, unable to conjure spells. Within a magic ban domain, a Legend Wizard might be weaker than an advanced Warrior.

Amid that terrifying pressure, countless light dots poured out of the Victory palace and formed a 10-meter-long, formidable existence with the same appearance as Morrince I, shining with golden light.

When Buchak saw the existence with the same appearance as statues of Morrince I, his heart was overcome with shock, and he knelt on the ground and implored at once: "Your Highness, please calm your anger, we surrender! We surrender!"

Garça's eyes flashed with a fierce light, and he revealed a cruel smile: "It's too late now. I've given you a chance. Since you don't want to submit to me, then go to hell!"

From above the Victory Palace, Morrince I, who looked as lofty as a god, looked down at the 2 imperial guard corps and brandished a sword of light in his hand.

In an instant, an almost endless rain of sword rays shot out of the sword in Morrince I's hand and barreled toward the 2 imperial guard corps as if raindrops.

Amid wretched screams, imperial guard corps warriors were pierced through by the rain of light and turned into dried corpses, their lives and souls absorbed by the sword rays.

With a furious roar, Cicéron burst out with Star Knight rank qi, brandished his sword, and slashed the sword rays into fragments.

The Star Knight rank powerhouses of the 2 imperial guard corps urged their qi to withstand the barrage of the sword rays.

The imperial guard corps warriors below the Star Knight rank were turned into ashes by the sword rays, their lives and souls devoured by the rain of light.

In less than 30 seconds, more than 30,000 imperial guard corps warriors were turned into ashes and smoke by the sword rays released by Morrince I.

After killing the small fries, Morrince I's cold gaze landed on Cicéron.

Cicéron suddenly felt a chill in his heart. A terrifying force exploded inside him and blew him up into countless fragments in a flash.

Yang Feng's heart shook slightly as he watched the god-like Morrince I, and secretly thought: "What a scary existence!"

When the royal guards atop the Gate of Glory saw this, they were both frightened and relieved. The fear came from Garça annihilating the 40,000 elite warriors. The relief came from them standing on the side of the victor, escaping the calamity of a purge.

Every time Morrince I looked closely at a Star Knight rank powerhouse of the 2 imperial guard corps, the Star Knight rank powerhouse would blow up into countless fragments.

In less than 5 minutes, there was not a single person of the 2 imperial guard corps alive. The Wizards of the 2 imperial guard corps, who were frailer than ordinary warriors, were instakilled by the rain of sword rays.

“Ha-ha-ha, this is the end of the rebels!” Garça laughed wildly and urged the divine seal in his hands. The phantom of Morrince I midair collapsed, turned into specks of light, and disappeared into the Victory Palace.

Garça, seemingly carelessly glanced at Yang Feng, only to see the latter slightly bowing toward him in salute, full of respect.

The royal guards stared at Garça with respect and fear. They were aware that the man in front of them was about to ascend the throne and become the emperor of the Morrince Empire; no one could stop him.

Yang Feng looked at the tens of thousands of dried corpses in front of the Gate of Glory and slowly sighed inside: “Only in a world of gods can a dynasty have a heritage of more than 10,000 years. With such a terrifying power, how can ordinary people overthrow this dynasty?”

From top to bottom, the Morrince Empire exuded a hint of decay, corruption, and decadence, yet it still had a heritage of more than 10,000 years. If it wasn’t supported by the gods, such an empire would have been overthrown a long time ago.

The destruction of the 2 imperial guard corps quickly reached the ears of the major forces in the St. Tulan City, making them realize that Garça came out on top.

The 4th imperial guard corps immediately declared its allegiance to Garça and purged the men of Great Prince André in the corps.

The 4 city guard corps outside the city also swore allegiance to Garça.

The security hall swore allegiance to Garça as well and began arresting the rebels who murdered Morrince 2,867th.

The so-called rebels who murdered Morrince 2,867th were naturally supporters of Great Prince André, many of whom were court ministers.

3 days later, Garça was eager to hold a grand ascension ceremony to announce his accession to the throne. Since Great Prince André’s people were all arrested and imprisoned and the 3 other princes were placed under house arrest, there was no one to oppose the ascension ceremony. Garça smoothly ascended to the throne and became Morrince 2,868th.

The imperial palace, inside the reception hall.

Dressed in an imperial robe, Garça sat on the throne with dignity and overlooked the court ministers. A sense of accomplishment overcame his heart.

In the court, there were many ministers with high statuses, and even a prince like Garça was somewhat lacking in comparison. Now, however, with a single order from him, the ministers would be stripped of all their power and dragged into prison to spend there the rest of their lives in misery.

As far as he could see, the ministers in the court had their heads lowered slightly, not daring to meet his gaze.

Garça's gaze eventually fell on Yang Feng, who stood respectfully aside, and said faintly: "Ian!"

Yang Feng stepped out and said respectfully: "Your humble servant is listening!"

Garça looked at Yang Feng for a long time, then smiled and said: "I promised you that, if you supported my ascension to the throne, I would enfeoff you as a duke and give you the Funes Province as your fief. From today on, you are a hereditary peer duke of the empire, and the Funes Province and Red Earth Wasteland are your fiefs!"

Gazes of envy and jealousy focused on him.

A hereditary peer duke was already the zenith that ordinary aristocrats could reach in the Morrince Empire.

In the Morrince Empire, even life peer dukes were high-ranking existences. Hereditary peer dukes with a huge feudal territory were absolutely the crème de la crème when it came to greater aristocrats.

100 years ago, the legendary hero Salamander, who practiced magic and martial dual cultivation, toiled all his life to become a greater aristocrat. In comparison to Yang Feng, however, his greater aristocratic title felt cheapened by far.

That was a province as a feudal territory. On the Feisuo Plane, such a huge territory was already comparable to that of many small principalities. The only disadvantage of the Funes Province was its small population.

Yang Feng stepped forward and slightly bowed to Garça in salute: "Thank you, Your Majesty!"

Chapter 292 – André Rebels

Garça said with a smile: "I officially appoint you as the dean of the magic college of the St. Tulan City! Dean Ian, carefully nurture more magic talents for the empire!"

After they heard his words, jealousy flickered in the eyes of the surrounding ministers.

The position of dean of the magic college, that was a cradle for nurturing magic talents for the empire, was of extreme importance. Grasping the magic college was equivalent to grasping a large number of Wizards. This was definitely one of the most important positions of the empire. It was because Morrince 2,867th shamelessly brought people to seize this important position that, as a result, he died to Yang Feng.

Yang Feng replied: "Thank you, Your Majesty!"

In addition to Yang Feng, Garça continued to grant titles to other people.

Goyena was appointed as a life peer marquis and the commander of the royal guards, gaining command of over 20,000 royal guards. Catalão was appointed as a life peer duke and the commander of the 1st imperial guard corps. Bousso was appointed as the governor of the Jadreh Province, which was closest to the imperial capital as well as very flourishing. Barros and Macaen were both appointed as court grand masters.

Everyone who partook in the coup d'état and had contributions to show for was appointed as a minister of the Morrince Empire.

The Gahelid Province in the south of the Morrince Empire, which shared a border with the southern Desert Empire, was the first line of defense against the southern Desert Empire.

Being far stronger than other forces, the Morrince Empire and Titan Empire were recognized as the 2 most formidable human empires on the Feisuo Plane.

However, in addition to the Morrince Empire and Titan Empire, there were still numerous states of different dimensions on the Feisuo Plane, and the Desert Empire was one of them.

Although the Desert Empire was far weaker than the Morrince Empire, but after struggling to survive in the harsh desert environment, practically everyone in the empire was a born fighter. They would often attack the Morrince Empire and burn, kill, and pillage, capturing people and plundering all kinds of goods.

The Morrince Empire formed the southern army to deal with the invasions from the Desert Empire. The southern army, which was 200,000-strong, was stationed in the Gahelid Province. When the various auxiliary troops were added into the mix, the number of people exceeded 1 million.

The Kuyan Stronghold, within the southern army's headquarters.

André held a document and carefully looked at it for a while, then showed an unintelligible smile, saying: "I am to return to the St. Tulan City to report. My brother Garça seems to have made some progress. At least he hadn't ascended the throne. Otherwise, he would have dispatched people to arrest me."

The complexion of a thin, plain-looking middle-aged man changed slightly, and he said solemnly "Your Highness, you mustn't go back. Once you return to the St. Tulan City, Garça will definitely execute you."

The thin, plain-looking middle-aged man was Anzolev, André's chief adviser.

André asked faintly: "Anzolev, how are the talks with the desert barbarians?"

Anzolev replied: "The desert barbarians agreed to sign a peace treaty with us, promising not to invade the Gahelid Province for a year."

André tapped on a desk with his index finger gently and asked faintly: "Do you think they will abide by the agreement?"

Anzolev shook his head slightly and answered: "The desert barbarians are vicious by nature and have no scruples; they won't comply with the agreement. There are smart people among them who wish we would attack the St. Tulan City, so that they could take this opportunity to raid the Gahelid Province. I'm 80% certain that once our forces depart, the barbarians will tear up the agreement and attack us."

André said with a smile: “Yes, the desert barbarians are vicious by nature and can’t be trusted. However, I haven’t placed my hopes on them being trustworthy. Have you contacted the tribes?”

Anzolev replied solemnly: “I have, Your Highness!”

A cold light flashed past André’s eyes, and he stated solemnly: “Since the preparations are done, then let’s get started!”

On the 6th day after Garça ascended to the throne, André, the commander-in-chief of the southern army, issued a statement, accusing Garça of murdering Morrince 2,867th, of being a rebel of the empire, and sent 100,000 troops toward the St. Tulan City.

The Gahelid Province, which had been run by André for many years, completely sided with him.

Garça quickly mobilized 4 corps from the nearby Garro Province and Merton Province to fend off André.

The 4 corps of the 2 provinces fought a decisive battle against the southern army commanded by André at the Baicha River.

In the decisive battle, a corps of the Merton Province changed sides, made a pincer attack with the southern army commanded by André, and defeated the 3 other corps in one go. Countless people surrendered.

After André’s army absorbed the troops that surrendered, it swelled up to 160,000 troops.

After he took care of the forces of the Garro Province and Merton Province, André seized the opportunity and sent envoys to the 2 provinces.

Easily swayed, the majority of the officials of the 2 provinces chose to surrender to André.

The Morrince Empire exuded a hint of decay from top to bottom. Plus, this was a civil war. Thus, the officials were naturally reluctant to fight for Garça with their lives on the line.

Once the Garro Province and Merton Province surrendered, the gate leading to the St. Tulan City became wide open.

André’s 160,000-strong army only had to cross 3 provinces – Tandoo Province, Notice province, Povei Province – to reach the St. Tulan City.

Following the defeat of the 4 corps of the Garro Province and Merton Province and the subsequent surrender of both provinces, the other provinces were on the fence, biding their time.

Only Garça’s old base, the Povignat Province, fully supported him and sent 2 corps to the St. Tulan City.

The frontier armies, which were the strongest armies in the Morrince Empire, on the pretext of having foreign enemies appear, didn’t transfer their most elite troops to the St. Tulan City. Instead, they sent some old military riffraff and some reserve troops to the St. Tulan City.

Garça’s position was in jeopardy and somewhat unstable. Under such circumstances, he dared not to kill Porta and the other 2 princes.

If Garça killed Porta and the other 2 princes, the remnant forces of the 3 princes would turn to Great Prince André, and Garça would find himself under fire from 4 sides.

The Victory Palace, inside the imperial study.

His face a bit haggard, Garça anxiously paced back and forth in the imperial study.

Next to Garça stood a plain-looking middle-aged man with a head full of blue hair. The middle-aged man was Sly Fox Bracy, Garça's chief adviser

Bracy carefully examined a document. After a long time, he put the document down.

Garça immediately asked full of anxiety: "What should I do, Bracy?"

Bracy consoled: "Your Majesty, you need not worry. At present, more than 95% of the Morrince Empire's provinces are in our hands. Our power is at least 20 times that of André and the rebels. The White Tower swore allegiance to you. The St. Tulan City gathered 300,000 troops. André isn't our opponent."

A cold shimmer flashed in Garça's eyes, and he gritted his teeth, saying: "Bracy, no need to comfort me. André's southern army is an elite frontier army with decades of experience fighting the Desert Empire. Even though he only sent 100,000 troops, it's still a frightening force. Besides, he is publicly acknowledged to be in the top 10 of the empire in terms of talent in military affairs. Only those old things can fight him. However, none of those old things is willing to come out to help me, so despicable!!"

André was indeed a brilliant general of the Morrince Empire. However, in the military of the Morrince Empire powerhouses and experts were as common as clouds. Although there were several brilliant generals on par with André, but most of them were commanders of frontier armies and had no intention of intervening in struggles over the throne. The support they provided to Garça was not much.

Garça had never been able to rope those brilliant generals in. Previously, he spent most of his energy on the infiltration of the 3rd imperial guard corps, enabling it to be under his control at a critical juncture.

As for the frontier forces of the Morrince Empire, they were always impartial and never participated in struggles over the throne. Only when it fell under André's control, was the southern army drawn into the struggle over the throne, becoming his helper.

Bracy suddenly said: "Your Majesty, we also have someone who can contend with André!"

Garça hesitated for a moment before slowly asking: "You mean Ian?"

Bracy replied slowly: "Yes, Duke Ian is a miracle-maker. With the meager military strength of the Miracle City, he defeated the hunting fangs corps and silver sword corps. His talent in military affairs is beyond doubt. If it's him, there's a great possibility that he can defeat André."

Garça frowned and fell into silence.

The imperial study fell into a strange silence.

Bracy said solemnly: "Your Majesty, I know that if Duke Ian, who already is the dean of the magic college, were also to hold a military post, there may be some hidden dangers. However, it is imperative to defeat André. If we can't defeat André, the consequences will be unthinkable."

Garça hesitated for a moment before asking: "Won't Goyena cut it?"

In his view, Goyena was the most suitable choice to lead the army.

Bracy frowned slightly and answered slowly: "Although Goyena has performed very well in the military college, but he has no real combat experience in large-scale warfare. If he was dealing with an ordinary enemy, he might perform very well. But he's not André's match. This conflict is of great importance to you, Your Majesty. Once you lose, our favorable situation will be reversed in an instant."

Garça paced back and forth in the imperial study for a long time, weighing it over and over, and finally sighed: "Okay, let's have Ian go."

Chapter 293 – Immemorial Dragon Bones

The Victory Palace, within the imperial study.

Garça stared at Yang Feng in front of him with a complicated look in his eyes, and asked unhurriedly: "Ian, if I appoint you as the imperial marshal to lead the army, what are your chances to defeat André?"

Yang Feng answered confidently: "Your Majesty, if you entrust me to be the imperial marshal and command the army, I have a 90% certainty that I can beat André!"

Joy flashed inside Garça's eyes, then fear flickered in the abyss of his eyes.

Yang Feng suddenly said with a smile: "That's right. Your Majesty, didn't you promise me that I could enter the royal treasury and select some treasures? I've been looking forward to it!"

Garça mused for a while, then recalled the promise he made during the coup d'état and looked at Yang Feng with a smile in his eyes.

A perfect, formidable, and flawless subordinate; unless they were a robot, they were a dangerous existence when it came to the superior.

Garça said with a light smile: "Good, I'll allow you to enter the royal treasury and select 2 treasures. After you defeat André and return, I'll let you enter the royal treasury again and select 2 more treasures."

"Thank you, Your Majesty!" Without faking it, Yang Feng showed a smile of joy.

Garça pushed on the chair he sat. Suddenly, the chair emitted magic ripples.

There was a slight twist in space and a white-haired old man, who gave Yang Feng a very dangerous feeling, stepped out of the void. The white-haired old man saluted Garça and said respectfully: "Greetings, Your Majesty!"

Yang Feng looked at the white-haired old man and his pupils constricted slightly: "What a strong fellow, at least a pinnacle Legend rank powerhouse. For such a powerhouse not to appear during the coup d'état, he has to be part of the foundation of the Morrince Family."

Few powerhouses appeared on the day of the coup d'état. Apart from a handful of Legend rank powerhouses who got themselves involved in the whirlpool that was the struggle over the throne, the rest were unwilling to risk the danger of having their families ruined or annihilated.

The peak powerhouses of the Morrince Family hid in the darkness, not intervening. This white-haired old man was clearly part of the foundation of the Morrince Empire and one of the powerhouses specializing in cultivating in hiding and protecting Garça in the imperial palace.

Within the Victory Palace, any attempt to assassinate Garça would be easily foiled.

In the Victory Palace, powerhouses and experts were as common as flies. Just that, these powerhouses and experts only swore allegiance to the master of the Victory Palace, never participating in imperial power struggles. This was an ironclad rule of the Morrince Family.

Garça said lightly: "Riehen, take Ian to the treasury and let him choose 2 treasures."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Riehen responded respectfully, and then said to Yang Feng: "Ian, follow me!"

When he finished speaking, Riehen reached out with his hand, and, with a flicker of magic light, a spatial portal appeared in front of him.

As a palace blessed by the gods, all kinds of outrageous and mystical things could be done in the Victory Palace. If it was outside the Victory Palace, even among Legend Wizards, only pinnacle Legend Wizards proficient in spatial spells were able to open a spatial portal that easily.

Yang Feng stepped into the spatial portal. With a flicker of spatial ripples, countless rays enveloped him, and his vision blurred. The next moment, he appeared in front of a 10-meter-tall, bronze gate engraved with mysterious and profound runes.

Riehen walked up to Yang Feng, then silently recited an incantation, pointed at the huge, bronze gate, and sent a cyan ray into it.

Click! Click!! Amid a burst of noise, the huge, bronze gate slowly opened, releasing brilliant light coming from treasures.

"Go ahead! You can only choose 2 treasures inside." Riehen hesitated for a moment before saying slowly: "In the treasury, there is a restriction set up by the gods. If you take too many treasures, the restriction will activate, and you will end up with no treasures."

Yang Feng nodded slightly and entered through the bronze gate.

As soon as he entered through the bronze gate, Yang Feng's eyes were dazzled by the light coming from the various treasures inside.

Yang Feng's eyes shone with excitement: "It's indeed the treasury of the Morrince Empire!"

In the royal treasury, there were no vulgar things such as gold and silver. Instead, it was filled with great fiend hearts, great devil heads, dragon crystals, golden tree seeds, ancient energy absorbing tree seeds. Every treasure could give Legend Wizards palpitations.

“That’s an abyss fiend, fiend baron heart!!” When he entered the royal treasury, he heard a heartbeat. He turned to look in the direction of the heartbeat, and his heart shook violently, full of excitement.

What he saw was a clear crystal engraved with mysterious and profound runes on its surface. Inside the clear crystal was a head-sized, black heart beating incessantly. This black heart was a fiend baron heart.

Abyss fiends were a formidable and terrifying race among great fiends, their fighting strength comparable to human Legend rank powerhouses. Fiend barons, even more so, were frightening beings comparable to human demigod rank powerhouses.

On the Cangzhi Plane, there were Fiend Warlocks, Bloodline Warlocks who relied on fiend bloodline. If used properly – transplanted into a human Warlock and coupled with a corresponding fiend secret method – this fiend baron heart could give birth to a Star Knight rank Fiend Warlock in merely a few centuries.

On the Turandot Subcontinent, this fiend baron heart would be regarded as an absolute treasure more valuable than a state.

Yang Feng looked somewhat regretfully at the fiend baron heart and sighed slightly inside:

“Unfortunately, fiend bloodline and black dragon bloodline cannot be merged. Even if I take the fiend baron heart, it would only be able to produce a Starry Sky Warlock rank powerhouse after several centuries. That won’t be in my interest.”

Bloodlines were mutually exclusive. Black dragon bloodline could not blend with fiend bloodline. If he transplanted the fiend heart, it would lead to a clash in bloodlines, and he would explode and die.

If he wanted to transplant the fiend baron heart, he would have to abandon his current strength and expend countless amounts of precious resources, completely removing his current bloodline, and then practice cultivation anew.

If Yang Feng hadn’t planned to tread on the godly path, he might have abandoned his strength and transplanted the fiend baron heart.

However, since he planned to take the godly path, he naturally wouldn’t transplant the fiend baron heart, as fiend power and godly power were polar opposites.

Yang Feng shook his head, moved his gaze away from the fiend baron heart, and started to look for other treasures.

The treasury was divided into fiend area, devil area, elven area, beastman area, sea clansman area, giant area, dragon area, kindred area, dark elven area, rare species area, and so on. Each area had its own specialty.

The Morrince Empire had a heritage of more than 100,000 years, and had gone through countless wars, collecting countless treasures. The treasures of each area made a burning desire well up in Yang Feng’s heart, wishing he could pocket them all.

Without hesitation, Yang Feng went to the dragon area.

Only in the dragon area would have a variety of precious black dragon materials that could substantially promote his strength.

When he reached the black dragon area and took a look, his eyes flashed with regret: “Unfortunately, materials that could be used have been used!”

The body of a dragon was a treasure. Dragon blood, dragon meat, dragon liver, dragon eyes, and so on were top-notch materials for making potions. The emperors of the Morrince Empire had long since used up all the parts of dragons that could be used, leaving only some hard to process dragon bones.

“These are Moonlight Warlock rank black dragon bones. The dragon bones have no divine power ripples. It is the skeleton of an immemorial dragon.” Suddenly, his eyes lit up slightly and shone with excitement. He walked up to a 50-meter-long dragon skeleton and carefully examined it.

Dragons were divided into ordinary dragons, ancient dragons, immemorial dragons, archaic dragons, and primordial dragons. The evolution potential of ordinary dragons reached the Great Warlock rank, of ancient dragons reached Starry Sky Warlock rank, of immemorial dragons reached the Moonlight Warlock rank, of the archaic dragons reached the Infinity Warlock rank, and of primordial dragons reached the Warlock Emperor rank.

In the history of the Cangzhi Plane, the 1st Warlock Emperor, the Time Lord, slayed a time primordial dragon, absorbed countless mysteries of time, and finally ascended to an unparalleled height, suppressing countless planes and founding the 1st Warlock Dynasty.

Dragons existed on many planes, they were one of the formidable extraordinary life forms who could contend with gods without taking the godly path. Of course, the number of immemorial dragons, archaic dragons, and primordial dragons among dragons was also very limited. Yang Feng was naturally very excited to see Moonlight Warlock rank immemorial dragon bones.

On the Cangzhi Plane, Black Dragon Morph secret method contained a secret method to absorb high-ranked black dragon bone essence. As long as the formidable immemorial dragon bone essence was absorbed and refined, Yang Feng’s strength would increase by a wide margin and his bones could evolve into frightening immemorial dragon rank bones.

Without any hesitation, Yang Feng reached out toward the immemorial dragon bones.

With a shimmer of brilliant light, the immemorial dragon bones shrank into a ball of light, and then fell into Yang Feng’s hand.

Chapter 294 – Florence’s Request

Yang Feng looked at the immemorial dragon bones in his hand with a smile in his eyes: “Fortunately, the grade of these Moonlight Warlock rank black dragon bones is too high, which was why they didn’t use it, giving me a big bargain!”

In the dragon area, there were all kinds of dragon bones everywhere. Dragon bones were the most difficult material to process of dragons, which was why they were left behind. Dragon blood, dragon tendons, dragon crystals, and other materials have been used up for the most part.

In fact, there was a fairly sizeable number of rare materials in the royal treasury. After all, the number of Alchemists in the Morrince Empire was extremely small, and there were only 2 or 3 Archwizard rank Alchemists in the royal family.

Yang Feng looked carefully at the dragon area for a while. He saw many good things. Unfortunately, those things were of no help when it came to improving his cultivation base. He could only choose to give up on them.

Yang Feng went directly to the precious ore area. When he saw the precious ores, his heart jumped up and his fists balled up, full of excitement.

“This is a star spiral iron ore, it can be used to make antimatter artillery.”

“This is an inert atlam stone, it can be used to make warp gates to carry out space jump!”

“This is a star serpeggiante stone, it can be used to make auto-repair armor.”

“...”

The different precious ores gave him palpitations. He wished that he could take all the precious ores away.

After he got 3796, he had access to a large number of super technology designs. However, in order to make the different super technology products, he first had to settle the issue of materials.

In the precious ore area, there were precious ores collected by the Morrince Empire for more than 100,000 years. If he could pocket all the precious ores in the ore area, Yang Feng would be able to create frightening battle robots capable of killing demigod rank powerhouses.

“This is a black bonita stone, it is the primary material for producing a closed space.”

Yang Feng’s eyes suddenly lit up. He walked up to a 6-meter-tall, black stone, carefully examined it for a long time, showed a smile, and reached out. The black bonita stone flew into his hand.

The moment the black bonita stone fell into his hand, a ray of light shone, he disappeared, and then appeared outside the gate.

“You can leave now!” Riehen reached out with his hand, and a spatial portal appeared out of nowhere.

Yang Feng smiled faintly and walked into the spatial portal. Following which, he appeared in the imperial study.

Garça showed a smile, saying: “How was it? Are you pleased with the treasures, Ian?”

Yang Feng smiled and said: “I’m very pleased! I hope I can go there a few more times.”

Garça secretly looked toward a hidden corner, where he saw a blue light appear on a piece of jade, and the smile on his face became brighter.

Garça showed a smile and said: "Good! Ian, I'm officially appointing you as a general. Lead my army on a punitive expedition against the rebel André."

Yang Feng replied calmly: "Yes, Your Majesty!"

after he left the palace, Yang Feng rode in a luxurious carriage to his villa, a look of ineffable joy in his eyes.

Once he used the secret method described in Black Dragon Morph to refine the Moonlight Warlock rank immemorial black dragon bones, his bones would surpass the bones of Great Warlocks in terms of sturdiness, reaching the degree of sturdiness of bones of Starry Sky Warlocks or even Moonlight Warlocks. Dragon bones could greatly enhance his physical strength. By then, his body would be comparable to the sturdiest weapon and his hands would be able to resist Legend rank magic weapons.

Suddenly, the carriage came to a slow halt.

From outside the carriage came a magnetic voice: "Duke Ian, it is I, Florence. I have something I want to discuss with you."

Yang Feng lifted the curtain of the carriage and saw Florence standing still not far away, her beauty out of this world.

Yang Feng's heart stirred as he looked at Florence. He revealed a smile, saying: "Of course, please come aboard."

Florence smiled sweetly, and, with a touch of fragrance wafting from her, got into the carriage and sat opposite Yang Feng.

Looking at the bright and charming Florence, Yang Feng felt as if the carriage was much brighter, and he secretly praised: "A divine chosen of the Goddess of Dance indeed."

Under Yang Feng's unrestrained gaze, the pretty face of the cheerful and relaxed Florence registered a flush. After waiting for a moment, she found out that Yang Feng had no intentions of asking her questions. She hesitated for a moment before saying: "Duke Ian..."

Yang Feng smiled and said: "Ian will do. After all, we are friends, right?"

Florence gritted her silver-white teeth, saying: "Ian, I hope that you can help me save 2 people!"

Yang Feng frowned slightly, then asked slowly: "Who are they?"

Florence looked at Yang Feng with pitiable eyes, and implored softly: "Emily and Erica, 2 daughters of the Amalur Family. They are my friends. Because of their father, they were banished into the Rose Pavilion. Please save them."

As a divine chosen of the Goddess of Dance, Florence had a very high status. Even the emperor of the Morrince Empire wouldn't dare to be rude to her. But even so, she had no power, and could only watch her friends be pushed into the pit of fire.

The Rose Pavilion was a place that specialized in receiving female family members of convicted officials and grooming them into prostitutes. It was one of the largest prostitution pavilions of the St. Tulan City.

As long as you had money, you could enjoy the services of former gentlewomen of the empire. Numerous merchants flocked to the Rose Pavilion. It should be noted that many gentlewomen looked down on merchants, yet now they had no choice but to endure being humiliated by them. Many merchants were quite addicted to this feeling.

The Amalur Family was a medium-sized family. As they chose to support a court minister affiliated with the great prince, they were swept away during the purge. The men were shackled and thrown into jail and women were sent to the Rose Pavilion.

Staring at Florence, Yang Feng touched his chin and asked meaningfully: "If I save them, how will you thank me?"

Florence replied with a sweet smile: "How about I dance for you for a few times?"

Yang Feng said with a smile: "Alright!"

The luxurious carriage carried Yang Feng and Florence to the Rose Pavilion.

Although it was daytime, but there were already a variety of luxurious carriages parked in front of the Rose Pavilion.

Yang Feng and Florence alighted the carriage and strode into the Rose Pavilion.

As soon as they entered the Rose Pavilion, dozens of men were deeply attracted by Florence beside Yang Feng, unable to tear away their gazes.

A 31- or 32-year-old, tall and curvaceous, beautiful woman dressed in a revealing evening dress, with a head full of blonde hair and a touch of fragrance wafting from her, smiled brightly and greeted the both of them: "Hello, I am Yina, the manager of this place. May I ask what brought you here?"

"What a beautiful woman, so pretty. Ha-ha. Little beauty, how much do you cost per night? I'll take you!!" A tall, slightly obese young man with a frivolous expression and puffy eyes walked over and carelessly grabbed toward Florence.

Florence slightly wrinkled her slender eyebrows, then took several steps backwards and retreated behind Yang Feng.

Yang Feng stepped forward and slapped the young man in the face, knocking several teeth out.

"You've got guts, to hit people in the Rose Pavilion!! Help!! Someone is hitting people in the Rose Pavilion!!" The young man clutched his face and, while looking at Yang Feng with fear in his eyes, shouted somewhat unintelligibly.

Tyrannical auras rose from the Rose Pavilion. The majority of the auras belonged to Knight rank powerhouses, yet there was one belonging to a Star Knight powerhouse.

There were countless beautiful women in the Rose Pavilion, many of whom were wives and daughters of convicted officials. In order to prevent people from stealing them, many experts were stationed in the Rose Pavilion.

Before long, a somewhat obese middle-aged man with squinting eyes was escorted over by 1 Star Knight and 20 Great Knights and upwards.

When the middle-aged man appeared, he squinted his eyes even more and stared at Florence. He asked gloomily: "Who dares to use force in the Rose Pavilion?"

Yang Feng sneered and said lightly: "It was I! Caillaux."

"So it's you. You've got guts, to..." Caillaux sneered. He was about to give an order, when suddenly his eyelids jumped up, his mouth opened wide, and his face twisted as if through magic. He showed a fawning smile: "So it is you, great Duke Ian. You are naturally entitled to use force in the Rose Pavilion."

The young man covering his face was stunned, unable to believe his eyes. Caillaux was the director of the Rose Pavilion. In the eyes of the young man, he was a bigwig who could talk with greater aristocrats on equal grounds. Many unruly characters were put in order by Caillaux as soon as they entered the Rose Pavilion. Now, however, he fawned on Yang Feng, making the young man unable to believe his eyes.

Caillaux glanced at the young man, then sneered and waved his hand: "Is this bastard bothering you? Men, beat him up for me! Give him a good thrashing. To provoke the great Duke Ian, what a reckless person."

2 guards took out 1 big stick each and mercilessly flogged the young man, making him issue pitiful screams.

"Sir Duke, please follow me!" Caillaux secretly glanced at Florence, and then said to Yang Feng with a flattering expression.

Chapter 295 – V.I.P.

Led by Caillaux, Yang Feng and his party went deep into the Rose Pavilion.

Along the way, many beautiful women stared at Yang Feng in curiosity. Caillaux was the local tyrant in the Rose Pavilion, a bigwig who controlled the lives of these beautiful women. It was their first time seeing Caillaux be so respectful to another person.

Inside a well-decorated, luxurious room.

Yang Feng leaned back on a demonic flame tiger fur sofa. Feeling the warmth exuded by the demonic flame tiger fur, he gazed at Caillaux with a smile that wasn't a smile.

Caillaux finally couldn't bear Yang Feng's watchful gaze. With a flattering smile on his face, he asked: "Duke Ian, may I know why you came to the Rose Pavilion today?"

Florence looked at Caillaux's fawning expression with a peculiar shimmer in her beautiful eyes. At first, she wanted to talk to Caillaux, but she couldn't even meet him face-to-face. Seeing the other now fawn on Yang Feng gave rise to a complex feeling inside her.

Yang Feng said lightly: "Emily and Erica, the 2 daughters of the Amalur Family, you haven't touched them yet, right?"

With a flattering smile plastered on his face, Caillaux replied neither softly nor firmly: "Yes, yes! They haven't been touched yet! However, they are twin dancers famous in the St. Tulan City, so I planed to offer them to His Majesty."

Florence's heart suddenly sank slightly.

Yang Feng frowned slightly, and then asked in a cold voice: "Are you threatening me?"

Caillaux shook his head at once and said: "I'm not! I wouldn't dare threaten you! I'll call them right away!"

Before long, 2 identical-looking girls were brought over. They looked to be 15 or 16 years old and had fair and tender skin, a tall figure, fiery curves, long, golden hair, slender and sensual legs, and extremely beautiful facial features.

When the beautiful twins saw Florence, their eyes shimmered with joy, yet they said nothing, standing still behind Caillaux.

Yang Feng looked at the identical twin dancers with a look of admiration in his eyes. Even if they were separated, they would still be first-class beauties. However, when the 2 identical beauties stood together, their charm increased by a bit.

Yang Feng stated overbearingly: "I want the both of them! Caillaux, go handle the formalities."

Caillaux was a little stunned. Showing an embarrassed and wry smile, he said: "Sir Duke Ian, they are family members of a convicted official. Unless His Majesty pardons them, I don't have the authority to give them to you. However, if you want to play with them, I can let them accompany you."

The beautiful women in the Rose Pavilion were all family members of a convicted officials. Although Caillaux could let them accompany anyone, yet he didn't have the authority to let them leave the Rose Pavilion.

The eyes of Emily and Erica registered a dull look.

Caillaux added at once: "Of course, I can arrange a room for them to stay alone in the Rose Pavilion, Sir Duke. I can ensure that no man will touch them."

Many bigwigs who visited the Rose Pavilion didn't like sharing women with others. As such, there were many rooms reserved for bigwigs in the Rose Pavilion to use as their love nests.

As the master of the Rose Pavilion, Caillaux could play with many women in the Rose Pavilion. However, some of the women were affiliated with bigwigs of the empire. He didn't dare to offend them easily.

When they heard that, a glint of hope swept past the beautiful eyes of Emily and Erica. They preferred to be Yang Feng's mistresses rather than become prostitutes.

Florence sighed a little, and her eyes flashed with a dull light when she heard that. This might be the best outcome.

Yang Feng smiled faintly. With a flick of his wrist, a black demonic eagle appeared in his hand. White magic light flickered in his hand and a piece of paper appeared at a talon of the black demonic eagle.

Yang Feng opened his hand, and the black demonic eagle flapped its wings and flew out of the room.

Looking at the black demonic eagle fly away, Caillaux had a vague guess. He then looked at Yang Feng with even more respect.

The black demonic eagle flew to the Victory Palace and landed at the gate.

A royal guard took the slip of paper from the black demonic eagle and scanned it. His face changed slightly, and he quickly went into the Victory Palace.

In the imperial study.

"Ian, this fellow, has taken a fancy to 2 girls of the Amalur Family, and even asks me for them." Garça put down the note from Yang Feng, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

This was the first time that someone had taken the initiative to ask his for a woman since he ascended the throne.

Garça smiled lightly, then took out another piece of paper and wrote a few words and put his personal seal on it: "The 2 girls of the Amalur Family dance quite well, and they are even twins. It's really a bargain for him."

Inside the Rose Pavilion.

The black demonic eagle flew in through a window and landed in front of Yang Feng.

Yang Feng took the slip of paper from the black demonic eagle, scanned it, and revealed a smile. He flicked his finger and sent the piece of paper fly to in front of Caillaux.

"Give Duke Ian any woman he wants!" When Caillaux saw the slip of paper, his eyes showed extreme astonishment, and he looked at Yang Feng with more respect.

The Rose Pavilion was not only a place for bigwigs to enjoy themselves, but also a place to cater to the needs of the emperor. In many cases, the Rose Pavilion was the favorite place for emperors of the Morrince Empire. In the Rose Pavilion, there were still many girls who had been trained to serve the emperor in the palace.

For Garça to issue such an order, it illustrated how much he favored Yang Feng. Yang Feng could take away any girl he fancied from the Rose Palace.

Caillaux said imposingly: "Emily, Erica, why haven't you greeted your new master yet!"

"Greetings, Master!" The 2 beautiful girls brimming with a youthful aura prostrated themselves on the floor in front of Yang Feng as if humble slaves and said respectfully.

When she saw this, Florence's heart ached slightly, and she heaved a long sigh of relief.

Emily and Erica were beautiful girls who were once extremely reputable in social circles of the St. Tulan City. God knows how many aristocratic young men wanted to get close to them. They even refused the pursuit of many greater aristocratic heirs, extremely prideful. Yet now, this pair of beautiful twins prostrated themselves on the ground in front of Yang Feng as if some lowly slaves. The cruelty of political struggles showed itself in front of Florence once more.

Yang Feng said faintly: "Get up!"

"Master, I have a presumptuous request to ask of you. Please help me. I implore you, please help me." Emily suddenly looked up at Yang Feng and pleaded with her beautiful eyes.

Yang Feng's eyebrows wrinkled slightly, and he fell into silence, staring coldly at Emily.

Erica's beautiful eyes showed a trace of panic.

Emily pleaded with tears in her eyes: "Please, master, save my mother and aunt. As long as you save our mother and aunt, Erica and I will serve you wholeheartedly. We'll be willing to do anything you want us to."

Erica hesitated for a moment, then gritted her teeth and kowtowed toward Yang Feng: "Master, I implore you, please save our relatives. Even if you want them to be your slaves, it's also alright."

It was better to be Yang Feng's slaves than prostitutes in the Rose Pavilion. After all, when the women in the Rose Pavilion were young and beautiful, they wouldn't have it too tough. But once their looks waned, they would be reduced to the lowest rung of the Rose Pavilion. They would be even worse off than ordinary prostitutes. The most egregious part was that it was impossible for them to marry and leave this trade.

The bigwigs who came to the Rose Pavilion to play only regard the women there as toys. No one would waste their energy to rescue the women in the Rose Pavilion.

Yang Feng stated lightly: "Caillaux, I want their relatives."

Caillaux replied respectfully: "Yes! Sir."

What did Emily's relatives count for? If Yang Feng wanted, Caillaux would even package all the women in the Rose Pavilion and give them to him. This was an order from His Majesty. Naturally, a nobody like Caillaux didn't dare defy it.

There were more than 30 women in the Amalur Family, with every single one being beautiful. Those who weren't good-looking were dead already.

In a luxury carriage.

Yang Feng sat in a soft chair with Emily and Erica in his arms and his feet placed on a 35- or 36-year-old, voluptuous woman exuding a mature aura, her facial features rather resembling those of the siblings.

The woman was called Federica and she was the mother of the siblings. She docilely massaged Yang Feng's legs.

The siblings carefully peeled fruits and put them into Yang Feng's mouth to please him.

"Greed and lust, these weaknesses should make him a little more reassured." Although he embraced Emily, but his eyes didn't rest on her beautiful, delicate body. Instead, he sank into his thoughts, continuously reckoning Garça's reaction.

On the day Yang Feng assisted Garça in the coup d'état, his performance was too dazzling. He vaguely felt that Garça was afraid of him. As such, he began to selectively fabricate some weaknesses and

expose them to Garça. A greater aristocrats who had no weaknesses yet had formidable strength was an existence that Garça feared the most. With greed and lust as Ian's weak points, Garça could have confidence in him as a general. That was why Yang Feng agreed to help Florence.

Chapter 296 – Marshal Ian

The next day, Garça appointed Yang Feng as the imperial general, the rebellion suppression marshal. He was allocated 1 imperial guard corps, 2 city guard corps, and 2 irregular armies transferred from elsewhere, for a total of 100,000 troops, as his direct subordinates.

In addition to the 100,000 troops, Yang Feng could also administer 6 corps from the Tandoo Province, Notice province, and Povei Province, for a total of 120,000 troops, 500,000 local troops from the 3 provinces, and 6 corps transferred from various places, for a total of 120,000 troops.

Like this, Yang Feng had an army of more than 340,000 warriors who could carry out field warfare. If the various auxiliary troops were added into the mix, then he had more than 1 million troops under his control. After he was assigned as the rebellion suppression marshal, he nearly reached the peak of power.

In front of the gate to Yang Feng's villa, there was almost an endless stream of carriages, with countless people coming to see him everyday.

On the 3rd day, Yang Feng took the 100,000 troops directly under his command to leave for the Tandoo Province.

The news that Yang Feng became the imperial general, the rebellion suppression marshal spread throughout the Morrince Empire. All the major forces in the Morrince Empire knew of Yang Feng's name by now.

Numerous forces sent their people to collect all the information on Yang Feng, focusing their attention on him.

The Morrince Empire's southern army, rebellious army headquarters.

"Ian, so it's him." A document in hand, André frowned slightly, and Yang Feng's face appeared in his mind.

André pondered for a moment before asking slowly: "Anzolev, what do you think of Ian?"

Anzolev answered with a light smile: "A great man! Judging from the information obtained so far, Ian not only practices magic and martial dual cultivation, but also has accomplishments in military and political fields. He was able to defeat the hunting fang corps and silver sword corps. His ability to command troops is outstanding and is among the best in the empire. Such a genius is only a little inferior to you, Your Highness."

André asked with great calmness: "How should we deal with him?"

"Although Ian is very remarkable, but he also has 2 fatal flaws. Firstly, he has no imperial military background, lacking seniority in the imperial army. He'll find it very difficult to have the 6 corps from the

Tandoo Province, Notice Province, and Povei Province and the 6 corps transferred from other places submit to him.”

“Secondly, although Garça is very clever, clever but petty-minded. He is an inherently doubtful person. It is impossible for him to be at ease with Ian, who isn’t really under his control, command 1 million troops. We could send people to the St. Tulan City to start a rumor, stating that Ian wants to stand on his own. After enough repetition, the association will become fact. If we drive a wedge between them, it may prompt Garça to call him back.” Anzolev said orderly.

Full of confidence, André said extremely arrogantly: “Well said. My brother is very clever, too clever for his own good. He doesn’t believe in anyone else but himself. What’s more, there is another point that you hadn’t mentioned. How can those ordinary troops, who hadn’t been bathed in copious amounts of blood, compare to my 100,000-strong frontier army in terms of fighting strength. Even in a direct confrontation, my 100,000 troops can still defeat his 1 million troops.

The 100,000 frontier troops under André’s command were elites tempered through more than a decade of fighting the Desert Empire’s troops, their fighting strength tyrannical. They were the foundation of his rebellion.

In field warfare, there were only a handful of elite frontier armies in the entire Morrince Empire with the strength to compete with the army under André’s control.

André paid the 12 corps from the several provinces no mind.

Anzolev said with a look of adoration on his face: “Your Highness, you are wise!”

André smiled and said: “I’ll send him a gift before he arrives!”

3 days later, André commanded 30,000 cavalymen to penetrate into the Tandoo Province. With the help of the Wizards accompanying the troops, he easily captured a dozen cities of the Tandoo Province in a row, and then headed toward the Newton City, the provincial capital of the Tandoo Province.

Greatly shocked, the governor of the Tandoo Province sent a dozen blood-written letters to Yang Feng in succession, begging Yang Feng to send troops to support him.

The Notice Province lied behind the Tandoo Province. In the Notice Province, there were 4 main corps as well as 6 corps dispatched from other places, for a total of 10 corps, gathered.

After he received the blood-written letters sent by the governor of the Tandoo Province, Yang Feng took a glimpse at them and then threw them into the trash. He gave the order for the governor of the Tandoo province to protect the Newton City at all cost on one hand, and for the marching speed of the troops to increase on the other hand.

André rampaged all the way through the Tandoo Province, with cities surrendering practically at the first opportunity.

In accordance with Yang Feng’s order, the Governor of Tandoo Province recruited 100,000 new recruits, and together with the 80,000 warriors in Newton City, formed a large army of 180,000 people to defend the Newton City at all cost.

After André's army reached the Newton City, it carried out a probing attack, which was blocked by the governor of the Tandoo Province.

André immediately stopped the offensive, and then started to dispatch the continuously arriving reinforcements to surround the Newton City.

The outside of the Burgas City, the provincial capital of the Notice Province, had changed into an enormous barracks, with quarters stretching for a dozen kilometers.

Before he reached the barracks, Yang Feng saw 8 sentries standing lazily in front of the barracks. The 8 sentries gathered together and chatted with each other, their vigilance put aside.

Yang Feng's eyebrows wrinkled slightly, and he performed the spell Stealth. He disappeared and strode into the barracks.

As soon as he entered the barracks, Yang Feng heard the sounds of gambling and sounds of women moaning and men laughing coming from many of the quarters.

As he walked, Yang Feng was frowning more and more, his eyes showing a look of extremely cold killing intent: "This is the army I am to command? No wonder such armies would suffer a crushing defeat against André."

The Morrince Empire was rotten top to bottom, and so were the armies. Except for the few frontier armies, the rest of the regular armies of the provinces devolved into tools for officers of all ranks to dredge money.

The reason why Yang Feng was able to successively defeat the armies of the Morrince Empire with the tiny force of the Miracle City was that apart from some particular troops, the fighting strength of other armies was lacking.

Yang Feng walked around the barracks and then left.

2 days later, a messenger entered the Burgas City.

Before long, the officials of the Burgas City led by Governor Chiron went 10 kilometers outside the city to wait.

After waiting for about an hour, a huge army extending for a dozen kilometers appeared in front of everyone. The man heading the huge army atop a majestic black horse was Yang Feng.

Riding the majestic black horse and escorted by 3 Sacred Swordsmen, Yang Feng arrived in front of Chiron and company, then dismounted and, with a smile on his face, walked up to Chiron and company.

Chiron carefully looked at Yang Feng for a moment, then took a step forward and saluted him: "Chiron, governor of the Notice Province! Greetings, Marshal Ian!"

The officials of the Notice Province behind Governor Chiron also saluted Yang Feng: "Greetings, Marshal!"

"Hello, I am Ian." Yang Feng scanned the official who came to greet him with a glance and smiled slightly, saying: "Let's head back to the city!"

Upon returning to the Burgas City, Chiron held a grand welcome banquet for Yang Feng.

All the important aristocrats of the Burgas City attended the banquet. Numerous beautiful, aristocratic, young ladies surrounded Yang Feng, showering him with attention.

On recommendation from Chiron, Yang Feng got acquainted with Ennio, the commander of the olive leaf corps, Duccio, the commander of the white bear corps, Gian, the commander of the green falcon corps, and Giacomo, the commander of the ironwood corps.

The 4, who were commanders of 4 corps of the Notice Province and Povei Province, took part in welcoming Yang Feng.

As for the other 6 corps commanders, they were dismissive of Yang Feng, they didn't come to welcome him.

Early the next morning.

The rebellion suppression marshal headquarters.

Sitting in the seat of honor inside the marshal quarters, his face cold, Yang Feng swept Andro with a glance and said lightly: "Sound the drums!"

Andro responded loudly: "Yes! Marshal!"

Impassioned, resounding drums echoed in the barracks.

When they heard the drums, high-ranking officers hurried toward the marshal quarters.

When they entered the marshal quarters, they saw Yang Feng sitting in the seat of honor with a gloomy face, and they kept quiet.

Ennio, Duccio, Gian and Giacomo, the 4 corps commanders arrived at the marshal quarters before the drums stopped producing sound.

When the drums stopped producing sound, only the high-ranking officers of the olive leaf corps, white bear corps, green falcon corps, ironwood corps, as well as the imperial guard corps and city guard corps were present.

The high-ranking officers stared at Yang Feng sitting in the seat of honor with a look of ridicule in the abyss of their eyes.

At such a young age, Yang Feng became an imperial marshal. These high-ranking officers naturally didn't approve of him. Even though Yang Feng was the master of the Miracle City, who defeated the hunting fang corps and silver sword corps in a row, the high-ranking officers of the Morrince Empire still didn't take him seriously.

"Sorry, we're late! Ha-ha, I'm really sorry!" Amid insincere laughter, a burly as a bear middle-aged high-ranking officer stepped into the marshal quarters. A scornful smile on his face, he looked somewhat provocatively at Yang Feng sitting in the seat of honor.

The middle-aged officer was Julio, the commander of the bear fang corps transferred from another place.

Chapter 297 – Purge

Other high-ranking officers of the bear fang corps followed Julio into the quarters. Smiles of contempt plastered on their faces, they stared at Yang Feng.

Jacob, the commander of the mad leopard corps, also came in. Hiccuping from being drunk, he gave Yang Feng a contemptuous look: “Ha-ha, I’m sorry, Marshal Ian. Yesterday, due to your imminent arrival, we got too excited and drank a bit, so we got up a little late. I’m really sorry.”

Lourenço, the commander of the cyan flame corps walked inside and said with an insincere smile: “Marshal Ian, I’m sorry, we had too much to drink.”

Mario, the commander of the 5-leaf clover corps smiled in disdain and said: “Marshal Ian, I hope that you’re fond of women. I know of 2 very nice women in the Jadeite House in the Burgas City. Let’s go there tonight and have fun!”

Novil, the commander of the green river corps, took out a wineskin and poured a glass of wine, then looked at Yang Feng provocatively and sneered: “Marshal Ian, if you have respect for us uncouth fellows, have a toast with us!!”

Balas, the commander of the flaming river corps jeered loudly: “Right!! Marshal Ian, if you have respect for us, have a toast with us.”

“A toast!”

“A toast!”

“...”

Suddenly, there was chaos in the quarters, and uniform voices echoed. The high-ranking officers of the 6 corps jeered together, casting looks of contempt at Yang Feng.

The high-ranking officers of the 6 corps joined forces to give Yang Feng a show of strength. If Yang Feng yielded, he, a mighty marshal, would no longer be able to unite the army.

Ennio, Duccio, Gian, and Giacomo remained silent, looking at Yang Feng, they wanted to see how he was going to handle this situation.

Depending on how Yang Feng handled this situation, Ennio and them would make a corresponding choice.

Yang Feng shot Julio a cold look and said indifferently: “Commander Julio, if you don’t reach the marshal quarters on time once the drums are sounded, how should you be dealt with according to the imperial military law?”

When he said that, a quiet and tense atmosphere suddenly shrouded the quarters.

Julio was a little stunned, then his eyes flashed with a vicious light, and he threatened fiercely: “According to the imperial military law, one should be beheaded. But law is nothing more than a social

construct. We were celebrating your arrival, so we drank a bit too much, Sir Marshal. Besides, there are so many people here who have violated this military law. Will you kill us all, Sir Marshal?"

The eyes of the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps flickered with vicious light, and formidable qi above the Knight rank gushed out of them.

Extremely cold killing intent locked onto Yang Feng sitting on the seat of honor.

Laughing, Jacob mediated: "Ha-ha, no need to panic. I think Marshal Ian just wanted to take us down a peg. Let bygones be bygones! Ha-ha!!"

A cold look in his eyes, Yang Feng clapped his hands: "In my capacity as the imperial marshal, I order you to lay down your arms. Your families won't be harmed. Otherwise, according to the imperial law, you will all be charged with rebellion and your families will get implicated."

500 warriors holding military crossbows and 500 warriors holding swords rushed over and surrounded the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps.

Feeling that things weren't going well, the eyes of the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps glimmered with fear.

Julio's eyes flickered fiercely, and he burst out with Sky Knight rank qi, bellowing: "Brothers, let's kill our way out oh here! Afterwards, we'll seek refuge with His Highness André!"

Yang Feng frowned and ordered coldly: "Kill them!"

In an instant, a rain of bolts covered the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps.

The special military crossbows of the Morrince Empire were so formidable that even Knights clad in heavy armor could be run through, let alone the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps who came here without donning armor. More than half of them were run through by the bolts and killed on the spot.

The remaining high-ranking officers of the 6 corps urged their qi and frantically struck the bolts, sending them flying away.

The eyes of Jacob, who had been smiling, flashed with a fierce glint, and he bellowed. He erupted with Star Knight rank qi, then his figure blurred, and he frantically lunged at Yang Feng. Only by capturing Yang Feng could they have a glimmer of hope at survival.

Just then, the Lightning Sacred Swordsman Cassius standing still beside Yang Feng stepped forward. With a thrust of his sword, brilliant lightning suddenly struck Jacob's sword.

Ding! Following a crisp sound, Jacob's sword broke and he was sliced in two.

A blood-thirsty glint flashed past the eyes of the Raging Waves Sacred Swordsman Lucero, and, as if a sea of raging waves, he suddenly slashed at Julio

Julio's complexion changed dramatically and he raised his sword to block in front of him.

Ding! Following a crisp sound, Julio was sliced in twine by Sacred Swordsman Lucero's strike, blood spraying everywhere, dying on the spot.

Lightning Sacred Swordsman Cassius and Raging Waves Sacred Swordsman Lucero went all out. Wherever their sword rays passed, high-ranking officers of the 6 corps were sliced in twine, unable to withstand a blow.

The smell of blood pervaded the quarters.

Within the quarters, shocked, the high-ranking officers watched Yang Feng sitting in the seat of honor with a look of fear in their eyes.

It didn't took long for the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps within the quarters to be massacred.

Yang Feng said lightly: "Andro!"

Andro immediately stepped forward and responded deferentially: "Sir Marshal, your subordinate is listening."

Yang Feng said coldly: "These people dared to resist arrest. Immediately draw up a list and send it back to the military department, declare them as rebels!"

Andro replied respectfully: "Yes! Sir Marshal!"

The high-ranking officers of the 4 main corps were even more frightened when they heard that.

Once the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps were identified as rebels, their family members would be reduced to slaves, without any chance to turn their fates around.

Ennio, Duccio, Gian, and Giacomo looked at each other with fear in their eyes. They already guessed that Yang Feng would organize a show of strength, yet little did they know how fierce it would be.

The massacre of the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps meant that the strength of the 120,000 troops would suffer greatly. Ennio, Duccio, Gian, and Giacomo didn't expect Yang Feng to be so heavy-handed toward the 6 corps with André looming over him.

Yang Feng smiled gently at the high-ranking officers of the 4 corps and said: "You needn't worry, I am still a very reasonable person. If you do not violate my orders, then such unpleasant things won't happen a second time."

Ennio said loudly at once: "We will never violate your orders, Sir Marshal!"

"We will never violate your orders, Sir Marshal!" Uniform yet somewhat fearful voices echoed in the quarters.

Yang Feng nodded with satisfaction. Although they might not have submitted to him in heart and mind, but they were unlikely to disobey his orders.

After taking care of the high-ranking of the 6 corps, Yang Feng immediately took his directly subordinated 100,000 troops to separate and surround the 6 corps.

Leaderless, the 6 corps were taken over by Yang Feng without any resistance. He captured the confidants of the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps and sent them to the St. Tulan City.

When the Wizards of the 6 corps witnessed Yang Feng's methods, they chose to acquiesce in Yang Feng's actions. After all, as the imperial marshal, Yang Feng had the power to control all troops.

Yang Feng carried a purge in the 6 corps, then transferred some troops from the imperial guards and city guards to the 6 corps to augment them.

Before long, the 6 corps were under Yang Feng's control.

Of course, because a large number of high-ranking officers were purged, the fighting strength of the 6 corps fell sharply and morale plummeted.

After purging the 6 corps, Yang Feng didn't rush to the Tandoo Province, but gathered all his troops in the Burgas City and began military training, drilling his directly subordinated 100,000 troops as well as the 120,000 troops of the 6 corps day and night.

In front of the Newton City.

300,000 troops firmly surrounded the Newton City. When André killed his way over from the Gahelid Province, he was only accompanied by 100,000 frontier troops. However, along the way, he recruited the defeated troops, and his army swelled up to 300,000 troops. Besides, the 300,000 troops were basically field troops or local troops and had substantial fighting prowess.

A document in hand, André creased his eyebrows tightly, and then sighed slowly: "How cruel! He killed so many high-ranking officers, how cruel!"

Anzolev's eyes flashed with a strange light, and he said solemnly: "Yes, he is very fierce. It seems that we underestimated him. Like this, the 6 corps have truly fallen under his control. Although the battle prowess of the 6 corps fell by a lot due to the purge. However, if he is given a few months' time, we'll be facing a formidable monster that has been completely integrated. Your Highness, it's time to make up your mind! We can't give him time!"

André contemplated for a long time, pacing about in the room. Finally, his eyes flashed with a fierce glint, and he gritted his teeth, saying: "Alright! Anzolev, contact them! Tell them that I agree to their conditions!"

Anzolev lowered his head slightly, a look of joy deep in his eyes: "Yes, Your Highness!"

Chapter 298 – The Newton City Falls

The Newton City, inside the city master's mansion.

Eyes puffy and face haggard, Arseniy, the governor of the Tandoo Province, powerlessly collapsed on a large, soft sofa in the study.

Lately, André had probed the city twice. Each time, by relying on the city wall, he was beaten back by the army led by Arseniy. However, André's warriors were brave and resourceful in battle, leaving Arseniy greatly shocked.

As the party defending a city, Arseniy should have occupied an extremely advantageous position. But in actual battle, the casualty ratio was 1:3 in favor of André.

If it hadn't been for Andre's unwillingness to waste too many of his elites on the Newton City, he might have taken the city by now.

As the city master, Arseniy was under tremendous pressure these days, often waking up in the middle of the night for fear of André forcing his way into the city.

As a strong supporter of the Orthux Family, someone who burned an unknown number of bridges with André, Arseniy didn't dare to surrender to André. He could only use all his strength to resist Andre's offensive.

Arseniy massaged his temples, musing continuously: "Things cannot go on like this. I should recruit more troops tomorrow. 50,000, no, 100,000 people!!"

Suddenly, the door was opened, and a tall, 17- or 18-year-old, gorgeous girl with fiery curves walked in with a bowl of chicken soup in her hands.

Arseniy frowned and barked: "Sua, haven't I ordered not to be disturbed?"

Sua was one of Arseniy's concubines, his favorite concubine, to boot. He had ordered that apart from military key personnel, no one else was to bother him. Now that he saw Sua, he couldn't help but feel angry.

Gentle, Sua smiled sweetly, saying: "Master, you haven't eaten well for days now! I just came to give you a bowl of chicken soup, to make you feel better. I'll return after leaving you the chicken soup."

Arseniy looked at Sua's sweet smile, and his anger slowly ebbed, nodding.

Taking seductive steps, Sua walked toward Arseniy.

"Little minx!" Swallowing, eyes burning with the fire of passion, Arseniy hugged Sua.

Arseniy had just embraced Sua, when her blue irises quickly turned pitch-black, a pair of goat horns sprouted from her head, and bizarre magic runes covered her snow-white face.

"You..." Arseniy was greatly astonished by what he saw, and his eyes flashed with panic. Just as he was about to shout, a sharp claw pierced his chest, then exerted strength and dug out his heart.

Arseniy trembled a few time. Despair glimmering in his eyes, he saw Sua swallow his heart with a smile on her face.

"This human's heart is indeed difficult to stomach. Sure enough, it's only the hearts of peak human powerhouses that taste delicious."

Sua seductively licked Arseniy's blood on her lily-white hand, revealing a beautiful, dangerous, and alluring smile.

The body of a middle-aged man lay next to a fiend-like beautiful woman, painting a strange, dangerous, and beautiful picture.

With a flick of her wrist, a long sword appeared in her hand. She slashed at Arseniy's corpse and severed his head, then reached out and collected the rest of his body.

Sua was suddenly covered in faint, black gas, and all the abnormalities about her disappeared and she reverted into a sweet and beautiful girl.

Sua opened the door and said lightly to the guards standing outside: "Sir is tired and needs a good rest. Keep watch, don't let anyone enter for 2 hours."

The guards replied respectfully: "Yes!"

Sua swaggered out of the city master's mansion under the watchful eyes of countless powerhouses.

Once she left the city master's mansion, Sua disappeared into the darkness.

Soon after, brilliant fireworks rose from the Newton City.

"Attack the city!" When he saw the brilliant fireworks, André transmitted the order at once.

Huge weapons of war began to be operated as siege troops madly attacked the Newton City.

The Newton City, city master's mansion.

"Is Sir Governor here?!" An official came running toward the study in panic.

A guard stopped the official and said: "Sir Baker, Sir Governor is resting, and nobody is permitted to see him."

Baker barked: "Get out of the way. André began his offensive. Sir Governor needs to go take charge of the situation."

The complexion of the guard changed slightly and he immediately stood aside.

Baker pushed open the door to the study, where he saw Arseniy's head lie on the desk, and he issued an ear-piercing screech: "Sir Governor was murdered! Who, who murdered Sir Governor?!"

The guards outside rushed into the study, and saw the dead Arseniy, a look of horror in their eyes.

The news of Arseniy's death soon spread throughout the Newton City. When the warriors of the Newton City heard this news, their morale plummeted. Many high-ranking officers chose to surrender to André on the spot. From there, things quickly went downhill.

It wasn't long before the Newton City fell under André's control.

Once the Newton City fell, the entire Tandoo Province basically followed suit. Cities that had André's envoys dispatched to them surrendered at once.

After he took the Newton City, André left behind a division in charge of reorganizing the surrendered troops of the Newton City, and then commanded the army to frantically charge toward the Notice Province.

Along the way, the cities of the Notice Province surrendered at the first opportunity. As soon as André's army arrived, the gates of those cities would open, and the military and governmental officials would come out to surrender.

The main forces of the Notice Province had already gathered in the Burgas City, and even the local troops were transferred away by Yang Feng.

After André's army barged into the Notice Province, it slowed down its pace and cautiously advanced toward the Burgas City.

André's cautious advance gave Yang Feng no chances to mount sneak attacks. At the same time, his reinforcements entered the Notice Province in a steady flow from the rear.

So long as Yang Feng was defeated in the Notice Province, there would be no other force capable of contending with André's army on the way to the St. Tulan City.

Many forces of the Morrince Empire were now on the sidelines, observing the struggle between the 2 princes, Andre and Garça, having no intention of getting themselves involved in the whirlpool.

If Yang Feng was defeated, André would gain a huge advantage, taking him a few steps closer to the throne of the Morrince Empire.

Faced with André's steady advancement, Yang Feng just holed himself up in the Burgas City, methodically training his troops as usual, enhancing their battle prowess.

Originally, some feeling of insecurity had pervaded the Burgas City. But when the people witnessed Yang Feng training the troops, their worries eased by a lot.

At the same time, without attracting attention, Andro often escorted mysterious convoys shrouded in heavy curtains into the Burgas City.

All those who tried to get close to the convoys disappeared into the darkness, and even their bodies couldn't be found.

On the other hand, in the St. Tulan City, a rumor stating that Yang Feng purged the high-ranking officers of the 6 corps in preparations to establish his independence spread like wildfire.

In the imperial study.

Pacing back and forth, eyes twinkling with anxiety, Garça suddenly said: "Bracy, Ian is biding his time in the Burgas City, drilling his troops day and night. Say, are the rumors about him true?"

A look of surprise in his eyes, Bracy responded loudly: "Your Majesty, this is just an attempt of His Highness to drive a wedge between us. Duke Ian would never betray you at this time! You mustn't change generals amid war. That's a big taboo!!!"

Garça dismissed that idea, an embarrassing smile on his face: "I know that it's an attempt to drive a wedge between us on André's part. But holling himself up in the Burgas City; how can Ian defeat André!"

Bracy replied with a smile: “Your Majesty, although Duke Ian has hundreds of thousands of troops under him, but they come from different places. It’s very difficult to have a perfect command over them. Besides, although the army is great in number, but it isn’t necessarily a match for André’s frontier army in terms of fighting strength. I think that Duke Ian’s response is quite appropriate. As long as he sticks to the Burgas City, we can slowly consume André. With the entire empire behind us, we have unlimited potential.”

Garça officially ascended the throne in the St. Tulan City and was nominally the emperor of the Morrince Empire. Although the various regions of the Morrince Empire watched the battle between the 2 princes unfold from the sideline, but if Garça’s imperial court issued orders, the government organizations of those regions would obey the orders so long as they weren’t irrational

This meant that Garça could get a steady stream of support – money and people – from the Morrince Empire. What he lacked was the time to convert the money and people into fighting strength.

With each passing day, Garça’s position as the emperor was further consolidated. Thus, the longer things were delayed, the better it was for him. This was the advantage of controlling a huge empire.

Far behind the front lines, Garça used the funds in the treasury to form 10 new corps in one go and began training them. It would only take some time to get 200,000 more troops. Of course, the battle prowess of these 200,000 troops would be far below that of seasoned troops.

Chapter 299 – Troops Surround the Burgas City

The St. Tulan City was the symbol of imperial power of the Morrince Empire, and any prince who occupied it was the default emperor. Before the emperor was overthrown by another prince, the rest of the provinces of the Morrince Empire would obey the orders issued by the St. Tulan City.

Once André captured the St. Tulan City, apart from the forces of Garça and the other princes, the rest of the provinces would obey his orders. This was an unwritten rule of the Morrince Empire.

It was for this reason that André rebelled, spearheaded a campaign against the St. Tulan City, and attacked strategical places on the way, yet had no intention of attacking other provinces.

A look of worry in his eyes, Bracy said solemnly: “However, Duke Ian was too impatient and too fierce in his methods to purge the upper echelon of the 6 corps. The battle prowess of the 6 corps took a nosedive. I don’t think that André will miss such a great chance.”

Although the purge of the upper echelon of the 6 corps left Yang Feng with full control over the 6 corps, it also greatly weakened the combat strength of the 6 corps. It was equivalent to crippling them.

After incorporating the surrendered troops of the empire a few times, André’s army exceeded 300,000 people. Yang Feng, on the other hand, shot himself in the leg by crippling the 6 corps. At present, he only had 180,000 troops with considerable fighting strength. The strength of both sides reversed.

Garça’s eyes flashed with regret, and he sighed: “He’s still too immature!”

Bracy smiled and said: "Your Majesty, don't worry. Duke Ian must have his reasons. He still has more than 300,000 troops under his control, so holding the Burgas City isn't an issue. So long as he stays put, strives to buy us more time, and consumes André's forces, the final victors will still be us."

Garça's eyes glimmered with apprehension, and he sighed slowly: "I hope so!"

The Notice Province.

After André and his main forces converged, he bulldozed his way forward. Wherever he and his army passed through, the cities of the Notice Province would surrender and change sides.

A huge circle slowly formed around Burgas City, completely enveloping it.

Yang Feng just looked on coldly. From time to time, he would send cavalry squads to consume André's units. When they were met with André's main force, the cavalry squads would immediately choose to withdraw in the Burgas City.

Amid the scattered fights, Yang Feng killed nearly 4,000 of André's troops.

However, André wasn't bothered by the loss of these troops, and continued to narrow the encirclement in an orderly manner, like a noose wrapped around the Burgas City.

After forming the huge encirclement, André commanded an army that expanded to 460,000 people to surround the Burgas City.

Underneath the scorching sun, outside the Burgas City, there were countless banners and barracks stretching endlessly.

Atop the Burgas City's city wall, some warriors watched the mighty enemy outside the city, and their hearts surged with fear.

André arrived before the Burgas City and shouted loudly: "I am Andre! Earl Ian, I want to talk to you!"

André's voice, which went through Star Knight rank qi amplification, covered the whole Burgas City, as if it sounded right next to everyone's ears.

Accompanied by numerous ministers, Yang Feng went up the city wall. He looked at André from afar and said with a faint smile: "Your Highness André, what else is there to talk about? Are you going to surrender?"

"Ian, I mobilized 800,000 troops to surround the Burgas City! You are on your own in the city and there won't be any reinforcements coming. You have fewer than 300,000 troops capable of combat. Besides, you purged the high-ranking officers of 6 corps, crippling their fighting strength. Therefore, you have less than 200,000 troops capable of combat. It will only take 3 days at most to break through the Burgas City."

"Ian, I admire you very much. If you surrender, I will not only spare your life, but also let you continue to be the earl of the Red Earth Wasteland." André said with a spirited and confident smile.

Yang Feng replied with a faint smile: "André, I do still have 300,000 troops under my control. You are underestimating me if you think that I'll surrender from just a few sentences!"

André smiled and clapped his hands: “Very well. Let me show you the real strength and ace of the southern army.”

A black-robed Archwizard took out a black cloth, then silently recited an incantation and pointed to the black cloth. Immediately after, magic light entered the black cloth.

Black light emerged from the black cloth, and 30-meter-tall behemoths with body as flat as a football field and 8 sturdy and short legs appeared in front of everyone. The behemoths were covered in black scales, and had a 3-meter-long curved blade on their heads.

When Chiron saw the behemoths, his face changed dramatically, and he exclaimed: “Black-scaled siege behemoths! Damn it, their one of the empire’s strongest siege weapons. They mobilized the behemoths, we’re screwed!!!”

Atop the city wall, the complexions of the upper echelon in the Burgas City changed greatly and their eyes glimmered with dismay.

Black-scaled siege behemoth were a kind of siege behemoths that the God of War Barrios bred from various kinds of siege divine beasts and other species.

Black-scaled siege behemoths were immune to Disintegrate and many other deadly spells, and their magic resistance and physical resistance were first class. Their only weakness was their slow movement speed and reaction. However, as siege weapons, they were very outstanding.

Only a huge city like the Burgas City could withstand a collision with black-scaled siege behemoths. The city walls of some small cities, on the other hand, would collapse from a strike.

Even though the Burgas City was a huge city, but André’s men could still stand atop the black-scaled siege behemoths and shoot down the warriors atop the Burgas City’s city wall.

Black-scaled siege behemoths were a treasure of the southern army, their numbers very few. It cost at least 60 million gold coins to breed a siege behemoth. Besides, the maintenance and food expenses for a single behemoth were upwards of 1 million gold coins per year. The southern army only had 4 such behemoths.

Now, the 4 black-scaled siege behemoths appeared in front of the Burgas City. Seeing the 4 terrifying behemoths, which were taller than the Burgas City’s city wall, the moral of the warriors atop the city wall plummeted.

The 4 black-scaled siege behemoths resembled 4 lofty, movable city walls. As soon as the 4 terrifying black-scaled siege behemoths appeared, the advantage of the Burgas City’s city wall was reduced by a lot.

A complacent smile of his face, André clapped his hands.

An Archwizard took out a black pouch and tossed. The pouch radiated black light that landed on the ground.

Eyes dull, profound and mysterious magic runes engraved on their bodies, 20-meter-tall, bald giants holding a 15-meter-long wolf tooth club each appeared in front of everyone.

His voice trembling, Chiron exclaimed: "Golem giants!"

The golem giants were war weapons refined from the bodies of giants the Light Primary God Prados defeated.

Prados had taken the best golem giants back to his divine country, leaving only a few defective products in the secular world. But even the defective golem giants had frightening battle prowess. When they brandished the huge wolf tooth clubs, even demigod rank powerhouses wouldn't be willing to meet the golem giants head on.

One after another, for a total of 8, golem giants appeared on the battlefield.

When the upper echelon atop the Burgas City's city wall saw the 8 golem giants, their expressions turned very unsightly.

If André had no Wizard squad under his command, then by relying on the power of Wizard squads, the Burgas City would have a chance to get rid of the 8 golem giants after paying a great price. However, the power of Wizard squads under André might be greater than that of Wizard squads commanded by Yang Feng. Under such circumstances, the Burgas City had no way to deal with the 4 black-scaled siege behemoths and 8 golem giants.

André's eyes flashed with a fierce light and he barked: "Ian, Chiron, you stand no chance at victory. If you don't surrender, I will attack the Burgas City with all I have. When I break through the city wall, the whole city will be slaughtered!! Your friends and family will be reduced to slaves on a the charge of treason and sink into ruin."

When his words fell, the complexions of the upper echelon atop the city wall changed dramatically, and strange gazes fell on Yang Feng.

Seeing how strong André's forces were, many people secretly had a change of heart. Apart from Garça's hard-core supporters, no one was willing to throw their lives away for Garça in a war that could not be won.

Yang Feng clapped his hands and praised with a smile: "Amazing! Really amazing! Your Highness André, you are too modest. With these forces, you can break through the Burgas City's city wall within 2 days at the most."

The upper echelon atop the city wall stared at Yang Feng dumbstruck, unable to believe their ears. For Yang Feng to say such a thing at this critical time was a blow to the morale of the defenders.

Frowning slightly, André had an ominous premonition. Yang Feng's calm demeanor left him very disturbed.

Chapter 300 – Flood

Yang Feng smiled faintly and said: "Unfortunately, you don't have that much time! Listen, can you hear the sound of rolling waves coming from afar?"

André frowned slightly. Suddenly, his complexion changed greatly, then he pointed at Yang Feng and said in a trembling voice: “You destroyed the Humanta Dam!”

When they heard that, the faces of the officials of the Notice Province changed dramatically, and they looked at Yang Feng with fear and incredulity in their eyes.

The Humanta Dam was built in the upper reaches of the Dagdomani River, a river that crossed the entire Notice Province. Before the Humanta Dam was built, the Notice Province was often plagued by floods. After the dam was built, however, the climate of the Notice Province became propitious, water became easily accessible, and the province quickly developed.

Once the Humanta Dam was destroyed, the Notice Province would be flooded, and more than 10 million residents of the province would lose their homes.

André didn’t expect Yang Feng to be so ruthless as to destroy the Humanta Dam.

Yang Feng smiled faintly, not admitting to it.

A white line rose in the distance, sweeping everything in its wake. It swept their way with a frightening force, swallowing everything.

“Retreat! Retreat immediately!!” When André saw the white line in the distance, his face changed dramatically, and he snarled frantically.

Outside the Burgas City, under the leadership of their high-ranking officers, the warriors of the southern army panicked and ran away like ants.

Yang Feng ordered faintly: “Cast spells to strengthen the city wall!”

“Yes! Sir!” Standing next to Yang Feng, Barros, the head of a Wizard squad, replied respectfully.

Wizards silently chanted incantations and conjured spells they prepared the day before to strengthen the city wall.

Magic light fell onto the city wall, making the city wall, which had an astonishing defense to begin with, firmer.

The flood was fierce and as swift as a clap of thunder. With the power to smash everything, it swept over and slammed into the 460,000 troops under André’s command.

The 460,000 troops that André had painstakingly recruited and trained were washed away by the flood as if ants.

The frightening flood mercilessly hit the Burgas City’s city wall and shook it. But the city wall could withstand the bombardment of Legend rank spells to begin with. After being blessed with spells, even demigod rank powerhouses may not be able to destroy the dreadful city wall with a strike.

Like a reef, the Burgas City withstood the hammering of the waves.

Following glimmers of magic light, Wizards subordinated to André conjured spells and rose into the air.

“Fire!” Following Yang Feng’s command, as if locusts, numerous bolts and arrows were fired at the Wizards under André’s command.

Faced with the rain of arrows and bolts, the magic covers surrounding the Wizards subordinated to André collapsed one after another, and the Wizards were shot into sieves and dropped from midair.

“Restricted Airspace!” Barros and the other Wizards in the Burgas City cast Spirit Resonance, then pointed at the Wizards midair with the magic staffs in their hands and conjured the Legend rank spell Restricted Airspace.

A formidable magic fluctuation enveloped the area, and the Wizards flying midair fell into the flood as if dumplings.

As soon as the Wizards fell into the flood, they immediately cast various spells in an attempt to escape from it.

However, as they didn’t expect to come across a flood, they hadn’t prepared appropriate spells in advance. Apart from a few dozen people, when the rest of the Wizards fell into the flood, they struggled for a bit before turning still.

The terrifying flood swept nearly all of André’s 460,000 subordinated troops away, with only the 4 black-scaled siege behemoth still standing up to the impact of the flood. The people standing on the football-field-like, flat backs of the behemoths were the high-ranking officers under André’s command.

The 8 golem giants were washed away by the scary flood in the first moment, tumbling downstream.

After the flood calmed down a little, prepared beforehand, warships were released from atop the city wall.

The cargo Andro stealthily moved to the Burgas City could be assembled into warships.

Ennio, Duccio, Gian, and Giacomo led their men aboard the warships to attack André’s party.

The Dagdomani River crossed the Notice Province. Although the 4 corps weren’t specialized maritime troops, but they could still ride the warships and fight using crossbows.

“Fire Dragon!” Standing atop the warships, Barros and the other Wizards unleashed Spirit Resonance, then silently chanted incantations and pointed at André’s party.

Suddenly, flame dragons emerged and barreled toward André and his men on the backs of the black-scaled siege behemoths.

“Sky Flower Water Curtain!” The Wizards atop the backs of the 4 black-scaled siege behemoths also performed Spirit Resonance. Suddenly, water screens emerged above them.

The flame dragons descended and intertwined with the water curtains, issuing sizzling sounds and giving rise to large expanses of fog.

As the Wizards engaged, bolts, as if locusts, shot toward André and his men atop the backs of the 4 black-scaled siege behemoths from the warships.

In the dense rain of bolts, formidable officers of the southern army fell one after another. At the same time, some Wizards whose defenses were lacking were shot dead and fell to the ground or into the water.

Standing on the back of a black-scaled siege behemoth, André brandished his sword, unceasingly deflecting the rain of bolts, his eyes shot with blood and his heart torn with grief.

In this war, the 100,000 elites he brought from the southern army were swept away by Yang Feng. Simultaneously, there were heavy casualties among the elite surrendered troops. Once he retreated to the south in defeat, everything would have been for naught.

Garça could use this period of time to cement his position atop the throne. As time went on, he would sit ever more stably on the throne and André would have no chance to turn the tables around.

A high-ranking officer with Star Knight rank cultivation base bellowed as he deflected the bolts: “Your Highness André, run away! We’ll stay behind to cover the rear! Take revenge for us in the future!!!”

“Your Highness André, quickly leave this place! Avenge us in the future!”

“...”

Eyes shot with blood, the high-ranking officers of the southern army shouted.

As long as André didn’t die, there would come a day when the families of the high-ranking officers of the southern army would have a change in their fortune. But if André were to die here, the high-ranking officers would be labeled as traitors and their families would sink to the lowest rung.

Gritting his teeth, André’s figure flickered, and he shot toward the water as if a big bird. His shoes flashed with blue magic light. Suddenly, a mirror appeared below his feet.

Treading atop mirrors, André’s figure flickered as he fled into the distance.

If he stayed behind, then even if he and his men fought bitterly, the best case scenario would be him ending up as a prisoner. Decisive, he chose to retreat.

The warriors of the 4 corps weren’t specialized maritime troops, after all. They could only watch André escape.

Yang Feng said suddenly: “Chiron!”

Chiron’s eyes glittered with a complex look, and he replied respectfully: “Yes, Sir Marshal!”

Complicated looks in their eyes, many high-ranking officers atop the city wall focused their gazes on Yang Feng.

André’s army, which previously seemed practically invincible, was completely defeated by the flood, suffering heavy casualties. However, the destruction of the Humanta Dam also turned the Notice Province into an inundated area. Consequently, more than 10 million residents of the Notice Province would be left destitute and become refugees. Although the battle was won, but the Notice Province might very likely take decades to regain its vigor.

However, a victory was still a victory. Yang Feng destroyed André's forces and reversed the situation in one go. No one could defy him. His prestige in the army reached a peak.

Yang Feng spoke lightly: "I'm leaving you in charge. I'm going back to take a rest."

Chiron responded respectfully: "Yes! Sir Marshal!"

Relying on the 4 black-scaled siege behemoths, although André's remnant forces struggled bitterly, but their loss was inevitable. There was no need for Yang Feng to assume command.

When Yang Feng left the city wall, his body collapsed into white mist and faded away.

Panting heavily, André sped away. He had already fled for tens of kilometers. Nevertheless, he could still see the repulsive flood everywhere. Looking at the flood, he felt like there was a knife lodged in his heart. The rest of the troops didn't matter. But the 100,000 elites he brought from the southern army were the strongest troops under his command as well as his foundation. The loss outside of the Burgas City was a heavy blow to him.

"Your Highness André, please don't be in a rush to leave." A black light dropped from the sky, landed in front of André, and revealed Yang Feng's figure. A light smile on his face, Yang Feng blocked André's escape route.

André's pupils constricted slightly, and a ferocious light glimmered in his eyes, saying coldly: "Ian, have you come to take my head and give it to Garça? Interesting! I'd like to see what gives you the confidence to come after me alone!"