

Hail the King 1001

Chapter 1001: The Competition Between Warriors (Part One)

At the beginning of the party, the atmosphere was a little cold.

Drogba and other simple-minded warriors of Chambord glanced at the guests who were sitting across from them in curiosity.

They were notified by Brook, so they roughly knew about the identities of these orc masters. These warriors of Chambord were curious toward the orc masters, but they were a little hostile since these masters weren't of the same race as them, and people rarely talked.

However, the orcs didn't care that much. They were defeated by the great food and liquor in front of them, and they focused all their attention on devouring and eating.

In the end, the orcs who had never enjoyed themselves like this before all got hyped up.

“So tasty! The liquor is too good!” O'Neal almost ate his tongue, and he thought to himself, “Oh, this place must be a paradise! Beast God! Please let me live here forever!”

Under the effect of alcohol, the simple-minded and straightforward O'Neal of the Bear Clan exposed his personality first. He completely let go of himself.

Bam! O'Neal took off the helmet that covered half of his head, and his iron-pillar-like arms grabbed an oak barrel that weighed about half a ton, raised it over his head, and chugged it down his throat.

Seeing the face of an orc for the first time, the officials of Chambord instantly gasped.

However, O'Neal's head wasn't vicious and ugly like what people had thought. Instead, it looked cute and naively-charming.

O'Neal's movements and straightforwardness instantly made the Chambordians who were sitting across from the orcs not repel them that much.

Since O'Neal did it already, other orcs who had a hard time suppressing themselves threw Great Priest Nash's words to the back of their minds and copied O'Neal.

Sitting beside O'Neal, Nowitzki of the Bull Clan laughed and took off the giant helmet that blocked his head a little. Then, he started chugging down liquor like O'Neal.

Great Priest Nash wanted to instantly stop them, but he heard cheers coming from one side of the palace; the warriors of Chambord were clapping and cheering for the directness of the two orcs. This cunning fox suddenly realized something, and he smiled and whispered to other peers beside him.

Quickly, other orcs who were still trying to act modestly took off the helmets and armor that covered their identities, revealing their real appearances.

"Great! They are indeed the most direct and straightforward race out there, just like what the legends have recorded!" Sitting amongst the high-level officials of Chambord, black-haired Drogba slapped his thigh and shouted.

This simple-minded man grabbed an oak barrel beside him that weighed about half a ton, and he walked to O'Neal of the Bear Clan and laughed, "From your appearance, I can tell that you are a great man. Do you dare to compete with me to see who the better drinker is?"

"Why not?" O'Neal didn't think that a human could easily lift a liquor barrel that weighed about half a ton. It was clear that Drogba's physical strength was mighty, and his impression of Drogba got better.

O'Neal flexed his biceps that were as thick as Drogba's waist, and he laughed while standing up in provocation.

Drogba was a giant man in Chambord, but he looked small standing in front of O'Neal; he only reached O'Neal's lower chest.

Without saying anything else, they each lifted the oak barrel in their hands, and they started gulping down the fine liquor.

In the end, they raised the barrels above their heads and chugged the liquor down into their stomachs.

“Damn it! These two b*stards are wasting my great liquor!” the king murmured in his mind. While O’Neal and Drogba chugged down liquor this way, at least one-third of the drink poured onto their bodies and on the ground.

However, alcohol was a fantastic substance. The king wanted these b*stards under his command to get along and become friends with the orc masters.

Chapter 1001: The Competition Between Warriors (Part Two)

Although Drogba always caused trouble, he was smart despite his rough edges. He was probably doing this since he understood the king’s intention, and he wanted to use this method to close the gap between Chambordians and the orcs.

The orcs were used to being upfront and straightforward, so Drogba’s behavior fit their taste.

While others cheered and whistled, the two tough men finally finished the competition and got the result.

Drogba lost, but it wasn’t fair and square. O’Neal’s mouth was bigger than his, and this orc master’s throat was wider than his. Therefore, this master of the Bear Clan had a natural advantage, and he finished drinking the entire barrel 30 seconds before Drogba and claimed the victory.

Drogba’s natural disadvantage couldn’t be overcome in this ‘brute’ competition.

However, in the end, these two guys who were muscular and simple-minded grew to like each other.

“Damn! Able to compete with me in drinking? You are the first!” O’Neal patted Drogba’s shoulder.

“Can compete with me in drinking and win by a bit? You are the first as well!” Drogba wasn’t willing to be outdone, so he jumped up and patted O’Neal’s shoulder as well.

Then, the two looked at each other and laughed.

At the same time, during the loud chatter in the palace, people like Pierce and Oleg walked around with oak barrels in their arms and found their drinking partners such as Nowitzki of the Bull Clan and Duncan of the Centaur Clan. They played drinking games and quickly got along.

Under the effect of alcohol, the warriors of the two races quickly became friends since they were all friendly and simple-minded deep-down.

The atmosphere in the palace quickly heated up.

Fei squinted his eyes and smiled like a cunning fox that successfully stole a chicken for dinner.

People walked around, toasted, played games, and laughed together.

Under the king's subtle push and Great Priest Nash's intentional tolerance, the party moved toward its climax.

“Drinking is nothing! If you dare, compete by physical strength with me!” someone who was drunk and lost a drinking game shouted recklessly.

This suggestion instantly received cheers and claps.

Bam! As the crowd moved to the sides, Drogba moved a big cubic-shaped stone that was a little more than one meter tall into the center of the palace. Then, he started to arm-wrestle his new friend, O'Neal of the Bear Clan. The other warriors of Chambord and the orc masters circled them as they shouted and cheered for their peers.

In terms of power, O'Neal of the Bear Clan was levels above Drogba. O'Neal was already at peak Burning Sun Realm, and Drogba was only at mid-tier Full Moon Realm; the difference between them couldn't even be measured.

In terms of body size, O'Neal was about three meters tall, and Drogba was only about two meters tall.

However, in the arm-wrestling match, only physical strength was allowed. With this rule in place, Drogba was no longer in a big disadvantage. Although the warriors of the Bear Clan were born with insane physical strength, and O'Neal was one size larger than Drogba, Drogba had taken [Hulk

Potion], and his physical strength was stimulated to an unimaginable degree; he wasn't weaker than a large bear.

The two of them had three matches, and the result almost made the orc masters' eyes pop out of their eye sockets.

Drogba won two to one!

The orcs were known for their superior physical strength, and they couldn't accept this result; they all stood out to challenge the warriors of Chambord.

A fascinating arm-wrestling competition started.

Duncan of the Centaur Clan, Nowitzki and Artest of the Bull Clan, and Iverson of the Leopard Clan...

Pierce, Oleg, Robbin, and Brook...

Quickly, the outcomes of these matches made the orc masters feel dispirited.

Even Great Priest Nash who was secretly observing this got surprised, and he thought, "These clans are known for their great physical strength in the Behemoth Orc Tribe, but they lost more than half of the time. Are all Chambordians strongmen?"

"Pure physical strength doesn't mean much." Iverson of the Leopard Clan decided to use another method to redeem themselves.

Chapter 1002: Saber Technique (Part One)

Iverson of the Leopard Clan ignored O'Neal of the Bear Clan and Nowitzki of the Bull Clan's angry stares, and he intentionally bashed physical strength and suddenly drew the curved saber from his waist. Then, silver light flashed as whistling noises sounded. A big pineapple was cleaned, cut into 64 identical pieces, and presented on the stone table.

"Nice saber technique!" Applause, cheers, and whistles instantly sounded in the palace.

Iverson didn't use any unique energy; he only relied on his pure physical strength and technique.

This saber technique was stunning and perfect to the teeth. No wonder the Leopard Clan was known for speed and techniques in the Behemoth Orc Tribe.

"Hehehe, warriors of Chambord, which one of you can do the same thing?" Iverson provoked with a dirty smile on his face.

Now, O'Neal and Nowitzki ignored what Iverson said about physical strength and smiled so much that their faces wrinkled a lot. Iverson finally turned the table around, and all the orc masters felt proud and instantly started to cheer.

Although the simple warriors like Drogba, Pierce, and Oleg were unwilling to admit defeat, they didn't want to walk up to humiliate themselves.

The saber technique that Iverson showed was delicate and insane; these simple-minded warriors couldn't mimic it.

Great Priest Nash finally felt proud after a long time, and he looked at Fei. Surprising to him, the king still looked confident and calm.

"Let me give it a shot!" In the next moment, someone stood out from the warriors of Chambord. He was the No.1 Fast Saber of Chambord, Aryang Robbin. He was the No.1 Saber Master in the city.

Under everyone's stare, Robbin causally took a curved saber from a guard. After weighing the saber, he looked at a guard and signaled him to toss over a pineapple. When the fruit got close, Robbin shook his wrist, and a series of air-piercing noises sounded; he didn't use any warrior energy.

The crowd felt like a mass of silver light suddenly flashed before them. After they blinked and looked again, they saw an intact pineapple on the stone table.

Just as they were confused, they heard Robbin's crisp shout.

Whoop...

The rough surface of the pineapple opened like the petals of a blooming flower, revealing the bright, yellow, and tasty fruit inside. Then, like a collapsing sand sculpture, the cut-up fruit fell to the two sides and naturally displayed itself. There were exactly 64 pineapple cubes, no more no less, and they were neatly presented as well!

The entire palace froze at this moment, and it became tranquil.

“Great!” Iverson of the Leopard Clan was the first to react, and he instantly cheered, waking up others from their daze.

Instantly, cheers and whistles sounded like rumbling thunder, filling the entire palace.

The saber technique that Robbin showed was insane and godlike as well!

Right now, even an outsider could tell that Robbin’s technique was above Iverson’s.

First, Robbin used someone else’s saber, so it was only natural that he wasn’t as used to it compared to Iverson who used his own saber. Second, after Robbin cut up the pineapple, he was able to make it not fall apart instantly, which had a high requirement for both speed and technique.

Not only Iverson of the Leopard Clan, but many Chambordians were also seeing Robbin showcase his insane technique for the first time, and they were stunned and amazed by it.

“Amazing! Truly awesome!” Iverson of the Leopard Clan gave Robbin the thumbs up and said, “This is my first time seeing anyone who can use a saber to this degree. If there is an opportunity, I wish to talk to you and discuss saber techniques!”

“Of course! Your saber technique is also superb! The sharpness of your technique is beyond mine!” Robbin was as humble as ever.

Chapter 1002: Saber Technique (Part Two)

The two were both masters who were great with sabers, and they looked at each other and laughed. Without paying attention to others, they started talking about their own understanding of sabers and techniques as if no one were around.

In this unexpected, amazing atmosphere, the perfect ending of the party only came after about four hours.

Before the party was over, the simple-minded warriors of Chambord such as Drogba and the orc masters were already calling each other brothers.

Under the nature of warriors and the merging effect of alcohol, these straightforward men all felt like it was a pity that they met each other so late. Although the orc masters were much more powerful, they were simple and kind, so they didn't have the sense of superiority like the human peak Burning Sun Lords who liked to act haughty and show off.

Near the end of the party, even Great Priest Nash started to talk to the old and handsome Bast who had great a demeanor and noble aura, and they got along well.

Seeing all this, Fei sighed in his mind, "Similar people do fit together really well. In this party, these simple-minded warriors and orcs sure became fond of one another."

...

This party instantly closed the gap between Chambord and the orc masters.

In the next few days, the orcs got to walk around and check out the ancient Chambord City.

Everything on the Azeroth Continent seemed novel and interesting to them, and everything was great in their eyes; this place felt like a paradise to them.

The orcs who lived in poor conditions really wanted to live like these humans where they didn't need to worry about food and resources.

On the other hand, Great Priest Nash spent most of his time communicating with Head Minister Bast.

This intelligent master of the Fox Clan read the documents in the Royal Library of Chambord day and night, and books like [Continental History], [Human Era], [History of Humans], [Continental Hero List], and [Index of Empires] were Nash's favorite.

This priest of the Behemoth Orc Tribe was so crazy that it felt like he wanted to learn about what happened in the last 1,000 years overnight.

At the same time, a massive amount of information regarding the situation at every location of the continent flowed back to Chambord through the hummingbirds.

The [Letter Office] already grew into something terrifying in the last two years. After all, this organization used more than half of Chambord's income, and the king had been helping it in secret whenever he could. Its tentacles reached into all five regions of Azeroth, and Chambord got a grand return on its investment. In this chaotic world, the clarity and timeliness of information could determine the life and death of an empire.

Right now, even though Chambord was in the northernmost location on the continent, it knew what was happening around the continent!

Great Priest Nash also got access to most of the information there.

In reality, Fei knew that the main reason why this herald team of the Behemoth Orc Tribe risked coming to Chambord was to get to know the situation on the continent. Therefore, as long as it didn't involve the confidential information of Chambord, Fei made a copy of most intelligence reports and gave them to the orcs to read.

To this, Great Priest Nash was very thankful.

While the orc masters were indulged in this fancy and bright world, Fei took a few days and went to the Capital of Anji, periodically killing the zombies that posed a threat to the Chambordians who were temporarily living there. When killing monsters and getting stronger in the real world, Fei still chose his Barbarian character and Paladin character. However, due to the special situation, the king also moved around using his Druid character and absorbed a portion of the mystical energy.

At the same time, the mystical gold war puppets were being manufactured in the No.1 Sealed Egg in the sealed space under the Royal Palace of Anji.

Chapter 1003: The Heavenly Barrier Between Gods and Mortals (Part One)

No.1 Sealed Egg was the sealed egg that Fei and Hazel Bank discovered first. Inside was a giant beach that had no end, and the only change that took place was the speed of time. After the two mad scientists made the breakthrough in the study of the laws of time, they slowed down the speed of time in the sealed egg drastically. Now, one minute in the outside world was equal to 30 minutes in here.

However, even though everything seemed aligned, the modifications to those 5,000 sets of mystical gold armor weren't going successfully.

"The activation of the soul arrays failed," Cain and Akara sounded powerless and unwilling. "We tried many times, but it all failed. Now, it seems like the legend is real. Creating life and soul are only the privileges of the gods; those are forbidden powers. Although everything is aligned for us, and we have many convenient conditions, we still failed at the critical moments."

Fei was surprised, and he asked, "Didn't all the prior magic experiments go smoothly? I remember that you guys already decoded the god-tier magic arrays inside Dark Demonic Armor Basturk, right? There aren't any issues in theory, no?"

"Everything works in theory, that is for sure. However, many magic principles work in theory but might not work when put into practice. It is almost impossible for mortals to reach the realm of gods. That is the forbidden zone." Cain's explanation made sense. "Out there in the world, there seems to be an invisible heavenly barrier, and it is blocking the way, stopping the mortals from reaching the realm of gods. The power of this heavenly barrier is above that of the laws of nature, enforcing itself on the entire world."

"Only if you become a true god will you be qualified to give the mystical gold armor life and soul, making them powerful like Basturk." It was clear that Akara also agreed with Cain's conclusion.

"So, it means that the entity who created Basturk is a true god?" Fei suddenly realized the significance of the issue.

This enemy that was hidden in the dark was extremely powerful.

"There is no doubt about it. Even if this entity is an extremely weak god, as long as he has divinity, he can do this."

“Divinity?” Fei nodded and remembered this.

Unfortunately, the technique of condensing divinity was long lost on the continent; no one knew how to do it and step over the boundary.

The king shook his head and said, “Let’s not make guesses about gods. As to the mystical gold war puppets, is there another way to go about it?” The king was unwilling to give up right here.

There were 5,000 sets of mystical gold armor. If they could be activated and turned into war puppets, they would be equivalent to 5,000 peak Burning Sun Lords and 5,000 young lords! Chambord’s overall strength would skyrocket! The kingdom would become a super force that could complete with level 9 empires. Even if Chambord had to face the Holy Church, there was a chance that Chambord would win. Now hearing that this grand plan suddenly ran into a great obstacle, the disappointment in Fei’s mind was beyond words.

“There is no other way to activate the arrays inside these sets of mystical gold armor.” Cain shook his head.

“However, we altered some of the godly-rune magic arrays inside them. Now, these mystical gold war puppets can battle and sustain themselves using magic crystals. Putting it in exact measurements, one high-level magic crystal can last a mystical gold war puppet a full day, but their combat strength will be at Morning Sun Realm. Also, they can only battle instinctively; they don’t have Sun Anomalies and can’t communicate with others. They can only receive simple commands, so they won’t be as smart and perfect like Basturk,” Akara added to what Cain had said.

Akara’s words made Fei’s eyes brighten up.

“That is great! You should have told me that earlier! This is good. At least these sets of mystical gold armor can battle with anything as tough as level 5 combat weapons. Even if a real Sun-Class Lord has to battle one of them, this person might not be able to win.” Fei was elated.

Chapter 1003: The Heavenly Barrier Between Gods and Mortals (Part Two)

Even though these sets of mystical gold armor couldn’t be as powerful as before, they would be perfect war weapons; they were literally unkillable battle robots!

Fei calculated in joy, “Obtaining 5,000 low-tier Morning Sun Lords... It is a crazy number of masters for Chambord! Chambord’s overall strength will explode! The kingdom can now rival with level 9 empires as long as these sets of mystical gold armor are powered.”

“We have finished modifying 1,000 sets of mystical gold armor. If you can provide us with 1,000 high-level magic crystals, you will have 1,000 low-tier Morning Sun Realm mystical gold warriors serving Chambord.”

With a neutral expression on his face, Cain reached out his hand and rubbed his fingers, asking for money.

“Eh... 1,000 high-level magic crystals?” Fei froze for a second and said, “Alright, you have troubled me. Chambord temporarily doesn’t have that much wealth.”

High-level magic crystals were rare and precious. Taking the Zenit Empire for example, the empire’s annual revenue was even less than 1,000 high-level magic crystals.

Although the king had taken all the treasures from the treasure storages in the Royal Palace of Anji, almost all of it had been used in the last half year or so. Chambord’s high-speed development was fueled by almost an unlimited amount of wealth and resources. Like a giant black hole, the Chambord Kingdom was devouring and using a ton of money every second.

“However, I have this thing.” Fei took out a fist-sized blue gem from his storage ring. He smiled and said, “This is a completely purified Worldstone from Normal Mode. I’m sure it contains more energy compared to 1,000 high-level magic crystals, right?”

“Of course! Of course! It is more than enough!” Like a homeless cat that saw a steamy fish, Cain instantly took the Worldstone in excitement before turning around and heading back toward the giant No.1 Sealed Egg with Akara. Before he left, he said, “Just wait. In three days, 1,000 downgraded mystical gold war puppets will be ready to serve the kingdom. After three more months, the other 4,000 mystical gold war puppets will also be able to put into war.”

“Ah? Hey, wait a second. I have another important thing to ask you guys.” Seeing how crazy these two mad scientists were about the mystical gold armor, Fei didn’t know if he should laugh or cry. He quickly chased after them and entered the giant sealed egg.

“What about it?” Cain was so aggressive that it seemed like he was doing something naughty with a girl and got interrupted. He stared at Fei angrily and said, “I will give you three minutes. Quickly tell me what is going on.”

“It is like this...” In detail, Fei told them about the mysterious world behind the purple teleportation portal that he got after all seven of his characters passed Diablo World.

When Fei was done, ten minutes had passed.

However, after hearing Fei’s descriptions, Cain was no longer as anxious as before. Instead, he fell into a deep thought, and he murmured with a confused expression, “A pure and perfect world? Filled with natural elements? Green trees and a large grass plain? Rivers and smart animals? Huh... so strange. I feel like I’ve seen these scenes that you described, but how come I can’t remember any of it?”

This was the first time that Cain looked so lost and confused.

“I can’t recall; I can’t remember anything. Perhaps I dreamed of a world that is similar to what you said, and that is why I feel familiar with your descriptions.” Cain shook his head and said, “After this Mystical Gold War Puppet Project is over, you can take me to the world that you described. Perhaps I will recall something. That is all for now! Stop disturbing me! Get out!”

After saying the last sentence, Cain’s interest shifted back to the creation of the war puppets and the energy in the Worldstone. He waved his hand at Fei impatiently and dove into the laboratory. Then, he started doing all kinds of strange and complicated experiments with Akara.

These two’s apprentices, who were university students of Chambord, were moving around the giant machines and tools while assisting with all the experiments like diligent bees.

Chapter 1004: The End of An Era (Part Two)

When Fei got back to Chambord City three days later, the [Letter Office] passed back an important piece of news.

The long battle between the Holy Church and the Dragon Clan had finally ended. The Dragon Clan was defeated.

Although the Holy Church suffered a ton of casualties, it relied on its vast accumulation of strength and successfully protected its title as the most powerful force on the continent in the last 1,000 years. It finally broke through the lockdown that the Dragon Clan placed on Sicily Island.

Many people who were close to the battle claimed that on the last day of the battle where the entire Mediterranean Sea was the battleground, Holy Songs resonated in the sky, and a layer of white mist enveloped the region. People vaguely saw that angels with white wings appeared with light swords in their hands, and they slaughtered dragons and were truly invincible.

People estimated that the gods who the Holy Church worshipped in the last 1,000 years woke up at the most critical moment, and they stood up and protected their believers.

This meant that the members of the God Clan started waking up.

These great entities were going to start descending on the Azeroth Continent.

However, the Dragon Clan was one of the most powerful forces in the Mythical Era. Although they got defeated in this battle, they greatly shocked the Holy Church. Instead of getting obliterated as many people had imagined, the dragons that came to this battle and survived until now rested on Corsica Island, which was another island in the Mediterranean Sea. The dragons could still look at Sicily Island from Corsica Island, and their attitude toward the Holy Church was still hostile.

The Holy Church obtained the victory in the Holy War, but they couldn't destroy these terrifying enemies.

Both sides chose to carefully maintain the current peace.

“Clearly, the Dragon Clan also has unimaginable accumulation. Even though the Holy Church awakened the sleeping God Clan, they couldn't eliminate this terrifying race.” After reading this intelligence report, Fei's father-in-law Bast sighed and said, “Regardless of what happens from now on, this battle told the entire Azeroth Continent that the era where the Holy Church dominated the world is no longer here.”

That was true!

Fei had to admit that even though it seemed like the Holy Church won this Holy War, they had to swallow the bitter fruit of their lackluster victory. There was now a force that dared to challenge

them, and the terrifying and untouchable presence of the Holy Church that they spent 1,000 years on creating vanished during this war.

Also, the fear that billions upon billions of people had toward priests and holy knights disappeared alongside the unique presence of the Holy Church.

From some aspects, the era where humans dominated the continent was officially over.

The strategic defeat of the most powerful human force signified the powerful return of other races, and they could split the continent with humans.

This was the end of an era.

A new era was beginning.

The sense of danger on Fei's mind intensified even more after hearing the news.

The Chaos Era where hundreds of races were going to battle for territory had officially begun. It meant that every force had to quickly strengthen their power, and that would increase the chance of survival in this cold and cruel world.

Otherwise, the forces that couldn't get stronger in time would become other forces' stepping stones, getting bullied easily and dying without dignity.

The Chambord Kingdom and the Zenit Empire had to instantly increase their strength to protect themselves and survive in the Chaos Era.

At this thought, Fei's desire to establish an alliance with the Behemoth Orc Tribe got even stronger.

It was at this moment that Great Priest Nash finally said farewell to the king and wanted to go back.

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Chapter 1005: The Early Form of the Covenant (Part One)

Inside the Meeting Hall of the Administrative Center at the ancient Chambord Kingdom, Nash sincerely thanked the king for the warm reception and expressed his vast appreciation of the friendship with Chambordians. Then, he laughed and said, “Respectful Majesty, I have stayed in your territory for about ten days now, and we have a clear understanding of the continent. Now, we must return to the [Banished Land] and report everything that we know to the king clans and the Beast God Palace. We need to get ready with the mass emigration.”

“So, the orcs are going to come back to the continent?” Fei asked.

“According to the information that I know, I think the king clans and the Beast God Palace will make the decision of migration.” While talking, this priest of the Fox Clan blushed and said, “My peers and I will forever remember Your Majesty’s treatment. I hope... hope when the Behemoth Orc Tribe come out of the Endless Sea of Forests, we can still receive Your Majesty’s friendship.”

This was Nash’s way of seeking help.

In the last ten days or so, Nash understood the situation on the continent, and he learned about Fei and the Chambord Kingdom. He knew that the young king in front of him was a powerful character who could fight for the throne of domination in the Chaos Era, and he knew what level of terrifying potential that Chambord held.

Without question, from Great Priest Nash’s perspective, the Human Emperor of the North and his kingdom were like a sleeping dragon. One day, this dragon was going to wake up and soar into the sky, stunning the entire world!

From all angles, the Chambord Kingdom was the perfect partner for the orcs.

This decision wasn’t only made because Chambordians showed the same level of power, bravery, straightforwardness, and unity as the orcs. More importantly, as the king, Fei was very open-minded and warmly received the orcs. Under the influence of this honorable king, all Chambordians showed true friendliness and acceptance toward the orcs; it wasn’t fake, and Chambordians didn’t put on a show.

Great Priest Nash learned a lot about the continent in the last few days, and he knew how fragile the peace treaties that the human empires had with other races were.

Using powerful combat strength, the goblins grabbed enough resources to survive. The dwarfs and gnomes had to accept living in the heated mountains which had a harsh environment. The elves in the west were having many conflicts with the Madrid Empire and the Barcelona Empire. In this world, one rule held forever – only those with bigger fists could get the resources to survive.

Unlike other races where they opened their small worlds and almost reserved their full strength, the Behemoth Orc Tribe traveled to the [Banished Land]. The terrible environment there made the orcs struggle around the line of survival. Now, they had to travel back through the Endless Sea of Forests, and the strength of the tribe was going to further weaken. After arriving on the Azeroth Continent, the strength of the orcs couldn't be guaranteed, and it was going to be extremely tough for them to survive in this Chaos Era.

If the orcs could have a powerful human ally such as Chambord, it would be the perfect and most wise decision.

After all these days, the orcs who clearly distinguished between kindness and hatred had been treated well by Chambordians, and they felt a little embarrassed since they couldn't offer Chambord anything in return. Now, they were seeking help for the future. This made Great Priest Nash feel like he was stepping over the line, and he blushed.

Chapter 1005: The Early Form of the Covenant (Part Two)

However, Fei's attitude almost moved this priest of the Fox Clan to tears.

Without hesitation, the king replied, "No problem. I can promise that when the brave and passionate orcs get out of the Endless Sea of Forests, Chambord will do everything in its power to help a friend. We are friends, right?"

"Your Majesty, the behemoth orcs will forever remember your generosity and kindness." Great Priest Nash instantly showed more respect toward Fei, and he felt a little ashamed since he had thought that the king would be more selfish.

The image of an honorable, generous, bright, and powerful human ruler was ironed into Nash's mind.

The king almost laughed on the spot due to joy.

Fei thought to himself, "What is our purpose for spending so many resources? We want the orcs to hold gratitude toward us!"

Although Fei was laughing in his mind, he put on a caring expression and asked, "Tonight, I will host a farewell party for you. Oh, on the way back, do you need Chambord to provide any help?"

Great Priest Nash thought of something and voiced one request.

"To return Your Majesty's kindness, I want Your Majesty to send a few envoys to return to the [Banished Land] with us. My peers such as O'Neal and I will try our best to convince the king clans of Behemoth and the Beast God Palace, and we will make the orcs and Chambord into the closest allies and best friends before the caskets of our ancestors who sacrificed themselves for us."

While he said that, Nash added, "Your Majesty, don't worry. By coming here, we have already opened the ancient path. My peers and I will use our lives to guarantee the safety of the envoys."

"Oh, I see." Fei already had a plan in mind, so he asked, "How long would it take to go to the [Banished Land] from Chambord and back?"

"With strength on the level of my peers and I and traveling through the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth, we would arrive at the [Banished Land] in about half a month."

"Half a month? Going there? This fast?" Fei was quite surprised.

He thought that it would take them about a year. After all, it was rumored that gods couldn't even travel through the Endless Sea of Forests. With the full traveling speed of a peak Burning Sun Lord, they could travel about five million kilometers in half a month. This distance between the [Banished Land] and Chambord was much shorter than Fei had anticipated. The only explanation for this was that the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth was mysterious and could greatly shorten the distance."

“If this is the case, there is no need for envoys.” Fei quickly made the decision, and he said sincerely, “I will go with you.”

Allying with the orcs, resolving the impact of the orcs’ emigration, and increasing Chambord’s strength were all important strategic matters that concerned the kingdom and the Zenit Empire’s future.

Since this was so important, Fei wasn’t sure about sending other people as envoys to the [Banished Land].

Also, all the high-level officials were busy right now. After looking around and thinking for a while, Fei discovered that everyone was working overtime to help the kingdom get stronger, and only him, the delegating lord, had enough time to go to the headquarters of the Behemoth Orc Tribe for an adventure.

After all, Great Priest Nash wasn’t the ruler of the Behemoth Orc Tribe. If anything unpleasant happened in the [Banished Land], Fei was powerful enough to deal with it and not worry about his safety.

Chapter 1006: Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth (Part One)

Nash didn’t think that much.

This priest of the Fox Clan who was almost completely brainwashed by the king was thrilled, and he replied, “Your Majesty, if you can come with us, that would be perfect! With your charisma, I’m sure that the king clans of Behemoth and the Beast God Palace will agree to the alliance between the orcs and Chambord.”

The fact that the King of Chambord was going to the [Banished Land] himself showed the importance that Chambord placed on the Behemoth Orc Tribe.

Fei laughed and thought, “The human society sure is a big color pot. A simple-minded orc like Great Priest Nash only stayed in Chambord for about ten days, and he already learned how to flatter others precisely. Did he contract this from Oleg the Flatterer? Is the ability to flatter a contagious disease?”

After getting everything organized, Great Priest Nash left the palace joyously to do the last bit of preparation before leaving.

Then, Fei instantly summoned Brook, Bast, and Old Aryang in secret, and he told his most trusted officials his decision.

The three were already used to the king's ideas. Aside from worrying about his safety and asking him to bring a few guards with him, they didn't object.

After thinking for a while, it seemed like the king rarely stayed inside the kingdom; he was always on the road doing something. In the last two years, the Chambord Kingdom was used to the king not being home; it could perfectly operate and run smoothly without Fei being here.

The three wise people talked about every single detail of the king's plan, and they considered all possibilities. To make sure that the king would be safe, they made a series of plans such as Plan A, B, C, D, and E.

Although they were nagging a little, the king was still touched. It was clear that these three people truly cared about him and weren't doing this to get on his good side.

Of course, just like before, Fei's whereabouts were top-secret. Except for a few top-level officials, no one knew that Human Emperor Alexander of the North was going to leave his kingdom again.

The departure date was decided; it was going to be three days later.

By that time, the Mad Scientists Laboratory would have finished modifying the first 1,000 mystical gold war puppets, and they could be put into use.

Fei planned to separate these 1,000 'ironmen' that were all in the low-tier Morning Sun Realm into two groups. The king was going to station 500 'ironmen' at Chambord as defensive forces, and he would carry the other 500 in his storage ring; they could be taken out at critical moments as trump cards. After all, these 'ironmen' didn't have life and soul, so they could be stored in the storage rings.

At the same time, Chambord was preparing gifts.

...

Three days passed by quickly, and Fei went to the Capital of Anji.

This time, the Mad Scientists Laboratory didn't disappoint him, and they delivered the 1,000 modified 'ironmen' on time.

Inside these sets of mythical gold armor, Cain created energy storage arrays for keeping energy. Also, since the power source was the Worldstone instead of high-level magic crystals, the combat strength of these 'ironmen' increased, barely reaching the mid-tier Morning Sun Realm. Another feature was that they could battle for one hour after charging using the Worldstone aside from being able to move around for a much longer period.

"Hahaha! With these war puppets in hand, I can do anything in the world!"

After the king used 60 percent of his strength to defeat one of the mystical gold war puppets, he was greatly pleased, and he copied the showy words of Dongfang Bubai, a famous master in a traditional wuxia novel.

Chapter 1006: Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth (Part Two)

The 1,000 mystical gold war puppets were put into 20 top-tier storage rings. After everything was done, the king put the ten silver rings onto his fingers like someone who suddenly got rich overnight, looking low and uneducated.

After returning to Chambord, Fei charged 500 'ironmen' and placed them in the old Chambord City and Sky City. The king left a spirit energy seal in each of the mystical gold war puppets and taught the commands to Bast, Brook, and Old Aryang.

Then, Fei looked around and made sure that everything was taken care of, and the group set off.

Not only Fei was going on this trip. There were also Valkyrie Elena, Fei's guard Torres, and people like Drogba, Pierce, and Oleg the Flatterer. As the envoy group of Chambord to the Behemoth Orc Tribe, they brought many gifts and a lot of resources. They were following the orc masters such as Great Priest Nash and were heading to the [Banished Land] where the Behemoth Orc Tribe passed down their bloodline for the last 1,000 years.

When leaving Chambord, except for the gifts for the king clans of Behemoth and the Beast God Palace, each orc master received a top-tier storage ring filled with various resources. The generosity of Chambordians moved these simple-minded orc masters to tears.

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Of course, this was one of Fei's plans to get the orcs to favor Chambord.

These orcs who grew up with a lack of resources were poor. As peak Burning Sun Lords, they were easily influenced by several hundreds of second-hand armor and ordinary metal weapons. This just goes to show that sometimes even heroes will bend over backwards for money that they need.

The group set off from Chambord City and flew into the Endless Sea of Forests. After one day of flying, they were about 100,000 kilometers into the forests.

After another day, the team got back to the place where the team of orc masters stayed, and they rested a bit before continuing the journey.

Fortunately, with the protection of the power of totem of the orcs, they weren't attacked by emperor-level demon beasts.

However, as the group ventured deeper into the forests, the Endless Sea of Forests finally showed its fangs and terrifying power.

On the morning of the third day, the team was attacked by two emperor-level demon beasts. These two emperor-level demon beasts already had the combat force of demi-gods, and they had sturdy bodies and bloodline powers. They were hard to deal with.

After a hard battle, the team of orc masters and the envoy group of Chambord each took care of one emperor-level demon beasts.

Casualties appeared in both teams, but it was fortunate that they weren't severe. After drinking [Health Potion], they all recovered and went back to their prime.

After traveling for four more days, it was getting more and more dangerous for the group.

There were terrifying existences in the deep, primitive forests; some of the demon beasts were even above emperor-level. Some of those of demon beasts chased after the group, forcing them to flee.

Fortunately, the orc masters such as Great Priest Nash were all experienced, and the group didn't detour or get lost.

On the afternoon of this day during sunset, the group finally got somewhere as the afterglow appeared.

Great Priest Nash seemed tired, and he panted as he pointed at a single peak that pierced into the sky like a sword. He said, "We are here. That is the initial point of the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth. Using the teleportation coordinates of the ancient path, we can achieve super-long-distance teleportation."

Fei nodded and thought, "So, the so-called Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth is a series of spatial teleportation coordinates."

After about half an hour, the group reached the lonely peak.

Instead of leading everyone and climbing the mountain, Great Priest Nash led them into a forest by the mountain. While pausing and looking around, they dodged many ancient and terrifying traps.

Then, they arrived before the bottom of a cliff that was hard to reach.

Chapter 1007: Former Power and Glory (Part One)

"Ancient Beast God, please listen to the prayers of your loyal subjects..."

Great Priest Nash chanted an ancient, tragic, and grand song filled with mystery and vicissitude.

The song created a mysterious force, and the stone cliff before everyone started to react. As a series of mystical energy fluctuations appeared on the stone wall, images floated out of the cliff, showing the patterns of a gate. The orcs first kneeled in front of the gate and bowed before walking toward the gate pattern. As if they all walked through the cliff, they entered the internal space of the mountain.

This should be the power of the battle songs of the orcs. It was one type of power of totems, and it was similar to how mages chant their magic spells. However, it relied on the third type of energy aside from warrior energy and magic energy.

Fei and the other envoys of Chambord quickly followed and entered the stone cliff as if they were passing through a wall.

Inside was a giant space in the mountain, and it could hold at least 10,000 people.

Patterns of totems vaguely shined on the walls, offering light to this space and making it less dark.

In the center of the space, there was a blood-red altar, and on it stood an ancient, simple stone gate that was about 20 meters tall. Although this stone gate looked simple, it felt majestic.

“This is the beginning of the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth.” A sincere and holy expression appeared on the faces of Great Priest Nash and other orc masters.

Great Priest Nash said earnestly, “Your Majesty, do you know why this ancient path is called Ancient Path of Blood? On this ancient path of teleportation, there are more than 100 of such blood-red altars. Every single altar was created by an ancestor of the orcs, and those ancestors used their own bodies, lives, and souls. They were all True God Realm masters. In that terrifying era, the Behemoth Orc Tribe sacrificed 108 priests and masters who were in the True God Realm, creating a safe path that led to the [Banished Land] for all other members of the tribe. This path is literally created by drips of blood!”

While Great Priest Nash said that, the orc masters already had tears in their eyes.

About 1,000 years had passed, and these orc masters had listened to these stories told by their elders for tens of thousands of times. However, standing before this blood-red teleportation gate on the altar, any orc would cry, paying respect to the heroes who sacrificed their lives and souls for the continuation of the tribe.

Without these heroes who selflessly sacrificed themselves, the Behemoth Orc Tribe would have disappeared in the river of time long ago.

Hearing this, Fei and other masters of Chambord all gasped.

The king thought, “What? 108 masters in the True God Realm? The Behemoth Orc Tribe was that powerful in history?”

Although Fei knew that the Endless Sea of Forests was terrifying, he never imagined that the Behemoth Orc Tribe could only create this Ancient Path of Blood by sacrificing 108 true gods.

Now, Fei was imagining how terrifying and tragic that it must be at the end of the Mythical Era.

Then, the king thought of something deeper.

“How terrifying must the enemies be? Even the Behemoth Orc Tribe which had at least 108 true gods had to flee? They didn’t even have the courage to battle until death? Why? Did they see zero chance of winning? What really happened 1,000 years ago on the Azeroth Continent? What made the gods and demons fall into a deep sleep? What made the other races all flee the continent? What made humans survive that and become the lords of Azeroth?”

Chapter 1007: Former Power and Glory (Part Two)

Fei knew too little information regarding this topic.

The king only learned a little about that era after he ventured into the Last Ancestral Place of the dwarfs and found that blood journal of the dwarf king. Even though the journal told the king that something terrifying came, he still didn’t know what those enemies were.

In the last few days, Fei tried to get relevant information from Great Priest Nash, but it seemed like Nash also couldn’t clearly explain it.

Now standing before the altar that was created by the essence, body, godly power, and soul of a true god, even these Chambordians were stunned as they sensed a tragic and historical presence.

Great Priest Nash began to sing the twisting and tragic battle song, and the clear singing resonated inside this space. It sounded like rumbling drums, and the mystical tune lingered in the air.

Soon, streaks of blood-red flames appeared on the blood-red altar, and they all dashed into the stone gate that was about 20 meters tall.

“Supreme Beast God, I hope that you will bless your subjects! I, Jabbar of the Bear Clan, am willing to use my body to activate the gate leading to the Resting Place! I will not enter reincarnation, and I will guard the Behemoth Orc Tribe with my blood. My people... make sure that... you live on strong!”

A roar from the ancient times resonated by everyone’s ears.

A mass of deep-red light appeared on the stone gate, and a giant, vague figure of the true god of the Bear Clan could be seen.

With pity and sadness in his eyes, this figure ripped the space before him with his hands, revealing a blood-red tunnel that was filled with vicissitude.

Soon, the vague figure disappeared, and the spatial tunnel stabilized.

Tears already covered the face of O’Neal of the Bear Clan. A true god ancestor of the Bear Clan sacrificed himself to create the first blood-red altar.

“We need to pass through the tunnel as fast as we can; let’s not waste the energy of the altar.”

Great Priest Nash quickly reminded everyone before dashing into the blood-red tunnel himself.

Fei and others quickly filed in.

In the next moment, the blood-red altar dimmed down again.

The vague light coming off the totem patterns inside the belly of the mountain instantly disappeared, and boundless darkness reclaimed this space. Only the lonely soul of a true god who sacrificed himself 1,000 years ago remained in this space, waiting for the next opportunity to offer his power.

...

Fei opened his eyes when he felt light shining on his face.

A streak of bone-chilling cold wind blew by.

This was a white valley covered by ice and snow, and it was well hidden.

The white ice mountains soared into the sky from all sides, leaving a piece of sky that looked to be the size of a palm on top of the valley. There was only one thin path leading to the outside of the valley, and it was sealed by the power of ice totems. Others couldn't find or access this path to leave or enter this valley.

The snow on the ground was thick, and the feather-like snowflakes fell from the sky non-stop. As the chilly wind blew by, it felt like sharp knives were dragged across their faces.

Fortunately, everyone here was a master, and this level of chilliness didn't pose a threat to anyone.

Just as Fei expected, a blood-red altar and a stone gate hid inside this ice valley.

It seemed like this was the second stop on the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth.

It also meant that 1,000 years ago, the second orc master in the True God Realm fell at this place, using his life and soul to tear open the teleportation portal leading to the next stop for the members of his tribe.

Chapter 1008: End of the Ancient Path (Part One)

Since this was spatial teleportation, Fei couldn't detect the location and coordinates of the previous portal, so he didn't know how far they traveled. However, at the most conservative estimate, it would be more than one million kilometers.

Great Priest Nash sang the battle songs of the orcs again.

In the ice and snow, streaks of light shined on the blood-red altar. Then, the vague shadow of an orc master who had a fishtail appeared. He went to the stone gate and tore open a blood-red tunnel in the void that led to the next destination.

“He is a true god of the Fish Clan. Unfortunately, even though he paid his life and created this altar, the Fish Clan didn’t reach the [Banished Land]. To help other clans in the tribe survive, they let others go first and ended up battling to the death.”

Great Priest Nash knew everything about these 108 blood-red altars. Therefore, when the vague shadow of this orc master appeared, he introduced this figure to Fei in sadness.

“He is a god who deserves the respect of many people.” Fei and others in the envoy group of Chambord all bowed at this vague figure sincerely to pay their respect. “I believe that none of the orcs will forget about him.”

“That is for sure. The 108 statues inside the Beast God Palace hold the beliefs and spirits of the Behemoth Orc Tribe.” Although Great Priest Nash was sad, pride could still be seen on his face. “In this world, only the Behemoth Orc Tribe can have this kind of great and virtuous hero!”

Fei didn’t respond, but he had to admit that in his mind.

Behemoth orcs was a great race that deserved others’ respect, and many other races should learn from them.

“Let’s go.” The orc masters dashed into the blood-red teleportation gate first.

....

After going through 33 similar blood-red teleportation altars, it was already dark in the night.

Everyone set up the temporary campsite inside the belly of a mountain that was relatively hidden.

Right now, they were close to the center of the Endless Sea of Forests. No one knew what kinds of terrifying demon beasts were living here, but their terrifying and powerful roars penetrated the stone walls, resonating in the internal space of this mountain. These roars were enough to scare anyone, so no one was daring enough to go outside and check on these demon beasts.

According to the introductions given by Great Priest Nash, many orc masters died in the emigration from the Azeroth Continent 1,000 years ago. Except for the 108 true gods who sacrificed themselves and created the teleportation altars, many other orc masters died when battling the terrifying demon beasts at the center of the Endless Sea of Forests. After all, they had to make sure that the weaker orcs were safe, and they had to buy time for the altars to be created. Even a godly-king-level orc master of the Lion Clan was killed near this place.

Afterward, the orcs used the blood of this godly king of the Lion Clan and strengthened the stone walls of this space inside the mountain. This was the only way that this mountain held up when those terrifying creatures hit it, and that was why this internal space wasn't discovered by others.

Now, Fei and the masters of Chambord didn't dare to underestimate the behemoth orcs.

Even though they didn't have many metal weapons, they devoured the delicious human food like hungry animals, and they were envious over everything at Chambord including the rough clothes of regular citizens...

These orcs looked like poor, ignorant bumpkins who didn't have anything, but they had a great spirit, a superior belief, and an invincible will.

The Behemoth Orc Tribe was a terrifying and respectable force.

Chapter 1008: End of the Ancient Path (Part Two)

Nothing special happened during the night.

On the second day, the group started to activate blood-red altars and teleport from one place to the next.

It was evident that singing the battle songs of the orcs and opening the teleportation altars was an exhausting process. Even though Great Priest Nash was a demi-god, he was fatigued after opening 66 blood-red teleportation altars, and he couldn't hide the exhaustion on his face.

As a result, this group of people had to stay in the belly of a mountain for two days to rest before continuing the journey.

To Fei, this was an unimaginable spiritual pilgrimage, a search of moral or spiritual significance.

Every time Fei arrived before a blood-red altar, he felt like his blood boiled as he saw the vague soul figures of the true gods of the orcs from the ancient times and heard the moving and motivating stories that they left behind. Whenever that happened, Fei felt like he re-lived the scene where Martial Saint Krasic battled the martial saints of other empires and turned into ashes on the peak of Imperial Martial Saint Mountain, scattering himself over the land of Zenit.

The spiritual shocks that Fei experienced along the way solidified the king's desire to establish an alliance with the orcs.

Although they weren't of the same race and might have conflicts, Fei believed that this great tribe with unparalleled virtues was a trustworthy ally.

While going through the 108 blood-red teleportation altars, Fei didn't know how far he had traveled. He felt like he had never traveled this far in his entire life.

On the way, they experienced spring, summer, autumn, and winter, all four seasons, several times. This made the king feel like all the geographic knowledge that he learned on Earth started to make sense here. It seemed like the Azeroth Continent was a giant spherical planet many times larger than the sun in the solar system.

In all honesty, since this land was so large, Fei had thought that the flat earth theory worked here, and he once believed that this was a giant horizontal piece of land floating in a parallel universe.

...

About ten days later, the group finally reached the end of the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth.

After walking out of the last teleportation portal, they were inside a valley at a forest that had many trees.

The weather was nice, the trees were green, the water was cyan, the birds chirped, and the flowers bloomed. It was picturesque!

Under the lead of Great Priest Nash, the group walked out of the valley. In a short while, they heard loud splashing noises of waves.

When they walked to an open space, Fei discovered that they finally arrived at the end of the Endless Sea of Forests. This was a coastline.

The ocean stretched to the horizon, and blue waves rolled on the surface. Giant seagulls flew and chirped in the sky, adding to the beauty of the scenery. For these people who had been living simple lives in the last ten days or so, this was a great change.

“Huh? Are we here already?” Flatterer Oleg looked around and laughed, “This place looks great! There aren’t terrifying demon beasts around, and there are mountains, trees, water, beach...”

Before Oleg could finish, giant waves that were more than 100 meters tall suddenly appeared on the rumbling sea.

Further away, two terrifying sea creatures appeared on the surface as they roared and battled. Each of them was more than 1,000 meters long, and their roars were ear-deafening. As they battled, streaks of powerful energy dashed into the area.

Oleg instantly paled due to fear, and his legs turned to jelly before his fat butt landed on the ground.

The orc masters all started laughing.

Oleg scratched his head in embarrassment and said, “Alright, just ignore what I said and think that I didn’t speak.”

“In this sea, there are many terrifying demon beasts that can rival demi-gods. Deeper into the ocean, there are quite a lot of existences that are even more powerful. Some of them are amphibians; they would stay in the sea during the day and go on land at night. Although most of the sea creatures here are mild, some are vicious and murderous. The Behemoth Orc Tribe had stayed at this place in ancient times, but they had to continue the emigration. This place isn’t suitable for intelligent races to inhabit.”

Chapter 1009: A Giant Shadow (Part One)

While Great Priest Nash explained everything to Fei and others, the battle between the two sea creatures finished.

The monster that lost the battle looked like an alligator, had a hard, black shell, and grew six pairs of fish fins on its body. The only fate of a loser in battle here was death. This sea creature's giant body was torn into pieces, and the stinky blood dyed the seawater in a circular area of about ten kilometers in diameter. Also, the shredded flesh and severed limbs were everywhere, the nose-piercing foul smell permeated the air, and the beach quickly turned red as well. The scene was terrifying.

As a result, everyone had to pinch their noses and fly into the air.

“What should we do next? Are we going to fly across this ocean?” Fei asked while frowning.

At every location on Azeroth, oceans and seas represented great danger.

This ocean before the group seemed endless, and such terrifying demon beasts were not only living around the coastline. If they ventured deeper into the ocean, they might run into even more terrifying existences. If they somehow ran into a sea creature that was in the True God Realm deep in the sea, the entire group might be wiped out.

“Don't worry; we will be picked up.” Great Priest Nash smiled mysteriously and said, “The beach is relatively safe during the day. Let's set up the campsite here for now, and we will be picked up before the sunset. Then, we will cross the ocean. They aren't far from here.”

Fei was surprised when he heard that.

However, he didn't ask more questions. They just went to the part of the beach that wasn't stained by the blood of the sea creature, and they put up the campsite and rested.

On the way from Chambord to here, Torres and others cultivated diligently. As soon as they had time, they cultivated. It seemed like they were stimulated by the orc masters. Now that they had free time to cultivate while waiting, they got into the zone quickly and didn't waste a single second.

Valkyrie Elena also entered Diablo World to level up.

She was already a Hell Mode level 100 Magic Archer, which was the upper limit in Diablo World and equivalent to the peak Burning Sun Realm. She couldn't level up further. On the other hand, her Paladin bloodline was at Hell Mode level 88, and it was about to reach the peak as well.

Surprising to Fei, Elena's situation was quite different from his in this area.

Although Elena's strength couldn't increase further after reaching Hell Mode level 100, she somehow activated a skill system. She could kill monsters to get additional skill points, and she could obtain mystical and novel skills.

These skills didn't exist in the seven classes in Diablo World. They were terrifying, and they were mostly related to archery.

It was clear that Elena was on another cultivation path compared to Fei.

Right now, Fei was studying a few books that he brought along with him while sitting inside his tent.

After passing Diablo World with all seven of his characters, Fei obtained a mysterious reward that he couldn't understand, and he couldn't increase his strength further. Therefore, the king had to find ways to increase his strength aside from Diablo World. Killing undead creatures in the real world and harvesting mystical energy was one of the ways. Until now, this method seemed to work well; two of his seven characters reached the mid-tier Demi-God Realm.

However, this method for increasing strength had a critical drawback; there wasn't an unlimited number of undead creatures.

Right now, Fei had killed more than 80 percent of the zombies and other undead creatures inside the territory of the former Anji Empire and outside the Capital of Anji. Their number decreased drastically, so their evolution speed also dropped. It was hard for emperor-level zombies to appear among them.

Chapter 1009: A Giant Shadow (Part Two)

The amount of mystical energy that the rest of the zombies and monsters of Hell could provide for Fei was only enough for one of the five remaining characters to reach the Demi-God Realm; that was the limit.

Of course, there was another way.

If Fei were willing to break the bright magic arrays around the territory of the former Anji Empire, letting the undead energy spread across the region, he would have almost an unlimited number of zombies to harvest and almost an endless streak of mystical energy.

However, as a good young man who grew up on Earth and was more civilized, Fei couldn't lower himself to do such a terrible and sickening act.

To Fei, if no more evil creatures would appear and provide him with mystical energy, he must try to find another path to increase his strength.

Therefore, in the last while, Fei put a lot of time and energy into reading and studying some of the top-tier cultivation methods on the continent, hoping to find something useful for him.

Also, the king was trying to figure out how he could go from the Demi-God Realm to the True God Realm; it was a hard problem.

Ever since Great Priest Nash said that true gods and even godly kings appeared in the Behemoth Orc Tribe, Fei kept a note in his mind.

Different from the Azeroth Continent where many great wars occurred between humans, destroying many inheritances and cultivation techniques, even though the orcs lived in harsh conditions, they didn't experience internal or external war and destruction in the last 1,000 years. Theoretically, they should have kept many complete cultivation techniques from the Mythical Era.

If Fei could borrow some of the ancient records and study them, he might be able to find a way to become a true god. After all, [Demon King's Wisdom] and [Demon King's Sword] didn't have information on this.

-Further away on the beach-

Orc masters like O'Neal and Nowitzki were fighting and practicing with each other, using this method to strengthen themselves.

Fei wasn't sure what Great Priest Nash was doing. Since this fox-man entered the beast leather tent, he rarely showed himself. Perhaps he was performing the daily prayer that orc priests did and cultivating.

After everyone had lunch at noon, Great Priest Nash drew a giant totem symbol on the white beach; it was almost circular and had a diameter of about 100 meters.

"This totem symbol is for showing our location," Nash explained.

Fei thought for a while as he observed the totem symbol, and then he continued reading his book.

As time passed by, people were mostly cultivating on their own in the afternoon.

When it was closer to the night, the roars and cries of the sea creatures got louder and sharper. Gradually, many giant black figures appeared on the surface of the sea.

This should be what Great Priest Nash mentioned before. Since the night was approaching, the amphibian sea creatures were about to get on land and have fun.

The danger was gradually approaching the coastline.

At this moment, a streak of soft, golden flames suddenly shined on the giant totem symbol on the beach, and this light shot into the sky.

"They are here! Guys, get ready! The people who are here to pick us up are here!" Great Priest Nash shouted in excitement.

Everyone quickly disassembled the campsite in a hurry and packed up everything.

Fei looked at the seemingly endless ocean and got curious; he wondered what method the orcs were going to use to carry so many people across this ocean without disturbing and alerting these terrifying sea creatures.

Surprising to Fei, those people didn't come from the sea.

Instead, something directly descended above everyone's head, looking like a helicopter that was doing a vertical landing.

The large shadow quickly appeared in the sky and blocked the light of the setting sun, and the envoys of Chambord all gasped in shock.

Chapter 1010: Food-Greedy Pigs (Part One)

A giant flying beast appeared in the sky, and it was less than 100 meters above the ground in the blink of an eye. This beast was more than ten times larger than the biggest beast of Chambord, Blacky.

This bird-shaped beast was in faint-red, and a light flashed on it. Many small tornadoes that were invisible to the naked eye appeared all over its giant body. The small tornadoes were soft but provided a great lift force for this bird that had a wingspan of around 2,000 meters.

Even Fei was stunned when he saw this.

This giant bird was so large that it was beyond any human's imagination.

When this bird lightly fluttered its wings, powerful winds were created. The winds created sea tides that were more than 100 meters tall and rushed back into the ocean, revealing the sand and rocks that were in the seabed and covered by water. The little and poor sea creatures and fish got sent flying.

What shocked Fei was that this giant bird emitted a powerful aura; it was in the Demi-God Realm. It was a demi-godly bird!

It was truly terrifying! One such bird was enough to take down the entire Demon Beast Legion of Chambord.

Seeing how stunned these Chambordians were, Great Priest Nash and the other orc masters finally showed prideful smiles.

For all these days, the orc masters were almost treated like bumpkins at Chambord, receiving all sorts of kind teases. Now, they finally redeemed themselves a little and made these Chambordians experience great shock.

In a flash, this giant bird that was faint-red and looked like the afterglow in the sky quickly descended on the coastline.

Even though the beach was vast and broad, its sheer size still made it have a hard time turning around on the ground; it was a little embarrassing.

Fei clearly sensed that as soon as this giant bird's two feet touched the beach, half of its giant body suddenly turned into the white color of the sand. The other half of its body seemed to have merged with the forest in the background; this half of the bird's body turned into different shades of green.

"It has the color-changing ability like the chameleons?" Fei was quite surprised by this.

This was one of the innate abilities of some animals. They could change their colors according to their surroundings; it could help them escape the chase of their enemies and make it easier for them to capture prey.

This was Fei's first time seeing a demon beast with this type of ability after he came to the Azeroth Continent. Now, this ability appeared on such a giant demon beast, and it was a little unbelievable.

Soon, Fei discovered something else that was stunning. This giant bird could do more than only changing its color. It could even block its aura and stop others from observing it with spirit energy. It felt like this bird really disappeared.

"Its name is Leona, and it is a type of rare flying beast. Its temperament is mild, and it is already more than 400 years old. It is one of the most loyal partners of Behemoth orcs. 1,000 years ago, its parents and other members of its clan carried many Behemoth orcs over this sea and arrived at the [Banished Land]," Great Priest Nash explained it to Fei.

At this moment, Leona's full body was displayed before everyone.

It looked like a swan, and its figure was beautiful. Its body emitted a sense of beauty and grace, and gentle and loving light flashed in its big black eyes, making them look like gorgeous, shiny stars in the night.

“Hey, Steven Nash! May the Beast God bless you! You guys finally returned alive! Entus His Majesty has been waiting for you... huh? Who are they? Humans? How come humans are here?”

About a dozen orcs jumped off Giant Swan Leona’s back.

Chapter 1010: Food-Greedy Pigs (Part Two)

These orcs all looked the same.

The one in the lead was the strongest. He was about three meters tall, and he was muscular with dense body hair. He was wearing a simple, brown, rough robe that covered his body, and two vicious and curvy tusks stuck out of his mouth; they were each about 30 centimeters long and were each as thick as a finger, and they almost touched his nose. Also, his head looked like a pig’s, and its nostrils were big like two black holes.

Seeing orc masters like Great Priest Nash, this pig-headed man laughed brightly. However, a sense of doubt and alertness appeared on his face when he saw Fei and other humans.

“These guys should be the orcs of the Pig Clan in legends,” Fei and other Chambordians instantly thought about this.

“Clan Chief Altis, so you came this time. Let me introduce them to you. These people are our honorable guests from the Chambord Kingdom on the continent. This is the honorable King of Chambord...”

It was clear that Great Priest Nash was quite familiar with this orc of the Pig Clan. While smiling, he introduced Fei and others and told these orcs about their backgrounds.

It turned out that this strong orc with the pig-head was the clan chief of the Pig Clan, a powerful clan in the Behemoth Orc Tribe.

In the legends, the Pig Clan’s combat strength wasn’t that high in the Behemoth Orc Tribe, but their powerful reproductive and adaptation abilities made the Pig Clan have a high status, so it counted as one of the more powerful clans.

Of course, food-greediness and laziness were also well-known characteristics of the Pig Clan.

The facts seemed to prove these rumors.

In the beginning, orc masters of the Pig Clan such as Altis were still doubtful, and distrust was written on their faces.

However, Flatterer Oleg observed and quickly gifted Altis all kinds of delicacies and great liquor. In less than ten minutes, the members of the Pig Clan dropped their guard and started chatting with the Chambordians while eating and drinking.

These orcs were so passionate that it felt like they re-encountered their long-lost brothers and sisters.

“Damn! They have no regard for morals! It seems like bringing Oleg on this trip is a genius decision,” Fei thought to himself.

They were going to run into some problems for sure on this trip.

After all, humans and orcs were two different races. 1,000 years have passed since the two races had contact with each other, so there was definitely going to be gaps and distrust between Chambord and the Behemoth Orc Tribe. Although Great Priest Nash and a few other orc masters liked Chambord, they didn't represent the Behemoth Orc Tribe. Repulsion was going to occur for sure, so Oleg who was shameless and a great flatterer could handle those issues.

The group of people got onto Leona's soft, wide back. Even though Pig Clan Chief Altis was already drunk, he opened his mouth and sang an ancient battle song of the orcs using his hoarse voice, issuing a command.

The giant swan fluttered its wings and soared into the sky.

This entire process was smooth and steady. There was no turbulence, and it felt like this demon beast was walking on land.

Leona's back was wide and soft. Even if 400 people sat on it, this space wouldn't feel crowded. Under the suggestion of the 'passionate' pig-men, everyone sat in a circle and started drinking and eating.

Oleg appeared generous and took out a ton of delicious food and great liquor.

Fei was also happy that Chambord could use this opportunity to get closer to the orcs.

The Pig Clan had a high status in the Behemoth Orc Tribe, and they had many members. If Chambord could get all the pig-men on their side, it would only benefit the kingdom in this trip without creating any drawbacks.

This time, the envoy group of Chambord brought thousands of tons of delicacies, fruit, meat, and liquor. They didn't need to worry about wasting anything and not having enough.