

## Hail the King 1041

### Chapter 1041: The No.1 Struggle in 1,000 Years (Part One)

Fei didn't plan to argue with this orc of Coyote Clan. More precisely, he didn't feel like saying anything to this orc. They weren't on the same level in terms of status and strength, and trying to argue with him would only make the king look less classy.

Under the stares of these orcs who looked at him differently, Fei didn't feel uncomfortable nor stop walking. Together with Great Priest Nash, they walked into the back palace.

The two spoke while walking.

After hearing Nash's explanation, Fei finally figured out what happened in the last four days.

As the saying goes, demons and devils will appear when a nation is about to get chaotic, and natural tragedies and catastrophes will appear when the world is about to get chaotic.

The Behemoth Orc Tribe's decision to migrate back to the Azeroth Continent was the only decision that the top-tier nobles and other influential figures in the big clans had to make. The orcs at the bottom of the society mostly didn't know much about it.

However, in the last four days or so, several shocking and terrifying natural catastrophes struck the [Banished Land], and this forced orc nobles to bring this issue to the surface. Right now, migration was a hot topic.

In the last four days, terrifying earthquakes happened around more than 20 clans, and bottomless abysses appeared in the ground. Fire and lava gushed out from the depths of the abysses, and meteors fell from the sky.

All kinds of unimaginable natural catastrophes happened frequently in a span of a few days, causing the highest casualties in the history of Behemoth Orc Tribe in the last 1,000 years. More than one million orcs died in the last four days, and an iron-tier clan that didn't have many members was destroyed in a sudden landslide. This clan was the first clan to ever go extinct in the last 1,000 years.

At the same time, wild beasts began to get anxious and violent in some places, attacking many orc clans and causing many casualties. Even the beasts that the orcs had tamed so far started to get aggressive, and incidents where beasts attacked their masters occurred.

The worst news was the crops that had been growing well a few days ago suddenly all withered and died. Even though this land was poor, the orcs managed to get the crops to grow. But now, most of the orc clans were looking at the largest famine in the last 1,000 years.

In simple terms, behemoth orcs had never been so low before in the last 1,000 years.

If things weren't handled properly, even the king clans might go extinct.

At this moment, many orcs believed the ancient prophecy that every orc knew – Once 1,000 years passed, the [Banished Land] would no longer be inhabitable. The behemoth orcs' roots were still on the Azeroth Continent, so they must return.

Also, while the tribe was experiencing pain and tribulation, some bad rumors were passed around as well.

Just as that orc of Coyote Clan had said, some behemoth orcs believed that due to the appearance of Fei and other humans, they brought tragedy to the peaceful [Banished Land]. No one knew who started this, but some orcs thought that humans represented greed and destruction, and Fei and others' arrival stained the [Banished Land] and Beast God Rexxar. That was why the Beast God brought catastrophe to the Behemoth Orc Tribe, and the only way to end the tragedy was to kill these humans and sacrifice them to the Beast God.

Right now, the Beast God Palace had issued a summons, and more than 80 percent of the clan chiefs and decision-makers were gathered here to discuss this issue.

Those orcs in the front palace inside this tent were the representatives from almost all the clans.

The discussion had continued for more than a day, and it was still happening.

“What? Could it be that the behemoth orcs still haven't made the final decision?” Fei frowned and asked Great Priest Nash.

Nash smiled bitterly and said, “After all, the Behemoth Orc Tribe is made up of thousands of clans, and our tribe isn’t a dictatorship, unlike human empires. We have to persuade each clan chief, and this couldn’t be done in a few days. However, the ten king clans and most of the powerful silver-tier clans have reached the consensus on the issue, and they decided to migrate as fast as possible. Entus His Holiness is already very supportive of this. If everything is successful, we can start migrating in about half a year.”

## Chapter 1041: The No.1 Struggle in 1,000 Years (Part Two)

“Half a year?” Fei lowered his head and sighed. Half a year was still too slow.

While the two talked, they entered Pope Entus’ back palace.

This place was still the same. There were many models of modern electronics as well as the wide tennis court, making Fei feel like he never left Earth. However, Pope Entus who was still energetic four days ago now looked old. His facial muscles loosened up and started to drip down, and wrinkles that looked to be carved out of blades were all over his face. His eyes now sat deeper into his eye sockets, and his eyes got a bit cloudy.

With grey hair on the two sides of his face, Entus sat on the couch in layers of leather coats as if he was ill, and it seemed like he had aged more than 40 years in just a few days.

“You... what happened?” Fei was shocked.

Entus waved his hand and signaled everyone in the palace to leave. When only Fei and Nash were left, Entus rubbed his forehead and smiled bitterly before saying, “Is it really strange? I remember telling you that my life is coming to an end. When everyone dies due to old age, aren’t they all like this? If you came here two weeks later, I would have become a senior who had white hair, a few teeth, could only move slowly, and couldn’t talk clearly.”

“This... is there no other way?” Fei was anxious. Although he was mentally prepared, he was still unwilling to let this ‘homie’ go.

“Damn! If there is a way around this, do you think I would want to die?” Entus laughed and cursed. Then, he waved at Fei and told him to sit on the couch opposite to his. As if he was afraid of cold, Entus crawled deeper into the couch and said, “Ok, let’s talk about the main issue. From the look of things, behemoth orcs have to migrate within two months. The transportation ability of the Ancient

Path of Blood of Behemoth is limited. I heard that Chambord grasped the technology for super-long-distance teleportation arrays. I hope that you can help in this area.”

“These aren’t an issue. Even if you don’t mention it, I will bring it up myself.” Fei nodded.

“Yo, your attitude sure is proper! You have placed yourself in the new role already! Hehe, anyway, all these troubles are for you, the new pope, to handle. I won’t waste my energy on them,” Entus laughed self-mockingly before saying, “Oh, right. I already announced that I’m about to pass away. Therefore, the selection of a new pope is already on the schedule. It will be decided within the next ten days or so. Be prepared.”

“What should I prepare? I’m not even an orc, so I’m not qualified.”

Entus mentioned this once before, saying that Fei was going to be the next pope of the Beast God Palace. However, this didn’t make any sense. Regardless of everything, there was no way that behemoth orcs would accept a human to represent the Beast God.

“As long as you are mentally prepared. Everything was decided 1,000 years ago, so nothing should go wrong. That existence had said that you will dictate the future of the orcs.” Entus rested his chin on his hand as he laughed lightheartedly, “I don’t care about that much. I’m about to die, so I should hurry up and sleep with a few more beautiful animal girls. My mind isn’t on this issue. Everything will go according to schedule, and we can see what will happen.”

Fei was at a loss for words.

Entus then pointed at Great Priest Nash of Fox Clan and said, “Stephen Nash is from my Fox Clan, and he is a talented priest and my most trusted assistant. He will plan the rest. I don’t know when I’m going to die. If I die before the new pope is selected, you can trust him on all issues.”

Entus sounded like Liu Bei who entrusted his sons to his subordinates before he died in Baidi Fortress according to Romance of the Three Kingdoms.

“Yuck! You are such a doomsayer! Don’t jinx it!” Fei was feeling a little sad.

Although he had only known Entus for a few days, the king felt like he and Entus were friends for thousands of years due to their connections to Earth.

Fei really didn't want to lose this friend

## Chapter 1042: Rally Before the Migration (Part One)

"Damn it! I'm a doomsayer all my life; I can't help it." His Holiness felt powerless when talking about his excellent skill in doomsaying.

After a short pause, Entus thought of something and threw a black ring to Fei before saying, "Aren't you trying to figure out a way to condense divinity? We do have collections in this area, but you can't access the Martial Library of Behemoth with your current status. I found all the books and records in this area and put them in this ring. You can go and read them."

"Oh! Great! Thanks!" Fei was thrilled. This gift was quite heavy.

Due to the non-stop wars on Azeroth for 1,000 years and perhaps other reasons, humans on the continent had lost all records on condensing divinity. Many demi-gods who reached the peak of this realm were stuck there, unable to become true gods.

Fei was now at peak Demi-God Realm. If he could master a method of condensing divinity, he could reach the sky in one step and become a true god, dominating over others.

"Haha, you don't need to thank me." The smile on Entus' face was strange. "The stuff in the ring can last you about a year. Also, the methods in condensing divinity probably aren't simple. Otherwise, more beings would become gods instead of a small group."

Fei scanned the internal space of the storage ring and froze. Then, he stared at Entus in anger and said, "Damn it! You are a true doomsayer. Even if there aren't 1,000 books, there are at least 800. How long do I need to read through them all?"

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In the afternoon, the Dark Demonic Armor quietly returned with the 100 mystical gold battle soul warriors and found the king who lived in a hotel beside the square. Of course, the top-tier orc masters detected the appearance of more than 100 peak Burning Sun Lords, but they couldn't say anything and were only shocked by the power of Fei's force.

Fei put down the book named [The Differences Between Mortal and Gods] that was more than 1,000 pages long and was written by an orc master. Then, he looked at the flattering Dark Demonic Armor and asked, “You completed the mission?”

“Great and honorable master, we have completed the mission. We have brought back 20,000 silver crystals as you ordered. All of them came with us willingly; we didn’t force them. Also, the mystical gold battle soul warriors are as powerful as me,” Basturk answered honestly.

“Eh, great.” Fei was pleased and praised this flatterer who was recently promoted.

These 20,000 silver crystals were a huge amount of wealth! Except for equipping the current 5,000 mystical gold war puppets, Chambord could make more magic puppets and engrave magic arrays on them before placing these silver crystals inside. Although the new armor battle soul warriors might not be as powerful as the mystical gold battle soul warriors, they could stop millions of ordinary soldiers. Also, these silver crystals were tough and hard to break. Therefore, the armor battle soul warriors could be counted as renewable resources.

Once the plan was executed, Chambord would become the most powerful force on the continent for sure.

After thinking for a bit, Fei remembered the final plan that Pope Entus revealed to him. He called the Dark Demonic Armor over and whispered something.

“Master, don’t worry! I’m great at these things!”

After hearing what Fei said, Basturk patted his chest and left with the 100 mystical gold battle soul warriors secretly.

“Damn! This b\*stard is getting closer and closer to a real human!” Fei laughed and cussed before going back to reading all the books about becoming a god. Like a tadpole who was trying to find its mom in an ocean, Fei started to flip through all these books, trying to find the answer that he needed.

Chapter 1042: Rally Before the Migration (Part Two)

In the next few days, more and more natural catastrophes appeared, and they happened more frequently.

The entire Behemoth Orc Tribe fell into an unprecedentedly anxious and scared atmosphere.

Taking this opportunity, the ten gold-tier clans and the 41 silver-tier clans announced to the entire tribe that it was time to return to their ancient home on the Azeroth Continent where they lived 1,000 years ago. In their ancient home, there was beautiful scenery, green grass, milk, wheat, and honey.

At the same time, the supreme Pope Entus used his life energy as a sacrifice to Beast God Rexxar and tried to prophesize for the 250th time. Entus said that he got a response from the Beast God, and he interpreted it as the Beast God telling his subjects that they should return to the Azeroth Continent and redeem the honor that the Behemoth Orc Tribe had lost instead of staying at the poor [Banished Land] and grinding away their ambitions.

The current catastrophes and the beautiful ancient homeland in the prophecy formed a sharp contrast.

For orcs who were in pain, they had no choice. Without much resistance, all orc clans started to pack up and got ready for the mass migration back to their ancient homeland. They were all excited.

At this time, the news about the alliance between the Chambord Kingdom and Behemoth Orc Tribe was released.

After the initial shock and surprise, most orcs accepted this decision of the Beast God Palace.

After all, under the promotion of priests and shamans of the Beast God Palace, the orcs knew that humans were the rulers of the continent and had powerful strength, and King Alexander of Chambord was a human king who was compassionate, kind, noble, and chivalrous.

More importantly, no one knew who started it, but some rumors stated that the King of Chambord had one-tenth the Behemoth Orc Bloodline, and his ancestors were one of the ancient clans left on the continent.

A more shocking and exaggerated rumor stated that the mysterious King Alexander of Chambord was a descendant of the Golden Behemoth Clan which already went extinct, and he mastered the ancient abilities of the Behemoth Clan. Many members of the ten gold-tier clans had seen the King of Chambord transform into a werebear and a werewolf when battling fierce beasts in the [Metal Desert].

The re-emergence of the Behemoth Royal Bloodline was interpreted as a sign that Beast God Rexxar was finally showing empathy towards the orcs. The orcs at the bottom of the society who were confused and desperate suddenly calmed down as they became more faithful.

Of course, not every orc believed in this, but that was not important anymore.

While natural catastrophes appeared all over the [Banished Land], about 100 mysterious and powerful masters appeared and protected the poor orcs with their great power as if they were the answers that the orcs had been praying for.

On top of saving the orcs, these mysterious masters offered food and other resources, helping the orcs at the bottom to survive.

“We are warriors under the command of King Alexander! We are fighting for the behemoth orcs!”

This was the answer that these masters in gold armor would give when they were asked about their identities.

The leader of these masters, the super master in black armor, was genial toward the behemoth orcs, and he would shout motivating slogans like ‘long live the friendship between the Chambord Kingdom and Behemoth Orc Tribe!’ and ‘May King Alexander His Majesty’s grace bless the orcs!’

This master ignored his safety and was always on the frontline, saving as many orcs as possible.

Many orcs were touched by these masters’ kindness, and King Alexander of Chambord’s reputation skyrocketed among the behemoth orcs as time passed by.

Chapter 1043: Path to Becoming A God (1) (Part One)

For several days, Fei locked himself in the hotel and studied the ancient books that Entus gifted him.

The king’s miraculous skill, [Learn], was extremely useful at this moment. With a photographic memory and the ability to read everything once and not forget, Fei read through all the books in the storage ring after spending three days and not sleeping.



Then, Fei organized all the ancient books and divided them into categories before placing them back into the ring.

After that, Fei slept on the bed with the Valkyrie in his arms, getting a good rest and temporarily ignoring everything that was happening.

On the fourth day, Dark Demonic Armor Basturk returned to the hotel and reported the results of their work to Fei, garnering the king's praises.

Then, Basturk returned to the frontline with the mystical gold battle soul warriors, rescuing orcs and working hard for the friendship between Chambord City and Behemoth Orc Tribe.

On the same day, the Beast God Palace sent four demi-gods to accompany Torres, and they set out on the long journey back to Chambord.

Right now, the migration of Behemoth Orc Tribe was pretty much set in stone, but Fei couldn't leave right now. Therefore, he had to send Torres back first.

Torres had to inform the arsenal of Chambord to increase the speed of its production and also further improve and modify the super-long-distance magic teleportation arrays.

The teleportation arrays had to be durable enough to be used in a bad environment such as the Endless Sea of Forests, and it had to be able to teleport the many orcs in the Behemoth Orc Tribe.

Of course, Chambord also had to prepare a ton of land for the orcs as their homeland after completing the migration.

Right now, the Chambord Kingdom's territory wasn't enough to host billions of orcs.

Fortunately, Fei thought ahead and already created plans. Except for clearing the trees in the Endless Sea of Forests within 5,000 kilometers of Chambord, he could wipe out all the undead creatures in the former Anji Empire. All Anjians had died in the Undead Creature Catastrophe, and the huge piece of land was unclaimed by any force. It could be used by orcs as a place of residence.

Aside from all this, Fei could request a piece of land from the Zenit Empire and use it as the legal territory of orcs.

Even the poorest land on the Azeroth Continent was more than 10,000 times richer compared to the [Banished Land].

Therefore, Fei believed that the orcs wouldn't have any objections to this setup.

Once the Behemoth Orc Tribe established itself in the Northern Region, it would be tied to the same boat as Chambord, and every human in the Northern Region would benefit from it in the Chaos Era.

After doing all this, Fei entered seclusive cultivation again; he had figured out how to become a true god.

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After placing many defensive magic arrays around his bedroom, Fei ordered Pierce and Drogba to guard the area. Then, the king bathed and sat in the room as incense sticks burned, starting to try to advance in realms.

"If I want to become a true god, I need to first condense divinity. Condensing divinity is actually creating a godly realm, a small world that belongs to me. To do this, I need to inject the power of faith into my realm. Small world is just another term for realm..."

Fei recalled the information that he read and organized, and his mind gradually became clearer.

"Therefore, the first step is to sense the power of faith..."

The power of faith was the basic element in becoming a god; it was like the key.

People had to first grasp this key before they could get on the path to becoming a god.

The power of faith was a type of mystical energy. Anyone who had followers and people who believed in them could obtain the power of faith.

## Chapter 1043: Path to Becoming A God (1) (Part Two)

In a sense, every master could harness the power of faith. After all, every master was admired and worshipped by some people.

In this world where people admired power, a master with terrible character and bad reputation would still have people treating him as an idol.

A unique technique was required to sense the power of faith.

It was a good thing that Fei obtained the answer in the ancient books.

Fei's spirit energy spread out mysteriously. As if it had melted, it permeated the area around Fei. The king didn't try to control or observe anything. According to the technique in the book, Fei released as much of his spirit energy as he could, and his soul seemed to have floated out of his body and ventured into the world on its own.

The entire world became silver in Fei's mind. This world was filled with white fog, and everything was monotone.

In this endless world filled with white mist, streaks of beige flames dashed towards Fei from all directions. These flames seemed dreamy and fantastic, and they carried intoxicating and mysterious power. On top of all that, it seemed like they ignored the limits of space and time and instantly got to Fei and engulfed him.

This sensation made Fei feel like he was back to the beginning of his birth, and he was inside his mom's womb with amniotic fluid all around him. This connate state was hard to describe.

"Is this the power of faith? But my power of faith is too much, no?" Fei was quite surprised.

According to the ancient records, most masters couldn't sense too much power of faith in the first try. They had to try to cultivate their believers like farmers planting crops. They could only harvest the power of faith after putting in hard work.

However, this was Fei's first time trying this, but he felt like the amount of power of faith that he had was as vast as the ocean.

For the first time, Fei learned that so many people in the world admired and worshipped him.

The massive amount of power of faith could be divided into several groups, and Fei thought for a moment and figured out their origins.

The biggest source should be from Chambord.

Now, Chambord was the biggest affiliated kingdom in the Zenit Empire, and it had more than one million citizens since the kingdom had powerful strength to keep the living environment stable and peaceful. Since Fei's foundation was firm in the kingdom, every citizen worshipped their king. Without exaggeration, Fei was the god in this kingdom. If Emperor Yassin's order was different from what Fei believed in, it would be hard to push it through Chambord.

Another big source of the power of faith came from the believers of [Black-Cloth Shrine].

Under Fei's support, the Chambord Kingdom, other regions in Zenit, and the Alania Empire all promoted [Black-Cloth Shrine] as the official religion. This shrine of the Holy Church that had fallen got revived, and it now had billions of followers. All the power of faith coming from these followers traveled through space and time and wrapped around Fei, the bishop of the shrine.

Some other streaks came from other places in the Zenit Empire and outside Northern Region of Azeroth.

As the Imperial Martial Saint, Fei had saved Zenit several times, so it wasn't strange that some Zenitians admired and worshipped him. However, Fei was surprised that streaks of power of faith came from other regions. Several streaks of power of faith that were the strongest came from the Western Region of Azeroth.

After thinking for a while, Fei figured that the civilians in these regions probably heard about him wiping out the Undead Creature Catastrophe in the Northern Region, and they couldn't help but admire the king.

In the next moment, a strange smile appeared on Fei's face; he discovered something strange.

Chapter 1044: Path to Becoming A God (2) (Part One)

Fei was surprised to find that a streak of weak power of faith that couldn't be ignored came from the Behemoth Orc Tribe. This power of faith was extremely pure and firm, joining other streaks of power of faith like a streak of green smoke and rushing toward Fei.

“Could it be that some orcs admire and worship me? It seems like this dirty Dark Demonic Armor Basturk has been doing a great job!”

This discovery was surprising.

Zhong Dajun, who was Pope Entus in this world, said that Fei was going to inherit the throne as the pope of the Beast God Palace, and the king thought that it was impossible. Now, it seemed like...

After seeing this massive amount of power of faith, Fei slowly started to gather this invisible energy.

The next step in the process was to inject all the power of faith into his realm, turning the realm into a world. This was a critical step in the process.

From the information that Fei read in the ancient books, the biggest difference between gods and mortals was that gods could control a world, and they dictated everything using the power of a world. Despite how powerful a mortal was, they relied on individual strength. That was why mortals couldn't defeat gods and couldn't learn the powerful skills of gods.

Turning a realm into a world was a tough process.

Like building a skyscraper by layering each brick, this process had to be taken slowly. By grasping the power of realm, the demi-gods had created the foundation. Next, they had to place down each brick and tile to build this giant building.

This was the path to becoming a god, and the tools and materials were the power of faith.

There were many methods of merging the power of faith into realms to turn them into small worlds step by step. These methods circulated around the world in the Mythical Era, and the books that Entus gave Fei recorded more than 20. They were all unique and fascinating in their own ways, and Fei selected one that seemed a bit more neutral after a moment of thinking.

The basic theory of turning a realm into a world was turning a point into a plane.

First, Fei would need to condense the power of faith into one point and affix it into his realm. As more and more points were secured in his realm, they could form structures and networks. From that point on, basic principles, laws of nature, and various forces would be created, and the model of a small world in its infancy would appear before Fei.

The model could only be turned into reality after tens of thousands of modifications, improvements, and refinement.

Of course, the actual methods of using the power of faith were fascinating and hard to describe.

Fei opened his [Anti-Mage Realm] as a barbarian, and he used the technique and started to construct the small world inside his realm.

In the beginning, it was smooth. It was easy to condense the power of faith and inject it into his realm. Fei had a massive amount of power of faith, so he had a natural advantage. In less than an hour, his realm was covered with the power of faith.

However, just as Fei was about to condense all the power of faith into a point, something unbelievable happened. All the power of faith that he placed inside his realm suddenly disappeared without warning. Like a cup of water that was poured into a desert, it disappeared without a trace.

“What happened?”

Fei instantly zoomed out of his state of epiphany and wondered, “How come that happened?”

All the ancient books that the king read never mentioned that such a strange thing would happen during the process of condensing the power of faith and transforming his realm.

#### Chapter 1044: Path to Becoming A God (2) (Part Two)

Those ancient books mentioned more than 1,000 issues, problems, and dilemmas that might occur during the process of becoming a god, but such a situation wasn't mentioned.

In the blink of an eye, all the power of faith disappeared. What was happening?

Fei calmed down and thought through every step that he had taken so far.

“There weren’t any mistakes. The entire process was done according to the techniques and methods documented in the book. Nothing was done improperly. What is going on?” Fei thought for a long time and couldn’t figure out why. Then, he decided to try again.

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-One hour later-

“I still can’t do it. What is going on? After the power of faith fills my realm, it suddenly disappears for some reason. This is too strange. It seems like something stole or robbed it. Where did I go wrong?”

Fei was extremely confused.

If this only happened once, it might be a coincidence. However, it happened twice in a row, so it meant that something was off.

Fei was sure that he either made a small mistake in the process, or something was unique about him. Those were the only two explanations for this strange situation that even the ancient books didn’t document.

“Wait, the uniqueness of my body...” Fei suddenly thought of something. “Yeah, all my strength came from Diablo World; I didn’t get my strength from cultivating like everyone else. Could it be that normal people’s path to becoming a god isn’t suitable for me?”

“It must be the reason!”

“I’m different from everyone else, so that is why I can’t use this method to condense my divinity!”

“If this is the case, then the situation is even more troublesome...”

Fei frowned and thought, “It means that other people’s experiences are useless to me. If I want to become a god, I need to figure it out myself. However, I don’t have a single clue as to what to do.”

Fei temporarily stopped sensing the power of faith and exited the mystical state of epiphany.

After thinking for a while, Fei felt like he had to start from Diablo World.

If he could figure out how he became a demi-god in Diablo World, then Fei would be sure that his answer to becoming a true god was also here.

It had been about a month since Fei last entered Diablo World.

Although Fei had passed Diablo World with all seven of his characters, this world didn’t seem to change. It was still stained by the power of Hell.

At this moment, Fei appeared in the [Worldstone Chamber], the place where he killed the final boss, Baal.

The majestic and beautiful palace was empty and quiet; it felt like it was going to be this way for eternity.

Only the mysterious purple portal in the middle of the palace that was engulfed in energy flames added some flavor to this place that was meaningless to Fei.

For some reason, Fei walked to the purple portal that led to a mysterious world that seemed to be his prize for passing Diablo World with all seven of his characters.

The world behind the portal was beautiful and peaceful, and it was mysterious to Fei. It seemed useless to Fei at the moment.

Fei wasn’t sure why, but he paused for a second before walking into the portal.

After the short moment of zero gravity and feeling the sensation of passing through a spatial and temporal tunnel, the scene before Fei brightened up.



Green mountains, clear water, and vibrant grass appeared before Fei.

This world was as beautiful and refreshing as the last time.

Just as Fei was about to be intoxicated in the beauty, the cold and mysterious voice which had disappeared for a long time sounded in Fei's mind without warning.

"Hello, Young Man. Now, we should have a good talk."

Chapter 1045: Path to Becoming A God (3) (Part One)

Fei treated this cold and mysterious voice as an NPC in Diablo World.

This voice had appeared in Diablo World many times and explained the rules of the world to Fei. In most cases, Fei could ask the question in his mind, and he would get a direct answer. Also, it would appear after Fei completed a quest and was getting the reward.

However, about a month ago, ever since Fei completed all the quests in Diablo World with all seven of his characters, this cold and mysterious voice disappeared. Regardless of how Fei tried to summon it, he got no response.

Surprisingly, this voice appeared out of the blue on its own, and it was quite proactive.

"Talk? Talk about what?" Fei asked subconsciously.

"Hahaha! Of course, the things that you want to know." This mysterious voice laughed for the first time as if it had switched to another person. It laughed and said, "Do you really not want to know the answers to all the questions on your mind?"

"Huh? Could it be that you are finally willing to talk?" Fei tried to calm himself down, and he asked, "I remember that when I asked you those questions, you never said anything."

"That is because you were too weak back then. Even if you knew everything, it was meaningless," the voice laughed and answered, "Now, you can be considered to be a master with your level of strength. Therefore, I will answer your questions now. There isn't much time left, and you should know some things."

“Ok.” Fei now completely calmed down.

From what this mysterious voice said so far, Fei captured a ton of information. He thought for a moment, organized his thoughts, and asked the first question, “Tell me, who are you?”

“Hahaha! I knew that you were going to ask this question. I’m only an incomplete consciousness that lasted for 1,000 years. You can think of me as the obsession of a soul that had passed away. In not too long, I’m going to completely disappear. Therefore, treasure the time that we have together.”

“Incomplete consciousness? Obsession from 1,000 years ago? Whose obsession?” Fei was curious.

“This... you will know everything in a little while. If I try to explain it now, it will take a long time.”

“Alright, that is pretty much not an answer. Ok, onto the second question. What is Diablo World? What is going on with it? How come only I have this world? Why am I the only one who can kill monsters and level up in this world? Is this a game? Or it is something else?” Fei asked impatiently.

“Is this one question? It is like three or four,” the voice in Fei’s head sounded again, “Also, do you think that there is such a realistic game in your previous world that can also provide you with great strength? Haha! Of course, it is not a game! At least it isn’t a boring game like the one in your previous life.”

“Then, what is it?”

“It is a world, a real world. It is a world that the most powerful existences on Azeroth Continent worked together to create, and it only borrowed some of the concepts from that game in your previous world.”

Fei froze at this answer, and a flash of lightning went off in his mind. He grasped onto this inspiration and said without thinking, “Could it be... a divine godly realm? A godly realm that combines the power of realm and the power of faith?”

Chapter 1045: Path to Becoming A God (3) (Part Two)

“You are quite smart; you are about 80 percent correct. However, it is billions of times higher than an ordinary godly realm. How can an ordinary god create a world that could allow a powerless mortal to become a demi-god? Do you think you can kill monsters and level up in every godly realm? Haha! Stop asking these types of questions. You will soon know everything. Next question.”

Fei pouted in displeasure.

The answers that this mysterious voice provided for these two questions were vague, still leaving out a ton of mystery and suspension.

“Ok, let me think. Third question; why did you choose me? Why did I come to the Azeroth Continent? Why do I have Diablo World?”

“It is not us who chose you. You chose yourself.”

“What do you mean?” Fei frowned.

“You will soon figure it out. All of these won’t be questions in a little longer.”

“Damn! The same answer again. What is the use of this answer? It is no different from not knowing anything.” Fei couldn’t hold back and said, “I need to know everything right now.”

“...”

“Tell me.”

“...”

“Alright, you are the boss,” Fei sighed and knew there was no way that he could force this cold and mysterious voice in his mind to reveal the information that it didn’t want to.

The king continued to ask, “Then, can you tell me where I’m special compared to others. How come I’m the only one who can see and absorb the floating mystical energy?”

“Hahaha! Special? Of course, you are unique. How can mortals be compared to you? Even the gods and demons can’t be compared to you. It is only normal that you find yourself different from everyone else.”

“Damn! I’m actually so overpowered?” The king’s vanity was greatly satisfied, especially since it was said by the mysterious voice in his head. After being happy for a while, he continued to ask, “Then, can you tell me why am I so awesome? Am I the love child of the God of Creation?”

“What did you say? The love child of the God of Creation? Hahaha! So funny! Say it again! Hahaha! You are killing me. You will soon be ashamed of what you just said. Hahaha!”

It seemed like the mysterious voice had a low-tolerance for jokes. Just from what Fei said that didn’t seem funny, it laughed hysterically. If this voice had a body, Fei imagined that snot was even falling out of his nostrils due to laughing so hard.

After a while, this voice finally stopped laughing.

With a dark expression, Fei said, “Are you done laughing? I will continue asking questions then. What is this world connected to the purple teleportation portal? What is it? And why is it connected to Diablo World? Is it special as well?”

“Eh, great. You finally asked the proper question. Just like what you guessed before, this beautiful and peaceful world is the reward for passing Diablo World with all seven of your characters. Also, it is the craziest and most unimaginable reward that you ever got. You just haven’t figured out its use yet.” The mysterious voice got serious again.

“The biggest reward? What is it for?” Fei seemed to have realized something.

“Since you figured it out now, why are you still asking me? Haha, you are right. It is a perfect and complete godly realm. It is a world that even makes supreme gods jealous. After obtaining this world, you don’t need to spend endless time to condense a low-level godly realm. You can instantly leap up and become the most powerful being in this world!” the mysterious voice sounded proud, and its tone contained unconcealed temptation.

Chapter 1046: Path to Becoming A God (4) (Part One)

“But how can I get it? I tried many times, but I didn’t find any connection between us.” Fei was extremely confused by this.

“It is simple. It is because you haven’t refined it yet.”

This time, the mysterious voice didn’t hide anything, and it tried to explain as patiently as possible. “This is the greatest godly realm since the creation of the world, and we call it the [Primal Godly Realm]. Once someone grasps it, that person will become the ultimate existence. It is the last gift that we prepared for you, and it is the final weapon to fight against those devils. If you want to refine it, you need the power of faith. Right now, you can’t sense the connection between you and the [Primal Godly Realm] since you haven’t controlled the power of faith.”

“Oh, I see.” Fei suddenly thought back to the strange phenomenon that occurred when he placed the power of faith into the [Anti-Mage Realm], and he asked, “Could it be that the power of faith only disappeared because this [Primal Godly Realm] absorbed it? Nothing went wrong with my cultivation?” While saying that, Fei suddenly realized something as he said in surprise, “Huh? Did you say something about fighting devils? What devils?”

The mysterious voice automatically ignored Fei’s last question and replied, “You are right; that is what happened. Since you already have the [Primal Godly Realm] which is like a miracle on its own, why do you need to condense your own small world like mortals? Besides, your strength didn’t come from regular cultivation like other people. In reality, you can’t condense divinity and become a god with their methods.”

Fei nodded subconsciously. He had guessed about these things, and he finally confirmed his hypothesis with the mysterious voice.

Suddenly, the king thought of another question, and he asked worryingly, “Since I didn’t get my strength through the ordinary way, will it disappear one day? After all, it is the power that the gaming world endowed on me.”

“Haha! Don’t worry about that. First, the power that you have obtained all belongs to you; it will never disappear. Do you think that the experience points that you obtained in Diablo World are just a bunch of boring data? It is the primal godly power that even godly-kings would be jealous over! The process of you killing monsters is a special way of cultivation and absorption of the primal godly power before using it to strengthen your body. Also, you will soon find out that this power is yours. You are just on your path of reclaiming it.”

“What? Experience points are primal godly power? Reclaiming my own strength? What is going on?”

Fei was confused by all this.

“You will soon find out.” The mysterious voice seemed unwilling to answer this question directly. After a short pause, it said, “Listen, your power of faith is enough to refine the [Primal Godly Realm]. Now, listen up and memorize the method of refining this world. This is extremely important, and you can’t stop once you begin the process. If you make any mistake or are interrupted during the process, you will lose the privilege of inheriting the [Primal Godly Realm], and your strength will only stay at peak Demi-God Realm forever.”

Hearing the seriousness in this mysterious voice’s tone, Fei grew solemn as well.

After inhaling and concentrating his focus, adjusting to his prime state, Fei nodded and said, “Ok, let’s continue.”

“Listen carefully. If you want to refine the [Primal Godly Realm], you need to...” The mysterious voice wasn’t fast, and it recited everything word for word.

#### Chapter 1046: Path to Becoming A God (4) (Part Two)

Fei had the miraculous skill – [Learn], so he was able to memorize everything he heard and saw. While listening to the mysterious voice, he entered that mystical state of epiphany to sense the power of faith.

The king slowly moved the power of faith that was coming to him from all directions into this endless and beautiful [Primal Godly Realm].

Once Fei truly inherited the [Primal Godly Realm], it would be the equivalent of leaping into the sky from the ground in one step. He would have completed the condensation of divinity and the opening and perfection of his godly realm. With those two big steps completed, his strength was going to transform into something unimaginable.

Soon, Fei entered a mysterious state; he couldn’t sense anything. He forgot about the flow of time, about who he was, and about everything around him. His mind was purely concentrated on refining the [Primal Godly Realm].

...

-The Azeroth Continent, the Zenit Empire, St. Petersburg-

Commander [Red Beard] Granello of the Imperial Patrol stood before the watchtower on the southern gate of the city, and he was under an indescribable pressure.

The dense red and blue flags of Barcelona, the endless campsites of the military of Barcelona that stretched to the horizon, and the chilly lights that were reflected from the forest-like weapons... all those added together were like giant mountains weighing down on Zenitians' minds.

This scene seemed quite familiar.

About a year ago when the Ten-Empire United Troops including the forces of Leon Empire invaded, they also sieged all the way up to the outside of St. Petersburg. It was the same kind of depressing scenes, and there were so many flags and weapons that it was truly endless.

However, today's situation was different. The enemy wasn't the Ten-Empire United Troops but the Barcelona Empire, the empire that was known to have the most powerful military on the Azeroth Continent.

If the Ten-Empire United Troops from a year ago were like homeless dogs that pressed onto the gate of St. Petersburg, then the Barcelonans descended in front of St. Petersburg like giant vicious black dragons that were spitting flames. The difference between the two was like the gap between heaven and earth. It was hard to imagine how Zenit could survive under the attack of the giant dragons.

After thinking back to what happened in the last three weeks, Granello felt suffocated.

More than ten Full Moon Elites, a Sun-Class Lord, an amazing general who could rival Zenit's God of War Arshavin, a ton of advanced magic weapons and items from Chambord, more than 400,000 elite soldiers...

This force was enough to wipe through the entire Northern Region, but it couldn't hold against the invaders for more than half a month before being defeated and forced to retreat.

It took 28 days, six hours, and 54 minutes.

This was the time that Barcelona took to occupy the entire southern region of Zenit which was about ten million square kilometers, kill more than 200 million Zenitians, and defeat more than 400,000 elite soldiers. These numbers were shocking and brought desperation to the Zenitians.

Not long ago, Second Prince Dominguez defeated the troops of Barcelona with two battle legions and masters of Chambord, killing five young Full Moon Elites of Barcelona and almost slaying the famous General Pedro who graduated from La Masia Royal Military Academy. For a while, Zenitians were hopeful toward the war.

However, facts proved that all hopes were only beautiful dreams.

After the Barcelonans were hammered, they woke up from their arrogance and put down their ego and pride, treating this as an official war instead of child's play.

Zenitians' defeat came faster than anyone expected.

Chapter 1047: The Sun in the Darkness (Part One)

Granello still remembered how shocked, disappointed, and terrified he and the soldiers who were patrolling on the defense wall of St. Petersburg were when the defeated troops of Zenit appeared on the mountain not too far from St. Petersburg.

Then, St. Petersburg fell into a state of panic and chaos that was unprecedented.

Out of more than 400,000 soldiers, fewer than 100,000 were still alive, and they were all injured.

Granello and his peers witnessed the defeated soldiers pulling back into the city, summing up their supplies, and counting casualties. They heard the whines of the injured and disabled soldiers and the cries of families who lost their fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, and they also saw the severely injured and semi-conscious Second Prince and the wounded Old Aryang being carried into the Royal Palace to report the situation.

From that moment on, the entire St. Petersburg started moving like an insane spinning top out of fear and anxiety.

Sadness and panic engulfed the region.



Many elite soldiers in bright armor and high-level warriors in flashing warrior energy flames took control of every inch of the defense wall around St. Petersburg, and thousands of magic towers of all sizes started to operate at full capacity. The various runes and magic arrays engraved onto the defense wall started to blink, emitting powerful magic energy that made Zenitians feel a little bit safer. Many vicious-looking magic weapons that ordinary people had never seen before were pushing onto the top of the defense wall, and even the most powerful magic array, [Goddess of Earth's Protection], was activated as well. It created a yellow energy sphere around the city, protecting this ancient city that was hundreds of years old like a giant eggshell.

At this moment, the entire capital city was on lockdown.

This war was like a storm that showed no signs before it appeared and suddenly arrived at the time when Zenitians least wanted it.

In less than an hour before St. Petersburg finished the final preparations and defensive setup, the troops of Barcelona appeared on the horizon. Like a giant flood that was going to swallow the world and bring the doom, the Barcelonan soldiers rushed over to attack St. Petersburg's defense wall and defensive setups.

Later, Zenitians learned that more than 200,000 Zenitian soldiers sacrificed their lives to buy this half a day of precious preparation time for St. Petersburg.

This initial battle lasted a full day.

The powerful magic defense system and the lethal city defense tools that St. Petersburg possessed were immeasurably impactful. After paying the hefty price of the death of more than 60,000 elite soldiers and hundreds of Moon-Class Elites and the severe injuries on three Sun-Class Lords, Barcelonans had to temporarily stop the siege of this ancient city. After a demi-god tried and couldn't break open the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], they had to re-evaluate this ancient city.

This was Zenitians' first-time knowing that St. Petersburg possessed such strong defensive abilities.

Of course, only a few people including Granello knew that the magic defensive system of St. Petersburg was strengthened by the advanced mages of Chambord. It was heard that insanely powerful godly runes were even integrated into the system. Also, the vicious magic weapons that killed Moon-Class Elites of Barcelona one after another came from the arsenal of Chambord.

If the [Goddess of Earth's Protection] weren't strengthened and instead was on the same level as half a year ago, it would have been broken by the demi-god already.

Next, the Zenitians got half a day to reorganize and catch their breath.

After a quick rest, St. Petersburg was going to face the fierce and terrifying siege of Barcelona again. Many warriors and soldiers died in this battle like dandelion seeds that were flying away and disappearing. Like a giant, terrifying meat grinder, thousands of people were turned into meat paste at every second.

#### Chapter 1047: The Sun in the Darkness (Part Two)

During the battle, a mysterious demi-god of Chambord attacked more than ten times, and Emperor Yassin also showed himself in a dominating fashion. That was how St. Petersburg barely held on and avoided getting conquered.

Like a little boat that was rocking on the surface of the sea during a massive storm, St. Petersburg swayed around and could be swallowed by the vicious waves at any moment.

Last night, Granello finally saw Second Prince who just woke up from his unconsciousness and a few other generals who were in the southern region of Zenit. As a henchman of Dominguez, Granello finally learned about what happened in the southern region and what caused the situation to deteriorate even though there were more than 400,000 soldiers and many powerful warriors and mages.

“After severely injuring the enemy general named Pedro in the victory against Barcelona at Delun Hill, the reinforcement troops of Zenit which consisted of about 300,000 soldiers met up with us, and our supplies got stocked up as well. We were more confident in the upcoming battle. Besides, the Imperial Military Headquarters only wanted us to stall the battle and make Barcelonans waste some time in the southern region of Zenit. We didn't need to defeat them on our own. It seemed like Emperor Yassin His Majesty was planning a counterattack, and it required some time before it could be completed...”

“In fact, we did what we were supposed to do in the next ten days or so, and we were successful at it. The reinforcements of Barcelona were led by a commander named Alves, and he was troubled by Strategist Aryang's tactics and couldn't push forward since he lost all battles that involved more than 10,000 soldiers. After all, we have the numbers advantage as well as top-tier masters like Mr. Hazel Bank and Gold Saint Lampard. Besides, the Xuan'ge of Chambord coordinated with us from the air...”

“Later on, we discovered that a mysterious demi-god assassinated the masters of Barcelona more than ten times, greatly disrupting the enemy’s setup. Everything was going according to plan, and Strategist Aryang even planned to take out all Barcelonan soldiers who arrived at the southern region of Zenit...”

“However, everything changed about two days ago. All the good conditions for us changed. Three people appeared on the side of Barcelona; three demi-gods.”

“It was clear that Barcelona was prepared. They were bored with the battles on the same level, and they decided to crush all resistances with top-tier strength. The empire is the most afraid of this kind of blatant strategy. After the initial contact, the 400,000 soldiers were instantly defeated...”

“Strategist Aryang thought of everything, and it only allowed the troops to last for four more hours. Mr. Hazel Bank, that mysterious demi-god, and the two Xuan’ge worked together and barely stopped the three demi-gods of Barcelona from killing ordinary soldiers. Even Mr. Lampard was severely injured...”

“You should be able to guess what happened next. If it weren’t for the masters of Chambord who protected us, Second Prince His Highness and most of the people here today would have died on the way back. Those soldiers of Chambord are true warriors. If the 400,000 soldiers of Zenit were like them, we would have killed the Barcelonan invaders. Unfortunately, more than half of the 500 elite soldiers of Chambord were severely injured or killed...”

“Strange. How come Emperor Yassin and Martial Saint Alexander didn’t show themselves in such a battle?”

Standing on the defense wall, what Dominguez and other generals who survived and retreated from the southern region of Zenit talked about replayed in [Red Beard] Granello’s mind. Although the talk was brief, Granello felt like the tragedy happened before his eyes.

“The Barcelona Empire is too powerful.... They are invincible!” Granello sighed.

“How can the empire survive through this? Can we really win this war? When the empire was in danger last few times, it was the King of Chambord who turned the tables and fought against all odds. King of Chambord, where are you now?”

For some reason, Granello instantly thought of Fei. It was like how a traveler in the darkness thought of the sun.

#### Chapter 1048: The Battle Between Demi-Gods (Part One)

Boom! Boom! Boom!

While Granello was in a daze, three streaks of powerful energy suddenly rose into the sky from the Barcelonan campsites. Like an ancient flood coming from the prehistoric era, the three streaks of energy dashed toward the defense wall of St. Petersburg.

Further away in the sky, three powerful figures appeared in red and blue, tight-fitting armor.

The three stood about five meters apart.

The person in the middle was about 1.9 meters tall, and he had a full beard. His skin was fair, and he was thin. He looked to be about 40 years old, and he was engulfed in burning green energy flames with a deep aura. Mystical light flashed in his eyes, and he looked to be the leader of the group.

The person to the left was shorter but looked much stronger. This man's muscles bulged and made him look like a dragon, and his beard looked tough like needles. He looked vicious, and his green, demonic eyes were filled with murderous spirit.

The demi-god to the right was about 1.8 meters tall, and he was also strong. His black hair was short and loose, and he looked silent and obedient. However, his aura wasn't weaker compared to his two peers.

The powerful energies came from them.

"It is them! The three demi-gods of Barcelona! Busquets, Alves, and Mascherano! The Barcelonans are finally going to use their hidden cards!" Granello instantly got nervous.

[Red Beard] looked around and saw that the Star-Level Warriors of Zenit on the defense wall were already pale-faced, and fear was written all over their faces as the three streaks of powerful energies rushed toward St. Petersburg.

The effect of top-tier masters was indescribable in wars.

Granello heard that the Fist Spiritual Spatial Seals that the King of Chambord left in the bay of Byzantine almost destroyed the herald fleet of Barcelona! The energy seals that a master like the King of Chambord left behind half a year ago could destroy a legion! It just went to show the terrifying power of top-tier masters! Even millions of ordinary soldiers couldn't block the thought of a top-tier master.

Of course, it didn't mean that ordinary soldiers were meaningless in wars.

The herald fleet of Barcelona only almost got destroyed since their commander was too careless. If their commander was a bit more intelligent, or if there were top-tier masters in the fleet who could detect the Fist Spiritual Spatial Seals, the fleet could break these seals or move around it.

Missions and miscellaneous tasks such as conquering cities, occupying the land, and suppressing rebellions had to be performed by ordinary troops.

Boom! Demi-God Busquets of Barcelona who was in the middle of the other two demi-gods raised his hand. A streak of green light flew out, smashing onto the [Goddess of Earth's Protection] that was shielding St. Petersburg.

Heavy shaking occurred, and Granello and everyone else felt like the entire city moved.

Everyone's heart jumped into their throats.

No one knew how long this yellow magic energy sphere that was strengthened by the mages of Chambord could last. Also, for every minute that this energy sphere was active, a ton of magic energy supply was used. Even if this energy sphere was tough, the magic crystals in the storages would eventually run out.

Without the energy shield, St. Petersburg would be like a naked weak woman in front of a tough man, and it would be bullied by Barcelonans at will.

Chapter 1048: The Battle Between Demi-Gods (Part Two)

“Counterattack!”

The ear-piercing siren sounded on the defense wall.

While the military officers shouted, the soldiers concentrated and operated the [Dragon Slayers], the magic crossbows that Chambord manufactured, shooting many giant arrows that were strengthened by semi-godly runes toward the demi-gods of Barcelona in the air.

However, these arrows that could each kill a peak Half Moon Elite were useless. Like toothpicks that were thrown at dragons, the arrows turned into smoke and disappeared when they got within 100 meters of the three demi-gods, let alone hitting them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Busquets, the fair-skinned demi-god of Barcelona in the middle, continued to shoot out streaks of green energy, hitting the [Goddess of Earth's Protection] from different angles. The giant yellow energy sphere continued to shake violently, and each shake made Zenitians' hearts skip a beat.

"Damn it! He is looking for the weakness in this magic array." Granello suddenly realized this demi-god's intention.

Once this fair-skinned demi-god of Barcelona found the weakness of the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], the three demi-gods could concentrate their energies and shatter this energy sphere in the shortest amount of time possible. Then, St. Petersburg would be conquered for sure.

"What should we do? Damn it! What can we do?" Granello instantly grew even more anxious.

At this moment, the sudden change that all Zenitians were hoping for finally appeared.

Three streaks of powerful presence rose from St. Petersburg. Then, three light beams dashed across the sky and appeared outside the [Goddess of Earth's Protection].

While standing before the three demi-gods of Barcelona from afar, these three powerful masters emitted their powerful presences, guarding St. Petersburg behind them like three unclimbable mountains.

“It is Emperor Yassin His Majesty!”

“Mr. Hazel Bank!”

“Golden Lion Lampard of Chambord!”

The top-tier masters of Zenit finally showed themselves.

Many people who were anxious and afraid suddenly calmed down as if they found their spiritual pillar. Bravery and courage returned to Zenitian soldiers, and many people who had looked lost and confused became determined again.

[Red Beard] Granello was pleasantly surprised.

Emperor Yassin was invincible in many Zenitians’ minds, and the other two masters of Chambord were associated with Imperial Martial Saint Alexander, so many people believed in them.

“However...” Granello looked at the current situation worryingly. Right now, Golden Lion Lampard wasn’t a supreme master yet. Although it looked like the situation was a three-on-three battle, Zenit was at the disadvantage.

Further away, after Emperor Yassin and the other two appeared, they didn’t say anything and attacked as fast as lightning.

Since Zenit and Barcelona were in a hostile relationship, it was either going to be the destruction of Zenit or the complete obliteration of the troops of Barcelona. Any talks would only be a waste of time.

The battle was instantly initiated.

Staring at the battlefield in the sky, Granello was extremely nervous. However, what he saw next almost made his eyeballs fall out of his eye sockets.

Golden Lion Lampard who was the weakest out of the six people moved first. He suddenly raised his hands, and two streaks of faint-silver flames flew out, turning into two spheres of light and quickly imprisoning the two demi-gods of Barcelona on the two sides into them.

“How is this possible? How? The two streaks of light both accurately hit the two demi-gods? What are these two streaks of silver light?” Granello was utterly shocked by what he saw.

#### Chapter 1049: Kill You in Three Strikes (Part One)

As soon as Golden Lion Lampard somehow imprisoned Elves and Mascherano, Emperor Yassin and Hazel Bank attacked the fair-skinned Demi-God Busquets who was in the middle.

It was clear that the masters of Zenit prepared this strategy ahead of time. They planned to focus their attention onto one of the enemies and take him down, solving the issue of the disadvantage in power.

Emperor Yassin showed his strength without holding back. His index finger and middle finger came together as he pointed at the sky, and his realm appeared. A giant golden sword that was about 100 meters long dashed out of his fingers with a presence that could destroy the world.

Like a sword god, Emperor Yassin waved his fingers, and the giant sword pierced toward Busquets. The blade of the sword directly cut open the sky, and a black crack that was about 1,000 meters long appeared. That resulted in a terrifying suction force which seemed like it could devour everything in the world. The blade of this energy sword flashed as the sword was as fast as light.

Hazel Bank grasped in thin air and took out a giant, vicious-looking sickle. It had the unique suppression of a semi-godly combat weapon.

As the Undead Mage shook his arm, a faint-black energy permeated the air and formed a dangerous net made of lethal blade energy, enveloping Demi-God Busquets.

In a flash, this demi-god of Barcelona was in a dangerous situation.

Beside him, Elves and Mascherano were imprisoned in the faint-silver spherical prison, and they used their full strength and tried to break free after a moment of surprise.

The powerful energies of these two people created many white cracks in the energy prisons.



However, these two energy prisons were extremely tough. Although cracks appeared under the attacks of the two demi-gods, they didn't instantly break. The two demi-gods couldn't get out and could only watch as their peer fell into danger.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The terrifying energy collisions were ear-piercing as if the world was being destroyed.

The eye-piercing flames made everyone who was paying attention to this battle temporarily lose their sight. The broken giant golden sword, the shattered saber energy, and the green flames that were multiplying and being destroyed repeatedly formed a horrifying scene filled with both light and darkness. Then, a mushroom cloud floated into the sky as if a nuclear bomb went off, robbing away all the colors in the world. Like a mirror that was hammered, the bright sky suddenly shattered.

"Puff!" Busquets puked up a mouthful of blood and got knocked out of the chaotic energy explosion.

The tight-fitting red and blue armor looked dim, and most of it shattered. Busquets' pale face became even whiter, and a greyish-green color could be vaguely seen. It was clear that he was severely injured as his breathing became uneven.

Whoosh!

Another golden sword energy shot out of the chaotic energy explosion and aimed at Busquets' heart.

At the same time, Undead Mage Hazel Bank appeared behind Busquets, and the Death God Sickle drew a terrifying arc in the air, cutting toward Busquets' waist horizontally.

"Damn it!" Busquets was terrified.

Facing the continuous attacks of two supreme masters, Busquets couldn't get a chance to fight back. The green energy flames on him grew even larger, and he unleashed his realm, colliding with the realms of his opponents.

## Chapter 1049: Kill You in Three Strikes (Part Two)

At the same time, Busquets used everything he had and tried to dash away from Emperor Yassin and Hazel Bank's joint attacks.

Such a dangerous situation was something that these three demi-gods of Barcelona had never imagined.

No one knew that Lampard who was the weakest out of all six masters had such unimaginable silver energy prisons, locking down two demi-gods and changing the situation.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Golden sword energies attacked Busquets from all sides, and the latter was like a doll that was being hit by bullets. He moved around in the sky and couldn't land on the ground.

At the same time, blood dripped down the Death God Sickle in Hazel Bank's hand.

Of course, the blood wasn't from the Undead Mage; it was from Busquets.

Although Busquets tried to dodge as much as he could, he was put into a disadvantage since the beginning, and he was facing two opponents who were on his level and had immense combat experience. Therefore, Busquets could only barely maintain his life and not die, let alone fighting back.

As time went by, Busquets was having a hard time moving. The Death God Sickle left many wounds on his body, and Emperor Yassin's golden sword energies got into his body and started causing destruction as well.

"Hahahaha! I'm one of the ten famous generals of a level 9 empire! How can I die in such a remote little empire? Damn it!" Busquets shouted angrily as blood dripped down from his eyes.

However, like a monkey who had fallen into a swamp, the more Busquets struggled, the deeper he fell into the trap.

Whoosh!

A golden sword energy hit Busquets on the chest, and it pierced into his green realm and made blood gush out of his body.

“Ah!” Busquets screamed and puked up a mouthful of blood, and his face turned faint-yellow.

Puff!

Hazel Bank appeared behind Busquets like a ghost, and the sickle slashed out horizontally, cutting open Busquets’s lower back and severing the latter’s spine.

Busquets was almost cut in half, and a ton of his blood that contained demi-godly power dripped down onto the ground, smashing down to create many deep and black craters.

“Hahaha! Die!” Hazel Bank was merciless, and he used murderous moves. The Death God Sickle turned into a streak of silver light and struck toward Busquets’ throat, wanting to decapitate this demi-god of Barcelona.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

At this moment, Elves and Mascherano broke out of their imprisonment, and they did something completely different from each other.

As if he didn’t see Busquets who was in mortal danger, Alves shot forward and dashed toward Lampard in anger, wanting to kill this weak opponent who troubled them for so long.

On the other hand, Mascherano instantly helped Busquets. He reached out his hands and slapped forward, and two streaks of power of realm that looked like two giant orange mountains shot toward Hazel Bank.

The Undead Mage had to back away to dodge this attack. He couldn’t expose his identity as an undead mage, and he was a mage, which meant that he couldn’t take the full-force attack of a warrior. If he were hit, he would be killed.

Busquets finally escaped from death at this critical moment.

#### Chapter 1049: Kill You in Three Strikes (Part Three)

While still feeling scared, Busquets instantly backed away to Mascherano's side, and he glanced at Alves while anger and hatred flashed in his eyes. It was clear that he was angry over this peer's decision to not help him.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Golden sword energies flew all over the sky. Emperor Yassin didn't say anything and only opened his Realm of Sword at full force. Endless sword energies flew out like raindrops in a storm, rushing toward Mascherano and Busquets.

Undead Mage Hazel Bank also put away the Death God Sickle, and he changed his combat style. He chanted a series of spells, and a type of gloomy and chilly energy encircled him. Soon, this energy turned into many black spears, attacking the enemies from afar along with Emperor Yassin.

It was too unfortunate for Zenit!

If the silver energy prisons lasted a moment longer, Busquets would have been killed.

Now, with the help of his peers, Busquets could recover from his injuries and restore his combat abilities in about ten seconds after taking potions and getting other assistance. After all, the vitality of a demi-god was insane. Of course, the decrease in his core energy was a hefty price that he must pay.

Now, this battle finally wasn't as disadvantageous toward Zenit anymore.

On the other side, Alves was battling Golden Lion Lampard in anger and hatred.

Lampard was only at peak Rising Sun Realm, still a big level away from peak Burning Sun Realm. He should have no way of defending against a demi-god like Alves.

However, just before Alves got to Lampard, this warrior of Chambord suddenly activated his star power. Streaks of star energy visible to the eye descended from the sky and transformed into the image of a majestic golden lion. Then, this golden lion roared and dashed toward Lampard, turning into many pieces of light fragments before wrapping around Lampard's body.

When the golden flames disappeared, a set of fancy and beautiful golden armor appeared on Lampard.

The streamlined armor and the perfect components covered Lampard's entire body, corresponding with the stars in the sky and protecting the Golden Saint of Leo.

It was a power close to the level of realms as it contained godly power fragments.

Under the empowerment of such energy, Golden Lion Lampard who was a lot weaker compared to Alves grew so much that his aura was strong enough to rival that of a demi-god.

After pulling out his semi-godly giant black sword, Lampard's strength increased again. Instead of backing away, he dashed forward and battled Alves head-on.

"What? How is this possible?" Alves couldn't believe his eyes.

He wanted to instantly kill this weak Zenitian to vent his anger, but his opponent suddenly showcased such power!

"He is only a little warrior in Rising Sun Realm; how come he instantly have the power to rival me? Also, what energy is encircling him? How is it corresponding with the sky? More? A semi-godly combat weapon in the shape of a sword?"

Alves suddenly felt like he was supposed to kick a soft melon, but it turned out that his eyes fooled him, and he kicked a hard rock.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In just a few seconds, Lampard and Alves exchanged hundreds of strikes.

## Chapter 1049: Kill You in Three Strikes (Part Four)

Alves' power of realm was invincible against warrior energy and magic energy before, but he didn't get the advantage when his power of realm collided into the thin layer of star energy around Lampard. Instead, it felt like he was at a disadvantage. This finding shocked this violent demi-god, and he looked gloomy.

Boom!

A series of loud explosions sounded from afar.

"Let's end it here!" Emperor Yassin sighed and stopped attacking after shooting out hundreds of sword energies.

Now that the battle got to this point, the two parties had similar strength. At least ten days or half a month was needed for them to battle it out, and that would be a waste of time. Besides, if the two sides got intense, St. Petersburg and everything around it would be turned into a living hell.

Busquets and Mascherano both stopped and pulled away.

"Humph! I won't kill you today!" Alves snorted and dashed away, but viciousness filled his green eyes.

"I will wait for you to come and kill me." Lampard was calm and didn't get angry over his opponent's provocation. He was as chilly as a piece of ancient ice.

Seeing that he had no opportunity to take, Alves back away to Busquets and Mascherano.

"I'm surprised that a little level 1 empire has so many masters! Your Zenit is indeed the No.1 Empire in the Northern Region of Azeroth!"

Busquets stared at Emperor Yassin and seemed to have forgotten that he was almost killed a moment earlier. Right now, his injuries had already recovered, but he depleted too much core energy, which was why his face was so pale.

Emperor Yassin stood in the air and only sneered, not caring to reply.

“However, even though you are strong, you are still quite far away from our Barcelona Empire. If you continue resisting, it would be no different from smashing an egg onto a hard stone. If you really anger Emperor Guardiola, Zenit’s bloodline will end here,” Busquets said earnestly, “Your Majesty is wise and far-sighted. Why don’t you end the war here and become a part of Barcelona? With Your Majesty’s strength and talent, Emperor Guardiola will value you. Even if you can’t be like Mr. Lionel Messi who is above everyone but Emperor Guardiola, you will become one of the few most prestigious figures in our level 9 empire.

“Is Barcelona truly invincible? Even if gods are invading Zenit, we will fight to the death,” Emperor Yassin replied with his hands behind his back.

“Your Majesty, aren’t you really not going to consider our offer?” Busquets still tried to convince Emperor Yassin.

“The tens of millions of Zenitians who died in the southern region don’t want to see their ruler bend the knee.” Emperor Yassin’s voice was as cold as ice, and his expression was calm. Suddenly, he smiled and said, “Also, I want to know how powerful the Barcelona Empire, that is rumored to be the No.1 Empire in the Western Region of Azeroth, is.”

“Arrogance!” Alves snorted and said, “You are only the dumb emperor of a little empire. How dare you to be so reckless? I will let you understand what it means to die without having a grave to be buried in.”

“I will kill you in three strikes if we are fighting one-on-one,” Emperor Yassin said to Alves as he looked down at the latter, and his aura was pressing like an avalanche.

“You...” Alves was enraged. Just as he was about to attack, he saw the faint smile on his opponent’s face, and he somehow felt cold. Like a bucket of cold water was poured on his head, all the courage in his mind vanished.

#### Chapter 1050: Queen of Radiance (Part One)

In the next three days after the battle between demi-gods and supreme masters, Barcelona didn’t launch any threatening attacks toward St. Petersburg.

To prevent masters of Zenit from raiding them, the demi-gods of Barcelona set up Fist Spiritual Spatial Seals and protective magic arrays around the campsites.

All kinds of magic energy flames were flashing, emitting powerful auras.

As time passed by, more and more troops of Barcelona appeared around St. Petersburg.

As one of the most important figures on the side of Second Prince Dominguez, [Red Beard] Granello was staffed with crucial tasks. He was one of the people who were responsible for the protection of the city, and he looked out of the watchtowers on all four gates and calculated the number of enemies.

On the night of the third day, Granello estimated that about 300,000 Barcelonan soldiers had surrounded the city.

“The good news is that Barcelonans are being attacked by their mortal enemies, the Madrid Empire, in the Western Region of Azeroth, and the situation isn’t good for them. Also, the Elf Clan that is in the West Region of Azeroth isn’t peaceful. Therefore, Barcelona couldn’t send more forces to invade Zenit, and Lionel Messi, the so-called No.1 Young Lord of Azeroth, can’t come to the Northern Region. Otherwise, St. Petersburg would be in real danger!”

Granello gradually calmed down after thinking back to all the information that he got from the Imperial Military Headquarters and other channels.

Seeing the blood-red sun setting behind the mountains on the horizon, the soldiers who were guarding the defense wall felt even more suppressed with the appearance of darkness. Although these Barcelonan invaders didn’t do anything for three days, everyone knew that it was only the calm before the storm. Once the battle resumed, it would only end with one side getting completely destroyed.

Just as Granello was about to leave the defense wall, a series of noises sounded from the western gate, and lights were all lit up.

“What is going on?” Granello was shocked, and he instantly sent elite soldiers of Imperial Patrol to check on the situation.



Soon, the soldiers returned and reported while kneeling on one knee, “Sir, Fourth Prince Chrystal His Highness is replacing General DiSanto who was the commander of the defense forces at the western gate. They are in the process of transferring authority and exchanging information. According to the tradition, the commanders guarding the eastern gate and northern gate have gone to greet the Fourth Prince. Sir, are you going to do it as well?”

“The Fourth Prince is now in charge of the defense of the western gate? How is this possible?” Granello was surprised and shocked.

Right now, even a beggar on the street in St. Petersburg knew that the Fourth Prince was good for nothing and could only act fancy. This young man loved fighting for power, was arrogant, but lacked any sorts of talent. He got the chance to lead a troop when the Ten-Empire United Troops invaded Zenit, but he was crushed in the southern battlefield due to his carelessness, and he lost the love from Emperor Yassin. From that moment on, he had been given the cold treatment and became an idle royal member.

“How come such a useless and clueless figure got the responsibility of guarding a city gate? Are the Imperial Military Headquarters and Emperor Yassin both confused and lost their minds? We are facing the Barcelona Empire, the empire that is rumored to have the most powerful military on the continent. How important is the duty of defending one side of the defense wall? Even those elite generals who had been through many battles would be diligent and wouldn’t even take off their armor when taking quick naps. Letting the useless Fourth Prince guard the defense wall? If he makes a mistake that is utilized by Barcelonans, the entire city will become a living hell, and tens of millions of citizens will be turned into ghosts!” Granello thought to himself.

After thinking for a moment, he decided to visit Fourth Prince Chrystal.

Granello was one of the key figures on Second Prince Dominguez’s side, and he didn’t need to show the Fourth Prince any respect. However, this situation was too strange, and he had to check it out.

Chapter 1050: Queen of Radiance (Part Two)

-Royal Palace of Zenit, the Imperial Grand Palace-

“Your Majesty, are you comfortable letting Fourth Princess His Highness guard the western gate?”

In tight-fitting, black armor, Execution Knight Captain Akinfeev who was muscular and had sword-like eyebrows stood in the palace like a straight spear, and glints of confusion flashed in his bright eyes.

Emperor Yassin who was in a white royal robe stood at the back of the palace with his back facing Akinfeev, and he was looking at the map of the territory of Zenit. About one-fourth of the map was marked red; it was the southern region that Barcelonans took.

After staring at the map for about four minutes, Emperor Yassin sighed and turned around. He looked at Akinfeev and asked a question that had nothing to do with Akinfeev's question, "Igor, how long have you been with me?"

Without thinking, Akinfeev replied, "56 years, seven months, and 29 days. When Your Majesty was only the prince of a level 1 affiliated kingdom, I was accompanying you as a study buddy."

"Yeah, 56 years, seven months, and 29 days. Now thinking back, all those times flashed by in the blink of an eye." A rare dispirited expression appeared on Emperor Yassin's face as he continued, "I still remember that back then, you, me, Brother Doumbia, Brother Dzagoev... all nine of us were like real brothers, and we studied and practiced martial arts together when we were little. After we grew up, we battle alongside each other and killed enemies together. The people only know that I, Emperor Yassin, battled around the region and established the Zenit Empire, but they don't know that without eight brothers like you, how could Zenit exist?"

"Your Majesty is talented and invincible in the Northern Region of Azeroth. Other brothers and I are proud that we battled alongside Your Majesty," Akinfeev lamented while thinking back to the good old days. Unfortunately, those brothers whom they mentioned were all lying in their cold tombs.

"56 years have passed, and Doumbia and others have bled their last drop of blood for the empire and returned to the embrace of the stars," Emperor Yassin sighed and said, "Only you are still with me. You were like me when we were little, and you are the most talented out of my eight study buddies. All these years, I trust you more than my sons, and you control the Imperial Knight Palace, monitoring all officials and making sure that the empire is in peace. You deserve a lot of credit."

"It is my honor to serve you, Your Majesty." Akinfeev wasn't taking any credit for his work.

"We are only talking about what happened in the past. Don't be so formal." Emperor Yassin pointed at a chair beside him and said, "Igor, sit down and talk with me. About 20 years ago, Jolie passed away, and my third son disappeared, I... I almost died because of that incident as well. To recover

my strength, I have been cultivating at every second, and I haven't gotten the chance to sit with you and talk about the past in a long time."

Akinfeev didn't know what to say. Queen Jolie was the only woman who Emperor Yassin ever loved. She grew up with Emperor Yassin and his eight study buddies, and she was a beautiful and smart woman. Although everyone secretly liked this woman, only Emperor Yassin who was a rare genius that wouldn't be seen once in hundreds of years deserved her.

It should be a fairy tale where a hero and a beauty lived happily ever after. After being married, Emperor Yassin and Queen Jolie loved each other, and Queen Jolie was kind and gentle toward all officials and citizens. All nobles and civilians loved her, and she was known as the Queen of Radiance.

Queen Jolie only gave birth to one son, and he was the Third Prince.

Unfortunately, not long after the Third Prince was born, a big change happened in the empire, and Emperor Yassin fell from his peak and almost died. In that incident, Queen Jolie passed away, and the Third Prince went missing.

This incident cut deep into Emperor Yassin's heart and couldn't be healed.