

Hail the King 1051

Chapter 1051: Past Events (Part One)

Emperor Yassin was extremely sad at that time. Even many years after that incident, he never mentioned Queen Jolie, and others didn't dare to mention the name of Queen of Radiance, afraid that it would trigger the unhappy memories in the emperor's mind and bring tragedies to themselves.

Ever since that incident, the beautiful and kind Queen of Radiance and the missing Third Prince all became forbidden topics in the Royal Palace, and others tried their best to avoid those topics.

However, everyone knew that Emperor Yassin has never forgotten the Queen of Radiance. After that incident, the position of the queen was always empty.

Although other concubines gave birth to the Elder Prince and the Fourth Prince and a mysterious woman who had never been to the Royal Palace gave birth to the Second Prince, and while Emperor Yassin liked all three of his sons, only a few of the people closest to Emperor Yassin such as Akinfeev knew that this genius emperor who dominated the Northern Region of Azeroth liked the missing Third Prince who he has never met before, the most.

Back then, Emperor Yassin was in his prime and unrivaled, and he went to execute a plan with his henchmen such as Doumbia right before the Queen of Radiance gave birth. However, Emperor Yassin got schemed against by others; he was severely injured, and other seven henchmen including Doumbia died.

Emperor Yassin almost died in that incident. When he barely made it back, he heard the news of the Queen of Radiance's death and the Third Prince being missing.

All these events combined constituted the biggest setback that Emperor Yassin, who was in his prime, had ever experienced.

If the Third Prince were still alive today, he would be about 20 years old now.

Since Emperor Yassin loved the Third Prince the most, if he were still around, he would be the righteous successor of the throne. Regardless of how the Elder Prince and Second Prince fought, they wouldn't be able to compete with the Queen of Radiance's son.

“Your Majesty, don’t be too sad. The Third Prince is only missing. Perhaps he will return one day.” In the entire empire, only Akinfeev dared to say such things to Emperor Yassin.

“Hehe, haha!” Emperor Yassin suddenly thought of something, and a rare gentle expression appeared on his face. While laughing, he said, “Igor, I told you that you are the only person who I completely trust. Today, I will tell you a giant secret! I have held this secret in my mind for 20 years! It is finally time to unveil it.”

Akinfeev was shocked, and he thought, “Something that Emperor Yassin kept as a secret for 20 years? It must be shocking to say the least. Could it be that... it is related to that giant conspiracy from 20 years ago?”

“Do you still remember Miasnikov?” Emperor Yassin walked to the Execution Knight Captain and sat down before him while speaking with a reminiscent expression.

“Of course. The eight of us were Your Majesty’s study buddies, and Brother Miasnikov was the steadiest, most detailed-oriented, and most powerful. He was well trusted by Your Majesty. However, Brother Miasnikov went with Your Majesty to that place and died in battle...” While talking about this name, sadness appeared in Akinfeev’s eyes.

Emperor Yassin suddenly laughed and looked at the Execution Knight Captain before interrupting him, “If I told you that Miasnikov didn’t follow me to that place and stayed behind in St. Petersburg, what would you think?”

Chapter 1051: Past Events (Part Two)

“What?” Akinfeev was shocked. “This... how?”

“Before I went to that place, I handed everything in the city to you, asking you to manage it. Like I said before, out of the eight of you, you are most like me. You are brave, decisive, but a little rough around the edges. Before I left, I changed my mind and secretly asked Miasnikov to stay behind to help you. It was this decision that coincidentally covered for my biggest regret in life.”

“Your Majesty, you mean...” Akinfeev didn’t expect that such things happened 20 years ago. Since he was a clever person, after hearing Emperor Yassin’s hint, he guessed something.

“You are right. About 20 years ago, the Royal Palace was raided, and those evil people harmed Jolie and even wanted to kill my third son. You were misdirected by their trick, but it was good that Miasnikov saw through everything in secret, and he saved my child at the critical moment.” After thinking back to the viciousness of the enemies, a fierce expression appeared on Emperor Yassin’s face.

“What? Could it be that... the Third Prince lived? That is great! This... is this true?”

Even though Akinfeev paid attention to his cultivation and tried to be calm and steady all the time, unlike how he was when he was young, he jumped up from his seat subconsciously and asked Emperor Yassin with excitement. He couldn’t believe what he heard.

There was a good reason for his excitement.

Emperor Yassin and his eight study buddies were like brothers from different parents, and their friendships were deep. At the same time, they all liked the beautiful and unique Jolie. Although Emperor Yassin married Jolie in the end, the other eight friends all gave them their best wishes like true gentlemen, and they treated Jolie as their little sister.

When the other seven study buddies who already became famous generals of the empire died in battle, Akinfeev stayed behind in St. Petersburg but wasn’t able to protect Jolie as well as Emperor Yassin and Jolie’s child. Akinfeev had hated himself for this.

Although Emperor Yassin didn’t blame Akinfeev for anything, Akinfeev felt ashamed and blamed himself. Every time he thought back to this incident, he felt like he let down Emperor Yassin and those seven brothers who were now resting in the stars.

Now suddenly hearing that the Third Prince didn’t die, and it came from Emperor Yassin, the surprise and joy that Akinfeev was feeling were indescribable.

“Eh, it is true.” Seeing hot tears rolling in the Execution Knight Captain’s eyes, Emperor Yassin was moved as well.

For all these years, only these eight brothers of his would be happy when he was happy and sad when he was sad.

“Great! This is great!” While talking, tears rolled down Akinfeev’s face. The dark cloud above his head suddenly disappeared, and he felt relieved and almost jumped up. After a while, he suddenly realized something and calmed down before asking, “Then... the Third Prince, where... where was he in the last 20 years? Your Majesty, how come you didn’t...”

“You want to ask why I didn’t move him back to St. Petersburg?” Emperor Yassin asked with a smile.

Akinfeev nodded.

“It is a long story. In the beginning, I thought that I lost the child that Jolie and I made, but things took another turn. On the fourth day after I returned to St. Petersburg, I suddenly discovered the secret code that Miasnikov left in the Royal Palace.” Emperor Yassin started to recall what happened.

Chapter 1052: The Third Prince’s Whereabouts (Part One)

“What secret code did Brother Miasnikov leave behind?” Akinfeev got excited.

“Eh, I thought that he died in the incident at the Royal Palace. After all, the Royal Palace was turned into a flatland, and countless people died. There were many corpses, and I couldn’t even find Jolie’s body. However, on the night of the third day, when I went to the collapsed Royal Palace to remember the fallen ones, I coincidentally discovered the secret code that Miasnikov left behind so that I could reach him... I didn’t alert anyone at that time, and I followed the secret code myself. I was overjoyed when I discovered that Miasnikov saved the Third Prince on that day and escaped from the Royal Palace. I guessed that the situation must be tragic, and the strength of the enemies was too powerful. Miasnikov couldn’t fight back and could only escape while being chased. He didn’t have time to notify anyone else and could only leave secret codes for me...”

While thinking back to that day, Emperor Yassin no longer looked like a majestic ruler of the land as he expressed his love toward his wife who passed away, his son who was almost killed, and his brothers who had fallen.

After a pause, Emperor Yassin continued, “Miasnikov was the strongest among the eight of you, and he was the most careful. Although he couldn’t defeat those enemies who were after him, he hid along the way and wasn’t captured. He was worried that the enemies still had traps set up in St. Petersburg as well as on the path that I would take to come back. Therefore, he couldn’t leave my child at St. Petersburg or try to find me. He could only travel north and continued to escape from the enemies. He escaped for more than 20 days and was in critical danger several times, and he was also critically injured. In the end, he got to Chambord City and settled down the Third Prince before

passing away. Of course, this is the information that I got after I followed the secret codes and clues.”

“Brother Miasnikov was indeed the most powerful and most reliable out of all of us.”

Akinfeev was already crying at this moment. He should be the one who was in charge of everything and taking care of everyone. However, he wasn’t able to perform and let the tragedy happen. Although the enemies were way too strong for Zenit, Akinfeev still couldn’t forgive himself. Now hearing Miasnikov’s heroic and tragic story, he got even sadder and felt like he let down his brothers.

“Alright, Igor, you don’t need to blame yourself.”

Emperor Yassin knew this brother of his very well. Akinfeev was the youngest out of Emperor Yassin’s eight study buddies, and they all treated him like a little brother. During the incident that happened about 20 years ago, Akinfeev battled to the end and almost died. He was unconscious when he was found. It wasn’t like he didn’t try his best; he didn’t need to shoulder all the pressure and guilt.

Akinfeev nodded and suddenly realized something in the next second. He asked in surprise, “Brother Miasnikov ended up in Chambord City? So, the Third Prince is in Chambord City?”

“That is right. I followed the secret codes that Miasnikov left behind and ended up finding his corpse and the child that Jolie and I made.” Emperor Yassin nodded.

When he thought back to when he finally met his son, a warm smile appeared on his face. At this moment, he was no longer the dominating and cruel emperor; he was only a father who loved his child.

“Then, why didn’t Your Majesty bring the Third Prince back to St. Petersburg? If you taught him yourself, he might not be inferior compared to the King of Chambord. He would be a young and talented prince for sure. After all, when the Third Prince was born, phenomenon...” Akinfeev was curious as to why the Third Prince never appeared in St. Petersburg.

Chapter 1052: The Third Prince’s Whereabouts (Part Two)

Clearly, Emperor Yassin didn’t bring back the Third Prince.

“You still remember the phenomenon that appeared when my third son was born? Images of gods appeared, and godly battle songs resonated in the sky...”

The smile on Emperor Yassin’s face was still gentle, and he said heroically with conviction, “Although I didn’t make it back in time to see it, all the citizens in St. Petersburg saw it; it must be true. Hehe, the child that Jolie and I made must be unique and influential!”

“That is right. When the Third Prince was being born, holy battle songs suddenly resonated in the sky, and red clouds enveloped the area. Many godly shadows flashed by, and everyone said that the Third Prince must be the reincarnation of a prestigious godly king, and he will inherit Your Majesty’s will and ambition and might even unite the Azeroth Continent!”

Although it had been about 20 years, Akinfeev still looked shocked when he thought back to what happened on that day.

“Yeah, the reincarnation of a godly king... This must be the reason that triggered the whole incident. How can those people let the reincarnation of a godly king appear in this world? That is why they chased after an infant who was only three days old while scheming against me,” Emperor Yassin sighed and said, “That is why I didn’t bring my child back to St. Petersburg. In fact, I didn’t even dare to go and formally accept that child as my third son. Once those people know that my child isn’t dead, they will come back. Even I can’t protect him.”

“Oh? That is the reason? So, Your Majesty, you haven’t told the Third Prince his real identity yet?” Akinfeev suddenly understood the situation, and he realized what Emperor Yassin was trying to do. He didn’t know the phenomenon that occurred when the Third Prince was born became the nail in the coffin. Queen Jolie died because of it, and the Third Prince was almost killed as well.

The enemies were too powerful, and even Emperor Yassin didn’t dare to go and let the Third Prince know what was going on.

“Yeah, even though I would sometimes go and look at him from afar, I never told him anything.” Emperor Yassin nodded and said, “In the beginning, I felt like this was a blessing in disguise for this child. At least he didn’t have to be involved in the grudges and complex connections of his father, especially involving that terrifying organization. Unfortunately, I finally discovered the problem when the child was about five years old. Perhaps due to the injuries that he suffered when he was on the run with Miasnikov, his brain was damaged, and he became dull and dumb. He was inferior to an ordinary person, and he lost all potential talent in cultivation. I tried many methods in secret and

wanted to heal him, but they were all useless. Ah! I hated myself and the enemies when that happened.”

“How is this possible? The Third Prince... he...” Akinfeev was shocked. “How could such a thing happen?”

Regardless if it were toward Emperor Yassin, the Queen of Radiance who passed away, or the Third Prince who was in danger as soon as he was born, this ending was too cruel. A person who should be one of the most talented figures in the world became an idiot after that tragedy. This child’s fate was too cruel.

“This discovery made me give up my plan of nurturing him in secret. Although I still love this child and can die for him, I can’t let my personal feelings take over me, and I can’t make him the ruler of Zenit. I’m a father, but I’m also an emperor. I need to be responsible toward the officials who are loyal to me and the citizens who love me. After I found out about that, I thought being an ordinary person and living a comfortable and peaceful life might be the best ending for this child who experienced so many trials and tribulations.”

Chapter 1053: It Is Him (Part One)

“However, nothing in this world is 100 percent. If a genius is destined to be unusual, no one can stop his rise. Just like that child... I thought that he was going to be ordinary for the rest of his life due to the brain injury, and I was prepared to guard him and make sure that he was safe and comfortable for the rest of his life in this remote kingdom. However, this little guy who had been dull for the first 18 years of his life gave me a huge surprise; it was a miracle.” A satisfied and overjoyed expression finally appeared on Emperor Yassin’s face.

This expression rarely appeared on this genius emperor’s face ever since the Queen of Radiance passed away about 20 years ago. At least Akinfeev never saw this expression on Emperor Yassin’s face.

“A huge surprise? A miracle? Your Majesty, you mean that the Third Prince suddenly recovered when he was 18 years old?” Akinfeev was also moved by Emperor Yassin’s joy, and a thought suddenly flashed in his mind like a bolt of lightning. An unimaginable idea appeared in his mind, and he stuttered as a shocked expression appeared on his face, “Your Majesty... you mean... you mean... Chambord City... Could it be the King of Chambord?”

“You finally guessed it?”

Emperor Yassin stood up and laughed, “That is right. That little Alexander! He is my third son who had been missing for the last 20 years! He is the Third Prince of Zenit and Jolie’s and my child! I, Yassin, dominated the Northern Region of Azeroth in my life, and everything that I did was shocking. Haha, I never thought that this son of mine would be my biggest achievement in my life.”

“It is real?” Akinfeev was so shocked that he instantly stood up. “So, Alexander is the missing Third Prince? Hahaha! He is indeed the most talented genius that people have ever seen. A 20-year-old demi-god? How many people are on this level in history? That is right. Only the Third Prince who created such a phenomenon when he was born could have such shocking talent! Haha! This is great!”

At this moment, the Execution Knight Captain, the person who many officials feared and was serious all the time, was so excited that he laughed and cried at the same time as he couldn’t put a sentence together like a little kid.

“Eh? Wait, something is off.” After being excited for a while, Akinfeev suddenly thought of something and asked, “Alexander is the old King of Chambord’s son. Everyone knows this, and there are historical records that can be traced. If he is the Third Prince of Zenit, then where did the son of the old King of Chambord go?”

...

“Granello! You are truly arrogant! Fourth Prince His Highness has been here to take over the defense of the western gate for more than an hour, and the commanders of the eastern gate and northern gate had been here already. You are the only one who is late. Do you still have the Royal Family and the Fourth Prince in your eyes?”

The atmosphere outside the watchtower on the western gate was intense.

The middle-aged officer behind the Fourth Prince shouted at [Red Beard] Granello.

Arrogantly sitting on a big chair covered in fur outside the watchtower, the young Fourth Prince Chrystal’s handsome face looked vicious and gloomy under the illumination of the light. He looked smug as he obtained power again, and he looked down at Granello like a coyote as his white teeth were shown, making others feel cold and chilly.

Fourth Prince Chrystal didn’t say anything to the officer who scolded Granello, and he stared at Granello with his gloomy eyes. It was clear that he was waiting for Granello’s response.

However, Granello was backed by Second Prince Dominguez, so he didn't budge.

"Who are you? How dare you shout at me?" [Red Beard] Granello was never someone who would take it and endure everything. His sharp gaze made that middle-aged officer feel nervous, and that man looked down.

Chapter 1053: It Is Him (Part Two)

Seeing this, Granello snorted and said, "I'm the No.1 Commander of Imperial Patrol, and I'm in charge of the defense of the southern gate. I'm also a level 2 noble of Zenit. Who are you? You are only a little officer; how dare you shout at me with someone behind you? You are technically offending a superior; you know what crime this is, right?"

"I... this..." The middle-aged officer was nervous, and he sweated while he stuttered; he didn't know what to say.

Seeing Granello being so dominating, the others in the area were shocked, and their faces changed expressions.

"General Granello, such an overbearing aura." Fourth Prince Chrystal slowly stood up as cold glints flashed in his eyes. Under the light of the flames that were flickering on torches, he looked like a demon beast who was about to eat someone.

Granello wasn't afraid, and he took a step forward and sneered, "I'm not as overbearing as Your Highness. Right now, Barcelonans are right outside the defense wall. The situation is urgent, and everyone is ready for battle. No one takes off their armor when resting, and all soldiers are stationed around the defense wall. Fourth Prince, you just took over the defense of the western gate. Instead of being diligent and shouldering pressure for His Majesty, you are being all arrogant and forcefully summoned the other three commanders who are guarding the other three city gates to see you. Humph! No one is a prince on the battlefield. The four commanders of the four gates should be on the same level. Just the fact that you summoned the other commanders for no reason already violated the military law. If the Barcelonans attack now, the soldiers at other gates don't have commanders to direct them. If something goes wrong, can Your Highness bear the full responsibility?"

"You..." Fourth Prince Chrystal's expression changed, and he was so angry that he pointed at Granello and didn't know what to say for a while. A moment later, he squeezed out a few words

between his teeth, “You... you are reckless. How dare you to be disrespectful to me? You... guards! Arrest this arrogant rebel who is disrespectful towards the Royal Family!”

Tink! Tink! Tink!

A series of metal-grinding noises sounded, and hundreds of elite soldiers swarmed out and surrounded Granello and others with weapons drawn.

“It seems like I overestimated you, a wastrel.” Granello wasn’t afraid, and he shook his head in disappointment. “I really don’t know why His Majesty allowed you to take over the defense of the western gate. If St. Petersburg is going to be conquered, it will start from here. By then, you will be the guiltiest person in Zenit.”

After saying that, Granello turned around and ignored the hundreds of elite soldiers.

However, bowstring-tightening noises sounded at this moment. Like the cold laughter of the Grim Reaper, the temperature in the area even dropped by several degrees.

Granello wasn’t sure when, but the powerful magic crossbows that were stationed on the defense wall were moved over, and they were aiming at Granello and his men. The cold reflections on the heads of the arrows made others feel cold.

These strong magic crossbows were made by Chambord, and they were insanely lethal. When firing at such close range, even Moon-Class Elites would be severely injured, let alone Granello who was only a Star-Level Warrior.

The situation suddenly took a drastic turn.

This was clearly a prearranged trap.

“What? Continue being arrogant! Do you think that you are with Dominguez, the Love Child, so you can disrespect me?” Fourth Prince Chrystal sneered and said with a joyous expression as he had everything in control, “Even if I issue the command and kill you right now, Dominguez can do nothing about it.”

Chapter 1054: Chambord’s Weapons Can’t Be Aimed at Our People (Part One)

Seeing this, the commanders of the eastern gate and northern gate sweated profusely as they thought, “This Fourth Prince is reckless to this degree! He is using the magic crossbows that are supposed for defending the city against our own! Is he crazy? He is a madman! Fortunately, I’m not Granello. If I fall into this trap, I wouldn’t even be able to control my own fate.”

“Now, if you kneel and kowtow to apologize to me, I won’t kill you.” The Fourth Prince felt like he controlled everything, and he pushed Granello with a vicious expression.

Granello turned around and looked at Chrystal as if he was looking at an idiot. He sneered and said, “You are such a dumb pig. If you weren’t born in the Royal Family, you would have starved on the side of a street. Ridiculous! And you want to inherit the throne? You can’t do anything in terms of military or the management of the empire. What can you do to compete with Zenit’s God of War? With Second Prince His Highness? I’m going to stand here today. You can try to issue the order and see if you can kill me!”

[Red Beard] Granello had never been so angry before.

Although he had been one of the most trusted henchmen of Dominguez, and he had a high status, he had always been low-profile and thoughtful. Even when he disliked someone, he never showed it on his face. However, it seemed like he changed into another person today.

Granello truly hated the Fourth Prince. Only idiots and crazy people could joke with the defense of St. Petersburg and the lives of millions and millions of citizens.

“You... alright. You dare to insult the Royal Family and look down at His Majesty! What can Dominguez do after I kill you tonight? You are asking for this yourself! Kill him! Kill him!” Fourth Prince Chrystal was so angry that he instantly ordered the soldiers to shoot out the arrows.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

The noises of bowstrings tightening intensified, and it felt like the noises were hammering everyone’s mind. People in the area were terrified, and none of them thought that things would get to this degree where the Fourth Prince was going to shoot and kill an important general.

“Chambord’s weapons aren’t meant to kill our own.” At this moment, a calm yet refutable voice sounded by everyone’s ear.

A big figure slowly stood out from behind Granello. He was wearing tight-fitting leather armor and carrying a giant black sword, and his long red hair fluttered in the night like a cloud of dancing flames.

This man stood there calmly, but the operators of the magic crossbows didn't dare to release the bowstrings.

Fourth Prince Chrystal and his henchmen's expressions all changed. They recognized this man; he was a powerful master of Chambord, Golden Lion Lampard!

This man was so terrifyingly powerful that he could rival a demi-god of Barcelona, and the [Dragon Slayers] of Chambord were nothing in the eyes of people on his level.

Also, since Lampard walked out from behind Granello, he clearly stated his stance. He was with Granello.

This wasn't difficult to understand. Everyone in St. Petersburg knew that the King of Chambord's relationships with the different princes weren't the same. His relationship with Elder Prince Arshavin was rocky in the beginning, but it slowly got neutral later. His relationship with Second Prince Dominguez was good. Because of Demonic Woman Paris, the King of Chambord's relationship with the Second Prince could be counted as great.

Chapter 1054: Chambord's Weapons Can't Be Aimed at Our People (Part Two)

As one of the most powerful warriors under the King of Chambord's command, it wasn't strange that Golden Lion Lampard stood with Granello.

Now that such a powerful figure appeared, Fourth Prince Chrystal's plans for tonight went to waste.

With an ugly expression, the Fourth Prince coughed awkwardly and laughed, "So... Mr. Lampard, you are here as well. This is... is surprising!"

Although Lampard was only the warrior of an affiliated kingdom, strength was the most important thing in this world. The status of someone who was almost a supreme master was above the emperor of a little empire. Therefore, Chrystal didn't dare to be reckless in front of Lampard.

However, Lampard didn't even look at Chrystal. He said, "Don't aim at our people with the weapons that Chambord made."

After saying that, Lampard, Granello, and others all turned around and left. The hundreds of elite soldiers all moved to the sides and made a path for them.

No one dared to block such a powerful master, and the Star-Level Warriors who were operating the [Dragon Slayers] didn't have the courage to aim at those people.

People only dare to breathe heavily again when Granello and others disappeared after making a turn at a corner of the defense wall.

"Damn it!" Fourth Prince Chrystal didn't know how to vent his frustration, and he somehow cursed out in public.

"Your Highness, this Lampard is too arrogant. He even dared to be so self-important in front of you. We should send the execution knights of the Imperial Knight Palace to capture him and lock him inside the black jail..." the middle-aged officer who was terrified by Granello's glare earlier flattered Chrystal and suggested.

Slap!

Chrystal slapped this man and shouted in anger, "Are you a f*cking idiot? Is your head full of sh*t? How are you thinking about all this? He is almost a f*cking supreme master, and the King of Chambord, a demi-god, is behind him! How dare the Imperial Knight Palace arrest him? Those execution knights who messed with the King of Chambord are all being careful now! Who dares to mess with the King of Chambord and his people?"

The Fourth Prince completely lost it and cursed without holding back, completely losing his temper and temperament.

Others around him all thought to themselves in disdain, "This Fourth Prince sure is a wastrel who thinks he is important."

However, none of them dared to say this out loud.

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“This is why Brother Miasnikov was smart. While he was being chased by the enemies, he knew that they would soon find him and the child. Therefore, he sneaked into the Royal Palace of Chambord and switched out the Third Prince with the old King of Chambord’s son who was less than a day old. Then, he hid in the Endless Sea of Forests for several days. Later, Miasnikov exposed his whereabouts on purpose, making the enemies kill him and the child,” Emperor Yassin said apologetically, “The enemies thought that the target was killed and no longer investigated it further. The Third Prince got saved as well. However, I feel sorry for the old King of Chambord as he lost his son.”

Now, Akinfeev realized everything and sighed, “There was no way around it. We can only blame the enemies who were cruel and vicious. However, letting the Third Prince of the empire be that old king’s son for 20 years is a big compensation for him.”

“Although we can say that now, a life is still a life. My child is important, and so was his.” Emperor Yassin shook his head and said, “I owe the old King of Chambord too much, and that is why I have secretly been kind toward this kingdom.”

Chapter 1055: Lampard’s Identity (Part One)

“However, the Chambord Kingdom is on the rise because of the Third Prince. Now, Chambord has many masters and excellent generals. Its level of magic civilization is so high that it’s terrifying. Even the Royal Family of Zenit might not be able to compare to it. In a sense, the Chambord Kingdom already received the benefit from this.” Due to the hierarchical structure in this world, Akinfeev had little respect toward the old King of Chambord.

In Akinfeev’s eyes, the Third Prince was a high-level royal of Zenit, and being inside a little level 6 affiliated kingdom for so many years made up for everything.

Emperor Yassin nodded as well.

“What you said is right. Right now, Chambord’s strength is far beyond that of Zenit. Even ignoring the strength of Alexander, the other gold saints, and the Chambordian soldiers who are much more powerful than the elite soldiers of Zenit, just Mr. Hazel Bank and Golden Lion Lampard have combat strengths equivalent to demi-gods. A little 1 affiliated kingdom with two demi-gods? There isn’t another force in the Northern Region of Azeroth that can be compared to it. Time seemed to have reversed, and I feel like I’m seeing the scene where Zenit rose from being an affiliated kingdom to becoming an empire.”

“This sure is surprising. I also used the intelligence networks of the Imperial Knight Palace to investigate this. Mr. Hazel Bank seems to be a powerful figure who the Third Prince recruited after he became powerful. Even though he is mysterious, this isn’t surprising. What surprised me was Golden Lion Lampard’s identity. He was only a water-elemental Three-Star Warrior. After he switched to cultivating lightning-elemental warrior energy, his strength skyrocketed. In less than three years, he became a powerful warrior who is close to the level of supreme masters. Such talent is shocking! Although genius generals under the Third Prince such as Drogba and Pierce also increased in strength, none of them are as powerful as the Golden Lion. We don’t know his background. The fact that he is following the Third Prince might mean that he is after something else.”

Akinfeev appeared a little concerned when talking about the masters of Chambord.

In the last year or so, Chambord had been growing in power quickly, and it threatened the Royal Family of Zenit. Therefore, the Imperial Knight Palace did a ton of secret investigations under Akinfeev’s command. Everyone at Chambord was investigated, and everyone seemed fine except for Golden Lion Lampard. This man’s growth almost wasn’t inferior compared to the King of Chambord, making Akinfeev worried.

Now knowing that King Alexander of Chambord was the missing Third Prince of Zenit, he became even more worried.

“Hehe, you don’t have to worry too much about this. This person is 100 percent reliable.” As if he knew something, Emperor Yassin smiled lightheartedly and said, “I met with this golden lion a long time ago, and I finally realized that this person was actually Brother Miasnikov’s friend. He is the last hidden card that Brother Miasnikov left in this world.”

“What? He is an acquaintance of Brother Miasnikov?” Akinfeev was shocked, and he got excited.

Chapter 1055: Lampard’s Identity (Part Two)

“That is right. Brother Miasnikov is indeed one of those rare geniuses who are also wise. He considered issues from many angles and was very careful. After he switched the Third Prince with the son of the old King of Chambord, Brother Miasnikov was determined to die. He was planning to use his and the infant’s death to eliminate the enemies’ worries. This was the only way that they could be fooled. If those vicious and thoughtful people learned that Brother Miasnikov stayed in Chambord for a while, they would have killed all the infants who were recently born along Brother Miasnikov’s escape path. Brother Miasnikov’s plan did fool the chasing enemies, but he thought about another issue that couldn’t be overlooked.”

“Another issue? What problem?” Akinfeev was shocked.

“Brother Miasnikov thought about the case where the secret codes and marks that he left in the Royal Palace and along the way weren’t discovered by us. If that happened, no one would know about the Third Prince’s identity, and there would be no way that the Third Prince can return to the Royal Family. Therefore, before Brother Miasnikov started his plan in Chambord, he connected with his junior brother using their secret method and met up in Chambord. He told his junior brother everything and asked the latter to protect the Third Prince. After this was over, his junior brother could then deliver the Third Prince back to me,” Emperor Yassin lamented, “Miasnikov, he was a great brother! He thought about everything for me and the Third Prince, but he didn’t think about himself. I owe him big time!”

“Brother Miasnikov was indeed the most talented and intelligent among the eight of us. If he were still alive today, he would have already become a demi-god and would be of great assistance to Your Majesty.” It was evident that Akinfeev admired Miasnikov who was like his big brother. After lamenting, Akinfeev asked, “Then, Golden Lion Lampard is Brother Miasnikov’s junior brother?”

“That is right. It is Lampard.” Emperor Yassin nodded and said, “I believe you remember that Brother Miasnikov was fortunate and followed a mysterious traveling supreme master, learning from this master for a while. He mentioned that he had a junior brother who was a genius and more talented than him.”

“You are right. I remember him saying that.” After thinking for a while, Akinfeev vaguely remembered Miasnikov saying these words. Back then, Miasnikov praised his junior brother all the time.

“This Frank Lampard is a brave and virtuous warrior. About 20 years ago, he was cultivating lightning-elemental warrior energy and already achieved peak Half Moon Realm. He was already a master, and he could have broken through the Moon-Class and entered the Sun-Class in a few years. However, after getting his senior brother’s letter and understanding the danger that was involved, he knew that this trip might change his life, yet he still came to Chambord without hesitation. He accepted his senior brother’s request, and he also did something shocking.”

“What was it?”

“He broke his peak Half Moon Realm and destroyed his lightning-elemental warrior energy. Instead, he switched to the water-elemental warrior energy. Because of this, he was severely injured, and he could barely keep his strength at Three-Star Realm,” Emperor Yassin sighed.

“Destroyed his own warrior energy? Why did he do that?” Akinfeev couldn’t understand it.

Chapter 1056: Commenting on the Princes (Part One)

“The reason is simple. Miasnikov cultivated lightning-elemental warrior energy, and he learned everything from the same master. As a result, Lampard’s warrior energy and techniques were almost identical to those of Miasnikov. It would be easy to discover the connection between the two. Besides, wouldn’t it be strange to see a peak Half Moon Elite inside a little level 6 affiliated kingdom?”

After hearing Emperor Yassin’s explanation, Akinfeev instantly understood the situation.

Since those enemies were so cruel and cunning, if they discovered a tiny connection and possibility, they would investigate it until it was the end of the world. As long as they started to do thorough investigations, they would soon discover the truth. Even if they couldn’t be sure, the enemies would destroy the Chambord Kingdom to kill all possible threats. The enemies were willing to kill tens of thousands of innocent people instead of risking letting go of the real target.

For the safety of the Third Prince, Miasnikov didn’t dare to take any risks. Therefore, he did all these things and tried to avoid any possible holes in his story. If Akinfeev were in Miasnikov’s position, he wouldn’t have done such a thorough job.

“It is rare to come by a man like Miasnikov’s junior brother. Lampard treated his promise as the most important thing in the world. He could have stayed out of this, but he directly destroyed his own warrior foundation at Miasnikov’s request, and he stayed in the remote Chambord Kingdom for 20 years. Both these men are unique and rare! I rarely admire others, but I will never forget these two in my lifetime,” Emperor Yassin said to Akinfeev.

“I see!” The Execution Knight Captain was shocked, and he felt like he was far inferior when compared to his big brother who passed away many years ago. Both in terms of strength and intelligence, he knew that he couldn’t be compared to Miasnikov or this junior brother named Lampard.

After a while, Akinfeev sighed and said, “There is such a winding story behind all this. It is fortunate that the Third Prince was saved, and the Golden Lion Lampard received his reward. He went back to cultivating lightning-elemental warrior energy, and he is promoted by Third Prince His Highness, becoming someone who is about to transform into a supreme master. Give and take! All of it was set in fate! Without the accumulated good fortune of the last 20 years, it would be hard for Lampard to achieve his current height today.”

“After Lampard destroyed his own strength, he was severely injured. He switched to water-elemental warrior energy and slowly became a Three-Star Warrior, and he suppressed his injuries after many years. He didn’t know that I discovered the Third Prince’s whereabouts, and he memorized his senior brother’s request and came to St. Petersburg many times, trying to get a chance to explain everything to me. Unfortunately, the Royal Palace was tightly guarded, and he didn’t get a chance. Later, as the Third Prince grew older and became dull, he was worried that I wouldn’t recognize my son like other foolish emperors in history. Therefore, he gave up trying to see me, but he continued to stay in Chambord, taking care of the Third Prince. Later, he coincidentally became the old King of Chambord’s great friend. When the old King of Chambord passed away, he still stayed in Chambord and protected the Third Prince. In a sense, he is my third son’s savior, and he also changed my life,” Emperor Yassin said with an apologetic tone.

Chapter 1056: Commenting on the Princes (Part Two)

“No wonder Your Majesty has been kind toward the Chambord Kingdom both secretly and publicly. Given the poor strength of Chambord three years ago, its privilege of being an affiliated kingdom should have been stripped away, and it should have been turned into a minor territory. Also, when Alexander was crowned as the official king, Your Majesty even sent the Elder Princess to perform the ceremony. Later, the King of Chambord did many controversial things during the competition between all affiliated kingdoms, and many nobles wrote letters to denounce him. However, Your Majesty resisted all pressure and didn’t scold or punish him. Now looking back, it seems like Your Majesty has been trying your best to favor Chambord without attracting too much attention.”

Many things that Akinfeev couldn’t understand before all became clear to him now.

“Yeah, a few years ago, to compensate the Third Prince, I sent his big sister to his kingdom to meet him. However...” Emperor Yassin said in pity, “However, Dominguez and Arshavin messed with each other so much that they battled during the crown ceremony. I was there in person, but my third son gave me a big surprise. He took care of everything himself, so I didn’t have to show myself.”

“Since the Third Prince restored his genius physique, those small things couldn’t bother him. However, even though the Elder Prince and the Second Prince have been fighting with each other, and they used different methods and created their own groups and alliances, they are still very respectful to Your Majesty. They never did anything that crossed the line. Fights between princes can’t be avoided in any royal family. Your Majesty, you don’t have to worry about these things too much.”

The princes and princesses grew up under Akinfeev’s watch. This man was a tough figure in front of other nobles, but he cared for Yassin’s children and treated them as his nephews and nieces. He liked them equally, and he was worried that Emperor Yassin might scold the two princes when

mentioning the fights between them. Therefore, he tried to comfort Emperor Yassin and resolve the situation.

Emperor Yassin smiled and looked at this man who was his youngest study buddy and had been aggressive. Perhaps he was in a great mood since he revealed the secret that he held inside his mind for 20 years, Emperor Yassin said jokingly, “Huh? The aggressive blockhead now also knows how to comfort others?”

Akinfeev only lowered his head and snickered.

Emperor Yassin nodded and said, “You are right. They are all respectful toward me, and they can work together when the empire is in danger. They can prioritize the important matters, and I’m pleased. After Jolie passed away and our child went missing, I was struck and blamed myself. I later found our child, and this experience moved me. I have five sons and six daughters. If they fought like this before, I would have severely punished them. However, after that incident, I’m able to see through everything. My relationship with my children is more important, so I wouldn’t interfere unless absolutely necessary. I’m an emperor and a father. I hope they can all understand my effort.”

“I see. This must be the reason why Your Majesty suddenly allowed Fourth Prince His Highness’ request to guard the western gate, right?” Akinfeev could understand the effort of a father.

“That is right. How can I not know that my fourth son is arrogant and not that talented? He made many mistakes, and I’m disappointed in him. However, he is my son after all, and I have to give him an opportunity. I hope that he can use this opportunity and contribute to the empire. After when the Third Prince inherits the throne, they will be able to co-exist,” Emperor Yassin said with a sigh.

Akinfeev nodded and was about to say something, but he suddenly realized what Emperor Yassin had said. He asked in shock, “Your Majesty, you mean... you are going to let the Third Prince inherit the throne?”

“That is right. The Third Prince is the best choice in terms of reputation, strength, virtues, vision, and abilities. Out of my five sons, Elder Son Arshavin is a genius commander but is also narrow-minded, Second Son Dominguez is not of proper background and doesn’t have the influence, Fourth Son Chrystal is reckless and can’t do anything useful, and Fifth Son Torbinski is playful and can’t be trusted with big responsibilities. Only my third son is the most like me, and he is the best candidate to inherit my throne,” Emperor Yassin sounded proud as he said that.

Chapter 1057: Last Chance (Part One)

Akinfeev thought about it and felt like it was true.

Although there were some talented young people in this generation of Zenitians, they were nothing compared to King Alexander of Chambord who was like a monster. Even the citizens of Zenit in other regions admired the King of Chambord, let alone the people in the Chambord Kingdom. It was previously thought that the King of Chambord couldn't become the emperor of Zenit due to his bloodline, but now that this barrier was removed. Since he was the Third Prince of Zenit, he was the best candidate to inherit the throne.

Besides, from Emperor Yassin's tone, Akinfeev heard that the emperor was pleased with the son that he had with the Queen of Radiance, and he loved this son the most. Therefore, there was no question of who was going to be the next emperor.

The only thing was...

"Then, how is Your Majesty going to connect with the King of Chambord and re-establish the father-son relationship? If Your Majesty wants Alexander His Highness to inherit the throne, his identity as the Third Prince has to be officially confirmed." Akinfeev voiced the most urgent matter.

"Eh, after the war with Barcelona." While saying this, Emperor Yassin looked a little anxious just like how an ordinary father would behave in this situation. "I wonder if this kid is willing to return to my side. Would all this be a little too abrupt and sudden for him?"

If it were anyone else, they would be thrilled and overjoyed after discovering that they were the son of Emperor Yassin who was a supreme ruler of the land. However, it was different for the King of Chambord who was a supreme master. While ignoring all other factors, Chambord's current strength and reputation weren't inferior compared to the Royal Family of Zenit. In fact, Chambord was more powerful in these aspects. Also, the King of Chambord was a reckless character, and it was hard to say that he was going to accept Emperor Yassin as his father for sure.

Akinfeev laughed and said, "Your Majesty, since you are too invested in this, your mind isn't clear. As long as Golden Lion Lampard who is 100 percent trusted and respected by Alexander His Highness validates the claim, everything can be explained, and the Third Prince will believe you. Besides, even though Your Majesty didn't reveal his royal identity, you have been caring for him. The bond between a family is strong and can't be wiped away. Also, the Third Prince isn't someone extreme and stubborn; he will accept you for sure."

"I hope so. The only thing is that those old enemies will discover the truth, and they will focus their attention on Alexander," Emperor Yassin sighed and took out a scroll from his storage ring. This

scroll was perfectly sealed by his demi-godly power. He handed it to Akinfeev and said, "This is my secret edict, and you must keep it a secret and protect it. If anything happens in the empire, it might be of use."

"Your Majesty, you..." After accepting the edict, Akinfeev suddenly felt something ominous.

In the past, Emperor Yassin was heroic and dominating, glancing around without fear and standing on top of the peak like a celestial immortal. He had never been so emotional and chitchatted like this before.

It seemed like Emperor Yassin descended in the mortal world and talked to Akinfeev for a long time, and he sounded a little dispirited.

Akinfeev thought to himself, "Could it be that this demi-god vaguely sensed something about his fate? Is this why he is having this long conversation with me in his palace?"

After carefully putting away the edict, Akinfeev looked up subconsciously and was shocked to find that Emperor Yassin looked a little aged and lethargic. He grew even more worried, but he didn't know what to say.

Then, Emperor Yassin and Akinfeev talked about many things.

Chapter 1057: Last Chance (Part Two)

They recalled their younger years where the nine of them rode on horses and traveled the region, being reckless and brave. After such a long time passed by, both heroes and ordinary people's lives were filled with regrets and reminiscence. Now, looking back, they wanted to change many things but couldn't.

Three hours later, a rare tired expression appeared on Emperor Yassin's face, and Akinfeev stood up and bowed before leaving.

Seeing this old study buddy of his leaving the palace, Emperor Yassin heaved a long sigh and closed his eyes as if he was savoring something. After a while, he opened his eyes again, and sharp glints flashed.

His energy was restored, and that dominating and overbearing aura of a genius emperor reappeared.

“Come out.”

As soon as Emperor Yassin said that, a series of ripples appeared in the air. A black-armored guard who was covered in a black cloak tore open space and walked out. Then, he single-kneeled and reported his mission in detail.

After hearing everything, Emperor Yassin waved his hand, and the guard in black bowed and turned into a cloud of black smoke, disappearing from the palace.

“Ah, such an incapable man! As soon as he got control of the western gate, he became this arrogant and dared to do such things. Using the magic crossbows for city defense to threaten an important general. He sure disappoints me! Disappoints me!”

Emperor Yassin frowned and thought for a long while. In the end, his love for his children won, and he loosened his tightly-gripped fists.

“Alright, I will give you the last chance. If you still can’t grab this opportunity, then don’t blame me for not considering our relationship as father and son. Even when your third older brother inherits the throne, he probably can’t allow a lazy and incapable prince like you to stay around!”

It was midnight outside the palace, and the grand St. Petersburg fell into a long period of darkness.

...

-Meanwhile, in Chambord that was more than 1,000 kilometers away-

After traveling for about half a month, Fei’s guard, Torres, and a few orc masters finally traveled across the ocean and through the Endless Sea of Forests, getting back to Chambord City using the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth.

“What? Barcelona invaded Zenit? They are outside St. Petersburg? Constantine was captured? Luffy His Highness and Reverse Whale Battleship [King Alexander] can’t be found?”

Torres was shocked when he heard about the crucial situation that Zenit was experiencing from Brook. Only about 40 days had passed between the king's departure and Torres' return, but the situation on the continent changed so drastically.

Torres was both angry and shocked.

"Now, the Barcelonans are overbearing, and they sent out several demi-gods. In Chambord, both Mr. Hazel Bank and Lampard had to travel to St. Petersburg for defense, and Strategist Old Aryang led 1,000 elites of Chambord and traveled to the southern battlefield with [Black Pearl] and [Cyclops]. Although they tried their best to minimize the losses, the high level of casualties wasn't avoidable." Brook smiled bitterly and sighed, "Although the flames of war haven't touched Chambord yet, it isn't far away. Right now, the situation is dire, and no one knows how long St. Petersburg can last. When can His Majesty return?"

"This... it would take a month at the fastest." Torres got anxious as well. Even if he returned to the [Banished Land] to inform the king, one round trip would take at least a month if nothing happened on the way.

"We must inform Alexander His Majesty. Right now, the flames of war are spreading to the Northern Region of Azeroth, and we need him to return and command everyone!" Head Minister Bast was impatient, and he wished that Fei could instantly return to Chambord. The Chambord Kingdom could operate on its own without Fei, but when he was missing at critical moments, people felt like the backbone was missing, and they lacked confidence.

"I will immediately return to the [Banished Land] to inform His Majesty!" Torres didn't dare to waste a second

Chapter 1058: Getting Ready for Battle, and the King's Status (Part One)

"Wait for a second, we need to discuss this a little and not make a rushed decision." Brook blocked Torres and said after thinking for a while, "Since Alexander His Majesty decided to stay in the [Banished Land], it means that there is something more important for him to finish. Torres, you can first tell us the rough situation at the [Banished Land]. Since His Majesty sent you back, he must have something for you to do."

"You are right. Damn it! I almost forgot about it."

Torres patted his head, and cold sweat appeared all over his body; he almost forgot something important and ruined Fei's grand plan. Although Torres was thoughtful and careful during normal days, he would get anxious when experiencing something major.

After hearing what Brook said, Torres calmed down. He took out the letters that Fei wrote to Brook and Bast as he explained the king's plan to them.

The secret chamber was extremely quiet under the illumination of the orange magic lights.

After about half an hour, Bast and Brook finally finished reading the king's letter, and they both heaved a sigh of relief. They looked at each other and saw the seriousness and joy in each other's eyes.

"This time, His Majesty is after something big!"

"According to the king's plan, if we can really turn the behemoth orcs into an allied force, then this tribe that has hundreds of demi-gods and potential a few true gods is powerful enough to help Zenit wipe through the Northern Region of Azeroth and unite the area. Even Barcelona would be overrun and wouldn't be able to return. The only thing is that it seems like there isn't much time."

"We need to buy as much time as possible for His Majesty. We have to last until His Majesty's return."

"If the situation gets really critical, we must ask Batistuta and other masters of [Black-Cloth Shrine] to go and assist the Royal Family of Zenit. Although the military of Chambord is filled with elite soldiers, they are limited in number, and there aren't any supreme masters. They can't pose a real threat to the troops of Barcelona."

"It is unfortunate; the 500 mystical gold war puppets that the king left for us before his departure can only receive basic commands and protect Chambord City; they can't be sent to St. Petersburg. Otherwise, these 500 war machines might be able to crush the Barcelonans."

"I wonder how everything is going at the Capital of Anji. How are Professor Cain and Akara doing? Later, we will send Inzagi His Highness to the Capital of Anji and pass His Majesty's orders to the two professors. Also, we need to inform Ms. Charsi's team in the arsenal at [Sky City]. They might need to work overtime. If we want to teleport that many orcs back to the Azeroth Continent from the [Banished Land], we would need at least 5,000 super-long-distance teleportation arrays, and they have to be the portable teleportation arrays that the Mad Scientists' Laboratory improved."

“That is right! This situation is urgent! We must get busy!”

After Brook and Bast urgently discussed this, they quickly created a detailed plan. After going over every step in detail again and making sure that there weren't any mistakes, Brook quickly walked away. As a nation, Chambord started to operate like a well-oiled machine. Thousands of officials, the military, and the various secret departments started to work at a fast and orderly pace.

Bast opened a magic recording scroll and repeated the situation that the Zenit Empire and the Chambord Kingdom were currently facing in detail. Then, he listened to it and added a bit more details before sealing it and giving it to Torres.

Chapter 1058: Getting Ready for Battle, and the King's Status (Part Two)

Bast said, “Since the situation is dire, you and the behemoth orcs should immediately return to the [Banished Land] and give this recording scroll to His Majesty, letting him make the decision. At the same time, please inform him that we will get everything that orcs need for the migration within 20 days.”

“Head Minister, please take care.” Torres turned around and left. After finally coming home, Torres didn't get the chance to go back and see his loved ones and relatives, and he didn't even get to eat a hot meal. He and the orc masters instantly turned into beams of light and disappeared into the Endless Sea of Forests behind Chambord.

After Torres and the orc masters left, Bast suddenly thought of something and patted his forehead with his palm. He murmured, “I was too busy thinking and forgot! Damn it! It seemed like the orc masters beside Torres were all powerful. I should have asked a few of them to stay; they could be free fighters. Hehe, if some of them are injured while fighting with Barcelonans, grudges between the two forces will be created. By then, Chambord won't even need to get the orcs to hate on the Barcelonans; they will fight each other when seeing each other! I made a mistake!”

This old man was quite cunning.

The six orc masters who were accompanying Torres back to the [Banished Land] all sneezed and shivered as if they sensed a chill.

...

-Diablo World, the grand godly realm behind the purple teleportation gate-

With his eyes tightly closed, Fei was still inside that mystical state of epiphany. He wasn't sure how much time had passed, and he also didn't know what was happening in the outside world.

Faint-yellow power of faith flowed to him from all directions, and it was getting thicker and thicker. Like silk, Fei was entirely enveloped in it. The cocoon-like energy sphere was in two colors, silver and yellow, and it expanded and shrunk repeatedly like the heart of a giant.

Every time this cocoon of light that wrapped around Fei expanded and shrunk, it felt like a long and mystical cycle passed, emitting an invisible yet grand power. The entire godly realm was slowly changing because of it.

Fei had been in this state for more than 20 days.

Right now, inside the giant godly realm, the grass was still green, the plane was still wide, the rivers were still rapid, and animals were still active. However, an indescribable atmosphere had appeared. If this giant world felt holy, ethereal, and unapproachable before, now it seemed like it was welcoming intelligent creatures, and it turned into a vivid world that humans could live in.

Perhaps this was what that mysterious voice meant when it said that Fei had to refine this godly realm.

As time passed by, more and more power of faith dashed through space and time and appeared around Fei.

The reason was simple.

First, Barcelona invaded Zenit, killing many people and burning down many towns to annihilate all Zenitians. As the situation grew more and more dangerous, more and more citizens of Zenit prayed and hoped that the Imperial Martial Saint would appear and turn the tables. After all, the king had appeared many times before when Zenit was in danger, and the volume of the power of faith that the citizens of Zenit offered Fei reached an all-time high.

Second, Dark Demonic Armor Basturk and other magic puppets like [No.1] saved more and more orcs within the [Banished Land] and promoted the king's kindness and greatness. Also, as the rumor that Fei was Beast God Rexxar's reincarnation got passed around, more and more orcs believed in Fei.

"Huh? It looks like Alexander can refine the grand godly realm in advance!" that mysterious voice sounded in the godly realm.

Of course, Fei who was in a critical state couldn't hear this.

Chapter 1059: Chaotic Continent and Changes on the Battlefield (Part One)

Time quickly passed by.

Like a volcano that had been quiet for thousands of years, chaos finally broke out on the Azeroth Continent. The Eastern, Western, Northern, Southern, and Central Regions all became a mess.

-In the Eastern Region of Azeroth-

The greedy Manchester City Empire was envious of the dwarfs' forging techniques, and they used all kinds of methods including kidnapping to control the forge grandmasters of the dwarfs. Also, gnomes who loved inventions and adventures became the targets for humans. Especially after humans discovered that these races which had disappeared for a long time had many warrior energy and magic energy cultivation techniques from the Mystical Era and could create powerful war machines, they started to raid and rob these races without restraint.

As if it had opened Pandora's box and released terrifying demons and plague, what Manchester City Empire did led the way for other powerful human empires in the Eastern Region of Azeroth to copy it. The Liverpool Empire, Manchester United Empire, and Arsenal Empire all got a good taste of this type of operation. They all moved many soldiers into this operation to capture dwarfs and gnomes.

Such despicable actions angered the dwarfs and gnomes who didn't want wars.

A large-scale war exploded in the Eastern Region of Azeroth. In the first month, the greedy, proud, and conceited human troops paid a large price. Facing the sharp weapons of dwarfs and magic machines of gnomes, tens of millions of human soldiers were killed.

Like gasoline on fire, hatred was burning and permeated the air unstoppably.

...

-In the Western Region of Azeroth-

The Barcelona Empire and Madrid Empire were mortal enemies for thousands of years, and the war between them reached a boiling point. Almost all the empires in the Western Region were involved; about 40 empires had to join either side, and the flames and smoke of war traveled across the region.

After the initial peaceful adaptation, the Elf Empire that resided in the primitive forest experienced a shocking change as humans tried to get into their empire and pull them to their sides. The Elf Empire broke into three clans, which were Green Elves, Blood Elves, and Night Elves. The ferocious blood elves joined the Madrid Empire, and vicious and cunning night elves joined the Barcelona Empire. These two elf clans walked out of the poor primitive forest and slowly adapted to human society while forming powerful troops.

Only the peace-loving green elves stayed behind in the cold primitive forest. It was heard that this clan was the strongest, and it reserved the most strength. Recently, a descendant with the golden elf king bloodline appeared, and he was supported by the Moon Godly Temple and the Godly Temple of Nature, obtaining the title of Elf King.

This new elf king's origin was passed around by the elves, and his story sounded legendary. Although there were many rumors, one thing was for sure; this new elf king wasn't from the former Elf Realm, and he was a young man who grew up on the Azeroth Continent.

It was heard that this was the reason why the Elf Empire split. Except for the peace-loving green elves who were the most faithful and devoted believers, the blood elves and night elves who only respected powerful masters refused to accept this young man as the elf king, and they split with the godly temples and broke out of the Elf Empire.

...

-In the Southern Region of Azeroth-

The Southern Region of Azeroth was only slightly more powerful compared to the Northern Region which ranked last in terms of strength. Facing the crazy, greedy, and cruel goblins who had insane reproductive ability, the humans in the region were slowly pushed into a disadvantage.

These little short and ugly creatures that had the same level of alchemy and magic civilization as gnomes started their crazy expansion in the Southern Region of Azeroth. They walked completely against humans. In fact, they even treated humans as food. They were monsters in humans' eyes.

Chapter 1059: Chaotic Continent and Changes on the Battlefield (Part Two)

In the end, the human alliance led by empires such as Bayern and Ormond had to stop their internal battles. They sat down together and started to discuss the details of an alliance and how to fight back against the Goblin Empire.

Everyone could see that if the humans in the Southern Region continued to fight amongst themselves, they were going to be wiped out by goblins sooner or later.

The good thing was that at this dire moment, something finally happened on the mysterious Continental Martial Saint Mountain. Continental Martial Saint Maradona, who was said to be the most powerful man on the continent, and his disciples finally moved to help their race. Dozens of disciples who were peak Burning Sun Lords and demi-gods were sent to the Southern Region to help the human empires.

It was heard that the Bayern Empire and the united empires headed by the Ormond Empire were only able to put down their weapons and sit down together to discuss the future of the region because Continental Martial Saint Maradona personally went to their royal palaces to smooth things out.

...

-In the Central Region of Azeroth-

The war between the Dragon Clan and the Holy Church was still on-going.

No one knew why dragons had to fight with the Holy Church that was the most powerful force on the continent. However, the strength of the Dragon Clan was as powerful as the rumors stated.

Except for the Holy Church, these dragons could easily wipe out any human empires on the continent. However, they focused on the Holy Church and attacked aggressively.

It was heard that this was due to the deep grudges from the Mythical Era, and the dragons were attacking the Holy Church this ferociously since they wanted to take back the corpse of the Godly Dragon who was killed here.

Others guessed that many treasures and resources were buried under the Holy Mountain on Sicily Island, and anyone who got their hands on them would become the ruler of this world and even other planes.

All kinds of rumors were passed around, and no one could tell the truth from the lies.

In the last half a year, many masters died on both sides. The sky was almost torn apart, and the Mediterranean Sea which wasn't affected by wars in the last 1,000 years became a terrifying death zone.

Many corpses of masters sunk to the bottom of the ocean, almost killing all living creatures in the water. Also, the sky above the sea was littered with powerful energy seals that the fallen masters left before death.

This region now became a forbidden zone. Anyone below the Sun-Class Realm would be instantly turned into shattered bones and thick blood if they walked in!

Also, it was heard that the gods who the Holy Church believed in came back to life.

Many people said that they saw angels participating in this war against the Dragon Clan, and these angels had wings and swung lightsabres.

Both the Dragon Clan and the Holy Church found their allies.

The Dragon Clan allied with the Inter Milan Empire and AC Milan Empire, and the Juventus Empire turned around and worked with the Holy Church. The former Holy Alliance against the Holy Church collapsed.

Without exaggeration, the Central Region of Azeroth became the most terrifying zone. Although relatively few people were involved in the war, all kinds of supreme masters and top-tier weapons appeared. Almost all the land was shattered, and almost all the civilians had died!

...

Chapter 1059: Chaotic Continent and Changes on the Battlefield (Part Three)

In comparison, even though wars were happening in the Northern Region, it was much calmer compared to other places.

The war between the Zenit Empire and Barcelona Empire attracted many people's attention.

After Barcelona quickly swallowed the southern region of Zenit, the Barcelonan soldiers were stuck outside St. Petersburg for 20 days. Several demi-gods moved, but they couldn't break through St. Petersburg's defenses. Both parties fought many battles where Zenitians guarded the defense wall and Barcelonans tried to siege, and more than a million soldiers were involved. Outside the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], the land was lowered by about four meters.

On the endless grassland, broken sieging equipment and horse-drawn carriages, chipped blades, torn armor, and dried blood were everywhere. To prevent a plague from happening, Barcelonans would burn the corpses of the soldiers and animals together. The surging flames and smoke looked like an angry volcano was erupting.

Countless grudge-laden souls roared and shouted in the dark sky as they ascended with the smoke.

A stinky odor permeated the air. Anyone who inhaled felt like they sucked in a mouthful of rotten flesh and blood. Vultures that were feasting could be seen everywhere, and they chirped as they dashed down. As if they were copying humans, they used their sharp beaks to break the corpses and start another round of merciless killing as they fought with each other for the food.

As the sun lowered into the horizon, it looked blood-red, dyeing everything in the world that color.

Battle shouts continued to sound on the ground, and screams could be heard non-stop.

Granello was covered in blood. He had broken more than a dozen top-tier steel sabers, and a human life disappeared whenever he struck out. His arms were completely swollen.

This man couldn't remember how many times the Barcelonans attacked. Blood already soaked his hair, making his hair stick to his forehead. Blood also dripped into his eyes, blurring his vision and making everything seem like it was soaked in blood to him.

This defense battle lasted for close to three hours.

Finally, retreat bugles sounded from the Barcelonan campsites, and the Barcelonan soldiers backed away like falling tides.

Tink!

The steel saber in Granello's hand dropped to the ground; its blade was also curled a little. If he weren't supporting his body by leaning against a battlement, he would have fallen to the ground. The retreat of the enemies meant that he could finally get some rest.

Granello breathed heavily, and he felt like pepper powder was tossed into his lungs. The soldiers around him felt the same.

Hundreds of groups of soldiers were moved onto the defense wall in the last 20 days.

With a rough estimate, more than 100,000 Zenitian soldiers had died on the defense wall.

Right now, a blazing fire was burning in the Military Burial Field day and night. All soldiers below the rank of Battalion Commander couldn't be properly buried. Their corpses would be burned in the fire with everyone else, and their families could only come and pick up their ashes.

After taking in a few mouthfuls of air that was filled with the smell of blood, Granello finally felt like some of his strength had recovered.

Just as he was about to switch the soldiers on the defense wall, loud noises sounded in the direction of the western gate. Then, he saw about 1,000 Star-Level Warriors of Zenit jumping off the defense wall with the aid of ropes, chasing after the Barcelonans who were backing away.

“Again! This damn idiot! During the battle, he hides inside the watchtower. Now that the battle is over, he is forcing the soldiers who haven’t gotten a chance to breathe to chase after the enemies? Are other people’s lives not worthy in his eyes? How dare he force the elite soldiers to do such things? He is committing a crime! He is killing our warriors! How many times had he done this? How many times? Do the lives of our soldiers worth less than the damn military merits?” Granello was enraged.

Chapter 1059: Chaotic Continent and Changes on the Battlefield (Part Four)

Such things had happened more than ten times.

To encourage the soldiers to fight against the enemies, the Royal Family and the Imperial Military Headquarters issued a new order. Anyone who decapitated an enemy would receive some military merits, and they would be rewarded after each battle.

This order came from a good place.

However, someone shameless came up with an idea and suggested the dumb Fourth Prince to select a few elite soldiers on the Star-Level and force them to go out of the city and decapitate the enemy soldiers who already died. This was one way of accumulating military merits.

In the beginning, the Fourth Prince got many benefits from it.

Since the Fourth Prince had more military merits compared to the other three gates, and he was a prince, the officials in the Imperial Military Headquarters didn’t get strict with him and instead gave him quite a few rewards.

Without a doubt, this pushed the Fourth Prince to do more of this shameless act, forcing the elite soldiers to do more risky things.

However, such actions enraged Barcelonans.

During one retreat, Barcelonans set up a trap and sent out many masters, killing half of 1,000 elite soldiers who came out of St. Petersburg. If it weren’t for Golden Lion Lampard who showed up and saved them, the rest of the elite soldiers would have been killed as well.

In such cruel battles, the life of a well-trained ordinary soldier was precious. However, due to this idiotic prince's selfishness, 500 elite soldiers of Star-Level were killed. These 500 people were all mid-tier officers in a main battle legion! Losing one of them in such a fashion would be a big loss.

Although the soldiers and officials were angry, what could they do to this prince who seemed to be trusted by Emperor Yassin?

What enraged people more was that after the big loss, the Fourth Prince didn't stop his idiotic behavior. He organized more Star-Level Warriors to do similar things. For his own gains, he forced the elite soldiers to do the dangerous deed. It was truly detestable.

It was heard that to force the elite soldiers to go down the defense wall and decapitate the corpses, the Fourth Prince killed a few officials who dared to go against his order, and he used these warriors' loved ones as threats. He was truly despicable.

"No! I need to meet the Second Prince! I need to go into the Royal Palace and meet Emperor Yassin! I can't let this idiot continue to kill the warriors of Zenit!"

Granello couldn't hold it back anymore, and he roared.

At this moment, sudden changes occurred outside the defense wall.

The 200 elite soldiers of Zenit who were chasing after the retreating Barcelonans were suddenly attacked. About 40 mages suddenly emerged from the crowd, and they chanted and released terrifying offensive magic spells. Flames and thick smoke engulfed the battlefield, and roars and whines sounded from the smoke. Blood spilled in all directions, and broken limbs flew into the air.

"Quick! Send people to reinforce them!" Granello roared while his heart bled. The meaningless death of every Star-Level Warrior of Zenit infuriated him.

"Sir, there is no need! Look! We won!" Just as Granello was about to leap down the defense wall and reinforce his peers, his deputy commander suddenly grabbed him and pointed at the battlefield.

Granello looked up and saw that the dust had settled. More than half of the 40 Barcelonan mages died, and the rest escaped. About 50 elite soldiers of Zenit died, but they won this small skirmish. Right now, they were leaving the battlefield and retreating.

In a flash, about 150 people got below the defense wall and quickly climbed up using the ropes.

Granello heaved a sigh of relief. At the same time, an ominous feeling hit him. He felt like he missed something.

In the next moment, four powerful figures flew into the sky from the campsites of Barcelona, and they dashed toward St. Petersburg with powerful auras. At the same time, the retreating troops of Barcelona suddenly turned around and shouted while charging back.

“Damn it! We fell for their trap!” Granello finally understood the situation, and his expression changed.

Chapter 1060: Where Are the Other 50 People? (Part One)

Before others could react, shouts sounded on the defense wall in the west. Those ‘fortunate survivors’ got back onto the defense wall, but they suddenly turned around and raised their sabers at their peers. Those ‘elite soldiers of Zenit’ were attacking their own!

“Those people... are Barcelonans in disguise! Damn it!” Now, everyone realized what was going on.

When the mages suddenly appeared, they created a ton of smoke and sent dust into the air, blocking everyone’s vision. In the battle, all 200 elite soldiers of Zenit were killed. Under the cover of smoke and dust, the warriors of Barcelona quickly switched to the military uniforms of Zenit and pretended to be Zenitian warriors.

Such a tactic fooled everyone, and those imposters easily climbed onto the defense wall with the ropes and suddenly attacked.

At the same time, the troops of Barcelona started to siege the city in coordination with these 150 imposters.

Above the troops of Barcelona, four supreme masters flew in the sky.

Except for Busquets who recovered from his injuries, Mascherano and Elves showed up as well. In fact, even Pedro who was once severely injured also appeared.

These four supreme masters emitted terrifying power that smashed against St. Petersburg like a tsunami. The [Goddess of Earth's Protection] looked like the surface of a lake when a tornado was blowing over it. Terrifying ripples appeared, and it seemed like it was going to be shattered at any time.

Clearly, this was a full-on attack. Barcelona had never invested so much force into one attack.

This scheme was long in the making.

“Quick! Deputy Commander! You command the battle on the southern gate. Elite reinforcements! Come to the western gate with me!” Granello was anxious, and he instantly rushed toward the western gate with hundreds of elite soldiers.

This man knew that the turning point in this war was the western gate.

If those Barcelonan imposters controlled the mechanisms in the western gate and opened the gate, or if they destroyed the magic weapons and mechanisms for the defense of the city, all Zenitians would be in trouble.

As to the four supreme masters of Barcelona in the sky, Granello didn't need to worry about fights on that level. People like Emperor Yassin and Lampard would handle that.

Just as he expected, streaks of powerful auras shined inside St. Petersburg. Four radiating flames shot into the sky; they were Emperor Yassin, Hazel Bank, Lampard, and another master of Chambord. It was heard that this man was from the [Black-Cloth Shrine], one of the shrines of the Holy Church.

The eight powerful masters battled in the high sky.

While loud explosions sounded, it felt like the end of the world was coming. Streaks of black cracks appeared all over the sky, looking like a painting that was torn apart before being knitted again. The

terrifying warrior energies collided and created many mushroom clouds as if nuclear bombs went off.

As his long hair and red beard fluttered in the strong wind, Granello arrived at the western gate as fast as he would with the hundreds of elite soldiers.

However, the scene before them stunned Granello and the reinforcements.

“What is going on? Where are the enemies?”

Chapter 1060: Where Are the Other 50 People? (Part Two)

The scene where warriors of Zenit fighting with enemies didn't appear. Instead, the corpses of soldiers lay all over the ground, and the Fourth Prince stood behind the watchtower in fear as black-armored guards surrounded him and protected him. More than half of the invaluable defensive magic weapons that were made in Chambord got destroyed, and the broken components were all over the ground.

“Where are the enemies?” Granello shouted.

“Kill... we killed all of them!” a commander guarding the western gate got scared seeing Granello's angry expression, and he stuttered as he replied.

“Killed all of them? Did you count the corpses?” Granello frowned; the intense sense of danger was still lingering in his mind.

“Humph! You again! Granello, who do you think you are? How dare you issue commands in the zone that I have control over? Go away!” Seeing Granello, the terrified Four Prince shouted like a scared chicken. Clearly, what happened had petrified him.

“Who the f*ck are you? You idiot! What did you do? Huh? Forcing the elite soldiers to go outside the city and kill enemies? Don't you know that it is the most rookie mistake when defending a city? For your greed over military merits, how many brave warriors died? Now, many magic weapons for defense are broken. How are you going to make up for this? You...”

Granello shouted at the Fourth Prince before everyone without holding back at all.

Hearing such shouts, all the soldiers felt like the pent-up frustration in their minds got vented a little.

“You...” Fourth Prince Chrystal was enraged, and he pointed at Granello and didn’t know what to say. After taking a few deep breaths, he sneered and replied, “So what? The magic weapons are damaged; we can just ask the arsenal of Chambord to make another batch and hand them to us. What’s difficult about that? Now that the empire is in danger, is the King of Chambord going to ignore all this?”

Granello was about to explode, and he thought, “These magic weapons are all invaluable! It is expensive to make them; how can they be that easily made? This idiot still can’t see through the situation? Does he still want to pressure the Chambord Kingdom with the orders of the Royal Family? Can’t he see that Chambord isn’t a force that the Royal Family can command anymore? Is this idiot’s brain full of sh*t?”

Granello was so angry that he almost went over to whip this idiotic prince. However, the officials around him quickly pulled him back, avoiding an even more explosive confrontation.

After forcing himself to calm down, Granello said to the soldiers around him, “Quick! Count the corpses and tally up the numbers.”

“Yes.”

The soldiers quickly counted the corpses on the ground and also separated the enemy corpses from the corpses of Zenitian soldiers. Since Barcelonans and Zenitians looked quite different and had different physiques, it was easy to tell them apart when looking in close-range. The soldiers got the numbers in about ten minutes.

“Sir, 571 soldiers of Zenit died, and we confirmed their names. Also, there are exactly 100 Barcelonan corpses.”

“What?” Granello was shocked. “100? Where are the other 50? I clearly saw that about 150 Barcelonans climbed onto the defense wall in disguise! Where did they go?”

Hearing Granello’s words, others also remembered that.

There were at least 150 Barcelonans who got into the city through the ropes, but how come only 100 corpses could be found? Where did the other Barcelonans go? There were about 50 of them; were they still hiding in the crowd?