

Hail the King 1061

Chapter 1061: Severe Punishment (Part One)

The atmosphere instantly became intense.

The Barcelonan warriors who snuck into the city attacked the Zenitian soldiers on the defense wall, and it brought everyone a nightmare. If more enemies were sneaking around the city...

Everyone looked around and observed the people around them in suspicion.

Everyone felt nervous and anxious.

“Granello, what nonsense are you spurting? The soldiers have already bravely killed all the Barcelonans who snuck into the city under my command! There is no way that there are still enemies in the city! Don’t try to lie and shake the confidence of our people!” The Fourth Prince’s expression changed, and he accused Granello of wrongdoing since he was a bit too nervous himself.

“You? Brave?” Granello sneered in disdain as he said, “What a joke. When the Barcelonans got onto the defense wall, did Your Highness step out of the watchtower? Now that 50 elite soldiers of Barcelona disappeared, do you know what this means? If they snuck into the city, they can cause a ton of destruction. If they are able to communicate with the enemies outside, they can destroy the core components of [Goddess of Earth’s Protection]. By then, the entire city will be conquered!”

“You... you dare do throw dirt on a prince? Granello, you continue to stain the honor and dignity of the Royal Family. Are you jealous that the soldiers under my command killed and decapitated more enemies than you, or are you... just like that love child Dominguez? Up to no good and want to rebel?”

Clearly, the Fourth Prince didn’t think that he made a mistake, and he was so enraged by Granello’s words that he instantly accused the latter of committing treason.

“Enough!” At this moment, a majestic voice suddenly resonated in the sky above the western gate.

Then, everyone felt like their vision blurred and a tall, straight figure appeared outside the watchtower on the western gate.

“Greetings, Your Majesty!” Tsunami-like cheers sounded, and everyone on the defense wall kneeled respectfully.

This man who suddenly appeared was Emperor Yassin.

The battle between the eight top-tier masters ended. Except for Emperor Yassin, people like Lampard already returned to St. Petersburg.

The Barcelonan troops outside St. Petersburg seemed to have noticed that the suicide squad which rushed into the city wasn't as effective as they anticipated. After they dashed within ten meters of the defense wall and got into the attack range of the archers, they suddenly sounded the retreating bugle and pulled back.

“Royal Father...” Seeing Emperor Yassin, the Fourth Prince was pleasantly surprised as he kneeled.

Just as Chrystal was about to say something, Emperor Yassin's angry gaze landed on him like two giant mountains.

“Shut up!” Emperor Yassin said in anger, and Chrystal screamed and collapsed onto the ground under the enormous invisible pressure.

People like Granello and others also instantly felt like the gravity on them increased by several times. Their bodies felt heavy, and they didn't even dare to breathe heavily.

The anger of an emperor could turn millions into corpses!

Very few people had ever seen Emperor Yassin this angry.

“You disappoint me too much!”

The intense disappointment couldn't be hidden in Emperor Yassin's eyes as he looked at the Fourth Prince. Even the soldiers and generals who were kneeling with their heads lowered sensed strong frustration and disappointment in Emperor Yassin's tone, and they felt it in their souls.

“No, Royal Father, I was framed...” The Fourth Prince felt cold, and he tried to talk himself out of it.

Chapter 1061: Severe Punishment (Part Two)

“Framed? For what? Do you really think that I don’t know what you have been doing? Arrogant and greedy for merits, you ignored the lives of soldiers and commanded them without thinking. You treated the soldiers viciously and...” Emperor Yassin’s gaze and tone got angrier and angrier, and he continued, “You are useless! Fine! I gave you opportunities one after another, but you never knew how to cherish them! I’ve decided! From now on, Fourth Prince Chrystal will be stripped of all military authority and demoted to a level 6 noble. He will never be promoted again either in the administrative branch or the military branch!”

“No! Royal Father!” The Fourth Prince never thought that his father would say such merciless words to him.

Stripped of military authorities! Never promoted again!

Since these words came from Emperor Yassin himself, they were edicts! It wiped all the Fourth Prince’s future potential. From now on, he would only be an idle person, and his status would be even lower than the king of a level 6 affiliated kingdom. He could only live in such a condition for the rest of his life.

“Go away!” Emperor Yassin shouted. Without giving the Fourth Prince a chance to talk, this supreme ruler struck out and sent the Four Prince flying from the tall defense wall, landing in an unknown location in the city.

Although Emperor Yassin meticulously controlled his force as a demi-god and didn’t injure the Fourth Prince, the fact that he struck a prince before tens of thousands of soldiers showed how angry he really was.

“It was me who used the wrong person, making the loyal warriors of Zenit die outside the city for nothing. I’m sorry!”

Emperor Yassin glanced at the soldiers and generals who were kneeling around him, and he said apologetically, “Please get up! You have all worked hard for the empire!”

“Thank you, Your Majesty!”

“We are willing to battle to death for Your Majesty!”

“We will protect Zenit with our lives! We will guard Your Majesty until we all die!”

Emperor Yassin’s apology and caring words that recognized their hard work moved all soldiers and generals including Granello, and they felt their blood boiling. They wanted to jump down the defense wall and battle the despicable Barcelonans for good! They felt like the fatigue was gone, and even the injuries didn’t hurt as much.

Other people couldn’t understand how Zenitians admired and worshipped Emperor Yassin.

To the citizens of this northern-bear-like empire, Emperor Yassin was a majestic god, and he had unparalleled influence. Even people like Granello who served Second Prince Dominguez held admiration toward Emperor Yassin that came from their souls. It was a faith and a belief.

Especially seeing Emperor Yassin scolding and punishing the Fourth Prince for the ordinary soldiers, such an apology and comforting words moved people even more.

Some veterans already sobbed in excitement with tears on their faces.

“Granello, you did well. From now on, I command you to move the best scouts in Imperial Patrol and find the Barcelonan spies that snuck into Zenit in the shortest amount of time. Don’t give them the time and opportunity to cause destruction in the city.” Emperor Yassin’s gaze slowly turned back to Granello as he said, “I give you the authority to move any troops in the city to aid your search.”

“As you wish! I’m willing to serve Your Majesty!” Granello nodded in excitement.

“Ok.” With that said, Emperor Yassin suddenly disappeared from the defense wall.

The soldiers and generals all knelt again, seeing Emperor Yassin off with respect.

Right now, it was between battles, and the soldiers finally got a short moment to rest, restore their stamina, and clean their weapons.

With a team of elite soldiers, Granello went down the defense wall and instantly returned to the headquarters of Imperial Patrol. Then, he started to move people around to do the city-wide investigation. The sense of danger intensified in his mind as if something terrifying was about to happen.

Chapter 1062: Mystery and Danger (Part One)

Granello moved the elites of Imperial Patrol and many soldiers to do the city-wide net-style search.

The appearance, bone size, and skin of Barcelonans greatly differed from Zenitians. Also, these 50-or-so Barcelonan spies who snuck into St. Petersburg probably weren't familiar with the buildings and terrain, and they didn't have hideouts.

Normally, these spies should be easily spotted. However, until the morning of the second day, Granello still didn't get any clues or leads.

This discovery made everyone confused.

Emperor Yassin asked Imperial Patrol to find those Barcelonan spies as fast as possible. Although there was no set time limit, Granello still felt a ton of pressure.

On the one hand, Granello strengthened the protection of hundreds of magic nodes in the city. On the other hand, he increased the number of people who were searching for enemies all over the city.

After a morning of zero results, Granello couldn't sit back anymore. He had to risk disturbing the Second Prince who was still healing from his injuries and went to Dominguez's estate.

"Did you encounter something difficult?" The Second Prince who looked healthy only judging from his complexion walked to the grand hall under Demonic Woman Paris' assistance and met up with Granello.

Except for Demonic Woman Paris, there was also Strategist Old Aryang of Chambord.

Without daring to hide anything, Granello told these people about what happened in detail.

However, the Second Prince didn't look surprised. It was clear that even though this prince didn't leave his estate since he was healing up, he knew everything that was going on outside

"This is the first time in more than ten years that Royal Father got that angry, right?" Dominguez leaned back in his chair and pondered.

"That is true. Ever since I followed Your Highness, I have never seen Emperor Yassin so angry. The Fourth Prince overdid it. Even in such a dire situation, he continued to go against the rules and killed close to 1,000 elites of Zenit. His Majesty... got so angry because he loves his children!" Although Granello despised the Fourth Prince, it seemed like he returned to his normal self before Dominguez. He seemed logical and chose words carefully like a low-profile and intelligent commander.

Dominguez nodded and didn't say much.

In the prior battles, he was injured by the residual power of top-tier masters. Although the injuries had healed, the distorted laws of nature still existed in his body. It was fortunate that this condition was discovered early, and Emperor Yassin healed him personally. That cured all lethal injuries and didn't allow the distorted laws of nature to harm Dominguez's core energy. However, the Second Prince still had to rest and recover, and he couldn't battle with others. Therefore, he was forced to stay in his estate by Emperor Yassin, and he didn't join the defense battles.

Granello opened his mouth several times, but no sounds came out.

Dominguez was pondering to himself. When he looked up and saw [Red Beard] Granello behaving like this, he smiled and said, "Tell us what you want to say."

Granello looked at the Demonic Woman and Old Aryang, and he finally asked the question that troubled him for a long time, "Now that the situation in St. Petersburg is this dire, how come Elder Prince Arshavin who is known as Zenit's God of War and Elder Princess Tanasha who is known as Goddess of Intelligence still haven't appeared? Also... also..."

"Also what?" Dominguez asked with a smile.

Second Prince Dominguez' attitude made Granello calm down a little, and he asked, "Also, in the last two years, the empire recruited many soldiers. Just the number of main battle legions under the Elder Prince's command reached 20, and there are close to one million soldiers. However, fewer than 400,000 soldiers remain in St. Petersburg, including the 100,000 royal guards and the defeated

soldiers who retreated from the southern region battlefield. It means that less than 200,000 regular soldiers are guarding the Capital. Where are the other 800,000 elite soldiers?” Granello asked all the questions on his mind without stopping.

“Yeah, where did Royal Brother and the 800,000 elite soldiers go? They should be in St. Petersburg. I’m also curious about that,” Dominguez murmured to himself. It seemed that even he didn’t know where Zenit’s God of War went.

A shocked expression appeared on Granello’s face.

Chapter 1062: Mystery and Danger (Part Two)

“The official statement is that the Elder Prince is inside the Imperial Military Headquarters making plans, and Elder Princess is recovering from her illness inside her estate. However, many pieces of evidence show that the Elder Prince isn’t in the Imperial Military Headquarters, and the Elder Princess isn’t in her estate. The two of them aren’t inside St. Petersburg, and the 800,000 elite soldiers that should be inside the Capital already secretly left St. Petersburg before the Barcelonan invaders arrived at the bay of the Byzantine Kingdom. This process was secretive, and almost no one discovered it.”

Demonic Woman Paris finally spoke, and what she said shocked Granello.

After a pause, Paris giggled and said, “Only one person can allow 800,000 soldiers secretly pull out of St. Petersburg and not let anyone notice.”

“Emperor Yassin His Majesty?” [Red Beard] wasn’t a fool, and he instantly understood what Paris meant.

Since the conversation got to this point, it couldn’t continue anymore. It involved His Majesty, so they shouldn’t try to guess and doubt the ideas of the supreme ruler. For a moment, the atmosphere was quite subdued.

Second Prince Dominguez smiled and broke the silence, and he said with a faint smile, “Those 50-or-so Barcelonans are interesting. With their clear features, they are still able to hide from the massive search efforts. Could it be that they transformed into Zenitians?”

“Your Highness mean...” Granello’s eyes lit up as he thought of something, and he said in joy, “Your Highness, I got it now! Thank you for your advice!”

After saying that, Granello cupped his hands and bowed at Paris and Old Aryang before saying farewells and leaving.

Dominguez and Old Aryang looked at each other and smiled.

“Paris, you need to speed up as well and try to get ready as soon as you can,” Dominguez said lightly as he closed his eyes.

“Your Highness, don’t worry. I got this.” Paris nodded, and her expression rarely looked this solemn.

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Time quickly passed by.

Soon, two days had passed.

Barcelona’s sieges and attacks grew more and more aggressive. The four demi-gods of Barcelona appeared from time to time to harass, and supreme masters on the side of Zenit such as Emperor Yassin were ready and fought back.

The good thing was that both sides had great self-discipline and followed the ancient traditions of war that were unwritten rules on the Azeroth Continent. The supreme masters all didn’t attack ordinary soldiers.

Granello’s investigation and capture operation finally obtained some results.

On the afternoon of the second day, the masters of Imperial Patrol finally caught a Barcelonan spy.

Zenitians were shocked to find that this spy wasn’t a Barcelonan or a Zenitian; he was a member of the Eindhoven Empire! After receiving special training from Barcelonans, he snuck into St. Petersburg.

Since the Eindhoven Empire was adjacent to the Zenit Empire, the citizens of the two empires had similar features and weren't too different from each other. No wonder the prior operations didn't yield anything.

Now, the situation seemed even more difficult.

The people of Eindhoven, A.K.A Eindhovenans, had a tightly-managed and strict system in St. Petersburg, and they colluded with Barcelonans.

Granello wanted to strike the iron while it was hot, and he sent out even more soldiers to search through the neighborhoods. Although his orders were fast, they had limited results; they only caught about a dozen insignificant people.

These captured spies were all sent to Imperial Patrol to be interrogated, but they all seemed extremely tough and stubborn. Even when a portion of their flesh was turned into meat paste, they didn't reveal a word.

Granello got more and more anxious as time passed by.

When the sun was about to set, the interrogations finally yielded results.

After hearing about the whole plan, Granello sweated profusely, and cold sweat appeared all over his body.

While sending people to inform the Royal Family, the Imperial Military Headquarters, and the Second Prince, Granello rushed toward the direction of the No.1 Magic Tower in the center of the city.

The core of the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], which was a magic array that was protecting the entire city, was located in that magic tower.

If this magic tower were destroyed, the entire magic array would stop working, and Zenit would fall into an unimaginable disaster.

Chapter 1063: The Giant Bear in the North, Roar! (Part One)

It was already midnight. Due to the war, all the streets were shut down as the curfew order was active.

While feeling anxious, Granello whipped his horse forcefully, trying to dash to the No.1 Magic Tower in the city with hundreds of elite soldiers as fast as he could. Due to the rush, they didn't show care to the horses and only wanted to get to their destination fast.

Like a tornado, this group of people flashed through the streets, and the loud clip-clop noises made by the horse hooves sounded like thunder in the night.

The cavalryman in the front raised the golden token of Emperor Yassin and shouted, "Imperial Patrol is on duty! We have His Majesty's golden token! Move out of the way!"

As the loud noises that the horse hooves made sounded in the sky, the soldiers all moved the checkpoints on the street to not block the way.

Shouts and noises continued to sound from the directions of the four defense walls.

Barcelonans were fighting the most fiercely at this moment in the night.

In a flash, the No.1 Magic Tower was in Granello's view.

This was the most magnificent building in St. Petersburg next to the Royal Palace, the Martial Saint Mountain, and the Imperial Knight Palace. Streaks of orange-yellowish rings of magic energy surrounded the magic tower like tangible objects, and they slowly rotated around this giant, spear-like black tower. Many magic traps were set up around the area, and more than 5,000 elite soldiers were stationed close by.

Seeing that No.1 Magic Tower was intact, Granello heaved a sigh of relief and sped up.

"Stop! If you move forward for 100 meters, we will shoot!" A fortress that was about five meters tall appeared ahead, and the guarding soldiers heard the clip-clop noises made by the horse hooves and instantly shouted a warning. At the same time, they got ready to attack.

“His Majesty’s golden token is right here!” the cavalryman of Imperial Patrol who led the charge raised Emperor Yassin’s golden token, and the team got to move forward.

Granello rode the horse to the fortress, and he calmed down a little seeing that the defense mechanisms were intact, and it didn’t look like anything was attacked. He casually asked, “Before we got here, did anyone else enter?”

“Sir, about 15 minutes ago, the Fourth Prince came here with about 50 guards, and he said that he was following His Majesty’s order and needed to enter the No.1 Magic Tower!” the military officer who was guarding the first checkpoint replied respectfully.

“What?” Granello was shocked, and he said, “The Fourth Prince was already demoted by Emperor Yassin His Majesty, and he isn’t going to be used for anything. Everyone in the city knows that! How can he be following His Majesty’s order? Damn it! Why didn’t you stop...”

Boom!

Before Granello could finish speaking and dash forward, the ground started to shake violently.

It felt like a giant prehistoric beast was underground, and it was about to break out.

The horses that the cavalymen were riding got scared, and they neighed and raised their front legs. They became violent and anxious as if something terrible was about to happen.

At this moment, people like Granello no longer had time to focus on the horses.

The ground was shaking more and more.

As booming noises sounded, the tough ground became as soft as the surface of a lake, and it was hard for people to stand still on it.

More terrifying was that the giant, miracle-like No.1 Magic Tower 1,000 meters away started to shake as well, and the streaks of orange-yellowish rings of magic light that surrounded the tower which soared into the sky started to break and shatter, disappearing under people’s eyes.

Chapter 1063.2: The Giant Bear in the North, Roar! (Part Two)

“The magic tower... is about to collapse?” the guarding soldiers also looked desperate.

Everyone knew what it meant for Zenitians if the No.1 Magic Tower collapsed at this moment. This represented the complete destruction and death.

Boom!

In the next moment, the statue of Emperor Yassin swinging a sword, which was placed at the top of the No.1 Magic Tower, fell from the sky. This symbol that represented the empire's power smashed onto the ground, sending dust into the air.

Then, the No.1 Magic Tower that was said to be indestructible started to break down. Visible black cracks appeared all over its body, and eye-piercing orange light flames shot out of the cracks!

Suddenly, an ear-piercing siren sounded in the sky above the city.

This noise made the entire city fall into a state of uncontrollable terror and chaos.

“Damn it! What happened?” Granello felt cold inside.

“Sir, please retreat! The energy inside the magic tower is in a state of disorder, and the tower is about to explode!” a military officer shouted into Granello's ears.

“Retreat? Retreat to where?” Granello's face was pale, and he smiled tragically as he said, “The city is about to break, and Barcelonans surround us from all sides. We have no place to retreat to. I'm the guiltiest person in the empire. I'm a bit too late! I'm responsible for all this!”

While Granello spoke, the orange-yellowish [Goddess of Earth's Protection] which covered the city and represented safety and warmth started to break down. The magic shield that could endure full-force attacks of demi-gods shattered like a broken eggshell, and the orange-yellow magic energy turned into pieces and fell from the sky. Before they could get to the ground, they disappeared in mid-air.

The magic shield broke!

St. Petersburg was done!

Without the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], St. Petersburg was like a naked woman before an ill-intentioned man. Barcelonans now could do whatever they wanted.

"If I were able to figure out those damn Eindhovenans and realized that they are spies for Barcelonans, the situation wouldn't have gotten to this devastating degree. Now, everything is done for! I've let down His Majesty's trust, and I let down the millions and millions of citizens in St. Petersburg. I did all this..."

Granello wanted to cut his throat and use his death to punish himself. However, the little bit of logic that he had left made him control his impulse.

After thinking for a bit, Granello dragged over a henchman whispered something into this man's ear.

"Sir, please take care! Go!" This cavalryman nodded along, and he jumped onto his horse and whipped it before dashing away and leaving the area that was shaking the most.

Granello pulled out the longsword on his belt and looked at his brothers who followed him here. He said, "Warriors, the destruction is about to arrive. If you leave here and escape, you aren't a coward. However, if you choose to stay, it is the moment to show our loyalty to the empire. Let's turn our fear into anger! Follow me and charge into the tower! Let's kill all the spies who destroyed the tower! This is the last thing that we can do for the empire and our loved ones!"

Radiant warrior energy flames burned around Granello.

Since the ground was shaking more and more, it was impossible to ride the horses.

Granello got off his horse and dashed toward the magic tower that was collapsing.

"Sir, we will follow you until death!"

The rest of the members of Imperial Patrol didn't hesitate, and they all dashed into the collapsing magic tower like moths to a flame.

Right now, out of about 5,000 elite soldiers who were guarding the tower, more than half of them were either dead or severely injured.

However, none of them chose to escape. They all drew out their swords and followed the cavalrymen while singing the anthem of the empire.

“Even the lowly lives have dignity. Our glory is written in the history of the empire that is filled with hardships. Wars can never make Zenitians retreat! The giant bear of the north, roar!”

The tragic song resonated in the messy and chaotic night.

Chapter 1064: Broken City (Part One)

“What is going on?”

In the Royal Palace, Emperor Yassin instantly sensed the strangeness, and his face changed color. He was always calm, but a shocked expression appeared at this moment. He turned into a streak of light and dashed through the ceiling of his palace before shooting toward the magic tower in the center of the city.

“Hahaha! Yassin, you only discovered it now? Don't you think that it is a bit too late?” a series of arrogant laughs sounded in the air like rumbling thunder.

It was Alves, a demi-god of Barcelona.

The short, bearded Alves looked vicious, and his green eyes looked violent. While his energy flames burned around him, he stood in mid-air and blocked Emperor Yassin's path.

The demi-gods' speed was insane. Without the blockage of the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], demi-gods could appear above St. Petersburg with a thought.

It was clear that everything was under Barcelona's control.

“F*ck off!”

Emperor Yassin didn't want to waste time. With a roar, his Realm of Swords instantly opened. Then, he made a hand gesture, and a giant sword of light shot out of his arms, tearing through space and chopping down on Alves' head murderously.

Alves laughed proudly and released his power of realm. His arms crossed before his head, and a giant orange-yellowish energy shield appeared. It looked tangible, and radiant and mystical runes flashed on its surface.

Boom!!!

Emperor Yassin's sword of light and Alves' energy shield collided together, and an earth-shaking noise resonated in the sky.

"Haha! Huh? How is this possible?" Alves still looked proud a moment ago, but his expression changed drastically in the next second.

The orange energy shield above Alves' head shattered, and an indescribable sharpness cut through his Realm of Defense and forcefully struck his body. Alves was pressed onto the ground, creating a giant crater that one couldn't see the bottom of. All the houses and buildings in the area shattered and disappeared like collapsing sand sculptures.

Although they were demi-gods, Emperor Yassin actually struck Alves and sent him flying with one move!

Without having time to deal with his opponent who he just knocked away, Emperor Yassin rushed toward the No.1 Magic Tower that was collapsing while feeling anxious. He had to rush to the magic tower right away and try to repair it before it completely collapsed. Otherwise, St. Petersburg, a city with a history of hundreds of years, was going to be completely destroyed.

Unfortunately, someone didn't want Emperor Yassin to do that.

"Stop here; this path isn't open," a calm and cold voice sounded.

The second demi-god of Barcelona, Mascherano who was muscular and silent, tore open space and walked out of the void, blocking Emperor Yassin's path.

Whoosh!

Without talking, Emperor Yassin instantly attacked. His Realm of Sword was opened to the maximum. With a wave of his hand, many destructive swords of light formed before Emperor Yassin, and they shot toward Mascherano like raindrops in a storm.

The latter didn't dare to act arrogant, and he opened his realm at full power.

Many orange ancient mountains with runes flashing on them appeared before Mascherano. Compared to Alves, The power of Mascherano's realm was even more focused on defense, and his realm was tougher and more powerful.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Terrifying energies exploded continuously and radiated in the sky, completely engulfing Mascherano.

Without wasting any time, Emperor Yassin dashed forward and bypassed the explosion zone, flying toward the magic tower in the center as quickly as he could.

Chapter 1065: Realness During Crisis (Part One)

"His Majesty is unrivaled!"

"His Majesty is unrivaled!"

Such a motivating scene excited all Zenitians and pumped their confidence.

However, after Emperor Yassin knocked away Alves, several masters of Barcelona appeared and blocked Emperor Yassin. Seeing this, the Zenitians realized that Emperor Yassin couldn't turn the tables around tonight all by himself. If they didn't want to become ghosts under the blades of Barcelonans, they had to raise their weapons and fight the invaders to the death!

Second Prince Dominguez rushed onto the street with his guards.

At this moment, the entirety of St. Petersburg was a mess.

Zenitians who were anxious, helpless, and frantic were everywhere on the street, and they were crying nonstop. With the shattering of the [Goddess of Earth's Protection], even a three-year-old child knew what it meant for this city. The devils of Barcelona who had killed hundreds of millions of Zenitians in the southern region could directly dash into the city, and the Zenitians in St. Petersburg were going to be slaughtered and assaulted by Barcelonans.

"Mom, Mom, where are you?" a little girl who had a doll in her arms cried in the crowd. She was with her family, but they lost each other in the giant crowd.

"Dad, Dad!" a young man was shouting.

Further away, a weak old man got pushed around and fell to the ground. While his forehead bled, he couldn't get up anymore. His son was shouting about five meters away, but he was getting pushed further and further away by the moving crowd and couldn't get close to help his father to stand.

In just a few seconds, this old man disappeared in the crowd, and the young man couldn't do anything about it.

Everything was a mess.

Dominguez rushed out of his estate with soldiers, but he ran into the messy crowds after moving for about one kilometer. Civilians rushed out like waves in a tsunami, and cries and whines could be heard from all directions. This scene merged burning flames and screams sounding from the defense walls, and it looked like the end of the world.

"Quick! Organize people and make them calm down! They can't panic!" Dominguez shouted at the soldiers around him.

Nothing was more terrifying than being inside a chaotic crowd.

Some Star-Level Warriors jumped onto buildings and statues, and they shouted under the empowerment of warrior energy, continuing to comfort the frantic civilians in the crowd. Gradually, this landslide-like chaotic situation got slightly controlled.

“Quick! Lead them to the northern gate! Let them escape in the direction of Chambord City; that is the only way that they can survive,” Dominguez shouted and ordered the soldiers, letting cavalymen open the path and lead the civilians toward the north.”

“Paris! Paris, where are you?” Seeing the situation getting controlled, Dominguez roared and called out.

Like a white rose that was blooming in the midnight, the Demonic Woman dashed over by stepping on statues and walls.

“How is everything with the plan?” Dominguez shouted and tried to overpower the noises in the area so that Paris could hear him.

“Everything is ready, Your Highness.” Paris also shouted back as sweat dripped down her face.

“That is good. Now, lead these people to the northern gate with all the elites of Imperial Patrol! Go to the northern gate right now! You must control the situation over there. Kill through the enemies and release the civilians...” Dominguez took out a golden token from his breast pocket and threw it to Paris.

Chapter 1065: Realness During Crisis (Part Two)

“Your Highness, what about you?” Paris vaguely guessed the Second Prince’s mind.

“Hahaha! I’m going to teach those bstards of Barcelona a lesson! Quickly go! Don’t be naggy at this moment. Take out the cold-blooded and merciless presence as the Demonic Woman. If you can protect and allow one million civilians to walk out of the northern gate safely, you will be a hero of the empire. Of course, if you can leave the Capital alive and see that bastard Alexander, tell him that even though he didn’t appear when St. Petersburg needed him the most, I forgive him. I believe that he isn’t able to come here for an important reason!”

At this critical life-and-death moment, Dominguez who looked sleepy all the time and seemed to not care about anything finally showed the bravery and courage that Zenitians didn’t lack.

After saying those things to Paris, bright warrior energy flames burned on Dominguez’ body, and he turned into a beam of light and shot toward the center of St. Petersburg alone.

“Your Highness... take care!” Paris whispered in her mind before going to Imperial Patrol to move the elites with the golden token.

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-In the noble residential area of St. Petersburg-

This high-level zone was usually tightly guarded and lively, but it was chaotic and messy at this moment.

“Quick! Close the gate for me! Active the magic defensive arrays! Don’t let anyone come in!”

Some nobles chose to stay inside their large estates that had tall walls and tried to defend. They ignored what was going on outside and stayed inside like turtles as if this could get them through all tragedies.

“What is going on? Why did the city get conquered? What should we do? Damn it! What was the military doing?”

Some people became frantic and didn’t know what to do.

“Haha! It is done! Zenit is done! Let’s die together! Let’s get devoured by burning flames!”

Some nobles became crazy due to fear. They didn’t want their wives, daughters, and sons to be assaulted and humiliated by Barcelonans, so they killed them and ignited their estates by magic, dying together amongst the flames.

“Quick! Gather all the guards of the family and place treasures on carriages! Protect the Madam and His Highness! Let’s charge out of here!”

Some people didn’t have the courage to die and decided to try to break out.

“Brothers, today, our courage and honor are on the line! Pick up your swords and sabers! Let’s go and teach those b*stards of Barcelona a lesson! Let them know the power of the giant bear in the north! Even before death, the brave Zenitians aren’t going to back down!”

Among the nobles who enjoyed privileges and wealth, there were hot-blooded warriors. Hundreds of young and passionate nobles gathered their guards and soldiers and formed a temporary troop before charging toward the streets where flames were burning and cries were sounding.

Right now, although the noble residential area wasn’t as chaotic as the civilian residential area, people were feeling anxious.

...

-Imperial Knight Palace-

Ten black knight towers surrounded the giant black tower in the middle. Compared to the noisy outside, it was peaceful here.

The ten executive knights of Zenit all appeared in the giant central tower fully-armed.

Knight Captain Akinfeev who was in battle armor on the stone throne looked at his ten most loyal subordinates who were single-kneeling.

Akinfeev’s expression was strangely calm. Under the illumination of the flickering flames of the two torches on the two sides, brightness and darkness continued to move on Akinfeev’s face.

Chapter 1066: The Will of Battle Skyrocketed on the Martial Saint Mountain (Part One)

“Tonight might be the last night that the Imperial Knight Palace is going to exist in this world. The final moment is here. Tell me, are you afraid and scared?” Akinfeev’s voice was as cold as ten-thousand-year-old ice.

“We are not afraid; we will live and die with the empire,” the ten execution knights responded in unison.

Some of these knights side with different princes and participated in the battle of the throne, some of them had conflicts with the Imperial Martial Saint and became villains in King Alexander of

Chambord's legend, and some of them were new after some of the older execution knights died in battle.

Tenth Execution Knight Piazon, the Silver Moon Knight, was someone new after the former Tenth Execution Knight, Golden Sun Knight, joined the Martial Saint Mountain.

Piazon was only 18 years old, and he was a rare young genius.

However, regardless of how old these execution knights were and what their characters were like, none of them looked afraid before foreign enemies. When the empire was in danger, they all showcased the fearlessness and bravery of Zenit, the giant bear in the north.

The bravery that real warriors showed before death had nothing to do with their personality and character.

"Ok, go and summon your retinues. I will give you three minutes to arrange all personal matters," Akinfeev said as he stood up from his stone throne, "Tonight, let's battle alongside each other and bleed for the empire until the last moment."

"Yes!" The ten execution knights stood up and walked toward their own knight towers as their red long capes fluttered. They had to use precious time to get prepared.

"Silver Moon Knight, stay for a bit." Akinfeev suddenly thought of something.

Piazon who was the youngest among the knights turned around with confusion on his face.

The Knight Captain looked at this handsome and dashing young knight, and he suddenly felt like he saw himself from 50 years ago. Back then, Akinfeev was just as fearless as Piazon, and he followed Emperor Yassin and charged at the foremost in battles. He dared to face all enemies to prove his ideology, honor, and bravery. Time passed by, and everything changed.

"Come here."

Akinfeev beckoned and called Silver Moon Knight Piazon over to him. Then, he took out a sealed magic scroll from his storage ring and placed it in the hands of this young knight. He said seriously,

“Don’t go to battle. Change into the attire of a civilian and escape the city with this scroll. Make sure you deliver it to King Alexander of Chambord.”

“Sir, this...” The young Piazon was confused.

“You will understand everything later. Young man, remember, this scroll concerns the future of Zenit. Zenit might have a chance to rise from the ashes. This scroll is more important than your life. I don’t care what method you use, you have to personally deliver this scroll to Imperial Martial Saint Alexander. No mistakes can be made!” Akinfeev’s tone was extremely serious.

“Sir, I...” Piazon was shocked by this. He was young, and he would rather grab his sword and battle Barcelonans alongside his peers instead of running away like a coward.

“This is an order. You are young and new to the Imperial Knight Palace. Therefore, the Barcelonans don’t know much about you. I need you to pretend to be a civilian, a beggar, a kid, an idiot... I don’t care what method you use. Even if you have to temporarily swallow your pride and surrender to the enemies, you need to personally deliver this scroll to the Imperial Martial Saint. You will be the greatest hero in the history of Zenit if you can complete this mission!”

Chapter 1066: The Will of Battle Skyrocketed on the Martial Saint Mountain (Part Two)

“Yes, Sir!” The young Silver Moon Knight finally nodded and took the scroll before carefully putting it into his pocket.

“Here are two more things for you.” Akinfeev thought for a moment and took out a silver scroll and a golden scroll. He said, “The silver scroll can create a prison of light capable of imprisoning anyone who isn’t a demi-god. The golden scroll contains one full-force attack of Emperor Yassin His Majesty. They will be useful to you in critical moments. Quickly go now!”

“Sir, you... please take care!”

Piazon didn’t decline and took the scrolls.

While single-kneeling, he bowed and turned around before walking out of the palace.

Seeing the Silver Moon Knight walking away, Akinfeev heaved a sigh of relief and relaxed a bit. Then, a gentle smile appeared on his face.

Akinfeev thought, “Kid, you are still young, and your talent is almost on par with Third Prince Alexander. It isn’t worth it to die in this unrecoverable battle. Go find His Highness with the secret inheritance scroll that His Majesty drafted. If you can be valued by the Third Prince, you will become a bright star of the empire. The future of the empire depends on young people like you. It is about time for old people like us to exit the stage.”

Soon, the other nine execution knights returned with their knight retinues.

Although these knights were confused when they didn’t see the Silver Moon Knight, they didn’t say anything.

“Let’s go! Let’s proceed to our final battle!”

Knight Captain Akinfeev of the Imperial Knight Palace of Zenit, the warrior who was called Emperor Yassin’s most loyal henchman by people in later generations, slowly walked down his stone chair. With his blood-red cape sliding behind him on the smooth floor, Akinfeev walked into the last battle of his life with his subordinates.

...

-On the Martial Saint Mountain located in the center of St. Petersburg-

As soon as the [Goddess of Earth’s Protection] shattered, the former Golden Sun Knight Chris Sutton who was cultivating cross-legged by the cliff sighed and opened his eyes.

“This day finally arrived?”

Sutton slowly got up, and sadness appeared on his face as he saw the No.1 Magic Tower further away collapsing irreversibly.

Soon, about 60 powerful figures appeared behind Sutton. They were the members of the Martial Saint Mountain and the disciples of the former Martial Saint Krasic.

“Sir, what should we do now?” a disciple asked.

“Battle!” Sutton’s answer only consisted of one word.

As soon as he said that, Sutton reached out his hand, and a knight lance made of black gold appeared in his palm. Then, he beckoned at his mount, a wolf beast, that was resting not far away, and it broke the chain and got to him while licking him with its dark-pink tongue and rubbing against his body with its head intimately.

“Old Friend, help me again today, for the last time!” Sutton looked up at the smoke that was soaring into the sky from all directions as flames burned on the defense walls, and he looked down at this demon beast that grew up with him and was like his brother.

While caressing this beast’s head, Sutton didn’t know what emotion he was feeling.

“Send someone to take care of Luffy His Highness’ mother. If possible, make sure to protect the Madam and bring her to Chambord.” Sutton suddenly thought of something and said to one of the members of the Martial Saint Mountain.

“No need,” a calm and gentle female voice sounded as a woman walked out from the trees further away on the peak of Martial Saint Mountain. She was the wife of [One Sword] who was the former sword genius of Zenit.

Chapter 1067: Martial Saint Mountain & Letter Office (Part One)

This beautiful woman who was born in an ordinary civilian family showed shocking calm at this life-and-death moment. Right now, she even had a gorgeous smile on her face.

With a cold longsword in her hand, she said lightly, “General Sutton, don’t let the masters of the empire waste their time and energy on an insignificant woman like me...”

“Madam?” Sutton was surprised and asked, “But you alone...”

This woman slightly shook her head and showed her beautiful and gentle profile. She said, “My son has Mr. Alexander as his master, and he will be taken care of. I don’t have any regrets in this world. The warriors of Zenit shouldn’t escape from battle and lose their honor because they must protect an insignificant woman like me. Warriors, please battle to your hearts’ content.”

After saying that, she cut her throat with the blade and committed suicide. Blood spilled around her.

A beauty passed away just like that.

No one expected her to be so brave and make such a decision.

This young woman lived an ordinary life and didn't leave any shocking stories. After she died, not many people would remember her aside from her family.

In fact, until death, she didn't know that her son, Luffy, sunk into the depths of the ocean with [King Alexander] during the battle at the Bay of Byzantine, and no one knew if he was still alive.

This ordinary woman used the most shocking method to end her flower-like life. She knew that if she fell into the hands of Barcelonans, death would even be better than the treatment that she would get. The same went for all Zenitian women.

After freezing on the spot for a moment, Sutton sighed and struck the ground, creating a deep crater. Then, he carefully placed this woman's corpse into it to give her a proper burial.

After doing that, Sutton jumped onto his wolf beast and shouted, "Let's battle!"

This warrior turned into a beam of light and dashed toward the southern gate of St. Petersburg where the largest number of Barcelonans were at.

With solemn expressions, the about 60 members of the Martial Saint Mountain changed into armor and grabbed their swords. Then, they jumped off the mountain with anger flashing in their eyes and warrior energy flames burning around their bodies, and they headed toward the locations where the enemies were packed.

...

-Inside an ordinary-looking residence in St. Petersburg-

Compared to the people around this place who were frantic and running around, this residence was extremely quiet. More than a dozen warriors in black armor stood in the shadow in the courtyard,

and they had caution written on their faces. Like statues, they merged with the darkness as they paid attention to what was going on outside.

Inside the main room, the magic lights were lit, and more than a dozen black-armored warriors were guarding it as well.

Many magic array paths that were hard to detect blinked on the green-stone-tiled floor, and this magic array connected to a secret chamber about 100 meters underground.

This secret chamber was about the size of a soccer field, and many cabinets, weapons, and various items were placed in here.

Also, there were about 300 warriors and mages who looked solemn and had powerful presences.

The 13 warriors standing at the foremost were unique. Their auras were deep, steady, and hidden. They were all Moon-Class Elites who were masters in the region.

These people were facing a young man who was about 20 years old. This young man was thin, and he looked handsome with his long blond hair. With a calm and calculative aura around him, he read all the reports and lightly sighed.

Chapter 1067: Martial Saint Mountain & Letter Office (Part Two)

This young man was one of the leaders of the [Letter Office], the intelligence network that was rumored to be in every corner of the continent, and he was [Young Man] Modric.

This secret underground chamber was the [Letter Office]'s headquarters in St. Petersburg.

“Combine and activate the super-long-distance teleportation array. We need to move all the items and documents back to Chambord. [Cold Blood Nine Eagles], you guys execute this plan and don’t make any mistakes.”

Modric’s calm gaze contained a shocking power. Although his strength wasn’t high, the Moon-Class Elites before him all listened to his commands and respected his status.

“As you wish, Sir!”

The nine eagle-like Moon-Class Elites single-kneeled and bowed at Modric respectfully. Then, they turned around and started to organize everything in the secret chamber with more than 100 warriors.

“Keke, Woods, and Burrent, you three manage and execute the [Hidden Thorn Plan]. Now that St. Petersburg being conquered is set in stone, we need to place many hidden thorns in the city. Even with Barcelonans occupying this place, the [Letter Office] needs to make sure that everything happening in the city will be passed back to Chambord as soon as possible,” Modric said to three Moon-Class Elites.

“As you wish, Sir!” The three Moon-Class Elites single-kneeled and bowed.

“The [Hidden Throne Plan] is extremely dangerous. The family of every brother who is involved will get 1,000 gold coins as compensation. If a brother unfortunately... his family will receive three times the compensation,” Modric said slowly.

“Thank you for your generosity, Sir!” Everyone in the secret chamber kneeled in unison.

“Sir, the defense wall is broken on all four sides, and Barcelonans have charged into the city. Should we organize our forces and fight back?” a Moon-Class Elite tried to suggest.

“No need.” Modric waved his hand and said, “We are an intelligence organization, not a troop. Every member of the [Letter Office] is precious. Now that the fall of St. Petersburg is irreversible, we don’t need to waste our strength. Besides...”

Modric paused and didn’t finish the last sentence. He wanted to say that the [Letter Office] only needed to be responsible to Alexander His Majesty. In terms of the Royal Family of Zenit...

Everyone was selfish to a certain degree, and Modric was no different. The [Letter Office] was grown to this size after the king spent a ton of energy, resources, wealth, and labor on it. Therefore, Modric didn’t want to see the organization drastically weaken for no reason.

“Let’s move!”

Modric ordered, and all the warriors and mages in the secret chamber started to take action in an orderly fashion.

Compared to the outside world, everyone in the secret underground chamber didn't look nervous. They all looked focused and dedicated.

Modric returned to his chair, and he opened a scroll and started to read it. While frowning, he took in the information and pondered. It felt like all the shaking above the ground had nothing to do with what was happening here.

...

"Yassin, the offer that I gave you the other day is still valid. If you are willing to surrender, you can still become one of the top ten generals of Barcelona. Emperor Guardiola is very fond of you," Demi-God Busquets of Barcelona said slowly.

After being surrounded by four demi-gods, it seemed like Emperor Yassin was going to be defeated for sure. It even looked difficult for him to get away.

Chapter 1068: Lionel Messi (Part One)

Emperor Yassin sneered and didn't reply.

"You don't want respect, so you must want to be shamed. Are you trying to buy time for reinforcements to come? Haha! I will give you some advice; don't bet on it. The other demi-gods of Zenit are having trouble staying alive themselves. They don't have the time to come and save you! Haha!"

After being chopped away by Emperor Yassin, Alves looked resentful and angry. Therefore, he shouted and provoked, trying to destroy Emperor Yassin's mentality.

Emperor Yassin's expression didn't even change.

In fact, after seeing that Lampard, Hazel Bank, and Batistuta didn't come to help, Emperor Yassin already guessed that more troubles had occurred. He didn't doubt the loyalty of the Chambord Kingdom, so he simply didn't understand what kind of troubles could hold back three demi-gods.

“My patience is limited. Yassin, what is your decision?” Busquets rushed Emperor Yassin with a frown.

“Hehe, four small dogs of Barcelona dare to bark so arrogantly before me?” Emperor Yassin didn’t hide the disdain from his face. Even though he was surrounded by four demi-gods, it seemed like Emperor Yassin was like a godly dragon that could soar in the sky, and he was upset that four bugs dared to challenge his prestige.

“You are seeking death! Kill him!” Alves couldn’t wait and instantly attacked. This man grasped in thin air and chopped down, and a red saber condensed from warrior energy cut through space and chopped down at Emperor Yassin’s head. This saber was more than 100 meters long, and it had complex runes on its body.

Busquets lowered his head and sighed. Then, he looked up, and only viciousness and murderous spirit could be seen. He instantly shot out a streak of powerful blue and red energy flames.

Mascherano’s expression didn’t change. He formed several hand gestures with both hands, and several ancient mountains that were hundreds of meters tall smashed toward Emperor Yassin like meteors.

“So, you are that mysterious master who appeared in the southern battlefield!”

Pedro had recognized the energy that Emperor Yassin showcased, and he realized that Emperor Yassin was the mysterious master who appeared in the southern region of Azeroth and injured him.

Without hesitation, Pedro opened his arms as if he was hugging something, and a giant lively fire dragon soon between his arms. This dragon twisted and turned between Pedro’s arms before flying out while roaring, dashing toward Emperor Yassin with its bloody mouth wide-open.

“Hahaha! Do you really think that I can’t deal with you?” Emperor Yassin laughed and shouted, “Dragon Fist as a sword! True Dragon Imperial Essence! With me as the lord! Strike!”

As soon as Emperor Yassin said that, streaks of golden dragon essence suddenly rose from somewhere like vapor, and they attached to Emperor Yassin’s body, making his Realm of Swords extremely pure, firm, and powerful. At this moment, it felt like Emperor Yassin was a true god.

Like a peacock showing its feathers, golden sword energies appeared behind Emperor Yassin one after another with powerful presences. Then, they turned into light beams and struck forward against the wind.

Dragon roars resonated in the sky one after another.

“How is this possible?”

“What power is this?”

“God! It is the legendary imperial power! It is the power of faith! Yassin actually obtained the technique to condense the power of faith?”

The four demi-gods of Barcelona were shocked, and they used their most powerful strikes. However, those small golden sword energies shattered everything that came from them. With intense murderous spirit, the swords continued to fly toward the four people without losing momentum.

Chapter 1068: Lionel Messi (Part Two)

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The four demi-gods of Barcelona unleashed their core energies and put up their realms in a hurry to block this sudden killing strike. They wanted to use their tough and firm realms to destroy the golden sword energies.

However, the sharp sword energies were like bloodthirsty locusts. They pierced into the four realms and created a series of energy ripples before causing explosions. Even realms couldn't rival the golden sword energies, and the four demi-gods were finally injured.

“Puff!”

“Ah....”

Busquets and others opened their mouths and spat out mouthfuls of blood, and they quickly dashed away and looked back at Emperor Yassin as if they were looking at a ghost.

“Dragon Fist as a sword! Imperial Sword Energy!” Emperor Yassin didn’t show any mercy. The half-circular sword fan opened again, and they turned into light beams and struck toward the four masters.

The terrifying light beams targeted the vital spots on the four demi-gods’ bodies.

The golden light beams each contained a terrifying presence, and they were sharp and murderous enough to penetrate everything. Even demi-gods’ vital points, once struck by them, would break, and they would die without a choice.

Busquets and others’ realms were already destroyed by the first wave of golden Dragon Fist Sword Energies, and they couldn’t block this second wave of attack. They were all terrified at this moment.

However, something unexpected happened.

Four red and blue figures appeared between the golden sword energies and the four demi-gods of Barcelona. They were as fast as lightning, yet it felt like they froze time and traveled at their own pace.

These four figures moved the same. They raised their fingers and pinched the golden sword energies. Then, their wrists lightly shook, and metal-breaking noises sounded. After that, the pure sword energies that could kill demi-gods turned into clouds of golden mist and disappeared.

Whoosh!

In the next moment, the four red and blue figures slightly shivered, and they came together and became one.

Emperor Yassin’s pupils instantly contracted as he thought, “Such power. He easily destroyed my Dragon Fist Sword Energy. I’m afraid that this man’s strength has reached the legendary realm.”

This man in front of Emperor Yassin was only about 1.7 meters tall, and he was neither thin nor fat. He had an ordinary hairstyle, and he looked average as well. His small eyes slightly squinted, and his nose was distinct. He looked to be around 20 years old, and he had a shy yet extremely haughty smile on his face.

This young man didn't show any powerful presence and looked like an ordinary person, but he gave Emperor Yassin an unprecedented level of threat.

In a flash, Emperor Yassin instantly thought of a name, a brilliant genius who Barcelonans thought only came once in a few thousand years.

Lionel Messi. This legendary figure was only below one person and above everyone else. He was the idol of all Barcelonan warriors, and he was an unparalleled genius who was said to be the most powerful master of the empire with the no.1 military power.

In fact, some people started to make comparisons between this young man and Continental Martial Saint Maradona.

"This is unexpected. Right now, the Barcelona Empire and the Madrid Empire are engaged in an intense war, and the super genius of the Madrid Empire, Cristiano Ronaldo, is unrivaled at the moment. However, the Barcelona Empire dares to send this young lord to the Northern Region of Azeroth to participate in the war against Zenit..." Emperor Yassin's heart began to sink. "The reason behind this war that Barcelonans started is already clear. They must be here for that secret."

Chapter 1069: Imperial Faith & Military Headquarters (Part One)

"Yassin?" Lionel Messi's expression looked shy yet haughty. These two expressions were conflicting, but they somehow perfectly merged on his face.

"Lionel Messi?" Emperor Yassin looked calm and also had a gentle smile on his face.

"Yes, 'Yassin is inferior to no one'. I heard this phrase many times when I was in the Western Region of Azeroth. Emperor Guardiola has also praised you many times and is a little afraid of you. I finally got to meet you today, and I realize that anyone famous must be unique in some ways. I'm surprised that you figured out how to use the power of faith. If you have another year, you would have merged the power of faith and condensed your divinity, right?" Messi slowly said those words.

It felt like these two weren't mortal enemies.

"I only got a glimpse at that realm, but you already walked ahead of everyone. If I'm not wrong, you have already condensed divinity. Are you praising me or praising yourself?" The mocking smile on Emperor Yassin's face intensified.

“Hehe.” Messi’s smile was calm as ever, and he didn’t look angry because of Emperor Yassin’s mockery. With the signature smile on his face, and he said, “That is right, I have already successfully condensed divinity.”

Hearing this, even people like Busquets, Mascherano, and Pedro’s faces changed color, and they thought, “Successfully condensed divinity. Does it mean that he already ascended from being a mortal and is now a god?”

Clearly, it was also these Barcelonans’ first time hearing such information, and they were all stunned.

“Your smile is always fake.” Emperor Yassin shook his head and said, “Although you are always smiling, you can’t hide the haughtiness from your body. Why don’t you show everyone your real side? Do you need to use this boring method for others to side with you? Do you think that your value is only shown when others acknowledge you? Or, are you hiding your true side for some other reason?”

Emperor Yassin’s words were sharp like blades, and clear mockery could be heard through his tone.

However, the smile on Messi’ face didn’t disappear. Instead, it intensified as Messi said, “Attack! Ignite your imperial faith! You can’t last long, right? Before you exhaust all your energy, show me your powerful strength! Don’t disappoint me!”

“Haha! You are still this fake! Although you are clearly angry, you are still smiling! Pathetic!” Emperor Yassin laughed, and a series of metal-grinding noises sounded. The fan of golden sword energies reappeared behind him, showing lethal and sharp power.

Emperor Yassin shouted, “Come on! Let me test how powerful the No.1 Young Lord is! Let me know how powerful a god is compared to a mortal! Dragon Fist Sword Energy! Strike!”

Golden sword energies that were as radiant as the sun instantly dashed out and engulfed Messi who looked like an ordinary person.

...

-Imperial Military Headquarters-

The arrogant and dominating high-level officials of the Imperial Military Headquarters couldn't be seen around here; no one knew where they went. Only half of the officials remained, and most of them were young military officers.

This building that represented the imperial military looked like a peacock who fell into a boiling pot, losing all presence and prestige. While Barcelonans roared and approached, it felt like this building was shivering in fear.

“Where are the people? Come out right now!”

Chapter 1069: Imperial Faith & Military Headquarters (Part Two)

Suddenly, a figure flashed by and appeared on the stairs before the entrance of the highest-level meeting hall, and he roared on top of his lungs.

He was Second Prince Dominguez who rushed over to help.

“It is His Highness!”

“The Second Prince is here!”

As if they saw through the clouds and found their backbones, the anxious officers all stopped their panicking steps and looked at this royal member who built up his reputation in the last two wars in the southern region of Azeroth.

Dominguez glanced at these faces. Most of them were young, and a few were older.

With a rare passionate and blood-boiling tone, the Second Prince said, “Tell me, are you afraid? Nobles of Zenit and the riders of the giant bear of the north! The Barcelonans have broken into our city, and they are killing men, women, seniors, and children without mercy. They are demons without kindness or generosity; they feed off blood and murder. Also, they are extremely powerful, and we will lose for sure. Tell me! In this situation, are you afraid? Do you want to be cowards who kneel before demons and beg for mercy before being killed, or do you want to be heroes who will teach these demons a lesson with sharp swords, fighting for ourselves, our loved ones, and our families? Even if we can live for a few more minutes. Tell me, are you afraid? Are you afraid?”

The Second Prince's words overpowered the roars of Barcelonans that resonated in the area, and his speech hammered everyone's heart.

An emotion, a passion, and a craziness gradually filled everyone's heart that was previously taken by fear and anxiety. They felt like a fire was burning in their chests, their blood, their bones, and their souls.

"We aren't afraid!" someone roared.

"We aren't afraid!" Everyone followed and roared at the same time.

"Great! Our troops need the orders from the Imperial Military Headquarters, and our people need us to go back to positions and protect them. Our souls and honor are waiting to be guarded by ourselves!" The Second Prince raised his sword and laughed, "Now, go back to your positions and return to your familiar jobs! Initiate the magic command system in the headquarters! I will protect this place with you until the b*stards of Barcelona step into the Imperial Military Headquarters! Then, we will draw out our swords and battle to the death!"

"As you wish, Your Highness!"

"The honor of the empire is with us!"

"Hahaha! Pathetic! Why should I be afraid of those Barcelonans? I will battle them to the end!"

Indescribable bravery and passion were ignited in the crowd, and everyone's face turned red as a result. They were ashamed of their prior fear, and they quickly got back to their positions.

Soon, colorful magic light beams were shot from the Imperial Military Headquarters into the sky.

This was a distant magic command system of the military that would only be utilized in critical moments. The troops that lost contact with each other could instantly receive the orders from the headquarters and try their best to coordinate with other troops' efforts.

Of course, this system had one fatal flaw.

If their own troops could see the orders, the enemies would instantly discover the location of the military command system, and they might focus all their attention onto this place.

In other words, the Imperial Military Headquarters was under great danger and would soon face the merciless attacks of Barcelonans.

Chapter 1070: The Night of Death (Part One)

Whoosh!

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Streaks of magic light beams shot into the sky, and they represented different meanings. At this moment, the night was illuminated.

Further away, the troops that were panicking and fighting on their own saw the orders from the Imperial Military Headquarters.

“Look! They are the orders from the Imperial Military Headquarters!”

“Haha! I knew that the Royal Family and the Imperial Military Headquarters didn’t give up!”

“The Imperial Military Headquarters is telling us to head toward the northern gate. We need to kill our way through and protect the civilians! We need to let the civilians leave the city first!”

“Brothers, this is the time when our courage will be tested! Follow me! Let’s head to the southern gate and buy time for our loved ones with our bodies and swords!”

“Quick! Let’s go into the alley and fight there!”

“Quick! Quick! Quick! Activate the magic illusion arrays in the northern zone! Haha! Brothers, let’s play something big before our death!”

“Build up defensive mechanisms in here! Mages, quickly set up magic traps! By using the terrain advantage, we can block the Barcelonans for 30 minutes for sure!”

While the bright magic light beams shot into the sky, the officers in each troop received clear orders.

These officers found all the soldiers around them and united them before following their orders. They were all loyal and executed the orders from the Imperial Military Headquarters. No one panicked, and no one retreated. The young faces all showed anger, the anger toward the invaders, the butchers, and the demons.

Soon, loud footsteps sounded in the streets before the troops of Zenit.

The few civilians of Zenit who were running in the front were soon engulfed by the troops of Barcelona who were chasing them, and they were chopped into meat paste and stomped into the cracks between stone tiles.

Under the illumination of fire, everyone could see that these Barcelonans had blood on their faces, and they looked like demons who were released from Hell.

“Draw your weapons!” the military officer of Zenit who was standing at the front shouted.

Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink!

More than 200 soldiers drew out their weapons.

“Charge!”

The military officer grasped his sword with both hands and charged forward fearlessly. Behind him, the soldiers of Zenit followed him without fear as well.

It felt like a small streak was charging into a violent ocean.

Blood, broken limbs, roars, whines, screams, bones, shattered blades, warrior energy, magic energy, heads, corpses...

This valley was soon filled with blood.

The 215 warriors of Zenit used their bodies and slowed down ten times the elite soldiers of Barcelona for 40 minutes. They battled until the end, and they killed more than 500 enemies. At the end of the battle, the valley was layered by thick blood, and the corpses tightly connected while their vicious expressions frozen on their faces.

Barcelonans were shocked by this tragic battle as well, and they felt an unprecedented fear.

Such scenes were happening all over St. Petersburg.

The former calm and peaceful lifestyle was shattered in this night full of blood. Buildings such as residences, shops, taverns, noble estates, godly temples, statues, and fountains were all destroyed.

Barcelonans ignited everything that could be burned. Men were killed, and women were assaulted and killed while they screamed. Children were tossed into burning flames, and seniors were decapitated with their heads on spears...

Indescribable crimes were happening everywhere in this ancient and beautiful city as Barcelonans pushed forward.

This was war! Such a scene was hard to avoid! Almost every war that happened on the continent was like this.

Barcelonans discovered that their advancement speed was much slower than they expected.

Chapter 1070: The Night of Death (Part Two)

They had to pay hefty prices every time they moved forward by an inch. Zenitian soldiers who were desperate fought back with everything they had, and these brave people didn't retreat at all.

The intense battles turned St. Petersburg into complete chaos.

“Do you see that? Further away, it is the command center of Zenitian troops! As long as we destroy that place, the Zenitians' defense will fall apart!” Under the illumination of the magic light beams that lit up the sky, High-Level Commander Montoya of Barcelona looked vicious and wicked with an excited smile on his face, and he said to the military officers around him while pointing at the building where all the magic light beams were coming from.

“We are willing to follow you and destroy the command center of Zenit, Sir!” the military officers around him all shouted in unison.

“Great!” Montoya licked his lips in excitement.

Ever since the battle at the Bay of Byzantine where he led the herald troop of [Sea God’s Spear] into the Fist Spiritual Spatial Seal Formation set up by the King of Chambord, Montoya was put off-duty by Pedro for almost destroying all the ships in the troop.

Montoya hadn’t gotten a chance to kill enemies and earn military merits. It was finally the night where he could move, and he couldn’t wait to do something big.

After changing into tight-fitting armor, Montoya picked out 1,000 elite soldiers and more than 200 military officers with extensive combat experience.

These people all grabbed the most advanced weapons, and they cut into crowds and separated people like demons in the night after Montoya waved his hand. They quickly dashed toward the Imperial Military Headquarters of Zenit where all the magic signal lights were coming from.

“They are going to the Imperial Military Headquarters! Stop them!”

Soon, a team loosely formed by divided Zenitian soldiers discovered this team of elite Barcelonans and spotted their intent. These brave soldiers of Zenit roared and charged over, trying to stop the enemies and buy some time.

“Die!” Montoya sneered and waved his blade.

A streak of warrior energy flew out and cut more than a dozen soldiers of Zenit into half.

The soldiers of Barcelona were mercilessly killing the soldiers of Zenit. These Barcelonan soldiers were all elites, and most of them were Star-Level Warriors. They quickly squashed this team of Zenitian soldiers.

Within five kilometers of the Imperial Military Headquarters of Zenit, many Zenitian soldiers jumped out to stop them, but this team of dark demons crushed over and left blood and corpses on the ground.

Soon, Montoya got to the gate of Imperial Military Headquarters with the elites after killing through many layers of Zenitian soldiers.

“Hahaha! This is about time for us to earn military merits and get promoted! Kill everyone inside! Regardless of their gender and age! Don’t even let an animal live!”

Montoya dashed upward and jumped over the gate and the wall around the Imperial Military Headquarters which were about ten meters tall. Behind him, all the military officers and elite soldiers also jumped over with warrior energy flames burning around them, dashing into the building like hungry locusts.

“Attack!”

While a few saber energies flew by, the Zenitian military advisors who were walking with stacks of documents in their hands were decapitated, and their heads flew into the sky before the shocked expressions could form on their faces.

After the warriors of Zenit tried their best to guard the door, they were crushed before the door was knocked down. Then, the Barcelonan soldiers rushed into the building like a flood.

“They came so fast!” Second Prince Dominguez was standing on the stairs before the highest-level meeting hall, and he took a deep breath and turned around before saying, “Activate the array!”