

Hail the King 1081

Chapter 1081: Golden Armor Flying Above Chambord (Part One)

As a supreme master, the Valkyrie knew how rare and important the state of epiphany was to a master. Also, she knew about the existence of Diablo World, and she could guess that the reason why Fei hadn't come out in so long was that he was in a critical situation, and he shouldn't be disturbed at all.

Compared to the native residents of Chambord, Elena cared more about Fei.

Only when Fei wasn't a part of the equation would Elena think about the situation of Chambord.

Elena had a different background compared to everyone here, so her views were unique.

Since the Queen was so firm, people like Torres and Drogba couldn't go against her will. Therefore, they could only suppress their anxiety and wait with patience.

In a flash, three days passed, and Pope Entus looked like he aged for another 20 years. His back hunched, and he looked old. His hair was all white, and his eyes got cloudy. Some of his teeth fell out, and his skin withered. While looking extremely thin, he took quick breaths, stuttered when he spoke, and couldn't even remain standing for a long time.

While Entus was assisted by the saintesses of Beast God Palace and his followers who were all teary-eyed, he sat before the building that Fei cultivating in and could only wait patiently since he didn't even have the energy to curse anymore.

"Damn it... Fei you b*stard. You... you have to... come out before I die," Entus thought to himself. He thought that he would be fearful of death when the 1,000-year time limit was up, but he was unprecedentedly peaceful and as calm as a gentle breeze. His only wish was that before he died and was buried in the cold tomb, he wanted to see Fei for the last time and witness the latter ascend to the throne of Beast God Palace. That would complete the agreement that he made with the mysterious existence, and he could leave this world without any regrets.

Many people couldn't hold themselves in check.

Right now, the spotlight in the entire [Banished Land] was focused on the stone building that Fei was in.

Under the leadership of the ten king clans, all orcs were prepared for the mass migration. More than 100,000 powerful orc warriors traveled across the ocean and set up many temporary campsites on the beach outside the Endless Sea of Forests. These campsites were prepared for the ordinary orcs to use on the way.

Also, the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth was also half activated. The Beast God Palace sent out many masters, making sure that every teleportation array was guarded and protected.

The herald team of orcs and the majority of the envoy group of Chambord traveled back to Chambord City again. They were preparing to set up multiple super-long-distance magic teleportation array beside each teleportation portal on the Ancient Path of Blood of Behemoth.

In addition, Chambord City was also getting ready to receive the Behemoth Orc Tribe.

Now, the communication between the two sides was crucial at a moment like this.

As time passed by, Entus' breathe became weaker and weaker, and he fainted.

"How long do we need to wait?" The Saintess of the Swan Clan was sad and angry. She was one of Entus' lovers, and she was frustrated that her loved one was waiting like this outside the stone building. She was about to barge into the building in anger to grant her lover's final wish.

"No!" Valkyrie Elena dashed forward and blocked the gate of the building.

"Move away!" This saintess was also a Sun-Class Lord, and her strength couldn't be ignored after she unleashed her power.

The two powerful female masters faced off each other. They were both beautiful yet cold, and their powerful presences made others' hearts lurch.

People like Great Priest Nash and Torres were anxious. They all wanted to talk the two female masters out of this confrontation, but their strength and status were both lower. Therefore, they couldn't get a word in.

The atmosphere was quite tense, and the people could only watch as these two beautiful female masters were about to battle.

Chapter 1081: Golden Armor Flying Above Chambord (Part Two)

Bam!

At this moment, the gate of the stone building opened.

Fei who was in a white robe walked out.

“Huh? What is going on? Are you two having a practice match?”

Fei had a smile on his face, making others feel like he was an immortal. His presence was mystical yet ethereal as if he didn't belong to this world. If this world was a painting, it felt like Fei was going to break out and become a 3D figure. Others had a hard time directly staring at him.

However, as soon as the king spoke, he destroyed this unique presence.

“Huh? Who is this white-haired old fart?”

Great Priest Nash and the other orcs who were waiting at the gate were all at a loss for words.

Entus who was called an old fart moved his legs after being so worked up.

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-Chambord City-

Four days ago, everyone living in the new city on the south side of Zuli River moved out. The streets that were prosperous in the past were quiet, and no one could be seen. All the portable tents were moved, and only empty buildings and fortresses were left.

Those five peak Full Moon Elites of Barcelona flew over mountains and rivers, and they finally arrived in the territory of Chambord.

When these people got to the sky before the ancient Chambord City, they saw a militarized city that was equipped to the teeth. Metal weapons and magic devices glared in the sunlight.

“Hahaha! A bunch of ants! Even if you sneak into the ground, how can you avoid death?” a Barcelonan master laughed while looking down at Chambord’s defense force.

“I heard that the King of Chambord is powerful and one of the renowned young lords on the continent. We shouldn’t be careless,” another master reminded his peers.

“Humph! It is all bluff! If he is a young lord, he should be at least in the realm of peak mortal strength. However, he didn’t dare to go to St. Petersburg and battle. I’m afraid that he is a timid figure who is scared of death. We shouldn’t be worried about him.” The first master of Barcelona was still arrogant.

“However, the Chambord Kingdom sure has many masters. They were able to block those four lords such as Alves. I’m afraid that the strength of this city isn’t low.”

“Hahaha! We don’t need to worry that much! Those three supreme masters were probably already killed by Mr. Messi. Let’s quickly attack and take down this little kingdom. Capturing the royal members of this kingdom will be big merit.”

“Ok. This should be the last Zenitian fortress.”

While a Moon-Class Elite spoke, he waved his hand and shot out a beam of light, attacking the defense wall of this ancient city. He wanted to establish dominance first and destroy the city gate, making these ‘ant-like’ Chambordians fall into a state of panic and chaos. Then, they could slowly enjoy the scene. This was their favorite game.

Bam!

However, a transparent ripple appeared in the air before the light beam could strike the defense wall, sending this destructive light beam back to where it came from. More surprisingly, this light beam was strengthened and empowered as it dashed back at the five peak Full-Moon Elites.

“What? How is this possible? What kind of a magic shield is this? It can block and also reflect attacks?” These five Barcelonans’ pupils contracted, and they quickly moved away to dodge the light beam.

When these five people calmed down in the next second, they discovered something even more terrifying.

They weren’t sure when, but more than 20 golden-armored warriors floated in the sky. Their presences were cold as if they were messengers of the Grim Reaper, and these warriors surrounded the five Moon-Class Elites. Red light beams dashed out of holes on the gold masks for seeing, and they were terrifying. It seemed like blood-thirsty beasts were hidden under the armor, terrorizing their enemies.

Boom!

One of the golden-armored warriors dashed forward and appeared before a master of Barcelona, and it punched out with force.

“Ah...”

The peak Full-Moon Elite who was arrogant and proud screamed on top of his lungs. Before he could react, he was shattered by this punch, and his blood, flesh, and broken bones fell from the sky.

“Such a terrifying power! Is this golden-armored warrior a demi-god?”

The other four masters of Barcelona felt cold, and they turned ashen-faced.

Chapter 1082: Understanding Smiles (Part One)

“Who... who are you?” Another arrogant peak Full Moon Elite of Barcelona was terrified, and he asked the question while shaking. He sounded like Little Red Riding Hood with his trembling voice.

At this moment, this man still wanted to state his honorable status as an officer in the No.1 Military Empire on the continent and wanted to use his prestige to suppress these golden-armored supreme masters who just appeared.

However, these golden-armored warriors didn't give this man the chance.

Three golden-armored warriors with red light beams dashing out of their eyes punched out, and the terrifying energies tore through the sky like surging tidal waves. Everything in their paths was shattered. In extreme desperation and shock, this master of Barcelona was turned into blood mist.

At the same time, the other three peak Full Moon Elites of Barcelona felt desperate.

“Ah!”

“No!”

Two shrill screams sounded in the sky.

In a flash, two more masters of Barcelona died as they were turned into blood mist.

A few moments ago, these peak Full Moon Elites of Barcelona came to Chambord in excitement as they planned to kill most of the people here. They wanted to come here in advance and rob the treasures while getting all the credit. They saw Chambord as a weak opponent, but they were killed in the sky before their feet could touch Chambord's soil. This was something that they never imagined.

The power of Chambord went beyond the imagination of these five masters.

In the blink of an eye, only one peak Full Moon Elite remained alive. He was the thin and tall warrior who was the most cautious and reserved, and he was also the most powerful in the group.

As soon as this man discovered the red-eyed, golden-armored warriors of Chambord, his guard went up. Instead of trying to resist and fight back, he instantly dashed away, and he actually escaped the first wave of attack.

Boom!

A red-eyed, golden-armored warrior punched out, and an energy fist flew toward this Moon-Class Elite.

The terrifying red energy flames flew past this thin and tall Barcelonan, but half of his arm was turned into nothingness.

“Ah! Puff...”

This Moon-Class Elite of Barcelona puked out a mouthful of blood and felt terrified.

An unprecedented level of despair engulfed his mind, and it seemed like the Grim Reaper squeezed on his throat.

This man closed his eyes and waited for his death.

One second passed... ten seconds passed...

The devastating fate of being crushed into pieces didn't occur. Those terrifying red-eyed, golden-armored warriors didn't chase after him! Those deadly figures let him go!

This Barcelonan opened his eyes again and looked back subconsciously.

Those 26 figures stayed in mid-air. While golden light flashed on them, these powerful warriors of Chambord just stood there in the sky and looked at him from afar. Their gold armor was beautiful, and vicious back hooks filled their bodies. Everything on them was covered except for the two holes used for seeing, and red light beams were shooting out. These warriors' presences were cold, but they didn't chase.

“What is going on?” This thin and tall master named Armando got suspicious.

Although he was extremely scared, he didn't immediately escape for some reason. Instead, he stayed and carefully observed the situation.

Upon observation, he made a shocking discovery!

These murderous warriors in gold armor had icy presences, but it seemed like they lacked vitality. Instead of feeling like humans in armor, they felt more like many... corpses!

Armando couldn't sense any liveliness from them; they seemed like cold machines instead.

"Could it be... these warriors are magic puppets?" Armando seemed to have realized something, and he was shocked to his core.

Chapter 1082: Understanding Smiles (Part Two)

Then, Armando thought back and recalled the rumors that he heard about Chambord. Many rumors on the continent stated that Chambord had a high-level magic civilization, and even St. Petersburg's [Goddess of Earth's Protection] became tough and more powerful after Chambordians strengthened it. Even the pride of Barcelona, Young Lord Messi, had a hard time breaking that magic array, further proving that Chambordians had the capabilities of creating such powerful magic puppets.

"Magic puppets that have demi-godly powers... this is unimaginable!" The more Armando observed, the more confident he was in his conclusion.

"These things have the strength to instantly kill me, but they suddenly stopped chasing, staying in mid-air. It isn't because they became nice all of a sudden. It seems like these magic puppets received orders and couldn't get too far away from Chambord City. Therefore, once I passed the threshold, they no longer chased. This explains why these golden-armored warriors didn't go and assist St. Petersburg. If these 26 golden-armored magic puppets that have demi-godly strength appeared at St. Petersburg, the northern expedition troop of Barcelona would have been destroyed long ago. Even if the supreme Messi come here, it would be useless."

Armando suddenly realized that he coincidentally discovered a giant secret, and perhaps this secret would allow him to rise to the top!

"Just think about it! If I can bring this secret back to Barcelona and conquer Chambord with the top-tier forces of the empire, the empire will get its hands on the technology that can create such magic puppets. With Barcelona's advancements and resources, we can mass-produce these magic puppets! Unlike Chambord that could only make about 20-or-so..."

Thinking that he could become the most famous person in the history of Barcelona, Armando was worked up. The great fantasy and greed made him temporarily forget about his half an arm, and he overcame all fear.

After thinking for a moment, he slowly approached the killing machines in gold armor, wanting to test and figure out the operation distance of these magic puppets.

-20 minutes later-

“Hahahaha! I finally figured it out! These puppets can’t go more than 2,000 meters away from the defense wall of Chambord City! Haha!”

While laughing hysterically, Armando turned into a beam of light and dashed toward the direction of St. Petersburg. He was going to bring this top-secret back to Barcelona.

When Armando completely disappeared into the sky, more than 400 golden-armored war puppets suddenly appeared in the sky, looking like many gods who were shielding Chambord. The powerful presences alone suppressed the natural elements in the area and could destroy tens of thousands of soldiers.

If Armando saw this, he might be scared to death.

If he knew this piece of information, he wouldn’t think that he discovered a big secret that could ensure a bright future for him, and he wouldn’t want to bring many top-tier troops here either. Instead, he would want to instantly escape from the Northern Region of Azeroth and convince the Royal Family of Barcelona to retreat and end the war, never offending the Zenitians again.

Right after all these golden-armored war puppets appeared in the sky, they slowly disappeared in silence. Not many people knew where they disappeared to.

However, the powerful and invincible image shocked every Chambordian in the city.

Especially the scene where the war puppets destroyed four peak Full Moon Elites of Barcelona. After seeing that, many Chambordians were re-instilled with the confidence of winning the war.

-Outside the watchtower on the southern gate of Chambord City-

Bast and Brook both appeared on the defense wall, and they looked at each other and smiled in understanding after seeing Armando disappear into afar and leaving a faint trail in the sky.

Chapter 1083: Piazon's Choice (Part One)

“Letting a small fish escape and bring back false information to our enemies. This will shock and misguide Barcelonans.”

“Eh, we could have waited until these b*stards got close to Chambord City, and all of them would be killed if we order the mystical gold war puppets to attack then. However, now that St. Petersburg is conquered, we have to use the mystical gold war puppets to shock the Barcelonans and make them a little worried. Then, they wouldn't dare to massacre our Zenitians. This is the least that we can do for our people thousands of kilometers away.”

“That is right. More than 20 magic puppets in Sun-Class Realm are enough to shock the Barcelonans. Hehe, that kid tested our limit and thinks that the attack range of the mystical gold war puppets is only 2,000 meters. Hahaha! How can he know that the attack range is actually 10,000 meters?”

“The trap is already set. Now, we only need to wait for the troops of Barcelona to come.”

“I hope His Majesty can come back in time.”

Bast and Brook looked at the setting sun far away. They were calm yet a little excited, and they felt a little powerless and sad.

This war was going to spread to Chambord in the end.

According to the information that Old Aryang brought back, Emperor Yassin probably already passed away, and Zenit lost its most sturdy line of defense.

From that moment on, Chambord City couldn't avoid the war anymore. The battle would occur for sure!

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The fast light beam in the sky slowed down and turned into a figure. Then, this figure swayed in the air and slowly landed before Piazon and others.

This man was a Moon-Class Elite of Barcelona. He looked thin and tall, and he was wearing blue and red armor. Right now, he was pale and lost an arm, and streaks of blood were still flowing out even though a layer of scab formed over the wound.

This man's breathing was irregular, and he was severely injured. That was why he couldn't even maintain flight and fell from the sky.

However, even though this man was this injured, his strength was still great, and he was invincible in the eyes of ordinary people.

He was Armando, the peak Full Moon Elite who escaped from Chambord.

The more than 100 Zenitian refugees were shocked by this scene, and they looked at each other and didn't even dare to breath heavily. With desperation in their eyes, they waited for the imminent massacre.

Piazon was also extremely nervous, and he almost instantly showed his strength and attacked. However, after forcing himself to calm down and thinking for a bit, Piazon gave up the idea of taking the chance and killing this thin and tall Moon-Class Elite of Barcelona.

Since this man was a peak Full Moon Elite in his prime, Piazon couldn't instantly kill him even though the latter was gravely injured. Also, a battle between Moon-Class Elites would attract other masters of Barcelona for sure.

Piazon had an important mission with him, so he couldn't be careless and take unnecessary risks.

"The vitality of Moon-Class Elites is insane, and this man is at the very peak. However, he isn't able to regrow his arm, and blood is still leaking out of the wound. Who injured him this much? Inside the Zenit Empire, who could defeat him? Could it be that... the King of Chambord attacked him?"

While Piazon thought to himself, he was trying to think of a way to get out of this situation.

Armando breathed heavily. He frowned when he glanced at these Zenitian refugees, and those more than 20 terrifying gold puppets flashed in his mind. Since he was still feeling the excitement of potentially making it big, he didn't attack and kill these refugees.

Chapter 1083: Piazon's Choice (Part Two)

Armando was a high-up peak Full Moon Elite, and he was proud of his status and wasn't willing to kill dirty civilians.

However, when he glanced at Piazon, his eyes lit up.

"This young Zenitian is handsome, and his body composition is great with a spiritual aura around him. Although he is a bit older, and he doesn't seem to have any cultivation strength, his talent is great. If he can have a high-level cultivation technique and start now, his future might be bright..." This thought flashed in Armando's mind.

"You, stand out." Armando pointed at Piazon.

The Silver Moon Knight's heart lurched as he thought that he was discovered. However, he could only adapt to the situation and walked out under everyone's stare.

"Could it be that I didn't disguise myself properly in some areas? And this peak Full Moon Elite of Barcelona saw through me?" Piazon thought.

Piazon slowly reached one of his hands into his pocket, getting ready to take out the scroll that Akinfeev gave him which sealed the power of Emperor Yassin's full strike. He was planning for the worst.

"Kid, organize these people and put up this tent."

Armando didn't pay attention to everything, and he took out some basic materials for a tent from his storage ring. He was planning to heal himself, but he was used to the life of luxury and didn't want to heal in such a terrible environment that had chilly wind and cold rain. Therefore, he chose a spot and wanted to build a temporary campsite.

This peak Full Moon Elite of Barcelona was a little fond of Piazon, so he ordered this young man to command other refugees.

Piazon heaved a sigh of relief.

To the refugees, Armando's words were orders. Due to the giant gap in strength, any resistance would be meaningless.

Under Piazon's command, the group quickly built the tent.

At the same time, Armando had already issued a signal.

Armando wasn't only a high-level general in Barcelonan military; he was also an important figure in a Catalonia noble family that had a history of over 500 years. He had many followers and guards under him.

Soon, about 30 powerful mages and warriors under Armando's command burned their energies and rushed to this location to protect him.

"Don't kill these Zenitians; keep them for now." What Armando said made Piazon and other refugees heave a sigh of relief.

After pausing for a second, Armando suddenly thought of something and pointed at Piazon as he reminded his followers, "Don't trouble this young man."

"Sir, as you wish!"

Armando nodded and turned around before entering his tent. After setting up some defensive arrays, he quickly started to heal his injuries.

Due to the special care that this peak Full Moon Elite showed toward him, Piazon wasn't bullied by these Barcelonans, and he even got a small independent tent to himself.

"Hwooo!" The Silver Moon Knight deeply exhaled and calmed down for a bit.

Under such strict monitoring, Piazon couldn't sneak away. If he tried to leave forcefully and caused conflict, the enemies would notice him and chase after him, attracting a large group of masters. However, the longer that he stayed with Barcelonans, the more dangerous it was. The secret scroll concerned the future of Zenit, so it couldn't fall into the hands of Barcelonans.

The situation was dire!

"What should I do?" Piazon took out the three scrolls and stared at them. After a moment of silence, he made a shocking decision.

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"You... you... your mom..." Pope Entus who was now lying on a bed and was about to die heard Fei calling him an old fart, and his arms and legs twitched as he stuttered and cursed.

Fei got close and recognized that this 'old fart' was Zhong Dajun.

Chapter 1084: I Need to Return (Part One)

It seemed like the power of the 1,000-year agreement came into effect. Less than two months had passed, but it seemed like 1,000 years flew past Zhong Dajun.

"Hahaha! Why are you so worked up?" Fei smiled and got close to Zhong Dajun, and he joked using Mandarin, "I suddenly remembered a joke back in our world. Now in this state, even if the most beautiful saintess of the Behemoth Orc Tribe got naked and jumped on your bed, you can't do anything even if you want to, right? Do you have any last words?"

"You... your mom!" Zhong Dajun was angry.

"Haha! I'm only joking. Don't get so worked up." While Fei spoke, he pointed out his finger, and a streak of golden flames rushed to the location between Zhong Dajun's brows.

Then, something shocking happened! It was like a miracle!

Pope Entus looked so old that he was about to turn into dirt, and he was exhaling more than he was inhaling. But as soon as the energy flames touched him, it seemed like he returned to his youth! The

deep wrinkles on his face quickly disappeared, and his skin that had been wrinkled and grey turned smooth and fair. His silver hair turned black as if a pair of invisible hands were dyeing his hair, and his hunched body straightened while his cloudy eyes turned sharp and bright.

It seemed like this man turned from a 100 years old senior back into a 20 years old young man.

“Damn! What happened?” While everyone stared at the scene in shock, Entus instantly got out of his bed and looked at Fei in astonishment. He was so excited that he spoke Mandarin.

“Could it be... you... you successfully entered the True God Realm? You did it?”

Fei nodded with a smile.

“Ha! Then, I finally completed the 1,000-year agreement! Haha! Great! This is perfect! Although you made my body return to 20 years old, my lifespan didn’t change. However, this is already perfect! I don’t have to die in that old body,” Entus spoke with joy.

“I have even a greater gift for you,” Fei said, “But before that, let’s talk about the situation with the [Banished Land]. My seclusion period was quite long, so it seems like many things happened, right?”

“It was indeed quite long!” On the topic of serious issues, Entus’ expression turned grim. He said, “Although orcs are facing devastating catastrophes on the [Banished Land], your parent empire, the Zenit Empire on the Azeroth Continent, is also facing the invasion of Barcelona. It is also in a terrifying disaster.”

Fei’s face changed color when he heard this. He instantly thought to the moment when Emperor Yassin’s figure suddenly appeared when he was refining the grand godly realm, the resonating dragon roars, and the abundant power of imperial faith.

“Barcelona invaded Zenit. Could it be that Emperor Yassin...” A terrible idea flashed in Fei’s mind.

The king instantly looked at Torres who was standing on the side, and this guard quickly walked up and told Fei everything that he heard on the Azeroth Continent in detail. At the same time, he took out the magic recording scroll that Bast and Brook created and passed it to Fei.

After patiently listening to everything in the scroll, an angry expression gradually appeared on Fei's face.

"The King of Byzantine is now captured?"

"Luffy is missing?"

"The two Xuan'ge are severely damaged?"

"The southern region of Zenit is lost to the enemies again?"

"The Barcelonans are killing, robbing, and burning everything? They are trying to annihilate the Zenitian race and kill hundreds of millions of Zenitians?"

Like a burning fire, anger blazed inside Fei's chest.

Although he wasn't sure why the No.1 Empire in the Western Region of Azeroth, the Barcelona Empire that was having a heated war with the Madrid Empire, suddenly attacked the Zenit Empire in the Northern Region of Azeroth, any kinds of excuses wouldn't work since the crimes that the enemies committed were unforgivable.

Chapter 1084: I Need to Return (Part Two)

The seeds of hatred and vendetta had already been planted in the hearts of the Zenitians.

The only thing that calmed Fei a little was that the magic recording scroll didn't mention Emperor Yassin falling and dying.

"Perhaps I guessed it wrong?" Fei thought to himself.

"We need to immediately return to Chambord!" Fei decided without hesitation; he couldn't wait to return to the Zenit Empire.

Right now, Fei knew that the empire needed him who just advanced into the True God Realm and the 100 mystical gold battle soul warriors the most.

“Wait, you can’t go just yet!” Entus was anxious and directly used Mandarin. He said, “What about inheriting the throne here? Being the pope of the Beast God Palace? Damn it! You at least need to complete my mission and let me die in peace. Take care of the situation here; it won’t take long. Just a day... eh, no, half a day! Half a day, ok? After the situation here is settled, the orc masters can follow you back to the Azeroth Continent and battle for you!”

Fei thought for a moment and nodded.

-The City of Behemoth-

Since many orc clans were getting ready to move, the inner city and the areas around the city were packed. Chatter could be heard all over the place, and various tents made of fur extended to the horizon.

Right now, on the square where the Beast God Palace was situated, many behemoth orcs knelt on the ground and prayed.

At this moment when the tribe needed the most help, the power of religion and beliefs were the most important.

In just a short time, the news that King Alexander of Chambord finally stepped out of his seclusion cultivation spread among the orcs.

The behemoth orcs already admired this generous and honorable human king. What Dark Demonic Armor Basturk and the 100 mystical gold battle soul warriors did in the last while brought Fei a high degree of recognition and reputation, and the rumor that Fei had the bloodline of Beast God Rexxar was spread throughout the tribe. Many orcs now believed in it.

Therefore, Fei emerging from his cultivation attracted many orcs’ attention.

When Pope Entus, who had recovered his youthful looks, appeared on the square with Fei and others, all the orcs who were kneeling on the ground started to talk to each other and create an

uproar. They all looked up at Entus and Fei. These two were the most influential figures who could potentially save them from the perils of the [Banished Land].

At the same time, the selection process for the new pope was still on-going before the Beast God Statue in front of the Beast God Palace.

By now, more than 100,000 priests and shamans had been tested by the godly statue, but the statue didn't respond to any one of them. This was something that had never occurred in the history of the Beast God Palace! There had never been a time where so many candidates were tested without even one being confirmed.

For some reason, the new pope selection process was a little tough this time around.

All orcs were looking forward to the birth of the new pope, but Beast God Rexxar seemed to be stingy and didn't want to hand out a response.

"It is heard that the King of Chambord has the Beast God's bloodline. I wonder if the godly statue will respond to him."

"I don't think so. After all, he is human!"

"It is hard to say. This new pope selection process is strange already. Perhaps something shocking will occur."

Some priests and shamans who were already disqualified chatted amongst themselves further away.

Chapter 1085: Miracle (Part One)

For a moment, all orcs were staring at Fei and Entus.

Upon hearing the news, more and more orcs moved toward the square and gathered around it.

This was a mystical feeling. For some reason, many people felt like this long selection process for the new pope was about to end soon.

Many orcs gathered around the square like water filling a giant lake.

Now, Entus was also looking at Fei.

He knew why the Beast God Statue hadn't responded to anyone just yet; it was due to the agreement from 1,000 years ago.

The throne in the Beast God Palace belonged to Fei, but Entus was curious as to how this position was going to land on Fei.

At this moment, Fei was subconsciously merged into a mystical state.

"How about it? Do you sense the summoning of your fate?" that mysterious voice sounded in Fei's mind.

The king nodded.

Beast God Rexxar's statue seemed to be emitting a vague aura of thirst as if it was waiting for something to return.

"Now, it is about time for you to reclaim what is yours," the cold, mysterious voice laughed in Fei's head, "You will walk toward your godly throne one step at a time, redeeming your former glory and washing away your past shame. By then, you will understand everything, including your identity and all the past grudges."

Fei didn't say anything.

Back in the grand godly realm, Fei barely refined that world by borrowing Emperor Yassin's strength. That mysterious voice finally started to answer some of his questions, but it was still silent toward the critical questions. It claimed that Fei would one day understand everything, and knowing too much in advance wouldn't be good for him.

Soon, Fei was less than 1,000 meters away from Beast God Rexxar's statue.

This godly statue was less than ten meters tall, and it was unclear what material it was made of. It looked real, and a misty aura surrounded it in the night, making it look like a living being.

This statue was a saint item in the Behemoth Orc Tribe, and it was very spiritual and had an ancient history.

It was heard that this statue could communicate with the gods in Heaven, and anyone who could get a response from it would become the next pope of the Beast God Palace.

To Fei, streaks of intimate and desiring emotions were coming off this statue and attracting his attention.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Suddenly, unexpected changes occurred.

Fires burned in the sky for no reason, and many meteorites that were engulfed in blazing flames appeared in the sky. As if it was the end of the world, the meteorites fell from the sky like raindrops in a storm. While dragging long and smokey tails, these meteorites crashed toward the City of Behemoth.

“God!”

“No!”

“Why is this happening?”

A series of screams of desperation and shouts of panic sounded in the crowds of orcs.

It was too late to escape now. An area with a radius of more than 20 kilometers was in range for the disastrous catastrophe.

Everyone stared at the blazing meteorites that were falling from the sky, and they felt like their throats were clenched by the Grim Reaper. Desperation was written all over their faces.

Some Moon-Class, Sun-Class, and even demi-godly orc masters flew into the sky, unleashing their full strength and trying to wipe out this unimaginable catastrophe using their powers.

However, the meteorite rain was too intense! There were too many meteorites, and these orc masters couldn't block all of them.

Chapter 1085: Miracle (Part Two)

Blazing flames were already extremely close to the ground!

“Great and honorable Beast God! Have you already abandoned your subjects?” Many desperate behemoth orcs prayed on their knees.

At this moment, Fei suddenly raised his head.

Although this move looked simple and meaningless, a golden shadow suddenly dashed out of Fei's body. This shadow was a perfect projection of Fei! It looked the same as Fei in all aspects!

In the next moment, Fei roared in his deep voice.

The shadow that was human-sized suddenly expanded as soon as Fei roared, and it instantly turned into a giant who was more than 30,000 meters tall. Proudly standing in the world, it seemed like this shadow was a demonic god who was born in the prehistoric era.

It was clearly a shadow, but it had immense, endless power.

This giant shadow opened its huge hands and lightly grasped in thin-air, and two-thirds of the meteorites fell into his hands. Then, as if this shadow was crushing eggs, all the meteorites were turned into nothingness. The remaining one-third of the destructive meteorites got sucked into this shadow's mouth. Like a deep abyss, as soon as these meteorites fell into this shadow's belly, they all disappeared.

This scene was shocking! It was nothing less than a miracle!

At the same time, vague holy battle songs that were ancient and mystical sounded, and it seemed like figures such as godly messengers, spiritual beasts, giant dragons, and unknown creatures flew and danced around this giant golden shadow that looked exactly like Fei, making the scene seem

majestic and otherworldly. It seemed exactly like the phenomenon when a god descended into the world.

This phenomenon lasted less than a minute.

When all the meteorites in the sky were destroyed, the golden shadow that was about 30,000 meters tall quickly shrunk in size and flew behind Fei before entering his body, seeming as if it never appeared before.

This shocking scene stunned everyone except Entus.

Entus already guessed that Fei entered the True God Realm and completely transformed out of being a mortal. In addition, the pope saw even more shocking scenes about 1,000 years ago, so he was mentally prepared.

However, other orcs and others in the envoy group of Chambord including Valkyrie Elena, Torres, and Oleg realized for the first time that the king had already become a god! They were stunned to their cores!

After a long moment of silence, ground-shaking and resonant cheers sounded on the square, and many orcs prayed and bowed with passion. Of course, they were admiring and worshipping the king.

Elena and other Chambordians fell into a state of ecstasy.

A true god was born!

At the same time, something even more unimaginable appeared.

About 1,000 meters away, the Beast God Statue, the saint item of the Beast God Palace, seemed to have been waking up due to the godly power that Fei had showcased, and it woke up from its long sleep. At this moment, it suddenly emitted endless radiating light.

Wherever the light shined on, the orcs in the zone instantly felt that their stamina was restored, all negative emotions such as sadness and desperation disappeared, and all their injuries were healed.

More shockingly, this statue of Beast God REXXAR actually came to life in the next moment.

Chapter 1086: Emperor (Part One)

Beast God REXXAR's statue was sitting down on his throne on the square, and it somehow slowly stood up!

Boom! While everyone stared at it in shock, this statue walked off the throne and obtained a life of its own. Then, it walked to the main path on the square.

Under everyone's stare, this saint item of the Behemoth Orc Tribe single-kneeled before Fei respectfully.

A gentle and peaceful voice sounded from this statue's mouth, "Greetings, Master! Orc Messenger REXXAR is honored to see your return!"

After saying that, this godly statue lightly shook, and it turned into a streak of beige power of faith and quickly spun around Fei.

While everyone looked at this scene in shock, this streak of power of faith dashed into Fei's body.

This change stunned everyone in the area!

"Beast God REXXAR's statue... came to life?"

"It addressed the King of Chambord as its master?"

"Honored to see his return?"

"What... what... in the world... is going on?"

This time, all behemoth orcs were shocked. Even Pope Entus who was barely able to maintain his cool fell into a state of confusion and disbelief.

Entus suddenly felt like he had neglected something thus far.

Fei's identity as a traveler from Earth seemed mysterious at this moment as if a thin veil covered the truth. Entus realized that the truth wasn't what it seemed on the surface! At least Fei's identity was quite different from his.

Fei was stunned by this series of events as well.

Beast God Rexxar's statue's reaction wasn't apart of the plan!

For the first time, Fei started to doubt his identity. He thought of his past life and current life, and he wondered what was going on.

"That cold and mysterious voice said something about redeeming my former glory and washing away my past shame. What is going on?"

"What kind of a story is behind all this?"

"Zhong Dajun! You completed the ancient agreement! All the nice and orderly creatures in the world will be thankful toward you and remember what you have done for the continent in the last 1,000 years. You safeguarded the last trace of hope for Azeroth. As a reward, you will be able to go back to your world today! You can reclaim everything that you have lost!"

Suddenly, a majestic voice sounded in the sky.

The shadow of Beast God Rexxar appeared in the sky.

Clearly, Rexxar's statue that turned into power of faith and dashed into Fei's body was only a container for power of faith. Right now, the shadow that appeared in the sky was the true power and presence of Beast God Rexxar.

Right now, no one knew where this god's true body was.

A soft and gentle force slowly pushed the enthralled Entus into the sky.

At the highest point in the blue sky, a whirlpool-like spatial portal slowly appeared. It emitted deep-blue and mesmerizing energy flames, and it spun around. Not many people knew where this mysterious portal led to.

“This...” Tears covered Entus’ face.

“1,000 years! 1,000 years! It was this deep-blue portal that brought me to this world from Earth 1,000 years ago!”

In the last 1,000 years, Entus had dreamed of this deep-blue portal many times in his fantasies. He thought that this portal would only exist in his dreams, and he would never see it again and could never return to his previous world.

To his surprise, this portal that he dreamed of actually appeared before him in real life!

“So, I can still go back?”

Chapter 1086: Emperor (Part Two)

Seeing this deep-blue portal, the ancient memories from 1,000 years ago that Entus sealed in the depths of his mind re-emerged. The distant yet intimate memories about Earth made Entus cry like a baby.

“In the end, I can still go back to Earth and obtain everything that I thought I lost. My mom and dad, my girlfriend, my friends... am I dreaming? Can I really return and get everything back?”

-On the ground-

Fei looked up at the deep-blue portal in the sky, and an uncontrollable impulse appeared in his mind. He knew that if he wanted to, he could step into that portal with Entus, and he probably would return to Earth which previously only existed in his memories of his previous life.

Ever since Fei traveled through time and space and arrived at the Azeroth Continent, this was his first time being so close to the opportunity of ‘going home’.

Instinctively, Fei took a step forward and was about to dash into the deep-blue portal.

However, he forcefully suppressed this impulse that rushed out of the depths of his soul in the next moment. He sensed Valkyrie Elena's stare from behind.

The mysterious connection between Fei and Elena was beyond the level of husband and wife, and the Valkyrie instantly understood Fei's intention. Although she didn't want to lose her lover, she loved Fei to the extreme. She didn't say anything or do anything to stop him. She simply stared at Fei's back with love.

However, this simple stare weighed on Fei's shoulders like a giant mountain.

In that instant, the faces of everyone that Fei knew in this world flashed across his mind. Angela, Bast, Brook, Torres, Emperor Yassin, Luffy, Charsi...

At the same time, Fei thought about the Zenit Empire on the other side of the Endless Sea of Forests. The nation that he fought for was facing a dire situation.

All these things made Fei stop himself in his tracks.

"Fei, aren't you coming with me? This is the best opportunity!"

In the sky, Entus looked down at Fei and issued the invitation. He also knew what this deep-blue portal meant for Fei.

"I..." Fei lightly shook his head.

"I still have things that I haven't finished. I can't leave this world. Damn, man. I was about to extend your life with my godly power, but now it seems like it is no longer needed. Bless you! You can reclaim everything that you lost! However, I won't envy you. One day, I will dig out a path in the time-space continuum with my own power, finding the way back to Earth."

Entus smiled and nodded. Then, he waved at Fei and said, "Ok, goodbye! I will be waiting for your return on Earth."

With that said, Entus walked into the deep-blue portal, turning into a streak of light and disappearing.

Then, the deep-blue portal slowly disappeared in the sky.

“Great Master! Rexxar pays tribute to you! I look forward to the time when I can battle alongside you!”

In the sky, Beast God Rexxar’s shadow bowed at Fei before slowly disappearing like the ripples on the surface of a lake that calmed down.

Now, the entire Behemoth Orc Tribe fell into a state of unprecedented joy and thrill.

“Emperor!”

Some orcs kneeled toward Fei and chanted.

Then, all the orcs in the area kneeled before Fei on all fours, praying and chanting loudly with respect.

All that Fei could see around him were people kneeling at him and worshipping him.

Chapter 1087: Puppet Empire (Part One)

Only the creator of all races could be called Master by Beast God Rexxar.

Right now, the human before the orcs would become the ruler of the Behemoth Orc Tribe.

...

-On Earth-

Standing on a street that was filled with cars, Zhong Dajun looked around with unprecedented joy.

The 1,000-year journey in the other world seemed like a fast dream.

Seeing the tall and heated skyscrapers, greyish-blue sky, and concrete jungle, Zhong Dajun didn't know if the memories in his mind were real or fake.

Right now, the scene before him was exactly the same as when he was killed in the car accident.

It was only about five minutes away from that car accident. When the traffic light on the other side of the street turned green, and he walked on the pedestrian crossing, a big truck that ran a red light would smash into him and send him flying.

Zhong Dajun thought for a moment and stood by the street. When the traffic light on the other side of the street turned green, he didn't step onto the pedestrian crossing.

Suddenly, the crowd got anxious, and screams sounded.

Further away, a big truck that lost control dashed toward the pedestrian crossing, and about ten people were still walking across the street.

"Damn it!" Zhong Dajun was shocked; what was in his memories re-occurred. Although he didn't step onto the pedestrian crossing, those innocent pedestrians...

Almost subconsciously, he opened his mouth and chanted a priest battle song of the Behemoth Orc Tribe in silence.

Streaks of white flames flew out of Zhong Dajun's mouth and turned into a faint-silver energy hand that was almost invisible and looked as if it was drawn out on a sketch.

This energy hand pressed onto the front of the truck that lost control and ran a red light, stopping it from moving.

In the next moment, the giant hand disappeared.

Zhong Dajun froze on the spot as he thought, "The power from that world... I can still use it..."

He only chanted a battle song subconsciously since it was one of his habits that he developed in the last 1,000 years, and he was shocked that the power of totem from the priest battle songs of the Behemoth Orc Tribe still worked in this world.

“Does it mean that... I brought the terrifying power as the pope of the Beast God Palace into the ‘real world’? How terrifying is the power of the pope of the Beast God Palace who lived for 1,000 years?” Zhong Dajun thought to himself.

It meant that Zhong Dajun was someone like Superman in this world! If he wanted to, he could rule and dominate over nations and laws.

After experiencing the huge shock and surprise, Zhong Dajun forced himself to calm down. He acted as if nothing strange happened, and he left the noisy crowd, going in one direction according to his ancient memories.

If he didn’t remember it wrong, today was his engagement ceremony. His girlfriend and both their parents were waiting for him in a hotel not too far away.

Perhaps it was because he just returned to Earth, and he was too excited, Zhong Dajun lost the caution and detail-oriented focus that he had in the other world. He didn’t notice that a camera not far away clearly captured what had just happened.

...

-The Azeroth Continent, Northern Region, St. Petersburg-

St. Petersburg was almost completely destroyed after the defensive battle a few days ago. Most of the defense wall was destroyed, and the buildings and structures in the Capital of Zenit were scorched by the flames of war. The godly statues that stood tall in the city were pushed down and smashed into pieces, and streaks of smoke were coming out of many collapsed buildings. In addition, coffins and corpses that weren’t buried yet lay everywhere.

Since Lionel Messi issued an order before his departure, operations that killed Zenitians in large-scale were rarely seen.

However, many Barcelonan soldiers were still robbing St. Petersburg.

Those Zenitian civilians who didn't get the chance to escape St. Petersburg from the northern gate on the night of bleeding and luckily survived Barcelonans' initial massacre didn't have to worry about being slaughtered, but their living environment was still worrisome.

Chapter 1087: Puppet Empire (Part Two)

Those relatively wealthy merchants were still targeted and robbed by Barcelonan soldiers, and those women who looked above average were still assaulted and forcefully taken by the enemies.

Under the morning sunlight, a thick layer of fog enveloped the land.

Many homeless dogs and cats shivered in the cold as they traveled on the street.

Sometimes, those civilians poked their heads out of collapsed walls or buildings that were barely intact, looking around with desperate and numb expressions. They didn't know when death was going to fall on their heads.

Suddenly, a series of clip-clop noises sounded.

"Come out! All come out! Don't hide!"

"The majestic Fourth Prince Chrystal restructured the Royal Family of Zenit! His Highness reached an agreement with Barcelonans, and they won't kill more people..."

A series of shouts broke the peace in the morning and resonated in the sky above the broken city.

"The Fourth Prince restructured the Royal Family of Zenit?"

This news quickly spread on the broken land of St. Petersburg on this cold morning of early autumn.

Before noon, tens of millions of Zenitians who were still inside the city that was filled with death learned about this piece of news.

All kinds of rumors were passed around, and some people quickly discovered the core issue.

Fourth Prince Chrystal actually decided to join the Barcelonans! He became a puppet of Barcelona inside Zenit.

With the help of Barcelonans, the Puppet Royal Family and violent organizations were quickly created.

Aside from gaining the civilians' trust, maintaining Barcelona's control over St. Petersburg and the entirety Zenit, and supporting the troops of Barcelona that were getting ready to wage war on the northern region of Zenit which Chambord was in, the Puppet Royal Family's favorite thing to do was to go through history and settle old accounts.

The Fourth Prince who finally sat on the throne of Zenit had heavy control and was in high-spirits. He raised the butcher knife to those officials who opposed him before, and many noble families that hadn't got the chance to escape were all killed.

Of course, not everyone in this world was virtuous and not afraid of death.

There were many noble families and forces that lost all honor and did the easy thing. At this moment, they decided to side with the Puppet Royal Family.

The Puppet Royal Family colluded with the troops of Barcelona, and they started to push and implement White Terror policies in the areas that they had control over, seizing as much wealth from the people as possible while viciously suppressing all rebellions and uprisings.

Except for some areas in the northern region of Zenit where the Chambord Kingdom was located, everywhere else in the Zenit Empire seemed to have changed.

At this moment, peak Full Moon Elite Armando came back to the Military Headquarters of Barcelona in St. Petersburg, and he brought back a piece of shocking news!

On that afternoon, less than 72 hours after conquering St. Petersburg, Barcelona gathered its troops and started to attack the northern region. More than 200,000 soldiers moved toward Chambord's direction.

...

-Three days later-

“It is surprising that the little Chambord Kingdom has magic puppets that are in the Demi-God Realm, and it has god-tier defensive magic arrays that even St. Petersburg didn’t have. How did this lowly kingdom get such magic civilization inheritance?”

“It is probably that Chambordians accidentally discovered a giant cache of relics from the Mythical Era, and they decoded the relics to some degree and obtained these technologies.”

“If that is the case, would it mean that after conquering Chambord, our empire will rise even more and potentially unite the continent?”

On the south side of Zuli River, Barcelonan troops already occupied the new city that Chambord built.

While standing in mid-air above their campsites, Pedro and Busquets stared at the ancient city of Chambord that was armed to the teeth like a metal hedgehog while excitement and greed flashed in their eyes.

The battle had already continued for two days, but the Barcelonans couldn’t do anything to the Chambordians.

Due to the existence of those more than 20 mystical gold magic puppets, supreme masters like Busquets didn’t dare to easily show their powers.

Chapter 1088: Former Knight (Part One)

For the last three days, Barcelonans attacked Chambord City and suffered many casualties.

More than 30,000 elite soldiers died in Zuli River and within 2,000 meters of the defense wall.

From the beginning to the end, Chambordians didn’t even send out a troop. The entire battle was completed by more than 20 magic puppets.

Busquets and other three demi-gods ventured within 2,000 meters of Chambord City and tried to capture a magic puppet. They wanted to get one by force and study it.

However, they tried many times and didn't get anywhere. In fact, they almost died in the zone.

Although the energies that these magic puppets of Chambord had were only on the level of Sun-Class, their combat strength reached the Demi-God Realm. Their bodies were made from tough metal and were extremely firm. Even with their heads destroyed, they could still battle. The suicidal combat style brought a lot of grief and pain to the four demi-gods of Barcelona.

Fortunately for Barcelona, these magic puppets didn't have intelligence and only used the same attack methods, and they could only move within 2,000 meters of Chambord. If these restrictions were lifted, these 200,000 Barcelonan soldiers would all be killed on the first day when they arrived!

After the attacks on the first day that tested the water, Barcelona had to be patient in the coming days, slowly trying to find an opportunity.

Soon, these people discovered that it was much easier to conquer St. Petersburg compared to Chambord City.

The only good news for Barcelona was that it seemed like Chambord only had under 30 magic puppets. If there were more, there was no way that they could win this war.

Time slowly passed by, and more and more troops of Barcelona gathered on the south side of Zuli River.

Except for that, more than 100,000 soldiers of the puppet Zenit Empire that were organized by Fourth Prince Chrystal's Royal Family also came to the south bank of Zuli River, trying to assist Barcelonans.

Right now, except for this ancient Chambord City, everywhere else in Zenit fell into the control of Barcelona.

Like the last nail on the wall, Chambord City was putting up the last fight.

“Humph! In terms of size, Chambord City is tiny! Therefore, they must lack food supplies. Right now, the troops and civilians of more than a dozen affiliated kingdoms in the northern region gathered in the city. Together with the original population, a ton of resources is being used daily. I want to see how long they can last.”

Busquets and other demi-gods couldn't conquer Chambord City after trying their hardest, and their plan of capturing a magic puppet was going nowhere. Therefore, Barcelona had to resort to the battle of resources.

In the next ten days or so, the troops that the puppet Zenit Empire sent became the main attack force, and they were pushed into the death zone which was within 2,000 meters of Chambord's defense wall.

Under pressure, these soldiers had to siege and attack their former peers who were defending the city.

Facing this situation, Brook and Bast didn't show kindness or softness.

All enemies who got within 2,000 meters of Chambord City were destroyed by those magic puppets.

Some Chambordians suggested to instigate defection in the enemies and make these soldiers jump ship. After all, many of them were forced to come to battle on the frontline.

However, this recommendation was soon thrown out.

St. Petersburg's tragedy was a precedent for Chambord. No one knew if Barcelonan spies were hiding in the troop.

After all, all fortresses could be broken easier from the inside. At this critical moment, no one was allowed to enter Chambord City.

In the next long 20 days, the head commanders of both sides battled with their strength and intelligence.

Chapter 1088: Former Knight (Part Two)

Chambordians' decisiveness made Busquets stop forcing the troops of the new puppet Zenit Empire to siege Chambord City.

After all, these troops were on the side of Barcelona, and they were necessary for the puppet Royal Family that Fourth Prince Chrystal put together to maintain control. Right now, the tactic of forcing Chambordians to let these people in didn't work, and these soldiers were needed to suppress the endless rebellions happening all over Zenit.

During this time, Barcelona sent out many messengers, trying to convince Chambord to surrender.

"As of now, the Fourth Prince is the new emperor, and he is in control of the land that belongs to the giant bear of the north. Chambord is only a little affiliated kingdom. How dare you not surrender to the Fourth Prince? How dare you block the troops of the new empire? Are you trying to rebel?" A noble messenger who was on the side of the new puppet Royal Family of Zenit walked into Chambord arrogantly, and he stood on the moral high ground while throwing accusations at Brook and Bast, threatening them to surrender.

20 seconds later, this messenger's head was hung on the gate of Chambord City.

On the 20th day, Old Tolemy, the former Castellan of Hot Spring Gate, the Leader of Tolemy Family, and the man who held grudges against Chambord due to the issue with Inzagi, offered a vicious recommendation to Barcelonans. This old man already sided with the new puppet Royal Family and was the leader of the troops of puppet Zenit.

These people forced a large group of Zenitian refugees into the area within 2,000 meters from Chambord City. Then, they cut off the supply of food and water to these refugees and forced them to stay before Chambord, trying to use this method to demoralize the Chambordians on the defense wall.

If Chambordians ignored these refugees, all Zenitians' hearts would turn cold.

If Chambord opened its gate and allowed these refugees inside, it would be even better. With more people in the city, the city would get more chaotic, and resources such as food would become even more scarce.

“How large a stockpile of resources could this little city have? All resources will be soon depleted!”

Also, Barcelonan spies were mixed in with the refugees.

Old Tolemy’s vicious tactic worked!

Chambordians could be merciless toward fully-armed troops of the puppet Zenit Empire, but they couldn’t do it to the seniors, children, and weak women and men who were looking at them with the desire to live. These refugees were in poor conditions as they were cold and hungry, and they were on the verge of dying.

In the end, Chambord City opened its gate and allowed tens of thousands of refugees into the city.

During this process, Barcelonan soldiers and puppet Zenitian soldiers attacked.

Unfortunately for them, under the counterattack of the magic puppets that could rival demi-gods, they dropped close to 6,000 corpses and returned.

Similar schemes continued to occur, and the degree of viciousness continued to grow.

Barcelonan soldiers and puppet Zenitian soldiers captured many refugees from various places, and they severely injured or crippled these poor people. When these refugees were about to starve to death, they were stripped naked and kicked into the area within 2,000 meters of Chambord City.

These refugees were tossed to Chambord City as burdens, and Barcelonans tried to use this strategy to deplete Chambord’s food, medicines, and clothes to make this little kingdom crumble under pressure.

At any moment of the day, people on the defense wall of Chambord could see Barcelonans torturing the refugees whom they captured.

However, what shocked Barcelonans was that Chambord City had accepted more than 200,000 refugees, including thousands of Barcelonan spies, but it still didn’t crumble.

Also, mass chaos and blazing fires that they anticipated didn't occur, and they lost contact with the thousands of spies.

Things started to look strange.

Chapter 1088: Former Knight (Part Three)

"Time is about right. On the other side of Zuli River, more than 400,000 Barcelonan soldiers and 300,000 puppet Zenitian soldiers gathered together. Perhaps we can launch a quick raid. With hundreds of mystical gold war puppets, we can make all of them disappear within an hour," Bast suggested while trying to suppress his anger.

In the watchtower on the southern gate, a new round of military meetings were happening.

Except for Bast, Brook, and Old Aryang, various military officers, big and small, all joined the meetings.

Recalling what Barcelonans had done to the civilians of Zenit, rage burned in every Chambordian's mind. They all wanted to charge out and kill these demons.

Although Bast was a civil official, he was murderous at this moment, and many military officers agreed to his suggestions.

In fact, Brook was moved as well.

Now, everyone was looking at Strategist Old Aryang.

In the last while, Old Aryang's steady commands and deep analyses of the battlefield earned him the respect from everyone. Before the king returned, he was the head commander in the military of Chambord. The tactic of not revealing the true strength of the magic puppets was also a part of Old Aryang's big plan.

"Not now." Old Aryang thought for a moment and shook his head.

“Although we can obliterate the enemy troops on the other side of the river with the 500 magic puppets, we can’t kill the demi-gods and other masters. There are about 800,000 enemy soldiers, and they will go rogue when the troops are destroyed. Without restrictions, they are going to slaughter Zenitian refugees and bring disasters to our peers who are struggling to barely stay alive in the enemy territory. Besides, the mystical gold war puppets have limited mobility so that they can’t chase far, and we have a limited number of soldiers. Right now, we don’t have the strength to fight Barcelonans head-on. After they retreat to St. Petersburg, they could gather troops again and come back. By then, they would have a clear understanding of the number of magic puppets that we have and their range. Our situation will become even harder.”

Most people agreed with Old Aryang’s analysis.

“Then, what should we do? Are we just going to watch those b*stards of Barcelona kill Zenitian refugees and assault Zenitian women?”

Once Bast got mad, he showed more anger and hatred than anyone else.

“We don’t need to wait for long.” Old Aryang smiled and said, “After calculating the time, Torres should have returned to the [Banished Land] and reported everything to King Alexander, and His Majesty is about to return. Once His Majesty is back, we can start the counterattack!”

“His Majesty’s return?”

After thinking about this, everyone sat straighter and was filled with excitement and expectations.

“Yeah! If the invincible King Alexander returns, none of this would pose problems. Leaving other things aside, His Majesty can command the magic puppet troop without restrictions and chase after Barcelonans to the end of the world. Killing these demi-gods, kicking Barcelonans out of Zenit, and restoring the empire will only be a matter of time.”

Enduring this a bit longer would result in a huge shift in the world.

...

-Inside the campsite of Barcelona-

Tens of thousands of Zenitian refugees were locked inside a place that was enclosed by fences and looked like a sheep pen, and they were shivering in the cold.

Not far away from this refugee pen, there was a luxurious-looking magic tent.

The curtain door of the tent opened, and a handsome young man in the military uniform of Barcelona walked out with a smile on his face.

He was the former Silver Moon Knight Piazon, one of the ten execution knights of Zenit.

Chapter 1089: Former Knight (Part One)

However, Piazon was longer dressed as the Silver Moon Knight. Instead, he was wearing the red and blue military armor of Barcelona, and his inner clothes looked luxurious. He seemed to be in a great mood, and several Barcelonan officers followed Piazon respectfully.

“Little General, Mr. Armando is inviting you over. He must be planning to teach you cultivation techniques.”

“Yeah, Little General. Mr. Armando is very fond of you. Perhaps you will become the successor of the Armando Family. You are so lucky!”

“Little General, once you go all the way up, don’t forget us.”

Those few Barcelonan officers said to Piazon with flattering smiles on their faces as they followed him toward a giant, luxurious tent further away. Along the way, they kept on flattering this young man.

If it were more than 20 days ago, these arrogant Barcelonans wouldn’t act so humbly and lowly before a dirty Zenitian. However, the situation was different now.

Peak Full Moon Elite Mr. Armando was having the time of his life, but he somehow went crazy and took this young man as his disciple. Now, not many people dared to be disrespectful toward this young man in the military campsites of Barcelona.

Piazon laughed proudly and said, “Relax. As long as you are loyal to me, you will be rewarded properly.”

“Thank you, Little General! Thank you so much.” Those Barcelonan officers continued to flatter Piazon.

Soon, the group arrived before the giant red tent.

The guards saw that it was Piazon, and they quickly reported inside before inviting Piazon to go in.

This was a tent with spatial magic; the space inside was even larger than what it seemed from the outside. Bookshelves, weapon racks, armors, various magic scrolls, maps, and documents were placed into the tent in an organized way.

More than 20 beautiful girls in thin veils stood on both sides of the red carpet that lead from the entrance to the chair in the center, and they held delicious liquor and food in their hands.

“Hahaha! You are here! Come over and talk to me. How is your progress in the last few days?” Seeing Piazon, Armando who was wearing a red wide robe and sitting on a giant stone chair that looked like a beast stood up and laughed.

“Thank you, Master.” Piazon respectfully knelt on the ground and kowtowed. After doing the proper greeting, he stood up and said with joy, “Master, I didn’t dare to waste any time, and I cultivated with the method that you taught me. I made great progress, and I’m now a peak Two-Star Warrior.”

“Great! This is great!” Armando nodded in satisfaction and said, “Although you missed the best time to cultivate, your talent is still surprising. Even though I gave you spiritual plants as supplements, you became a peak Two-Star Warrior in less than a month! It is extremely fast! If you are willing to cultivate diligently every day, perhaps you will reach my level in about 30 to 50 years.”

“Master, your strength is unrivaled. Your disciple doesn’t dare to be compared to you.” Piazon smiled and flattered.

“Eh.” Armando nodded with pleasure as he thought to himself, “This new disciple of mine is great in almost every aspect. Too bad that he is a Zenitian. It would be perfect if he had the Catalanian bloodline.”

“I asked you to come today to inform you of something. Go and get prepared, and also order the soldiers to get ready. Chambord City will be broken at midnight. Then, we must seize the opportunity to raid and rob the treasures. I heard that there is an endless amount of treasure in this city, and even a god-tier mythical ruin is in there. Any discovery would be a big merit. Perhaps Mr. Busquets will be thrilled and allow you to get a Barcelonan last name.”

Chapter 1089: Former Knight (Part Two)

Armando was really thinking and looking out for Piazon.

“What? Chambord City will be conquered?” Piazon was shocked, and he asked in curiosity, “Master, we have attacked the city for more than 20 days, and we didn’t make any progress. How come we can suddenly break this city?”

“This is a top-secret in the military, and I only know a little about it. You don’t need to ask so many questions; you will know what is going on later. Once the city is broken, remember to charge in and get as much merit as you can. I will help you as well.”

Armando didn’t want to say too much.

Piazon looked thankful, and he said in joy, “Thank you, Master! I will go prepare now! I won’t disappoint you!”

After saying that, Piazon kneeled and kowtowed before turning around and leaving the tent.

“Strange... how come Barcelonans are suddenly this confident? Did they find a way to destroy those more than 20 magic puppets that can rival demi-gods?” Piazon walked out of the tent with a confused expression.

Suddenly, a series of shouts and female cries sounded.

Piazon looked up and saw a team of Barcelonan soldiers laughing and walking forward with two Zenitian girls captured. These two girls looked beautiful and sexy, and they seemed to be about 18 years old.

“What is going on?” Piazon asked with a frown.

“Ah, it is you, Little General! The brothers on the exterior defeated a Zenitian merchant caravan that was resisting and captured these two tender Zenitian women. We were about to offer them to General Armando. Look at how white and tender these two girls are! It seems like water will leak out if we pinch their skin. They are also virgins! It is my first time seeing such beauties up close,” the officer in the lead answered with a flattering smile.

These two young girls were beautiful, and they looked like little birds in cages at this moment. They looked desperate and fearful, and their cloaks were removed. Right now, only a thin veil covered each of them, making them seem even more slender and sexier. As they shivered in the cold wind, they looked extremely seductive.

It was easy to imagine these two girls’ tragic fates after they fell into the hands of Barcelonans.

“Master is cultivating a mystical technique and doesn’t want any interactions with females. Bring these two girls to my tent.” Piazon squinted and looked at these two girls for a while. Then, he nodded in satisfaction and said to the officer with lust on his face.

“This...” The officer hesitated for a moment before nodding and flattering, “Ok, these two b*tches are lucky that you want them.”

The two poor girls were delivered into Piazon’s tent.

Before the officer could walk far with the soldiers, they heard clothes-tearing noises. Then, Piazon sneered, and the two girls screamed, cried, and begged.

“Damn it! Such pretty girls! They are wasted on this wastrel who is relying on Mr. Armando! I wonder if we can get a taste of these two girls after that wastrel is done with them.”

The officer cursed viciously with unwillingness written all over his face.

Time quickly passed by, and it was sunset already.

The atmosphere suddenly tensed up in the peaceful campsites of Barcelona, and a series of bugle sounds resonated in the sky. Many soldiers moved around and gathered in their formations, and various formations were ordered to move to different places, getting ready for battle.

“Breaking Chambord City at midnight? What power is Barcelona relying on?”

After walking out of the tent, Piazon still couldn’t understand it.

At this moment, he suddenly saw a few special figures in a campsite further away, and he froze on the spot as his pupils contracted. He seemed to have understood something.

Chapter 1090: The Last Ditch Effort (Part One)

Those people who appeared in the campsite of Barcelona were wearing the godly robes of the Holy Church, and they seemed to have high status.

“Even the Holy Church is involved...” Piazon thought to himself.

The Holy Church and the Dragon Clan were still in a war, and it was heard that both sides used forbidden powers. The Holy Church used secret methods and communicated with Heaven, inviting battle angels to descend from Heaven and battle for them. They had gradually obtained the advantage.

These battle angels were war machines. They were terrifying and grasped the powerful energy of light. They were all both warriors and mages, and they were many times stronger than ordinary human masters in terms of offense and defense.

“Could it be that the priests of the Holy Church are also joining the battle tonight? Is this where Armando’s confidence is coming from? Then... what should I do?” Piazon started to get anxious.

If the Holy Church was able to get battle angels to attack Chambord, perhaps this kingdom’s defense couldn’t last long. If this last city in Zenit was destroyed, the former Zenit Empire would be destroyed forever.

While walking and thinking, Piazon quickly arrived before his tent.

“Without my order, no one is allowed inside.”

“Yes, Sir!” Piazon’s guards raised their heads and shouted.

Piazon entered the tent.

It was warm and moist inside the tent, and the two girls instantly woke up from their fake sleep; they relaxed when they saw that it was Piazon.

The Silver Moon Knight looked up at the two girls who seemed calm and smiled at them.

These two girls were now wearing thick cotton jackets, and they had devoured some food and were looking much better. It was hard to tell that they were assaulted.

In fact, Piazon didn’t do anything to them. The noises that those soldiers heard were fake.

“Sir, you are back?”

The two girls looked at Piazon as their savior, and they quickly went to him in joy when seeing his return.

Piazon already asked these two girls some tricky questions and figured out their backgrounds.

Their parents already died under the butchering knives of Barcelonans, and they hated these invaders to their cores. They were trustworthy Zenitians.

Without wasting time, Piazon asked the two girls to get closer, and he told them about his detailed hypothesis.

Piazon said with a serious expression, “To be very honest, this issue is critical, and I will try to get you two into Chambord City. By then, you must pass this message to the King of Chambord, making sure that Chambordians are prepared.”

“Sir, don’t worry. Even if we have to die, we will complete your request,” the two girls said firmly with hatred flashing in their eyes.

Piazon lightly sighed in his mind when he heard this.

In a chaotic world, people’s fates were tragic. At this moment, it seemed like the fate of Zenit was carried on the shoulders of these two weak girls.

With a gentle smile, Piazon carefully fixed their messy hair and said, “Dumb Girls. No, you won’t die. You will live on and make sure that the empire redeems itself.”

“Sir, but you...”

“Yeah, Sir! How about you come with us? It is too dangerous to stay with these Barcelonans.

The two girls tried to persuade Piazon and get him to go with them.

Although these three only met each other less than a day ago, these two girls couldn’t forget this handsome young man who saved them from danger. Subtle love started to grow inside these two girls’ hearts unstoppably.

Piazon shook his head; he couldn’t go now. He was more useful by staying inside the forces of Barcelona.

Chapter 1090: The Last Ditch Effort (Part Two)

Since he already carried the reputation of a traitor, he didn’t mind that already.

He wanted to give that secret scroll to these two girls, but he was afraid that issues might arise, and the King of Chambord wouldn’t get the scroll. In the end, he decided to find a better time and give the scroll to the King of Chambord himself. After all, this issue was critical, and he couldn’t mess up.

“Later, you two might have to go through some suffering...” Piazon said as he looked at the two girls.

...

-20 minutes later-

When the female roars, screams, and groans finally ended, Piazon left his tent with two bloody ‘corpses’ in his hands.

Only the lightly twitching arms and legs seemed to show that these two girls didn’t die yet.

The guards and soldiers in the area looked at Piazon as if he was a monster. They didn’t expect that this little general who looked handsome and gentle would be so vicious and violent; they suspected that he had a fetish for torturing people. That was the only way in which these two girls were beaten to this degree.

“Yuck! Two b*tches who don’t know their place!” Piazon cursed with a vicious expression.

This young man dragged the two half-dead girls outside the campsite, leaving a trail of blood on the ground.

When Piazon reached Zuli River, he beckoned at two Barcelonan soldiers who were ushering Zenitian refugees. He ordered, “Throw these two btches to the defense wall across the river! Let Chambordians know that this is the ending if they continue to resist and don’t surrender. Remember, don’t kill them! Hehe, I want to see if the Chambordians will save these two btches!”

“Yes, Sir! Don’t worry!”

Seeing the tragic state that these two girls were in where blood and flesh mixed, the soldiers shivered and almost threw up their half-digested dinner. They thought to themselves, “This little general is vicious and sick!”

Soon, the two girls were put onto a wooden cart, and they were pushed toward the area that was crowded by refugees who were dying of hunger and injuries outside the defense wall of Chambord City.

Such things happened every day.

Especially today, a large group of Zenitian refugees were pushed to the other side of the river as the Barcelonans tried to harass and weaken Chambord's defense.

Piazon observed on the other side of the river. Then, he sneered and turned around, returning to the campsite of Barcelona that the bloody trail led back to.

At this moment, loud drumming noises suddenly sounded in the various campsites, and many troops were gathering.

It seemed like it was about the right time to attack.

...

"Huh? Something is going on?"

The drums woke up Robbin who was napping with his armor on. As the general who was guarding the defense wall tonight, he didn't dare to be careless. He quickly got up and climbed onto the watchtower before looking into afar.

Lights were bright inside the enemy's campsites, and it was noisy.

In just a few minutes, people like Bast, Brook, and Old Aryang all rushed to the frontline after hearing the news.

Old Aryang said after a moment of observation, "Prepare for battle! The Barcelonan soldiers' formations are complex yet tidy, and their morale is rising and condensing instead of falling off. It seems like they are going to attack for real. We might be facing a tough battle."

"Could it be that they found ways to deal with the mystical gold war puppets?" Robbin asked in shock.

The Chambordians didn't know what the Barcelonans were up to in the last while. Since the enemies didn't attack, they must have been scheming something. Right now, the Chambordians could only wait and see.

Chapter 1090: The Last Ditch Effort (Part Three)

Old Aryang issued a series of orders, and the Chambordians soldiers on the defense wall started to move.

"Should we activate other magic puppets?" Bast frowned as he asked.

"Not right now. We can wait and see. It would be best if we can last until His Majesty comes back. Then, we can try to attack in one go and completely obliterate these Barcelonans. We don't want them to get the chance to breathe." Old Aryang still looked calm at this moment. It seemed like he had the temperament where he could still be calm if a giant mountain collapsed before him. He wouldn't be fooled by the appearances of things; he was a rare and talented general.

"Should we temporarily stop accepting these refugees?" Bast suddenly asked.

"Let's continue. These are all the brave and loyal citizens of Zenit. They have been bullied, tortured, and almost killed by the Barcelonans. As the last line of defense for Zenit, we can't let them down and make them lose the last bit of hope. Besides, they will be affected the most once the battle starts," Old Aryang said firmly without hesitation.

"Hahaha! Ok, Mr. Strategist! I appreciate you for this!" Bast laughed.

Boom!

After a while, streaks of terrifying magic flames shot into the sky from the frontline of Barcelona, and they dashed toward Chambord City like raindrops in a storm.

Everyone's face changed color.

These Barcelonans were cruel and vicious. Although this kind of attack couldn't do anything to Chambord City, the tens of thousands of refugees outside the city would be killed.

“Increase the coverage of the defensive shield of the city by 50 percent!”

After hearing Old Aryang’s calm voice, the communication officer beside him waved magic command flags.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

While light vibration noises sounded, the orange sphere covering the city gradually expanded by 2,000 meters, covering the refugees who fell into desperation and chaos at this moment.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Endless streaks of magic energies smashed onto the energy sphere and exploded like fireworks.

Some refugees who had closed their eyes and waited for their death saw this, and they jumped up and cheered unstoppably.

The thin layer of energy sphere was like an impenetrable fortress, giving these refugees an unprecedented sense of security.

The Chambord Kingdom never gave up on the Zenitians.

Many people were crying in gratitude, and cheers and prayers sounded outside the city in waves.

“Guys, don’t panic! Listen to our orders and enter the city in lines!” some Chambordian warriors shouted on the defense wall.

Soon, magic energy flames flashed outside the city as teleportation arrays were activated. Star-Level Warriors jumped off the defense wall to help, and tens of thousands of refugees helped each other and didn’t fight. Without causing any chaos, they entered the teleportation arrays in lines with tears in their eyes.

Some Barcelonan spies tried to instigate the refugees and cause chaos, but...

The female rogues from Diablo World were very powerful at this stage; they were like many mini Valkyrie Elenas. Standing on the defense wall, they pulled on their bows and easily killed the people who tried to cause chaos on the spot.

Further away, streaks of powerful energy rose from the campsites of Barcelona.

About four to five of them seemed to have reached the level of supreme masters.

A giant war was about to begin.

“Sir, two girls are trying to see you, and they are below the defense wall right now. They said that they have important intelligence to share with His Majesty.” Suddenly, a soldier ran up the defense wall and reported to Old Aryang.

“Girls?” Old Aryang froze.

“Yes, and they said that they escaped from a campsite of Barcelona, and they have urgent information to report.”

“Let them come up,” Old Aryang said after a moment of hesitation.