

Hail the King 1101

Chapter 1101: The Roars Outside the Palace (Part One)

When this supreme emperor's eyes landed on a place, the girl who was holding the plate must crawl over and present the plate before the emperor.

Only about 40 days passed since he became the new ruler, but Emperor Chrystal's complexion was pale. His face was pale to begin with, and now he looked like a ghost.

The eye sockets that sat deeper into his skull and the dark circles under his eyes made Chrystal's gloomy face look even more terrifying.

"The troops of Barcelona have surrounded Chambord City for close to 40 days, and it is heard that the King of Chambord never made an appearance. Hehe, he is probably so afraid that he escaped while peeing his pants! Perhaps in less than ten days, Chambord City will fall. Then, one of my biggest concerns will be eliminated!"

After Chrystal chugged down a glass of wine, he laughed and said proudly. A trail of wine slid down his face, looking like blood, and he wiped it away with a white handkerchief.

"Your Majesty, you are wise and brave. Chambord City is nothing to be afraid of. One day, Alexander's head will be hung on the northern gate to show the public!"

"Your Majesty, your intelligence and strength both far surpass the previous emperor. Under your management, Zenit and Barcelona became allies, and the strength of the nation skyrocketed. In a short time, the Zenit Empire will become the ruler of the Northern Region of Azeroth, and Your Majesty will become the No.1 Emperor in the region!"

"Hahaha! Let me guess; I think great news will come from the north tonight!"

The officials of the new puppet empire sat on both sides of the palace, and they tried their best to flatter Emperor Chrystal. All kinds of praising words flowed out of their mouths, and their faces didn't turn red while their heart rates didn't increase.

"Your Majesty, General Masip of Barcelona who is stationed at St. Petersburg sent someone here to pass the message. Barcelona is asking us to provide a large quantity of food and weapons, and they

also want to have control over the weapons that the Chambord Kingdom sent to St. Petersburg before the war. Your Majesty, what do you...”

An official who was wearing a military uniform reported in hesitation.

“Is there anything to be hesitant about? Just do whatever our ally asked!”

“In my opinion, we should do more than what Barcelona asked! We need to provide more benefits to our ally so our relationship will be better!”

A few officials already couldn’t wait and made several suggestions.

Chrystal nodded and was about to say something. Suddenly, he looked surprised as he looked out of the palace.

The sky in the area suddenly became bright, and streaks of golden light that were different from sunlight radiated into the area from a place behind the stone pillar outside the window of the palace. The light was a little eye-piercing.

“What is happening?” Chrystal looked slightly frightened.

A group of officials also turned around and looked in the direction that Emperor Chrystal was staring at, and they saw the golden light as well.

“Golden light?” This is...”

“Haha! Your Majesty, this is a great sign! There must be good news!”

“Yeah! Right! That is right! This is a great natural phenomenon! This is a great sigh!”

“It must be that Your Majesty’s sincerity touched Heaven, and the gods created such a phenomenon as a response! After being shined on by this light, I feel like I’m several years younger!”

Chapter 1101: The Roars Outside the Palace (Part Two)

The bunch of officials flattered Emperor Chrystal in the Royal Palace again.

At this moment, a clear yet angry voice overpowered the flattering words of these officials and sounded by everyone's ears.

"A bunch of shameless flatterers! Truly disgusting! How can the fate of the empire be controlled by a bunch of weaklings and hypocrites like you?"

"Who is it? How dare you?"

"Damn it! How dare you insult His Majesty? You should be dragged out and cut into thousands of pieces."

"Who said that? Stand out! Come on! Instantly capture him and send him to the Black Jail! Interrogate him with cruel punishments!"

These officials of the new puppet empire hadn't heard any opposing voices in a long time, and this voice was filled with mockery. Therefore, these people all got worked up, and they roared in anger as their faces turned red.

While these people looked around and tried to find the person who said that, the voice sounded again.

"No need. I just came out of the Black Jail."

This time, everyone heard where this voice came from.

When these officials turned around, they instantly froze, and the curses that they wanted to throw out all stuck in their throats. They saw someone who wasn't supposed to show up here.

This man was [Red Beard] Granello, the former head commander of Imperial Patrol.

Emperor Chrystal's pupils instantly contracted; he couldn't believe his eyes! A shocked expression appeared on his face as if he was seeing a ghost.

“You... how...” Chrystal was terrified.

“How come I appeared in this place? Right? How come by arms and legs grew out, right?” Granello laughed while anger and hatred dashed out of his eyes. Like two streaks of burning flames, his stare burned the nerves of everyone in the palace. Also, these people somehow felt like they were instantly frozen inside an ancient freezer.

“Guards! Where are the guards? Come out and arrest him!” Chrystal instantly sensed an ominous feeling, and he jumped up from his seat and shrieked.

A series of rapid footsteps sounded.

Thousands of soldiers in black magic armor rushed into the palace from all sides like a flood.

At the same time, ear-piercing sirens sounded and filled the entire palace.

Many streaks of light flashed across the sky, and Full Moon Elites of Barcelona who were in military uniforms instantly appeared in the palace.

These changes made Emperor Chrystal and the officials in the palace heave a sigh of relief. The sense of security returned, and their smiles became vicious and scary again.

“Haha! Everyday, some ignorant and reckless people try to assassinate me. Unfortunately for them, their endings were all terrible. They were turned into piles of meat paste. Granello, I don’t know how you got out of the Black Jail, but you shouldn’t have come here to seek death!”

Under the protection of guards and masters, Emperor Chrystal calmed down and smiled before speaking to Granello in disdain.

“Really? What if I’m here as well?” another voice sounded behind Granello.

Ripples appeared in the air, and Fei slowly walked out of the void.

The smile instantly froze on Chrystal’s face.

“It is you? King Alexander of Chambord?” Chrystal screamed, “How is this possible? Chambord City is surrounded by Barcelonan troops. How could you have escaped?”

“The 400,000 Barcelonan soldiers were defeated by Alexander His Majesty. Chrystal, you despicable traitor! You killed Emperor Yassin, your father! You rely on Barcelona, and its forces are destroyed. Your end is here!” Granello roared, “Perk up your ears and listen carefully! Listen to the noises outside the palace!”

As if they were responses to Granello’s roar, thunderous shouts and roars resonated in the sky and could be heard in the Royal Palace.

Chapter 1102: Roars and Turncoat (Part One)

As if tens of millions of people were roaring, the cacophony was so loud that its like had never been heard in St. Petersburg before.

It seemed like the entire city was venting its frustration.

“What is going on? Troops? Where are the troops?” an official shouted in panic.

“Troops? Of course, they are standing with the people! Do you think that the soldiers are truly loyal to this talentless and vicious ruler? No! They were forced and had no choice! Now, who doesn’t hate shameless, despicable, and poor dogs of Barcelona such as you? Do you think that you are in control of everything by staying in this palace? Poor bugs! You are a bunch of clowns who are fooling yourselves! The true honor belongs to the warriors of the empire and the Zenitians who dare to fight and resist the Barcelonan invaders! Not greedy and corrupt bugs like you!”

Granello’s voice resonated in the palace like a bell.

“Capture them! Arrest them for me! Kill them!”

Chrystal shouted in panic and fear.

“Attack!”

The masters of Barcelona who were tasked with protecting Chrystal moved first.

Barcelona needed to use Chrystal as a puppet to control Zenit. This was the strategy that Lionel Messi created before departing. Therefore, the masters of Barcelona had to protect this weak and useless puppet emperor; they couldn't let him die.

Surging warrior energy flames and great power instantly illuminated the Royal Palace.

The explosive auras dispersed into the area like tornadoes.

A total of four masters of Barcelona appeared, and they were all peak Full Moon Elites.

With their strength, these four people were the most powerful beings in the current Zenit Empire.

However, Fei only lightly waved his hand.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The four peak Full Moon Elites who had terrifying auras instantly exploded like watermelons that were struck by fast arrows, and their warrior energies completely disappeared.

Red blood and white chipped bones exploded and shot in all directions, and these four people were turned into piles of flesh.

Instant kill!

Chrystal was so shocked that he fell onto the throne.

The officials in the Royal Palace were only people who knew how to flatter, and they had never seen such bloody scenes before. When the hot and wet blood and flesh fell on their faces, they were terrified and hid under stone tables while shivering. At the same time, they screamed at the top of their lungs as if they were pigs that were being slaughtered by butchers.

“Go! Go! Go and kill them!”

Chrystal woke up from the shock, and he roared and ordered the guards to attack.

These elite soldiers in black armor were hesitating; they were shocked by Fei's unimaginable power!

"Brothers, are you going to listen to the orders of this despicable traitor who killed his own father? In the last 40 days, what did this traitor do? Don't you guys see? Any Zenitian who still has a trace of honor in them should have already made the decision! Are you all willing to serve this new emperor? Do you want to see the territory of Zenit being gifted to Barcelona? Do you want to see your parents, wives, children, and friends live like pathetic slaves for the rest of their lives?"

Granello was not afraid of these soldiers who were holding weapons, and he walked up bravely. He stuck out his chest and exposed his weak spot before them, and his loud speech resonated in the palace and was deafening.

These soldiers in black armor who already looked hesitate listened to what Granello said, and some of them lowered their heads in shame while their grips on their weapons loosened.

Chapter 1102: Roars and Turncoat (Part Two)

"Brothers, I know that you are being coerced. Now, if you turn your weapons and point them at the traitor, you are still great men and heroes of Zenit!" Granello raised his arms and shouted.

"Perhaps you don't know, but King Alexander of Chambord is the missing Third Prince of Zenit! Before Emperor Yassin passed away, he issued a secret edict and passed his throne to Alexander His Majesty. King Alexander of Chambord is the rightful Emperor of Zenit!"

Granello then pointed at Chrystal who had already collapsed onto the throne and roared, "Him! He, on the other hand, is only a despicable traitor! A traitor who should be hung! Now, Brothers, use your weapons to make the choice! Receive the new emperor and kill the traitor!"

Finally, a soldier looked up and roared for the first time in a long while.

“Damn it! I’ve had enough! Chrystal is only a traitor who betrayed his father and brothers, and he threw hundreds of millions of Zenitians into hellfire! I support King Alexander of Chambord! I want him to be the new emperor!”

“I’ve had enough as well...”

“We are protecting this traitor day and night inside the Royal Palace, but our loved ones are being bullied and slain by the Barcelonans outside the palace...”

“Why are we even protecting this b*stard?”

“Support Alexander His Majesty!”

Anger burned in the chest of every soldier in black armor.

Chrystal’s cruelty and greedy already made the guards who were protecting the Royal Palace complain in secret, and the stimulating words that Granello said combined with the supreme prestige that Fei accumulated in Zenit made these soldiers quickly make their decision. They instantly switched sides and stood with Granello.

Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink!

Sharp weapons that reflected cold light all turned around and aimed at Chrystal who was petrified.

“You... how dare you? You traitors dare to point your weapons at me? I’m the new emperor of Zenit! The ruler of this land! How dare you!” Chrystal pretended to be powerful and shouted at the guards.

However, this man still couldn’t hide his fear, and he turned ashen-faced and dragged over two weak girls in thin veils, placing them before him.

“You are the new emperor? You aren’t qualified!”

Granello dashed forward and appeared before Chrystal. Then, he struck out and broke the latter’s arms.

“Ah!” Chrystal screamed in pain, and tears rolled down his face.

Granello hated this traitor who betrayed the entire Zenit Empire. This man broke the defense of Zenit and led to the death of Emperor Yassin, Second Prince Dominguez, and hundreds of millions of Zenitians. In both personal grudges and public grudges, Granello felt like he couldn't possibly get any angrier with this man. If Chrystal's life weren't useful at the moment, Granello would have bit this b*stard to death.

After taking down Chrystal, Granello waved at the frantic girls and signaled them to back off, and he single-kneeled beside the throne and looked at Fei while shouting with respect, “Alexander Your Majesty, please take the throne!”

“Alexander Your Majesty! Please take the throne!” Thousands of soldiers in black armor kneeled in unison and shouted.

Fei lowered his head and thought for a moment before walking forward.

Without hesitation, Fei walked through the soldiers who were holding weapons and the path that they automatically made for him by moving to the two sides. Then, he walked onto the gold stairs and arrived before the throne that represented the highest level of power in the empire.

Fei turned around and lightly sat on the throne.

Chapter 1103: Who The F*ck Are You? (Part One)

“Long Live His Majesty!” Granello roared in excitement.

“Long Live Alexander His Majesty!” thousands of soldiers followed Granello and roared with passion, and their iron-like spirit soared into the sky.

Chrystal, who was captured on the side, roared like a madman, “That is mine! That throne is mine! It is mine! Alexander! You b*stard! You thief! You schemer...”

Unfortunately for Chrystal, his voice couldn't even be heard through the shouts of thousands of soldiers.

“Please all get up.” Fei was calm from the start; he didn’t look excited just because he sat on the throne. He looked at Granello and said, “Granello, lead all the guards and troops in the Royal Palace and immediately reinforce the civilians in the city. Pass my order! Mobilize all military assets in St. Petersburg and take down the troops of Barcelona! The masters of Chambord will assist you. Before it gets dark, I want St. Petersburg to be controlled by Zenitians again.”

“As you wish! Your Majesty!” Granello was so excited that he shivered uncontrollably. He had been waiting for this day even in his dreams!

“Your Majesty, then they...” Granello got up and frowned as he pointed at the officials who were shivering in fear.

“Don’t mind them. Leave everything inside the Royal Palace to me.” Fei leaned against the throne and waved his hand. Then, he pointed at Chrystal and said, “Leave him here as well. You don’t need to leave any guards inside the palace. Take all the forces with you.”

“As you wish! Your Majesty!” Granello turned around and left the Royal Palace with thousands of soldiers in black armor.

In just a flash, only a few people remained in the giant Royal Palace. There was Fei, Chrystal, and a bunch of officials who were so petrified that they felt like it was the end of the world.

Although the number of people in the palace had decreased, the fear and pressure that these people sensed didn’t even reduce by a sliver.

Everything that these people sensed originated from the man who was sitting on the throne. This man was already a supreme master a year ago, and the strength that he just demonstrated by instantly killing four peak Full Moon Elites was even more shocking. This man could control everything in the Royal Palace on his own.

“Your Majesty! We all support you! Alexander Your Majesty!”

“Right, right, right! The King of Chambord is the true emperor of Zenit!”

Two officials rolled their eyes and thought of something, and they crawled out under their tables and chanted, looking heroic and valiant.

A mocking smile appeared on Fei's face as he turned to look at Chrystal.

"You... traitors... you two despicable traitors. You fence-sitters..." Chrystal paled. He was sitting on the gold stairs while sweating profusely since his arm bones were broken, and he was angered by the betrayal of these officials.

"Hehe, what do you think? The feeling of being betrayed isn't good, right?" Fei smiled while resting his chin on his palm.

The anger on Chrystal's face froze, and he then sneered and shouted, "I'm a real son of Emperor Yassin, and I have the noble bloodline of the Royal Family in me. You? What are you? You are only a bumpkin from the remote Chambord City, and you have a dirty bloodline. How dare you pretend to be the Third Prince? You are a conspirator! Do you think your scheme will work? Hundreds of years from now, the history will only remember King Alexander of Chambord scheming against the Royal Family and obtaining the throne using dirty tricks. You will go down as a despicable schemer!"

Chapter 1103: Who The F*ck Are You? (Part Two)

"Oh?" Fei smiled and said, "However, the history is always written by the victor. Perhaps hundreds of years from now, history will remember me as the hero who appeared when Zenit was in crisis, and I would be the emperor who led Zenit to a new height. At the same time, I will tell everyone that Fourth Prince Chrystal killed his father, betrayed the empire, butchered nobles, and ditched civilians. You will always be a poor bug who is going to be nailed onto the pillar of shame. Hehe, if I want to, I will make you disappear forever. You won't even be in the history book, and you will become a ghost who no one knows about."

"You... despicable!" Chrystal was so angry that he spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Ha, I'm only joking. Why are you so serious? Huh?" Fei yawned and suddenly got serious. He slowly said while emphasizing each word, "To be honest, you are such a dirty person. I don't even have the patience to joke with you. Do you want to fight with me? Are you qualified? Administrative abilities? Combat strength? In which area are you better than me? You want the throne, and you did everything for it. You even betrayed your father and ditched the entire empire. However, I can have all this with a thought."

“You... you are a demon!” Chrystal shouted as he spat out another mouthful of blood. He tried to stand up, but he struggled as if he lost all the strength in his body.

“You can’t even stand up right now. So pathetic, but you are even more stupid.” Fei shook his head as he looked down at Chrystal. His eyes were filled with disdain and some sympathy.

“This world is dominated by supreme masters. Only true masters could be great rulers. Even the thrones of various empires are only decorative pieces before true strength. It is pathetic that you haven’t figured this out yet. Why do you think you can keep the throne? With your weak strength? You aren’t even a Five-Star Mage yet. Or, do you think these timid fence-sitters and bugs in the palace will save you?”

“Shut up! Stop talking! I don’t allow you to speak!” Chrystal’s chest moved up and down as he stared at Fei. He was so angry that he almost couldn’t breathe.

Fei’s words hurt more than getting cut 100 times.

Each of Fei’s sentences slowly and viciously cut his soul, making him feel frustrated. It seemed to be the cruelest torture in the world.

“Alright, I won’t say anything else. Do you think I want to talk to someone like you?” Fei’s expression suddenly turned weird, and he took out a faint-golden scroll from his storage ring. He said, “If Emperor Yassin didn’t ask me to spare your life in the last moment, if the so-called noble bloodline didn’t flow in my body, and if a weak and pathetic person like you isn’t my real little brother, do you think your ending will be different from those Barcelonans?”

Fei opened the scroll as he spoke.

A streak of golden flame shot out, forming into Emperor Yassin’s image.

The familiar yet majestic voice sounded from this image, and he told an ancient yet clear story. Fei’s background was also revealed by this scroll, and the proper claim over the throne was finally settled.

“Alexander, you are the future ruler and the supreme emperor of Zenit. My Child, you have to remember to treat your siblings with kindness. I’m not worried about people like Arshavin, Tanasha, and Dominguez. I’m only worried about Chrystal. He might be blinded by his greed and anger. If he really does something unforgivable, Child, please spare his life. After all, he is your brother!”

This scroll showed another side of the noble and majestic Emperor Yassin; he was no different from an ordinary parent.

Chapter 1104: Unimaginable Presence (Part One)

At this moment, the incredibly talented and legendary creator of Zenit fell to the mortal world from Heaven; he turned from a god into an ordinary person who had normal emotions.

As soon as Emperor Yassin’s image said that, he dashed back into the scroll and disappeared.

Chrystal stood where he was and felt incredulous. His eyes lost focus, and he fell into a chaotic state.

Resentment? Shock? Or hatred?

A bunch of emotions overflowed Chrystal’s mind. He couldn’t separate the emotions, and he felt suffocated.

“No, Father... puff!” Chrystal spat out a mouthful of blood and fell to the ground, losing his consciousness.

The Royal Palace was now extremely quiet; it felt deadly.

“Your Majesty! Alexander Your Majesty! Greetings...” Those two officials who jumped ship first kneeled on the ground with flattering expressions, and they kowtowed toward Fei.

Fei’s expression was cold, and he said, “Are people like you qualified to pay respect to me?”

Boom!

Before Fei could finish, the two officials who were kneeling exploded like overinflated balloons. Before their flesh and bones could drop on the ground, they all turned into red mist and disappeared into the air.

The other dozens of officials were terrified, and they all collapsed onto the ground. They all peed their pants, and they didn't dare to stand straight or knee. With their backs bent, they stood there in fear.

The more timid among them had already fainted.

Fei no longer paid attention to these people.

While resting his chin on his right palm, Fei looked slightly tired with his eyes squinted. It seemed like he was waiting for something.

-Outside the Royal Palace-

Roars and shouts became louder and louder, and the screams and groans of Barcelonans were mixed in.

Under the help of the silver crystal battle soul warriors and other masters of Chambord, the fewer than 50,000 Barcelonan soldiers who were stationed inside St. Petersburg didn't even have a fighting chance.

It was easy to imagine how the enraged Zenit civilians were going to treat these demons who burned down their homes and killed their loved ones. Eating these enemies alive might not be enough for these Zenitians to vent their anger.

Once pent-up anger was ignited, the power unleashed would be terrifying.

At such a speed, the control of St. Petersburg was going to fall back into the hands of Zenitians before nightfall.

Time slowly passed by.

Gradually, the roars and shouts outside the Royal Palace of Zenit quieted down.

The red setting sun in the sky spread sunlight all over the land, dyeing the broken city walls and collapsed godly statues of St. Petersburg red.

At this moment, a series of explosions sounded like thunder, resonating in the area.

Then, more than a dozen fast-moving figures flashed in the red sky.

The residual energies from the intense battles destroyed everything in the sky.

About ten minutes later, these figures slowly descended toward the ground, and they landed right inside the Royal Palace of Zenit where Fei was staying.

These figures divided themselves into two groups.

One group consisted of the orc masters of the Dog Clan, Dark Demonic Armor Basturk, and 20 silver crystal battle soul warriors, and they stood on the outer edge of the circle.

In the middle of the circle, there were Busquets, Alves, Pedro, and Mascherano. These four supreme masters of Barcelona looked anxious, and their clothes were ragged while their breaths were irregular.

Chapter 1104: Unimaginable Presence (Part Two)

“You are finally here?”

Fei sat on the throne and looked down at the four supreme masters. His tone was cold, and it was filled with terrifying power.

Busquets took a deep breath as complicated lights flashed in his eyes. He stood a slight step forward and slowly said, “Alexander!!!”

Fei nodded and replied, “Yeah, it is me.”

“I’m surprised that I, Busquets, who dominated across the Western Region of Azeroth, actually fell into such a desperate situation in the remote Zenit Empire in the Northern Region.”

Busquets slowly calmed down and unleashed his power, trying to stall out and recover more of his strength.

After thinking for a bit, Busquets continued, “Although you are powerful, and you might be able to kill us, you can’t save Zenit. You can’t defeat Mr. Messi. He is already...”

“Oh? I need to correct you.” Fei sat on the throne which was high-up in the palace, and he looked down at these four supreme masters of Barcelona. He said while shaking his head, “It is not that I might be able to kill you. I’m going to kill you today. Do you think I will let you go back?”

“Then, you must pay a high price! It isn’t simple to take down four demi-gods!” While replying, Busquets’ battle-hunger skyrocketed. Although he was a supreme master who focused on strategies, he wasn’t weak in actual combat. When pressed into a corner, he could still unleash terrifying strength.

“Really?” Fei suddenly stood up, and an indescribable, terrifying pressure permeated into the air in the area.

Busquets and the other three’s expressions changed! While they swayed a little, their warrior energy flames burned around them.

Fei’s presence continued to climb as if there wasn’t an end. His presence instantly shot through peak mid-tier Demi-God Realm, and it showed no signs of stopping. It only climbed faster and faster.

A vast energy presence that could even terrify demi-gods radiated outward from Fei’s body like tornadoes.

As a result, people like Busquets had to unleash their full strength to fight against it.

For a moment, Busquets and Pedro felt like they were monkeys who were buried under giant rocks; they were going to be crushed into pieces by this terrifying presence at any time.

The most terrifying thing was that the King of Chambord's presence still didn't stop increasing. In fact, its speed of increase didn't even slow down!

In just a few seconds, Fei's presence reached peak Demi-God Realm.

"This... how... how is this possible?"

Busquets' knees started to bend uncontrollably while sweat appeared on his forehead and back.

The four supreme masters of Barcelona couldn't stand straight anymore. Under the intense pressure in the air, they were forced to bend their backs and knees. Like children who were carrying heavyweights, they struggled but couldn't help to bend their bodies.

"Roar! Damn it!"

Out of the four supreme masters, Mascherano was the first one to attack.

If they let the King of Chambord unleash his strength without stopping for about 30 seconds, these supreme masters might not even have the chance to attack, let alone defeat this king and escape.

Thick orange energy was pulled out of the ground as if it was a liquid, and eye-piercing energy flames burned around Mascherano. The image of a giant ancient yellow bear appeared out of his body before wrapping around him.

Then, a series of demonic godly-bear roars sounded in the Royal Palace of Zenit.

Chapter 1105: Honor and Coward (Part One)

In the next moment, Mascherano flashed before Fei while the bear made of energy engulfed him; it seemed like he teleported. He was now more than ten meters tall, and he looked like a giant god. When the bear paw struck forward, the power contained in it was able to destroy St. Petersburg and turn it into dust.

Even space was torn by this strike.

The exploding orange energy flames even made the silver crystal battle soul warriors and Dark Demonic Armor Basturk have a hard time standing still.

It was clear that Mascherano ignited his core energy and unleashed his most powerful attack. This attack contained the highest level of power of his Realm of Land.

Busquets, Pedro, and Alves also appeared battle-hungry at this moment, and glints flashed in their eyes.

While they unleashed their power, they were about to coordinate with Mascherano's attack and use their most powerful strikes as well.

However, these three froze on the spot just 0.01 seconds before they were about to move. They saw Fei lightly raising his finger and blocking Mascherano's Bear of Earth's giant paw.

Although Fei's finger was only a few centimeters long, he blocked one of the Bear of Earth's front legs that were more than three meters long. This visual was shocking.

Although Mascherano's strike looked powerful, the bear paw that was enough to destroy a city couldn't move forward for a millimeter.

"Impossible! Open! AAAH!!!!" Mascherano roared like a madman.

Mascherano's body flashed inside the giant energy bear, and it was clear that he was in a berserk state. He ignored everything and even ignited his core energy, trying to unleash as much strength as he could.

However, that one slender finger seemed like a giant hill that Mascherano couldn't overcome.

Regardless of what Mascherano did, he couldn't move forward at all.

"Is this all you have?" Fei shook his head and said, "Then, let it end here."

Boom!

A golden light dot suddenly flashed on Fei's fingertip, looking like starlight.

Like a spark, this golden light ignited the entire orangish-yellow giant energy bear.

In the next moment, the Bear of Earth which was condensed from the pure earth elements in a demi-godly realm started to burn.

“Ah...” a terrifying and tragic roar sounded from the body of this giant energy bear.

In just a flash, the giant energy bear that was more than ten meters tall turned into a giant flame, trapping a demi-god inside.

After about ten seconds passed, the fire disappeared, and so did Mascherano. Only a streak of smoke could still be seen.

Except for the smoke, nothing was left.

Mascherano, a demi-god who dominated the Western Region of Azeroth, burned inside his own realm. He was powerless and couldn't even fight back.

It was dead silent inside the Royal Palace of Zenit.

Busquets and other two froze as if they were turned into stone, and they completely lost the courage to attack.

“So... so... you actually took that step forward as well...” Busquets wanted to battle a moment ago, but his battle-hunger completely went away after seeing this.

A bitter smile appeared on Busquets' face, and he said, “You actually made the leap of faith. You win...”

Fei didn't say anything, but his presence was still skyrocketing. He didn't stop just because of that small battle.

The heavy and suffocating pressure targeted the three supreme masters of Barcelona and rushed toward them.

Crack! Crack! Bone-breaking noises sounded in the air.

Even though Busquets and the other two were demi-gods, their bodies couldn't hold up against such heavy pressure. They wanted to persist and stand straight, but their leg bones instantly broke.

Blood gushed out of these three's armor and clothes, and their bodies fell forward.

Chapter 1105: Honor and Coward (Part Two)

"In your dreams!" Busquets and Pedro instantly understood Fei's intention. They knew that the King of Chambord wanted them to kneel in this palace.

This was impossible in Busquets and Pedro's dictionaries. They would rather be squeezed into pieces than bend their knees.

While roaring, Busquets and Pedro made the same decision. They put their arms on the ground to prop themselves up. While their sweat mixed with their blood and flowed down their bodies, they weren't willing to fall and kneel.

However, it was surprising that Alves who was usually extremely arrogant and murderous did something different. It seemed like he chose to submit, or perhaps his strength wasn't enough, he actually kneeled on both knees.

A mocking smile appeared on Fei's face, and he laughed hysterically.

"Hahahaha...." The king's laughter was filled with disdain and slight.

Everyone knew what Fei was laughing about.

It was surprising that an arrogant and proud supreme master of Barcelona was willing to bend his knees and lower his noble head.

"You..."

“Do you know what you are doing?”

Pedro and Busquets questioned in anger.

This scene shocked and angered them, and the mental pain was much harder to bear than their physical pain.

“I... only want to live...” Alves lowered his head and murmured. It seemed like he was explaining himself and also hypnotizing himself. “I’m a demi-god, and I’m above all mortals. Also, I have a long lifespan. I don’t want to die just like this.”

Busquets and Pedro were so angry that they couldn’t even speak.

Fei finally stopped laughing, and he stared at Busquets and Pedro while asking them in all seriousness, “After you conquered St. Petersburg, did anyone kneel and surrender when you were butchering Zenitian soldiers and generals? Did they do any of that to save their lives?”

Busquets and Pedro’s expressions froze. The anger that they were feeling instantly turned into defeat after they heard this question.

The answer to that question was no.

Except for the Fourth Prince Chrystal and other nobles who surrendered and betrayed Zenit from the beginning, no other Zenitian chose to kneel and surrender. From the emperor to princes to generals to ordinary soldiers to even civilians, none of them begged for mercy before bloody butchering knives. This race had a shocking and unimaginable spirit.

Perhaps this was why Mr. Messi changed his mind and decided not to wipe out all Zenitians. Instead, he chose to support the new puppet Zenit Empire led by Chrystal, compromising and taking control of Zenitians instead.

“Perhaps some people might choose to be cowards, but Barcelona doesn’t lack warriors!”

Busquets bit his teeth and stood by supporting his body with his broken leg bones. He resisted against Fei’s pressure and slowly stood up. The chipped bones and pale blood dripped onto the ground, looking like tragic yet beautiful blood flowers with white leaves.

Then, Busquets' body started to burn. He was using his core energy as a demi-god.

“He is going to self-detonate?”

The natural elements surrounding Busquets started to get unstable, and it seemed like the space around him was about to collapse like a fortress. Vibration waves could even be seen.

This was the sign that a demi-god was going to explode.

If a supreme master decided to ignite his core energy, risk everything, and self-explode, the terrifying power from the explosion could destroy mountains, evaporate lakes, and obliterate cities. In fact, it would even severely injure enemies who were several levels higher.

Pedro didn't say anything and copied what Busquets was doing, and he started to ignite his core energy.

Since they couldn't battle anymore and couldn't get away, Busquets and Pedro decided to self-detonate and die with everyone around them.

Chapter 1106: Punishment from Fei (Part One)

“Self-Detonation?” The smile on Fei's face turned colder, and his presence continued to increase. In fact, the speed of his strength increase got even faster!

Under the effect of such power, even the air in the Royal Palace of Zenit got thick and viscous as if it turned into liquid. Even the supreme masters such as those orc masters of the Dog Clan who had acute senses felt like the space before them became distorted, and everything around them moved as if they were seeing things through ripples.

The natural elements had become violent and unstable around Busquets and Pedro, but they were pressed down by the insane pressure. After being unstable for a while, they gradually calmed down like playful kids who were shocked.

Under Fei's supreme godly power, these demi-gods couldn't even self-detonate and commit suicide as they wanted.

“You... so vicious!” Busquets’ voice directly shot out of his vibrating throat, and his stare was filled with resentment as if he was casting a vicious curse on Fei.

“What? You finally got to experience what it feels like to have your life controlled by others? You finally feel the anger and frustration of being powerless?”

Fei directly stared at Busquets and Pedro. These two’s resentful and vicious stares couldn’t even cause the slightest disturbance in the king’s mind.

The king was still smiling calmly like always.

“I will make Barcelona pay back the amount of pain and suffering that it put on Zenit. Don’t worry, I won’t let you guys die like this. I still need to send you back to Barcelona!”

After saying that, Fei slowly reached out his right hand, and streaks of golden flames rushed out.

Pedro and Busquets couldn’t control anything, and they were pulled into mid-air.

The golden energy flames completely engulfed the two, and streaks of red energy was slowly pulled out of these two demi-gods’ bodies.

“You... you are taking away our strength! You...”

Feeling his demi-godly power flowing out of his body like a flood that broke the dam which was blocking its way, Pedro started to shout like a madman.

Busquets also struggled and tried to fight back, wanting to stop this horrifying thing from happening.

To supreme masters who had been through numerous battles and had strong wills, death wasn’t scary for them.

The only thing that would easily destroy these supreme masters was taking away the strength that they were so proud of.

This punishment was able to make Busquets and Pedro collapse much more easily than any other form of vicious torture.

These two supreme masters of Barcelona who could dominate in the Northern Region of Azeroth were controlled. Like chicklings that were held up by invisible hands which clutched their necks, Busquets and Pedro couldn't do anything to break free, so they roared and cursed like insane people in mental hospitals.

Regardless of what these two did, their ending was irreversible.

As their strength flowed out of their bodies faster and faster, an unprecedented sense of weakness struck Busquets and Pedro. Their bodies curled up, and wrinkles appeared all over their skin. Their eyes turned cloudy, their voices turned hoarse, their teeth began to fall off, their hair turned white, and age spots appeared on their bodies.

In just about 20 seconds which was short, it seemed like thousands of years passed by these two.

This was one of the consequences of losing demi-godly strength.

Chapter 1106: Punishment from Fei (Part Two)

The great masters could sustain their life energy with their strength. Demi-gods could easily live for hundreds of years. Therefore, even if they were 100 years old already, they would appear just like young people.

However, once these supreme masters lost their powerful strength, their bodies would instantly turn into the state of ordinary people who were about 100 years old.

This was exactly what happened to Busquets and Pedro.

In a flash, these two demi-gods' powers were sucked away. Their powers condensed into two spheres of light, and they slowly floated into Fei's hands.

Then, a light flashed by, and those two spheres of light disappeared.

Bam! Bam! Without the support of their powerful strength, Busquets and Pedro's ancient bodies fell onto the hard floor powerlessly, and they groaned in pain.

Without their demi-godly powers, these two were no different from ordinary seniors who were close to 100 years old. They were extremely weak, and they even had trouble speaking.

Fei's eyes landed on the last supreme master of Barcelona.

"No..." Alves understood the meaning in the King of Chambord's eyes, and he screamed in panic, "Forgive me! I'm willing to serve Zenit! I'm a demi-god, and I have powerful strength. I know everything about Barcelona! I can be the vanguard for Your Majesty when you attack Barcelona! I'm willing to battle to the death for you..."

"You are right." Fei nodded and said, "You are indeed very useful. Also, I can place a seal inside you, making you into my loyal pet, and you won't be able to betray me. A demi-godly pet might be interesting."

Alves couldn't think too much since he wanted to live. Hearing Fei's words, he nodded in joy and said, "Yes, yes. Your Majesty, please have mercy on me. I will be your pet! Your loyal dog..."

"However, it isn't fun to have a dog that might bite its master at any time, right?" Fei's expression suddenly turned sharp, and he said, "Besides, many Zenitians died at your hands, and those Zenitian women who were assaulted by you no longer want to live. I'm now the ruler of Zenit; how can I let someone like you whose body is stained by the blood of Zenitians live on? I will use the strength of Zenit to conquer Barcelona!"

Before Fei finished speaking, he reached out his hand, and an invisible power grabbed onto the desperate Alves and took him to mid-air.

A similar process happened on Alves.

In less than a minute, this demi-god of Barcelona lost all his power.

Alves turned into a short and tough senior who looked to be 80 years old and had a hunched back. He couldn't even stand still. He now lay on the ground and breathed heavily with a weak pulse.

“I will return you and those two to the Barcelona Empire. The fate of pets should be decided by their real owner!”

Fei’s words pushed Alves into deep desperation.

Busquets and Pedro had seen how Alves kneeled and surrendered. After these three were sent back to Barcelona, Busquets and Pedro would be able to live comfortably before dying in a few years even if they couldn’t recover their strength. After all, these two had the Catalonian Bloodline.

However, Alves was different. He was more like a foreigner, and he had been arrogant and offended many people in Barcelona. Once he returned to Barcelona, his ending would be 1,000 times more tragic than dying.

Unfortunately, these three seniors couldn’t make any decisions for themselves now.

Chapter 1107: Merging Power (Part One)

Before sunset, St. Petersburg fell back under Zenitian control.

There were about 60,000 Barcelonans in St. Petersburg. Aside from the soldiers, there were merchants, rogue warriors, and mercenaries here wanting to get rich from the war. After the initial defense, they were all killed by the angry Zenitians.

With the help of the mystical gold war puppets and masters of Chambord, these Barcelonans were like sharks that fell onto the desert without the protection of their pillar-like masters. They were too weak.

Out of all Barcelonans in St. Petersburg, those with bad reputations were attacked and taken down first. Those people all had bad endings. In fact, some of them were bitten to death by their victims, and they were devoured alive. Even none of their bones remained.

Deep hatred was enough to make people go crazy and become beasts.

Fei didn’t stop the Zenitians from taking revenge.

After all, Barcelonans committed evil deeds and war crimes in Zenit. If the Zenitians didn't get to vent their anger and frustration, it would be hard to tell what was going to happen from here on out.

When the sky turned dark, no Barcelonan could be seen in the city.

"King Alexander! Hail the king!"

"Long live the Chambord Kingdom!"

At sunset, such cheers and shouts resonated in St. Petersburg.

The Zenitians in St. Petersburg were tireless. They swarmed around the Royal Palace of Zenit, shouting the name of the hero who saved the empire.

These people cheered and roared on top of their lungs. This seems to be the only way that they could express their gratitude and fanaticism.

Although all these Zenitians were wearing dirty clothes that were soaked in blood, their faces were dirty, and their hair was messy, they were all in high spirits.

After close to 40 days of hell-like living conditions where they might die at any moment, these people finally witnessed the moment when the light reappeared and got rid of the darkness.

When Fei appeared on the defense wall of the Royal Palace of Zenit, the cheers and chants reached a climax. The atmosphere was crazy, and it felt like the whole city was engulfed in flames of passion.

People looked up at the black-haired young man in white, and they worshipped him like they were worshipping a god.

In the sky, streaks of power of faith that was invisible to the ordinary people rushed toward Fei like waves.

Only when the red sun fell below the horizon and coldness took over the land did the fanatic crowds finally leave the Royal Palace under the military's persuasion. They began to rebuild their broken homeland and work toward a better future.

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...

After St. Petersburg was recovered, everything, from big to small, was handled by Bast and Old Aryang who came all the way from Chambord City.

Under the massacre done by the Barcelonans and puppet Emperor Chrystal, most of Zenitian nobles and influential figures in the privileged class were killed. There was a giant power vacuum, so the officials of Chambord had to temporarily fill the positions of many important departments and organizations.

Using the system that Chambord put together, these talented Chambordians began to manage and rebuild this broken empire from the ground up.

Right now, discussions about sending an expedition troop to Barcelona to take revenge were quite popular in Zenit.

Zenitians who were filled with anger and hatred couldn't wait and wanted to get into the Barcelona Empire, avenging their loved ones and friends who died in the invasion.

At this moment, Fei chose to go into seclusive cultivation again.

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Chapter 1107: Merging Power (Part Two)

Of course, this was a short seclusive cultivation; there were too many things for Fei to handle.

The king temporarily stayed in the wooden house on top of the Martial Saint Mountain in St. Petersburg to organize his thoughts and extract the core learning from the combat experience that he accumulated in the last couple of days.

After barely refining the grand godly realm with his power of faith, Fei's strength entered the True God Realm. In other words, Fei already ascended from a mortal being and became a god. He walked over the threshold dividing mortals and gods, but it didn't mean that his cultivation path ended here; it was only the beginning.

Fei still had to complete the grand godly realm and merge with it. Only after merging with the grand godly realm could Fei become a supreme god and control everything.

Right now, Fei's degree of fusion with the grand godly realm was less than five percent.

At this moment, there were five giant masses of light floating in the sky in the grand godly realm. They emitted powerful presences, making various animals on the ground look up at them in curiosity.

Fei stood on a grassland in his white robe. Since his presence was already merged with the grand godly realm, the animals here were naturally fond of him. They all surrounded him intimately.

After playing with these little animals, Fei began his cultivation.

The five masses of light in the sky were the core energies of the five demi-gods such as Busquets that Fei pulled out of their bodies.

The mass of pure-white energy flames in the middle had a soft glow. After Fei killed the six-winged battle angel and two-winged battle angels, he absorbed the remaining energies of these battle machines from Heaven. This mass of energy was the purest and most powerful.

After refining the grand godly realm, Fei learned many powerful abilities, and one of them was to strip away the core energies of enemies who were weaker than him to nurture the grand godly realm.

Fei could use these core energies to empower the laws of nature in this realm and complete this place.

After taking a deep breath, streaks of laws of nature appeared on Fei's body.

These laws of nature first wrapped around the mass of white light in the center.

In this world, Fei could use five percent of the worldly power, and he was the dominant lord. He slowly refined the energy left behind by the battle angels and slowly converted it into the worldly power of the grand godly realm.

This process was slow yet clear.

The mass of white light had no owner, and it turned into many raindrops under Fei's power. In silence, they were scattered all over the grand godly realm.

After being nurtured by these raindrops, plants started to quickly grow as if they were mutating, and animals started to leap on their paths of evolution. They were ordinary animals to begin with, and they were evolving toward demon beasts and obtained various powers and abilities.

After about two hours, this mass of white light completely disappeared.

"Not bad. After consuming this mass of core energy, my degree of fusion with this world increased by 0.5 points. It is more than I expected." Fei nodded in pleasure.

The higher the degree of fusion, the more worldly power that the king could use.

When reaching 100 percent fusion, Fei would become a supreme god and lord over the entire Azeroth Continent. He wouldn't have another opponent in this plane.

Chapter 1108: Power Enemies' Shadows – Polluters (Part One)

In the next four hours, Fei completely disintegrated the other four masses of energy flames, turning them into raindrops and scattering them in the grand godly realm. Except for nurturing all the creatures in this world, they also strengthened the laws of nature and made the world more complete and more stable.

"I'm surprised that you are so fast. Now, your degree of fusion already reached six percent," the mysterious voice sounded in the grand godly realm.

Fei slightly shook his head and replied, “Fast? I feel like it is quite slow. If I continue like this, when will I be able to reach 100 percent fusion? After all, my enemy is the Barcelona Empire, and it has someone like Lionel Messi. I suspect that this man already stepped over the threshold between humans and gods long ago and became a true god. Who can be sure that except for Messi, there aren’t other true gods or godly kings in Barcelona? In legends, Emperor Guardiola is able to control Messi, so he probably isn’t a simple figure.”

The mysterious voice laughed, “Kid, don’t be too greedy. When you first entered the True God Realm, you already reached level 5. For others, they have to spend many years to condense divinities and create their godly realms if they wanted to go from peak Demi-God Realm to True God Realm. In one step, you covered the distance that others might need ten to 100 steps to match. You should be satisfied.”

Fei smiled and didn’t say anything back.

The mysterious voice continued, “Besides, for you to further increase your strength, you only need to continue to refine and complete the grand godly realm. Others would still need to build their godly realms. It is already tough to become a godly king. The chance of others becoming a supreme god is slim to none. There is already a clear path in front of you, and you won’t run into issues such as an unstable foundation, a lack of mental power to control all this strength, or going down the wrong path. Start chuckling, Kid!”

“Alright!” Fei laughed and said, “Now hearing you say that, it seems like I’m really a bit too greedy.”

The king’s future strength increase was almost no different from killing monsters and leveling up in Diablo World. Everything seemed to have been digitized, and all obstacles were removed. It was literally as simple as pouring water down the tunnel, and Fei just had to find enough water.

“Ok, let’s get to the main topic.” The mysterious voice got serious as he said, “Kid, you already passed Diablo World and refined the grand godly realm. You have obtained most of the gifts that we have for you, and you have to rely on yourself now to walk on this path. My strength is about to disappear.”

Fei nodded.

The mysterious voice had brought up this issue with him many times before. Although he was unwilling to let this mysterious voice disappear forever, and he still had many questions on his mind, the king was mentally prepared.

“In reality, you can still accompany me for a bit longer, right?” Fei smiled and tried to test the limit.

“My remaining consciousness can still last for about 100 years, but it isn’t meaningful. You already grew up and no longer need my hidden assistance. Also, I have been tortured by boredom in the last 1,000 years, and I can let go of everything now that I completed my mission. For me, ending it earlier is a way of relief. The fate of the Azeroth Continent in this era is in your hands.”

Chapter 1108: Power Enemies’ Shadows – Polluters (Part Two)

While saying that, the mysterious voice sounded ancient and was filled with vicissitude.

“Then, can you tell me who you guys are? Why did you set up this 1,000-year plan? Why did you choose me? Are you still unwilling to tell me anything at the last moment?” Fei tested the limit once more.

“Hahaha! Alright. Since you are asking me so sincerely, I will show some kindness and reveal a little information to you. Eh, we were your former friends, and you... you are an interesting and terrifying figure who chopped away all your past consciousness, power, and memories. You might be able to find your old self, and perhaps you will completely turn into another person. However, none of that is important. My friend, let me help you once more before I leave!”

As soon as the mysterious voice said that, the laws of nature in the grand godly realm started to shake and get active.

Fei was already connected with the grand godly realm, so he clearly sensed that this world was completing, stabilizing, and strengthening at a terrifying speed.

A mystical power surrounded Fei and modified the grand godly realm.

During the process, the degree of fusion that Fei had with the grand godly realm skyrocketed.

Six percent...

Eight percent...

Ten percent...

10.5 percent...

11 percent...

The degree of fusion passed the ten percent mark and slowly stopped at 11.5 percent. This was equivalent to level 6 True God Realm.

“The power of the restriction array can’t last long, and Polluters will soon wake up. Kid, Barcelona isn’t your enemy; Polluters are. You have to last! You have to live on! You don’t know how many gods and supreme gods sacrificed themselves through many eras for today! You are the only hope that this world has!” the mysterious voice sounded by Fei’s ears for the last time before completely disappearing.

Fei quietly stood on the endless grassland and felt a little melancholy.

Ever since Fei traveled to this world and entered Diablo World, this mysterious voice had been with him. Although this voice didn’t have a body or a physical appearance, and he didn’t seem passionate and was sometimes mean, he was like a true friend and a proper mentor. He slowly guided Fei onto the right path. Without this mysterious voice, Fei wouldn’t be on the peak of the world and wouldn’t have the strength that he has today.

Now, this voice was gone.

Even when this voice left, he still gave Fei a great gift. He ignited his last bit of energy as a partial consciousness, helping Fei almost double his degree of fusion with the grand godly realm.

“Polluters? Perhaps they are the pseudo-gods that the Emperor of the Dwarfs mentioned in his journal in the Last Ancestral Place. Maybe they are the beings who destroyed the Mythical Era.”

“Also, what restriction array? What kinds of secrets are hidden in this world? How many secrets are unknown to humans?”

Fei waved his hand at the sky as if he was saying goodbye to an old friend. It also seemed like he was making a serious promise.

Chapter 1109: Healing (Part One)

When Fei returned to the real world, it was already noon on the second day.

The noisy and dispirited St. Petersburg already started to calm down, and people started to clean up the streets and rebuild their homeland.

The news came from the southern region of Zenit.

After hearing the news that the four supreme masters of Barcelona were defeated, the troops of Barcelona that were stationed in the southern region became anxious like pets that lost their homes. They fell into chaos and division.

Except for a few Barcelonans who were aggressive and tried to counterattack St. Petersburg, the rest of Barcelonan soldiers pulled back. The ones who tried to counterattack were wiped out, and about 60,000 remaining Barcelonan soldiers gathered around the Bay of Byzantine. They tried to hold still, but they were obliterated by the silver crystal battle soul warriors of Chambord before the sun set.

Within three days of the battle before Chambord City, the Zenit Empire returned to the hands of Zenitians.

This was the terrifying power of god-tier masters.

The massacre of Zenitians by the Barcelonans as well as the clearing of officials during the puppet Emperor Chrystal Era wiped out almost all the nobles and officials of the Zenit Empire. In a sense, they did Chambord a favor. The new officials of Chambord were able to pass regulations and policies with minimal resistance, and Chambord's way of managing a nation was quickly implemented throughout the empire.

Under the control of Bast and Old Aryang, the administrative and military tasks in St. Petersburg were handled in order.

These two leaders of Chambord now had control over the fate of the entire empire.

This was something that these two had never dreamed of before.

Also, what excited these two and all other Chambordians was that Fei was now a god, and there were hundreds of supreme masters. Without a question, the current Zenit Empire had the strength to compete with other superpowers and try to dominate the Azeroth Continent, becoming the most powerful force in the world.

This meant that perhaps one day, these influential Chambordians wouldn't only have control of Zenit but the entire continent!

By following the King of Chambord and serving him, these people might reach a height that they couldn't even dream of before.

Chambord's management systems and policies were fully supported by the few officials and nobles of Zenit who survived the tragedy and were led by Granello.

Fei's power and Emperor Yassin's edict were already passed around in the area. Almost everyone realized that the King of Chambord was the Third Prince of Zenit, and it was a fact that was set in stone. It meant that the King of Chambord was going to become the official ruler of Zenit, and now it was only a matter of time for the King of Chambord to official take the crown.

As a result, the status of Chambordians skyrocketed.

More and more officials were writing in on the daily, trying to get Fei to become the new Emperor of Zenit.

The official crowning of the new emperor was going to increase the morale of the citizens who just went through a terrible tragedy and motivate them.

Fei didn't reject the proposal, and the various preparations for the crowning ceremony were being taken care of in order.

At the same time, puppet Emperor Chrystal was temporarily imprisoned in the depths of Black Jail in the Imperial Knight Palace. He was facing eternal imprisonment. If Emperor Yassin didn't ask Fei not to kill his blood-related brother, the enraged Zenitian civilians were going to tear apart this most despicable and most hated emperor in the history of Zenit.

Chapter 1109: Healing (Part Two)

Busquets, Pedro, and Alves, the three supreme masters of Barcelona, lost all their powers and fell back into the mortal world from the clouds. They were now weak and powerless seniors.

Two days ago, they were placed in iron cages and loaded onto a ship. While being protected by some Star-Level Warriors of Barcelona who were released, they set off from the Bay of Byzantine and went on the return trip to the Barcelona Empire.

About half a year ago, when they set on the path of heading to Zenit and thought of conquering this small empire in the north, these three supreme masters never thought that their ending would be like this.

A little empire that could be easily conquered in the eyes of all Barcelonans made them lose four supreme masters!

Even for the No.1 Military Empire on the continent, this loss was almost unbearable.

Right now, the Zenit Empire was broken, and everything needed to be fixed and repaired.

However, Fei didn't join in on the recovery processes.

After returning to the real world, Fei placed Dark Demonic Armor Basturk, the 100 silver crystal battle soul warriors, and a few orc masters in St. Petersburg. Then, he returned to Chambord City.

To Fei who was now in the True God Realm, going between Chambord City and St. Petersburg was as simple as having a thought.

The king waved his hand. As if he tore open a painting, he created a crack in the space, leading to the void. Then, he stepped into it and appeared in Chambord City in the next second.

Chambord City was currently guarded by Brook, one of the most influential figures in the kingdom. This city wasn't affected by the war at all! It was still prosperous with many pedestrians coming and going on the streets.

Fei first went to Sky City behind Chambord City.

Lampard, Hazel Bank, and Batistuta who were injured by Messi as well as Paris were still unconscious.

The first three were injured by godly power; it was their core energies and souls that were harmed. The injuries were severe, and ordinary healing methods would have no effect on them.

Since Fei was worried about the situation of St. Petersburg, he rushed to the Capital of Zenit and didn't get the chance to heal these people.

Now, the king finally had time to do this.

In the Healing Palace of Sky City, Fei saw the four people who were in deep sleep.

Currently, the Mythical Altar under the Godly King Palace was purifying stained Worldstones day and night, and the energy of this city was being gradually refilled. All kinds of abilities and functions were being recovered.

Out of the nine golden lotus plants in the Godly King Palace, six of them were blooming. As for the golden lotus plant that represented the rescue abilities, it already had six lotus flowers on it. It meant that two-thirds of the rescue abilities of this miraculous city already recovered.

In fact, the current rescue ability of Sky City could heal these four people already.

However, except for Fei, no one else could control this city. That was why these four weren't healed yet.

On the beds of light in the Healing Palace, Lampard and others lay there quietly while looking calm.

These beds of light could heal, stabilize injuries, and maintain life energy. Although about 30 days had passed, these four people's complexions got a bit better. It seemed like they were all asleep.

Fei closed his eyes and chanted an incarnation in his mind.

A mystical energy wave radiated outward, creating a series of ripples in the air. A giant golden lotus flower slowly appeared in mid-air, and the vivid petals and veins made it breathtakingly beautiful.

A streak of gentle and holy flame flowed out of the lotus flower and engulfed the four people who were on the beds of light.

Then, streaks of faint-green energy flowed out of Lampard, Hazel Bank, and Batistuta's bodies unwillingly.

Chapter 1110: The Demonic Woman's Tears (Part One)

The streaks of green energy were the godly power that Messi shot into these three supreme masters' bodies. It was Messi's godly power that was keeping these three supreme masters unconscious.

In Healing Godly Palace, one of the nine godly palaces in Sky City, there were a total of nine golden lotus flowers that could materialize in the air. They represented the nine healing functions, and they could cure all injuries and illnesses in the world. Even the sicknesses of the gods could be healed.

This streak of light that engulfed these three masters slowly expelled the destructive energy that Messi planted in their bodies.

Soon, these three people were going to completely wake up.

On the other side, Demonic Woman Paris' situation was much better. She fainted due to an over-exhaustion of her energy and extreme sadness that harmed her soul.

This was similar to how Elena and Angela fainted at Dual-Flag City when trying to save Fei. Back then, in order to save his lovers, Fei had to find the Mythical Altar to purify the stained Worldstone. Now with the Healing Godly Palace in Sky City, Fei didn't have to go through all that trouble.

"Eh... Alexander..."

When the flames from the golden lotus flower dashed into Demonic Woman Paris' body, she slowly woke up. While her head was still unclear, she opened her mouth and lightly called out Fei's name while her beautiful long eyelashes blinked.

In the next moment, the pair of gorgeous eyes that intoxicated many nobles and young heroes in St. Petersburg slowly opened.

After waking up, she was confused for a bit, and then sharp glints flashed in Paris' eyes. She jumped out of the bed and glanced around in alert.

After seeing everything around her, Paris' eyes locked onto Fei.

At that moment, all kinds of complicated emotions appeared in that pair of beautiful eyes.

A crystal-clear tear slowly slid down her face.

When a smile appeared on Fei's face, this woman couldn't suppress her emotions anymore. She forgot about everything and dashed forward, hugging onto Fei as tight as she could. It seemed like she was afraid that Fei would disappear in front of her like a bubble in the next moment when she blinked.

Fei's godly body that wouldn't even be injured by full-on strikes of supreme masters seemed like it was forcefully struck by something; his body froze.

With this beautiful and sexy woman in his arms, Fei smelled a unique pleasant fragrance, and his mind wandered off for a split second.

Paris' smooth and pinkish-white arms tightly hugged Fei, and her big chest tightly pressed against Fei's through the thin white silk dress. At the same time, her long hair fluttered in the wind and tickled Fei's neck.

With her eyes closed, this woman was trying to feel everything with the most primitive sense of touch.

In her long and dark dream world, visuals already fooled her many times. Paris was afraid that this was the same, and the man in front of her was going to turn into a streak of smoke and vanish when she opened her eyes.

Fei was stunned. After sighing in his mind, he reached out his warm and strong arms, hugging the weak yet perseverant girl.

For the first time, Fei suddenly realized that this demonic woman had such a weak side to her. After all, she almost killed him in the battle on the Peak of Eastern Mountain of Chambord and made many influential figures in St. Petersburg lustful yet fearful over her.

Chapter 1110: The Demonic Woman's Tears (Part Two)

Under Paris' tough and seductive mask, there was a soul that was similar to other females. She wanted a sense of safety and stability.

Perhaps this unique woman who was an orphan had to create the image of a demonic woman to protect herself and the people around her in the Capital of Zenit that was filled with schemes and conspiracies.

At this moment, Paris finally dropped all her guards.

Like a naïve girl, Paris tightly hugged this man who was a few years younger than her. Only the temperature of Fei's body could make her feel safe and real.

"It is all ok. Everything passed..." Fei didn't know what to say, so he had to resort to these old comforting words.

Paris suddenly let go of Fei and got out of his embrace.

Then, she started to kick and punch Fei, and those strikes landed on Fei like raindrops in a storm.

Paris had used her full strength. With energy flames flashing around her, Paris attacked Fei with strikes that could easily break giant rocks.

Loud booming noises sounded in the Healing Godly Palace.

Fei didn't do anything; he just stood there.

After a while, the Demonic Woman was tired, and she stopped while panting.

As if a little docile sheep turned into a little wild cat, Paris placed her hands on her knees while panting. She was bending forward, and a large area of her cleavage was exposed, presenting a breathtaking scene.

As if she was holding back endless frustration, Paris stared at Fei with red eyes and asked, “Why weren’t you back at that time? Why are you back now? Why are you back now that everyone is dead?”

Tears rolled down Paris’ beautiful face uncontrollably.

Fei opened his mouth and didn’t know what to say.

Fei didn’t plan far ahead enough this time. Barcelona’s cross-regional military operation took Fei by surprise, and Chambord was in a passive state. When the king rushed back as soon as he could, many things were already irreversible.

“Where is this?” Paris asked while crying.

“Chambord City,” Fei replied.

“Chambord City? Then, how long have I been unconscious? Barcelonans... go! You have to go! You can’t stay here!” Paris suddenly realized something. Her tears were as pure as pearls and her soul, but panic and worry appeared in Paris’ eyes as she shouted.

“Quick! Leave here! Barcelona is too powerful for anyone to handle! Even Emperor Yassin died! Alexander, you have to go. You can’t handle this all on your own yet. Before the Barcelonans get here, you have to leave Chambord City and Zenit. Leave the Northern Region of Azeroth! Go to a place where no one knows about you! Only come back and avenge us when you have invincible strength... quickly go!” Paris looked so anxious.

Even when St. Petersburg was broken, Emperor Yassin died, and Dominguez fell, Paris didn’t panic as much as right now.

Paris didn’t know that the Zenit Empire was recovered, and Fei already became a god.

At this moment, Paris suddenly realized that Fei couldn't stop the crushing strength of Barcelona! In her mind, Fei was still a demi-god, and he couldn't stop the tragedy that took place in St. Petersburg from recurring here.

Thinking that Fei might die like Emperor Yassin under the attack of multiple powerful enemies, Paris had never felt so anxious and heartbroken.

“No! This little man can't die here!” Even though Paris was intelligent, she couldn't keep her cool and calm at this moment.

Fei looked at this panicking woman with tender affection.