

## Hail the King 841

### Chapter 841: Escaping from the Trap (Part One)

-A little bit earlier, in front of the gate of the No.1 Church in the Gerland Parish-

“Damn it! What is going on? How can he summon an entity inside the [Sad Sigh of Godly Grace]? This is a god-tier magic array! What is this ugly worm? Why do I sense a trace of godly power on it?”

When Bishop John who was possessed by the golden skeleton saw Duriel appearing inside the magic array, he was instantly stunned, and he almost wasn’t able to recover.

When the first explosion sounded, he instantly understood Fei’s intention, and he shivered in fear. Like a flash of white lightning, he dashed around inside and outside of the No.1 Church, trying to fix and restore the energy paths of this god-tier magic array that were destroyed by the explosions. While he did these things, he was shocked beyond belief.

All this was beyond his imagination. If he were inside the magic array, the explosions would have killed him! After all, the strength that he had recovered was too weak, and he would be torn into bone fragments. He had thought that Fei was a sheep that had fallen into his trap, but this king almost destroyed the trap and got out. This finding shocked and angered the golden skeleton.

Fortunately for him, he reacted in time and repaired the energy paths that were close to being broken.

“You are trapped! Alexander! Give up! You can’t get out!” After being frightened, the golden skeleton stood outside the No.1 Church, and he roared viciously and angrily.

At this moment, a silver needle-like sword energy suddenly dashed across the sky and appeared in the region. Then, this sword energy hit a bright silver magic energy path on the arched gate of the No.1 Church accurately...

“Damn it! Who is it...” The golden skeleton had used a lot of his energy to repair the god-tier magic array, and this person who attacked was not weaker than him. Therefore, there was no way that he could block this sword energy.

Boom!!!

An explosion that wasn't too loud sounded in the area.

“Hahaha! Old Monster! F\*ck you! I'm out...” A silver light flashed by, and Fei who was sitting on the [Throne of Chaos] laughed proudly yet angrily. By using that sliver of the crack in the god-tier magic array which was created by that silver sword energy, Fei finally escaped from this powerful trap.

Boom!

The first thing that Fei did when he got out was revenge.

Fei waved his hands, and more than 100 golden energy fists appeared and dashed toward the golden skeleton murderously from all directions like meteors.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Substantial injuries appeared on the body of Bishop John, and blood spilled as his physical body was smashed.

Then, a dash of golden light flashed in the blood and flew toward the distance.

The golden skeleton was extremely disappointed and angry, but he knew that he was no match for the King of Chambord. After thinking back to the techniques of the King of Chambord, the golden skeleton knew that he would be severely injured even if he didn't get killed. Seeing that the King of Chambord just got out and was in high spirits, the golden skeleton got afraid and decided to ditch Old John's body and escape as soon as he could.

“Damn it! If I let you escape this time, I will take on your last name!”

Fei was angry at this golden skeleton and was also afraid of him. He didn't know what kind of disasters would be caused by this monster, so he was not willing to let him go.

As silver energy flames flashed around the [Throne of Chaos], Fei and this throne turned into a dash of light and chased after this golden skeleton as the king cursed.

One golden and one silver, the two dashes of light instantly pierced through the white holy elements that filled the area, disappearing into the horizon.

#### Chapter 841: Escaping from the Trap (Part Two)

Right now, many priests and holy knights were still praying devotedly in the Gerland Parish, contributing their praying energy and soul energy. Since the golden skeleton was afraid that others might discover the truth inside the No.1 Church, he ordered the high-level members of the Holy Church to back away 100 meters from the building. Therefore, none of the members of the Holy Church knew what happened on the high steps since the white light significantly reduced the visibility.

The [Sad Sigh of Godly Grace] was still operating as normal, but there were no more noises inside this magic array. Emperor Juninho was cautious, and the control of his energy was insane. Right after that needle-like sword energy pierced into that energy path inside the [Sad Sigh of Godly Grace], it completely disappeared from the world, not leaving any traces or auras.

It seemed like nothing had happened, but the situation was completely turned around.

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-Royal Palace of Leon-

Buckingham looked at Emperor Juninho nervously.

After sensing for a bit with his eyes closed, Emperor Juninho finally nodded his head.

“The King of Chambord should have left.”

Emperor Juninho turned around and sat back onto his throne. He said lightly, “During this period of time, you can stay beside me and don’t appear in front of others... D’Alessandro and the Moon-Class Elites went to the Zenit Empire to cause trouble. Since the King of Chambord has left Gerland

safely, he should be returning right away to stop them. For a short time, the situation inside the Leon Empire is stable, and we have time to prepare.”

“Time to prepare?” Buckingham was a little confused.

With a serious expression on his face, Emperor Juninho said, “That is right. Soon, a huge event is going to take place, and the entire continent will fall into even darker chaos... Therefore, you have to stay by my side temporarily. Don’t show yourself in front of others, and don’t return to the Buckingham Estate yet.”

“As you wish!” Buckingham replied respectfully.

Emperor Juninho lowered his head and wrote something with a pen on the desk. Then, he suddenly sighed and released an energy from his hand, turning the paper that he was writing on into dust. Then, he tapped the desk with his finger as he said to the air in front of him, “Order all the forces of the empire to pull back on the surrounding of the Gerland Parish of the Holy Church and stop all investigations into the phenomenon that was happening.”

“As you wish,” a cold, machine-like voice sounded in the air.

Buckingham was stunned; he didn’t even discover that a guard was hiding inside the palace. With his strength, he detected nothing, proving that this hidden guard was a powerful master...

“So, the Royal Family of Leon has hidden masters on this level...” Buckingham thought to himself.

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“Damn it! This is shameful! Am I really going to take on the last name of this skeleton?”

Fei looked embarrassed in the clouds, but he couldn’t do anything.

After chasing for two to three hours, he wasn’t able to catch up with the golden skeleton. This old monster comprehended the spatial laws of nature to an extreme degree. Although his strength

wasn't fully recovered, his experience, judgment, and comprehension of laws of nature were still there.

While escaping, this monster seemed like a swordfish that had dashed into the ocean. He was insanely fast, and he traveled through space easily, rivaling the unique ability of the [Throne of Chaos].

The golden skeleton was correct; Fei couldn't yet completely control a god-tier item such as the [Throne of Chaos]. After traveling for more than 500 kilometers, Fei lost track of the golden skeleton in the end.

"Damn it! This monster escaped again! It will be a lot harder to find him again! Who will he possess next? If I can't eliminate this threat, I can never rest assured!"

After a while of mental struggle in the high sky, Fei had to give up tracking down the golden skeleton in the end.

"Whatever; I have no time to waste on this. Right now, I have to go back to Zenit. After being locked inside that magic array for four days, D'Alessandro and others might have already arrived at Zenit. What is happening right now? I hope that I can make it in time!"

## Chapter 842: Arrogant Envoys (Part One)

-The Zenit Empire, St. Petersburg-

Once the war in the southern region of Zenit entered stalemate, the turbulence and chaos in the Zenit Empire became more evident.

After Fourth Prince Chrystal got defeated in the southern region of Zenit, he lost all the support from the Royal Family, the nobles, and the citizens, becoming an insignificant figure in this chaotic world. Only he knew if he were keeping a low profile and trying to redeem himself later. At least right now, no one in the empire believed that this talentless prince could gain another opportunity.

The military control in the southern region of Zenit was temporarily in control of the hands of Second Prince Dominguez, and this prince who had been away from military power for a long time and never got a chance to demonstrate his military abilities finally got his opportunity. Although he wasn't as talented and invincible like Zenit's God of War, Elder Prince Arshavin, he stalled the Ten-

Empire United Troops in the southern region of Zenit with only less than 100,000 soldiers, garnering much praise and support from citizens and nobles.

It was heard that Emperor Yassin was still ill, and the military and political power were all controlled by the Imperial Military Headquarters, the Imperial Senate, and Elder Prince Arshavin.

The reputation and strength of the King of Chambord, the most famous noble of Zenit, had reached an unchallengeable peak in Zenit after becoming the Imperial Martial Saint. Some noble forces weren't pleased by this grassroots force known as Chambord that broke the power dynamics in the region, but they had to submit and accept the raise of Chambordians.

However, these forces that had laid low for a while started to get active as the rumors about King Alexander of Chambord betraying humans spread in the region.

In the short half a month, the situation in the Zenit Empire changed drastically, and it felt like no one could measure the pulse which was twitching fast and flashing.

The pressure was coming from all directions like waves. Many empires in the region had issued notifications to Zenit, requesting the Royal Family to explain the incident involving the King of Chambord. After all, releasing an evil sea god would definitely affect the empires around the [Sea of Fragrance] and potentially all the humans in the Northern Region of Azeroth. As a result, many empires and kingdoms were angered by this, and chants of hanging every single Chambordian started to echo in the empires in the region.

In just a short time, the Zenit Empire was becoming the public enemy of all the humans in the Northern Region of Azeroth due to Fei.

Facing the drastic change in the environment, the Royal Family of Zenit somehow kept strangely silent. However, the noble forces inside the empire were divided as expected, and they argued with each other. Some people firmly believed in Alexander and supported the new Imperial Martial Saint, and the others advocated for the stripping of the King of Chambord's noble title, enslaving all Chambordians, and hanging all the members of the Royal Family of Chambord. In their mind, this was the only way to provide an answer to the forces and empires in the region so that the Zenit Empire wouldn't be attacked and conquered by others.

However, compared with the nobles who were divided and battled each other indirectly, the citizens of Zenit were firmer.

Right now, the millions of residents in St. Petersburg still clearly remembered how the King of Chambord descended from the sky and saved the desperate situation when the Ten-Empire United Troops laid siege to the Capital of Zenit. Even if the rumors seemed like the truth, none of the ordinary citizens believed that such a hero of Zenit would become the despicable and shameful criminal in the rumors. They didn't want to consider it.

For several days now, everyone was talking about this on the streets and alleys in St. Petersburg. They promoted the heroic deeds of the Imperial Martial Saint and scolded the nobles for being timid and weak in front of external forces. They also chanted and requested the Royal Family to protect the Imperial Martial Saint. In addition, once they heard people spreading rumors, they swarmed up and beat these people senseless. In fact, some people even promoted the idea of waging wars against all these empires who were defaming their hero!

Unfortunately, the ordinary citizens were all of low-status, and their words held little weight. Therefore, not many nobles were willing to listen to their ideas and perspectives.

#### Chapter 842: Arrogant Envoys (Part Two)

The situation was turning even more strange and mysterious. Like a thick fog, it was hard to see through it and figure out what was really happening.

In the last several days, more than a dozen empires in the region sent envoys to Zenit to exert more pressure.

Today was the 18th day since the first empire issued warning to Zenit.

In the morning when the sun rose above the horizon, the bell on the south gate of St. Petersburg was ringing again, and the sound resonated above the Capital of Zenit.

This time, the bell rang for eight times consecutively.

Hearing the bell, the busy citizens of Chambord on the crowded street all stopped what they were doing, and they looked toward the direction of the south gate of St. Petersburg with worry and hostility.

“Are there more envoys from these empires?”

“The bell rang for eight times, meaning that at least eight envoy groups from the other empires came to St. Petersburg.”

“They are probably here to put more pressure on the Royal Family and want to kill Mr. Martial Saint!”

“Humph! These despicable b\*stards! They see that our Zenit got a young yet powerful hero, and they got jealous! They want to trap and kill Martial Saint Alexander? In their dreams!”

“In my opinion, these rumors are just a big conspiracy cooked up by these empires themselves! How can Mr. Martial Saint be the traitor to humans? It is impossible that he released the evil sea god! Humph! Mr. Martial Saint is a man with virtue and character. These b\*stards should open their eyes and see! Ever since Martial Saint Alexander came into public attention, has he ever done anything harmful to humans?”

“Yeah! Why is the Royal Family still hesitating? These damn nobles! They are fat and useless! None of them are good eggs! How dare they try to convince the Royal Family to punish Mr. Martial Saint? They are fools!”

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As people chatted, the wheels of the carriages that were moving along the road made some noises.

Under the bright sunshine, the pieces of jewelry and silver armor reflected chilly light. A large group of people appeared at the end of this street.

In the front, two cavaliers of the [Iron Blood Legion] in their uniform black armor led the way, and the fleet of horse-drawn carriages was several hundred meters long, clearly dividing into eight groups.

Each of the groups had distinct dressing styles, and they had different flags with them. There was a total of eight fancy carriages, and their guards were all in fancy armor as they rode on their horses, looking arrogant as they glanced at the citizens of Chambord on the street.



Under the protection of guards, this fleet of carriages divided the crowd on the street and headed toward the Royal Palace.

They were the envoy groups from the empires in the region.

These eight envoy groups represented eight empires. With more than a dozen envoy groups that had arrived at St. Petersburg already, at least 20 envoy groups were in the Capital of Zenit. Together, they had only one mission, and that was to request that the Zenit Empire punish the Chambordians harshly.

The citizens of Zenit were right. Fei's sudden appearance and shocking talent gave the surrounding empires a lot of pressure, and they didn't want the old power dynamic to be broken.

An unparalleled genius like Fei was a great fortune for the Zenit Empire, but he was a significant threat to the empires around Zenit.

The spreading of these rumors that were bad for the King of Chambord gave them an opportunity. Figuring out the validity of the claims was not important to them; they wanted to use this chance to get rid of the enormous threat.

"Looks at these Zenitians; it seems like they aren't happy that we are here." A cavalier of the Anji Empire who was riding on his handsome horse laughed mockingly.

"They are just a bunch of poor bugs." Another cavalier of Anji dashed forward on his horse in disdain.

#### Chapter 843: The Decision of the Imperial Senate (Part One)

"I don't really like the way that they are looking at us..." The cavalier of Anji who spoke first replied. Then, he turned around and pointed at an old man in a coarse robe who was standing on the right side of the street with his horsewhip as he shouted, "For example, this old guy... What are you looking at? Old guy, I will kill you with one strike of my whip!"

"Yuck!" This old man was only someone who was selling fruit on the street, but he spat on the ground without fear when he heard this Anji cavalier's shout.

“You old dog! I will kill you!” This cavalier was enraged.

He was of prestigious status, and he had never been disrespected like this before by someone insignificant. As a result, he whipped down at this old man without hesitation.

The force contained within this whip was powerful, leaving a series of afterimages in the air and creating a loud air-piercing noise. If it landed on a rock, the latter would be smashed into pieces.

The people in the area gasped, but they couldn't do anything but to watch the tragedy to unfold.

Slap!

A quiet sound echoed on the street, but no blood was spilled. A black-tower-like figure appeared, and he raised his hand and grabbed onto this Anji cavalier's wrist. This man was one of the cavaliers of the [Iron Blood Legion], the personal troop of Elder Prince Arshavin, who led the way.

“You... how dare you to stop me?” This cavalier of Anji was mad.

“Envoy, please restrain yourself. This is the Capital of Zenit, not the territory of your Anji Empire.” This burly cavalier of the [Iron Blood Legion] stated in his deep voice using a cold tone. He was wearing black armor and riding on a black horse, looking powerful.

After he said that, he looked at the Anji cavalier coldly before letting go of the latter's wrist.

“Great! This is how the soldiers of our Zenit should behave!” The ordinary citizens of Zenit on the side of the street clapped and cheered when they saw this scene, and some of them cursed back at that cavalier of Anji. For a moment, the crowd was stirred up.

Under such pressure, this cavalier of Anji was a little afraid, and he stopped what he tried to do. However, he still pointed at that old man with his whip and said, “Old dog, I remember you now! Hehe, be careful! You might fall and break your leg at midnight!”

“The cavaliers of Zenit sure are brave and courageous.” Suddenly, a young boy who looked only to be 14 years old poked his head out of the fancy horse-drawn carriage, and he glanced at this black-tower-like cavalier of the [Iron Blood Legion] with a strange smile. As a well-hidden murderous

spirit flashed in his seemingly bright eyes, he laughed and said, “I’m Moreau, the envoy of the Anji Empire. Cavalier, what is your name? I can remember you better.”

“Humph! Want to cause trouble for me? You are little, so why are you acting all adult-like? Pretentious! I’m Andrew Johnson, one of the Centurions in the [Iron Blood Legion] under the wings of Arshavin His Highness. If you are upset, come and find me.”

This burly cavalier of Zenit looked careless but instantly saw the desire for revenge deeply hidden in this young envoy’s eyes, and he replied in disdain.

“You... great! This is great! I remember you now! Soldier, I hope you are still this proud when I meet you next time.”

Envoy Moreau of Anji sneered and sat back into his carriage before shutting the door forcefully.

After threatening, Moreau didn’t say anything else, and that Anji cavalier stared at that old man and glanced around viciously before snorting and moving forward with his group.

“Yuck! A little b\*tch! Want to scare me? My son is a warrior who fought alongside Mr. Martial Saint and protected the Capital! Hehe, these b\*stards, they can only bully the weak. They only dare to conspire against the family and friends of Martial Saint Alexander when he isn’t here. If Mr. Martial Saint is here, they won’t dare to act this arrogantly, and they would be hiding in fear!”

That old man who sold fruits cursed at the envoy groups and spat on the ground again in disdain, and the people around him cheered him on.

It didn’t matter what the nobles said. In the St. Petersburg Protection Battle which happened not long ago, the ordinary citizens and soldiers were the direct beneficiaries of Fei’s heroic deed. If Fei didn’t defeat the top-tier masters of the Ten-Empire United Troops in time, the ordinary citizens and soldiers of Zenit would have died under the blades of the invaders when the city was conquered. Therefore, Fei’s reputation and influence among these people was the highest.

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Chapter 843: The Decision of the Imperial Senate (Part Two)

The envoy groups of the eight empires didn't go to the hotels and headed toward the Royal Palace directly.

Right now, the envoys from the other 14 empires were already invited to the side palace in the Royal Palace of Zenit, waiting for the Imperial Senate Meeting of Zenit that occurred once every half a month to start. Since Emperor Yassin was severely ill and couldn't manage the empire, and the crown prince wasn't yet determined, the Imperial Senate which was made up of all the noble forces in Zenit started to get more and more influence over the military of politics of the empire.

Although the Imperial Senate Meeting which occurred every half a month couldn't overrule the decisions of the Royal Family, it was enough to sway the opinions of most of the officials and military leaders. Therefore, The Imperial Senate was only less powerful than Emperor Yassin in the empire.

Today was the day that the Imperial Senate Meeting was about to take place.

The envoys from the empires around the region weren't able to meet with the Royal Family of Zenit, but they were determined to come here during the meeting and achieve their goal; it was clear that they got advice from some insiders.

Therefore, they arrived at the side palace and waited for the meeting to begin.

The envoys of these eight empires including the Anji Empire met with the envoys from the 14 empires who were already here, and they greeted each other warmly; they knew what each other was up to, and they were in the same boat.

The cavaliers of the [Iron Blood Legion] who led the way looked angry when they saw this, and they snorted before leaving.

This was the venue for the Imperial Senate Meeting, and these foreign envoys weren't allowed to be here. However, they all appeared in this side palace inside the Royal Palace as guests, and it only meant one thing; some of the nobles of Zenit were happy that these foreigners were here, and they made these envoys' lives easier due to some dirty reasons.

To the soldiers of Zenit, the actions of these nobles were unacceptable. In their mind, it was no different from treason.

In the eyes of the soldiers, these nobles who only thought about their benefits were shameless. Even though these people were in powerful positions, they were dumb as pigs. If the noble status weren't hereditary, most of the nobles wouldn't be where they were today. Compared with the King of Chambord who climbed to his current position with his hard work and strength, these nobles were the real traitors!

After the cavaliers of the [Iron Blood Legion] left in disdain, a lot of nobles who were wearing fancy clothes and wearing expensive pieces of jewelry showed up in the side palace. Then, the envoys from the 22 empires were invited to the core region of the side palace, and everyone introduced themselves.

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After that, they came to an open space that looked like a colosseum beside this side palace.

When four white-haired nobles with the most senior status walked into the venue under the protection of two Moon-Class Elites who were the guardians of the Imperial Senate, the bi-weekly Imperial Senate Meeting finally started.

Noise and chatter sounded out all around the venue, and it lasted for an entire morning.

During this meeting, some ashen-faced nobles were carried out of the venue one after another. They were all the losers in the political battles, and they lost their reputation and glory at least in the noble circle at St. Petersburg; they weren't going to be accepted into this circle anymore.

However, those foreign envoys who weren't supposed to be there never got kicked out.

The meeting only ended in the afternoon.

Then, it was heard that the Imperial Senate decided to strip away the title of Imperial Martial Saint from the King of Chambord. Also, it was heard that the nobles and the foreign envoys made some hidden agreements after bargaining, and some top officials in the Imperial Military Headquarters decided to deal with the small team of Chambordians in the southern warzone under the influence of the rumors.

A conspiracy against the Chambordians was slowly forming.

The silence that the Royal Family and Emperor Yassin showed in the last while made most of the nobles believe that they already wanted to ditch the King of Chambord, but they were afraid to announce it in fear of losing support from the public. That was why the Imperial Senate thought the Royal Family had kept silent, and the nobles in the Senate believed that the Royal Family wouldn't oppose their decisions if they were willing to take the blame from the public.

In fact, when the rumors about the decisions of the Imperial Senate were spreading around, the Royal Family didn't say anything, making some people believe in their theories even more.

At that, loud partying could be heard in the hotels where those 22 envoy groups were staying. When midnight approached, some of them changed into warrior suits and walked out of the hotel that the envoy group of Anji occupied, and they disappeared into the dark streets with intense murderous spirits on them as they cursed.

#### Chapter 844: Idiot, What Are You Laughing About (Part One)

When it was the nightfall, the noisy St. Petersburg finally started to quiet down, and fewer and fewer people were on the street.

Although the empire put a stop to the curfew three days ago, this was still the era filled with chaos, and the night always brought people a sense of danger. Compared to staying out, it felt safer staying home.

It started to rain, and the wet road felt chilly under the illumination of the yellow street light.

Uncle Sam was an ordinary fruit vendor in St. Petersburg. He was close to 60 years old, and his hair and beard all turned white. His body was still sturdy, but his family was poor. He lived in a poor neighborhood in St. Petersburg, and he was in the lowest social class. In fact, he didn't even have a set booth where he could sell fruits; he had to carry a pole on his shoulder and place the fruits in the baskets on the two ends, and he must wander around the city and try to sell them. Therefore, it was exhausting every day.

Today, the business wasn't good. Also, since those eight envoy groups came to St. Petersburg and caused some blockage on the street, more than half of the fruits weren't sold when it was already dark. Uncle Sam wandered on the road for a bit longer, and he only started to head back home in disappointment when it was getting late.

“Too bad... Tomorrow, probably no one will want any of these fruits...” Uncle Sam sighed. After working a long day, he didn’t even earn back the cost. His life was going to get even harder for the next little while.

The dark magic street lights made this senior look even more lonely and helpless.

“Huh? Uncle, you still haven’t gone back yet?” A loud voice sounded from one side as two muscular men walked out of a side street, and one of them smiled and greeted Old Sam from far away.

“You... you know me?” Old Sam froze for a moment. These two strangers made him alert.

“Hahaha! When you scolded that damn envoy from the Anji Empire, we both were in the crowd.” One of the men who had long black hair that was tied behind his head into a ponytail pointed out his thumb and praised Old Sam, “Uncle, you were amazing!”

This man had dark skin, looking like he was cast out of iron.

The other muscular man with needle-like short white hair also gave Old Sam a friendly smile.

When he heard these two men mention that, Old Sam instantly felt more intimate toward them. His guard dropped, and he put the baskets and the carrying pole on the ground to take a break. Like a proud kid, he raised his head and said, “This is nothing! You two are young, and you don’t know much. Mr. Martial Saint was really heroic, and he simply roared and scared away millions of enemies! All the masters of the Ten-Empire United Troops were nothing in front of him, and they could only flee with tails between their legs. Such a heroic figure is like a god! Those few envoys from the Anji Empire are as weak as ants compared to Mr. Martial Saint! How dare they act so arrogant in the Capital of Zenit? Hehe, although I’m only an old man who is selling fruits, I need to stand out and say something. Otherwise, the honor of Mr. Martial Saint would have been stained.”

“Uncle, it seems like you know a lot about Mr. Martial Saint,” the white-haired man laughed.

“Of course! My son was a soldier in the [Iron Blood Legion] and served under Elder Prince Arshavin. Although he was only a little ordinary soldier, he had battled alongside Mr. Martial Saint.” This old man was very proud when he mentioned his son.

“Wow, I see. Senior, you have a good son! What is he doing now? After you say that, I really want to meet him!” The black-haired man said with an envious expression.

Old Sam’s expression suddenly turned dark, and he said, “He was young and strong just like you, born to be a soldier. Unfortunately... he... he already died in the St. Petersburg Defense Battle.”

The smiles on these two men’s faces froze.

#### Chapter 844: Idiot, What Are You Laughing About (Part Two)

“Huh? What is in these baskets? Haha! I’m hungry right now! Uncle, how much are these fruits? We will buy all of them!” The black-haired strongman rolled his eyes and asked, but he already picked two big pears and feasted on them. While he chewed, the fruit juice spilled, and he shouted, “Wow! Nice! So sweet!”

The white-haired strongman asked in bafflement, “Really that sweet? Let me try... Huh, nice. This is sweet. I haven’t had anything this good in several years... Uncle, just sell all of these fruits to us.”

Old Sam smiled and shook his head.

He wasn’t old enough to be lacking brain power, so he could tell that these two strongmen were intentionally trying to take care of him. Although the pears he sold were crisp and sweet, they weren’t as great as these two men had praised.

These two men looked reckless and carelessly dumb, they were good people, just like his son who had died to protect St. Petersburg. They were all good men who were righteous and had heroic blood inside them.

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Old Sam felt warm inside. Just as he was about to say something, a series of footsteps sounded from afar. He wasn’t sure when, but some men who looked hostile appeared around the street, front, back, left, and right. A murderous atmosphere quietly appeared in the area.

“You guys?” Old Sam’s expression changed.



With the help of the dark-yellow street lights, he already recognized this strongman who was approaching him with a wicked smile. This man was the cavalier of Anji who had threatened him today on the street.

‘Old Dog, your eyes are sharp! What? You recognize me?’ The cavalier of Anji sneered and said, ‘I told you to be careful! Hehe, your luck isn’t good! Before you can even hide, you got discovered by us! Hahaha!’

“What do you want?” Old Sam knew that the situation was terrible; he knew that these people were here to get revenge on him.

“What do I want?” That cavalier of Anji looked at his peers and laughed before looking at Old Sam cruelly. He replied mockingly, “Old Dog, you made us lose face today, and I’m someone who holds grudges for a long time. Therefore, I need to do things to vent my frustration. I guess no one would mind or care that a poor old man who sells fruits disappears, right? This won’t attract any attention.”

“How dare you? This is the Capital of Zenit. As a foreign envoy, how dare you kill a citizen of Zenit?”

Old Sam shouted in anger, trying to attract the attention of the pedestrians and soldiers who might be patrolling the area. At the same time, he poked the two men who were feasting on fruits, telling them to jump the walls and escape before these hostile enemies got close. Even if only one of them could escape, it was better than all dying here. However, neither of these two men reacted, and they continued to munch on the pears dully.

Seeing this, Old Sam was so mad that his hair almost stood up on ends.

“Hahaha! Old Dog! Accept your fate! Even if you shout louder, no one will come and save you...”

Before this cavalier of Anji could finish speaking, a series of light laughs sounded out and interrupted him. This cavalier turned his head and saw the black-haired strongman who was squatting by a basket and eating a big pear laughing with his hand full of the pear juice.

“Two idiots, what are you laughing about?” That cavalier of Anji looked at these two men who were wearing rough robes and had poor eating manners, and he didn’t think that these two men posed a threat.

#### Chapter 845: Ah! It Is You Guys! (Part One)

The black-haired strongman took a big bite out of the pear and wiped his mouth clean before saying, “Are you trying to say, ‘even if you shout louder and lose your voice, no one will come and save you?’ Too bad that this scene is a bit strange since you are saying this to a senior. It is a bit cringey to be honest.”

“You pig!” The white-haired strongman shouted, “His Majesty already said that you don’t use the word ‘cringey’ that way!”

The black-haired strongman didn’t mind as he giggled and refuted, “His Majesty said that we need to apply what we learn. I think this is a good use. After all, these dumb\*sses don’t understand it.”

The white-haired strongman replied, “Eh, it seems like this word ‘dumb\*ss’ is being used correctly.”

The Anji cavalier froze for a second and seemed to have understood the mockery in these two men’s words, and he was enraged.

“You two dirty Zenitian dogs! You are bold! You are about to die, and you don’t even know it! Since you ran into us, you two can die with this old dog! Tomorrow morning, your corpses will all be the excretion of the mice in the ditches. Let’s go! Kill these two trouble makers first!”

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Several shadows flashed, and the warriors who came with this cavalier sneered and charged forward.

They were all elite soldiers of Anji who obtained warrior energy, and it was easy for them to kill ordinary people like killing chickens with god-tier combat weapons.

However, it seemed like the god-tier combat weapons weren’t working today.

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

A series of face-slapping noises sounded.

The soldiers who charged up while sneering all screamed and flew back. Bright red handprints appeared on their faces that were now all swollen like rotten peaches, and their teeth fell onto the ground. While streaks of blood slid down their lips, their expressions showed that they were stunned as if their parents died.

Also, that cavalier of Anji looked terrible as if he just ate a rotten mouse.

Now, he finally could tell that these two strongmen who looked like pigs while eating were indeed powerful masters. That black-haired strongman only waved his hand as if he were trying to get rid of a fly, but that knocked away more than ten Three-Star Warriors. Also, their faces were all hit at the same place. It meant that this black-haired strongman was insanely accurate and mighty.

“In this large St. Petersburg, finding a person is no different to finding a needle in the ocean. As guests, it is impossible for you to find Uncle Sam on your own in such a short time. Tell me, which noble force in Zenit is helping you?”

The white-haired strongman wiped his hands clean on his clothes casually and got rid of all the pear juice. Then, he stood up and asked in all seriousness.

The cavalier of Anji had cold sweat all over his forehead.

He didn't think much of this white-haired strongman, but he now felt like there was a mountain on his back after this man glanced at him casually. This pressure made it hard for him to breathe, and he now realized that these two men had strengths that were beyond his comprehension. Like an ant that was facing a dragon, they weren't in the same weight class.

“You... who are you?” This cavalier of Anji slowly backed away.

“F\*ck! Don't you understand human language? I'm asking you a question.”

The white-haired strongman was enraged, and he waved his hand, capturing and bring this Six-Star cavalier of Anji over even though there was a distance between them before moving him over.

During this process, this cavalier of Anji looked like a dog with its leash on, and he wasn't able to get away.

Then, a large hand grabbed his neck before the other hand slapped his face repeatedly.

#### Chapter 845: Ah! It Is You Guys! (Part Two)

"Can you tell me now? Which noble force of Zenit is helping you?" After this white-haired strongman vented his anger, he asked again as he tossed this cavalier of Anji onto the ground like a dead chicken.

"Yu... re... buld... I'n e Anci envi... hu dar yu hut.... Li..." This cavalier of Zenit lost six of his teeth, and his lips were as thick as sausages. Even though he couldn't even talk properly now, he was still acting arrogant.

"What did he say?" The white-haired strongman frowned and asked his peer.

"He said that you are bold. He is an envoy of Anji, and how dare you hit him..." The black-haired strongman finally got full on the fruits, and he laughed as he stood up and suggested, "I say that we should kill this guy. Then, we can do the investigation ourselves."

This suggestion almost scared this cavalier of Anji to death.

He finally understood that even though these two strongmen were insanely powerful, they acted according to their likings and weren't restricted by any rules; they were like two fearless idiots. Although he was an envoy of the Anji Empire, he was no different to a chicken in these two men's eyes even though he might deter some of the officials of Zenit with his identity.

While shivering, he told these two men everything honestly through his gapping teeth.

"Damn! These b\*tches! They won't talk unless I slap them." The white-haired strongman raised his hand and slapped this Six-Star Warrior a few more times, dispersing the latter's warrior energy and making him faint in fear.

"The Beag Family? That noble force who has been supporting the Fourth Prince and conspiring against His Majesty?" After hearing this cavalier of Anji's words, the black-haired strongman

rubbed his chin and murmured, “They are even colluding with foreign forces to kill the citizens of this empire? Eh, should we go to this inconsiderate and despicable family and visit them?”

“Let’s not do that. His Majesty is coming back, so let’s wait for his return before we do anything.” Even though the white-haired strongman wanted to do that, he held his impulse in check.

At this moment, Old Sam who had been stunned by the side finally came back to his senses, and he asked while stuttering, “You two... you two are?”

The black-haired strongman laughed and said, “Uncle, don’t be afraid. We are warriors under the command of Mr. Martial Saint. Eh, we are just chilling under...”

“Puff!” The white-haired strongman almost spat out a mouthful of spit. He raised his hand and slapped the black-haired strongman on the head while shouting, “You damn fool! That is not how you used this word ‘chill’.”

Old Sam was elated and asked, “You... are really warriors who are serving Mr. Martial Saint? Oh! I know! You must be Chambordians, right? I heard the comrades of my son say that the Chambord Warriors are all invincible and brave!”

“You are right; we are from Chambord.” The black-haired strongman scratched the back of his head in embarrassment and said, “I’m Drogba, and he is Pierce. We are from the Chambord Kingdom. However, we are not invincible warriors. In Chambord, many people are more powerful than us. For example, Mr. Lampard...”

“Oh! You guys! [Black-Haired Vicious Fist] and [White-Haired Fast Sword]! I know you guys! You are two of the 12 Guardians of the Golden Saint Mountains of Chambord. Hahaha! The traveling poets in the Capital had told many stories about you. Many young people admire you, and I got to meet you...”

Old Sam was excited.

He didn’t expect that this incident was a blessing in disguise, and he got to meet two of the famous masters under the command of the King of Chambord. Seeing these two legendary warriors beating the warriors of Anji, this senior was thrilled, and all his frustration was gone. In his mind, the Zenit Empire should behave like this and toughen up, acting like these Chambordians by daring to beat all the enemies who challenge the empire.

Half an hour later, Old Sam returned to his home in a poor neighborhood. While looking at the ten gold coins that those two strongmen stuffed in his hands, he still couldn't believe what had happened. He knew that he would never forget this day. Although he didn't get to see Martial Saint Alexander, he saw the presence of the famous [Black-Haired Vicious Fist] and [White-Haired Fast Sword]; that was enough for him to lose sleep.

“The Chambordians are just as powerful and friendly as the tales. I heard that Emperor Yassin is severely ill. If Martial Saint Alexander could one day become the emperor, who would dare to bully our Zenit Empire?” this senior suddenly thought about this under the illumination of the dim oil lamp.

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...

-Business District in St. Petersburg-

Pierce and Drogba both appeared in front of a small courtyard. Inside the courtyard, there was a little pavilion that was several stories tall, and the green trees and grass were vibrant, creating beautiful scenery.

“Is this the place?”

“It should be.”

Chapter 846: Returning to the Capital (Part One)

Drogba and Pierce were both Moon-Class Elites, and they followed Lampard and Military Advisor Old Aryang to the war in the southern region of Zenit and assisted Second Prince Dominguez. They had accumulated extensive battle experience, and they sharpened their mind and will on the battlefield. Although their strengths didn't skyrocket, their mentalities were elevated.

Right now, both of them were at the mid-tier Half Moon Realm, and only a few mysterious masters could rival them in St. Petersburg. Therefore, with their strengths, they could almost do anything

they want. Taking care of these few warriors of the Anji Empire was like playing for these dull strongmen, and they didn't worry much about this.

After entering the courtyard, they met an ordinary-looking young man who seemed like a worker here. They each said the secret codes that corresponded, and that young man immediately turned respectful before leading them into the pavilion and down to the dark basement.

This basement was empty; there was nothing except for a portal which the destination of the teleportation was known. Right now, it was flashing and operating smoothly.

The two of them stepped into the portal, and a light flashed. When they opened their eyes again, they saw that they were inside an even more mysterious basement. The semi-god-tier runes were everywhere on the walls, blocking all possible auras in this space. It felt like this space was created inside the void, and it was secure; no one could find it.

“Hahaha! Two generals! Long time no see!” crisp laughter sounded as a blond young man with a silver half-mask stood up and greeted them.

“Mr. Modric!” Pierce and Drogba didn't dare to slight him.

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Although Modric joined Chambord and served Fei later compared to these two strongmen, the king placed great importance on this young man whose nickname was [Young Man]. He could be counted as one of the core members of Chambord, and his status was even beyond Drogba and Pierce. Also, all the high-level officials of Chambord had witnessed the hard work that Modric had put into the [Letter Office] that fueled the Chambord Kingdom's rise, and these two strongmen respected this man who was younger than them from the bottom of their hearts.

It wasn't clear where exactly this mysterious room was. In this large room, except for [Young Man] Modric, Pierce, and Drogba, there were four powerful New Moon Elites of the [Letter Office] present. After the three top-tier officials of Chambord greeted each other, they waited for something patiently.

In the center of the mysterious room, there were some magic runes engraved on the ground, and it seemed like they were used for marking the locations.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

A series of space-tearing noises sounded. As the magic array continued to flash, a sky-blue oval-shaped portal appeared on the magic array. The magic energy flames continued to expand and contract, and a tall figure whom everyone was waiting for appeared and walked out of the portal like a flash of lightning after it stabilized.

“Greetings, Your Majesty!” The seven masters in this room all kneeled.

This man was in a white robe, and his black hair was as thick as the waterfall. He was tall, and his muscles gave off a wild presence even though they weren’t bulging that much. As if this man were made from a piece of godly iron, he was glistening, and he was handsome. His eyebrows were sharp, his eyes were shiny, and he looked dignified even though he wasn’t displaying any emotions. He was none other than King Alexander who liked showing off.

After he was locked inside the [Sad Sigh of Godly Grace] that was created by the golden skeleton for four days, Fei was worried that he might be late, so he contacted the [Letter Office] and traveled through more than 20 super-long-distance portable teleportation arrays and used a lot of magic crystals. However, he was able to come back to St. Petersburg in only one day; he arrived even earlier than D’Alessandro and the Moon-Class Elites who were eager to destroy the Chambord Kingdom.

“Get up.” Fei lightly raised his hands, and a soft and gentle energy rushed out of his body and propped up these seven people.

## Chapter 846: Returning to the Capital (Part Two)

Fei’s return trip was a top secret. Except for a few high-level officials of Chambord and the high-ranking members of the [Letter Office] which were the seven people in the room right now, no one else knew that the King of Chambord who was rumored to have disappeared at the bottom of the sea had returned to the Zenit Empire.

The eight of them left the room. On the way, Modric told Fei everything that had happened in the Capital of Zenit these days, including the envoys from the various empires, and stances of the nobles in St. Petersburg, and the strange silence of the Royal Family.

Soon, they returned to the ground level.



It turned out that mysterious room was still in St. Petersburg, and it was only about 100 meters away from the courtyard that Drogba and Pierce entered. As long as someone got to a high position, they could see exactly what was happening in that small courtyard even if the observers didn't have warrior energy or magic energy; this was an intelligent setup.

The four Moon-Class Elites guarded the door, and Pierce, Drogba, and Modric followed Fei into the building. The two dull strongmen tried to beat each other and tell the king about what had happened tonight.

"The Anji Empire is only a level 2 empire. It didn't show anything before, but it conquered four adjacent level 1 empires quickly in less than one month when the Chaos Era arrived. It gained a lot of fame recently, and it was dominant, seeming to become a little overlord in the Northern Region of Azeroth.

Emperor Suleyman Kerimov of Anji is quite young, and he took the throne a year ago. His identity is mysterious, and he is wealthy and had recruited some independent warriors and masters. This emperor had been hostile toward Zenit. It is heard that his goal was to challenge Emperor Yassin. But since Your Majesty got more popular after you defeated the Ten-Empire United Troops, he has been targeting you and had said multiple times that he would crush your legend."

[Young Man] Modric quickly debriefed Fei on the information of the Anji Empire.

"No wonder these envoys of Anji are so arrogant. Their empire could be considered powerful... you two dull hammers; they are defecating on our heads, and you only beat a little cavalier?" Fei wasn't interested in the history of the Anji Empire, but he expressed his disapproval of the treatment that Drogba and Pierce gave to the enemies tonight.

"Your Majesty, please forgive us. We will now go and kill those damn envoys of Anji." The king's words instigated the two dull strongmen, and they instantly blushed and stood up before walking out murderously.

"Don't kill them; I'm trying to see what game they are playing. Just play with them a little." Fei didn't stop them.

After those two strongmen left the room, they flashed and disappeared into the darkness.

Modric wiped his sweat and was about to say something when a series of buzzing noises sounded. A dash of dark-red light flashed into the room, and it turned into a dark-red hummingbird and chirped while landing in Modric's hand.

Hummingbirds were swift, fast, and cute. Such little demon beasts were extraordinarily speedy and had some ability to travel through space. Queen Angela used her innate ability and tamed a herd of hummingbirds, and they became one way of delivering information for the [Letter Office].

There was a delicate silver neck-ring hiding under the feather on its neck, and it was a spatial storage device. Modric injected some magic energy into the neck-ring according to a mystical rhythm, and a red letter flowed out of the ring.

He skimmed through the letter, and his face changed color. He quickly reported to Fei, "No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint, D'Alessandro, and his people have passed the [Sea of Fragrance] and entered the territory of Zenit. It seems like he is trying to show off and pressure the Royal Family; this group of people is moving forward slowly and didn't hide their identities. Also, they had said that if the Royal Family doesn't appear before the sunrise the day after tomorrow and make a decision, they were going to wipe out the entire Royal Family. About three hours ago, this group of people divided into two groups. One group is being led by a Sun-Class Lord named Albeda and have 25 people, heading toward the Chambord Kingdom. The other group of 20 Moon-Class Elites is coming toward St. Petersburg with D'Alessandro in the lead. According to their speed, they will arrive at their destinations before the sunrise on the day after tomorrow."

#### Chapter 847: Crisis Approaches (Part One)

"This sure fit D'Alessandro's personality. He is an egomaniac, and the people around him are not much better. Do they really naively think that a disciple of the Continental Martial Saint and more than 40 masters who are on and above the realm of Moon-Class can dominate the Zenit Empire? Do they really think that they could destroy the Royal Family of Zenit?"

Fei sneered after hearing what Modric said, "They divided into two groups? Hehe, we don't need to worry about the group led by D'Alessandro; there will be people who can handle them. In terms of the group led by Albeda, hehe... inform Mr. Brook and Mr. Bast, and tell them to send the masters of Chambord to ambush them! I want to see them lose half of their people before they reach the territory of Chambord! We will see who are fortunate enough to see our Chambord City!"

"As you wish!"

[Young Man] Modric instantly became high spirited. The confidence that the king demonstrated made him, a loyal subordinate, believe in the kingdom even more. Therefore, he immediately turned around and passed down the king's command.

Soon, several dark-red hummingbirds dashed into the sky. As they chirped, they jumped into the void like fish into the water, quickly disappearing as they traveled through space.

After Modric organized everything, he returned to the room, thought about some issues, and suggested, "Your Majesty, the group led by Albeda is nothing to be worried about, but the group led by D'Alessandro is the truly terrifying force. According to the information that we gathered, this No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint perhaps has reached peak Burning Sun Realm, and he said that he is invincible in the Northern Region of Azeroth. The Moon-Class Elites who came with him don't pose threats, but we have to be careful of this person."

Fei lowered his head and pondered for a while. Then, he said, "You are right, but don't underestimate the power of the Royal Family of Zenit. Don't change the setup of our forces in St. Petersburg, and order the members of the [Letter Office] to pay close attention to the group led by D'Alessandro. Report as soon as something seems off."

"As you wish." Modric knew that the king already made plans, so he calmed down and left the room.

"Wait for a second!" Fei suddenly called out and stopped him. The king reminded Modric, "Tell everyone to be more careful; we only need D'Alessandro's rough whereabouts. Tell them not to monitor too closely just in case that D'Alessandro spots them."

"Your Majesty, don't worry. I will send the best scouts to do this."

"Eh, sounds good. Still, safety first!"

"As you wish!"

Modric turned around and left the room.

Fei slowly sat back in his chair and tried to think of ways to handle what was about to occur.

He had seen D'Alessandro's strength at the bottom of the sea. Except for Evil God Kluivert and Continental Martial Saint Maradona's vague shadow, this No.2 Disciple of Continental Martial Saint Maradona was the most powerful warrior that Fei had ever encountered. Also, his strength was either at peak Burning Sun Realm or above, and Fei was no match for this person with his current power excluding the [Scepter of Creation].

However, D'Alessandro's arrival was an opportunity for Fei.

In this environment, the various forces inside the Zenit Empire would express their stances more clearly, and Fei would be able to see where people's minds were. Also, Fei never got a good grasp of Emperor Yassin's strength. Since D'Alessandro came to Zenit so aggressively, he and Emperor Yassin were going to collide forcefully. Perhaps Fei could get a good observation this time.

After thinking everything through, Fei put things aside and entered Diablo World to kill monsters and level up.

He had been locked inside the [Sad Sign of Godly Grace], and he had wasted a lot of time. Before the real challenge came, Fei had to increase his strength as fast as he could.

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## Chapter 847: Crisis Approaches (Part Two)

When Fei tried to break through the [Sad Sigh of Godly Grace], Fei spent a lot of experience points and summoned [Lord of Pain] Duriel. As a result, his strength dropped a little.

Right now, Fei appeared at the [Hellforge] which was where he had to go to complete the second quest on the Fourth Map.

The [Hellforge] was located deep into the [River of Flames], and it was heard that this was a part of hell. The lava was rumbling out of the ground and flowing on the land like a river, and the high heat made the lava as runny as water. Anyone below the realm of Six-Star would be instantly turned into a pile of coal.

Except for this river, some human souls were trapped on the ground by black demonic chains. The hellfire was burning these souls, and they could never escape. They let out a series of horrifying screams, and the scene was terrifying.

Fei appeared here alone.

Although this wasn't his first time coming to the [River of Flames], the realness in Normal Mode and Nightmare Mode couldn't be compared to Hell Mode. When Fei set foot in this dangerous place, he felt like he was inside the real hell.

Valkyrie Elena was the main force of Chambord in dealing with the group led by Albeda. While Undead Mage Hazel Bank and the few elders of the [Black-Cloth Shrine] stayed hidden, the Chambord Kingdom had to rely on her, so she didn't have time to company Fei in killing the monsters.

In the previous battles, Fei already obtained Mephisto's Soulstone, and his mission in coming here was to kill a terrifying demon who was deep into the [River of Flames]. Fei had to kill this demon to obtain the Hellforge Hammer which was the only thing that could crush Mephisto's Soulstone.

On the path formed by the solidified lava in the [River of Flame], there were a lot of monsters and demons, and they could unleash terrifying power. Facing the [Abyss Knights] that could use physical attacks and magic spells, the many [Blood Maggots], and the sturdy [Pit Lords], Fei didn't dare to be overconfident even though he was dominant. He summoned all the items in the [Immortal King] item set, and he marched forward.

After spending about two hours, Fei finally battled through these monsters and found the Boss that had the magical hammer. This demon looked like a muscular bull, and it was green. It had a lot of strength, and many monsters and demons followed it. It was hard to deal with, and Fei was only able to kill it after drinking 18 bottles of [Full Rejuvenation Potion].

A lot of experience points entered Fei's body as golden light dots, and the experience points that the king lost due to summoning Duriel were replenished. As a result, he went back to level 70 and regained his strength.

After taking out Mephisto's Soulstone which confined one of the three lords of hell who represented prime evil, Fei picked up the Hellforge Hammer before placing the soulstone on the unique altar. Just as Fei was about to smash down and destroy it, completely wiping out Mephisto, a surge of spirit energy suddenly dashed out of the soulstone and conveyed a message.

Fei was stunned for a moment, and then he fell into deep thought.

After about ten minutes, Fei made the decision.

He didn't destroy Mephisto's Soulstone. Instead, he placed it back into his storage space.

Then, the king continued to kill monsters and demons in Diablo World and went onto the [Terror's End], the last quest on the Fourth Map.

He had to go into the [Chaos Sanctuary] which was at the bottom of hell. This place had the largest number of terrifying demons and monsters, and Diablo, one of the three lords of hell whose nickname was Big Pineapple, was being sealed here.

[TL Note: Diablo sounds really close to pineapple in Chinese, so that is why a lot of Chinese players call this Boss that name.]

Fei opened the five seals one after another, and a lot of monsters and demons appeared when each of the seals broke. Diablo would only appear after all the seals were broken and all the demons and monsters were killed.

After battling for six hours, Fei only opened four seals and killed the monsters and demons that came with them.

Now, Fei was at Hell Mode level 72.

After picking up the various items on the ground, Fei turned to the [Pandemonium Fortress] and sold them to the NPCs before exiting the game.

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The sky was brightening up.

Some stars were still flashing in the pale-blue sky, and the land was gradually waking up from the darkness.

The territory of Chambord, a level 1 affiliated kingdom of Zenit, was less than 50 kilometers away. Suddenly, 25 various colored light beams dashed through the sky like meteors, and they headed toward Chambord with powerful auras on them.

They were the powerful masters who were going to wipe out the entire Chambord Kingdom under the lead of Sun-Class Lord Albeda.

#### Chapter 848: Ambush at Half-Way (Part One)

“We are almost at the territory of Chambord. I heard that the King of Chambord’s wedding wasn’t long ago, and many empires sent masters to cause trouble. In fact, it is heard that even the masters of the Holy Church joined in. In the end, they were smashed by the Chambordians. It seems like this Chambord Kingdom is not that simple; we better be careful.” A grey-haired Moon-Class Elite who was about 50 years old reminded his peers worriedly.

“Haha! Silver-Haired Master! How can you believe such ridiculous rumors? It seems like the older you get, the more scared you are.” Moon-Class Elite Oliveira who was muscular and looked like a mercenary laughed and disregarded all the concerns.

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“Haha! Yeah! Rumors are saying that the Chambord City has more than ten powerful Moon-Class Elites known as the Gold Saints, and there are even Sun-Class Lord protecting the kingdom. Ridiculous... Just think about it! Even its parent empire, Zenit, doesn’t have such strength! Chambord is only a level 1 affiliated kingdom who recently came to people’s attention. How much power can it have? In my opinion, these dirty Chambordians are like chickens and dogs in front of us! We should be able to kill them easily.” O’Henry who was about 30 years old was arrogant, but he was only at the New Moon Realm, and his realm seemed unstable.

“Yeah, guys, don’t worry. Let’s speed up the process. Our goal is to kill all the masters of Chambord and wipe out all officials of Chambord before Mr. D’Alessandro gets to St. Petersburg. We need to coordinate well and instantly establish dominance. We will let the people who are supporting this dirty Zenitian Alexander that this is the end for them!”

Zeman who was short and fat looked at Albeda, the only Sun-Class Lord in the group, with a flattering smile on his face. His eyes were small, and his head looked like a mouse’s. He thought for a bit and added, “With Mr. Albeda with us, even if the gods are protecting the Chambordians, they are useless in front of Mr. Albeda’s power. We have nothing to be worried about!”

It was clear that he was flattering Albeda.

Many others instantly agreed with Zeman immediately. Those Moon-Class Elites who hadn't gotten the chance to speak all showed their admiration for this Sun-Class Lord from the Anji Empire. These people liked following the people with power, and they lacked the dignity of Moon-Class Elites.

"We can't say these things," Albeda replied with an arrogant, superior expression, "I heard that the King of Chambord is extremely powerful, and he is already a Sun-Class Lord despite his young age. He is an extraordinary cultivation genius. Unfortunately, this person has joined the Sea Tribe and betrayed humanity. He is someone who deserves my attention, and I'm interested in battling him. However, we don't have his trace. Except for him, no one else could pique my interest."

"Haha! That is right! Mr. Albeda, you don't need to do anything! This is just a level 1 affiliated kingdom of a level 1 empire! We can handle everything!" Zeman followed Albeda tightly and flattered non-stop.

"Yeah! We can do all the work! It is rumored that Chambord City is rich. After we conquer this city, you and Mr. D'Alessandro can take all the treasures! We are already honored to serve you!" Someone else flattered.

"No need; you guys can divide what the Chambord Kingdom has. It is only a little affiliated kingdom; what kind of treasures could it have that could attract the interest of Mr. D'Alessandro and me?" Albeda replied in disdain. Although the Emperor of Anji reminded him several times to not underestimate the Chambordians, he was a Sun-Class Lord, and his pride completely disregarded this affiliated kingdom; he didn't think there would be anything that would excite him.

## Chapter 848: Ambush at Half-Way (Part Two)

Zeman suddenly smiled wickedly and said, "It is also rumored that the two Queens of Chambord are unparalleled beauties. If we can capture these two majestic women, making them do chores during the day and sleeping with them during the night should be very fun and interesting."

Light flashed in Albeda's eyes, and he nodded and replied as if he had thought of something, "That idea is not bad. The Royal Palace of Anji does need two maids who could do tough chores. If the Queens of Chambord are really that beautiful, they are qualified to serve my lord in the Royal Palace."



Seeing Albada accepting his suggestion, Zeman was elated.

A murderous and cold voice suddenly sounded in the sky without any signs, “How dare you offend my lord? You deserve to die!”

Before anyone could react, Moon-Class Elite Zeman’s head exploded like a smashed watermelon. The red and white liquid splashed in all directions, and a powerful master was instantly turned into a fat corpse as it fell toward the ground.

At the same time, several Moon-Class Elites who were closest to Zeman snorted subconsciously as if a huge force also hammered them, and their face reddened immediately. The few Moon-Class Elites who were weaker were shocked, and they screamed in fear as streaks of blood slid down their lips. They quickly unleashed their full force and alertly looked around.

“Don’t move!” The Sun-Class Lord Albada who was in the center of the group shouted as his face changed color. Then, he waved his hand, and a streak of green lights flashed in front of him. At the same time, an invisible force collided onto the green light, and they both disappeared after a series of crisp noises.

“Who is sneak-attacking us? Show yourself instantly!”

Albada instantly detected the source of that strange force, and he clawed his right hand and grasped toward one direction in space. A vast amount of energy rushed out of his body, and it tore the space in front of him. About 100 meters away, the space rippled like the surface of a lake that was caressed by the autumn wind. After the ripples disappeared, four figures showed themselves.

Standing in the front, this young man looked to be 13 or 14 years old. He was handsome and looked vigorous. He was wearing a long black robe, and his hands were hidden in his sleeve. Although no energy surges could be sensed from him, and he looked like an ordinary person, his eyes were tightly shut, giving others a strange feeling. Right now, he looked a little angry, and it was clear that the terrifying and strange sneak-attack that seemed like the call of the Grim Reaper came from him.

Behind this young man, there stood a breathtakingly beautiful woman. She had long red hair, and she was wearing silver light armor. Even when Albada laid eyes on her, he shivered subconsciously and sensed extreme danger.

Beside this red-haired woman was a handsome young priest with strong holy power on him. He had brown hair, and he was in a black church-style robe. Then, there was a handsome and thin young man behind him. He had long black hair, he looked like an elf, but a suffocating pressure came with him.

These four people stood in the sky and sneered, stopping these foreign masters like four tigers in front of a herd of sheep.

“Who are you? Why did you sneak-attack us?” Albeda asked angrily.

#### Chapter 849: Gold Saint of Aries’ First Real Battle (Part One)

“We are here to kill you!”

The black-robed young man who had his eyes tightly shut was filled with a murderous spirit, and he looked like a sharp sword. There was no warrior energy or magic energy fluctuations on him, but he was able to stand in the air. This was beyond the understanding and imagination of everyone in the area since it seemed boundary-breaking.

As soon as this young man finished speaking, no warrior energy was unleashed, and no fancy magic spells were chanted. However, there was a streak of strange force moving around. It was just as hard to detect as air, and it was extremely dangerous, making the hearts of Albeda’s Moon-Class Elites race.

Bam!

A familiar explosion sounded.

Red and white brain matter spilled in all direction as if someone stepped into a pond of mud.

O’Henry who was arrogant yet weak followed Flatter Zeman’s steps. Although he was already careful and focused, he wasn’t able to change his fate. As if he couldn’t believe what was happening, a shocked expression appeared on his face, and his head was then exploded like a smashed watermelon as well. Just like Zeman, his cold corpse fell down the sky powerlessly.

Killing seemed like pulling grass to this black-robed young man!

“What is this power? It is terrifying!”

“There is no way that I could prevent this!”

“This force shouldn’t belong to humans! Who is this black-robed young man?”

“It is not magic energy, and it is also not warrior energy. Could it be that this is the power of a god?”

These Moon-Class Elites were confident and couldn’t wait to dash into Chambord City and rob all the treasures a moment ago, but they were all terrified like old hens in front of eagles. They were shocked to their cores, and they backed off like falling tides, creating a long distance between them and these four mysterious masters.

They were all powerful masters who comprehended some laws of nature, and their eyes were sharp; it was hard to surprise them, let alone shock them. However, they saw a type of energy that they had never encountered before today and which was beyond their comprehension, and they were terrified.

“This is... spirit energy!”

As a Sun-Class Lord, Albada was more knowledgeable, and he gasped and shouted.

He was more powerful than the Moon-Class Elites, and his eyes were sharper. After observing for a while, he finally understood the energy properties of this handsome, black-robed young man.

Spirit energy was a unique energy. It required the practitioner to have a rare talent and great opportunities in life to develop that talent. On top of that, the practitioner had to find a good master who excelled in spirit energy, and the training method was rare as well. Therefore, warrior energy and magic energy were the two dominant energies on the Azeroth Continent, and people rarely learned spirit energy.

Therefore, Albada was surprised that he ran into someone who practiced spirit energy, and this person had reached Moon-Class with it.

As they talked, changes occurred again.

Moon-Class Elite Oliveira who looked like a mercenary suddenly gasped, and he opened his mouth and spat out a gulp of blood. Then, his face paled, and he staggered as if he were severely injured. Half of his head caved in, and several terrifying holes appeared in his chest. It seemed like he was instantly struck by many forces and was immediately taken out; he could no longer continue to stay in the air.

This Oliveira was also one of the Moon-Class Elites who were saying some over-the-top things.

It was clear that after Zeman and O'Henry, he was the target for the black-robed young man.

Since Albeda had shouted and revealed what this energy was, the Moon-Class Elites were no longer as fearful. However, they were still scared for their lives since they had never fought with someone who possessed such spirit energy which was invisible and didn't leave any traces.

#### Chapter 849: Gold Saint of Aries' First Real Battle (Part Two)

"Who are you? What are you doing? Why are you attacking us? Is there any misunderstanding?"

The powerful strengths that these enemies who appeared out of nowhere made the morale of these arrogant invaders drop, and one of the Moon-Class Elites couldn't help but ask in his shaky voice.

"Misunderstanding?" The black-robed young man's eyes were still closed as if he didn't want to see the ugly faces in front of him. He stated in his cold tone, "I'm Dessler, one of the 12 Gold Saints of Chambord, Gold Saint of Aries. Do you think there is a misunderstanding?"

"Gold Saint?"

"One of them?"

"Those dirty Chambordians?"

“They are really Chambordians. No wonder... could it be that those rumors are true? How is it possible? The King of Chambord really have 12 powerful masters who have unique skills under his command? How... how is this possible?”

The foreign Moon-Class Elites were shocked.

The smarter ones had already realized the seriousness of the situation.

If the masters under the King of Chambord were already this powerful, then their goal of destroying Chambord couldn't be realized. If they went, their lives would be in mortal danger. Everything in front of them showed that the Chambordians were already aware of what their plan was and were well-prepared. Since the Chambordians dared to ambush them after knowing their strengths, it showed how confident the Chambordians were, and how weak they were in the Chambordians' eyes.

These people who came with D'Alessandro were all weak-willed individuals. Although they were all Moon-Class Elites, they weren't that strong mentally. Faced with unexpected danger, they all wanted to retreat.

Sun-Class Lord Albeda had detected the change in the situation, and he knew that he could no longer stay silent and had to stimulate morale. He roared, “Humph! You are just a few clowns! How dare you stop us? Even if that despicable and shameless King of Chambord were in front of me today, he couldn't leave here alive! Although spirit energy is strange, it is only a dirty power that was washed away by time. How powerful can it be? I will kill you first and then slaughter those other 11 damn Gold Saints!”

After shouting, streaks of green light beams rushed out of his body like rapid-growing vines, and they shot toward black-robed Dessler as a green wave, trying to capture the latter.

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Bam! Bam! Bam!

A series of explosions sounded.

Gold Saint Dessler of Aries frowned, and invisible walls suddenly appeared as if space were frozen. However, these walls weren't able to block the green vine-line light beams and were all shattered. Then, the green light beams continued to rush toward Dessler.

Dessler's body shivered, and his brows furrowed even more. Waves of invisible spirit energy rushed out of his body and forced many spirit energy barriers.

He was a young man on the [Blood Crime] Island which was located in the [Sea of Fragrance], and he was the descendant of a hero. He lost the honor of his family and his loved ones, but he got saved by Fei at the critical moment, and the king taught him the spirit energy techniques, turning him from a weak young man into a Moon-Class Elite.

From Dessler's perspective, Fei had completely changed his fate, and he saw the king as a fatherly figure who he would protect even if he might die. Therefore, after hearing the offensive comments that these Moon-Class Elites made toward Chambord, he got murderous and killed Zeman and O'Henry before crippling Oliveira, shocking the enemies.

This was the first real battle that Dessler got involved in since he became proficient with the spirit energy.

He was only a level 7 mid-tier New Moon Elite, but he defeated three masters consecutively, thoroughly demonstrating the strangeness and power of the spirit energy. His title as one of the Gold Saints was well-deserved, and he could rival famous warriors of Chambord such as Pierce, Drogba, and Lampard.

However, even though the spirit energy was unique, his realm was far from the Sun-Class. The vein-like green light beams continued to shatter his spirit energy walls, and the sharp tips of the green vines were almost touching Dessler's forehead.

## Chapter 850: These Are the Master of Chambord (Part One)

Dessler unleashed all his spirit energy without holding back, and ripples appeared in the sky like blooming flowers. However, he couldn't block these green, vine-like light beams.

"Humph! Ant-like wastrel! Die!" A vicious expression appeared on Albada's face.

He was planning to instantly kill this master of Chambord to raise the morale of the people on his side.

The Moon-Class Elites on his side saw this, and they couldn't help but feel thrilled.

Whoosh!

At this moment, a blue arrow dashed through the sky.

The temperature in the area dropped drastically, and frost appeared out of nowhere. Soon, a series of cracking noises sounded, and snowflakes were condensed from the moist air. Before the snowflakes could fall down from the sky, they were packed together and turned into ice blocks before flying downward like meteors.

Those invincible green, vein-like light beams were broken in this terrifying coldness.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Like poisonous snakes that were chopped into pieces, these light beams were somehow frozen and broke into bits, losing the energy contained in them instantly.

However, that blue arrow was still full of energy, and it dashed toward Albeda quickly, instantly piercing the right shoulder of this Sun-Class Lord.

Bam! The blood and shattered flesh flew out of Albeda's right shoulder as a blood arrow.

"Ah... you..." Albeda screamed in fear; he sensed death from this arrow.

If he didn't unleash his full force and tried to dodge with everything he got, his throat would have been penetrated.

It was a terrifying arrow.

As a Sun-Class Lord, no ordinary arrows could ever threaten him, and no archery skills could harm him. However, that blue arrow was something else. On top of the extreme chilliness, it also contained laws of nature. A magnificent force locked onto Albeda, and he would be a corpse right now if that deadly sensation didn't stimulate his potential and force him to dodge at the most critical moment.

Even though Sun-Class Lords had strong vitality, if this arrow pierced their vital parts, they couldn't escape death.

Although Albeda had dodged in time and escaped death, his right shoulder was still injured, and a streak of terrifying chilly energy rushed into his energy channels. The faint-blue frost energy traveled down his arm and froze it off, and his magic armor shattered under the extreme coldness and fell off like dry tree bark.

"You... this woman is also a Sun-Class Lord?!"

After sensing the number of laws of nature contained in the chilly energy, Albeda stared at that beautiful woman in shock. He sensed danger from this woman whose long red hair was tied into a ponytail and was wearing red armor, but he didn't want to believe it. It turned out that his intuition was correct, and this woman was a Sun-Class Lord.

"It is going to be troublesome today..." Albeda thought to himself.

However, the response to Albeda was another arrow, a red arrow!

Fire arrow!

No one expected this beautiful woman to master two types of magic energy, fire and ice.

In an instant, the chilly energy in the air disappeared, and those ice blocks that had just condensed and hadn't fall from the sky were sublimated into white mist. Then, terrifying heat waves rushed toward Albeda as if a new sun appeared in front of him, and the Moon-Class Elite felt the hair on their bodies drying and curling up.

The drastic shift from cold to hot dealt a lot of damage.



Oliveira who was already severely injured by Dessler's spirit energy had healed a little and was trying to hold up, but he screamed and fell from the sky like a broken kite when the drastic shift in temperature occurred.

## Chapter 850: These Are the Master of Chambord (Part Two)

Sun-Class Lord Albeda also screamed as a stunned expression appeared on his face. Without daring to hold back, he unleashed his warrior energy, and the green light coming from his body enveloped half of the sky.

He cultivated wood-elemental warrior energy, and that allowed him to have strong vitality and faster recovery speed. As a series of crackling noises sounded, the faint-blue chilly energy in his right shoulder quickly disappeared under the envelopment of the green light, and then meat sprouts grew out of his right shoulder and quickly created new bones, flesh, and skin as if they had lives of their own.

In just a few seconds, a new arm grew out, and Albeda recovered.

Sun-Class Lords had comprehended the laws of nature, and they had supernatural abilities. Their bones, flesh, and internal organs had been refined many times and were much more powerful than normal, which meant that they were capable of rebirth. Especially for wood-elemental masters, they had stronger vitality and faster recovery speed compared to other Sun-Class Lords, and it wasn't hard to regrow a body part in a short time.

After recovering, Albeda quickly started to move around like crazy. He continued to travel through space and teleporting in a short distance using the laws of nature to dodge that terrifying fire arrow. The incredible amount of heat and tearing force in the arrow shocked him, and he didn't dare to take it head-on.

A surprising and spectacular battle occurred.

That beautiful woman stood where she was and pulled on her bow, shooting out arrows that had various elemental-attributes with a calm expression. She was following a mystic rhythm, and the arrows flew out with a well-measured tempo. With powerful energy contained in them, the arrows drew many strange arcs in the sky and dashed toward Albeda.

This Sun-Class Lord from the Anji Empire roared continuously and tried to escape from the aim of the arrows, but he never succeeded.

“Kill them! His Majesty has ordered it! Don’t let any one of them leave!”

The handsome, elf-like young man who had long black hair and was standing in afar in silence suddenly spoke. As he opened his hand, a strangely-shaped black dagger appeared on his palm. In the next moment, he disappeared without a sign as if he dissolved into the air. Not even a trace of aura was left, and it felt like this young man was never here.

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Assassination skill!

“Be careful! This young man is an assassin! He might be one of the terrifying assassins in the [Four Spikes] under the King of Chambord’s command...” Silver-Haired Master who was worried from the beginning shouted to warn his peers.

Unfortunately, his warning came a bit late.

As soon as this elf-like black-clothed young man disappeared, a streak of blood appeared in the crowd of foreign Moon-Class Elites.

A bearded Moon-Class Elite who was in his forties put his hands around his throat and let out a series of low roars like an animal that got its throat severed. While he struggled, grey light of desperation appeared in his eyes.

Before he could realize what was going on, he was severely injured.

The recovery ability of Moon-Class Elites was far inferior to Sun-Class Lords, and they couldn’t instantly regrow flesh and bones. Since the throat is a vital part of the human body, this man was dead for sure if he didn’t have godly herbs or get magic treatment.

“Quickly save him!” someone screamed like a madman.

However, the life harvester in the dark wouldn’t give them that opportunity.

A black shadow suddenly flashed by, and a bloody wound appeared on this Moon-Class Elite's chest.

Bam! A bloody big hole appeared, and his heart exploded. Such a fatal injury made him feel desperate, and there was no way back for him.

The warm corpse fell toward the ground with blood gushing out of the wound.

“Hahaha! No one can escape from the harvest of the [Touch of Hell]! There are only souls under my blade! No mercy will be shown!” That elf-like young man's voice echoed in the sky.