

## Hail the King 861

### Chapter 861: Who Could Turn the Tide? (Part One)

Elder Prince Arshavin, Elder Princess Tanasha, [Demonic Woman] Paris, [Red beard] Granello, the Legion Commanders of the ten main battle legions, the Legion Commanders of the 20 new battle legions, the level 1 and level 2 nobles who survived last night's operation, the essential members of the Royal Family, the top-tier officials, the six Executive Knights of the Imperial Knight Palace who survived through all the turbulence, Executive Knight Captain Akinfeev, the masters of [Iron Blood Legion], the masters of the Imperial Patrol...

All the influential figures of Zenit appeared on the defense wall.

The atmosphere was anxious and unsteady.

At this moment, everyone's heart was beating fast.

As that red sun slowly appeared and rose above the horizon, waves of terrifying energy surges appeared from afar. As if it were condemnation from heaven, it seemed like even the sky was about to collapse while this group of people got close to St. Petersburg.

The terrifying pressure was indescribable, and it seemed like the defense wall of this great city was going to be shattered without getting attacked.

Wherever this group of people went, the land cracked, the plants on the ground withered, the rivers howled and changed directions, and the light bent.

Finally, the Continental Martial Saint's No.2 Disciple D'Alessandro arrived with the 20 Moon-Class Elites. These people didn't hide their hostility and desire for destruction, and they were aggressive.

As the sun rose, the crisis appeared.

In the face of the terrifying power which seemed to be able to bend the sky, everyone on the defense wall felt like giant mountains were crashing down on their backs. As if tens of thousands of kilograms of force was pressing down on them, they almost couldn't stand anymore. If this lasted any longer, they were all going to fall to the ground on all fours, submitting to D'Alessandro's arrogance.

Those 21 god-like and demon-like figures slowly stopped about 1,000 kilometers away from the defense wall of St. Petersburg, and they remained in the sky.

Among them, one person stood out. Even though his figure wasn't as burly as others, his aura was as grand as a holy mountain, making others feel like he was invincible. His head was a lot bigger than others', to the degree where it was a little funny. But when he opened his eyes, two beams of godly light shot out and pierced through space, shining on the ground. Wherever he looked, the land split open, the defense wall collapsed, and a few Five-Star Warriors shattered like dry mud dolls and soon turned into clouds of dust.

It was terrifying!

To ordinary people, this man's power was no different from the gods.

"Is he the No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint?" Zenitians thought to themselves; they had never seen anything this terrifying.

After witnessing this scene which only existed in legends for them, Zenitians were all stunned. It didn't matter if they were nobles or soldiers, ordinary people or cultivation masters; they all felt weak and powerless.

"Hahahaha! It seems like you have made your decision! This sure is disappointing, Poor mice, do you really think that you can defeat a disciple of the Continental Martial Saint?" D'Alessandro's voice resonated in the sky like a rumble of thunder, and the giant crack in the defense wall seemed to grow bigger.

"A little level 1 empire dares to resist me for a dirty mouse-like traitor of humans? Today, you have put an end to your own fate!"

As the booming voice sounded, sound waves dashed forward rapidly. The armor on the soldiers who were in the very front turned into sand grains, and rows of soldiers turned into clouds of blood mist.

D'Alessandro's power wasn't something that ordinary soldiers could defend against!

## Chapter 861: Who Could Turn the Tide? (Part Two)

The indescribable desperation instantly permeated in the air, enveloping Zenit's Capital St. Petersburg.

"Open the magic protective sphere! Prepare for battle!" Suddenly, a shout sounded on the defense wall.

There was a magical power contained in this voice, and it also created dashing sound waves. The sound waves that were coming from two different people collided in the air, and a series of transparent ripples that were visible to ordinary people appeared, creating clapping noises as if millions of soldiers were fighting each other in close-range.

Dents and holes appeared in the sky, and the sunlight was distorted and bent.

Finally, the terrifying sound waves of D'Alessandro were stopped 100 meters away from the defense wall and couldn't make any more advancements.

Also, this shout woke everyone up on the defense wall and got rid of their negative emotions. This voice contained peaceful and upbeat power, shattering the fear in people's minds and instilling them with confidence.

Finally, the people on the defense wall could react and process information again.

Elder Prince Arshavin issued one order after another, and the signal flags flashed, directing the counterattack of Zenitians.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

As slight vibration noises sounded, orange energy flames gradually appeared around St. Petersburg and rose, soon completely enveloping the magnificent city in it. This was St. Petersburg's grand protective magic array, [Goddess of Earth's Protection]. The thick and firm orange light sphere finally gave Zenitians a little bit sense of security.

In the next moment, the magic weapons on the defense wall started to counterattack. Dashes of different colored light shot toward those figures in the sky murderously.

The battle instantly began.

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Since the decision was already made, there was only battle and no room for negotiation. This could only be resolved if one side bled out and got defeated.

Since no talk was necessary, then battling it out without holding back was the best option.

As Elder Prince Arshavin commanded in his deep voice, the powerful military started to attack. It was a weak move to use many ordinary soldiers and attack a powerful and unparalleled master, but none of these people regretted this as their honor was above their own lives.

As soon as the battle started, everyone put their hearts and souls into it.

The situation was intense, and everyone's heart was in their throats as they stared at those dashes of light that flew toward the enemies; they wanted to know if Zenit's most powerful magic weapons could pose some threats to the terrifying invaders. Right now, no one had time and energy to figure out where that shout which rivaled with D'Alessandro's came from.

"Hahaha! A bunch of bold mice! Great! Today, Zenit will be completely removed from the Northern Region of Azeroth!"

D'Alessandro laughed arrogantly in the sky. It seemed like he didn't even move, but those powerful and bright magic arrows that were shot out of the most advanced magic weapons of Zenit froze 300 meters away from them. As if they were icicles that fell into the lava, the magic arrows that were comparable to a group of hungry locusts in number hissed and disappeared while green smoke came out of them.

"Hiss..."

A series of gasps sounded on the defense wall of St. Petersburg.

These magic weapons were the last resorts of the empire. Even when the Ten Empire United Troops sieged this city and St. Petersburg was in danger, they weren't put into use.

The people were hoping that even if these magic weapons couldn't harm D'Alessandro, they could at least kill a few Moon-Class Elites who came with him.

They didn't expect that these arrows were utterly useless.

What should they do next?

Who could stop the enemies?

Chapter 862: Where Did These Moon-Class Elites Come From? (Part One)

"How can dying candlelight compete with the clear moon in the sky in terms of brightness?"

About 500 meters away in the sky, the 20 Moon-Class Elites surrounded D'Alessandro in the middle like the stars around the moon. They sensed the desperation of Zenitians, and they felt great as they were dominating over them. Level 8 Top-Tier New Moon Elite Dallas said to D'Alessandro arrogantly, "These Zenitians are seeking death! Sir, you don't need to do anything. Servants like us will handle this for you!"

"That is good. Since these poor mice made such a decision, let them slowly taste desperation." With cruel and vicious light flashing in his eyes, D'Alessandro said slowly, "Kill half of the mice on the defense wall first. Then, pile their heads into a mountain! I will stain the sun and the sky with blood!"

As soon as he finished speaking, six Moon-Class Elites dashed forward like lightning bolts.

St. Petersburg's magic protective sphere, [Goddess of Earth's Protection], was used to block the magic attacks of the enemies, and it did not affect physical attacks, so it wasn't able to block the Moon-Class Elites.

In just a second, the six Moon-Class Elites already got close to the southern city gate; they were about ten meters away.

“Hahaha! You offended Mr. D’Alessandro! You savages of the north deserve to be slaughtered!”

“You still have time to regret your decision and go back to make amendments. If your emperor crawls out of the Royal Palace and begs for mercy while kneeling in front of the city gate, we will leave a trace of the bloodline of your Zenit Empire!”

“Why are you talking to them? Mr. D’Alessandro already said that half of them need to be killed. I say that we should start with these nobles and warriors who are above Five-Star!”

“Hahaha! Don’t rush it! We need to enjoy this dominating feeling! We will let these poor mice truly experience the fear of death and regret their decisions! Hahaha!”

The Moon-Class Elites laughed arrogantly and got close.

According to the information that they got, most of the Moon-Class Elites of Zenit had died during the invasion of the Ten Empire United Troops. If the King of Chambord didn’t come out and save the situation, this empire might have already been conquered.

“Zenitians don’t have anyone powerful anymore! With the god-like D’Alessandro behind us, there is nothing to worry about!” they thought to themselves.

The nobles and soldiers on the defense wall had dry lips, and they were angry and felt powerless at the same time.

Now, all of them were looking at the watchtower, and there was Zenit’s God of War Arshavin who was dressed in his blackish-red armor, looking as if he were cast out of metal. Since Imperial Martial Saint Alexander who turned tide last time was nowhere to be seen, only this general who brought Zenit hundreds of victories could instill them with some hope and confidence.

No expressions and emotions could be seen on Arshavin’s face; he didn’t respond as if he were waiting for something.

Just as people were getting curious, two dashes of light shot over from the inner region of St. Petersburg, one from the east and one from the west. They stopped before the watchtower and stood in mid-air, showing that they were Moon-Class Elites. One of them was in golden armor with a golden lance in his hand, looking like the sun in the sky; he was Golden Sun Knight Chris Sutton. The other person was wearing a fancy robe and had a delicate golden wine jar in his hand. He was tall and thin, and he looked dashing with the fragrance of wine around him; he was Matt Razi, the No.1 Traveling Poet of Zenit who hadn't been seen in a while.

## Chapter 862: Where Did These Moon-Class Elites Come From? (Part Two)

These two people stood in mid-air before the defense wall, shoulder to shoulder, blocking the way of the six arrogant invaders using their mountain-like auras.

Zenitians on the defense wall cheered loudly.

These two were Moon-Class Elites of Zenit, and they didn't escape and decided to face the strong enemies even though it seemed like they couldn't do much.

“Haha! Two stronger mice appeared! Interesting. I thought all the big mice died off!” Among the six foreign Moon-Class Elites, one of them copied D'Alessandro's tone and mocked. He didn't expect Zenit to have two Moon-Class Elites, but these two people couldn't do much to the situation. He turned to his peers and laughed, “Who is interested in butchering these two big mice?”

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“I will!”

Two Moon-Class Elites moved before anyone else had the chance. They wanted to leave a good impression on D'Alessandro's mind and be favored by the No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint. After all, studying on the Continental Martial Saint Mountain was the dream for many warriors.

Boom! Boom!!!!!!

Chris Sutton battled a Moon-Class Elite who was wearing bronze armor, and Matt Razi collided with a Moon-Class Elite who was using a giant crystal sword that was about four meters long.

The other four Moon-Class Elites charged toward the defense wall with various-colored warrior energy flames flashing around them.

When almost all the Zenitians on the defense wall looked at Arshavin, these Moon-Class Elites learned that the thin young man who was wearing blackish-red metal armor and standing in front of the watchtower was the head commander. They attacked together and wanted to kill Arshavin in front of everyone to destroy Zenitians' morale.

Gasps sounded on the defense wall in waves.

In the face of mortal danger, Arshavin held onto his saber tightly and stood straight, not shivering for a bit. As he stared forward with bright light in his eyes, his long hair fluttered in the air like a flag, and he didn't even take one step back.

Suddenly, four dashes of light flashed and flew out of the crowd of ordinary soldiers, colliding with these four Moon-Class Elites.

"What? Four more Moon-Class Elites?"

The soldiers and nobles on the defense wall couldn't believe their eyes! Those four dashes of light were indeed enveloping four Moon-Class Elites. With powerful auras, they blocked the four foreign Moon-Class Elites like dragons that suddenly appeared.

Instantly, 12 Moon-Class Elites battled in the sky, and it was hard to tell them apart.

Even the soldiers and nobles of Zenit didn't know where those four Moon-Class Elites came from, and they didn't know why they dressed like ordinary soldiers without anyone noticing and suddenly charged out in the critical moment to save the situation!

Further away in the sky, D'Alessandro and the rest of the 14 Moon-Class Elites were surprised; they didn't anticipate this!

"Aren't the reports that we got from the Leon Empire and the Anji Empire say that almost all the Moon-Class Elites of Zenit died in the previous war?" they thought to themselves.



“Hehe, this is interesting. No wonder these mice dare to fight me. So, they are hiding some strength!” After a short moment of pause, the mocking smile appeared on D’Alessandro’s face again. Even if the Zenit Empire had hundreds or thousands of Moon-Class Elites, it was meaningless to him.

Moon-Class Elites were like ants in front of Sun-Class Lords who were like dragons. One exhale of a Sun-Class Lord could kill many Moon-Class Elites.

## Chapter 863: One-Sided Battle (Part One)

The intense battles were continuing.

Different from D’Alessandro and his crew who watched the battles casually, the Zenitians on the defense wall held their breath and watched the battles of the 12 Moon-Class Elites closely; they knew that the outcome of the battles would determine the fate of Zenit.

“Kill! Rapid Hurricane Howling Wolf Strike!”

Suddenly, a shout overpowered all other noises. Golden Sun Knight Chris Sutton who was in his golden armor used his famous ultimate technique. Although his mount, a wolf beast, wasn’t here, his bright golden warrior energy condensed into a giant wolf that had a horn on its forehead. As he struck out, both his body and his lance turned into a dash of light and penetrated his opponent.

Finally, one battle came to an end.

Sutton was praised and liked by Fei, and he was taught the best metal-elemental warrior energy cultivation method from [Demon King’s Sword] which was like the martial encyclopedia of the ancient Mythical Era, and Fei planted a seed of power in his body.

In the last two months, this young man improved quickly. Although his opponent’s strength was on par with him, that man couldn’t handle the sharpness of the metal-elemental warrior energy and Sutton’s aggressive combat style.

Sutton’s ultimate technique struck that foreign Moon-Class Elite, and the latter was turned into a pile of meat paste, shattering in the sky.

A series of thunderous cheers range out on the defense wall as if a tsunami appeared.

This victory finally helped the extremely nervous Zenitians calm down a little.

After finishing the battle, Sutton breathed heavily. That ultimate technique consumed a lot of his stamina and almost depleted his warrior energy. He had to recover as fast as he could to get ready for even more brutal battles that were going to occur!

“Hahaha! I didn’t expect that kid to get the first win!”

Drogba who was dressed as an ordinary soldier laughed as he battled a big man who was more than two meters tall and using a giant hammer that had huge spikes on it. Since they both pursued pure strength, they fought each other head-on.

Boom! After taking one forceful strike, Drogba used this opportunity to back off for more than 50 meters. Then, he waved his hand and summoned a giant tower shield that looked like a blackish-golden bull. After placing this shield in front of him at an angle, he pressed his shoulder onto it and charged forward. The bright image of a golden bull appeared in front of him, and he and his shield turned into a dash of light after a short pause!

Crack! Crack!

As a series of cracking noises sounded, the big Moon-Class Elite who was swinging the giant hammer froze in the sky, and streaks of orange light dashed out of his body. Like a shattered porcelain doll, he broken into pieces, and his flesh and bones fell onto the ground.

Another battle was over, and Zenit obtained another victory.

Cheers sounded again, and the soldiers and nobles of Zenit jumped on the defense wall and hugged each other.

At the same time, several other battles finished as well.

Pierce who was also dressed as an ordinary soldier figured out his opponent’s real strength and used [Saint Sword Excalibur]. An indestructible and invisible sword energy instantly cut his opponent into pieces, and Pierce struck a dashing pose as he backed off a little. His short white hair stood on

his head like needles, and a murderous spirit enveloped him, making him look like a reserved master!

Philip Inzagi was also wearing an ordinary soldier uniform, and his body shook before the battle, breaking the armor easily. Then, his body merged with space, and he flashed in the area and around his opponent like a ghost.

After his opponent got mad for being teased and lost his cool, the [Touch of Hell] quickly passed through his opponent's neck and heart.

### Chapter 863: One-Sided Battle (Part Two)

Before Pierce and Inzagi could finish their battles, Dessler already destroyed his opponent with his eyes closed. His great spirit energy turned his poor opponent who was a mage with a flat nose into a useless moron by crushing the latter's brain, and this mage fell from the high sky and died!

Now, even the Zenitians on the defense wall were shocked. Some people already recognized that these four mysterious Moon-Class Elites were from the Chambord Kingdom. Since Pierce and Drogba had participated in the competition among the affiliated kingdoms, and they earned their nickname of [White-Haired Fast Sword] and [Black-Haired Vicious Fist], they were well known in the area, and they were quickly recognized.

However, many people didn't expect that these people who were still Three-Star and Four-Star Warriors a little while ago had turned into powerful masters, mighty enough to dictate the fate of Zenit.

"Why are miracles appearing again and again to Chambordians?" At this moment, a lot of people thought back to that demonic-god-like figure.

"Ah..." Suddenly, a scream sounded in the sky.

After seeing that his peers were killed one after another, Matt Razi's opponent was terrified and no longer wanted to battle. As he got distracted, the water arrow that Matt Razi created from a mouthful of wine shot into his chest. As blood flowed out, this man held onto his chest and escaped with his tail between his legs, not daring enough to stay!

The initial battles had ended, and the loud cheers suddenly stopped as well; it was silent on the defense wall.

Even the most optimistic soldiers and nobles didn't expect that the battles between the 12 Moon-Class Elites were going to be this one-sided.

The victories came so fast that they weren't prepared to accept it.

"Hahaha! Bastards! Didn't you say that you want to destroy Zenit? Come! Come! Come! Daddy will kill all of you!"

Both Pierce and Drogba liked taunting enemies and making a big scene. After seeing the arrogance of their enemies, they wanted to be even more overbearing. While standing in mid-air, they provoked their enemies even more. Their expressions made others want to beat them, and they looked like roosters that had their tails up high.

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In fact, they looked like hooligans instead of masters, and Inzagi and Dessler who were standing beside them slowly moved aside, trying to tell others that they weren't associated.

However, Drogba and Pierce's attitude made the soldiers on the defense wall laugh, and the fear and nervousness that Zenitians were feeling instantly disappeared for a moment due to the actions of these two warriors.

Standing in the sky, the other 14 Moon-Class Elites looked ugly, but none of them dared to charge up. The strengths and the combat techniques that these six Zenitians showcased made it hard for them to evaluate their strengths, and any wrong move might be equivalent to committing suicide.

D'Alessandro's pupils instantly contracted as such a result surprised him. He could clearly sense the power level of these six Zenitians, but the granular control of energies and their powerful and sophisticated combat techniques shocked this No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint!

He could tell that these techniques resembled the ones from the Mythical Era which his master, Maradona, had been trying to re-create.

His heart sunk a little, and he flicked his fingers without changing his expression. Immediately, six invisible sword energies sneak-attacked those six Zenitians silently.

He was trying to kill them!

With his strength at the peak Burning Sun Realm, it was impossible for others to notice his sneak attacks.

People like Pierce and Drogba didn't detect anything in the beginning. When they sensed the terrifying sword energies, these energies were already very close to them, and they didn't have the time to dodge. The murderous spirits suddenly revealed by the invisible sword energies made the six of them sense sharp pain; they felt like their skin was breaking, and their bones were melting. Even though they felt like they were going to explode in the next moment, they couldn't move away.

#### Chapter 864: Battle! Gold Saints! (Part One)

The sickle of the Grim Reaper was already on these six powerful Zenitians' necks. In the next moment, they were going to die.

Both Matt Razi and Chris Sutton's expressions changed. They wanted to cuss and call D'Alessandro despicable, but they couldn't speak. However, the four masters of Chambord seemed fearless and didn't even try to defend these invisible sword energies; it appeared that they had trump cards.

In the next second, right before the six sword energies were about to dash into these six Zenitians' bodies, six transparent energies appeared out of nowhere and shielded them. The 12 streaks of terrifying energies that ordinary people couldn't sense battled each other, and the undercurrents collided and rushed out. Even though it looked like nothing was happening, the danger was great; a single mistake would turn the situation around.

After about ten seconds of intense and invisible battle, all the streaks of energies disappeared after canceling each other out.

The six masters sensed that the intense pain caused by D'Alessandro's streaks of energies disappeared, and they sweated non-stop, almost collapsing on the spot. They all knew that they were dancing intimately with the Grim Reaper, and the danger wasn't known to others.

“Who is this powerful master that helped us in secret?” Chris Sutton and Matt Razi felt lucky, and their hopes went up.

“If we have someone as powerful as D’Alessandro, Zenit might be able to pass through this crisis. After all, the six Moon-Class Elites that we killed are nothing in comparison to the grand scheme of things.”

...

-In the sky-

D’Alessandro’s pupils contracted again as he was shocked to his core.

“There is such a master hidden inside the Zenit Empire? This is impossible! There shouldn’t be a master who can rival me in the entire Northern Region of Azeroth! Before I left the mountain, Master told me that in this big world, only a few old monsters could battle me!” D’Alessandro thought to himself.

Then, he quickly suppressed his emotions and didn’t show anything on his face. He glanced through the defense wall and tried to find the person who helped those six Zenitians in secret, but it was a failure.

There wasn’t even a Moon-Class Elite on the defense wall of St. Petersburg, let alone a Sun-Class Lord who could pose some threat to him.

After thinking back to what just happened, he vaguely felt like that person was still weaker than him, and he calmed down.

“You, you, you... You six! Go and kill those six big mice for me...” D’Alessandro pointed at six Moon-Class Elites beside him. These six masters were stronger than those six Moon-Class Elites of Zenit, and one-versus-one battles shouldn’t be a problem for them.

However, he quickly changed his mind in the next moment, and he said while waving his hand, “You guys can all go together. We don’t need to honor the dueling rules for warriors when dealing with this bunch of ignorant mice!”

The 14 Moon-Class Elites were all waiting for him to say this.

“Since you, D’Alessandro, are the No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint, and you aren’t ashamed of bullying others as a group, we don’t care as well. After all, our lives are more important. We are here to rob treasures, not to risk our lives,” the foreign Moon-Class Elites thought to themselves.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The 14 Moon-Class Elites dashed forward like hungry locusts.

“Shameless! Despicable!”

“Where is your honor and pride as warriors? Shameless! This is too shameless!”

On the defense wall, Zenitians from ordinary soldiers to high-level nobles all shouted when they saw this. The people on the Azeroth Continent respected masters and admired power; such an incident where the rules of duels weren’t honored was despised by many.

#### Chapter 864: Battle! Gold Saints! (Part Two)

However, the anger and accusations of weaklings seemed pale and powerless; nothing was changed.

“Hahahaha! Come on! Daddy is going to kill to my heart’s content.” Drogba and Pierce weren’t scared; instead, they laughed excitedly as waves of mystical and star-like energy which was full of vicissitude appeared on them, and a cubic golden chest dashed out of each of their bodies while spinning.

In the chests were the second generation of Star Saint Sets that the Mad Scientists’ Laboratory developed for the Gold Saints.

The chests opened automatically, and beams of golden light shined. A golden and majestic godly bull and a golden goat with curled and blade-like horns jumped out of the chests, and they quickly disassembled into many pieces before dashing onto Drogba and Pierce like golden light dots.

The golden light became more intense, and the golden light dots turned back into components of the golden armor, enveloping these two strongmen quickly.

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In a split second, these two warriors were in their respective Star Saint Sets. Their golden armor was unique and different from all other kinds of armor on the Azeroth Continent, and the armor tightly covered all their vital points and joints. Instead of looking heavy, the armor looked like the extension of these two warriors and seemed like pieces of art.

As if these two strongmen of Chambord instantly turned into demonic gods, they looked majestic and mighty.

Instantly, these two strongmen's energy fluctuations skyrocketed.

The space behind these two men suddenly darkened like the vast and mysterious universe, and bright, silver stars shined one after another, forming the image of a bull and the image of a sea-goat. These two images stayed behind these two masters steadily.

This sudden scene made the sky lose its color, and everyone was stunned.

Everyone including D'Alessandro couldn't understand what was happening and what it meant.

Almost at the same time, Inzagi and Dessler summoned their Star Saint Sets as well. Inzagi summoned the Gemini Star Saint Set, and four subtle shadows hid behind him and quickly disappeared. Dessler summoned the Aries Star Saint Set, and he sat in the sky quietly with his eyes closed and legs crossed. He was playing with a string of prayer beads while chanting series of mystical melodies as if he were intoxicated.

In comparison, Chris Sutton and Matt Razi were far inferior. They had just finished their battles, and their depleted warrior energies weren't completely recovered yet. Sutton was in a better situation since he had the combat weapon that Fei gifted to him, and he used it to unleash his power like a madman.

On the other hand, Matt Razi could only try his best to defend.



Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Instantly, loud explosions resonated in the sky.

The six masters of Zenit faced off the 14 foreign Moon-Class Elites who were invading. Both sides didn't hold anything back, and they used their ultimate techniques to unleash the highest amount of strength they could manage.

As soon as they collided, the four masters who had Star Saint Sets revealed unimaginable power; they each exploded an enemy almost instantly.

At the same time, a dash of golden light shot out from the inner region of St. Petersburg. A valiant-looking man in his thirties charged into the battle in a dominating fashion. His long hair was fluttering in the air like dancing flames, and he was wearing golden armor. He was much stronger than the four Gold Saints of Chambord present.

Chapter 865: Collapsed Moon-Class Elites (Part One)

“Lightning Speed Fist!”

This mysterious man who just joined the battles roared like a dominating lion and showed his fangs.

He punched out, and many small lightning bolts shot out of his fists, turning into many silver snakes and enveloping the battles that were happening. His punching speed was fast and on par with the speed of light, far quicker than the reaction speed of ordinary warriors.

As a series of screams sounded, a few Moon-Class Elites who came here with D'Alessandro were struck by punches that looked like beams of light and exploded in mid-air. Then, their blood, flesh, and bones fell from the sky.

Loud cheers sounded on the defense wall of St. Petersburg again.

Everyone was sure that this golden-lion-like master who seemed invincible was on Zenit's side. Also, since this master's golden armor also contained the similar mysterious power which was full

of vicissitude just like those four masters of Chambord, it was clear that he was from Chambord as well.

“Frank Lampard, the former No.1 Master of Chambord?”

Standing before the watchtower, purple-dressed girl Ziene whispered to the Elder Princess. She was now a peak Seven-Star Warrior, and she could catch the split-second traces of attack in these high-level battles. It also meant that she could recognize the identity of this burly middle-aged man who just joined the fight.

The Elder Princess frowned slightly.

Elder Prince Arshavin also shivered a little after hearing her words even though his body didn't move when facing powerful enemies like D'Alessandro.

Both Tanasha and Arshavin were the first two people from the noble circle of Zenit who saw Chambord in its original state. When they first met Frank Lampard, this former No.1 Master of Chambord was only a Three-Star Warrior who was as weak as a bug in their eyes. The so-called No.1 Warrior seemed like a joke to them since they were in different worlds.

Now, even ordinary soldiers who didn't have any warrior energy could tell that Frank Lampard was profound and powerful. Even in the chaotic battles involving the Moon-Class Elites, he stood out and was insanely powerful. As the fang of the golden lion reflected a chilly light, no one could defend against his Lightning Speed Fist.

“His strength is probably close to the Sun-Class Realm, and he could probably advance if he makes one more breakthrough... This is terrifying. Such an elevation speed isn't inferior to the King of Chambord himself!” Ziene sighed subconsciously; this was the instinct of a warrior.

She knew that this must be connected to the King of Chambord.

All the warriors following the King of Chambord were growing at insane speeds. People like Lampard and Drogba weren't exceptions; Chris Sutton and Little Luffy also proved this point.

“Long live Zenit!”

“Our empire is invincible!”

“Invincible! Invincible! Invincible! Invincible! Invincible! Invincible!”

Such battles only existed in legends and tales for ordinary people. This master of Chambord in golden armor seemed truly invincible.

Spilling of blood, shattering of bones, crying of enemies, and bold laughter of their heroes...

All these scenes were shocking to them in this morning that was supposed to be filled with desperation. The Zenitians on the defense wall were elated. Even the haughty nobles hugged and laughed with ordinary soldiers around them, and they cheered for their heroes together!

As they cheered, more incredible things happened.

They weren't sure when, but a few more figures appeared in the sky.

Chapter 865: Collapsed Moon-Class Elites (Part Two)

Some people already recognized these masters. There were masters such as [Son of Wind] Torres, [Destructive Finger] Cech, [Tornado Fast Saber] Robbin, and [Desperation Creator] Oleg who had made appearances during the competition among the affiliated kingdoms. There were also masters who were new to people not from Chambord, and they were people such as young Priest Jessie and a few white-haired senior Moon-Class Elites.

These people didn't participate in the battle, but they were stood in the sky and watched.

Their powerful auras and their ability to stand in the air told others their strength and their stance; they were all masters on the side of Zenit.

Gradually, the situation was turning to an angle which no one had anticipated before.

At least in terms of the number of masters, the Zenit Empire was no longer at a disadvantage.

Also, even the ordinary soldiers could tell that the Gold Saints of Chambord who were participating in this messy and grand battle were winning despite their numbers disadvantage. Especially that golden-lion-like, middle-aged man, he was invincible in this battle! No one could last one round against his fists!

“How is this happening?”

In a flash, fewer than seven Moon-Class Elites who came with D’Alessandro were still alive. They were now terrified, and they didn’t want to battle anymore.

“This is f\*cked! Didn’t the report say that the Zenitians don’t have more Moon-Class Elites? How come there are so many of them? Also, they are all ferocious... If we knew this is the case, we wouldn’t have come here even with D’Alessandro!”

“Save me...”

A Moon-Class Elite screamed.

He used all of his strength and finally got out of the battle. While he dashed toward D’Alessandro, a lightning bolt caught up with him, and Lampard’s Lightning Speed Fist eliminated this opponent who had lost his arrogance.

As energy flames flashed in the sky, the other five Moon-Class Elites who survived until now tried to escape with blood all over their bodies. As if they were having nightmares, their faces paled, and they were terrified. In fact, they were so rattled that one of them lost the sense of direction and dashed into St. Petersburg.

Cheers and laughter sounded on the defense wall again.

-Further away in the sky-

D’Alessandro’s face turned dark; he didn’t understand why such a little level 1 empire suddenly revealed such powerful strength; this was against all common sense.

Aside from the other hidden strength and history, just the power that Zenit demonstrated right now could make it into a level 5 or level 6 empire.

Especially those Moon-Class Elites with golden armor; they obtained lost combat techniques from the Mythical Era, and the strange phenomenon that appeared when they summoned their armor shocked D'Alessandro to his core. These masters couldn't be counted as Moon-Class Elites anymore, and they had traces of godly power in them, which was the most terrifying part.

"These people shouldn't be Zenitians. But, which force are they from? How could they have such powerful masters? Why is this force getting involved in the conflict between Zenit and me? Is this force trying to go against the Continental Martial Saint Mountain?"

With his guard up, D'Alessandro slowly unleashed his strength and got closer to St. Petersburg. Also, he raised his voice and asked, "Who are you? How dare you get involved in the business of our Continental Martial Saint Mountain? Are you trying to become enemy with my master, Maradona?"

Chapter 866: Oh Damn! So Funny!

Now, the Moon-Class battle was over; all 20 Moon-Class Elites who came with D'Alessandro died here. Their greed and lack of morals made these masters who dominated regions pay the ultimate price.

This was the Azeroth Continent that obeyed the law of the jungle. It was either kill or be killed; only the powerful could survive in this cold and cruel world.

All the Moon-Class Elites on the side of Zenit gradually gathered together with Lampard, the Gold Saint of Leon, as the center. They formed a row and blocked D'Alessandro from St. Petersburg.

Matt Razi and Chris Sutton were in the worst state with multiple injuries on them. However, the wounds weren't lethal, and they still looked high-spirited even though their clothes and armor were stained by blood. After witnessing others' battles, they were inspired.

No.1 Traveling Poet of Zenit, Matt Razi, had been stuck at the peak of top-tier New Moon for many years, but he broke through the threshold and was now a Half Moon Elite after the deadly battles; it was a blessing in disguise.

Even though the Gold Saints such as Drogba were injured, the injuries were a lot lighter compared to those two.

The second generation of Star Saint Sets made from the [Black Stone Essence] and the [Demon's Remains] were engraved with the godly runes that the Mad Scientists' Laboratory obtained, and they could communicate with the stars and borrow their power. Also, since Blacksmith Charsi's skills improved a lot, she made the Star Saint Sets tough and allowed them to best protect the warriors. Even if enemies on their level struck the Gold Saints, 90% of the damage would be blocked.

These Star Saint Sets were the main reason why the Gold Saints could focus on offense and temporarily ignore their defense, dominating over their enemies.

"Humph! What a joke! You are the No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint, but you created such a big lie and tried to frame my lord! Also, you tried to wipe out Chambord City and make the Royal Family of Zenit bleed. What? You didn't recognize the warriors of Chambord during the battle?" Lampard sneered and asked back.

This was the first time that this quiet and reserved genius warrior said so many words in one go.

"What? You are all subordinates of the King of Chambord?"

Even though D'Alessandro had great control over his emotions and expressions, he gaped at this moment; he had never expected this answer!

"What is happening? Am I dreaming? How can an affiliated kingdom be so strong?" he thought to himself.

"What? You scared now?" Drogba sneered and squeezed his fists murderously.

D'Alessandro's pupils contracted. Suddenly, he thought of something and laughed, "I didn't expect the Chambord Kingdom to have such power! I am surprised! Hahaha! However, this should be all the strength that you have, right? With the most powerful warriors guarding St. Petersburg, your Chambord City should be empty, right? Hahaha!"

D'Alessandro's laughter was filled with mockery.

Flatterer Oleg rolled his eyes and appeared to be shocked. He screamed, "You... what do you mean?"

With a proud and cruel smile, D'Alessandro said, "I'm afraid that the Chambord City is now soaked in a sea of blood! Everyone including the royals and the children should be killed now! Hahaha! Your cleverness shot yourself in the foot!"

Oleg shivered as if he had bed bugs all over his body, and he screamed even more dramatically, "What do you mean? Did you send people to Chambord? You despicable..."

"Hahaha!" D'Alessandro laughed proudly and didn't hide his real emotions. He added, "I already sent a team of masters to wipe out the Chambord Kingdom! A Sun-Class Lord is leading the way, and they could easily conquer a city that isn't guarded by masters! Hahaha! This is the result of opposing me!"

After revealing this secret, D'Alessandro was ready to see the terrified and panicking expressions on his opponents' faces.

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However...

"Ha! Hahahaha! Hahaha! So funny!"

"God damn! Hahaha! Ouch! My stomach!"

"Haha, this... a dumb\*ss like him dares to... to battle my lord? Hahaha!"

D'Alessandro faced the laughter of the dozens of Moon-Class Elites. Especially Pierce and Drogba; they laughed so hard that tears appeared in their eyes, and they held onto their stomachs exaggeratedly. In the end, Flatterer Oleg also couldn't act anymore, and he laughed as he slapped his legs and wiped away his tears.

It seemed like a group of people was seeing the performance of a clown.

"Damn it! You dirty mice! What are you laughing about?" D'Alessandro was enraged, and an ominous feeling appeared in his mind.

After most of the Moon-Class Elites of Chambord finished laughing, young Priest Jessie held back his laughter and threw a black object to D'Alessandro as he said, "He is the Sun-Class Lord that you mentioned, right?"

D'Alessandro reached out his hand, and an invisible force grabbed onto that black shadow and pulled it over. When he got a closer look, he almost created. This black shadow was Albeda, the Sun-Class Lord of Anji who had led the other group of Moon-Class Elites to Chambord.

This ultimate master who should be slaughtering others was like an old dog at the moment. As if his muscles had all given out, he was soft and unconscious. His power that was great enough to move mountains was no longer there, and it seemed like he had become an ordinary senior who didn't have any energy.

Indescribable shock and fear instantly occupied D'Alessandro's mind.

With a dark expression, he sent a trace of his energy into Albeda's body. After close inspection, he noticed all the energy channels inside this master's body were all broken, and a terrifying ice energy and a horrifying fire energy alternated inside Albeda's body, destroying it further. Right now, none of his Sun-Class core was left, and all of his strength was gone. Even if a god descended from heaven, Albeda's strength couldn't be restored.

A Sun-Class Lord was a master who stood on the top of the food chain on the Azeroth Continent. Now, he was a wastrel.

Chapter 867: How Can You Make Zenit Disappear? (Part One)

"Who did this?" D'Alessandro asked angrily.

His murderous spirit couldn't be hidden. He already sensed that the master who defeated Albeda was a lot weaker than him, so he wasn't concerned. However, the strength and potential that the Chambord Kingdom showcased shocked him.

For the first time, he regretted making the King of Chambord into his enemy. However, since everything already happened, regretting was useless. Therefore, he could only quickly kill all his enemies here and clear the root cause before putting all of this behind him.

Otherwise, if the Chambord Kingdom strengthened even further, his doomsday would be near.



“Mice, you have truly angered me. Angered me! All die!”

As soon as D’Alessandro said that, he unleashed his full strength as a peak Burning Sun Lord. His terrifying strength dashed out of his body that wasn’t burly, and the natural elements around him became chaotic and violent. Transparent ripples appeared one after another, and it seemed like the laws of nature were slowly changing in the area.

Such terrifying power seemed to have made D’Alessandro the center of the world, and he looked like a demonic god who couldn’t be defeated.

Except for Lampard who could barely hold up, the other Moon-Class Elites of Zenit spat out blood and quickly retreated like small boats on the ocean during a massive storm; they were in danger and might be destroyed at any second.

In front of D’Alessandro’s power, the Moon-Class Elites were like insects before a dragon.

“Hahaha! A bunch of ignorant bugs! Do you think that you can challenge me after killing a few Moon-Class Elites? Ok! I will let you know that the difference between ants and a dragon can never be measured!”

As D’Alessandro laughed arrogantly, he made a gesture with his hands.

In an instant, Lampard couldn’t stand still in the sky as well. The Star Saint Set of Leo couldn’t offer him more protection, and he flew back like a punched sandbag as he spat out blood while cracking noises sounded from his body.

Lampard was close to the Sun-Class Realm, yet he couldn’t do anything about this, let alone others who were much weaker. Under the huge force, these masters couldn’t control their own bodies, and they got blown around like straws in a tornado. Weaker masters like Matt Razi and Chris Sutton had already fainted.

The sky and the ground were both shaking and crying under D’Alessandro’s terrifying power.

The orange [Goddess of Earth's Protection] had been around St. Petersburg for many years, and it was being powered by many magic arrays and countless magic gems. However, under the energy surge of D'Alessandro, it shattered like the eggshell, quickly disappearing into nothingness.

Cracks appeared on the ground, and the cracks on the defense wall grew bigger. The sky darkened, and the rising sun hid behind dark clouds as if it were afraid of this big-headed demonic figure as well.

The light in the region quickly dimmed, and darkness approached.

D'Alessandro's power was beyond the comprehension of many people.

Even if millions of soldiers were here, they would be turned into ashes in a split second.

Thousands of ordinary soldiers of Zenit who were stationed on the defense wall couldn't resist such pressure, and their bodies cracked like dry mud dolls and got turned into meat paste, falling down the defense wall. Further into St. Petersburg, the magic towers that had been inside the city for many years and were guarded by powerful mages shook and gradually collapsed.

Various-colored magic energy and warrior energy flames burned around the watchtower on the southern gate, and they created an energy sphere, trying its best to resist the pressure. Royals and nobles such as the Elder Prince, the Elder Princess, and Paris were protected in it, and it was impossible for them to escape.

## Chapter 867: How Can You Make Zenit Disappear? (Part Two)

Behind Paris, that mysterious person in the black cloak hesitated a little and didn't move.

The situation was really dangerous, and whines and cries resonated in the sky.

The defense wall was shaking violently, and it was about to collapse as well. The cracks on the ground got larger, and thick mud gushed out of them.

Zenitians were feeling desperate; they didn't expect that with so many masters here, they still couldn't handle the No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint. This outcome was depressing enough to kill all hope.

“Hahaha! Today, the Zenit Empire will be wiped out! The Royal Family of Zenit will disappear from the continent!” D’Alessandro laughed arrogantly.

All the frustration that accumulated inside him due to his loss to Evil God Kluivert was vented. This pleasure of having everything in his control made him feel elated as it seemed like he was the most powerful entity in the world.

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“Such arrogance. I want to see how you can make the Royal Family of Zenit disappear!” a majestic, dignified, and overpowering voice suddenly sounded from the Royal Palace of Zenit. This voice penetrated that invisible pressure and clearly sounded by everyone’s ears.

As soon as this voice appeared, the ground stopped shaking, the dark clouds above St. Petersburg disappeared, and the natural elements returned to normal. That energy surge which seemed powerful enough to destroy everything was completely gone from 100 meters south of St. Petersburg all the way to the north.

“Who is it?” D’Alessandro’s eyelid jumped.

This voice that suddenly appeared contained a power that scared him.

Dragons were the response to his question.

A majestic energy sensation spread to the area from the Royal Palace of Zenit as golden light lit up the city, and many golden dragons flew out of the Royal Palace of Zenit. These dragons roared and dashed toward D’Alessandro, striking him mercilessly.

“What... is this?”

D’Alessandro was terrified. He was standing in the darkness, and thick dark clouds and cracked ground were behind him. As he made a series of hand gestures, streaks of powerful energies rushed out of his body and created many giant swords that were more than 100 meters long. Then, these swords dashed forward and collided with those golden dragons.

For a moment, it seemed like time froze, and everything paused.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

In the next moment, energy surges appeared in the sky, and space got torn like a thin piece of paper. Many black spatial cracks appeared, looking like the giant mouths of monsters. Then, huge suction forces appeared, pulling the rocks and water into the void. It seemed like the entire world was about to collapse.

The laws of nature continued to repair the spatial cracks, and the giant-mouth-like cracks gradually disappeared. Then, they appeared again due to energy fluctuations and disappeared again. This cycle occurred several times until the chaotic energy calmed down.

From the start to the end, an invisible energy protected St. Petersburg. All the destructive force disappeared 100 meters away from the city like the snowflakes on a hot summer day, and this great city wasn't harmed further

After the dust settled, D'Alessandro got pushed back for about 100 meters in the air, and he looked shocked.

He was facing a burly, middle-aged man with long blue hair.

This man stood in the sky quietly, and battle-hunger dashed out of his eyes. Like a demonic god, he also looked majestic and invincible.

As soon as he appeared, he stole D'Alessandro's thunder and became the center of the world.

"... Father?"

Elder Prince Arshavin gasped on the defense wall, and he couldn't believe his eyes. On the other hand, Elder Prince Tanasha heaved a sigh of relief as she looked like she had a shocking realization.

Chapter 868: Mythical Technique versus Mythical Technique (Part One)

This blue-haired middle-aged man who suddenly appeared in a dominating fashion and struck back at D'Alessandro was the person who created the Zenit Empire, the legendary and prestigious Emperor Yassin.

Elder Prince Arshavin's gasp sounded like a rumble of thunder to others.

For all these years, Emperor Yassin had been keeping to himself in the Royal Palace and rarely showed his face. In fact, a lot of young soldiers and nobles had never seen his face before. Only those old ministers who had battled alongside Emperor Yassin and the top-tier officials who could enter the Royal Palace to make reports could recognize this legendary emperor.

Right now, Emperor Yassin was wearing a faint-blue royal robe and a golden silk belt, and his long blue hair fluttered in the wind like waves on the ocean, reaching his waist. He wasn't holding a scepter nor wearing a crown, but his indescribable temperament made others feel like only such a person could be Emperor Yassin.

The nobles were all shocked.

For the last 26 years, Emperor Yassin stayed in most of the time, and the information that they got from the Royal Family was that His Majesty was ill with deteriorating health. Especially recently, a lot of rumors were saying that Emperor Yassin's life was in danger, and he could die at any moment now. Therefore, almost everyone in Zenit believed that Emperor Yassin didn't have many days left to live.

Due to these rumors, many Zenitians were anxious, and some nobles jumped ship in the face of danger and joined enemies.

However, judging from the dominating and commanding presence that Emperor Yassin was showing right now, his vitality was as vast as the ocean, and his aura was terrifying. In fact, he seemed like a god!

His current status was even more powerful than his prime many years ago, far different from what the rumors had stated. Instead of looking like a dying old man, he was in his prime and reached a new height in terms of cultivation.

What kind of secrets were hidden in this?

Why did Emperor Yassin suddenly become a hermit when he was at his prime? Why would he spread rumors, saying that he was close to dying?

The nobles felt like their heads were buzzing, and this revealed secret made them very anxious. After thinking back to the things that they did in secret recently, their bodies were covered in cold sweat, and they were terrified.

...

“Who... are you?”

Standing in the air, D’Alessandro couldn’t hide the shock on his face. Even though there were thick black clouds, cracked ground, and floods behind him, looking like doomsday, he felt a huge amount of pressure from this blue-haired, middle-aged man. He could tell that this man’s power wasn’t weaker than his.

“I’m the Emperor of Zenit, Yassin,” the blue-haired, middle-aged man said calmly, but the majestic sensation and dominating prestige couldn’t be hidden.

Behind Emperor Yassin, the sky was blue with some white clouds floating around. The sunlight was bright, the weather was beautiful, and green grass danced on the ground; it was a pleasant scene.

The two masters stood in the sky, and it seemed like they represented brightness and darkness. As if the line between them was the division between heaven and hell, their powers created different phenomena, and this scene was mystical.

“You are the Emperor of Zenit?” D’Alessandro was stunned to his core, and he couldn’t describe his emotions.

This was shocking to him! In his mind, the emperors of level 1 empires were like bandit leaders.

“How can the Emperor of Zenit be this strong? With his strength, he can easily conquer the Leon Empire and unite the Northern Region of Azeroth! How come the situation turned into this?” D’Alessandro thought to himself with his mouth wide open.

He didn't know what to say, and he was regretting all his decisions. If he could start over again, he would never try to provoke this level 1 empire.

## Chapter 868: Mythical Technique versus Mythical Technique (Part Two)

"What should I do now? Admit defeat and leave? Or battle until the end?" he thought to himself.

However, Emperor Yassin didn't give him much time to think.

"It has been 40 years since we last met, and I didn't expect Maradona to have a despicable disciple like you. Whatever; I will capture you and ask the Continental Martial Saint to come here and get you."

As soon as he said that, Emperor Yassin raised his hand, and golden energy flames charged forward. A loud and crisp dragon roar sounded from the high sky, and the giant claws of a dragon tore through the void and struck down. The golden scales on this dragon paw were shiny, and the sharp claws were comparable to god-tier combat weapons. As the claws traveled through the air, streaks of black cracks appeared, leading to the void. With a godly power that shouldn't belong to mortals, this dragon paw slowly struck toward D'Alessandro.

[Dragon Fist – Dragon's Determination]

"This is.... a Mythical Technique?" D'Alessandro screamed and tried to dodge in a hurry.

On the Azeroth Continent, the training and cultivation techniques for all energies were divided into six levels, and they were Beginner, Ordinary, Advanced, Legendary, Epic, and Mythical.

Any techniques on and above the Legendary Level were rare, and they were powerful enough to shatter the ground and flip the sky. A Legendary Technique was enough to create a Moon-Class Elite, and the most powerful Mythical Techniques were as rare as god-tier combat weapons. Even a haughty Sun-Class Lord might not be able to obtain a Mythical Technique.

As soon as that dragon paw appeared, D'Alessandro sensed a godly energy; it was unique to Mythical Techniques.

With fear filling his mind, this No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint tried to dodge subconsciously.

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However, that dragon paw was like a giant mountain, enveloping him completely. It didn't matter how he tried to dodge and flashed; he was always covered by the mystical shadow of this dragon paw. As a series of cracking noises sounded, his bones were almost broken, and he had a hard time breathing.

“God-Slaying Scroll!”

At this critical moment, D'Alessandro had to give everything that he had.

God-Slaying Scroll was the ultimate technique of Continental Martial Saint Maradona, and it was also a Mythical Technique. All of Maradona's disciples learned one strike from the [God-Slaying Scroll] as a life-saving measure, so D'Alessandro mastered one strike as well.

D'Alessandro moved his hands fast and created a series of gestures. In fact, he was so fast that his ten fingers left many afterimages in the air. Like transparent flowers that bloomed and withered repeatedly, his hands displayed the vicissitude of life and created a series of loud, metal-grinding noises. Then, the hundreds of giant swords behind him lined up and pressed against each other tightly before opening like a peacock showing its feathers, creating a giant fan made from swords that emitted bright godly light.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The tens of thousands of sword energies turned into light beams, and the light beams enveloped the sky before shooting toward that golden dragon paw like a meteor shower.

As the silver sword energies collided with the golden dragon paw that had sharp claws, sparks appeared everywhere as if fireworks were going off. Although the scene wasn't as flashy and destructive, the sensation was enough to make people's souls shiver.

If a powerful master paid close attention to the battle, they would discover that every collision between the silver sword energies and the golden dragon paw was a crash between laws of nature. Many laws of nature were shattered and reformed, and the sensation of life and death continued to



collide and coil around each other as if they were destroying many worlds and creating even more new ones.

As the battle continued, loud cracking noises resonated in the sky.

This battle lasted at least seven minutes. In the sky, Emperor Yassin still looked calm and high-spirited, but D'Alessandro's face was pale as he breathed heavily.

Finally, the golden dragon paw descended slower and slower under the attack of the silver sword energies, and the golden scales were scraped off. Gradually, the dragon paw became more transparent, and it was disappearing.

A Mythical Technique versus a Mythical Technique!

The battle between these two Mythical Techniques was about to come to an end.

Chapter 869: Immeasurable Emperor (Part One)

The first strike of the [Dragon Fist] and a strike of the [God-Slaying Scroll] finally finished colliding, and it was a draw.

The dragon paw that had sharp dragon claws and golden dragon scales became more and more transparent as the many silver sword energies struck it non-stop. In the end, this dragon paw exploded, and all the silver sword energies disappeared at the same time as they couldn't last any longer.

Although it seemed like an even match, Emperor Yassin still looked majestic and composed, but D'Alessandro paled and breathed heavily. These subtle cues told everyone who was the stronger master.

After the first strike, Emperor Yassin used the second strike without hesitation. As soon as he moved his hand, dragon roars resonated in the sky again.

[Dragon Fist – Dragon's Maneuver]

While the roars continued, the blue sky behind Emperor Yassin was suddenly torn open, and a legendary giant dragon with flashy golden scales dashed out of the void. This godly dragon was full of life energy, and golden light came off every corner of its body. Head, whiskers, eyes, horns, neck, body... every part of this dragon seemed life-like, and the dreamy and metallic texture of its skin made people who looked at it shiver in fear.

As Emperor Yassin punched out, the godly dragon opened its giant mouth and roared before flying toward D'Alessandro at lightning speed.

“Damn it! [God-Slaying Scroll]!”

D'Alessandro didn't have a decision to make, and he again used that strike from the [God-Slaying Scroll]. As metal-grinding noises sounded, those silver sword energies spread out behind him like the open feathers of a peacock. That fan made of sword energies appeared again, and the sword energies dashed toward the godly golden dragon like a storm.

The energy surges that were almost identical to their first strikes dashed in all directions.

Behind D'Alessandro, all the mountains and land were affected. The ground sunk and became an abyss, the mountains collapsed and turned into flatland, and giant hills were shattered into dust, creating a death-like desert. All the terrains within five kilometers of the center of the battle changed completely!

It seemed like Emperor Yassin still had energy left in him. As he stood in the sky, all the energy surges were blocked 50 meters away from his body. St. Petersburg and the living creatures inside it were all protected by Emperor Yassin, and no damage occurred.

“Eh... Puff!”

After the fan of swords finished attacking, it wasn't able to defeat this golden-scaled godly dragon. This almost-transparent dragon opened its mouth and swallowed D'Alessandro.

Although D'Alessandro fought back fiercely and destroyed the dragon's mouth, he was severely injured. As he snorted, he opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of light-silver blood.

The energy contained inside the silver blood was insane. When it landed on the ground, hissing noises sounded as a crater appeared; it felt like a pool of lava was dropped into an ice pond.

This was the power of peak Burning Sun Lords! Their blood, bones, and even hair were completely transformed, almost elevating above mortals and reaching that forbidden power level. If they could break through the threshold and step into the Demi-God Realm, they would become a higher-level lifeform, ultimately moving past humans.

“Hahaha! You are only scaring people with your master’s name! You are weak! If this is all you have, stay here until your master comes!” Emperor Yassin took a step forward and used the third strike.

The strength of the Emperor of Zenit was truly immeasurable. He only revealed a little bit of his strength, yet he had already defeated D’Alessandro with just two strikes, completely going against the rumors about him.

His power shocked the people on the defense wall and terrified D’Alessandro.

Dragon roars sounded from the high sky again.

As Emperor Yassin raised his right hand, he used the third strike.

...

## Chapter 869: Immeasurable Emperor (Part Two)

This time, the dragon roars were even louder! It felt like many godly dragons were roaring at the same time from all directions! The unique dragon pressure that only existed in legends appeared, making people’s souls shiver.

With their minds distracted, people felt like they couldn’t concentrate, and the flow of their energies inside their bodies became slow as well. Also, their reflexes decreased, and their bodies stiffed.

Until now, they hadn’t seen a godly dragon that was created by the golden energy flames.

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...

-On the defense wall-

“I didn’t expect Emperor Yassin’s true strength to be this high! It far exceeded my wildest expectation! Did he recently achieve a breakthrough? Or has he only been hiding his strength? It is said that Emperor Yassin’s Dragon Fist is the only technique within the region of 500,000 kilometers of St. Petersburg that had hope of becoming a Mythical Technique. Who knew that Emperor Yassin turned it into a Mythical Technique already. This is strange. With this strength, why has he hidden for 26 years? With his strength, he could unify the Northern Region of Azeroth himself without the help of the military. There is no way that the Leon Empire can defeat him! Could it be that the Leon Empire also has a super powerful master?” The mysterious man in the black cloak stood beside Paris and thought to himself in surprise.

Standing on the half-destroyed defense wall, Elder Prince Arshavin quickly recovered from his shock. Right now, he was coordinating soldiers and getting them to repair the defense wall and save the survivors who were smashed by giant rocks.

That last mission would seem hard on Earth, but it was relatively simple in this world that had powerful warrior energies and magic energies.

After mages cast floating spells onto the giant rocks, the warriors easily picked them up. Soon, many soldiers who were still alive under the rocks were rescued. With the power of healing magic spells and various potions, the soldiers could be saved as long as they still had a single breath in them.

The dozens of Moon-Class Elites who were smashed away by D’Alessandro returned to the defense wall, and they watched the grand battle in the sky silently as people around them sneaked glances at them in admiration.

These Moon-Class Elites were injured, but none of their injuries were life-threatening. If they got adequate rest, they could heal on their own.

For warriors on their level, seeing the battle between peak Burning Sun Lords this close was super rare! If they could comprehend one one-thousandth of the power and techniques that peak Burning Sun Lords used, it would benefit them greatly in their lives.

While watching the battle, Zenitians cheered loudly as if mountains were collapsing and tsunamis were appearing.

As they rallied for their emperor, an incredible and contagious sense of pride spread in their minds like a virus. As they looked at that dominating figure, they felt like their chests were going to explode if they didn't chant and shout to vent their excitement.

...

"Eh... Puff!"

D'Alessandro got even more injured under the third strike, Dragon Fist – Dragon's Long Roar, and he spat out another mouthful of silver blood.

This third strike was a powerful fist technique that used the soundwaves as a prelude, enough to momentarily disrupt people's brain activities and injure them without them noticing. Even though D'Alessandro was already invincible in many people's eyes, he didn't know how he got injured, but blood was flowing out of his body.

"You... how did you do that? This is impossible! Who are you?" D'Alessandro was surprised and angry, and he screamed in his high-pitch voice; he couldn't believe that he was defeated this easily.

"You talk too much; just stay!"

With an emotionless expression, Emperor Yassin ignored D'Alessandro's question completely; he didn't hide his contempt.

Instead of using Dragon Fist, Emperor Yassin waved his hand, and a splash of golden energy flames turned into a huge hand and grabbed toward D'Alessandro mercilessly.

Chapter 870: What If I Join? (Part One)

Emperor Yassin was humiliating D'Alessandro without holding back.

From the beginning to the end, it seemed like Emperor Yassin was disciplining one of his subordinates. In terms of temperament, composure, and intelligence, Emperor Yassin suppressed D'Alessandro greatly. In terms of cultivation strength, he also easily shattered the confidence and the desire for battle of the No.2 Disciple of the Continental Martial Saint. It was clear to everyone that the Emperor of Zenit wasn't treating D'Alessandro as a big problem.

"You... are too arrogant!" D'Alessandro was so angry that he almost spat out blood, and he fell into a frenzy.

As he lightly waved his right hand, a faint-silver energy flame flashed by as a delicate thin sword that was about 1.5 meters long appeared in his hand. The sword was reflecting chilly light, looking like a light beam. If one paid close attention to it, they would find that this sword was as fancy as the works of grandmasters that could rarely be seen in this world. Lines of silver-colored, perfect tier magic crystals were inlaid in the handle, the guard, and the fuller. Thin, hair-like runes were engraved on both sides of the blades, and subtle silver light traveled in the magic paths in the runes and emitted dangerous light.

It was a semi-god-tier combat weapon!

With this sword in hand, D'Alessandro's aura skyrocketed, almost breaking through peak Burning Sun Realm. It was heard that semi-god-tier weapons could increase the power of the user by hundreds of times. Although it was a little exaggerated, this sword unleashed terrifying force in the hands of a master like D'Alessandro.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

As D'Alessandro casually shook the silver sword, more than a dozen chilly light beams shot out of the sword and flew toward Emperor Yassin.

Streaks of golden ripples appeared in the air, blocking the silver light beams and stopping them from getting within ten meters of Emperor Yassin. The sword-shaped light beams that rushed into the golden ripples were slowed down drastically like snails that fell into a swamp, and the true form of the light beams was made visible. They were many miniature swords, almost identical to the fancy sword in D'Alessandro's hand, and they gradually stopped in the air with terrifying power inside them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The silver swords exploded, creating a gale and fluttered Emperor Yassin's light-blue royal robe.

This was the first time that D'Alessandro fluttered Emperor Yassin's robe since they started battling.

"Hahaha! What a damn emperor! How dare you be more arrogant than me? Die!"

After successfully affecting Emperor Yassin, D'Alessandro's confidence grew by a lot. As he flashed in the air, he swung the fancy thin sword in his hand and cut through all the golden energy flames in front of Emperor Yassin as if he were butchering a cut of meat. As he finally got close to Emperor Yassin, he started the close-range battle.

Instantly, the two of them started to flash around in the sky crazily. No powerful energy explosions appeared, but it was more terrifying. Since the two of them moved too fast, many afterimages appeared; some afterimages showed that the thin sword pierced Emperor Yassin's throat, and others showed that Emperor Yassin crushed D'Alessandro's head with his fists.

All kinds of afterimages appeared, but almost no one could spot and locate where they were.

After this fascinating battle continued for dozens of minutes, a loud noise finally sounded, and the two figures flew back in opposite directions.

Even though a streak of blood was sliding down D'Alessandro's lips, the thin sword in his hand was still dancing and striking out.

Emperor Yassin wasn't injured, but a few strands of his long blue hair were cut off and gone in the wind. Also, three terrifying tears appeared on his blue robe, only a few millimeters away from cutting into his skin.

"Hahaha! The accumulation of the Continental Martial Saint Mountain can't be underestimated! Although you are an emperor, you only control one level 1 empire, and you are like an ant to me! The outcome is still undetermined. What can you do?"

D'Alessandro laughed arrogantly. Since he had been severely injured, his movement was a little slow. Otherwise, he would have damaged the Emperor of Zenit already.

“If I didn’t lose my god-tier combat weapon at the bottom of the sea, I would have killed the Emperor of Zenit easily!” D’Alessandro thought to himself.

“Even with Maradona’s [Star Mark], you are no match for me,” Emperor Yassin said calmly; he wasn’t that angry.

## Chapter 870: What If I Join? (Part Two)

This fancy thin sword was named [Star Mark], and it was Maradona’s weapon during his early days and had killed many powerful masters. Out of all the semi-god-tier combat weapons in the world, [Star Mark] was in the top group. However, it seemed like D’Alessandro hadn’t completely controlled this semi-god-tier combat weapon, and he only unleashed less than one-tenth the power of [Star Mark].

“Really? Emperor of Zenit, you are arrogant! However, what if I join?” A strange voice sounded on the battlefield.

A series of terrifying energy fluctuations appeared on the side of the two masters. Then, transparent ripples appeared in the sky, and a figure emerged from the ripples as if an old photo were being printed. Although the process looked slow, it was swift.

This figure was short and chubby, and his long hair was messy and looked like a waterfall, reaching his ankles. He was wearing a leather robe, and his green eyes that were as big as beans emitted wild and violent light. His muscles were bulging as if they were carved out, and he was holding a giant beast bone that looked terrifying.

This unwelcome guest looked like a dumb mercenary who was struggling to stay alive, but the terrifying energy coming off him made others shiver. A large amount of earth elemental energy was being released from his short and chubby body, and it bent light and suffocated people around him.

It was clear that his strength wasn’t inferior to Emperor Yassin’s and D’Alessandro’s.

This sudden change surprised everyone.

“Who is he? Why is he standing with D’Alessandro? Can Emperor Yassin stop both masters who are on the same level as him?” Almost everyone on the defense wall of St. Petersburg was nervous,



and they were stunned by this incident. The sliver of hope that appeared in their minds seemed distant again. It seemed like the Goddess of Victory was flirting with both parties.

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Elder Prince Arshavin furrowed his brows, and Elder Princess Tanasha and Demonic Woman Paris both smiled bitterly.

Battles on this level far exceeded all strategies. In front of absolute power, all schemes and planning were useless. Even though these two women were intelligent, they couldn't offer any help.

-In the sky-

Emperor Yassin frowned and said, "Emperor of Anji, so you couldn't endure the loneliness and came here."

"Hahaha! I waited for many years, and today is the only opportunity that I have to kill you; of course, I won't let it go," this short and chubby figure laughed. He was Suleyman Kerimov, the ambitious emperor of the rising empire.

"So, you two planned this out?" Emperor Yassin looked at D'Alessandro and Emperor Kerimov, and he seemed to have understood something.

"Hehehe, it is too late to realize this now!" D'Alessandro laughed arrogantly.

"You pretended to be ill and fooled a lot of people, but not me! All these years, I have tested you three times, and I couldn't get a read on you. You are indeed a cultivation genius! I have been waiting for the chance to kill you! Today is the day!" Kerimov laughed arrogantly as well, "Today, the Emperor of Zenit is going to pass away! This is a two-versus-one battle! You can't win!"

D'Alessandro and Emperor Kerimov were confident. They finally drew out Emperor Yassin, and they felt like there was no way that this man could escape.

"Suleyman, you are the emperor of an empire; aren't you afraid that you will be laughed at by others for engaging in a two-versus-one battle?" Emperor Yassin asked calmly.

“As long as I can kill you, the history book will be written by me. The rumors spread by others are meaningless,” Kerimov said carelessly.

“It seems like you have schemed this for a long time.” Emperor Yassin didn’t look scared.

“Hahaha! That is right! We will win for sure! You can die with certainty!” D’Alessandro couldn’t wait.

“Really? What if I join?”

Suddenly, the fourth voice sounded on the defense wall of St. Petersburg. It penetrated the force fields of the other three masters and resonated in the sky.

The amount of power contained in this voice wasn’t inferior to these three masters.

“Another top-tier master? Who is he?” People were shocked.