

## Hail the King 981

### Chapter 981: The Reliance (Part One)

“Hahaha! King of Chambord, sorry about this. The battlefield for today must be here. If it affects Chambord City... Hahaha! I’m sure you can protect it. It is a pity that your broad worldview is so small, and you are only willing to protect one city. When a nest is crushed, all the eggs inside will break. Since the world is already like this, how can you keep your kingdom’s peace if you don’t put the world back together? I hope you won’t disappoint us!”

While laughing, Shaarawy struck his purple ax forward heroically. The purple heavenly flames gushed out in all directions, and it seemed like the world was being burned down.

In a flash, Shaarawy already started to battle Collina.

Fei lightly shook his head and didn’t reject Shaarawy’s opinion, and he also didn’t interfere with the battle.

Instead, he waved his hand, and everyone else backed away 100 meters. The king protected Angela, the maids, the guards, and the many demon beasts that hid on the south side of the lake. Regardless of how powerful the residual energy from the battle was, it would instantly disappear when it was close to 100 meters of Fei like snowflakes falling into lava.

The fact that Fei backed off showed his stance in this situation; he wasn’t going to help anyone here.

Although this decision enraged the three execution oracles, they also calmed down a little and relaxed.

From their perspective, as long as Fei didn’t intervene, capturing and killing Shaarawy was set in stone.

As a result, the battle broke out without control.

Although Shaarawy looked gorgeous and weak like a beautiful girl, his combat style was savage and violent. His moves were broad and open, not using minuscule techniques but pure strength. It felt like he didn’t care about his life and only wanted to kill his enemy. The atmosphere was tragic.

The giant ax in his hand was almost twice his height, and it perfectly merged power and beauty. The visual shock that this ax brought to people was insane.

As an execution oracle, Collina's blood-red godly robe was precious; it was a rare magic robe. Faced with Shaarawy's rapid attacks, he was taken by surprise, but he wasn't at a disadvantage.

Collina instantly summoned his wand and sang the Holy Battle Prayer.

The massive amount of energy inside this high-level magic wand was quickly activated by this execution oracle. An advanced spell was used with ease, and a set of armor condensed from holy power protected him from all angles. As the battle went on, the noises sounded like the roars of gods and resonated in the sky. The majestic and just auras emitted from Collina's body could make all enemies fearful and want to submit.

This was the sign that a person had cultivated the holy power of the Holy Church to an extreme degree! It wasn't far from the top realm where everything that a person said would become the laws of nature.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The purple heavenly flames and the shiny silver holy power collided.

Shaarawy attacked aggressively as if he were mad, and Collina could do nothing but back off.

After all, priests weren't masters in close-range combat. If Collina couldn't create some distance between him and Shaarawy, he wouldn't be able to unleash his full force. However, the issue was that he couldn't get too far away to battle. Once the three priests of the Holy Church no longer were close enough to Shaarawy, this young lord could easily get away.

At this moment, Tenth Execution Oracle Stoltenberg suddenly frowned and sneak-attacked. He pulled his right hand back as if he were about to throw something, and a giant silver dragon lance appeared in his hand. In a flash, this lance appeared behind Shaarawy.

Chapter 981: The Reliance (Part Two)

Fei's pupils instantly contracted.

It was hard to tell that this man who looked humble and kind would sneak-attack and do this kind of shady things. He was vicious and cruel; this sneak attack was perfectly timed, and it was decisive.

While watching this battle, Fei was alerted and raised his guard. "It seems like the execution oracles are all tough characters!"

-On the other side-

As if Shaarawy had anticipated this, his body shook and left an afterimage in the air. He dodged this spear and already appeared by Collina's side. With burning flames engulfing his ax, Shaarawy struck toward this execution oracle's waist.

Boom!

The three layers of holy power shields in front of Collina shattered, and this member of the Holy Church was knocked away like a golf ball.

However, in the next moment, Stoltenberg was already by Shaarawy's side. A pair of light swords condensed from holy power chopped out like tornadoes.

Different from Collina, Stoltenberg used to be a holy knight and focused on close-range combat. His physical strength was on another level, and he was able to barely hold against Shaarawy's chops.

A series of metal-colliding noises sounded while sparks appeared in the air and shadows flashed.

In the blink of an eye, the weapons in the two's hands collided thousands of times, and the energy waves that they created expanded outward like ripples on the surface of a lake.

However, Stoltenberg's strength was still not as strong as Shaarawy's, and he roared as he was forced back.

The white light swords in Stoltenberg's hands were already shattered, but he quickly condensed a thick knight lance in his hand and continued the battle.

Now, Fei could already tell that in terms of individual strength, both Collina and Stoltenberg were no match for Shaarawy, and they would be defeated within 1,000 moves. However, if the two of them coordinated well, they could match up with Shaarawy and even take the advantage. After all, one of them was a mage-type and the other was a warrior-type, and they could coordinate the close-range and long-range attacks perfectly. If it weren't for Shaarawy's savage and suicidal battle style, he would have been suppressed already.

If the other execution oracle who was standing on the side, Henning, joined this battle, Shaarawy would have no way of fighting back.

Fei was curious as to what gave Shaarawy the confidence to still battle and not retreat at a moment like this.

In all honesty, Fei didn't think that this young lord of the AC Milan Empire was a dull-headed character who only had power. If that were the case, he wouldn't be ranked on the same level as Alexandre Pato who was a genius and intelligent young lord.

There were only a few reasons why Shaarawy rejected Fei's help and wanted to battle until the end. He must have powerful reliance; he either had a godly combat weapon or...

At this moment, Fei suddenly thought of something.

A word that frequently appeared in Shaarawy's speech flashed in the king's mind.

"So, that is why."

Fei started to glance around, and his expression turned strange.

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...

Boom!

Shaarawy and Stoltenberg struck each other head-on.

The latter wasn't able to defend against Shaarawy's crazy attack, and his knight lance made of holy power shattered. Then, he got knocked back and fell into the lake that was further away.

However, Shaarawy also paid a hefty price. He wasn't able to dodge in time, and his other opponent, Collina, struck through his protective purple heavenly flames and left a shocking wound in his waist.

Blood instantly gushed out of the wound, and it was so deep that the flesh was scorched and white bones were showing.

#### Chapter 982: Carefully Planned Trap (Part One)

"Shaarawy, we will give you one last chance; swear loyalty to Sicily Island! You can still be a young lord who is looked up by tens of millions of people in the Central Region, and you will be supported by the Holy Church. With your talent, you might even be able to become a god in the future. Otherwise, this place will become your burial ground today!"

After successfully injuring Shaarawy, Collina was elated and showed it on his face.

Shaarawy's waist was injured, and his movement ability was greatly hindered.

On the side of the Holy Church, Stoltenberg was only knocked away, and Henning hadn't moved yet. While Shaarawy was getting more injured compared to the three execution oracles, the scale of victory was slowly tilting toward the Holy Church.

Since they had the advantage, Collina didn't forget the order that they received before they took this mission. If they could recruit a super talented genius like Shaarawy, it would be much better than killing him.

"Yuck! I'm the leader of millions of soldiers in a level 9 empire! What are you? Nothing but a timid and spineless dog! How dare you try to recruit me? It seems like you don't know your place!" Shaarawy instantly laughed after hearing that, and he cursed in anger.

The disdain on his face showed the contempt that he had toward the execution oracles from the bottom of his heart; it felt like a great dragon was speaking to an ant.

Shaarawy wiped his left hand on the wound in his waist, and a mass of purple heavenly flames burned on it. As a result, the big wound quickly healed up.

Collina was so infuriated that his old face almost turned completely red due to anger. While fire shot out of his eyes, he extinguished the hope of recruiting this young lord and chanted a spell, trying to kill this young man as quickly as he could.

Suddenly, Shaarawy changed his combat style. He shifted his focus onto speed and started to dash around; it seemed like he was trying his best to buy time to recover.

“Humph! Since you aren’t willing to work for us, die!” Murderous spirit appeared in Collina’s eyes, and bright silver flames engulfed his body.

A series of ethereal and distance chants resonated in the sky, and more than a dozen [Swords of Judgement] condensed in front of Collina. The tips of the swords pointed at Shaarawy, and faint silver light circles shot out of every single sword. Then, these swords started to quickly merge with each other. Every time two swords became one, the energy fluctuations from it skyrocketed more than ten times.

This was a spell that consumed quite a lot of time.

However, once more than ten [Swords of Judgment] merged, they could turn into one [Sword of the Gods]. Collina was confident that he could take away half of Shaarawy’s life with this one strike.

He only decided to use this forbidden-spell-level technique since Shaarawy’s waist was injured and could no longer attack as aggressively and quickly as before, and Henning was standing on the side and could offer help if needed.

However, Shaarawy suddenly stopped dodging when facing this attack. Also, it didn’t seem like he was going to fight back. Instead, with a strange smile on his face, Shaarawy looked at Collina as if he were teasing this execution oracle.

The strange smile finally made this execution oracle sense an ominous feeling.

Collina suddenly felt like something was off; he had ignored something so far.

While he continued to carefully cast this spell, he glanced at Shaarawy and saw the surface of the blue lake that had faint ripples with his peripheral vision.

At this moment, Collina almost bit his tongue, and his mind turned blank; he finally realized what was wrong.

After he got knocked into the lake, Stoltenberg still hadn't gotten out yet. If Collina didn't have a great understanding of Stoltenberg's strength, he would think that the latter had drowned in the lake.

"A Sun-Class Lord who drowned? What is going on?" Collina thought to himself, "Could it be that Shaarawy's strike instantly killed Stoltenberg? That is impossible! Although Shaarawy is powerful, most of his energy has been consumed since we chased him for so long."

## Chapter 982: Carefully Planned Trap (Part Two)

Collina would admit that Shaarawy was mighty, but this young lord wasn't powerful enough to kill Stoltenberg with one strike.

On the other side, Henning who was dumber than a pig thought that victory was on their side for sure. Right now, he was sneering and glancing at Fei and other people of Chambord. Clearly, he was planning how to clean the account with Fei after killing Shaarawy.

At this moment, cold sweat slid down Collina's forehead, and his heart was as cold as ice.

Collina thought of a cruel possibility, and he became ashen-faced.

Since he was distracted, the dozens of [Swords of Judgment] that were merging shook violently, and they were about to disintegrate and explode.

The smile on Shaarawy's face became brighter. "You finally got it? You aren't that stupid after all."

As soon as he said that, several water beams shot up from the calm lake that only had light ripples on the surface.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Several figures leaped out of the water like flashes of lightning, and they quickly took positions in the air, surrounding everyone including Collina, Henning, and all the Chambordians.

Bam!

A cold corpse fell onto the ground before Collina.

It was the corpse of Tenth Execution Oracle Stoltenberg who fell into the lake.

This burly man who looked humble and kind on the surface was still lively and powerful a moment ago, but he had no life energy left in him now. His body turned white, and his face turned green; he was no longer breathing.

Although no injury could be seen on the surface, a real master could tell what happened from looking at the corpse.

All of Stoltenberg's muscles and bones were turned into mush, and the organs became blood gel. The only thing intact about this corpse was the skin.

An execution oracle who was a peak Burning Sun Lord became a corpse in less than 30 seconds.

Even though Fei already guessed something, he was still shocked by it.

The king glanced at these people who jumped out of the water and instantly realized that each and every one of them was stronger than Stoltenberg; that was the only way in which this execution oracle would die silently.

There were four of them.



The person on the right had curly black hair. Although he wasn't handsome, he was better than average. However, his eyebrows were thick and looked like blades that hung above his long but slim eyes that contained a lot of energy. He was about the same age as Shaarawy, but he was slightly taller. He was wearing blackish-red, tight-fitting leather armor, and he had the pride, confidence, and nobility that were all similar to Shaarawy.

The person on the left had very short hair on the top and the side of his head; it was shorter than a finger. However, the hair on the back of his head was more than one meter long and was tied into a braid. He was as thin as a bamboo stick, but he always had a faint smile on his face. Many transparent blades circled him quickly and looked like tornadoes; they were silent and emitted terrifying auras.

The person behind Collina looked to be about 30 years old, and he was muscular and stood straight like a spear. His hair was thick, and it fluttered by his shoulders. He had an aquiline nose, and his eyes were deep. This man looked like a prince, and his presence was even stronger than that of the first two people. His aura made him appear like a giant sword that created this world, yet its blade was dull. It seemed like he could shatter this world if he showed his hand.

The last person had a friendly smile on his face since he appeared as if everyone here were his good buddy. In fact, his smile was so bright that wrinkles were all over his face. He had a giant beard, and his hair was short like iron needles. Even though he wasn't good-looking, he appeared to be humble and genial. Many people's first impression of him might be that he was a dumb\*ss, but anyone who ignored the streaks of crazy light in his eyes would suffer great losses when dealing with him.

Fei was stunned after glancing at them.

"It's them?! It is actually these people?!!!"

## Chapter 983: Standing on The Outside (Part One)

Fei suddenly felt like the Endless Sea of Forests was shining with stars today; the most top-tier masters of the Central Region gathered here.

This was clearly a well-planned trap, and it was designed to kill.

Now, Fei already felt a little sympathetic toward Collina and the other two.

The fact that these people got together and planned this trap meant that Collina, Henning, and Stoltenberg's names were already checked in red on the Grim Reaper's account book. It was hard to tell if they should feel honored or sad.

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"Alexandre Pato, Rodrigo Palacio, Diego Milito, and Antonio Cassano..." Collina murmured with a bitter smile on his face. Every time he said one name, the desperation in his mind intensified.

These five people were the most famous five young lords in the Central Region.

Every one of them was on par if not stronger than an execution oracle.

Collina's eyes finally landed back on Shaarawy, and he sighed in desperation, "I didn't expect this at all. This is too sudden. The [Two Unparalleled Geniuses] of the AC Milan Empire and the [Three Bloody Generals] of the Inter Milan Empire all moved because of us. You guys really planned this out..."

The five young lords didn't respond to his words.

Collina laughed tragically and continued, "Hehe, haha! It seems like we can't escape from death, right? Huh... El Shaarawy, you exposed your whereabouts to us on purpose, huh? You tried to lure the three of us here intentionally, right?"

"You got it," Shaarawy responded with a teasing smile.

"Using the lake as a hiding place... great plan! You guys engraved a god-tier magic array at the bottom of the lake to hide your auras, and the water covered the magic energy flames. That way, you avoided being detected by the three of us, and you successfully ambushed us. Is this why you decided to battle by the lake?"

"That is right."

"So, could it be that the King of Chambord appeared here as a part of your plan?"

“That isn’t correct.” Shaarawy shook his head and said, “This is just a coincidence.”

Hearing that, Collina looked at Fei as some hope appeared in his eyes. Suddenly, he turned around and shouted at Shaarawy and others in anger, “How dare you?! You planned all this to ambush and kill execution oracles of the Holy Church! Aren’t you afraid of being killed by tens of thousands of blades?”

“Stop joking,” Shaarawy laughed and looked at Collina as if he were looking at an idiot. He mocked, “Right now, the Holy Church and the three empires are like fire and water; there is no way out of this. The conflict will only end with one party dead! There is nothing to talk about! What? You want us to wash our necks and extend them so that you can chop down with sabers? Stop saying nonsense to waste time! Collina, take out the dignity and presence of an execution oracle! Battle me like a man! Don’t stain the honor of the masters!”

Collina fell into a moment of silence.

Now, the dumb Henning finally realized the situation.

A shocked and terrified expression appeared on his oily, fat face. While looking at Stoltenberg’s cold corpse, Henning felt like a powerful hand of death clenched his throat, and he had a hard time breathing.

If it weren’t for the wide red godly robe, his shaky legs that were as soft as noodles would be exposed in everyone’s eyes.

A moment earlier, he was still dreaming about easily completing this mission, and he already felt smug. However, he suddenly turned into a fat pig who was waiting to be slaughtered. If the young lords of the two powerful empires didn’t surround them and block all the escape paths, he would have ditched Collina and ran.

## Chapter 983: Standing on The Outside (Part Two)

Suddenly, Henning thought of something.

“King of Chambord! Alexander! You are the bishop of the [Black-Cloth Shrine], so you must save us! Do you hear me?”

Henning stared at Fei and shouted, and he looked like a drowning man who was trying to clutch at a straw, which was the king in this case.

This 'fat pig' was worked up. Like a rabbit that was blocked in a dead-end, Henning shouted in desperation as his eyes got all red, "I'm ordering you! As an execution oracle, I command you to protect us and take us out of here! You need to stall..."

Right now, Fei didn't know what to say; he didn't know how and why this fat man was an execution oracle.

With such low intelligence, he somehow became a peak Burning Sun Lord and took a seat as an execution oracle on the Holy Mountain at Sicily Island; how lucky must this man be?

"Even in this situation, this fat pig is still talking to me like a superior? Order? Order your granddaddy!" Fei thought to himself.

On the other hand, Collina gradually calmed down.

While looking at Fei, Collina said earnestly, "Alexander Your Majesty, I know that you don't get along with the Northern Regional Church, so it makes sense that you don't want to help us capture Shaarawy. However, the situation is different now. We are execution oracles from the Holy Mountain, and we represent the entire Holy Church. We are peers and comrades. Now that the Holy Church is in such a worrisome state, can't you drop the grudge of previous conflicts and face the enemies of the god? After all, you are a [God's Favorite Child]. Do you really want to see the subjects of Father Lord die here?"

Without question, Collina and Henning's lives depended on Fei today.

Although Stoltenberg was already dead, Collina knew that Fei and Elena's strength combined was at least on par if not stronger than this dead execution oracle.

If Fei decided to stand with the execution oracles, the ratio of masters would become four to five. Even if the four of them couldn't defeat Shaarawy and the other four young lords, they could make it out of here alive.

Hearing Collina's words, the five young lords turned their attention to Fei as well.

"If the Human Emperor of the North gets involved, this situation will be tough," they thought to themselves.

They had no idea that the perfect trap they created would become this passive with the coincidental appearance of the Human Emperor of the North. People can make plans, but it is up to fate to grant success.

To everyone's surprise, Fei shook his head and rejected Collina's suggestion without hesitation.

"We are different; we are different people and are on different paths. Even if you guys win, I will kill that fat pig." Fei pointed at Henning and sneered, "Fat Pig, do you really think that a dirty man like you can look at my women in lust? I was planning to dig out your dirty eyes and feed them to the dog, but since there are people who want to kill you, I don't need to move anymore and dirty my hands!"

"You..." Henning was so angry that he instantly wanted to cuss back.

However, when he saw Fei's murderous stare, a chill rushed into his brain from the bottom of his spine, and he couldn't get a single word out as if someone clenched his throat.

In the meantime, Blacky who was standing by the lake growled in displeasure; it was telling the king that it wouldn't eat such dirty eyes.

"Hahaha! King of Chambord, you sure didn't disappoint me. When you are offended, you dare to draw your weapon in the face of power! You are a real man!" Shaarawy laughed and said, "However, if you can put yourself on a higher level, all humans on the continent will benefit."

It seemed like this young lord was very fond of Fei, and he invited the king again.

## Chapter 984: Choosing Opponents (Part One)

Fei quickly interrupted Shaarawy and said, "Ok, ok, ok. We can talk about this later. You guys should deal with your issue first."

The king didn't know if he should laugh or cry.

Shaarawy opened his mouth again but quickly shook his head in disappointment.

Instead of persuading the king further, this young lord turned around and said to Collina and Henning, "You two, you can each pick an opponent; we won't fight you with more people. Now if you die in a one-on-one battle, you can't say that we bullied you, and you should die willingly without holding grudges."

Now, Collina became calmer and calmer.

Since he saw death as a path to peace and wasn't frantic, others' opinion of him got even better.

Collina shook his head and said firmly, "There is no need; you guys can attack together. We are children of the god, and we don't fear powerful enemies and evil. At this moment where the honor of God must be protected, I, Collina, will never back off. Evil will one day be eliminated by justice."

Shaarawy said in contempt, "Stop joking around. What are you pretending for? Do you think nobles of level 9 empires like us will attack you with the numbers advantage like what you guys do? That is despicable and shameless. We created this plan just to have a chance to fight fair and square. Stop wasting time on talking. Out of the five of us, you can pick an opponent. If you win, you can leave here alive."

"Really?" Fat Henning was elated, and his 'intelligence' was displayed again. He couldn't wait and pointed at Shaarawy while shouting, "I pick you! I pick you! If I win, you will really let me leave?"

Henning wanted to quickly pick Shaarawy since this young lord was quite injured in the prior battle, and he had been chased for tens of thousands of kilometers, depleting a lot of warrior energy. It seemed like he was the weakest among the five young lords, so Henning thought that his chance of survival was higher when fighting Shaarawy.

Collina shook his head, and so did Fei.

Henning was really dumber than a pig.

What kind of a person was Shaarawy?

None of the masters here right now were simple figures. The five young lords were famous and influential in the Central Region, and there was a reason for it.

Pato, Milito, and others didn't interrupt Shaarawy and went along with his suggestion; it meant that they agreed with this young lord.

None of these young lords were dumb, and they must have considered Shaarawy's current situation.

Every one of them was mighty and had great confidence. If Henning thought that he got an easy target since Shaarawy was injured, he just sought death.

With a disgusted expression, Shaarawy spat and said in displeasure, "Damn, it is going to be me who has to kill a no-balls coward like you; there will be no sense of achievement. Besides, my hands will be dirtied. However, what I said is set in stone. Come on, if you can take three strikes from me, you can leave here alive."

"Hahahaha! You said that yourself!" Henning was elated, and a vicious smile appeared on his face.

"I have hidden strength, so taking three strikes isn't going to be a problem."

"This little kid of the AC Milan Empire sure is arrogant. Hehe, after I successfully leave here, I will instantly get in contact with the rest of the Execution Department and other masters of the Holy Church. I will come back for revenge and kill these heretics. Also, that King of Chambord. Don't you care a lot about your two women? I must get them and play with them! You are only the king of a little affiliated kingdom and the bishop of a shrine that is going to go extinct. What can you do to me?" Henning thought to himself and already started to plan his revenge.

## Chapter 984: Choosing Opponents (Part Two)

Full of confidence, Henning started to chant and summon a ton of magic shields. Then, he slowly floated into the air as he cast holy power magic spells.

As a high-level member of the Holy Church, he knew many powerful offensive magic spells. He was going to use offensive spells as a defense and get through Shaarawy's three strikes.

...

"I choose him." After a moment of silence, Collina made his decision. He pointed at that fresh-looking, middle-aged man who always had a vague smile on his face, and this man was thin and had a long braid behind his head while short hair on the top and sides of his head.

Rodrigo Palacio, a young lord of the Inter Milan Empire.

Compared to people like Pato and Shaarawy, Palacio whose nickname was [Wind-Chasing Wolf] achieved new height when he was older. He was from a poor family, and he had been a traveling warrior when he was young. He hadn't been famous back then, and his life wasn't enjoyable. Later, Palacio showcased impressive strength and saved Emperor Moratti of Inter Milan during an assassination attempt from a political enemy. From that moment on, Palacio was greatly valued, and his status skyrocketed.

Out of the four remaining young lords, Palacio was less famous, and his aura seemed weaker as well, making others feel like he was the weakest among these young lords. That was why Collina picked him.

At this moment, only idiots wouldn't pick the easy target.

Even though Collina's speech was heroic and passionate, he still made the best decision when faced with death; it is human nature.

Palacio's expression didn't change at all.

As if he had anticipated this, this man with a long braid behind his head lightly moved to get ready, and he appeared beside Collina in the next second without saying a word, leaving an afterimage at where he was standing before.

Then, dozens of shadows and phantoms appeared around Collina, attacking this execution oracle together.



Such speed!

Two battles almost start at the same time.

...

Fei had been observing this from the side with cold eyes.

Since Pato and other three young lords appeared, Fei lost interest in the actual battles. Instead, he started to observe these five most talented warriors from the Central Region.

Pato, Milito, Palacio, Cassano, and Shaarawy... these five people were the martial gods in the minds of billions of warriors in the Central Region. They were like idols who were worshipped by many.

On the List of Young Lords, all five of them ranked higher than Fei. Their names were passed around like wind, but it was rare to see them in person.

Now seeing them for the first time, the king had to admit that famous people all had talents.

[Little Pharaoh] Shaarawy was violent yet valiant like a burning fire; [Ice Lord] Pato was haughty and unreachable like an iceberg; [Prince] Milito was heroic, broad, and dull yet powerful; [Wind-Chasing Wolf] Palacio was cold and fresh like a gale; and [Strange Being] Cassano was unpredictable.

These five people were all at the top in terms of strength and presence.

Only these true masters who were proud, confident, and a little arrogant dared to directly face off the mammoth-like Holy Church.

In the last while, it was heard that these people all died under the hunt of the Holy Church, and Fei felt a little pity toward them.

Now, it seemed like these talented young lords only faked their death to deal with the Holy Church.

If Fei weren't wrong, the word 'we' that frequently appeared in Shaarawy's speech didn't only represent these five people; there should be an even more terrifying force behind them.

#### Chapter 985: Pity? Not Toward You (Part One)

Fei had a vague idea about the whole situation; he felt like this trap here today was set up a long time ago. Also, it shouldn't be one of these five people here who set up this trap; there must be a super-intelligent strategist behind all this, making plans.

Perhaps, this trap was only a small part of a much grander scheme.

This was why Fei wasn't willing to join in and participate.

When the world was in chaos, the entire world would become a giant chessboard. Then, lords would become chess pieces, and most intelligent people would become the players. These people were typically logical and cold, treating everything as objects and commanding people without real care. Fei knew that his strength wasn't insane enough to stay clean if he joined this game. Perhaps he would only become a chess piece and be a part of a suicide squad. He wouldn't be able to dictate his life, and he might bring Chambord into an unpredictable swirl of chaotic ruin.

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Loud explosions sounded from the two battles, and it was deafening.

On top of the lake, Pato and the other two young lords from the Central Region were not nervous at all. It was clear that they had 100 percent confidence in their peers, and they believed that they would win the battle against the execution oracles. Therefore, instead of observing the battle, they focused their attention on Fei.

To them, Human Emperor Alexander of the North was one of the most famous young lords in the Northern Region, and he was someone on their level. Since Fei could rival them and was qualified to join them, it was much more important for them to observe Fei compared to checking out the two battles that weren't too exciting.

This was these young lords' first-time seeing Fei as well, so they treasured this opportunity and observed.

“So, you are the Human Emperor of the North?”

Suddenly, Cassano out of the three people asked this question with a bright smile on his face.

This young lord of the Central Region was known for his strange personality and unpredictable behavior, and he showed that here without holding anything back.

While he asked the question, he looked at Fei up and down in curiosity. His behavior was a little over the top, and he didn't hide his interest in Fei while showing the provocation.

“You are right.” Fei nodded, and his expression didn't change.

“I heard your name when I was in the Central Region.” Cassano walked over with the smile on his face, and he continued, “I heard that you can battle really well, and it is said that your iron fists are unrivaled. You are born with great physical strength, and you can wipe out mountains and directly pull ancient peaks out of the ground. I had thought that you are going to be a terrifying burly man full of muscles, but you are actually not that buff and look quite handsome; you are only slightly uglier than me who has the title of the [Most Handsome Man in the World]! Tsk! What a surprise!”

“Puff-!” Fei almost spat out his drink, and he thought, “The most handsome man in the world? Cassano?”

In all honesty, it was hard for Fei to put an equal sign between these two.

It seemed like this young lord who had a strange temper was a bit narcissistic. After all, his looks... eh, were only not ugly.

Behind Fei, a few maids already covered their mouths and giggled; they couldn't hold it in anymore.

Seeing Cassano's 'performance', Milito who was extremely silent lowered his head, and his lips twitched unnaturally. Pato who had a noble presence tried his best not to slap his forehead, and he

turned his head sideways. It seemed like Cassano's peers had it tough since they had to endure this on the regular.

## Chapter 985: Pity? Not Toward You (Part Two)

"Ha! Every time they hear this, they would use these ways to express their jealousy, envy, and hate. I can't do anything about it; I was born with such good looks. Hehe, being jealous is of no use."

Cassano rubbed his mustache and looked at Fei with interest.

Under the rejection of Fei's murderous stare, he gave up the thought of touching Fei's chest muscles to make sure that the king wasn't a woman who was disguised as a man.

After a short pause, this guy thought of something else and suggested, "I only learned that you are a member of the Holy Church today. Since you are so good at fighting, how about we have a match?"

Fei was at a loss for words.

"Hehe, even though you are a member of the Holy Church, I still like you quite a bit; I don't think you are a bad person. Therefore, don't worry! I will have mercy and won't hit your handsome face!"

Fei was still speechless.

"Hey! Hey! What is that expression you have? Put away your thirsty stares! I must warn you! I'm not interested in men! None! Even though you are so handsome that you can pretend to be a woman!"

Fei was frustrated and speechless at the same time now.

"Move! Haha! Attack! Let's have a thrilling battle! Haha! Quickly! Hit me! Come one! Hit me!"

Fei couldn't hold it in anymore and punched out.

...

“Hahaha! One last strike!”

Execution Oracle Henning stood in mid-air, and he was protected by over 20 layers of various magic shields. After he protected himself like a turtle, his confidence skyrocketed, and a proud and punchable smile appeared on his fat, oily face.

They had already exchanged two strikes, and it seemed like Shaarawy couldn't do anything to Henning's aggressive magic attacks.

“It looks like my prior worry was baseless. This injured [Little Pharaoh] is only a paper tiger; he looks powerful on the outside but is weak on the inside,” Henning thought.

“Hahaha! Let this last strike witness your failure! As long as I can leave here alive, all of you here will pay dearly for what you have done today!” Henning laughed like a madman and used his last strike.

While roaring chants resonated in the sky, six [Swords of Judgment] floated in mid-air.

Collina tried to use this strike before. Its name was [Sword of the Gods], and its power was great enough to kill someone levels above the user.

Henning's strength was weaker compared to Collina's, so he couldn't condense ten [Swords of Judgment]; six was his limit. Although this strike might not be able to completely kill Shaarawy, this 'fat pig' believed that it was enough for him to survive this and escape.

However, the smile on Shaarawy's face suddenly disappeared. “Idiot, I'm not going to play with you anymore.”

In the next moment, a circle of purple flames suddenly dashed out of Shaarawy's body, completely enveloping the area of 100 meters around him, which included Henning.

“This is...” the smile froze on Henning's face.

At this moment, he suddenly realized that he could no longer control the six [Swords of Judgment]; the connection between his spirit energy and his magic energy was severed. The [Swords of Judgment] that could cut through mountains slowly melted and disappeared like an icicle that was exposed to the sun in the summer.

Realm! It was the realm of a demi-god!

“No!” Henning let out a scream of desperation. “No! Please forgive me and show me pity!”

This execution oracle’s strength was at peak Burning Sun Realm, only one step away from the Demi-God Realm. However, since Henning didn’t have a realm of his own, he couldn’t fight back at this moment. While being enveloped by the purple flame energy, he was like a great shark that was taken out of the water; he couldn’t do anything about it even though he was mighty. His life was in Shaarawy’s control.

“Pity?” Shaarawy sneered, “Not toward you.”

Chapter 986: End of the Battles (Part One)

Snap!

[Little Pharaoh] snapped his fingers.

Whoosh!

A mass of purple flames suddenly shot out of Henning’s mouth while he was whining in desperation.

Next, something even more terrifying happened.

Purple flames started to shoot out of Henning’s eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth. The flames looked devilishly beautiful, and they looked like the tentacles of demons, gushing out of all the openings on this fat execution oracle’s body. As if he were set on fire, Henning was engulfed by flames, and nothing changed regardless of how he screamed and struggled.

Internal combustion!

The fire of life inside Henning's body was ignited!

Shaarawy's realm was named [Purple Heavenly Fire]; it was like a nation of flames. This young lord controlled the purple flames that could burn through everything, and the purple flames could burn at any location, including inside his enemies' bodies.

Inside this realm, the fuel for combustion was everywhere.

If [Little Pharaoh] wanted to, he could ignite everything in his realm.

After less than 20 seconds, Henning, who was struggling and trying to fight back, stopped moving; he was completely quiet.

When a breeze blew by, it fluttered Henning's godly robe.

Everything inside Henning's fat body was burned into nothingness, but his skin, pores, brows, hair, and even clothes were completely intact; no one could find any traces of burning or any scorch on the surface of Henning's body.

Shaarawy's control of fire reached the peak level!

Looking from afar, it seemed like the 11th Execution Oracle of the Holy Church was still alive, but only a sheet of human skin remained.

...

"Holy power of the god! Please give your loyal servant the courage to battle! Holy Power Realm!"

At this critical moment in the battle, Collina didn't dare to hold anything back.

With a roar, Collina suddenly removed all the magic shields around him, and a soft, moonlight-like glow radiated from his body; it contained indescribable, horrifying power.

It was the power of a realm.

This execution oracle who was ranked high on the list was a demi-god.

Although Palacio was extremely fast, he was still engulfed by this white realm of holy power.

Pew-!

Palacio wasn't sure when, but Collina took out a whistle-like music-style combat weapon; it was at least at level 7. When Collina blew it, a series of sharp, ear-piercing noises resonated in the area, capable of tearing people's souls.

Clearly, Palacio's body shivered when he heard this noise.

At this split second when Palacio was defenseless, Collina suddenly shot out a giant, orange, rectangular token, and this token shined a light on Palacio like a flash of lightning.

This giant orange token contained a mystical law of the realm, and it instantly froze Palacio and took away his ability to dodge.

In the next moment, Collina waved his hand, and his strength increased by more than 100 times inside his realm. He instantly condensed more than a dozen [Swords of the Gods], and they turned into flashes of light and dashed toward Palacio.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Palacio just got away from the freezing effect that the giant orange token cast on him, and he was accurately hit by the [Swords of the Gods]. His body shattered into millions of pieces as if a porcelain doll were hit by a hammer, and it was a tragic scene.

A slight trace of joy appeared on Collina's face..

Chapter 986: End of the Battles (Part Two)



However, his face changed color in the next moment; it was evident that he discovered something.

Collina quickly flashed and turned, calmly dodging a streak of lethal saber energy that came from nowhere. Although he wasn't injured, his godly robe was cut open by this saber energy.

As a response, Collina injected a lot of energy into his combat weapon, and ear-piercing noises sounded again.

Inside the soft white glow, eight of Palacio's shadows appeared around Collina; the [Swords of the Gods] only destroyed the afterimage that Palacio left.

This [Wind-Chasing Wolf] was indeed fast; he was faster than what the human eye could capture. Even supreme masters couldn't instantly detect his whereabouts.

Pew! Pew-pew-pew!!!

The sharp, high-pitched noise could tear through everything. Inside this white realm, it sounded like the scream of the angry gods, and it could destroy anything.

While the whistling noise rang, almost all of Palacio's shadows were greatly affected, and they popped like bubbles. Only the figure to the west seemed firm, and he only lightly shook before his face paled; he was about to escape.

"There he is! His real figure!" Collina was elated.

Without thinking, this execution oracle raised his hand, and another giant token flew out.

This giant token was as red as blood, and it contained even stranger power. As if it were able to track down the enemy on its own, it flew and chased after that figure like a bloodthirsty mosquito. Regardless of how that figure flew and dodged, this giant token quickly caught up and attached itself onto him.

The power of this giant, red token was also greater!

As soon it attached itself to anyone, this person could no longer move, and the warrior energy, magic energy, and defense abilities would all be sealed. Like someone who was robbed of everything they had, even a supreme master would be as defenseless as a child.

Collina waved his hand, and five [Swords of Gods] shot out again.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

This time, Palacio was knocked back, and it seemed like blood dripped down his body.

“Hahaha!” Collina laughed hysterically, “This time, you are dead for sure... huh?”

Before he could finish shouting, something unexpected happened. Collina suddenly sensed chilliness from his waist, legs, and throat.

Then, a cold voice sounded beside him, “Sorry to disappoint you.”

“You... not... dead... you?”

Collina was terrified, and he suddenly realized that he couldn’t even talk properly. The chilliness in his neck intensified, and he reached out his hand and touched his neck, instantly feeling a warm and moist sensation; it was his blood.

“I’m not dead, so you must die.”

Three steps away from Collina, a series of transparent ripples appeared in the air, and Palacio who had a braid slowly appeared from the ripples with a calm expression. He still had that faint smile on his face; it seemed like this young lord didn’t feel any excitement, and killing a demi-god was no different from killing a chicken to him.

“You... how... inside my realm... how... come you are not affected...”

The vitality of a demi-god sure was strong. Even though three vital parts of his body were injured, and Palacio’s blade energy invaded his body and shattered all Collina’s core energy and life energy, this execution oracle could still talk.

However, this was the case of terminal lucidity; Collina wasn't far from death.

Palacio didn't respond, but a faint green light flashed on the surface of his body.

Collina's eyes opened wide, and he instantly understood everything.

#### Chapter 987: How About I Take You as My Master? (Part One)

It turned out that Palacio was also a demi-god!

His control over his green light realm was on another level; he could cast it and alter its size at will. By applying a thin layer of his realm around his body, Palacio was able to cancel out the power of Collina's Holy Power Realm. Also, with his insane speed, he could turn into 100 phantoms easily.

This young lord repeatedly showed weaknesses to lure Collina into attacking, making the latter believe that he had won.

As soon as Collina dropped his guard, Palacio sneak-attacked and took the victory.

One could say that Palacio used this series of psychological tactics smoothly. Without a doubt, he was an experienced young lord who came from the bottom of society and went through many trials and tribulations to get to where he was today.

"I see... hahaha... hahaha! My life is not wasted by dying in the hands of another demi-god. God! I can finally return to the embrace of the stars!"

As soon as Sixth Execution Oracle Collina said that, Palacio's saber energy in his body exploded.

Bam!

Collina's body exploded, and he instantly died.

...

Boom!

Fei and Cassano's fists collided, and their energies exploded in the air.

"Wawawa! Damn! Your physical strength sure is impressive!" Cassano shouted as his right arm turned completely red under the vibration power. In this split second, it was clear that Fei's physique strength was much stronger than his.

However, [Strange Being]'s main focus was on agility.

Cassano only took half a step backward, but he somehow appeared before Fei again before he could finish speaking. He pointed out his index finger and middle finger, and he slashed them out like a sword. Instantly, a streak of sword energy dashed out, and the golden chilly light suddenly flashed like lightning bolts, targeting hundreds of vitals points on Fei's body; it was extremely lethal.

"Great!" Fei shouted his praise.

In rumors, [Strange Being] Cassano was known for his delicate movements and combat techniques. Although he looked and acted like a 'strange uncle', his talent as a warrior sure was impressive; he was the most agile, unbounded, and high-spirited young lord!

Today, Fei encountered Cassano for the first time, and he could tell that the rumors about this young lord were all true.

This simple sword technique cast using two fingers looked soft, but sword spirit was everywhere. Like a lotus that was slowly opening its petals and blooming, this technique was delicate and shot out many real and fake sword energies; it was a stunning scene.

Fei used his brute strength to crush all techniques. With just one of his fists tightened, the king unleashed a bit of his insane physical strength, destroying all the misty and foggy sword energies.

Cassano laughed and followed up, striking out with his fingers ten times, and all of them landed on the same spot on Fei's fist.

Fei laughed as well as he sensed that a streak of sharp sword energy invaded his body. Those ten streaks of sword energies merged into one and broke Fei's bodily protective energy before piercing into his skin; it got into Fei's energy channels in his body. However, that was the furthest that it got. Fei unleashed a bit more energy and instantly shattered the combined sword energy.

Boom!

Fei's fist collided with Cassano's fingers, and they both slightly shook.

While laughing, they both pulled away for about five meters.

True masters can detect if others are also masters.

Although the two only exchanged about five strikes, they got a good understanding of each other's strength; they knew each other was a rare and challenging rival.

Further away, both Pato and Milito were surprised.

As friends, they knew how terrifying Cassano was.

## Chapter 987: How About I Take You as My Master? (Part Two)

The terrifying aspect of the sword finger was the murderous trap hidden under the fancy appearance. Once Cassano's sword fingers tied down an opponent, the latter would feel like they were in a surging ocean, and the waves were going to get stronger and stronger. Almost all Cassano's opponents couldn't get out of it; it was like a trap that was cooking frogs in warm water.

Using this battle style, Cassano had defeated many enemies who were stronger than him in his life.

However, the Human Emperor of the North easily shattered the murderous trap in Cassano's sword fingers with his insane brute force while laughing; this was these young lords' first time seeing this level of physical strength.

“Hahaha! You sure are as strong as the rumors had said! You have insane physical strength!” Cassano’s interest in Fei piqued. After he rolled his eyes, he suddenly thought of something and said, “Hey, how did you achieve this? Can you teach me?”

Fei was instantly at a loss for words.

Cassano obviously got the wrong idea. “Could it be that your cultivation technique is a secret? How about this? How about I take you as my master? Can you teach me?”

Then, this young lord who dominated in the Central Region knelt in front of Fei and started to go about the formal procedure of taking someone as a master and teacher.

“Master Alexander, please accept Disciple Antonio Cassano’s three bows...”

“WTF?” Fei quickly moved away and dodged, and he thought, “What the heck is this? Directly kneeling like this? Damn! Where is the honor of a young lord? Man, Cassano, where is your dignity? Did a llama eat it?”

Fei had heard that Cassano was a strange man who did things the unconventional way, but he only laughed about it and didn’t think too much. However, now he knew that the rumors weren’t far from the truth.

“Man, you are kneeling and taking me as your master after we exchanged a few strikes? Cassano, do you lack masters this bad?” Fei thought to himself.

“Huh? I’m being truthful. Alexander, please teach me the technique that can increase physical strength.” Cassano’s expression was very serious; people couldn’t tell if he were joking.

Fei moved and dodged repeatedly, not wanting Cassano to finish the ceremony. At the same time, the king looked at Pato and Milito, hoping that these two young lords would step out and stop their friend from messing around.

However, Pato covered his forehead with his hand and said, “I’m going to check out Shaarawy’s battle.”

The silent Milito's heart lurched when he saw Fei looking at him, and he turned around and fled. He murmured, "How come Palacio is still not done? I will go and check..."

Fei was speechless.

It seemed like Cassano's peers were all 'tortured' by this man who seemed to lack something in the head, and they were scared of this situation.

Fei raised his hand, and a vast amount of invisible energy forcefully helped Cassano, who was still kneeling, to stand up.

"Ah? So, you accept me as your disciple?" Cassano ran up shamelessly.

Fei rubbed his head and forced himself to hold back the urge to punch this guy away. After thinking for a bit while being at a loss for words, he said, "I don't dare to take you as a disciple; that will make you and your peers one generation below me. How about this? I have a technique that can increase your physical strength. Just... treat it as a gift. We can be friends, right?"

From the bottom of his heart, Fei did like this childish man.

The king could tell that this man who had a beard held no ill-intentions toward him. Others said that [Strange Being] was reckless and willful, but Fei believed that childish was a better word.

There is a certain type of person in the world. Regardless of what their actual age is, their mental age increases very slowly, just like Zhou Botong in the classic wuxia novel 'The Legend of the Condor Heroes.'

These people didn't have any bad intentions; the most that they would do were harmless pranks.

While Cassano listened attentively, Fei slowly recited a technique that could increase one's physical strength. It was a body-tempering technique that belonged to the God Clan in the Mythical Era, and it was recorded in [Demon King's Sword].

Chapter 988: We Are Brothers from Now On (Part One)

This technique named [Righteous Lord of Body] had a tough condition; only a peak Burning Sun Lord could cultivate it. However, the masters who reached this level were all proud; why would they turn to cultivate a body-tempering technique? It was like telling the CEO of a Fortune 500 Company to start new and build a local small business. Therefore, in the late stage of the Mythical Era, this technique was gradually lost.

However, in this era where people's bodies were much weaker compared to the races that dominated the Mythical Era, this technique could make many warriors fall over themselves trying to obtain it.

Fei wanted to create a good relationship with Cassano since his impression of this man was great. Therefore, he didn't hold back and told [Strange Being] the cultivation method and the tips; he didn't alter anything.

“Ah! Splendid! This is amazing! Excellent!”

Cassano was on the List of Young Lords, so his vision and comprehension were on another level. As soon as he heard the technique and the key points from Fei, he knew that this was an amazing technique, and he was so elated that he clapped his hands and danced.

When all the different techniques were cultivated to the peak, they would boil down to the basics.

Cassano was known for his delicate movements and combat techniques, but he was lacking in terms of physical strength, and it had been troubling him for a long time.

For all these years, Cassano had been trying to reduce this shortcoming, but he wasn't able to do so. One factor was that he was more talented in speed and an agility-based combat style, and the other factor was that he lacked a good body-tempering technique.

The body-tempering techniques on the continent were all low-tier. They were useful for Star-Level Warriors, but they were meaningless for a supreme master like Cassano.

For any master, if they wanted to aim for the supreme godly throne, having a clear shortcoming in one's martial system was a crucial setback.

However, completely different from Cassano, the Human Emperor of the North had a unique warrior path where his physical strength was insane. Although he didn't cultivate warrior energy or



magic energy, the king's physical strength was powerful enough to rival those two energy forms; this was no longer a secret in the circle of supreme masters. As a result, many people estimated that the Human Emperor of the North obtained a unique body-tempering technique.

This was why Cassano couldn't hold back and wanted to test Fei as soon as he saw the king.

This childish man wanted to see if Fei's physical strength had reached the peak realm, just like the rumors had said.

After the brief practice battle, Cassano knew that the rumors were all true, and he couldn't hold back his desire for Fei's cultivation method. The good thing was that despite his recklessness and willfulness, he was a righteous man who never resorted to evil practices. Therefore, he grabbed onto Fei and wanted the king to take him in as a disciple so that he could learn this technique the proper way.

Now hearing Fei teaching him everything there was to know about the [Righteous Lord of Body], Cassano waved his arms and jumped around like a monkey; he was too excited.

When Fei finished teaching, Cassano calmed down and stood still for one minute as if he became dull; he only woke up after the explosions from the battles further away startled him.

This young lord of the Central Region who was known for his pranks and his attitude of not taking things seriously put away his playful smile, and he bowed at Fei three times with an earnest expression as he said, "Thank you, Alexander. From now on, you are my brother. Regardless of what you need, I, Antonio Cassano, will help you without hesitation, even if it is torturous!"

## Chapter 988: We Are Brothers from Now On (Part Two)

Fei was pleased, and he thought, "I have been waiting for you to say that! This man sure knows what is going on!"

After Cassano bowed, the two looked at each other and laughed; their appreciation of each other was shown through non-verbal cues.

When they finished laughing, Fei looked up and was surprised. He wasn't sure when, but Pato, Milito, Shaarawy, and Palacio were standing not too far away and looking at them.

It turned out that the two battles were over a while ago, and Execution Oracle Collina and Execution Oracle Henning got what they deserved.

“We heard long ago that the Human Emperor of the North is a grandmaster and created many cultivation techniques, raising more than ten saints himself. Now seeing this, we know that the rumors are true,” Shaarawy laughed and sighed.

He still looked aggressive, but his attitude toward Fei turned from appreciation to admiration.

The battles were over when Fei was half-way through teaching Cassano.

Seeing Cassano almost dancing over here, the four’s curiosity was piqued, and they slightly listened in. However, they were stunned by the delicate technique. After listening to Fei explaining the technique for a few seconds, the four young lords felt like they were back to when they were young and listened to their masters’ lectures.

These four were all proud masters, and they had strong discipline. After listening for a while, they knew that the Human Emperor of the North was teaching Cassano a rare body-tempering technique that could be listed as a Mythical Technique.

The four young lords looked at each other and put away their playful attitude. Then, they stood further away and temporarily cut off their hearing in the case that Fei misunderstood them as stealing.

“This crazy Cassano sure got lucky today!”

Although these four young men moved away, they couldn’t help but think back to the portion of [Righteous Lord of Body] that they heard. The genius of this technique was hard to describe. To supreme masters like them, it felt ticklish as if tens of thousands of kittens were lightly scratching their hearts

For a moment, the four looked at Cassano almost in ‘jealousy, envy, and hate’.

“Mr. Shaarawy, that is an overstatement.”

Hearing the praise from a young lord, the king's vanity was greatly satisfied, but he still had to act humble on the surface.

“Hehehe,” Shaarawy suddenly laughed cunningly and said, “Alexander, seeing what Cassano got, I’m a little tempted to practice with you. Hehe, how about we have a practice match as well?”

Before Fei could respond, Shaarawy dashed forward and punched out while purple flames gushed out.

“Eh...” Fei didn’t know what to say, and he could only raise his fists to respond.

Boom!

The two fists collided, and terrifying power splashed into the area. Instantly, purple heavenly flames engulfed the surroundings.

On the side, the four young lords looked at each other and flashed, guarding the main battlefield from four sides. Then, they slightly released their power and created an invisible energy sphere, blocking all the residual energy that was spilling over from the battle of the two masters. This way, the lake, surrounding forests, the Chambordians, and the demon beasts on the south side of the lake wouldn’t be harmed.

“Hahaha! This is thrilling!” Shaarawy laughed, “Now, we can battle without holding back!”

Seeing this, Fei was also no longer worried about the effect that this battle was going to have on the surrounding areas. Without holding back, energy fists bloomed like golden lotuses and battled Shaarawy’s purple heavenly flames.

Both preferred the close-range, violent combat style, and their battle was like an iron pot meeting a metal scrub.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Space shattered, the ground cracked, heavenly flames fell from the sky, and the soundwaves looked like dragons.

After they exchanged ten strikes, both laughed heartily and backed away for about ten meters

## Chapter 989: Perfect Martial Dao (Part One)

For masters on this level, they all knew what each other was capable of. If they really wanted to see who was stronger, they would need to open their realms and battle for real.

However, Fei and Shaarawy were only having a practice match, so it wasn't necessary.

Shaarawy laughed and looked at Fei; his expression made him look like a 'sorrowful woman'.

This young lord glanced at Cassano and looked at Fei with 'love', and he said shameless, "You know what is up."

Fei instantly started to sweat profusely and almost fainted with white foams coming out of his mouth.

The king thought to himself, "Damn! Shaarawy, where is your dignity? This is too shameless!"

However, seeing Shaarawy's big eyes that were filled with water, Fei thought for a moment and had a decision.

"Shaarawy, the Martial Dao you are after is violent and explosive. The damage of your attacks is terrifying, and the purple heavenly flames are powerful and could melt through everything in the world. From the angle of damage, you are unrivaled, but..." When it got to this point, Fei stated his view without hesitation, "Cultivation focuses on the balance of Yin and Yang. The dominating techniques that purely go after high damage will injure the opponents but also the practitioner. I'm afraid this technique has left some hidden injuries in your body that are hard to recover!"

Hearing Fei's words, the five young lords from the Central Region all got serious.

What the king said was all true.

Shaarawy was cultivating this technique named [3,000 Burning-Flames Scroll], and it was a top-tier Mythical Technique. Its damage was unrivaled, but its drawback was just like what Fei stated; it was too overbearing, and it would harm the enemies and the user.

This technique as like [Seven Injure Fist] that Fei created long ago; both injured the users before harming the enemies. After all, [3,000 Burning-Flames Scroll] was a Mythical Technique, so its drawback wasn't as severe as [Seven Injure Fist].

Throughout these years, Shaarawy cultivated [3,000 Burning-Flames Scroll] to level 8, reaching peak Burning Sun Realm. As a result, he accumulated some hidden injuries, and he had to cultivate another wood-elemental warrior energy to suppress those injuries.

Although these injuries were still minor and didn't affect anything in normal situations, this weakness would be exposed if Shaarawy were to battle a powerful enemy. Besides, these hidden injuries were obstacles on Shaarawy's future cultivation path, hindering the maximum potential that [Little Pharaoh] had.

Usually, it was impossible for others to see through the weakness of a Mythical Technique, and only the people who were closest to the practitioner might know it. However, the Human Emperor of the North only exchanged ten strikes with Shaarawy, but he already saw through the shortcoming of this Mythical Technique. It sure was shocking for the five young lords.

"Alexander, do you know any methods that can mitigate this?"

Shaarawy was only joking before.

However, as soon as Fei pointed this out, Shaarawy instantly asked that question. Then, he added, "Your Majesty, don't worry. I'm willing to trade you with anything if this problem can be resolved."

Hearing this, Fei was feeling lucky.

Things were developing toward a direction that the king was dreaming about!

"Brother Shaarawy! You are making it too transactional!" the king said 'heroically', "I do have one technique that I created when I was bored, and it should mitigate the issue that you have with your technique."

Then, the king recited a secret technique and its key points.

In reality, this was a small technique named [Three-Sun Bless-Bringing Scroll] from the Mythical Era. It didn't have any offensive abilities, but it was great at helping warriors nurture their bodies and heal hidden injuries.

## Chapter 989: Perfect Martial Dao (Part Two)

It was heard that a powerful demon warrior created this technique. This demon warrior who was on the level of god cultivated a powerful technique that focused on damage, and he accumulated many hidden injuries. Therefore, he rested and concentrated 100 years of his time on creating [Three-Sun Bless-Bringing Scroll], completely healing the hidden injuries in his body. In the later war between gods and demons, he shined in battle and was unrivaled.

[Three-Sun Bless-Bringing Scroll] was recorded in [Demon King's Sword], and it piqued Fei's interest when he first read it. Therefore, the king was very familiar with it.

Soon, just like Cassano, Shaarawy started to swing his arms and dance like a madman.

After Fei completely taught [Three-Sun Bless-Bringing Scroll] to Shaarawy, the other four young lords on the side were so stunned that they felt numb toward all this.

Pato who was the most prideful among them had to admit in his mind that this king of a little affiliated kingdom located in this remote location was unique and could bear the name of Human Emperor of the North.

"Great! Hahaha! With [Three-Sun Bless-Bringing Scroll], I can heal all the hidden injuries in my body! It goes well with my [3,000 Burning-Flames Scroll], and it is equal to giving me a second chance in the Martial Dao! Your grace is no different from letting me experience rebirth!"

Shaarawy was so excited that he didn't know how to thank Fei.

After thinking for a while, he felt like none of the gifts could express his gratitude. Therefore, he copied Cassano. He earnestly bowed at Fei three times and said, "Your gift to me is beyond words.

I, El Shaarawy, swear with my honor! From now on, I'm the King of Chambord's brother! I won't hesitate at all if you need anything!"

Fei was very pleased, and he almost drooled out of excitement.

Of course, the king couldn't show this on the surface.

He bowed back at Shaarawy and clapped their hands together to finish the ceremony. Then, they looked at each other and laughed.

However, this wasn't the end of it.

Perhaps the king stepped on Blacky's pop this morning; his lucky was beyond this world! It felt like even the Goddess of Fortune pulled up her dress and teased Fei by showing the king her beautiful legs.

After Shaarawy thanked Fei, Diego Milito who had been silent unexpectedly moved to Fei's side and got into the combat position before saying, "Please."

Even the silent and most considerate [Prince] couldn't hold himself back after seeing what Fei was capable of.

For supreme masters like the young lords, it was hard to find an opponent who could rival them and also spot the shortcomings of their Martial Dao. Since they ran into Fei who was like a monster in their eyes, they weren't going to let this opportunity slide.

Milito also wanted to know what area he was lacking.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Milito focused on the use of giant swords, so he instantly revealed his weapon without holding back.

Fei also summoned a double-handed sword from his storage ring and swung it as fast as lightning, battling [Prince] without hesitation.

For a moment, the loud, sword-colliding noises resonated in the sky, and the eye-piercing sparks flew everywhere.

Milito's Martial Dao was the most reasonable out of everything that Fei had seen in this world. This man didn't try to use the sharpness of his blade and delicate techniques to win. Instead, his sword was dull and heavy, and he focused on his presence and power level when fighting.

Like the most advanced computer algorithm, even though Milito's moves were simple, they were perfect without a weakness. His movement completion, smoothness of warrior energy flow, and control of the tempo were all top-tier.

#### Chapter 990: Not Leaving Until Everyone is Drunk (Part One)

While battling Milito, Fei tried many different combat styles.

Using brute strength? It wasn't effective. [Prince] Milito's Martial Dao centered around strength, and he wasn't inferior to Fei since this man unleashed 100 percent the strength in each of his strikes every time like a robot!

Using speed? It couldn't work as well. This young lord of the Inter Milan Empire was conservative, and he would rather not make a mistake than seize all potential opportunities. Even though Milito's speed was slower than Fei's, his defense was perfect without a weakness. Each of his strikes and moves connected seamlessly, completely making up for his disadvantage in speed.

This man was very calm, stable, and reserved; it could be said that he was impeccable!

After switching multiple combat styles, Fei still couldn't find a way to completely counter Milito; it seemed like this man's Martial Dao didn't have any weakness.

Pato and the other three watched intently and felt like this practice battle was an eye-opener.

It was rare to see someone like Fei who seemed to have an unlimited number of combat styles that he had completely mastered. After all, there is a limit to how long someone can live. To achieve the greatest strength, most people pursued a single combat style. It was believed that more was less



since it was almost impossible to master many combat styles at once. Therefore, the true masters only had to build up their style and make it into its best, final form.

The King of Chambord was a monster who didn't abide by this common law.

"Huh? What is going on with Milito? He... he showed a weakness!"

Suddenly, Shaarawy looked shocked; he couldn't believe his eyes.

The young lords watching were stunned by this scene! After the Human Emperor of the North switched to a simple-looking combat style, Diego Milito, who was known for his calmness, zero weakness, and seamless connection between movements, suddenly showed a clear weakness between two of his moves as if he suddenly got fatigued.

Although it happened in a split-second, it was enough for true masters to end the battle.

This mistake shouldn't occur on Milito who solely focused on achieving the perfect Martial Dao.

"What happened?" the three young lords thought to themselves.

Tink! Tink! Tink! Tink!

After a series of metal-colliding noises and explosions, Milito suddenly retreated and put away his giant sword.

[Prince] was silent, and he looked like he was thinking about something. Fei and others didn't speak or make any noise, afraid that they would disrupt this young lord's train of thought.

After 15 minutes, Milito appeared to have understood something, and he said, "I see. In this world, there is no such thing as the perfect Martial Dao. All perfections are only illusions. Not all weaknesses are lethal. And when used properly, the weaknesses can be turned into opportunities. Your Majesty, thank you for your advice!"

Fei smiled and didn't say much.

Milito's Martial Dao was terrifying. However, anything that pursued perfection too much would in turn become imperfect. Nothing in the world is perfect, and it was the same for Martial Dao.

Fei used a shifting technique recorded in [Demon King's Sword]; it was similar to the technique named [Qian-Kun Grand Shift] which was famous in a classic wuxia novel. The king used this technique to alter one of Milito's movements, and the connection between the movements gaped a little and resulted in a weak point.

Just as expected, when Milito realized that his movements weren't as perfect as he thought, he was no longer that confident, and he was suddenly in a disadvantage as if someone cast a magic spell on him.

#### Chapter 990: Not Leaving Until Everyone is Drunk (Part Two)

Although Fei didn't teach [Prince] any techniques, he pointed out the biggest weakness in Milito's 'perfect Martial Dao'. Therefore, the benefit that Milito got from Fei wasn't less than what Cassano and Shaarawy obtained.

"If you need anything, I will help without condition." Milito wasn't talkative, but he gave a solid promise.

A silent man like Milito rarely talked, and anything that he said would be guaranteed; he would never go back on his words.

With this promise, Milito saw Fei as one of his closest peers, just like the other two young lords who battled Fei.

Cassano and Shaarawy looked at each other and smiled.

Out of this group of young lords, Milito was the oldest and held the most prestige. Although [Prince] was usually silent, everything he said was concise and key. Now that he said these words to Fei, it meant that everyone in this small team of young lords became the Human Emperor of the North's friends.

Cassano and Shaarawy only had a short encounter with Fei, but they felt like old friends. Right now, they were happy for Fei. After all, it wasn't easy to earn Milito's acceptance.

Now that even Milito showed his stance, everything followed seemed within the bounds of logic.

[Wind-Chasing Wolf] Rodrigo Palacio didn't feel embarrassed, and he walked to Fei with his signature smile and bowed. Then, he got ready and said, "Your Majesty, please give me advice."

...

After one hour, Fei battled with all five young lords from the Central Region.

In the last two battle, Fei found that Palacio excelled in speed, but this man lacked strength and damage. Once he encountered defensive opponents who could put up 'turtle shells' around them, Palacio's speed would be useless, and he would be at a disadvantage. On the other hand, Pato was a well-rounded talent, but his physique was naturally weaker since he was born this way. This condition limited his potential on the path of cultivation.

Today, the king spent a lot of resources and gifted these people with precious techniques.

To help Palacio and Pato, he offered them two techniques that could improve their shortcomings. They were all taken from [Demon King's Sword], the martial encyclopedia of the Mythical Era.

From Fei's view, the techniques were all items, and they were useless if he kept everything to himself. However, talented people with virtues were hard to come by.

Fei had a great judgment of people and could see through them. Although the king only met these five young lords from the Central Region today, he could tell that they were heroic figures who were worthy of his friendship. Therefore, he tried his best and used several top-tier techniques to get close to them.

"Hahaha! We were only here today to kill those few mad dogs of the Holy Church, but we unexpectedly ran into Your Majesty. It sure is a great fortune! Hahaha! This place has mountains, a lake, and forests; it presents a great scenery. Only like-minded people can become good friends; it sure is great to run into you. Let's drink here and not leave until everyone is drunk!" Shaarawy laughed and took out the precious liquor that he had been collecting from his storage ring, and he suggested in excitement.

“You took the words right out of my mouth!” Although Pato looked haughty and cold as if he rejected talking to all people, he seemed to have changed into another person when Fei got close to him; he was now really passionate. He threw his arm around Fei’s shoulder and laughed while speaking to Shaarawy, “In the last while, we had been chased by the mad dogs of the Holy Church, and we hadn’t gotten the chance to have a nice meal. Hahaha! Today, with Alexander here, we can all have a taste of your precious liquor!”