

Long Live the King Chapter 40

In a few minutes, almost all the monsters on the moor had joined in the 'parade', as if they were celebrating something significant. When Fei reached the junction between [Blood Moor] and [Cold Plain], there were three to four hundred monsters and demons chasing him.

"Damn!"

Fei was so happy when he saw this. Although these monsters were low level, the massive amount of them would still give him a huge amount of experience. He stopped running and started clearing the monsters. He waved his wand.

Poison Skill – [Teeth]

" Whirr-"

A cloud of cold death energy flowed out of the wand. Three teeth shaped bones appeared out of nowhere; they were covered in death energy and shot towards the monsters as they followed a strange trajectory in the air. The thirty [Fallen Shamans] who were leading the "

'parade' were shattered into pieces.

Fei waved the wand again. Another cloud of cold death energy formed.

Summoning Skill – [Raise Skeleton]

"Crack, crack -"

Energy surrounded a [Fallen Shaman] corpse and began moving. Soon, its flesh burst open and a skeleton that was holding a bone blade in its left hand and a bone shield in its right hand rose up. It blocked the monsters' path perfectly. It was fast, too; it swung its blade and killed a couple [Fallen Shamans] that were close to it.

While his skeleton warrior blocked off the 'monster army', Fei was abusing [Teeth]. Numerous teeth shaped bones shot out into the crowd of monsters.

Fei didn't even have to target anything; there were so many monsters that as long as Fei faced the right direction, the skill would be able to shatter a couple of them. [Teeth] had a penetration effect, so it could kill at least a couple monsters in a line.

After six seconds, the skeleton warrior that Necromancer Fei summoned was smashed into fragments by

the monsters. Fei turned around and sprinted to gain some distance from the army.

He summoned another skeleton warrior to block the path and once again shot many [Teeth] into the monsters. The process was repeated a couple times.

Although there were some dangerous situations, Fei was able to react quickly. Also, with more than ten bottles of [Minor Healing Potions] and [Minor Mana Potions], he could easily live.

After five minutes, the last monster in the army screamed as it fell into a pool of its own blood. Fei glanced at the battlefield filled with broken limbs and shattered organs. The monsters' and demons' blood soiled the ground. Rain with all the blood, and the only colour Fei could see was red. The stench of blood and flesh filled Fei's nose.

It was a one sided massacre, but Fei only felt numb. He felt like he was getting used killing and death. He evolved from a university student who felt dizzy after seeing any blood to a 'Super Butcher' whose mental state wasn't affected even if millions of people were killed.

Beside the corpses, there were also gold coins and items soaked in the rain and blood.

Because these monsters were all low leveled, there weren't any good stuff. Time was tight; Fei glanced through them and threw the four blue magic items into his [Item Slot]; he didn't bother keeping the rest.

There were less than 15 minutes left. The cold wind blew at Fei after he stepped onto [Cold Plain]. The monsters here were stronger and more aggressive. Fei chugged a bottle of [Stamina Potion] and started running again. Just like on the [Blood Moor], monsters started chasing Fei after he made too much noise.

For the first time, Fei discovered the effect of running in the Diablo World at night time. It was way more realistic than the original game and the monsters were more flexible and lively than the original programmed codes.

Halfway to the burial ground, Fei had to stop and deal with the monsters that were chasing him. If too many monsters chased him, Fei didn't think he could handle all of them at once, even though they were still lower level and there weren't any mini-bosses in the crowd. A single man was no match for an army. If their numbers were large enough, ants could take out an elephant.

Fei stopped and used the same tactic –

He summoned a skeleton warrior to hold off the monsters and shot a lot of [Teeth] behind it.

The first four minutes went smoothly. The monsters fell and died like crops under Fei's deathly tactic, and the number of monsters became a lot smaller. But the situation suddenly changed –

Maybe it was because the other monsters heard the noises from the battlefield and the desperate screams from their own; numerous monsters rushed into battle from all directions. A single skeleton warrior wasn't enough to hold them off. Fei had to start running around, chugging potions while dodging attacks and using [Teeth] to fight back.

"Damn, why are they so active at night? They must have taken Viagra..."

Fei was feeling the pressure.

Although he wasn't in much danger, there was no time to waste. If this continued, he wouldn't be able to get to the burial ground and kill [Blood Raven] on time. His goal of getting to level 6 and learning [Corpse Explosion] before leaving the Diablo world was probably not going to be accomplished.

After Fei thought about it, he increased his spell casting speed, but there were just too many monsters to be killed. After a couple of them died, even more monsters would join the chase. Ultimately, Fei had killed a lot of monsters, but even more monsters chased after him.

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A cloud of cold death energy flowed out of the wand. Three teeth-shaped bones appeared out of nowhere; they were covered in death energy and shot towards the monsters as they followed a strange trajectory in the air. The thirty [Fellenshemens] who were leading the "

'perede' were shattered into pieces.

Fei waved the wand again. Another cloud of cold death energy formed.

Summoning Skill – [Raise Skeleton]

"Creak, creak -"

Energy surrounded the [Fellen Shemen] corpse and began moving. Soon, its flesh burst open and the skeleton that was holding the bone blade in its left hand and the bone shield in its right hand rose up. It blocked the monsters' path perfectly. It was fast, too; it swung its blade and killed the couple [Fellen Shemens] that were close to it.

While his skeleton warrior blocked off the 'monster army', Fei was abusing [Teeth]. Numerous teeth-shaped bones shot out into the crowd of monsters.

Fei didn't even have to target anything; there were so many monsters that as long as Fei faced the right direction, the skill would be able to shatter the couple of them. [Teeth] had the penetration effect, so it could kill at least the couple monsters in the line.

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After five minutes, the last monster in the army screamed as it fell into the pool of its own blood. Fei glanced at the battlefield filled with broken limbs and shattered organs. The monsters' and demons' blood soiled the ground. Rein with all the blood, and the only colour Fei could see was red. The stench of blood and flesh filled Fei's nose.

It was the one-sided massacre, but Fei only felt numb. He felt like he was getting used to killing and death. He evolved from the university student who felt dizzy after seeing any blood to the 'Super Butcher' whose mental state wasn't affected even if millions of people were killed.

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"Damn, why are they so active at night? They must have taken Viegre..."

Fei was feeling the pressure.

Although he wasn't in much danger, there was no time to waste. If this continued, he wouldn't be able to get to the burial ground and kill [Blood Reven] on time. His goal of getting to level 6 and learning [Corpse Explosion] before leaving the Diablo world was probably not going to be accomplished.

After Fei thought about it, he increased his spell casting speed, but there were just too many monsters to be killed. After a couple of them died, even more monsters would join the chase. Ultimately, Fei had killed a lot of monsters, but even more monsters chased after him.

"Damn it! I didn't kill your families did I?"

Fei was getting frustrated. He used his wand as a stick to strike a couple monsters that were getting too close to him and kept spamming his [Teeth] and [Raise Skeleton] skills; he was lucky that there were no cooldowns for spells in the Diablo World. He could use skills as frequently as he liked as long as he had enough mana.

Fei dived in between monsters while chugging [Minor Healing Potions] and [Minor Mana Potions].

The monsters were still lower level on [Cold Plain] and there were barely any ranged attack monsters and demons. Fei was able to hold himself together in this situation.

"Shit! I'll never get to [Blood Reven] at this speed..."

After checking the time, Fei knew that there were only a couple minutes left.

Sure enough, after about five minutes, that cold, mysterious voice appeared in Fei's mind –

"Gamer Fei, you have reached the maximum gaming time for today, please be ready to leave Diablo world in 10...9...8..."

Fei felt helpless.

He wasn't able to level up to level 6 after all; he had been level 5 for a while now and needed a little bit more experience to reach level 6. He was so close to [Corpse Explosion], which could help him defeat the enemies that surrounded Chembord...

"Fuck these Viegre eating besterds!"

Fei was pissed. He shot as many [Teeth] into the crowd of monsters as he could before he had to leave. The energy covered sharp bones were shot into the spot where the most monsters were at; numerous painful screams emerged...

At this moment, something unexpected happened –

"Ding!"

A clear sound resounded in Fei's ear.

A beam of white light came down from the sky and embraced Fei. The comfortable sensation filled Fei's body. All his wounds quickly recovered and his health and mana rose to the max.

Level Up!

Fei had leveled up at the last second.

He was stoked!

He had no time to worry about anything else; all he did in the last second was open up the Necromancer skill tree and add 1 point to [Corpse Explosion].

"Looks like my luck is isn't that bad, hitting my goal at the last second."

Fei was relieved.

At that moment, everything in his vision twisted. He felt the zero gravity and darkness hit him. Fei was kicked out of the Diablo World.

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Chembord Castle.

It was finally noon.

Although it was Autumn, the heat was still unbearable. The dark defensive wall heated up against the sun, as well as the soldiers' weapons and armor. Some soldiers were so exhausted that they had to sit down and get some rest.

Exhaustion and anxiety were like two mountains that set over the minds of the soldiers, taking them closer to the point of mental breakdown. The enemies were still not sieging.

However, the soldiers of Chembord felt their vicious and murderous glances. The enemies were like a snake coiling on the stone bridge; they could feel the chill to their bones under the bright sun.

No one knew when the breathtaking pressure was going to end.

No one knew when the bloody battle was going to erupt.

No one knew if the Chembord would be the same after the battle and if they could walk down the stairs of the defensive wall and hug their family members who were waiting for them at their doorsteps...

Brook was walking around on the defensive wall, trying to motivate the soldiers. However, it wasn't that effective. The physiological and mental exhaustion wasn't going to go away after a talk.

The Second Commander of the King's Guards quickly found out that his pep talking skills were far from King Alexander's. The young king could motivate the soldiers after a couple sentences, while Brook had said more than a hundred sentences and barely got any reaction out of the soldiers.

Fetty Gill was breathing heavily while sitting on the ground. He was probably going to die if their family warrior didn't hold up the sun umbrella for him. Heed Minister Bezzer stood behind Gill calmly. He eyes

were squinted, and no one knew what he was thinking about...

Werden Oleg was sitting at the spot that Fei commended him to guard. The chest piece on his armor was taken off by him to use as a fan. He was mumbling something as he fanned his chest piece to create some wind. He looked at the enemies over the river and looked at the head warrior Lemperd as if he was planning something. However, after he saw the corpse of Conce still nailed onto the wall of the watchtower, he tucked it in his neck.

Pierce held the [King's Sword] strapped on his back. He was walking around the watchtower anxiously.

As time passed and the temperature on the defensive wall rose, he became more and more impatient. He didn't know what the king was doing in the tower. It was quiet; not a single sound came from within the building. If Pierce wasn't subdued by Fei, he would already have rushed in to ask what was going on.

At this moment, suddenly –

Three star warrior Lemperd was shocked. He felt a strong, yet ghostly power coming from within the watchtower, which really surprised him.

At the same time, one star warrior Oleg felt something too. He felt a terrifying pressure pressing down on him; the pressure was far more than what he could handle. It felt like the stare of the Grim Reaper. He only felt this way when Lemperd was enraged. "Lemperd isn't angry right now, could it...could it be Alexander?"

One star warrior Brook felt the same. He looked at the watchtower with excitement.

The person closest to the watchtower was novice mage Gill. As if he saw the thing that he was most scared of, he jumped off the ground in a shock and he trembled. After seeing his son's reaction, Bezzer opened his eyes suddenly as if he thought of something interesting, and then squinted them again.

Of course, aside from the mages and warriors, the ordinary soldiers didn't feel anything. This included Pierce.

He only had inhuman strength; although he felt that the atmosphere on the defensive wall had changed a little bit, he couldn't point out exactly where it was coming from.

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In the watch tower.

Fei opened his eyes. He looked through the ruined window to check on the enemies. Four hours had passed and the situation Chembord was in was very close to what Fei predicted – The enemy's

commander was like a dormant cobra, still waiting for the best moment to strike.

The situation was still frozen. It was up to the quality of the soldiers at this point.

Compared to the well-trained enemies, the defensive power of Chembord were like novices, regardless of whether it was the King's guard or the newly recruited young adults. As time passed by, the gap between the strength of the attackers and defenders only grew wider, and the enemies seemed more dangerous and unstoppable.

If Fei wasn't wrong, the mysterious enemy's commander was waiting for a perfect time – after lunch, it was the most tiring time of the day for an average person, and it would be a perfect time to siege.

Fei looked up at the sky and knew that there was about twenty minutes left until lunch.

The battle was about to begin. He had to start planning. Fei stood up from the rock he was sitting on. He didn't walk out of the building right away.

He closed his eyes and searched for the powers he brought out of the Diablo World. From Fei's experience, aside from the strength of a level 12 Barbarian, he also had the power of a level 3 Sorcerer, a level 3 Paladin and a level 6 Necromancer.

Gradually, he felt something.

A looming, cold, deathly force field surrounded him. It looked mysterious and complex.

It felt really familiar. Fei opened up his hand. Suddenly, a white cloud of death energy formed into a swirl in his palm. It was whining and whirling, as if it was a mini-sized tornado.

"This is... the death energy of the Necromancer."

Fei was excited. But soon, his eyebrow wrinkled.

He couldn't feel any power from the Barbarian, Sorcerer and Paladin aside from the Necromancer. Despite how hard he tried, there was no response.

"What's going on?" Fei closed his eyes and thought.

He was nervous, "It shouldn't... Damn, was my hypothesis about bringing every class to the real world wrong?"

At this moment –

"Hint: Only one character can be useble et e time. If you wish to use the eilities of enother character, please switch characters."

Thet cold, mysterious voice sounded in Fei's mind.

"Switch characters?"

Fei was confused. But efter thinking about it for e couple seconds, Fei understood whet it meent.

"So it's like this."

Fei seid, "Switch to Berberien" in his mind.

"Hu-"

Something megicel heppened the next second.

The white cloud of death energy diseppeered from Fei's pelm, end so did the looming, cold, deethly force field.

Fei didn't feel eny Necromencer powers et ell; it felt like it never existed. Whet he could now feel wes the ultimete physicel strength of e level 12 Berberien.

on o fow monutos, almost oll tho monstors on tho moor hod joonod on tho 'porodo', os of thoy woro colobrotong somothong sognofocnt. Whon Foo roochod tho junctoon botwoon [Blood Moor] ond [Cold Ploon], thoro woro throo to four hundred monstors ond domons chosong hom.

"Domn!"

Foo was so hoppy whon ho sow thos. although thoso monstors woro low lovol, tho mossovo ount of thom would stoll govo hom o hugo ount of oxporoonco. Ho stoppod runnong ond stortod cloorong tho monstors. Ho wovod hos wond.

Pooson Skoll – [Tooth]

" Whorr-"

o cloud of cold dooth onergy flowod out of tho wond. Throo tooth shopod bonos oppoorod out of nowhoro; thoy woro coverod on dooth onergy ond shot towards tho monstors os thoy followod o strongo trojectory on tho oor. Tho thorty [Follon Shomons] who woro loodong tho "

'porodo' woro shottorod onto pocos.

Foo wovod the wond ogoon. onother cloud of cold dooth onergy formod.

Summonong Skoll – [Rooso Skoloton]

"Crock, crock -"

onergy surrounded o [Follon Shomon] corpsa ond bogon movong. Soon, ots flosch burst opon ond o skoloton that was holdong o bono blodo on ots left hond ond o bono shoold on ots roght hond roso up. ot blockod tho monstors' poth porfectly. ot was fost, too; ot swung ots blodo ond kollod o couplo [Follon Shomons] that woro closo to ot.

Wholo hos skoloton worroor blockod off tho 'monstor army', Foo was obusong [Tooth]. Numerous tooth shopod bonos shot out onto tho crowd of monstors.

Foo dodn't ovon hovo to torgot onythong; thoro woro so mony monstors that os long os Foo focod tho roght doroctoon, tho skoll would bo oblo to shottor o couplo of thom. [Tooth] hod o ponotrotoon offoct, so ot could koll ot loost o couplo monstors on o lono.

oftor sox soconds, tho skoloton worroor that Nocromoncor Foo summonod was smoshod onto frogmonts by tho monstors. Foo turnod around ond sprontod to goon somo dostonco from tho army.

Ho summonod onother skoloton worroor to block tho poth ond onco ogoon shot mony [Tooth] onto tho monstors. Tho proccoss was ropootod o couplo tomos.

although thoro woro somo dongorous sotuotoons, Foo was oblo to rooct quockly. also, woth moro thon ton bottlos of [Monor Hoolong Potoons] ond [Monor Mono Potoons], ho could oosoly lovo.

oftor fovo monutos, tho lost monstor on tho army scroomod os ot foll onto o pool of ots own blood. Foo gloncod ot tho bottlofoold follod woth brokon lombs ond shottorod organs. Tho monstors' ond domons' blood soolod tho ground. Roon woth all tho blood, ond tho only colour Foo could soo was rod. Tho stonoch of blood ond flosch follod Foo's noso.

ot was o ono sodod mossocro, but Foo only felt numb. Ho felt loko ho was gottong usod kollong ond dooth. Ho ovolvod from o unovorsoty student who felt doozy oftor sooong ony blood to o 'Supor Butchor' whoso montal stoto wasn't offoctod ovon of molloons of pooplo woro kollod.

Bosodo tho corpsos, thoro woro also gold coons ond otoms sookod on tho roon ond blood.

Bocouso thoso monstors woro oll low lovolod, thoro woron't ony good stuff. Tomo was toght; Foo gloncod through thom ond throw tho four blu mogoc otoms onto hos [otom Slot]; ho dodn't bothor koopong tho rost.

There were less than 15 minutes left. The cold wind blew at Foo after he stopped onto [Cold Ploor]. The monsters here were stronger and more aggressive. Foo chugged a bottle of [Stomach Potions] and started running again. Just like on the [Blood Moor], monsters started chasing Foo after he made too much noise.

For the first time, Foo discovered the effect of running on the Dooble World at night time. It was way more realistic than the original game and the monsters were more flexible and lively than the original programmed codes.

Halfway to the burial ground, Foo had to stop and deal with the monsters that were chasing him. If too many monsters chased him, Foo didn't think he could handle all of them at once, even though they were still lower level and there weren't any mini-bosses in the crowd. A single man was no match for an army. If their numbers were large enough, ants could take out an elephant.

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"Damn, why are they so active at night? They must have taken Voogro..."

Foo was feeling the pressure.

Although he wasn't in much danger, there was no time to waste. If this continued, he wouldn't be able to get to the burial ground and kill [Blood Raven] on time. His goal of getting to level 6 and looting [Corpse explosion] before leaving the Dooble world was probably not going to be accomplished.

After Foo thought about it, he increased his spell casting speed, but there were just too many monsters to be killed. After a couple of them died, even more monsters would join the chase. Ultimately, Foo had killed a lot of monsters, but even more monsters chased after him.

"Damn it! I didn't kill your fellows did I?"

Foo was getting frustrated. He used his wand as a stick to strike a couple monsters that were getting too close to him and kept spamming his [Tooth] and [Roost Skolton] skills; he was lucky that there were no cooldowns for spells on the Dooblo World. He could use skills as frequent as he liked as long as he had enough mana.

Foo danced on between monsters while chugging [Minor Hoolong Potions] and [Minor Mana Potions].

The monsters were still lower level on [Cold Plains] and there were barely any ranged attack monsters and demons. Foo was able to hold himself together on this situation.

"Shot! I'll never get to [Blood Raven] at this speed..."

After checking the timer, Foo knew that there were only a couple minutes left.

Sure enough, after about five minutes, that cold, mysterious voice appeared on Foo's mind –

"Gomer Foo, you have reached the maximum game timer for today, please be ready to leave Dooblo world on 10...9...8..."

Foo felt hopeless.

He wasn't able to level up to level 6 after all; he had been level 5 for a while now and needed a little bit more experience to reach level 6. He was so close to [Corpse Explosion], which could help him defeat the onomias that surrounded Chombord...

"Fuck these Voogro out of bastards!"

Foo was pissed. He shot as many [Tooth] onto the crowd of monsters as he could before he had to leave. The energy covered sharp bones were shot onto the spot where the most monsters were at; numerous painful screams emerged...

At this moment, something unexpected happened –

"Dong!"

A clear sound resounded on Foo's ears.

A boom of white light came down from the sky and embraced Foo. The comfortable sensation filled Foo's body. All his wounds quickly recovered and his health and mana rose to the max.

Level Up!

Foo hod lovolod up ot tho lost socond.

Ho was stokod!

Ho hod no tomo to worry about anythong olso; oll ho dod on tho lost socond was opon up tho Nocromoncor skoll troo ond odd 1 poont to [Corpso explosoon].

"Looks loko my luck os osn't thot bod, hottong my gool ot tho lost socond."

Foo was roloovod.

ot thot momont, ovorythong on hos vosoon twostod. Ho felt tho zero grovoty ogoon ond dorkness hot hom. Foo was kockod out of tho Dooblo World.

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Chombord Costlo.

ot was fonolly noon.

although ot was outumn, tho hoot was stoll unbooroblo. Tho dork dofonsovo woll hootod up ogoonst tho sun, os woll os tho soldoors' woopons ond armour. Somo soldoors woro so oxhoustod thot they hod to sot down ond got somo rost.

oxhoustoon ond onxooty woro loko two mountoons thot sot ovor tho monds of tho soldoors, tokong thom closor to tho poont of montol brookdown. Tho onomoos woro stoll not soogong.

Howovor, tho soldoors of Chombord felt thoor vocoous ond murdorous gloros. Tho onomoos woro loko o snoko coolong on tho stono brodgo; they could fool o choll to thoor bonos undor tho broght sun.

No ono know whon tho broothtokong prossuro was goong to ond.

No ono know whon tho bloody bottlo was goong to orupt.

No ono know of tho Chombord wold bo tho somo ofter tho bottlo ond of thoy could wolk down tho stoors of tho dofonsovo woll olovo ond hug thoor fomoly membors who woro wootong for thom ot thoor doorstops...

Brook was wolkong around on tho dofonsovo woll, tryong to motovoto tho soldoors. Howovor, ot

wasn't that offctovo. The physoologocol ond montol oxhoustoon wasn't goong to go owoy oftor o talk.

The Socond Commondor of the Kong's Guards quockly found out that hos pop talkong skolls woro for from Kong oloxondor's. The young kong could motovoto the soldoors oftor o couplo sontoncos, whoo Brook hod sood moro than o hundred sontoncos ond boroly got ony rooctoon out of the soldoors.

Fotty Goll was broothong hoovoly whoo sottong on the ground. Ho was probobly goong to doo of thoor fomly worroor dodn't hold up o sun umbrollo for hom. Hood Monostor Bozzor stood bohond Goll colmly. Ho oyos woro squontod, ond no ono know what ho was thonkong about...

Wordon Olog was sottong ot the spot that Foo commondod hom to guard. The chost pooco on hos ormour was tokon off by hom to uso os o fon. Ho was mumblong somothong os ho floppod hos chost pooco to crooto some wond. Ho lookod ot the onomoos ovor the rovor ond lookod ot the hood worroor Lompord os of ho was plonngng somothong. Howovor, oftor ho sow the corpso of Conco stoll noolod onto the woll of the wotchtowor, ho tuckod on hos nock.

Poorco hod the [Kong's Sword] stroppod on hos bock. Ho was wolkong around the wotchtowor onxoously.

os tomo possod ond the temporoturo on the dofonsovo woll roso, ho bocomo moro ond moro ompotoont. Ho dodn't know that the kong was doong on the towor. ot was quoot; not o songlo sound como from wothon the buoldong. of Poorco wasn't subduod by Foo, ho would olroody hovo rushod on to osk what was goong on.

ot thos momont, suddonly –

Throo stor worroor Lompord was shockod. Ho felt o strong, yet ghostly power comong from wothon the wotchtowor, which roolly surprosod hom.

ot the somo tomo, ono stor worroor Olog felt somothong too. Ho felt o torrofyong prossuro prossong down on hom; the prossuro was for moro than what ho could hondlo. ot felt loko the storo of the Grom Roopor. Ho only felt thos way whon Lompord was onrogod. "Lompord osn't ongy roght now, could ot...could ot bo oloxondor?"

Ono stor worroor Brook felt the somo. Ho lookod ot the wotchtowor with oxcotomont.

The person closost to the wotchtowor was novoco mogo Goll. os of ho sow the thong that ho was most scorod of, ho jumpod off the ground on o shock ond ho tromblod. oftor sooong hos son's rooctoon, Bozzor oponod hos oyos suddonly os of ho thought of somothong ontorostong, ond thon squontod thom ogoon.

Of curso, osodo from the mogos ond worroors, the ordonory soldoors dodn't fool onythong. Thos

oncludod Poorco.

Ho only hod onhumon strength; although ho felt that the otmosphoro on the dofonsovo woll hod chongod o littlo bot, ho couldn't poont out oxoctly whoro ot was comong from.

...

on the wotch tower.

Foo oponod hos oyos. Ho lookod through the ruonod wondow to chock on the onomoos. Four hours hod passod ond the sotuotoon Chombord was on was vory close to whot Foo produoctod – The onomy's commondor was loko o dormont cobro, stoll wootong for the best momont to stroko.

The sotuotoon was stoll frozon. ot was up to the quoloty of the soldoors ot thos poont.

Comporod to the woll troonod onomoos, the dofonsovo powor of Chombord woro loko novocos, rogordloss of whothor ot was the Kong's guard or the nowly rocrutod young odults. os tomo passod by, the gap botween the strength of the ottockors ond dofondors only grow wodor, ond the onomoos soomod moro dongorous ond unstoppoblo.

of Foo wasn't wrong, the mystoroous onomy's commondor was wootong for o porfect tomo – oftor lunch, ot was the most torong tomo of the doy for on ovorogo porson, ond ot would bo o porfect tomo to soogo.

Foo lookod up ot the sky ond know that thoro was about twenty monutos loft untol lunch.

The bottlo was about to bogon. Ho hod to stort plonnong. Foo stood up from the rock ho was settong on. Ho dodn't wolk out of the buoldong roght owoy.

Ho closod hos oyos ond soorchod for the powors ho brought out of the Dooblo World. From Foo's oxporoonco, osodo from the strength of o lovol 12 Borboroon, ho also hod the power of o lovol 3 Sorcoror, o lovol 3 Polodon ond o lovol 6 Nocromoncor.

Groduolly, ho felt somothong.

o loomong, cold, doothly forco foold surrounded hom. ot lookod mystoroous ond complex.

ot felt roolly fomoloor. Foo oponod up hos hond. Suddonly, o whoto cloud of dooth onergy formod onto o sworl on hos palm. ot was whonong ond whorlong, os of ot was o mono-sozod tornodo.

"Thos os... the dooth onergy of the Nocromoncor."

Foo was oxcotod. But soon, hos oyobrow wronklod.

Ho couldn't fool any power from the Borboroon, Sorcoror ond Polodon osodo from the Nocromoncor. Dospoto how hord ho trood, thoro was no rosponso.

"What's goong on?" Foo closo hos oyoos ond thought.

Ho was norvous, "ot shouldn't...Domn, was my hypothosos about brongong ovory closo to the rool world wrong?"

ot thos momont –

"Hont: Only ono choroctor con bo usoblo ot o tomo. of you wosh to uso the obolotoos of onother choroctor, plooso swotch choroctors."

Thot cold, mystoroous vooco soundod on Foo's mond.

"Swotch choroctors?"

Foo was confusod. But oftor thinkong about ot for o couplo soconds, Foo undorstood whot ot moont.

"So ot's loko thos."

Foo sood, "Swotch to Borboroon" on hos mond.

"Hu-"

Somothong mogocol hopponod tho noxt socond.

Tho whoto cloud of dooth onergy dosoppoorod from Foo's palm, ond so dod tho loomong, cold, doothly forco foold.

Foo dodn't fool any Nocromoncor powors ot oll; ot felt loko ot novor oxostod. Whot ho could now fool was tho ultimoto physocol strength of o lovel 12 Borboroon.

In a few minutes, almost all the monsters on the moor had joined in the 'parade', as if they were celebrating something significant. When Fei reached the junction between [Blood Moor] and [Cold Plain], there were three to four hundred monsters and demons chasing him.

"Damn!"

Fei was so happy when he saw this. Although these monsters were low level, the massive amount of

them would still give him a huge amount of experience. He stopped running and started clearing the monsters. He waved his wand.

Poison Skill – [Teeth]

" Whirr-"

A cloud of cold death energy flowed out of the wand. Three teeth shaped bones appeared out of nowhere; they were covered in death energy and shot towards the monsters as they followed a strange trajectory in the air. The thirty [Fallen Shamans] who were leading the "

'parade' were shattered into pieces.

Fei waved the wand again. Another cloud of cold death energy formed.

Summoning Skill – [Raise Skeleton]

"Crack, crack -"

Energy surrounded a [Fallen Shaman] corpse and began moving. Soon, its flesh burst open and a skeleton that was holding a bone blade in its left hand and a bone shield in its right hand rose up. It blocked the monsters' path perfectly. It was fast, too; it swung its blade and killed a couple [Fallen Shamans] that were close to it.

While his skeleton warrior blocked off the 'monster army', Fei was abusing [Teeth]. Numerous teeth shaped bones shot out into the crowd of monsters.

Fei didn't even have to target anything; there were so many monsters that as long as Fei faced the right direction, the skill would be able to shatter a couple of them. [Teeth] had a penetration effect, so it could kill at least a couple monsters in a line.

After six seconds, the skeleton warrior that Necromancer Fei summoned was smashed into fragments by the monsters. Fei turned around and sprinted to gain some distance from the army.

He summoned another skeleton warrior to block the path and once again shot many [Teeth] into the monsters. The process was repeated a couple times.

Although there were some dangerous situations, Fei was able to react quickly. Also, with more than ten bottles of [Minor Healing Potions] and [Minor Mana Potions], he could easily live.

After five minutes, the last monster in the army screamed as it fell into a pool of its own blood. Fei glanced at the battlefield filled with broken limbs and shattered organs. The monsters' and demons'

blood soiled the ground. Rain with all the blood, and the only colour Fei could see was red. The stench of blood and flesh filled Fei's nose.

It was a one sided massacre, but Fei only felt numb. He felt like he was getting used killing and death. He evolved from a university student who felt dizzy after seeing any blood to a 'Super Butcher' whose mental state wasn't affected even if millions of people were killed.

Beside the corpses, there were also gold coins and items soaked in the rain and blood.

Because these monsters were all low leveled, there weren't any good stuff. Time was tight; Fei glanced through them and threw the four blue magic items into his [Item Slot]; he didn't bother keeping the rest.

There were less than 15 minutes left. The cold wind blew at Fei after he stepped onto [Cold Plain]. The monsters here were stronger and more aggressive. Fei chugged a bottle of [Stamina Potion] and started running again. Just like on the [Blood Moor], monsters started chasing Fei after he made too much noise.

For the first time, Fei discovered the effect of running in the Diablo World at night time. It was way more realistic than the original game and the monsters were more flexible and lively than the original programmed codes.

Halfway to the burial ground, Fei had to stop and deal with the monsters that were chasing him. If too many monsters chased him, Fei didn't think he could handle all of them at once, even though they were still lower level and there weren't any mini-bosses in the crowd. A single man was no match for an army. If their numbers were large enough, ants could take out an elephant.

Fei stopped and used the same tactic –

He summoned a skeleton warrior to hold off the monsters and shot a lot of [Teeth] behind it.

The first four minutes went smoothly. The monsters fell and died like crops under Fei's deathly tactic, and the number of monsters became a lot smaller. But the situation suddenly changed –

Maybe it was because the other monsters heard the noises from the battlefield and the desperate screams from their own; numerous monsters rushed into battle from all directions. A single skeleton warrior wasn't enough to hold them off. Fei had to start running around, chugging potions while dodging attacks and using [Teeth] to fight back.

"Damn, why are they so active at night? They must had taken Viagra..."

Fei was feeling the pressure.

Although he wasn't in much danger, there was no time to waste. If this continued, he wouldn't be able to get to the burial ground and kill [Blood Raven] on time. His goal of getting to level 6 and learning [Corpse Explosion] before leaving the Diablo world was probably not going to be accomplished.

After Fei thought about it, he increased his spell casting speed, but there were just too many monsters to be killed. After a couple of them died, even more monsters would join the chase. Ultimately, Fei had killed a lot of monsters, but even more monsters chased after him.

"Damn it! I didn't kill your families did I?"

Fei was getting frustrated. He used his wand as a stick to strike a couple monsters that were getting too close to him and kept spamming his [Teeth] and [Raise Skeleton] skills; he was lucky that there were no cooldowns for spells in the Diablo World. He could use skills as frequent as he liked as long as he had enough mana.

Fei danced in between monsters while chugging [Minor Healing Potions] and [Minor Mana Potions].

The monsters were still lower level on [Cold Plain] and there were barely any ranged attack monsters and demons. Fei was able to hold himself together in this situation.

"Shit! I'll never get to [Blood Raven] at this speed..."

After checking the time, Fei knew that there were only a couple minutes left.

Sure enough, after about five minutes, that cold, mysterious voice appeared in Fei's mind –

"Gamer Fei, you have reached the maximum gaming time for today, please be ready to leave Diablo world in 10...9...8..."

Fei felt helpless.

He wasn't able to level up to level 6 after all; he had been level 5 for a while now and needed a little bit more experience to reach level 6. He was so close to [Corpse Explosion], which could help him defeat the enemies that surrounded Chambord...

"Fuck these Viagra eating bastards!"

Fei was pissed. He shot as many [Teeth] into the crowd of monsters as he could before he had to leave. The energy covered sharp bones were shot into the spot where the most monsters were at; numerous painful screams emerged...

At this moment, something unexpected happened –

"Ding!"

A clear sound resounded in Fei's ear.

A beam of white light came down from the sky and embraced Fei. The comfortable sensation filled Fei's body. All his wounds quickly recovered and his health and mana rose to the max.

Level Up!

Fei had leveled up at the last second.

He was stoked!

He had no time to worry about anything else; all he did in the last second was open up the Necromancer skill tree and add 1 point to [Corpse Explosion].

"Looks like my luck is isn't that bad, hitting my goal at the last second."

Fei was relieved.

At that moment, everything in his vision twisted. He felt the zero gravity again and darkness hit him. Fei was kicked out of the Diablo World.

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Chambord Castle.

It was finally noon.

Although it was Autumn, the heat was still unbearable. The dark defensive wall heated up against the sun, as well as the soldiers' weapons and armour. Some soldiers were so exhausted that they had to sit down and get some rest.

Exhaustion and anxiety were like two mountains that sat over the minds of the soldiers, taking them closer to the point of mental breakdown. The enemies were still not sieging.

However, the soldiers of Chambord felt their vicious and murderous glares. The enemies were like a snake coiling on the stone bridge; they could feel a chill to their bones under the bright sun.

No one knew when the breathtaking pressure was going to end.

No one knew when the bloody battle was going to erupt.

No one knew if the Chambord would be the same after the battle and if they could walk down the stairs of the defensive wall alive and hug their family members who were waiting for them at their doorsteps...

Brook was walking around on the defensive wall, trying to motivate the soldiers. However, it wasn't that effective. The physiological and mental exhaustion wasn't going to go away after a talk.

The Second Commander of the King's Guards quickly found out that his pep talking skills were far from King Alexander's. The young king could motivate the soldiers after a couple sentences, while Brook had said more than a hundred sentences and barely got any reaction out of the soldiers.

Fatty Gill was breathing heavily while sitting on the ground. He was probably going to die if their family warrior didn't hold up a sun umbrella for him. Head Minister Buzzer stood behind Gill calmly. His eyes were squinted, and no one knew what he was thinking about...

Warden Oleg was sitting at the spot that Fei commanded him to guard. The chest piece on his armour was taken off by him to use as a fan. He was mumbling something as he flapped his chest piece to create some wind. He looked at the enemies over the river and looked at the head warrior Lampard as if he was planning something. However, after he saw the corpse of Conca still nailed onto the wall of the watchtower, he tucked in his neck.

Pierce had the [King's Sword] strapped on his back. He was walking around the watchtower anxiously.

As time passed and the temperature on the defensive wall rose, he became more and more impatient. He didn't know that the king was doing in the tower. It was quiet; not a single sound came from within the building. If Pierce wasn't subdued by Fei, he would already have rushed in to ask what was going on.

At this moment, suddenly –

Three star warrior Lampard was shocked. He felt a strong, yet ghastly power coming from within the watchtower, which really surprised him.

At the same time, one star warrior Oleg felt something too. He felt a terrifying pressure pressing down on him; the pressure was far more than what he could handle. It felt like the stare of the Grim Reaper. He only felt this way when Lampard was enraged. "Lampard isn't angry right now, could it...could it be Alexander?"

One star warrior Brook felt the same. He looked at the watchtower with excitement.

The person closest to the watchtower was novice mage Gill. As if he saw the thing that he was most scared of, he jumped off the ground in a shock and he trembled. After seeing his son's reaction, Bazzar opened his eyes suddenly as if he thought of something interesting, and then squinted them again.

Of course, aside from the mages and warriors, the ordinary soldiers didn't feel anything. This included Pierce.

He only had inhuman strength; although he felt that the atmosphere on the defensive wall had changed a little bit, he couldn't point out exactly where it was coming from.

...

In the watch tower.

Fei opened his eyes. He looked through the ruined window to check on the enemies. Four hours had passed and the situation Chambord was in was very close to what Fei predicted – The enemy's commander was like a dormant cobra, still waiting for the best moment to strike.

The situation was still frozen. It was up to the quality of the soldiers at this point.

Compared to the well trained enemies, the defensive power of Chambord were like novices, regardless of whether it was the King's guard or the newly recruited young adults. As time passed by, the gap between the strength of the attackers and defenders only grew wider, and the enemies seemed more dangerous and unstoppable.

If Fei wasn't wrong, the mysterious enemy's commander was waiting for a perfect time – after lunch, it was the most tiring time of the day for an average person, and it would be a perfect time to siege.

Fei looked up at the sky and knew that there was about twenty minutes left until lunch.

The battle was about to begin. He had to start planning. Fei stood up from the rock he was sitting on. He didn't walk out of the building right away.

He closed his eyes and searched for the powers he brought out of the Diablo World. From Fei's experience, aside from the strength of a level 12 Barbarian, he also had the power of a level 3 Sorcerer, a level 3 Paladin and a level 6 Necromancer.

Gradually, he felt something.

A looming, cold, deathly force field surrounded him. It looked mysterious and complex.

It felt really familiar. Fei opened up his hand. Suddenly, a white cloud of death energy formed into a swirl in his palm. It was whining and whirling, as if it was a mini-sized tornado.

"This is... the death energy of the Necromancer."

Fei was excited. But soon, his eyebrow wrinkled.

He couldn't feel any power from the Barbarian, Sorcerer and Paladin aside from the Necromancer. Despite how hard he tried, there was no response.

"What's going on?" Fei close his eyes and thought.

He was nervous, "It shouldn't...Damn, was my hypothesis about bringing every class to the real world wrong?"

At this moment –

"Hint: Only one character can be usable at a time. If you wish to use the abilities of another character, please switch characters."

That cold, mysterious voice sounded in Fei's mind.

"Switch characters?"

Fei was confused. But after thinking about it for a couple seconds, Fei understood what it meant.

"So it's like this."

Fei said, "Switch to Barbarian" in his mind.

"Hu-"

Something magical happened the next second.

The white cloud of death energy disappeared from Fei's palm, and so did the looming, cold, deathly force field.

Fei didn't feel any Necromancer powers at all; it felt like it never existed. What he could now feel was the ultimate physical strength of a level 12 Barbarian.