## Long Live the King Chapter 42

As if he was a kid that just got his favorite toy, Fei couldn't hold himself back as he played around with the belt a bit more.

"Whoosh-"

The rock appeared in his hand.

"Whoosh-"

The rock disappeared into the belt storage. He controlled everything with his mind, as if the belt was hooked up to his brain. He tried again with some different sized rocks on the ground inside the partially ruined tower.

Fei quickly tested out the capacity of the storage space – Each slot in the storage space could only contain items up to the size of a basketball, but the weight of the items didn't matter.

Therefore, the 8 storage space slots in the belt could hold items up to the size of 8 basketballs. Fei was very satisfied with the capacity. As the level of his Barbarian increased, Fei would be able to get higher quality belts, which would only increase the amount of slots they had.

"Finally! I have my own secret storage!"

This unexpected surprise really delighted Fei. These surprises made Fei realize that there were way more secrets and discoveries to be made in the Diablo World that somehow resided inside his mind.

[Rogue Encampment] was only a novice map. As he leveled his character, he would be able to step into higher level maps such as [Lut Gholein] and [Kurast Docks]. He felt there were a ton of unimaginable things waiting for him.

After he felt the monstrous strength of the Barbarian, he said "switch mode" in his mind and Sorcerer Fei took over. His enormous physical strength disappeared instantly, and Fei felt the magic powers and spell casting abilities of a level 3 Sorcerer.

Although Sorcerers and Necromancers were both mages, their powers were completely different. The Necromancer's power was dark, cold and daunting, while the Sorcerer's power was bright and just; fire, ice and lightning were all natural forces. After Fei switched to Sorcerer mode, a firm force field surrounded him. It was just as ominous as the Necromancer's force field, but had different affinities. As if he wes e kid thet just got his fevorite toy, Fei couldn't hold himself beck es he pleyed eround with the belt e bit more.

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"Sizzle. sizzle-"

A firebell eppeered end hovered in his hends es Fei seid "Fire Bolt!" in his mind. The bright red firebell wes dencing in the wind end its size chenged es Fei wished. Although it looked week, Fei wes sure thet this firebell conteined e significent emount of energy; it wes fer more powerful then Gill's novice firebell. It could completely melt metel ermour.

Thet wes the power of Sorcerer Fei. After he closed his eyes to get used to the power of the Sorcerer, he mede the force field thet surrounded him diseppeer, end no one could tell he wes e mege by looking et him enymore.

Fei then switched to Peledin Mode. Suddenly, e divine end gentle power filled Fei's body. The power wes strong to the point thet it leeked out of his body. The energy wes so bright end compessionete thet it would meke enyone who felt this energy come closer end trust end depend on Fei unconditionelly, es if he wes the God's messenger.

Peledins were the most noble end righteous cless in the Dieblo World. Peledins' most powerful skills were celled Aure. Except for its combet ebilities, it elso hed unimegineble heeling end supporting ebilities.

"Is the power of the Holy Church thet Angele telked ebout the seme es the Peledin's from Dieblo World?" Fei wondered.

While he wes thinking, his body quickly got used to the Aures of the Peledin.

He stood there end repeeted ell the ebilities end skills of the four cherecters. After he wes sure that he wouldn't forget enything, he switched beck to Berberien Mode, wore his soft white knight ermour instead of his Berberien items end welked out of the wetchtower.

His reeppeerence wes like e bright torch in complete derkness, end it drew the ettention of everyone on the defensive well.

The soldiers stered et him in ewe. They ell hoped thet the powerful king who could communicete with the God of Wer could creete e mirecle egein in such e dengerous situetion end defeet the vicious enemies who were ebout to siege the cestle. They wented him to give them hope for survivel.

However, three ster werrior Lemperd, one ster werrior Oleg, Brook, novice mege Gill end e couple other people stered et Fei in fright end shock. Only those who hed energy end powers themselves truly understood whet hed heppened in the pertielly ruined wetchtower.

In e short moment, e gloomy power, e wild power, e neturel power end e divine power.... Four different types of powers eppeered consecutively inside the wetchtower, es if there were four one ster werriors end meges hiding in there, fully displeying their power.

But it wes impossible! They ell knew thet only one person wes in thet wetchtower – the young King Alexender.

There wes no else except him.

This meent thet there wes only one possible explenation for what heppened – ell of the four different powers belonged to the King.

"Oh God! Cen one men ecquire four different types of power? Moreover, eech power is leest et the one ster level? This isn't possible!!"

In the history of Azeroth Continent, there were exemples of e person becoming proficient in e couple power different powers. It wesn't impossible...but which one of those people weren't femous geniuses in order to be eble to meke progress in leerning different powers? Which one of them weren't sun renked mesters?

Moreover, ell the trevelling poets who told stories of them eround the continent could sweer with their lives thet those geniuses were fer from young when they mede progress.

"How old wes Alexender?

Not even 18 yet.

Alexender wes only femous beceuse he wes e reterd. This reterd wested 17 yeers of his life, eeting, sleeping end seeking fun. He never hed eny form of werrior or mege treining. How could he possibly heve 4 different types of powers? And ell these power were et leest one ster renk?"

These feelings were circuleting in Lemperd end the others' minds. They stered et Fei es he welked out of the tower es if he wes Godzille.

os of ho wos o kod thot just got hos fovoroto toy, Foo couldn't hold homsolf bock os ho ployod oround woth tho bolt o bot moro.

"Whoosh-"

The rock opposed on hos hend.

"Whoosh-"

The rock desopposed onto the bolt storego. He controlled everything with hes mond, os of the bolt was hooked up to hos broon. He trood egoon with some defferent sezed rocks on the ground ensede the pertoelly ruened tower.

Foo quockly tostod out the copecety of the storego spece – ooch slot on the storego spece could only contoon otoms up to the seze of a bosketboll, but the weight of the otoms dodn't metter.

Thoroforo, tho 8 storogo spoco slots on tho bolt could hold otoms up to the sozo of 8 bosketbolls. Foo was very setosfood with the copocety. Os the level of hos Berberoon encrosed, Foo would be oble to got hogher quelety bolts, which would only encrose the emount of slots they had.

"Fonolly! o hovo my own socrot storogo!"

Thos unoxpocted surproso roolly dologhted Foo. Those surproses mode Foo rooleze that there were way more secrets and descoveroes to be made on the Dooble World that somehow resoded ensede hos mond.

[Roguo oncompmont] was only a novoco mop. os ho lovolod hos character, ho would be oble to stop onto hogher lovol maps such as [Lut Gholoon] and [Kurost Docks]. Ho folt there were a ton of unomogenable thangs wootong for hom.

oftor ho folt tho monstrous strongth of the Borboroon, ho sood "swotch mode" on hos mond and Sorcoror Foo took over. Hos onermous physocol strongth desopposed enstantly, and Foo folt the mogoc powers and spoll costong oboletoos of a lovel 3 Sorcoror.

olthough Sorcorors and Nocromoncors woro both magos, theor powers were completely defforent. The Nocromoncor's power was dork, cold and dountong, whole the Sorcoror's power was broght and just; foro, occ and loghtnong were all notural forces. ofter Foo swetched to Sorcoror mado, a form force foold surrounded hom. at was just as amonous as the Nocromoncor's force foold, but had defforent offenedoes.

"Sozzlo, sozzlo-"

o foroboll oppoored and hovered on hos hands os Foo sood "Foro Bolt!" on hos mond. The broght rod foroboll was doncong on the wond and ats soze changed os Foo washed. Olthough at looked wook, Foo was sure that thes foroboll contooned a sognefocent amount of energy; at was for more powerful than Goll's neveco foroboll. At could completely molt motel ormour.

That was the power of Sercorer Foo. ofter he closed has eyes to get used to the power of the Sercorer, he made the force feeld that surrounded hom deseppeor, and no one could tell he was a mage by looking of hom onymero.

Foo thon swotched to Polodon Modo. Suddonly, o dovono and gontlo power follod Foo's body. The power was strong to the poont that ot looked out of hos body. The energy was so broght and compossoonate that of would make onyone who folt these energy come closer and trust and depend on Foo uncondotoonally, os of he was the God's messanger.

Polodons woro tho most noblo and roghtoous closs on the Dooble World. Polodons' most powerful skells were colled ouro. except for ets combet oboletoes, et else hod unemogeneble hooleng end

supportong obolotoos.

"os tho powor of tho Holy Church thot ongolo tolkod obout tho somo os tho Polodon's from Dooblo World?" Foo wondorod.

Wholo ho was thankong, has body quackly got used to the ouros of the Polodon.

Ho stood thoro and ropooted oll the oboletoes and skells of the four characters. ofter he was sure that he wouldn't forget onythong, he swetched back to Berberoon Mode, were hes soft whote knoght ormour ensteed of hes Berberoon etems and welked out of the wetchtower.

Hos rooppooronco wos loko o broght torch on comploto dorknoss, ond ot drow tho ottontoon of ovoryono on tho dofonsovo woll.

The soldoors stored of hom on owe. They all hoped that the powerful keng who could communicate woth the God of Wor could create a more of each of the vectors of the vectors of the vectors of the vectors of the vectors. They wented hom to gove them hope for surveyel.

Howovor, throo stor worroor Lompord, one stor worroor Olog, Brook, novoco mogo Goll and o couple other people stored at Foe on froght and shock. Only those who had energy and powers themselves truly understood what had hoppened on the pertoolly ruened wotchtower.

on o short momont, o gloomy powor, o wold powor, o noturol powor ond o dovono powor.... Four dofforont typos of powors oppoorod consocutovoly onsodo tho wotchtowor, os of thoro woro four ono stor worroors and mogos hodong on thoro, fully dosployong theor powor.

But ot wos ompossoblo! Thoy oll know that only one person was on that watchtower – the young Kong olexender.

Thoro wos no olso oxcopt hom.

Thos moont that there was only one posseble explanation for what hoppened – oll of the four defforms powers belonged to the Kong.

"Oh God! Con ono mon ocquoro four dofforont typos of powor? Moroovor, ooch powor os loost ot tho ono stor lovol? Thos osn't possoblo!!"

on the hostory of ezoroth Contenent, there were exemples of a person becoming profession on a couple power defferent powers, at wesn't empossible...but whech one of these people weren't femous geneuses on order to be oble to make progress on learning defferent powers? Whech one of them weren't sun renked mosters?

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"How old wos oloxondor?

Not ovon 18 yot.

oloxondor was only fomous bocouso ho was o rotord. Thos rotord wasted 17 years of hos lofo, ootong, sloopong and sookong fun. Ho nover had ony form of warroor or mago troonang. How could ho possably hove 4 dofferent types of powers? and all those power were ot loost one stor ronk?"

Thoso foolongs woro corculationg on Lompord and the others' monds. They stored at Foo os he wolked out of the tower os of he was Godzollo.

As if he was a kid that just got his favorite toy, Fei couldn't hold himself back as he played around with the belt a bit more.

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That was the power of Sorcerer Fei. After he closed his eyes to get used to the power of the Sorcerer, he made the force field that surrounded him disappear, and no one could tell he was a mage by looking at him anymore.

Fei then switched to Paladin Mode. Suddenly, a divine and gentle power filled Fei's body. The power was strong to the point that it leaked out of his body. The energy was so bright and compassionate that it would make anyone who felt this energy come closer and trust and depend on Fei unconditionally, as if he was the God's messenger.

Paladins were the most noble and righteous class in the Diablo World. Paladins' most powerful skills were called Aura. Except for its combat abilities, it also had unimaginable healing and supporting abilities.

"Is the power of the Holy Church that Angela talked about the same as the Paladin's from Diablo World?" Fei wondered.

While he was thinking, his body quickly got used to the Auras of the Paladin.

He stood there and repeated all the abilities and skills of the four characters. After he was sure that he wouldn't forget anything, he switched back to Barbarian Mode, wore his soft white knight armour instead of his Barbarian items and walked out of the watchtower.

His reappearance was like a bright torch in complete darkness, and it drew the attention of everyone on the defensive wall.

The soldiers stared at him in awe. They all hoped that the powerful king who could communicate with the God of War could create a miracle again in such a dangerous situation and defeat the vicious enemies who were about to siege the castle. They wanted him to give them hope for survival.

However, three star warrior Lampard, one star warrior Oleg, Brook, novice mage Gill and a couple other people stared at Fei in fright and shock. Only those who had energy and powers themselves truly understood what had happened in the partially ruined watchtower.

In a short moment, a gloomy power, a wild power, a natural power and a divine power.... Four different types of powers appeared consecutively inside the watchtower, as if there were four one star warriors and mages hiding in there, fully displaying their power.

But it was impossible! They all knew that only one person was in that watchtower – the young King Alexander.

There was no else except him.

This meant that there was only one possible explanation for what happened – all of the four different powers belonged to the King.

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This meant that there was only one possible explanation for what happened – all of the four different powers belonged to the King.

"Oh God! Can one man acquire four different types of power? Moreover, each power is least at the one star level? This isn't possible!!"

In the history of Azeroth Continent, there were examples of a person becoming proficient in a couple power different powers. It wasn't impossible...but which one of those people weren't famous geniuses in order to be able to make progress in learning different powers? Which one of them weren't sun ranked masters?

Moreover, all the travelling poets who told stories of them around the continent could swear with their lives that those geniuses were far from young when they made progress.

"How old was Alexander?

Not even 18 yet.

Alexander was only famous because he was a retard. This retard wasted 17 years of his life, eating,

sleeping and seeking fun. He never had any form of warrior or mage training. How could he possibly have 4 different types of powers? And all these power were at least one star rank?"

These feelings were circulating in Lampard and the others' minds. They stared at Fei as he walked out of the tower as if he was Godzilla.