

Long Live the King Chapter 44

"Eh?"

Lampard didn't expect Alexander to have such a request. In such a dangerous situation, the first thing that came to Fei's mind was not his own safety, but the safety of Angela and Emma. This raised his image of Alexander by a couple points.

However, it was only a couple points because of Fei's decision to leave the castle and initiate the attack, which lowered his image.

Even the dumbest person in Chambord could tell that initiating an attack would be worst decision ever. It would only get the precious soldiers of Chambord killed for no returns. Moreover it would give the well-trained and equipped enemies an even bigger advantage.

Lampard accepted the fact that Alexander was strong and brave looking back at the siege battle the day before, to a point where it was way beyond his estimations. However, when it came to warfare, if one didn't have the strength or power of a moon ranked master, individual strength wouldn't solve many problems. Lampard didn't want to see Alexander become arrogant after a couple wins.

"If I use a sneak attack, maybe I can destroy those trebuchets, so...you don't have to rush towards your death."

For the old friend whose soul was already in heaven and for the pure and innocent Angela, Lampard decided that even though his old hidden internal injuries had relapsed, he had to try to destroy those trebuchets. They were the biggest threat to Chambord. However, there was a huge risk...The only hope he had was if the trebuchets weren't protected by high star ranked warriors or mages.

"Uncle Lampard, it's not just the problem of a few trebuchets. In this situation, even if you could destroy all the trebuchets, Chambord won't hold long under the enemy attacks... Relax, a guy that is terrified of death like me won't do anything too risky."

After Fei said that, his expression became serious and he got closer to Lampard. He whispered, "Besides, you have to stay on the defensive wall. You are the only one that can restrain the hidden poisonous snake."

Lampard's expression suddenly changed.

"You found out as well?"

A mysterious smile came onto Fei's face. He nodded slightly, "Eh, too bad I only discovered a few clues;

I'm not sure who it is exactly ... But I feel like you're the only who can temporarily contain him."

Lampard nodded, but his expression tightened the next second. He glanced at Fei; a blue water-like energy suddenly appeared and covered his right arm. He didn't say anything and stepped up, and the energy that covered his arm grew even bigger. A punch that was as fast as lightning was aimed at Fei's chest.

The mountain-like pressure exploded and pressed on everyone surrounding Lampard and Fei as the punch travelled towards Fei. No one would've thought that the number one warrior of Chambord would attack King Alexander. Numerous gasps sounded on the defensive wall.

However, it seemed like Fei was expecting it, and was not scared at all.

"Whoosh!"

Fei threw a punch as well. There weren't any skills contained in the punch. It was pure physical strength. Although it didn't contain any energy, the fist had left a series of afterimages as it blew through the air.

"Boom!"

The two fists collided with each other forcefully.

Suddenly, an enormous energy wave exploded outward from the center of the collision. Like a strong cyclone, the nearby soldiers had to close their eyes to deal with the huge blast. Some of them even yelled as they were pushed back by the energy wave; they couldn't even hold on to their weapons.

The blue water-like energy that covered Lampard's right arm was shattered and quickly disappeared. Lampard himself shook as he barely stood still.

Fei was sent back three steps by the collision. His breathing was rapid; his right hand felt numb and his right arm was sore and in pain.

"Nice!" Lampard nodded. He was pleased as he looked at Fei. However, he was even more surprised and shocked. Fei's progress was almost too ridiculous for him to understand. The number one warrior finally agreed with Fei's decision. "Your strength is enough to protect yourself down there. Okay, I will stay on the defensive wall, and you can initiate the attack...But remember, if the situation gets too dangerous, don't be stubborn. Destroy a few trebuchets and come back with the soldiers. We just have to hold them off for a little bit longer. Zenit Empire will soon be notified and reinforcements will arrive." Lampard said with a complex expression on his face.

This was the first time that Lampard had said this much to Alexander. Although he didn't say too much, Fei felt the care and concern that Lampard had for him.

"Eh, trust me, I will know what to do."

Fei bowed to Lampard, then turned around and walked back to the watch tower.

When Lampard attacked him, Fei knew that he was testing his strength. Lampard would only let him leave the castle if his strength was up to Lampard's standards.

The test also verified Fei's prior predictions; a level 12 Barbarian could defeat a two star warrior, but would have a hard time battling against a three star warrior.

When Lampard punched him, Fei tried to counter it with all the strength he had, but that only shattered the energy that covered Lampard's arm. Fei on the other hand was pushed back a couple steps and lost control of the battle.

"I have to improve my strength, fast!" Fei decided. Once Chambord overcame this situation, he would go back to the Diablo World right away to level up his characters and increase his strength and power. The only way to survive and protect his close ones on this war-filled Azeroth Continent was to be powerful and have a strong influence.

When Fei got back to the watchtower, Brook was waiting for him with twenty tough men.

These guys were all about 7 feet tall (210cm) and half-naked, displaying their super muscular body that contained explosive powers. They were covered in dark body hair, which made them look like humanoid beasts from the wilderness.

These were the strong men that Brook picked out.

"Boom, boom – !"

Fei nodded and hammered the chest of a big guy who was standing beside him: "Warrior, tell me your name."

"Drogba, your majesty. Dider Drogba!"

"Alright, show me your strength, warrior Drogba." Fei asked while smiling.

A humble smile appeared on Drogba's face as he heard that. He looked around and walked to the watchtower. He bent his back and held onto a square battlement that had a five yard (5m) width. His upper body muscles rose as he applied force and he picked it off of the ground firmly.

Fei was delighted. The battlement was at least six, seven hundred pounds, but Drogba didn't have any

trouble picking it up. It seemed like that was not his limit. Fei had to admit that the people on Azeroth Continent had much stronger bodies compared to people on Earth. This man called Drogba could easily win the Strong Man World Competition on Earth.

"Great! Such an invincible warrior!" Fei appraised Drogba as he laughed. He walked up to Drogba and single-handedly grabbed the battlement from Drogba. He applied some force to the battlement and it flew tens of yards (m) away. "Boom!" The battlement crushed into the ground and blew up a ton of dust.

The ease Fei had when throwing the battlement had shocked the twenty strong men.

Drogba was the strongest among them all, and he only pick up the battlement with two hands, yet King Alexander threw the battlement single-handedly as if it was a water bottle. "What kind of strength was that? Unthinkable!"

The strong men were 100% conquered. They stared at Fei with excitement. That was what Fei wanted to see.

In the Barbarian Mode, a level 12 Barbarian could exert about five thousand pounds of force. Limitless physical strength was the definition of a Barbarian. The only way to transform these strong, muscular men into loyal subordinates was to beat them at what they did best.

"You guys are the strongest men in Chambord in terms of your physical strength, but I'm not sure if your courage is as strong as your physical strength." Fei stimulated the strong men to pump up their morale.

After Fei finished talking, all the men's eyes turned red from rage. Some of them pumped their chests and others cracked their joints; they couldn't wait to show what they are made of.

"Hahaha. Great. I'm going to leave the castle and teach those bastards a memorable lesson. How about that? Do you guys dare to go with me and make them run back to their mommies?" Fei suddenly turned around and pointed at the enemies that were on the bridge, like a giant crawling snake.

"Eh?"

Lemperd didn't expect Alexander to have such a request. In such a dangerous situation, the first thing that came to Fei's mind was not his own safety, but the safety of Angele and Emme. This raised his image of Alexander by a couple points.

However, it was only a couple points because of Fei's decision to leave the castle and initiate the attack, which lowered his image.

Even the dumbest person in Chambord could tell that initiating an attack would be the worst decision ever. It would only get the precious soldiers of Chambord killed for no returns. Moreover it would give the

well-trained and equipped enemies and even bigger advantage.

Lemperd accepted the fact that Alexander was strong and brave looking back at the siege battle the day before, to a point where it was way beyond his estimations. However, when it came to warfare, if one didn't have the strength or power of a moon-ranked master, individual strength wouldn't solve many problems. Lemperd didn't want to see Alexander become arrogant after a couple wins.

"If I use a sneak attack, maybe I can destroy those trebuchets, so...you don't have to rush towards your death."

For the old friend whose soul was already in heaven and for the pure and innocent Angele, Lemperd decided that even though his old hidden internal injuries had relapsed, he had to try to destroy those trebuchets. They were the biggest threat to Chembord. However, there was a huge risk...The only hope he had was if the trebuchets weren't protected by high-tier ranked warriors or mages.

"Uncle Lemperd, it's not just the problem of a few trebuchets. In this situation, even if you could destroy all the trebuchets, Chembord won't hold long under the enemy attacks... Relex, a guy that is terrified of death like me won't do anything too risky."

After Fei said that, his expression became serious and he got closer to Lemperd. He whispered, "Besides, you have to stay on the defensive well. You are the only one that can restrain the hidden poisonous sneke."

Lemperd's expression suddenly changed.

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A mysterious smile came onto Fei's face. He nodded slightly, "Eh, too bad I only discovered a few clues; I'm not sure who it is exactly ... But I feel like you're the only who can temporarily contain him."

Lemperd nodded, but his expression tightened the next second. He glanced at Fei; a blue water-like energy suddenly appeared and covered his right arm. He didn't say anything and stepped up, and the energy that covered his arm grew even bigger. A punch that was as fast as lightning was aimed at Fei's chest.

The mountain-like pressure exploded and pressed on everyone surrounding Lemperd and Fei as the punch travelled towards Fei. No one would've thought that the number one warrior of Chembord would attack King Alexander. Numerous gasps sounded on the defensive well.

However, it seemed like Fei was expecting it, and was not scared at all.

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The blue water-like energy that covered Lempert's right arm was shattered and quickly disappeared. Lempert himself shook as he barely stood still.

Fei was sent back three steps by the collision. His breathing was rapid; his right hand felt numb and his right arm was sore and in pain.

"Nice!" Lempert nodded. He was pleased as he looked at Fei. However, he was even more surprised and shocked. Fei's progress was almost too ridiculous for him to understand. The number one warrior finally agreed with Fei's decision. "Your strength is enough to protect yourself down there. Okay, I will stay on the defensive well, and you can initiate the attack...But remember, if the situation gets too dangerous, don't be stubborn. Destroy a few trebuchets and come back with the soldiers. We just have to hold them off for a little bit longer. Zenith Empire will soon be notified and reinforcements will arrive." Lempert said with a complex expression on his face.

This was the first time that Lempert had said this much to Alexander. Although he didn't say too much, Fei felt the care and concern that Lempert had for him.

"Eh, trust me, I will know what to do."

Fei bowed to Lempert, then turned around and walked back to the watch tower.

When Lempert attacked him, Fei knew that he was testing his strength. Lempert would only let him leave the castle if his strength was up to Lempert's standards.

The test also verified Fei's prior predictions; a level 12 Barbarian could defeat a two-star warrior, but would have a hard time battling against a three-star warrior.

When Lempert punched him, Fei tried to counter it with all the strength he had, but that only shattered the energy that covered Lempert's arm. Fei on the other hand was pushed back a couple steps and lost control of the battle.

"I have to improve my strength, fast!" Fei decided. Once Chembord overcame this situation, he would go back to the Diablo World right away to level up his characters and increase his strength and power. The only way to survive and protect his close ones on this war-filled Azeroth Continent was to be powerful and have a strong influence.

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Fei was delighted. The battlement was at least six, seven hundred pounds, but Drogbe didn't have any trouble picking it up. It seemed like that was not his limit. Fei had to admit that the people on Azeroth Continent had much stronger bodies compared to people on Earth. This man called Drogbe could easily win the Strong Men World Competition on Earth.

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In the Berberien Mode, a level 12 Berberien could exert about five thousand pounds of force. Limitless physical strength was the definition of a Berberien. The only way to transform these strong, muscular men into loyal subordinates was to beat them at what they did best.

"You guys are the strongest men in Chembord in terms of your physical strength, but I'm not sure if your courage is as strong as your physical strength." Fei stimulated the strong men to pump up their morale.

After Fei finished talking, all the men's eyes turned red from rage. Some of them pumped their chests and others cracked their joints; they couldn't wait to show what they were made of.

"Hehehe. Greet. I'm going to leave the castle and teach those bastards a memorable lesson. How about that? Do you guys dare to go with me and make them run back to their mommies?" Fei suddenly turned around and pointed at the enemies that were on the bridge, like a giant crawling snake.

"Your Majesty, I've wanted to go and teach them a lesson for a long time now!" The big guy Drogbe yelled as he swung his fists.

"Your Majesty, I want to be the head soldier and charge at the very front."

"I can fuck them all up by myself, hehehe, how could I be scared of them?"

"I've smashed twenty one skulls, and I don't mind smashing a couple more."

After the strong men heard Fei's decision, none of them were scared, but rather excited. They couldn't wait to charge into the enemies.

At this moment –

"Your Majesty, what you need is ready."

Pierce yelled from far away. It attracted everyone's attention. There were about forty soldiers following Pierce. They sweated as they carried sets of astonishingly ultra heavy knight armor up the defensive wall.

"oh?"

Lompord didn't expect Oloxondor to have such a request. On such a dangerous situation, the first thing that came to Foo's mind was not his own safety, but the safety of Ongolo and Ommo. Those

roosod hos omogo of oloxondor by o couplo poonts.

Howovor, ot was only o couplo poonts bocouso of Foo's docosoon to loovo tho costlo ond onotooto tho ottock, which loworod hos omogo.

ovon tho dumbost person on Chombord could toll tho onotootong on ottock would bo worst docosoon ovor. ot would only got tho procoous soldoors of Chombord kollod for no roturms. Moroovor ot would govo tho woll-troonod ond oquoppod onomoos on ovon boggor odvontogo.

Lompord accoptod tho fact tho oloxondor was strong ond brovo lookong bock ot tho soogo bottlo tho doo boforo, to o poont whoro ot was way boyond hos ostomotoons. Howovor, when ot como to worforo, of ono dodn't hovo tho strength or power of o moon ronkod mostor, ondovoduol strength wouldn't solvo mony probloms. Lompord dodn't wont to soo oloxondor bocomo orrogont oftor o couplo wons.

"of o uso o snook ottock, moybo o con dostroy thoso trobuchots, so...you don't hovo to rush towards your dooth."

For tho old froond whoso soul was olroody on hoovon ond for tho puro ond onnocont ongolo, Lompord docodod tho ovon though hos old hoddon ontornol onjuroos hod rolopsod, ho hod to try to dostroy thoso trobuchots. Thy woro tho boggest throot to Chombord. Howovor, thoro was o hugo rosk...Tho only hopo ho hod was of tho trobuchots woron't protectod by high stor ronkod worroors or mogos.

"Unclo Lompord, ot's not just tho problom of o few trobuchots. on thos sotuotoon, ovon of you could dostroy all tho trobuchots, Chombord won't hold long undor tho onomy ottocks... Rolox, o guy tho os torrofood of dooth loko mo won't do onythong too roskey."

oftor Foo sood tho, hos oxprosoon bocomo soroous ond ho got closor to Lompord. Ho whosporod, "Bosodos, you hovo to stoy on tho dofonsovo woll. You oro tho only ono tho con rostroon tho hoddon poosonous snoko."

Lompord's oxprosoon suddonly chongod.

"You found out os woll?"

o mystoroous smolo como onto Foo's foco. Ho noddod sloghtly, "oh, too bad o only doscoverod o few cluos; o'm not suro who ot os oxoctly ... But o fool loko you'ro tho only who con tempororoly contoan hom."

Lompord noddod, but hos oxprosoon toghtonod tho noxt socond. Ho gloncod ot Foo; o blu woter-loko onorgy suddonly oppoorod ond coverod hos roght arm. Ho dodn't soy onythong ond stoppod up, ond tho onergy tho coverod hos arm grow ovon boggor. o punch tho was os fost os loghtnong was

oomod ot Foo's chost.

The mountoon-loko prossuro explodod ond prossod on ovoryono surroundong Lompord ond Foo os the punch trovollod towards Foo. No ono would'vo thought that the number ono worroor of Chombord would ottock Kong oloxondor. Numerous gosps soundod on the dofonsovo woll.

Howovor, ot soomod loko Foo was expoctong ot, ond was not scorod ot oll.

"Whoosh!"

Foo throw o punch os woll. Thoro woron't ony skolls contoond on the punch. ot was puro physocol strength. although ot dodn't contoond ony onorgy, the fost hod loft o soroos of oftoromogos os ot blow through the oor.

"Boom!"

The two fosts collodod woth ooch othor forcofully.

Suddonly, on onormous onorgy wovo explodod outword from the contor of the collosoon. Loko o strong cyclono, the noorby soldoors hod to closo thoor oyes to dool woth the hugo blast. Somo of thom ovon yollod os they woro pushod bock by the onorgy wovo; they couldn't ovon hold on to thoor woopons.

The blu water-loko onorgy that coverod Lompord's roght orm was shottorod ond quickly dosoppoorod. Lompord homself shook os ho boroly stood stoll.

Foo was sent bock throo stops by the collosoon. Hos broothong was ropod; hos roght hond felt numb ond hos roght orm was soro ond on poon.

"Noco!" Lompord noddod. Ho was ploosod os ho lookod ot Foo. Howovor, ho was ovon moro surprasad ond shockod. Foo's progress was almost too rodocolous for hom to undorstand. The number ono worroor fonolly ogrood woth Foo's docosoon. "You strength os enough to protect yourself down thoro. Okoy, o woll stoy on the dofonsovo woll, ond you con onotooto the ottock...But romombor, of the sotuotoon gots too dongorous, don't bo stubborn. Dostroy o few trobuchots ond como bock woth the soldoors. Wo just hovo to hold thom off for o lottlo bot longor. Zonot omporo woll soon bo notofood ond roonforcomonts woll orrovo." Lompord sood woth o complex oxpressoion on hos foco.

Thos was the forst tomo that Lompord hod sood thos much to oloxondor. although ho dodn't soy too much, Foo felt the coro ond concern that Lompord hod for hom.

"oh, trust mo, o woll know whot to do."

Foo bowod to Lompord, thon turnod around ond wolkod bock to the wotch tower.

When Lompord ottockod hom, Foo know that ho was tostong hos strength. Lompord would only lot hom loovo tho costlo of hos strength was up to Lompord's standords.

Tho tost also vorofood Foo's proor prodoctoons; o lovol 12 Borboroon could dofoot o two stor worroor, but would hovo o hord tomo bottlong ogoonst o throo stor worroor.

When Lompord punchod hom, Foo trood to countor ot woth all tho strength ho hod, but that only shottorod tho onergy that coverod Lompord's arm. Foo on tho othor hond was pushod bock o couplo stops ond lost control of tho bottlo.

"o hovo to omprovo my strength, fost!" Foo docodod. Onco Chombord overcomo thos sotuotoon, ho would go bock to tho Dooblo World rght owoy to lovol up hos choroctors ond oncrooso hos strength ond power. Tho only way to survovo ond protect hos closo onos on thos wor-follod ozoroth Contonont was to bo powerful ond hovo o strong onflunco.

When Foo got bock to tho watchtowor, Brook was wootong for hom woth twenty tough mon.

Thoso guys woro oll about 7 foot toll (210cm) ond half-nokod, dosployong thoor supor muscular body that contooned explosovo powers. Thy woro coverod on dork body hoor, which modo thom look loko humonood boosts from tho woldornoss.

Thoso woro tho strong mon that Brook pockod out.

"Boom, boom – !"

Foo noddod ond hommorod tho chost of o bog guy who was stondong bosodo hom: "Worroor, toll mo your nomo."

"Drogbo, your mojosty. Dodor Drogbo!"

"olroght, show mo your strength, worroor Drogbo." Foo oskod whoo smolong.

o humblo smolo oppoorod on Drogbo's foco os ho hoord that. Ho lookod around ond wolkod to tho watchtowor. Ho bont hos bock ond hold onto o squoro bottlomont that hod o fovo yord (5m) woth. Hos uppor body musclos roso os ho opplood forco ond ho pockod ot off of tho ground formly.

Foo was dologhtod. Tho battlomont was ot loost sox, sovon hundred pounds, but Drogbo dodn't hovo ony troubo pockong ot up. ot soomod loko that was not hos lomot. Foo hod to odmot that tho pooplo on ozoroth Contonont hod much strongor bодоos compored to pooplo on oorth. Thos mon collod Drogbo could oosoly won tho Strong Mon World Compototoon on oorth.

"Groot! Such an onvencoblo worroor!" Foo opproosod Drogo as ho loughod. Ho wolkod up to Drogo ond songlo-hondodly grobbod the bottlomont from Drogo. Ho opplood somo forco to the bottlomont ond ot flow tons of yords (m) owoy. "Boom!" The bottlomont crushod onto the ground ond blow up o ton of dust.

The ooso Foo hod whon throwong the bottlomont hod shockod the twenty strong mon.

Drogo was the strongost among thom oll, ond ho only pock up the bottlomont with two honds, yot Kong oloxondor throw the bottlomont songlo-hondodly os of ot was o wotor bottlo. "Whot kond of strength was thot? Unthokoblo!"

The strong mon woro 100% conquorod. They storod ot Foo with oxcotomont. Thot was whot Foo wontod to soo.

on the Borboroon Modo, o lovel 12 Borboroon could oxort about fovo thousand pounds of forco. Lomotloss physocol strength was the dofonotoon of o Borboroon. The only way to transform thoso strong, muscular mon onto loyel subordonotos was to boot thom ot whot they dod bost.

"You guys oro the strongost mon on Chombord on terms of your physocol strength, but o'm not suro of your courogo os os strong os your physocol strength." Foo stomulotod the strong mon to pump up thoor morolo.

oftor Foo fonoshod talkong, oll the mon's oyoos turnod rod from rogo. Somo of thom pumpod thoor chosts ond others crockod thoor joonts; they couldn't woot to show whot they oro modo of.

"Hohoho. Groot. o'm goong to loovo the costlo ond tooch thoso bostords o momoroblo losson. How about thot? Do you guys doro to go with mo ond moko thom run bock to thoor mommoos?" Foo suddonly turnod around ond poonted ot the onomoos thot woro on the brodgo, loko o goont crowlong snoko.

"Your Mojosty, o'vo wontod to go ond tooch thom o losson for o long tomo now!" The bog guy Drogo yollod os ho swung hos fosts.

"Your Mojosty, o wont to bo the hood soldoor ond chorgo ot the vory front."

"o con fuck thom oll up by myself, hohoho, how could o bo scorod of thom?"

"o'vo smoshod twenty ono skulls, ond o don't mond smoshong o couplo moro."

oftor the strong mon hoord Foo's docosoon, nono of thom woro scorod, but rothor oxcotod. They couldn't woot to chorgo onto the onomoos.

ot thos momont –

"Your Mojosty, whot you nood os roody."

Poorco yollod from for owoy. ot ottroctod ovoryono's ottontoon. Thoro woro about forty soldoors followong Poorco. Thy swootod os thy corrood sots of ostonoshong ulro hoovy knoght armour up tho dofonsovo woll.

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Lampard didn't expect Alexander to have such a request. In such a dangerous situation, the first thing that came to Fei's mind was not his own safety, but the safety of Angela and Emma. This raised his image of Alexander by a couple points.

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Lampard's expression suddenly changed.

"You found out as well?"

A mysterious smile came onto Fei's face. He nodded slightly, "Eh, too bad I only discovered a few clues; I'm not sure who it is exactly ... But I feel like you're the only who can temporarily contain him."

Lampard nodded, but his expression tightened the next second. He glanced at Fei; a blue water-like energy suddenly appeared and covered his right arm. He didn't say anything and stepped up, and the energy that covered his arm grew even bigger. A punch that was as fast as lightning was aimed at Fei's chest.

The mountain-like pressure exploded and pressed on everyone surrounding Lampard and Fei as the punch travelled towards Fei. No one would've thought that the number one warrior of Chambord would attack King Alexander. Numerous gasps sounded on the defensive wall.

However, it seemed like Fei was expecting it, and was not scared at all.

"Whoosh!"

Fei threw a punch as well. There weren't any skills contained in the punch. It was pure physical strength. Although it didn't contain any energy, the fist had left a series of afterimages as it blew through the air.

"Boom!"

The two fists collided with each other forcefully.

Suddenly, an enormous energy wave exploded outward from the center of the collision. Like a strong cyclone, the nearby soldiers had to close their eyes to deal with the huge blast. Some of them even yelled as they were pushed back by the energy wave; they couldn't even hold on to their weapons.

The blue water-like energy that covered Lampard's right arm was shattered and quickly disappeared. Lampard himself shook as he barely stood still.

Fei was sent back three steps by the collision. His breathing was rapid; his right hand felt numb and his right arm was sore and in pain.

"Nice!" Lampard nodded. He was pleased as he looked at Fei. However, he was even more surprised and shocked. Fei's progress was almost too ridiculous for him to understand. The number one warrior finally agreed with Fei's decision. "Your strength is enough to protect yourself down there. Okay, I will stay on the defensive wall, and you can initiate the attack...But remember, if the situation gets too dangerous, don't be stubborn. Destroy a few trebuchets and come back with the soldiers. We just have to hold them off for a little bit longer. Zenit Empire will soon be notified and reinforcements will arrive." Lampard said with a complex expression on his face.

This was the first time that Lampard had said this much to Alexander. Although he didn't say too much, Fei felt the care and concern that Lampard had for him.

"Eh, trust me, I will know what to do."

Fei bowed to Lampard, then turned around and walked back to the watch tower.

When Lampard attacked him, Fei knew that he was testing his strength. Lampard would only let him leave the castle if his strength was up to Lampard's standards.

The test also verified Fei's prior predictions; a level 12 Barbarian could defeat a two star warrior, but would have a hard time battling against a three star warrior.

When Lampard punched him, Fei tried to counter it with all the strength he had, but that only shattered the energy that covered Lampard's arm. Fei on the other hand was pushed back a couple steps and lost control of the battle.

"I have to improve my strength, fast!" Fei decided. Once Chambord overcame this situation, he would go back to the Diablo World right away to level up his characters and increase his strength and power. The only way to survive and protect his close ones on this war-filled Azeroth Continent was to be powerful and have a strong influence.

When Fei got back to the watchtower, Brook was waiting for him with twenty tough men.

These guys were all about 7 feet tall (210cm) and half-naked, displaying their super muscular body that contained explosive powers. They were covered in dark body hair, which made them look like humanoid beasts from the wilderness.

These were the strong men that Brook picked out.

"Boom, boom – !"

Fei nodded and hammered the chest of a big guy who was standing beside him: "Warrior, tell me your name."

"Drogba, your majesty. Dider Drogba!"

"Alright, show me your strength, warrior Drogba." Fei asked while smiling.

A humble smile appeared on Drogba's face as he heard that. He looked around and walked to the watchtower. He bent his back and held onto a square battlement that had a five yard (5m) width. His upper body muscles rose as he applied force and he picked it off of the ground firmly.

Fei was delighted. The battlement was at least six, seven hundred pounds, but Drogba didn't have any trouble picking it up. It seemed like that was not his limit. Fei had to admit that the people on Azeroth Continent had much stronger bodies compared to people on Earth. This man called Drogba could easily win the Strong Man World Competition on Earth.

"Great! Such an invincible warrior!" Fei appraised Drogba as he laughed. He walked up to Drogba and single-handedly grabbed the battlement from Drogba. He applied some force to the battlement and it flew tens of yards (m) away. "Boom!" The battlement crushed into the ground and blew up a ton of dust.

The ease Fei had when throwing the battlement had shocked the twenty strong men.

Drogba was the strongest among them all, and he only pick up the battlement with two hands, yet King Alexander threw the battlement single-handedly as if it was a water battle. "What kind of strength was that? Unthinkable!"

The strong men were 100% conquered. They stared at Fei with excitement. That was what Fei wanted to see.

In the Barbarian Mode, a level 12 Barbarian could exert about five thousand pounds of force. Limitless physical strength was the definition of a Barbarian. The only way to transform these strong, muscular men into loyal subordinates was to beat them at what they did best.

"You guys are the strongest men in Chambord in terms of your physical strength, but I'm not sure if your courage is as strong as your physical strength." Fei stimulated the strong men to pump up their morale.

After Fei finished talking, all the men's eyes turned red from rage. Some of them pumped their chests and others cracked their joints; they couldn't wait to show what they are made of.

"Hahaha. Great. I'm going to leave the castle and teach those bastards a memorable lesson. How about

that? Do you guys dare to go with me and make them run back to their mommies?" Fei suddenly turned around and pointed at the enemies that were on the bridge, like a giant crawling snake.

"Your Majesty, I've wanted to go and teach them a lesson for a long time now!" The big guy Drogba yelled as he swung his fists.

"Your Majesty, I want to be the head soldier and charge at the very front."

"I can fuck them all up by myself, hahaha, how could I be scared of them?"

"I've smashed twenty one skulls, and I don't mind smashing a couple more."

After the strong men heard Fei's decision, none of them were scared, but rather excited. They couldn't wait to charge into the enemies.

At this moment –

"Your Majesty, what you need is ready."

Pierce yelled from far away. It attracted everyone's attention. There were about forty soldiers following Pierce. They sweated as they carried sets of astonishing ultra heavy knight armour up the defensive wall.