

Carefree 681

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Chapter 681: Feigned Surrender

Not long after Fang Yuan and his party entered the castle, Frey's army suddenly appeared and surrounded the castle.

"This time... the wolf has really come!"

Fang Yuan stood on the top of the walls and looked at the large, distant army.

Under the aquamarine army flag, Frey's army actually exceeded a thousand and had swept along large numbers of farmers holding pitchforks, guarding all the main roads to the mountain.

"This... is preparation for driving away people and sieging the castle?"

Fang Yuan saw this and shook his head.

Frey's move was truly vicious, as the farmers he used were all able-bodied men that he grabbed from the territories under the baron's jurisdiction!

With the recent defeat inside the castle, the demoralized hundred-man army were completely unable to be used for long.

Furthermore, no matter who died, it was not a matter of concern for Frey.

"A baron's castle is under attack, yet no nearby nobles reacted. It seems like the baron grasped righteousness and Frey grasped strength, while the other feudal lords all chose to watch from the sidelines?"

To the baron, this was not good news, as it represented that there would be no reinforcements.

"It seems like... the ruling family is also a broken boat. Grand Duke Stan is probably deeply troubled, right?"

Fang Yuan's heart sneered silently.

At this moment, a cavalryman charged out from Frey's army and arrived before the castle, shouting loudly, "Knight Frey is a benevolent person. As long as Baron Shawshank admits his mistake and signs the statement of repentance, he promises that he won't continue looking into this matter!

"Otherwise, we will destroy the castle! What happens then is not something that anyone wants to see!

"Even if the baron defies resolutely, if the other soldiers and knights choose to surrender, Knight Frey will definitely not look into the matter, and he'll even guarantee your treasures, fiefs, and all rights!"

...

"Hmph, protect our fiefs and treasures!"

Knight Gray suddenly came to the side and he gave a pained look. "Who does he think he is? A baron? He's only a mere knight and dares to do this..."

"In fact, Knight Frey's strength is already at the standard of an average baron. If the ruling family admits defeat this time, perhaps that title will be quickly conferred to him." Fang Yuan shrugged his shoulders. "The winner controls everything. It's this easy!"

"Knight Luhn... You're not going to... "

Gray's gaze instantly became cold and a little wary.

"Of course not. As a noble knight, accepting the forgiveness of another knight is simply shameful! I will fight to the end against them!" Fang Yuan said vehemently.

In reality, he was just adhering to the game rules of the nobility.

The controlling power of this world were the nobility and theocracy.

Among the nobles, in order not to be regarded as a nouveau riche, you had to pay attention to details and implications!

With Frey as an example, even if his military might was stronger, so what? Wasn't he also ostracized and coldly treated by everyone?

Even if he obtained victory this time, and even be invested with the title of a baron, he would still be faced with the nobles' overt or covert rejection. Unless he managed to break through all of this, nothing would be changed.

That was because within the eyes of nobility, he would always be 'the guy who broke the rules.'

Conversely, Baron Shawshank had a long-established pedigree and legitimacy.

Sometimes, birthright was not worth anything; sometimes, it was worth a mountain!

"Furthermore, even if the Noether Kingdom obtains victory, I'm afraid they'll also not be too fond of him. Just like in ancient times, those who defected usually did not have good endings. On the other hand, it was the loyal officials, even if they were the enemies' loyal officials, that would obtain recognition and honor. In the end, it's just to strengthen this value."

In the Monger World, it was the values of nobility that were propagated large scale.

A nouveau riche like Frey would face immense difficulty squeezing into this circle within a few generations.

Therefore, Fang Yuan would fundamentally not choose the other side.

Although, if not for that perfectly justifiable inheritance, his method of building up fame and fortune would perhaps be similar.

"Knight Luhn....."

Gray was deeply moved.

Similarly under the command of the baron, even he was momentarily swayed just now. Right now, he was ashamed of his own selfish thoughts.

"In reality, I feel that we can still kind of surrender." Fang Yuan winked.

"You're saying... feign surrender?!" Gray's expression changed. "You still want to continue this war?"

"Of course. How can we be defeated for no reason? There are two hundred soldiers inside the castle, plus you and me, and all the servants. It's sufficient for a battle!" Fang Yuan clenched his fist. "If we want to turn defeat into victory, this is our last chance."

Knight Gray was a little moved and immediately said in a low voice, "This... I need to report to the baron!"

"Of course. For such a huge matter, we need the baron to decide!"

In reality, Fang Yuan already had eighty percent confidence regarding the baron's choice—that he would approve of his proposition.

That was because, right now, the baron already had nothing left to lose.

...

Nighttime. The moonlight sprinkled down and all was as calm as water.

In the darkness, Knight Frey brought a unit of elite cavalry and soldiers near the castle.

"How large do you think the possibility is?"

His hand pinched a letter, some doubt on his face.

Beside Knight Frey, Bishop Daniel slowly said, "According to conventional thinking, the conditions that you gave were already sufficiently lenient. It isn't entirely impossible for even the knights to be tempted."

Although this era's lords and vassals had familial relations with each other, they were definitely not as close and absolute as the eastern dynasties of Fang Yuan's previous world. Instead, it mutually contained authority and obligation.

Incidents of lords wanting their vassals to die and the vassals having no other choice were things that would definitely never occur.

The lords' orders being so ridiculous that the vassals refused to comply, causing both parties to unleash their armies, was instead more common.

Furthermore, the loser would not even have everything taken away from then, preserving a little hope of staging a comeback. This was the benevolence of the nobility and the game rules within their circle. Of course, this was only directed toward other nobility.

At this stage, with nowhere to go, it was reasonable for some knights to betray Baron Shawshank.

"I also think so!"

Knight Frey's heart was a little fervent, as if he had already seen the moment he conquered the baron's castle.

In the late night, even if the castle lit their torches, it would not dispel the heavy sleepiness.

In the silence, Frey waved his hand and a bandit came forward. With a sound mimicking a mouse, he called out three times with regularity. This was the appointed secret signal.

Clang!

Not long later, some slight disturbances seemed to come from behind the wall. Instantly, the main gates of the castle opened slowly.

"Bishop... see?"

Looking at the castle gates resembling a black hole, Knight Frey hesitated once more. He turned toward Daniel with a gaze seeking help. "Mighty Death, could you direct me?"

Archbishop Daniel instantly rebuked unhappily, "Knight Frey, we are the servants of the Gods and can only follow the will of the Gods. The Gods are high above. Why would they pay attention to something so trivial?"

If Hess descended, even if it was a small tinge of will, whatever tricks the enemies inside the castle pulled would naturally be completely useless.

However, the pastors and priests were only servants of the Gods. How could they ask the Gods to help them carry out tasks in turn? If it was instead a Son of God or the Pope, there might perhaps be an inkling of hope, but it was a mere dream for him.

However, as a supporter of the Church of Death, Knight Frey's requests had to still be fulfilled.

Thus, Daniel closed his eyes and immediately replied, "I feel the aura of death! Right now, there should be some people who have already reciprocated your words in the castle!"

"The fight is real?" Frey's eyes lit up and he stopped hesitating. "Charge!"

Shualala!

Large numbers of soldiers carrying a desire for excitement and riches, or perhaps a mere desire for destruction, entered single-file while maintaining astonishing discipline.

Soon, a safety signal was heard from the top of the castle walls.

Seeing this, Frey lightly laughed and whipped his horse, charging into the castle.

But what he did not know was that as he was charging to the castle gates, Fang Yuan, who was observing in the dark, immediately commanded, "Commence action!"

Kaboom!

An intense explosion appeared and a torrent of fire filled the castle gates. The surrounding soldiers were instantly torn into pieces by the windstorm or were simply thrown into the air and fainted dead away mid-air.

"It's a trap!"

A magical light appeared around Bishop Daniel to defend him against damage. However, he listlessly saw that the original castle gates had already been buried by the rubble and became a natural moat that obstructed the outside from the inside!

"Kill!"

"Kill all intruders!"

Bursts of shouts came from all directions.

At the moment, Frey's side had already lost their numerical advantage and also landed in an intricately arranged trap. Many of them were instantly killed by a torrent of arrows, and the army completely lost its structure.

"Disaster Halo, commence!"

On Fang Yuan's body, two halos appeared and released intersecting glows that enveloped the battlefield.

The advancement of the Disaster Knight originally required dead spirits and grievances. Coupled with a Dream Master's talent, it was a simple task to create an illusion and hide the truth from a small pastor.

"Disaster Knight!"

Bishop Daniel looked at the invincible Fang Yuan who was charging into the crowds with a very bizzare expression. "Luhn, we meet again... You've truly given me a huge surprise!"

...

At the same time as the chaos outside, inside the depths of the castle, in the bedroom of the baron.

A slight sobbing sound was heard. The baroness, Timo, and Tanya were all there looking at the baron on the sickbed.

At this time, he had already reached the end of his life.

The baroness saw Baron Shawshank constantly opening up his eyes and paying attention to the movements outside, so she walked up to tell him gently, "Dear, listen, the plan succeeded!"

"Very good..."

Baron Shawshank pointed at Tanya with great difficulty. "Whatever happens next will be passed to you. Tanya, you must help your brother..."

After finishing his will, he looked at the direction of the noise. He was full of regret and unwillingness, yet he seemed ultimately unable to say anything as his arm powerlessly flopped onto the bedding...

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Chapter 682: Promoted

In the morning. The dawn sunlight shone onto the ground and turned into thin rays of golden strings.

In the Shawshank Family castle, the atmosphere was not as happy and celebratory as it should have been, even though they had won a large battle.

When they had defeated Frey's troop, Baron Shawshank, the lord of the knights and owner of this land, had unfortunately passed away from heavy injuries, leaving a huge mess.

On the other hand, there was no need to be tangled with Knight Frey anymore as he had died in an explosion the night before.

However, Bishop Daniel survived due to his exceptional strength and was captured.

At the moment, his hands and legs were tightly tied with a rope and placed with other valuable captives. They were sealed in an underground jail and awaiting their sentence.

And in the baron's living room, the baroness' eyes were red and swollen, obviously having cried more than once.

"Although Lord Baron has passed away, we should have Timo inherit his position to become the new Baron Shawshank!"

Fang Yuan, Gray, and a few other important figures in the castle had gathered together. After a short discussion, they decided to give Timo the new title as lord. They had changed into a new set of clothes and bowed to the reserved and sorrowful young baron.

Of course, considering that the baron was still young and could not manage much work, the baroness would takeover. This was only to be expected.

"Ahem, ahem... Everybody!"

After they discussed a series of matters, Knight Gray coughed to gain their attention. "There is another matter that we have to discuss. It's about the engagement of Sir Luhn and Tanya. When the baron was still alive, he had made a large effort to bring them together. At this time, we should let his soul in the Netherworld rest in peace..."

"What do you think, Sir Luhn?" The former baroness looked at Fang Yuan.

Even the soul of the baron was mentioned. What else can I say? Fang Yuan mentally rolled his eyes and made a hesitant expression. "I have no issues, but the baron just passed away..."

"That's alright. We can just settle the engagement first," said a scholarly man.

"Alright, we'll do it this way. Scholar Luwin, prepare the gift exchange formalities."

The baroness rubbed her red eyes. "The baron was prepared to give Storm Hills to Sir Luhn as a dowry."

"Storm Hills?"

Fang Yuan was shocked.

This was only a small hill and nothing compared to his territory.

However, the key was that after the addition of this land, his territory would be completely linked with the thousand acre enclave where the Howl Manor was. Storm Hills would be the heart, and there would be at least two more knight territories newly added.

In an instant, he would exceed many knights and become the top faction under the new baron.

This is roping me in, but also isolating me!

Fang Yuan looked around. Although many had smiling eyes, the meaning inside was somewhat thought-provoking.

This was still under the premise that he had led the soldiers to obtain the great victory the night before!

If there was no merit built before accepting the fiefs, he would most likely instantly become the object of public criticism?

Fang Yuan laughed coldly in his heart, feeling the devious culture among the nobles. It was truly killing people without seeing blood.

However, there's no need to leave meat uneaten when it's been sent to my mouth.

He smiled. "Since this is the great kindness of the baron, I will thank him on behalf of Tanya."

Looking at this, Gray looked down.

If the baron could have held on until today and seen the great success Luhn had achieved the night before, he would have inevitably changed his way of doing things.

Unfortunately, everything was now too late.

However, it's only an additional knight territory that allows Luhn to become the first knight under the baron. He's still a newly promoted noble. To integrate the territory and increase his strength, it's not something that can be done in a short time...

Thinking about this, Gray became much calmer.

Unfortunately, he did not know that there were people in the world that did things completely beyond the expectations of others.

"Alright. One last thing is the captive problem!"

Fang Yuan threw out this puzzle and silence fell, as if everyone was waiting for someone else to speak.

Usually, an average defeated soldier would either wait for his lord or family to pay the ransom, or be reduced to a slave. There was long a set of conventions.

However, what Fang Yuan was talking about was not the average soldiers, but Bishop Daniel, as well as the other liaisons of the churches.

Without their help, Knight Frey would not have had the power to challenge the baron, or even surround the baron's castle.

However, aside from Fang Yuan, no one else had the boldness to be violent. After all, they were all from the churches. Even if they did meddle in the mortal world, they could not be casually judged.

So everyone looked down and seemed to be pondering.

Looking at this, Fang Yuan smiled. "Since no one has an idea, why don't I suggest something? Let's just give them to the grand duke as gifts"

Although these captives were somewhat troublesome for a baron, they were not so to a grand duke.

They could even be used as bargaining chips. Although they were not very important, it was still better than nothing.

"That's a great idea!" The eyes of the baroness lit up. Looking at how everyone else nodded in agreement, she immediately said, "That's what we'll do then."

Looking at this, Fang Yuan coldly laughed inside.

These nobles were afraid of the pressure of the churches and the Noether Kingdom, but did not want to lose their autonomy. All along, they could only act like ostriches.

Unfortunately, they did not know that the Noether Kingdom might not have the chance to invade the Stan Duchy any longer.

Because there would soon be a large change to this world!

...

The Da Qian World, in the Heavenly Abode.

A storm swept across and it was raining cats and dogs. The ocean, which was originally as silent as a virgin, transformed into a roaring, giant beast under the influence of the gale, setting off raging waves.

However, under such a terrifying environment, there was a barque stubbornly surviving without sinking.

Splash!

A wave arrived. A huge amount of seawater gushed onto the deck, sweeping away many supplies and sailors.

The mast of the barque was split in half. At the moment, it could only float along with the waves.

"Hard to port!"

Within the cockpit, Ge Fei was wearing a greyish shirt that exposed his solid chest and muscular abdomen. He bellowed hysterically, "Idiots, if you don't want to die, hurry up and find a rope to tie yourself to the ship!"

Due to the increased fighting spirit, he could stand as firm as a mountain. At the moment, his glare was as sharp as an eagle's. "Ocean, you cannot stop me! I will definitely find the legendary treasure island!"

...

After a night, the sky cleared and white seagulls chirped under the sunlight.

The ocean had recovered its calm, as if everything that had happened the night before was only a nightmare.

Ge Fei released the helm and returned to the captain's room. He began writing a letter:

To His Majesty the Respected Wellington,

Very sorry. Due to the sudden storm, my ship couldn't complete the ocean route on time, but please believe that I am more and more certain about my deduction. Our continent is not alone. On this world, there are still other brothers and sisters existing...

Once again, thank you for your sponsorship that allowed me to have the possibility of sailing this ocean. According to the agreement, I will give all of the ocean charts and routes to Your Majesty. Yesterday, we encountered a huge storm. It has caused our course to change. We have no idea how far we are from the original goal. May the Creator bless us...

...

"Captain, you should come out and take a look!"

While Ge Fei was writing, hurried footsteps were heard. His first mate knocked on his door. "In front... we discovered a harbor!"

"Hmm? Harbor, this doesn't seem like our supply island? Maybe we've been blown back to our hometown? Thank the Father God!"

Ge Fei made a praying gesture.

"No! This isn't our city!"

The first mate had a slightly terrified look. "This is a completely new world!"

"A new world?!"

Ge Fei was shocked. He went over to the observation tower and raised the telescope to look.

In his vision, a large land appeared, a large harbor standing there silently.

There was a large amount of vessels anchored, their styles totally different from the ships of the Avalon Empire.

"Such a large harbor can probably be one of the five biggest in the empire? Also, there seems to be humans there as well," Ge Fei muttered.

Suddenly, he said with a smile, "Everyone, we'll all be recorded in history due to this discovery. Of course, we're also going to be rich!"

"Ahwhoooo!" the sailors cheered.

In this era, those that were willing to risk their lives to be sailors were basically the poor or exiled criminals. The only thing that motivated them was wealth.

Seeing their hope, they could not contain it anymore.

"I'm not sure how big this land is. Could the empire send soldiers to conquer it, or just make it a business partner?"

As Ge Fei was pondering, the harbor had also clearly discovered their vessel.

After an uproar, few large warships drove out. Their vessel was surrounded by these warships.

Ge Fei was quick to notice that their flag was a black mountain peak, but he did not know what it meant.

At this time, an armored soldier appeared on the opposite deck and shouted in a language that he didn't understand.

If it was a normal Mountain Country person, they would know immediately that this was their patrolling navy officer giving a final warning to the intruder. "You have already entered the borders of the Mountain Country! Immediately drop your weapons and accept our investigation! Otherwise, there will be no room to talk!!!"

...

Fang Yuan did not want to care about the conflict in the mortal world.

However, at the instant when the Yin-Yang Continent and the Five Elements Continent met, a mighty force was produced and turned into a sacred white brilliance. It pushed the whole Heavenly Abode up.

"The Heavenly Abode has been promoted!"

His True Spirit that had returned formed ripples of surprise and joy. "If it continues like this, it won't be just a dream to become a world in the future!"

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Chapter 683: Incarnation

In order for the Heavenly Abode to sublimate into a world, it needed many advancements.

At this time, it could only be counted as an expansion of the Heavenly Abode, but it was already enough to Fang Yuan.

"Create!"

His Sage Body appeared. With a wave of his hand, the infinite power of creation appeared, turning into an Evil Demon Placenta.

Under the envelopment of sacred brilliance, the Evil Demon Placenta instantly turned into a drop of blood and entered his body.

"Refining the origin power... should start."

Fang Yuan always had the feeling that he was pressed for time. He was afraid that the dream master that had harvested the Mental Demon Realm power would discover that something was amiss and find trouble with him.

The other party was absolutely a supreme existence that could distort the rules.

In order to confront them, he would at least need to grasp the origin power.

His previous plans were all in preparation for this.

Now, it was time to execute everything.

After refining the Evil Demon Placenta, many mysterious black patterns appeared on Fang Yuan's body.

"A Sage can open up a whole new world, the actualized dreamland changing into a Heavenly Abode. But in actual fact, the only genuine opening of the heavens was still Pangu!"

In the Da Qian World.

Many higher-ups gathered on the Nine Extremes Mountain. All of them tensely looked at a towering array. "After gathering all of the dream masters' power and a source of the world, you have finally broken through the limit and successfully developed the technique to traverse through worlds with your true body... Sage, what are you preparing to do exactly?"

Kaboom!

At the next moment, a beam of light rose into the sky like a fire beacon and made a hole in it.

Whoosh!

In the dark, countless amounts of purple lightning gathered, ruthlessly striking the beam of light.

"It's the Da Qian heaven's will!!!"

The expression of Extreme Darkness changed.

As long as a dream master was determined enough, they would be able to leave the world through the technique of traversing with their true body.

The Da Qian heaven's will would clearly not allow it, instinctively stopping it, forming a heavenly tribulations-like scene.

Fang Yuan looked up at the sky and spread his arms as he bellowed, "Haha... Heaven's will, you can't stop me!"

Two giant hands supporting the sky appeared, stirring the wind and crushing the thunder.

This was a Sage's power. Even heaven's will needed to retreat.

Whoosh!

Nine purple lightning bolts struck continuously. Even if the heavens were angry, it could not stop the light from going through the sky.

"Goodbye, Sage!"

Extreme Darkness and Liu Mengmei bowed toward the beam of light and promptly turned back to look at the subordinates of the Nine Extremes Mountain. "The Sage said that he only went to conquer a powerful world. He will come back one day, and we must make a concerted effort to protect the foundations of Nine Extremes Mountain!"

"Yes!"

The ones that were present were all higher-ups. Under concerns for their own interests, they instantly made a decision to block off the news.

If Fang Yuan had seen the scene, he would definitely be speechless.

Because the instructions he had left were to keep the people and abandon the land if necessary, and Liu Mengmei and the other trusted men could even retreat into the Heavenly Abode.

However, it seemed like once an organization was formed, it would have its own will and needs that even the leader would have difficulty controlling.

...

The Monger World.

"Why is the sky so dark?"

Knight Gray was settling the matter of the captives when he suddenly looked up at the sky.

He saw that the originally white sky had turned black in an instant. He also saw a large, blood-red shooting star that appeared suddenly, showing inauspiciousness.

At that moment, everyone on the Monger World's planes could see the ominous red star.

Many stargazers and astrologers were dumbstruck and could not stop muttering, "Evil omen! Evil omen!"

In front of a disaster, normal people could only flee in all directions or hide in cellars trembling. Who knew how much commotion it had caused.

And in the God Realm and Netherworld, as well as the each of the Monger World planes, this commotion was even more obvious.

Because the more powerful an existence was, the better they could understand the fears!

Almost all of the churches received their God's edict alerting them of the incoming danger.

In an instant, all of the Monger World was trembling.

At the highest point of the Monger World, eight light clusters filled with divinity gathered as they gazed at the blood-red shooting star getting bigger. "This is an invasion! We must think of a way to stop it!"

"The opponent is too strong! They have even resolved our world's frequency!"

In one of the light clusters, there was a God's thought ripples that seemed to be slightly flustered and exasperated. "In order to capture other planes, our whole world has adopted an unprotected stance. Even the initiative and strong attraction have been taken advantage of by them."

"So to say... this disaster can't be prevented!"

The Gods instantly came into a consensus. "We can only minimize the losses!"

They had already conquered a lot of planes and worlds, so they had a strong self-confidence.

Even if the other party was ferocious and would bring much trouble at the start, the last one standing would definitely be them!

Kaboom!

The whole God World shook.

All of the Gods could see a sun appearing in the Monger World that was moving toward the shooting star.

"It's the King of the Gods!"

"Head of Nine Pillar Gods, the Sun God!"

"Even he's startled. This is the first time in many years!"

Many Gods were dumbstruck. Even the True Gods realized that the crisis this time might be worse than their expectations!

...

"It's a foreign supreme existence!"

The sun was outside the Monger World, and an imposing figure could faintly be seen within. Its mighty thought sounded out, "Why do you want to invade this world?"

"It wasn't me who chose this world. It summoned me!"

In the blood-red shooting star, Fang Yuan's form, his True Sage Body, appeared. The black magic symbols printed on his body were getting increasingly clear.

The sealed body was completely resolved. A terrifying spirit life force began to leak out.

The presence caused even the Sun God to reveal a shocked expression. "This is..."

"Your world is attracting all the splintered planes. Since it has enjoyed the cause, it must also reimburse the effect!"

Fang Yuan said in a chant-like manner, "Today, I shall open the Nine Tier Purgatory with my body! I am... the Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory, Apophis!"

This sound resounded throughout the Monger World and their many auxiliary planes, as if the rules were changed.

As long as they were an intelligent being, they would be able to understand its meaning and shiver in fright.

"No..."

In the middle of the anger and shock of the Sun God, a little dark purple brilliance exploded out from Fang Yuan's lower abdomen.

Kaboom!

The terrifying explosion's destructive power pierced through even the sun and it fell straight into the Monger World.

In the Netherworld.

This was the largest lower level space of the Monger World. Everyday, there would be an uncountable number of souls that came over from the Main World. Through the pull of Death God Hess' God Nation, they went deeper into the Netherworld following the rivers.

However, all of the souls shrieked at this moment.

The true form of Death revealed itself in the nation and suddenly went against the terrifying blow from the sky.

Kaboom!

Purple lightning directly ripped through the Death God Nation and Throne. Immediately, it unhesitantly went deeper into the Netherworld.

When the space was shattered, a large human figure could be indistinctly seen.

With an indomitable spirit, his whole body was covered with purplish-black symbols. With a stretch of his palm, it was a nation!

"Holy!"

In the space was the indistinct exaggerated figure. A golden lotus shot out from the ground, and a hymn from originating from the soul was heard.

"Praise you! Apophis! You are the Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory!"

"You hold the destination of souls, you are the master of all evil demons!"

"You pardon all of the fallen souls. You spread divinity. You are the start, process, and the end. And finally, you are everything..."

During the hymn, many golden sacred flowers abruptly turned into black spider lilies.

The figure of the giant kept changing as it occupied a deep part of the Netherworld and changed into a nine-tiered structure.

The originally still Netherworld sky instantly changed. Flames that held pain and hatred appeared, transforming the surroundings into a purgatory immediately.

Once the Nine Tier Purgatory appeared, wails could be heard in the Netherworld. Many of its rivers were tampered with to flow toward the purgatory.

One by one, translucent souls with ignorant expressions appeared. They were promptly distorted by the rules of the Nine Tier Purgatory and transformed into worms.

The power of the evil demon placenta that was completely refined by Fang Yuan appeared to inject the possibility of evolution into them...

Accompanied by the worms' nibbling and swallowing, the first small evil demon appeared.

It had crimson red skin, horns similar to a goat's, and a pair of black wings.

The Nine Tier Purgatory roared, instantly accelerating the billions of worms' engulfing process. Many small Evil Demons evolved quickly and turned into different variety of forms. In an instant, the Nine Tier Purgatory was filled, and in the end, they poured toward the Netherworld, the Death Nation, and even the Main World!

"The Sun God has been heavily injured. He is asleep!"

"It is the Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory. He has despicably drawn support from the world's convergence and attraction power!"

"Poisonous tumor! The Nine Tier Purgatory is a poisonous tumor that swallows souls!"

...

Every God bellowed in anger. However, facing the Nine Tier Purgatory that had already taken root in the Netherworld and was still expanding non-stop, they had no idea what to do.

At this moment, this plane was already accepted by the world. Or it could be said that its rules were embedded into the Monger World forcefully.

To destroy the Nine Tier Purgatory completely, they had to destroy the whole Monger World!

If it was the Sun God at full strength leading the other Gods, it still might not be possible. Even if it could be done, the Gods would also be unwilling to do so.

...

Main World, Noether Kingdom.

An army of tens of thousands had assembled.

This was the order of the king. This manpower was prepared to suppress the Stan Duchy.

Of course, the omen and weird phenomena from before had similarly caused the whole army to fall into chaos.

And when the commander had finally suppressed them, a few scared silly scouts had come forward to report, "In front... there's a large crack in the ground with a lot of monsters inside!"

"Monsters?"

The commander urged his horse forward and could immediately see the ground had split open, as if it had an additional large wound.

And countless monsters of weird shapes were continuously climbing out. The monsters instinctively went toward the troops.

"Prepare to fight!" a high-ranking officer shouted.

He took the lead as a line of fighting spirit flew out and brushed past the bodies of a few small Evil Demons. Blood splattered everywhere.

"Hmm?"

As a high-level warrior, he could clearly sense that after the death of the small Evil Demons, an unknown power surged into his body.

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Chapter 684: Assault

"Monger World! Receive my present!"

In the Stan Duchy, Fang Yuan's True Spirit returned to Knight Luhn as he said with a voice that only he himself could hear.

Transformed Purgatory, birthing Evil Demons, and even spreading divinity were all plans he had long prepared.

"Based on the ability of creation, one can refine origin power. First, they need an Evil Demon Placenta and a strong and large world. They will then be able to bear the influence of the origin power."

This would allow the origin power to explode and disperse as countless pieces to produce Evil Demons.

At the same time, it contaminated the entire Monger World.

In the end, the scattered divinity would gradually gather from the slaughterings and reproducing to give birth to a whole new Sage Body.

Through a large amount of cycles, he would be able to tame the origin power. It would also be the time when he would be able to conquer the Monger World!

Because of the special nature of the origin power and Evil Demon Placenta, as well as the Purgatory that was transformed after his Sage Body invaded the Netherworld, Evil Demons were able to be produced continuously.

As for the adverse effects in the process of refining origin power, they would be borne by the great beings and Gods of the Monger World, as well as all other living organisms.

"The Evil Demons have an extremely minute amount of secondary origin power. This will gather in everyone's body through slaughtering and reproducing. When it has become concentrated enough, it will become divinity!"

The so-called divinity was in fact transformed from origin power!

Anyone could own it. Moreover, its ability to assimilate was rather strong, bringing about a large strength as well.

When this world's great beings discovered this point, they would definitely be hunting for the power of divinity. And when enough divinity was accumulated, they could even light up the divine fire and promote as a Half-God or even True God!

This was the unique characteristic of the origin power. One drop of it was enough to alter a whole world's ecology and power system.

Especially after the combination of the Evil Demon Placenta and Sage Body, it would be even stronger and much more terrifying!

This power was the gift that Fang Yuan had given to the life of this world—a kind of extraordinary refinement and the hope of promoting to a True God!

Of course, due to the nature of the origin power, people with divinity would harm each other even if was not to plunder. Even if they were to be promoted to become Gods, it was not preventable.

After most of the divinity had returned as one, it would be time for Fang Yuan to harvest!

"Hmm, such people with divinity should have a name, Son of Apophis, or Son of the Nine Tier Purgatory? How about putting it more bluntly as Son of Massacre?"

Fang Yuan was naturally now this body's True Spirit.

His Sage Body had changed into the Purgatory, but his True Spirit was able to escape and become one with his Magical Clone, becoming Knight Luhn.

However, no one knew that this mere knight was actually the Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory!

Under the will of Fang Yuan, the Evil Demons that had just been born started to invade many planes through the paths along the rivers of the Netherworld.

The body of normal living beings could provide evolution energy for the Evil Demon.

Even dead, they would also pollute the land, and even pass the gift onto the killer.

In the end, this whole world would be fully polluted.

Of course, the Monger World's resistant had also been taken advantage of by Fang Yuan as the supplement to refine the origin power.

These were his overall plans.

Once it started, it could not be stopped. The conquering of the world would be sooner or later!

Of course, there'll definitely be Gods that won't give up. They'll organize their strengths and attack deep into the Purgatory... Maybe also thinking of killing me!

Although the Purgatory could not be destroyed, the Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory, Apophis, was a clear target.

Even though Fang Yuan could draw support from the Purgatory, comparable to the Creator in his own Heavenly Abode, it would not be able to bear the siege of the Gods, even if the Sun God was not afraid.

Thus, he had long prepared something small.

Presuming that the Gods could eventually reach deep into the Purgatory after many injuries and much effort, they would be at the brink of collapse when they realized that there was no one there.

...

"Knight Luhn!" Knight Gray walked over. "That sound... did you hear it?"

"I heard it. It's not a hallucination!" Fang Yuan nodded his head seriously. "I'm afraid that there'll be huge changes to this world!"

"Sir!" A shocked attendant rushed over. "The village at the foot of the mountain has been attacked by unknown monsters!"

As the Master of the Purgatory, he would naturally need to treat everyone in the world the same. Even the Stan Duchy and the baron would not be able to escape from the fate of getting attacked by the Evil Demons!

"Lead a group of soldiers with me over for reinforcements," Fang Yuan said with a smile.

Even with a human's identity to conceal himself, he might still be exposed if he made contact with the gods.

Thus, he needed to give himself another layer of protection.

For example... pretending to be a Son of Purgatory!

Because the body of a Son of Purgatory had divinity originally, it would be best to use it to conceal the presence of Purgatory on his soul.

...

Monger, Sun God Year 2666, the day of the inauspicious star. This was a day the people of the Main World and many planes had fresh memory of.

Because on this day, the Nine Tier Purgatory was born, and the Master of Nine Tier Purgatory, Apophis, became the Great Evil God that was known to everyone for his unquestionable powerful strength.

And this year was named by many historians in the Main World as the Year of Evil Demon's Descent!

The curtain of a new generation that was filled with chaos and slaughtering, but also extraordinary hope, was gradually lifted!

...

Noether Kingdom, in a splendorous and majestic palace.

"Your Majesty! An evil omen has suddenly appeared in the sky, as well as that voice! After the confirmation of many churches and Gods, it's become known that it's a powerful Evil God from a foreign world!

"It has injured the Sun God and created the Nine Tier Purgatory in the Netherworld. It competes with the Death God to snatch souls, transforming them into ugly Evil Demons that have invaded many planes!" reported a few high officials and feudal officials in front of King Charlie III.

"Such tragedy to come upon such a powerful Evil God! And such an unfortunate world..." Charlie the Great sighed. "However, such matters are far from us. There will naturally be concerned churches and Gods that step forward. What I want to ask is the effect of the Evil Demons toward my country."

"This... according to the information that was gathered, I'm afraid the situation is not optimistic."

A few high officials looked at each other and said with their thick skin, "We suspect that the Evil Demons have achieved a very powerful space ability. Through the tributaries of the Netherworld rivers, they are able to travel to any part of the Main World. Most importantly, there are too many of them, and they are too strong!"

With that said, a sorcerer came forward and showed a recording of a small Evil Demon on his crystal ball.

"This is the most basic monster of the Purgatory, we call it 'small Evil Demon'. Its skin has flames and can resist poison. Its strength can be compared to a senior soldier. Of course, more importantly, it can fly at a low height! According to the data of the frontline, at least a group of five from the kingdom's wild troop or a warrior at his initial stage is needed to defeat one of these small Evil Demons!

"And such small Evil Demons will evolve after eating meat! Moreover, there are many kinds! Some will be bigger, while some can only strengthen their flight ability. What is fearful is that they can awaken abilities similar to magic techniques!"

With the account of the high official, the screen also showed a weirdly formed Evil Demon. It had similarities with the small Evil Demon from before, but its claws were holding onto a large, red fireball.

"We named this Evil Demon as a Flame Evil Demon. It has awakened the ability to use the Fireball skill. As this was unknown to us in the beginning, almost a hundred strong youths were killed by its explosion!"

"Gods..." Charlie III sighed in agony. "Then, if we put it that way, it's impossible for us to go the Stan Duchy again even if we gather our troops. Just by maintaining the order of our country, we have already suffered such great losses?"

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

A cabinet minister came out. "There's an Evil Demon army that has arrived at Ripple Blue Flower Plains. That area is the main source of the country's wheat, but there are not many troops stationed there. At the moment, there are already up to tens of thousands of refugees. Even a city was massacred. It's rumored that at that city's center, there's an Evil Demon that is comparable to a Legend!"

The Ripple Blue Flower Plains were governed directly by the royal family, as it was vital to the kingdom. As it was the heart of the kingdom, there were not many considerations for war situations, thus the poor defense.

Once he heard the bad news, Charlie III felt a little dizzy and tottered over his seat, his hand supporting his forehead. "Forget it... Cancel the operation aiming at the Stan Duchy! All the countries on the continent should be busy with disaster relief right now. Is there any more bad news? Say it all together."

"There is indeed one more news!"

A cabinet minister hesitated. "We discovered that grass does not seem to grow on the soil Evil Demons pass by... Of course, this needs time for investigation. However, a situation has appeared for the officers and soldiers at the frontline."

Woosh!

The screen flashed and the figures of soldiers appeared.

Their bodies were sturdy and tall. They were stark naked, presenting their solid muscles as well as their skin with a few scales.

"These pathetic youths are all frontline soldiers. Some of them even crawled out from the pile of corpses. Some unique and unusual signs have appeared on their bodies. Our medical officers, and even our pastors, are at a loss of what to do and what happened. They could only name this as demonic illness!"

"Damn it. Don't tell me there's also a plague..."

Charlie the Great was at the brink of wailing.

"It's not this..." A brilliant light flashed in the cabinet minister's pupils. "Actually, they are very healthy... hmm, a little too healthy. The youths that were infected with the demonic illness have become much stronger than before, even breaking through their positions due to this.

"Similar phenomena have also appeared among the Extraordinaries. However, they are better at controlling and don't have any features of the demonic illness. But they have similarly gotten the gift from the Evil Demons!"

"The gift of the Evil Demons... Hmm... if we can make use of it..."

The eyes of Charlie III lit up, but promptly shook his head. He brought up the key point. "How did the churches react?"

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Chapter 685: Disposition

"Heresy!"

Inside Hess Church, nearly hysterical howls were heard. "This is the power of the Evil Gods!"

"Sir!" The colors on the faces of the few knights kneeling changed greatly. "We can swear that our belief toward Hess has never wavered!"

Being the ones who fought the Evil Demons on the frontline, they were naturally infected with the demonic illness. After discovering abnormalities in their bodies, they instantly reported to the Church.

However, what they received was this kind of treatment.

Instantly, a slight unwillingness immediately spread in their hearts.

"Purify them," said a bishop wearing a black gryphon robe..

At the side, many church warriors instantly walked forward to tie the knights' hands behind their backs, pushing them outside.

After a while, shrill cries were heard.

Seeing this, the bishop murmured and made a praying gesture. "May your souls return to the kingdom of the Lord to rest in peace, not stolen by the diabolic Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory..."

The Purgatory was rooted in the Netherworld, and even contended for souls with the Death God. Naturally, it became the nemesis of Hess.

Even if he had suffered massive injuries during the completion of the Nine Tier Purgatory, before he fell into a deep slumber, he still released an oracle to all his pastors to block the Nine Tier Purgatory at all costs!

After waiting for the 'purification' to complete, the bishop's face was as stoic as an iceberg. "Inform the other churches that this demonic illness is an infection of the Evil Demons. Those who obtain power from the Evil Demons are abnormalities and should be burned alive!"

In the spread of faith, there would always be violence and the suppression of heresy.

An Inquisition was what every church needed to have. Of course, perhaps it was not named as such, but the responsibilities of the holy warriors were the same.

"I believe that the other churches will also approve of this act," the bishop said gravely. "After all, Evil Demons are the nemesis of our entire world!"

Of course, the necessary preventative measures and treatment methods had to be quickly developed, but that was not needed to be said now.

Unfortunately, this bishop did not know about the infection speed of the power of the Evil Demons and the characteristic that it could not be eradicated, which would later bring despair to him.

...

Out of the necessity of containing the Purgatory, the order for purification obtained the silent consent of many churches and was immediately implemented.

The craziest one among them was naturally the Church of Death!

As for the supreme Sun God? He seldom passed down oracles and did not seem to greatly need the Main World's power of faith. Thus, the power of the main continent churches was very weak, only having a stronghold.

However, even if it was just the Church of Death, the consequences it could bring about was also very horrifying.

Having undergone bloody battles with the Evil Demons, those soldiers fighting on the frontline returned from the battlefield to be greeted with not fresh flowers and applause, but incarceration and burnings!

...

In an area of the battlefield.

Jay wore his armor and commanded a wave of fighting spirit.

Whoosh!

The strong fighting spirit was like a horse and penetrated an Evil Demon.

That plentiful feeling came immediately, making him realize that his own power was further enhanced. This clear transformation made him couldn't help but be obsessed with it.

"The more I kill, the greater the power. Before long, I'll exceed my bottleneck of fighting spirit and ascend into a high-level professional."

Jay clenched his fist tightly, his eyes full of excitement.

High-level professional, what did this mean? ... Wealth, authority, status, and beautiful women would be easily obtainable.

For an average professional, this was the dream. This was everything!

However, he was somewhat scheming and always concealed his abilities. He did not tell anyone in order to shock them all.

"Relieve the garrison!"

Another day passed and the late reinforcements finally arrived.

Seeing this, even Jay unconsciously released a deep breath, his entire person relaxing.

Even he was unable to withstand such a fierce combat.

After returning from the line of defense, a military judge came over and said in a stern voice, "Come. Queue up one by one to receive the treatment of the pastors!"

"Which era is this that the country has become so generous? Even average soldiers can receive treatment from a pastor?"

Jay blinked and suddenly felt that something was not right.

Seeing the orderly soldiers queuing up and passing through a bright aperture, he associated it with a check and not a treatment.

"Could it be..."

An ominous possibility suddenly spread in his heart, making his hands and feet cold.

"Next!"

Unfortunately, the professionals were being monitored closely by the pastors and could not escape.

Jay braced himself and came before the pastor.

He glanced and found the other wearing a black robe with a gryphon embroidered on it. It was a Pastor of Death.

"Detection Halo!"

The pastor raised his hand and emitted the ray of a spell.

If only discernment was required, it was much easier than healing, and the corresponding magic spell could be quickly developed.

The aperture landed onto Jay's body and immediately became fuchsia.

"Oh? Warrior Jay, you need treatment. Follow me!"

Jay could evidently detect the coldness in the bottom of the other's eyes and shivered. "I... What's wrong with me? I am very good..."

"Hehe... This is a method specially used by the Evil Demons to transmit a plague using a concealment technique! Please believe us!"

The pastor waved and two military judges directly walked over.

I don't believe you! Inside Jay's heart, he rolled his eyes, but outwardly, he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Where do I go to be treated?"

"Go to the white tent at the periphery. Please relax. It's just a simple treatment and very quick," the pastor said smilingly, but his expression instead made Jay associate it with a viper.

He reluctantly shuffled his feet over to outside the tent.

Whoosh whoosh!

Suddenly, a breeze passed by and lifted a corner of the tent.

His sharp eyesight instantly revealed a soldier's corpse collapsing in pain.

"This is a trap!!!"

The hairs on Jay's back stood, and he subconsciously wanted to escape.

Unfortunately, a magic spell landed on his body, immediately making him powerless and collapse onto the ground weakly before he was carried into the tent.

Shackles, axes, and the pungent smell of blood made the entire place look like a massive slaughterhouse.

Many soldiers were tied to the pillars and seemed like lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

Jay looked around and saw many familiar faces. They were comrades who had previously fought alongside him, and he squeezed out a voice from the gaps of his teeth, "Why... Why..."

"Heresy!" The pastor glanced at him disgustedly. "A heretic must be purified! You should be grateful. Even though you have accepted the power of the Evil Gods, the Lord is still willing to accept your dirty soul!"

"Heresy? It's because of... that power?"

Jay had always thought that he had concealed it very well, but at the moment, he was devastated.

"Yes... Any person who accepts the power of the Evil Gods is committing heresy, regardless of whether they're an average soldier, professional, or even nobles, and must accept 'purification'!"

The pastor waved a sickle with a cold face and cut off the head of the captive nearest the front.

Crack!

The head rolled onto the floor and fresh blood spurted like a fountain.

Does that mean that my ambitions... will end here?

Jay's heart filled with desolation. Suddenly, he felt the power of the Evil Demon stirring in his body, as if it saw the most delicious prey.

The tent was opened and another knight was escorted in. The feeling of power made him salivate.

Take away everything he has and I can break through to a completely new level.

A thought suddenly occupied Jay's mind.

"This is a knight?"

The pastor executing looked at the newly arrived people and raised his eyebrows. "You are capturing the nobles?"

"He is the most obvious heresy!"

Two crazed believers said directly, "According to the orders of the Church, all heresy must undergo judgment!"

"Heresy? Haha... can't believe that Knight Frain was devout in his beliefs towards Hess but, in the end, actually met with such an end!"

The restrained knight let out a cold laugh, and suddenly his body shook.

Crack!

The ropes and curse were instantly shaken off, and like a vicious tiger, he jumped onto the leading pastor.

"Damn it!"

The pastor's face changed as he retreated back. The guards at his side shouted loudly and brandished their weapons, swooping in to block.

Thump!

After a few clashes, many warriors had collapsed onto the floor, and Frain also had two long swords embedded in his body, causing fresh blood to constantly flow out.

"Hehe..."

He looked at Jay, his eyes suddenly filling with bizarre colors. "I can't live anymore... You really want it, right? I'll give everything to you!"

After saying this, Frain walked forward with large steps and clutched Jay's palm, violently pushing the sword handle.

Poof!

The sword blade penetrated his heart, and this knight's corpse collapsed weakly.

As the knight was dying, Jay had already forgotten about everything happening in his surroundings as a mystical transformation was generated in his body.

A strong power surged over and combined with the accumulation in his body, causing him to instantly exceed that bottleneck.

A trace of actual power encircled his body and carried a little inheritance knowledge, making him understand everything in a flash.

"So this is divinity? Now, I can be considered a Deity who can actually stimulate divinity! Son of Purgatory... I like this name!"

While he was speaking, flames raged, burning Jay's body and causing his physique to undergo a massive transformation.

A pair of wings protruded out, and he instantly transformed into an Evil Demon!

Accompanying this change, the original restraints and magic curse also immediately disappeared.

"Die!"

Seeing that pastor, he directly swung a torrent of flames. The scorching glow and temperature rapidly swallowed him.

Whoosh!

Wild winds blew and caused the tent to be blown to pieces. The human-shaped Evil Demon flew upward into the sky and looked down on the dazed army. "From today onwards, my name is Jay! The Son of Purgatory, Jay!!!

"Church of Death, wait for pain and suffering to descend!"

After saying this, he flapped his wings and disappeared into the horizon.

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Chapter 686: Transformation

In the Year of Evil Demon's Descent, accompanying the war with the Evil Demons, the first batch of Deities appeared among the humans.

They could transform into an Evil Demon and absorb power from killing and fresh blood. Of course, the fastest method was still killing each other.

The most important thing was that being Deities gave them sufficient concealment abilities. Ordinarily, they were completely the image of an average person. As long as they did not actively reveal themselves, even a pastor's magical abilities could not tell the difference, unless a Legend pastor carefully investigated or they entered the domain of an actual God.

And more and more infected appeared, causing the Church of Death, which implemented the 'purification order', to become the target of public criticism, leaving them with no choice but to withdraw the Inquisition.

After all, the rate of infection of the demonic illness was really too high, and there were no effective preventative measures nor treatments. If this was really implemented, there would be no soldiers willing to enter the battlefield in the future.

This was also one of the properties of origin power—the horrifying infectivity and its nearly unsolvable irreversibility.

Naturally, the demonic illness created by the fusion of secondary origin power and the Evil Demon Placenta could actually be relieved. A True God's power could definitely expel it, but it was a problem of efficiency and cost.

Even to 'exorcise' the most average soldier, a bishop-level pastor was needed. Looking at the sea of people, if there was a True God that dared do something like that, the ultimate outcome was definitely one that was unmanageable and would cause all their powers to be completely expended.

In addition, the soldiers with the demonic illness only looked a little strange, and their mental states were still clear. Extraordinaries could even actively suppress these abnormalities, having no difference with ordinary people, and were gradually accepted by the people in the world, who no longer deliberately gathered to attack them.

Of course, secretly in the various churches, although there was some relaxation in the surveillance of those infected with the demonic illness, the surveillance of the Deities were instead greatly enhanced. Once they were discovered, they needed to be captured and burned at the stake. This was the unanimous decision by the True Gods!

Thus, the Deities concealed themselves even more covertly, and their conflict with the church's Gods gradually became greater.

...

Time flew by, and soon, it was Sun God Year 2670, four years since the day of misfortune.

Stan Duchy, Storm Hill.

Luhn, an embodiment of Fang Yuan, rode a horse and inspected his territory, going to and fro.

Four years was insufficient to cause his body to age, seeming more mature and filled with charm.

Looking at it, the grains in the territory were growing and blossoming. A breeze blew, sending the golden wheat fields tumbling, and the fortress not far away could be faintly seen.

This was naturally Fang Yuan's design to congregate the originally scattered serfs and unify control. High walls were constructed in all four directions with a watchtower in the middle. If anything happened, a warning could be instantly sounded and the serfs could retreat into the fortress.

The existence of a ditch and high walls caused the originally romantic and idyllic scenery to contain an atmosphere of warfare and slaughtering.

However, there was no choice. In order to face a potential attack by the Evil Demons, this was a necessary precaution. Furthermore, this was copied by many nearby feudal lords, who constantly promoted it in the Stan Duchy.

Fang Yuan stopped on a spot among the hills, looked down onto the maize plains, and said while smiling, "Seeing that this year's harvest is decent, I'm relieved!"

"Yes, Sir. After inspecting the land and combining Storm Hill and Howl Manor, we have two thousand acres of arable land and five hundred acres of sloping fields!"

As for the land on the hills, Fang Yuan would naturally not let it go derelict, but instead make the best use of it. Anything that could be reclaimed would be reclaimed, and it could still be used to plant fruit trees and the like.

After conversion, two thousand and five hundred acres of farmland was equivalent to fifteen thousand mou in ancient China, and could be considered the amount of land a powerful landowner would have.

After a slight estimation, Fang Yuan knew that the harvest in the territory this year would be plentiful. Being able to have nearly two million tons of harvest was the outcome of him unleashing the production boosting method. Unfortunately, it was still troublesome to promote and should not be too conspicuous. Nevertheless, if there were no major natural or man-made disasters in the coming year, the harvest would definitely be more bountiful.

Such a yield, if taking everything into account, would be sufficient to support five thousand people.

In fact, in the current territory, there were only about three thousand people and a standing army of three hundred that could entirely be counted as military strength.

However, in this era of war, only this would suffice.

Compared to the territories of the other knights, viscounts, and barons, the people under Fang Yuan's command were already considered very fortunate.

At least, there was a safe fortress for them to stay in. Furthermore, once they encountered an Evil Demon, Knight Luhn would instantly lead the army to deal with it.

In the heart of the continent, within a few human empires, the Evil Demon disaster was extremely fierce. It was rumored that there were already many extinguished kingdoms, and many nobles and royal families had no choice but to escape.

Instead, for areas like the Stan Duchy that were at the fringes of human civilization and was thinly populated, the demon crisis was not too serious yet.

Although Marseille's various reports were still ringing in his ears, Fang Yuan sighed. "Just... such good days are finally ending."

After four years had passed and the huge price that was paid, this world was already gradually getting accustomed to the demon crisis, while many issues and conflicts which were held up previously were finally floating to the surface.

For example, the destruction of the central kingdoms had caused massive powers to spread to the fringes.

Even the Noether Kingdom suffered much coveting.

Although in the views of the former central nobles, the Noether Kingdom could only be considered a remote and backward place, and the Stan Duchy an uncivilized region that could not even be considered as one, they could not withstand the impact of the Evil Demons even a bit.

Now, without discrimination, these original 'wastelands' instead became a land of idyllic beauty!

Many nobles intended to set up a few territories here and even migrate their entire families.

For the indigenous nobles, this was naturally a catastrophe. Even a nation as powerful as the Noether Kingdom could not resist the invasions and control of the originally powerful central nations and, at this time, had nearly already become a semi-puppet state.

Under the threat of the Evil Demons, the human nations continued to mutually deceive each other and contend for power and profits. No matter how you looked at it, it seemed like seeking death, but these incidents still occurred nonetheless.

After the Noether Kingdom was controlled, the original "Stan Duchy Strategy" was about to be launched once again.

Furthermore, this time, it was definitely not just a small battle, but a war of life and death!

"What is more lamentable is that even at this moment, the nobles of the Stan Duchy are still within the midst of chaos and inner conflict... or they actually know of the impending dangers but chose to escape like an ostrich, thinking that by burying their heads in the sand and pretending not to know anything, they could get away from it?"

Silently sighing, Fang Yuan returned to the fortress.

Under the support of a few maids, a beautiful noble lady wearing a long, loose robe came forward to greet him smilingly, "Sir has returned!"

This was Tanya, Baron Shawshank's daughter and Knight Luhn's current wife.

Right now, her stomach was bulging, evidently having new life inside.

To a feudal lord, this was unquestionably important. Having a future generation meant that the talented subordinates would have a person to continue expressing their loyalty toward and the relationship

between the lords and their vassals could be maintained, and even passed down for hundreds and thousands of years.

At least, Fang Yuan felt that after he had married and Tanya got pregnant, his subordinates became a little more diligent and more willing to express themselves.

If converted to numbers, their loyalty scale probably increased by a few hundred points.

"Mmm, it's been hard on you."

The path of a Sage moved with the world and would receive emotions without weariness.

Fang Yuan showed a gentle smile as he walked forward to support Tanya. "How do you feel today?"

"Great!"

Tanya smiled, and her smile nearly filled up her face.

After all, Fang Yuan was not a person of this world and was very thoughtful and respectful toward females. This feeling made the noble lady filled with happiness, especially in comparison with the other unfaithful noble.

In reality, she did not know that Fang Yuan was currently only hard at work performing the role of the Knight Luhn.

Just like a celestial being descending into the mortal world, the mortal relationships would ultimately only remain in the mortal world, which passed as the generation ended.

After enjoying dinner with the lady and conversing with her for a while, Fang Yuan came to the study and started managing the official duties of the day.

Garce, Marseille, and a few other subordinates respectfully stood at one side and waited.

"That relative of mine, the current Baron Shawshank, has sent me an invitation."

Fang Yuan quickly browsed through the document and saw the final invitation. "He is about to hold a wedding. Marseille, go and help me prepare a gift."

Timo could be said to have obtained his position without much effort, but the authority of the baron had always been grasped in the hands of the former baroness.

However, she now had no choice but to give it up. After all, it was said that her body condition was getting worse. Furthermore, no matter what, marriage was the symbol of a male maturing and the former baroness had no reason to object.

"Actually, Timo's future wife is very intriguing."

Fang Yuan thought more than that.

Originally, with Timo's status, he could marry the daughter of a baron or a viscount, while an earl or marquis was a little higher up the social ladder.

However, the invitation mentioned that this new wife of his was actually the daughter of

Grand Duke Stan!

The taste of politics and shady deals could be clearly detected even for a layman.

"In other words... there will be an upheaval in the Stan Duchy?"

Fang Yuan looked on with a cold look, feeling that no matter how he saw it, there were problems with this marriage.

He had been in this world for more than four years, so even though he was only using the Knight Luhn identity to farm, he wasn't sitting around doing nothing.

Soon, a new piece of intelligence landed in his hands, and he immersed in deep thoughts.

"The headquarters of the Church of Death is relocating? The location is not set yet, but it's highly likely to be in Noether or the Stan Duchy. This... really makes one speechless."

Due to the purification order previously, the Church of Death met with serious setback and animosity. Coupled with Hess suffering from massive injuries and falling into a deep slumber, the situation was not optimistic.

Furthermore, they had already descended from a first rate power of the continent to second or third rate one. They could no longer resist the demon crisis inland and could only relocate seemingly on the verge of defeat.

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Chapter 687: Approximation

The churches of the Monger World naturally regarded their True Gods as their core.

Hess was the Death God and his God Nation was situated in the Netherworld. All souls after death had to go through his screening before being able to ascend into a God Nation or into the depths of the Netherworld. He was perceived as fierce and ferocious. The Church of Death relied on this power, and their influence in the human world was tremendous.

To no avail, he had faced Fang Yuan who had taken along origin power. Even the Sun God was heavily defeated, while the outcome of Hess overestimating his ability was heavy injuries and sinking into a deep slumber.

Most importantly, the appearance of the Nine Tier Purgatory directly changed the terrain of the Netherworld. Contending for souls with the Death God was definitely adding insult to injury in Hess' views.

Thus, in these years, it was said that this Death God was always in deep sleep and had few moments when he woke.

The Gods' injuries were usually very difficult to recuperate from. A God Nation and church that was constantly deteriorating could obviously not provide any assistance.

Despite this, with the foundation of the Church of Death, deteriorating within the mortal world should have been a very slow process. Unfortunately, the previous Pope just had to seek death by releasing the

purification order, pretty much offending the majority of the soldiers fighting at the frontlines, thereby incurring endless hatred.

Not to mention, among those hunting down the Deities, it was once again the Church of Death taking up the largest share. Thus, the retaliations that they suffered greatly damaged their vitality.

Adding up all these reasons, in the short span of four years, the Church of Death was unable to keep a foothold in the heart of the continent and had to relocate their headquarters.

However, the location was coincidentally in the direction of the Noether Kingdom.

Numerous thoughts flashed in Fang Yuan's mind, and combined with the general situation of the migration of the central nobles, it instantly made him understand that the relocation of the Church of Death's headquarters had very likely become the pawn of many powers.

Of course, a church possessing a True God could not be handled at one's discretion even if it had deteriorated. Thus, it would not have been forced to relocate, instead moving along with the tides and gaining profits in risk.

"It wants rebirth here?"

A sneer appeared at the corner of Fang Yuan's mouth.

Evidently, those pastors and bishops, and even the True Gods, could not possibly know that the Church of Death once again made a fatal mistake, actually moving their headquarters to under the eyes of Apophis, their enemy and the Master of Nine Tier Purgatory!

"As the baron's marriage will be carried out in the Stan Duchy's capital, I'll go there directly. Also... as my wife is pregnant, she doesn't need to go."

Fang Yuan made his decision and waved his hand. The people around him knew to retreat.

After waiting for everyone to leave, he slightly concentrated and his stats window appeared:

"Name: Luhn (Fang Yuan)

Hidden God Name: Apophis (Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory)

Essence: 100.0 (200)

Spirit: 100.0 (200)

Magic: 100.0 (200)

Godhood: Death, Slaughter, Evil Demons

Profession: Warrior (Legend), Disaster Knight

Cultivation: Fighting Armor, Disaster Halo (Level 5)

Specialization: Medicine [Level 3], Botany [Level 6] (Maximum), Fiery Golden Eyes [Level 3]"

"This world's Legends are actually Domainers! Equivalent to the Da Qian World's Dream Master, True Elementals, and True Sages. Of course, they're still slightly weaker as they lack authority."

This portion that they lacked was the Godhood! The specialized domain bestowed by the world!

"Although rules have been set, the advantage is that it can endlessly expand and accommodate believers in the domain, becoming easier to achieve the state of spiritual synchronization, thereby creating great power. This is a True God!"

Compared to the powerful beings of the Da Qian World, the Gods unquestionably had wider power and authority, and could even build their own God Nations. It was similar to the existence of the Heavenly Abode.

"Only... relying on a gift of the world, there will definitely be restrictions. Needless to say, to maintain a large domain requires the believers' power of faith as a supplement. Once it cannot match up to what is consumed, the Gods would descend into a deep slumber or even death."

Regarding the pros and cons of this world's Gods, Fang Yuan could be said to be extremely well-versed.

It was precisely because of this that he did not overly unearth the godly powers of Apophis.

"Right now, I can only really be considered a slightly special Legend. Only in the Nine Tier Purgatory am I able to recover to the peak of my abilities."

Of course, blowing Luhn's trumpet was intended to disguise himself, and ability was actually not important.

Anyway, if he dared to challenge the entire world at the moment, he would definitely face being suppressed by all the Gods working together.

After all, unsealing the origin power could only be done once.

At the moment, it had already properly fused with this world. In other words, the entire world's energy was being used to refine it.

"The gathering of divinity also requires a process!"

Fang Yuan raised his palm and a faint dark glow suddenly appeared on top.

"As the Sons of Purgatory inherit the power of Apophis, they control divinity, allowing them to obtain a longer lifespan, unparallel martial arts talent, and astounding control in magical skills and resistance. They even obtain the ability to adapt to a variety of harsh environments and have powerful disguises..."

It could be said that a Deity was a God in reserve.

This temptation could not be resisted even by the Legends of this world.

According to Fang Yuan's intuition, there were already many Legends investigating the powers of divinity, even actively merging with it to obtain the possibility of a breakthrough.

Furthermore, the first Half-God had already been born and was currently eyeing the Godhoods with ambition!

"Hmm?"

Just at this moment, he had sensed something and looked toward the direction of the Stan Capital with a contemplative smile.

...

"This is the location of our future headquarters?"

Stan Capital.

A large procession slowly entered the city gates.

On one of the high towers, an old man wearing a violet-gold ferraiolo with a golden crown on his head watched silently.

Behind him, a few archbishops sighed.

"This was something that couldn't be controlled!"

The old man dressed as the Pope shook his head. "With the Lord in deep sleep and animosity in the central regions, we would be seeking our death there. Instead, being on the outside gives us more possibilities. Such as this Stan Duchy. When the first generation Grand Duke Stan was building it in the beginning, it was just a barren and desolate land. Currently, it's very decent... Furthermore, there are still few Evil Demons."

"Only... there are too few believers here, and the policy of the Stan Duchy is to centralize royal power," an archbishop added.

"This definitely must be changed. Of course, it's also a good thing. As it is a desert of believers, more lambs can be created," the Pope said slowly. "First, we need to obtain sufficient authority from Grand Duke Stan."

"Truthfully, him agreeing to us relocating, and even having our headquarters in the capital, is indeed unbelievable," said a bishop behind him.

"This is, of course, because of a transaction... To a true noble, there is no such thing as eternal friendship or eternal hostility—only eternal interests!" The Pope's laughter carried some profound meaning. "This requires us to pay something, but compared to what we get, it is definitely worth it. The time is half a month later during the wedding of the duke's daughter."

After waiting for all the bishops to leave, the face of the Pope was not as relaxed as before, having a tinge of solemnness as he looked at the land.

He was very clear that the source of the church was still with the True God!

If Hess was unable to recover, no matter how many lambs he domesticated in the mortal world, it would ultimately not help the situation.

Of course, as the earthly spokesperson of the Death God, he knew quite a few secrets.

For example... soon, something huge would occur to the Netherworld!

This was the absolute secret of the Church of Death and the true plan of the Gods.

Everything that happened in the mortal world was merely a smokescreen!

However, this Pope did not know that concealed within smokescreen, many shadows were also converging.

...

"It's already been confirmed. It's truly the people of the Church of Death."

After observing for a long time at a corner of the city wall, a youth dressed as a beggar stood up and turned into an alley. Not long later, he came to a secret room and reported to a person entirely covered with a cloak.

"It seems like... it's true that the Church of Death wants to relocate its headquarters."

The person in the cloak nodded and flung out a silver coin.

"Thank you, Sir!"

This lad from the outskirts instantly bowed ecstatically and retreated out.

After he waited for the beggar to leave, the cloaked person came to the other side of the secret room and opened up the wall. "My Lord!"

Inside was shockingly what appeared to be an altar.

A lot of fresh blood encircled to become an array, bringing about a pungent stench that made one want to vomit.

Inside the middle of the altar was a statue of a very lifelike Evil Demon with a huge body and gentle eyes.

He lifted up his cloak, revealing a scarred face, and kneeled down loyally. "Lord Jay, the Lord of the Evil Demons, the Son of Purgatory, your believer Hal loyally reports to you that the Church of Death has already entered the Stan capital."

Buzz buzz!

With the prayers of Hal, a layer of blood suddenly appeared on the statue.

Immediately, a shrouded silhouette seemed to fuse with the statue and a raspy voice was transmitted, "Hal, my believer!"

If there was a decent pastor there, he could definitely see with one look that this was a standard "false God"! It had a portion of the Gods' abilities but did not have the actual Godhood.

A few Legends were unable to obtain the approval of the world, and in order to break through, they would usually apply such a tactic.

Of course, they were the targets that various churches were severely striking at.

"I need you... "

The words of the false God continued while Hal modestly bowed his body and silently listened.

...

In a cavern an unknown distance away, Jay lifted up his head and looked toward the direction of the Stan Duchy while muttering endlessly, "My believer... I require you destroy the plans of the Church of Death at all costs. I will dispatch more believers there..."

After a moment, he ended the transmission and a cold smile appeared. "Hess... don't think that nobody can discover your plans!

"When that day comes, I'll certainly give you a surprise!"

Carefree Path of Dreams

Chapter 688: Shadow

After the autumn harvest, time gradually flowed into winter.

For the people of the Stan Duchy, an important festival was about to arrive.

Celebrating the day of the founding of the duchy, a massive celebration would be carried out in the capital city, Santana. To increase the festive atmosphere, the ruling family would also be distributing free food and alcohol. This was perhaps the only opportunity in the year the lower class serfs could eat until they were full.

The founding celebration this time seemed to be grander than before. Many nobles had rushed over from faraway, making Santana City look like a sea of people.

This was all because the beloved daughter of Grand Duke Stan, Princess Amerie, was about to marry!

It was rumored that this princess had a voice akin to as skylark and was a favorite of the Grand Duke and his wife. However, for unknown reasons, the person she was marrying was actually not some earl or marquis, but just a baron.

At first, when they received this news, a huge commotion broke out among the noble circles of Santana City.

There were many noble youths whose hopes were dashed and wanted to find Baron Shawshank for a duel.

"Relax, Timo. Have the stature of what a baron should have!"

In this atmosphere, a simple noble procession entered the city in a low-profile manner.

Riding his horse, Fang Yuan looked at Timo beside him, smiling and encouraging, "Relax! Those people won't receive information about you entering the city."

Although Timo was already twenty-one years old, he was still a shy big boy, even seeming a bit too frail.

Hearing the words, he instantly gave a bitter laugh. "But... there's no way I can avoid the wedding ceremony!"

He had always regarded Knight Luhn as his elder brother.

Fang Yuan smiled and bantered, "To be honest, you being able to pluck the most beautiful flower out of all the Stan flowers is really too unexpected to too many people..."

Hearing this, Timo blushed a little. "I also don't know what's going on. The royal family's envoy suddenly announced this marriage. I heard... that this was my father's arrangement that year. She was originally supposed to marry my elder brother..."

"So it's like that!"

Fang Yuan nodded his head.

As the royalist, it went without saying that the previous Baron Shawshank had communication channels with the ruling family.

However, Fang Yuan found it hard to understand what that baron had actually done, or what feats he had actually accomplished, to reach the extent of Grand Duke Stan permitting his beloved daughter to marry down.

As he was thinking, their group arrived at a villa.

Here, a somewhat unexpected person seemed to have long been waiting for them.

"It's been a long time, Lord Baron, and... Knight Luhn!"

Bishop Daniel wore a black robe and stood smilingly in front of the villa that they were preparing to stay in.

Fang Yuan glanced at the other's golden thread on his ferraiolo and smiled, saying, "So it's Bishop Daniel. Oh, no, Archbishop!"

The strength of the Church of Death was greatly damaged, but it also brought about some benefits. For instance, Daniel, who originally was not qualified enough in strength nor status, not only was not investigated for the shame of defeat, but instead was promoted to the position of archbishop.

After all, the entire Church of Death was relocating to the Stan Duchy and had to promote and assign some local appointments.

Seeing this person, Timo's entire body shivered and was a little frightened, but also had a little resentment.

This expression was observed by Daniel, further making his smile wider. "I haven't congratulated you yet, Baron. Congratulations on marrying the wife of your heart's desire!"

Fang Yuan asked loudly and clearly, "You came representing the Church?"

"No. Only representing myself." A small gleam flashed through Archbishop Daniel's eyes. "And Knight Luhn, your wisdom and chivalry remains fresh in my memory!"

Is this guy here to take revenge? Coming here to inform the other party so brazenly, is it to see the enemy's fear? Or is he just a total idiot?

Fang Yuan looked at Daniel's performance and a trace of suspicion flashed through his eyes.

"The Church's Headquarters will be relocating to the Stan Duchy later. We will have many future opportunities to work together, like this time, where the baron's marriage officiant is the Pope. Farewell"

Archbishop Daniel smilingly bowed and left, while Fang Yuan pitifully glanced at Timo.

Although it was indeed a very honorable thing for the Pope of a True God church to preside over a wedding, but letting the Pope of Death be the officiant?

Timo evidently also thought about this awkward scene and couldn't help becoming flustered.

Seeing off Daniel and looking at the soldiers and servants carrying the luggage, a thought suddenly flashed through Fang Yuan's mind. "However, if the Church of Death has enough ambition, by cooperating with the Stan Duchy, they can indeed obtain much more."

If the Church of Death cooperated with other forces, even if they divided up the Stan Duchy, they would at most be allocated a small portion.

However, if they worked together with Grand Duke Stan and cooperated in resisting external forces, although it was a little risky, they would obtain many more benefits should they succeed.

From this, the personality of the current Pope of Death could be seen, and he was definitely not old-fashioned.

It's also only right. Only this kind of person would simultaneously form such a plan in the mortal world and also cooperate with the Gods to cause an uprising in the Netherworld. It's unfortunate... He was originally a good ally for Grand Duke Stan.

...

"Archbishop!"

After Daniel left the cottage, he boarded a horse carriage.

The aide respectfully bowed and, shortly after, drove the carriage away slowly.

Daniel closed his eyes and silently thought, Knight Luhn was previously a high-level professional. Now, I'm afraid he has already ascended into a Quasi-Legend?

This time, the Pope intentionally joined forces with the Stan Office. In other words, he and the Shawshank forces of the royalist party became allies.

Although it seems a little bizarre, in the upper class world, it was a really common matter in the face of benefits.

However, with this general direction, would the individuals involved really be able to forgo everything?

Archbishop Daniel closed his eyes, and it was as if he had instantly returned to the night of the castle ambush.

The frightening flames and astonishing falling rocks, the gleeful soldiers and knights—everything was so vivid. His fists clenched tightly.

"Princess Amerie marrying a lower class man of the Grand Duke's is just a cover. During the wedding, a truly huge transformation will happen!"

Daniel suddenly opened his eyes and released a bright light. "Now, so what if one or two knights died? Furthermore, in this aspect, there are people willing to provide assistance to me."

...

Santana was built by the first Grand Duke Stan, and afterwards, it had continuously expanded, having various very complete functional zones.

Other than the palace that the ruling family resided at, its close neighbor was the living quarters of the nobles.

Among them, there were around ten buildings that were particularly magnificent, directly facing the plaza and a huge, marble sculpture.

This was the glory bestowed upon by the first Grand Duke Stan, who especially built a lavish living quarters for the Legend knights, and its style was even a match for the palace.

At this moment, somewhere in an earl's mansion.

The current Earl Floren was receiving a noble guest.

The guest wore a black robe and had a cold expression, and his aura had an unparalleled fierceness that also brought some gloomy cold air. Generally, it was very similar to the atmosphere of spies.

"You... came representing the secret agency?"

Earl Floren played with the spotlessly white porcelain in his hands, looking at the swirling black tea inside, and couldn't help laughing. "Weren't you all always interested in the 'Descender' from another world?"

According to his intelligence, they were currently muddling along uselessly on the continent.

After Apophis, the most powerful Descender and the Master of the Nine Tier Purgatory, had descended, the secret agency had become a laughing stock.

How would they seize a powerful Evil God who could directly defeat the Death God and the Sun God?

Although it was rumored that the secret agency had indeed formed a number of insane plans to attack the Purgatory, it was clear that they had not been carried out once. Even going to the Netherworld to explore was seldom carried out.

"Lord Earl, don't pretend that you know nothing!"

The person from the secret agency in the black robe laughed lightly. "Don't you nobles always hope to recycle the inheritance of Death Hands? Furthermore, for this, you didn't hesitate to give up the lives of a few successors. Unfortunately, the inheritance was eventually obtained by a concubine's descendant. This is a massive humiliation!"

Once this was mentioned, Floren's expression became stagnant with a few shades of unhappiness.

The person in the black robe appeared oblivious to this and continued to expose this wound. "Also, even after he obtained the inheritance, your petty actions have never stopped, right? These years, there were at least six waves of men dispatched toward the Shawshank Territory."

"No, it was nine waves. The outcome was complete annihilation." Earl Floren started speaking coldly, "Because of this, I suspect that he has already advanced the Disaster Knight to a very high level, perhaps even being a Quasi-Legend! So the plan has already been stopped."

"However, this time is actually a very good opportunity!" The person in the black robe laughed slightly. "I'll give you another piece of intelligence, free of charge. Grand Duke Stan is preparing to act during his beloved daughter's wedding and exterminate all the nobles in conflict with the ruling family in one fell swoop. The Floren Family is unfortunately on the namelist as well."

Earl Floren's face changed.

Clearly, he had similar predictions, but did not actually believe that the grand duke would actually make a move.

After a long while, he said slowly, "I didn't think that the secret agency, which has always dissociated itself from politics, is also starting to have its own position?"

"Everything requires change, Lord."

The person in the black robe slightly bowed. "Just like how you also require our power!"

"Indeed...." Earl Floren stood determined. "I can provide a piece of intelligence for you that is related to the promotion of the Disaster Halo. Although the ancestor did not leave behind any inheritance, according to some ancient records, in order to promote the Disaster Halo, huge amounts of dead spirits and grievances needs to be absorbed!"

"This... I understand, the Church of Death?"

The person from the secret agency in the black robe was elated. "If there's tangible evidence, that would be even better!"

Carefree Path of Dreams

Chapter 689: Competition

On the day of the celebration, there was a noisy atmosphere within Santana.

Colorful silk ribbon decorations were hung on the roadside treetops and shop doors, and there were people wearing bright clothes everywhere.

After four years of the demon crisis, the average citizen truly needed a reason to raise their spirits. So today, even the average citizen wore their best clothes.

And the Stan Family had also changed its usual stingy image and became oddly generous.

In the early morning, intricate food began to be distributed on the streets. There was white bread, honey wine, and even cakes.

Even a free citizen might not be able to eat such a delightful feast.

At the distribution points, there were inevitably scenes of open plundering. If not for there being a team of fully armed elite soldiers immediately maintaining order and discipline, the chaos would have been worse.

"Lu-Luhn, I-I'm a little nervous"

Baron Timo wore a swallow-tailed coat with pleated lace decorating his collar. In Fang Yuan's view, he looked as if he had the elegant manner of samba. Most importantly, his face was covered with a layer of white powder. According to the court etiquette master who came over from the palace, this was an attire that a legitimate noble should have.

Compared to the clothes, the various marriage formalities were even more tedious, causing Fang Yuan to rejoice that he had only married the daughter of a baron and did not have to deal with so many rules.

Fang Yuan smiled and encouraged, "Relax. No love rivals will dare appear today, or it would be equivalent to going against the grand duke!"

"I-I'm not afraid of people contesting. I'm afraid of being unable to remember so many of those formalities..."

Timo looked as if he was about to cry.

"For this, the etiquette master will remind you from the side."

The former baroness slowly walked in and glanced at Fang Yuan with an accusatory look in her eyes.

Ever since she knew that Fang Yuan had left Tanya alone in his territory and came alone to Santana, she had never given Fang Yuan a pleasant look.

If she actually knew of the imminent dangers in Santana, perhaps she would be the first to escape?

Fang Yuan detachedly looked on. He knew that in these few years of the baroness wielding power, her mentality already had some slight changes and was still thinking fondly of having authority.

If it were those great feudal dynasties, the empress dowager would even kill her own son with poison in order to continue her reign

Of course, this place was not like that. Also, with the support of the ruling family, the baroness had no choice but to dejectedly retreat.

However, her temperament was not good.

Fang Yuan was still considered lucky. Those servants and maids were the ones who were genuinely unfortunate. Just a slight lapse in attention would cause them to be severely reprimanded.

"Let's go. The celebration is starting!" The baroness walked forward and looked over Timo with a critical eye, and then immediately pulled his hands. "You have much to do today! We need to leave!"

"Okay!" Timo moved his lips and chose to comply in habit.

Fang Yuan shrugged his shoulders and followed behind.

Today, he only wore a white attire wrapped with a long noble robe and had a long sword at his hip, seeming very capable and elegant.

The party boarded the carriage and arrived at the venue of the celebration not long later.

"In order to celebrate the festival and the marriage of the Princess Amerie, Grand Duke Stan specially decided to organize a huge competition!"

Seeing the extremely dense crowd outside, Fang Yuan frowned.

The customs of the current Stan Duchy were very similar to that of the Ancient West in his previous world. During large festivals, there would usually be athletic competitions and performances.

Just like now, Grand Duke Stan was determined to carry out a huge event. The competitions not only included the traditional ones like archery and long distance running, they further included duels that could showcase a person's bravery, even preparing three hundred Stan gold coins as the reward for the champion. This was already sufficient for a few Extraordinaires to participate and fight with their lives.

When Fang Yuan and his men entered, the competition at the scene was already at the final stage.

The clamor accumulated to form a wave that nearly blew the roof off.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let us enter the final duel. The winner will obtain the Warrior title personally conferred by Grand Duke Stan and three hundred Stan coins!" In the middle of the arena, the MC roared hysterically. "First, the competitor on my left is the 'barbarian' from the Beast Wastelands, Will. His hands are able to strangle a giant bear to death, and he previously ended his battles incisively and swiftly.

"This warrior on my right comes from the Southern Marshlands. His name is Jaffa! He is a warrior with exquisite martial arts and proficient in using various weapons to defeat his opponent!"

"Will, kill him!"

"Jaffa, I bet on your win!"

...

On site, the atmosphere was roused to the peak by the of the spectators filled with craze and enthusiasm.

Being inside such an environment was akin to being in a furnace.

Under the scrutiny of many scorching hot or jealous eyes, Fang Yuan and the others climbed onto a high platform. The nobles of the Stan Duchy were sitting here, and it was obviously different from the surrounding cramped environments. Everyone had comfortable chairs, with servants and maids serving them on hand.

"Haha... Timo and Luhn, quickly come up!"

At the middle of the nobles, it was Grand Duke Stan that was the center of attention.

He raised his golden yellow wine glass and looked at the battle below with interest. "How about guessing who will achieve victory?"

"I-I feel that it's Will. He obviously has the advantage." Timo looked down at the tournament stage. At this moment, Will was waving a giant axe and had already forced Jaffa into a corner.

Grand Duke Stan looked at Fang Yuan with a slightly contemplative glare. "Then Luhn, how about you?"

A golden glow flashed in Fang Yuan's eyes as he replied with a smile, "If there's a bet, I'd bet Jaffa."

"Haha... No matter who wins, I've decided to bestow upon him the most supreme glory and allow him to attend my daughter's wedding," said Grand Duke Stan as he laughed out loud.

At this moment, many surprised gasps were suddenly heard from below.

In Timo's frightened gaze, Jaffa, who had been forced into a hopeless situation, leaped at Will like a viper, his legs intertwining around his opponent's neck before viciously twisting.

Crack!

A bone-cracking sound that made people queasy could not be suppressed even by the tumult at the scene.

The referee walked forward and inspected before instantly shaking his head and loudly announcing the results, "The winner... Jaffa from the Southern Marshlands!"

"Jaffa!"

"Jaffa!"

The entire plaza was full of activity. The spectators loudly shouted Jaffa's name, while those who had bet on the wrong person threw their betting slips into the air with a look full of frustration.

"Quiet!"

Grand Duke Stan walked forward and his hands slowly pressed down.

Crack!

Soldiers moved forward uniformly with imperceptible majesty, but more likely due to the influence of Extraordinaries unleashing their powers secretly, the entire scene instantly quieted down.

"My people!" Grand Duke Stan slowly spoke, and the sound that passed through a spell's amplification made his voice disseminate far and wide. "Today... who is the champion of the arena?"

"Jaffa! Jaffa!"

"Correct. Jaffa, in the name of the Grand Duke of Stan, I confer you the Champion of Honor, Warrior of the Duchy! You will obtain unimaginable wealth and glory!"

Grand Duke Stan's face was a little red. "I hereby announce that Jaffa will be given permission to attend my daughter's wedding and today's dinner party at the palace! Let us cheer for him!"

"Grand Duke!"

Amid the cheers, Jaffa walked forward ill at ease. The black man modestly kneeled down.

"Take this. It's what you deserve."

Grand Duke Stan nodded, and an attendant beside him immediately flung a bulging bag full of coins.

"Alright, now it's time to carry out proper business!"

After Grand Duke Stan did this, he signalled to Timo with his hands. Among the palace nobles, a girl with her face covered with a veil stepped forward surrounded by many maids.

"Go!"

Fang Yuan lightly pushed from behind and made Timo walk forward.

"Baron Shawshank, your family's generations of loyalty toward the ruling family has fulfilled the obligation of a duchy baron. According to the previous sacred agreement, I will offer my most beloved pearl, Amerie, and betroth her to you," Grand Duke Stan said, his face glowing red.

At this moment, Fang Yuan intuitively turned his head back and saw an army of death pastors slowly walking forward, their leader being an elderly man wearing a golden crown.

"Pope of Death?"

Astute intuition made him instantly detect the other person's animosity.

"Knight Luhn!"

The Pope saw Fang Yuan and his steps slowed down. "I heard you succeeded Glendon's inheritance? And took on the Legend profession, Disaster Knight?"

"This seems to be the case." Fang Yuan nodded.

"Then, that rumor is true? The advancement of the Disaster Knight requires dead spirits and grievances?"

As the elderly Pope was talking, Fang Yuan frowned as he felt at least six rays of lie detection spells undulating and landing on his body. "True!"

"Death is the Lord's domain!" the elderly Pope declared and did not continue to pester with him. Instead, he walked forward with large steps and arrived at where the rest were.

As the person presiding over the marriage today, he still had many more important matters to do.

On the contrary, a few archbishops remained around Fang Yuan with a cold look in their eyes.

Daniel was actually one of them.

Luhn, you made a big mistake! At this moment, his heart was full of satisfaction. You have profaned souls and violated the Lord's domain. Even as an ally, the Pope would definitely not let you off!

For benefits, the Church of Death could cooperate with the duchy.

But the Stan Duchy might not be willing to offend a large church for a Quasi-Legend. In the balance of benefits, a decision was very easily made!

In truth, the Pope had already contacted the Grand Duke. Knight Luhn, do you know that you have already been given up on? And the price that the Church pays is merely a transfer of a portion of the benefits!

Daniel silently mocked in his heart. Of course, you still have a little value, so the Pope decided to let you unleash your excess heat and fight for the duchy to the last moment before sending you to trial!

For a warrior, if they had fought to the final moment but met with an attack from behind, what kind of feeling was that?

This kind of revenge is truly delightful and thorough.

[Carefree Path of Dreams](#)

Chapter 690: Kiss of the Death God

"This is the grand duke's plan? To organize a red wedding?"

Fang Yuan did not appear to have the slightest awareness of being contained. Instead, he looked around.

Around Grand Duke Stan, many nobles had gathered. Floren, Messiah, Rance... almost all of the nobles of the duchy were present.

Among them, the lowest ranked was a viscount. Together with the country, they had gathered enormous wealth and influence.

Of course, with the passage of time, there was not much of the original knights' loyalty left. Most of them even conspired with outside forces.

Although having internal stability before resisting foreign forces is indeed logical, where does Grand Duke Stan's great confidence come from? To be able to quell the country without causing chaos.

A unified nation would naturally be able to gather greater strength to resist foreign invasion.

However, if there was chaos due to the cleansing, it would be no different from inviting trouble.

In this respect, merely relying on the Church of Death, it would still be beyond him...

Fang Yuan had the cold eye of a bystander.

As a True God's church, even if it had declined greatly, it would definitely be able to produce a Legend. Perhaps this was the source of the grand duke's confidence?

Fang Yuan, who had promoted to a Legend, clearly knew a Legend's destructive power.

At this point, he indeed saw some soldiers secretly adjusting their positions, forming an encirclement.

Floren and a few other nobles seemed to sense it. They gathered their private soldiers, and each of them had something bulging out of their waist bags.

In this environment that was calm on the surface but had turbulent waves beneath, the Pope's voice resounded, "... here, in the name of the True God, I witness you as husband and wife!"

Clap! Clap!

Around, the nobles had false smiles masked over their faces as they clapped warmly.

At the venue, a lot of fireworks shot up into the sky and exploded into many bright and beautiful sparks.

"Now, you may kiss your bride!"

Under the eyes of many nobles, the slightly shy Timo went forward to peck on Amerie's lips.

The atmosphere of the venue reached its peak, but the cheers and whistles of civilians concealed everything.

"Truly... dazzling."

Fang Yuan covered his eyes and could immediately feel the jubilation around him. The noisy atmosphere filled him with an unreal feeling, just like being in a dream, separating him from the surroundings. "This is a spell? Grand Duke Stan's layout?"

He immediately looked at Grand Duke Stan and realized that he had a similarly astonished expression. "Something's wrong!"

"Ah!"

Just then, an ear-piercing scream was heard.

The eyelids of the Pope of Death twitched as he looked at the newly wedded couple in front of him.

After kissing, their cheeks became a horrifying color of dark reddish-purple. Sinister-looking veins had surfaced. Both of their hands were at their own throats, as if they were suffocating.

"Holy Spell: Dispersion!"

As soon as his thoughts moved, the golden crown on the Pope's head emitted a glaring brilliance.

As the leader of a True God church, Pope Garrett was naturally a Legend caster. Not only this, he was also in charge of an artifact given by a True God. The mere interference spell technique was instantly broken.

Promptly, he looked at the couple who were on the brink of death. With a snap of his fingers, many high-level holy spells spread.

"Dispel Poison!"

"Cure Serious Wounds!"

...

The dense brilliance of holy spells instantly appeared on Timo and Amerie's body.

As the head of the pastors, Garrett's technique was first-rate. Not even mentioning being poisoned, even if it was death, as long as the soul was still present, he could also perform the resurrection spell and pull them back from the Death God Nation.

But at this time, something shocking happened.

Under the many high-level spells, the condition of Timo and Amerie did not improve at all, even collapsing onto the ground as they fainted.

"Poison that even Greater Heal cannot affect!"

The color on Garrett's face drained. "This is... Kiss of the Death God!!!"

Kiss of the Death God was an extremely famous poison in the Monger World. It was widely used in the assassinations of many kings, thus its rise to fame. It acted rapidly and directly on the soul. It was well-known for spells being ineffectiveness on it.

Most crucially, it was from the Church of Death itself!

Someone betrayed me, someone at least at the archbishop level!

In an instant, the Pope's blood ran cold.

He looked at the newlyweds in front and suddenly stopped.

It was very difficult to save them from the Kiss of the Death God. Even though it was spread from the Church of Death, many complicated procedures were needed to save them.

He clearly did not have the time on his hands right now and could not waste his precious magic on this.

After all, the potential danger lurking in the darkness was much more terrifying!

So, with a snap of Garrett's fingers, giant ice formed and immediately froze the unlucky newlyweds inside.

After finishing, he was no longer concerned about it. Instead, he focused on observing the situation around him.

Kaboom!

After a split moment of stagnation, a water screen-like brilliance suddenly rose. It joined together in the sky and completely separated the nobles from the others.

This was the layout of the ruling family, the magical array passed down by the first Grand Duke Stan.

However, the timing of the activation and the peculiarity from before gave people an ominous feeling.

"Daughter!"

The eyes of Grand Duke Stan turned red as he looked at his lovely daughter's current state. He then glared at the court magician. "Baines, what's happening?"

"Grand Duke... I-I don't know..."

Baines looked flustered.

Suddenly, a sword emerged from his chest.

Fresh blood flowed out of his mouth as he collapsed onto the floor.

"Grand Duke, it's simple. It was done by us."

While sighing, the heads of Floren, Messiah, and Rance Families stepped out. "Back then, this 'Water God Sanctuary' array was created by the first Grand Duke and all of the Legend knights together. It can prevent the attack of a Legend, but how is it possible that the ancestors wouldn't leave behind any insurance for their descendants? Looks like it was indeed foresight!"

Whoosh!

While they were talking, the nobles' private elite soldiers charged into the magic array and confronted with the troops of the Duchy. It was obvious that they had access privileges.

Grand Duke Stan's original plan was to make use of the sealing power of the magic array to gain an advantage in strength. Then he would suddenly attack and efficiently get rid of the noble traitors for good.

However, the magic array that he wanted to use to stop their reinforcements was used as a cage for him instead!

Grand Duke Stan was reeling. He pointed at Earl Floren and bellowed, "Wasn't this all because of you? You violated the original oath of loyalty and conspired with outsiders to topple my family's rule!"

"Grand Duke!" Earl Floren exhaled a long breathe. "This is also the last time I'm calling you this. The so-called nation doesn't ever only belong to one person. For the glory of your own family, you want us to be buried along with you. Who would be willing to?"

To the nobles, Grand Duke Stan was inviting death.

Therefore, they were unwilling to continue on this sinking ship.

Although it was betrayal to Grand Duke Stan, it was survival to them.

"You... this is mutiny! Guards!"

Grand Duke Stan knew that they had reached the state where one of them had to die for the other to survive and waved his hands roughly.

For this day, he had meticulously arranged loyal guards that had yet to be bribed by the other side within the array. At the moment, all of them drew their weapons out and confronted the nobles' private soldiers.

"Garret!" the Grand Duke Stan shouted out again.

The Pope of Death frowned and sent out a signal.

Instantly, the priests ripped apart their black robes to reveal black armor.

This was the Church of Death's elite force, the death knight. Although they were rare, they were mostly all high-level professionals. With the Legend caster Pope, they would be able to kill all the noble rebels.

"Your Holiness, you want to help the Grand Duke?"

Earl Floren said loudly, "As long as you're willing to step aside, we will accept all of the conditions Grand Duke Stan has previously promised."

Pope Garrett shook his head. "Sorry, but the collaboration between me and Grand Duke Stan has gone through the acknowledgement of the True God Oath!"

In fact, there might be a way to reverse the oath witnessed by a True God.

However, the situation was currently a mess, and even he himself could not determine who the final winner would be. Grand Duke Stan might even have the hope of winning...

Because they still had a card in their hands. This secret was only known to him and the grand duke.

"Then it's really regrettable!" Earl Floren shrugged his shoulders and waved his hands.

Behind him, some of the nobles' private soldiers tore down their disguises to reveal tanned muscles and very strange, spear-like weapons.

"Storm warriors?" Looking at this, Garret furrowed his brows. "You really colluded with the Noether Kingdom?"

"Grand Duke, please make your move!"

Floren bowed to the people behind him. From the center of those warriors, a warrior with a large build strode forward. Every step was as heavy as a thousand jun, as if he was stepping on everyone's heart.

"Legend warrior, 'Storm' Ollie?"

Garrett's gaze was solemn when he recognized the identity. "You were actually bribed by the nobles?"

"You know they can't bribe me, Garrett. But the people behind them can!" said Ollie's mature yet slightly hoarse voice. "Your Holiness, do you really want to be enemies with this power?"

"..."

Garrett went silent.

Although their forces were similar to his, stray dogs driven away from the core of human civilization, a broken ship still had three nails that could be used. They truly had some foundation.

However, after they had plotted against the Noether Kingdom, many people were satisfied. Those that were spying on the Stan Duchy were the losers among the losers. The church was weakened, so they had the confidence to gamble along with the church.

"Your Excellency Grand Duke!"

Thinking about that, he immediately looked at Grand Duke Stan. It was time to use the card in their hands. Ancient unit of weight in China.