

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

#Chapter 1: 1 My Revival - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 1: 1 My Revival

Chapter 1: My Revival

Consciousness was submerged in a chaotic darkness, sightless and deaf, feeling only a muddy confusion, with almost no retrievable fragments in the blurry shards of memory.

Who am I?

Karl.

A soul in a shattered state.

Gradually, Karl began to recall that he used to be not Karl, but “Shen Ling,” from a completely different world.

Am I a transmigrator?

In the endless darkness, Karl, as a fragmented soul, gradually remembered his past life.

He had just graduated from a key university not long ago, held a job in business sales, and ran around every day for a living, talking big, until one night after work he was forcibly escorted on his way by a client who had finished drinking.

Memory about his past life halted there; it seemed he truly had been sent on his way by the client.

Karl realized his current predicament was extremely bleak; the only memories he could recall were just a small part, and in the deepest part of his soul, there were ten distinctly different and exceedingly heavy “things” suppressing his memories.

A deep subconscious recognition was that they should be “seals” from different beings, as if unlocking the seals would restore more memories.

Initially, he wandered in the dark for a long time, not knowing how to change the situation, until he accidentally absorbed a trace of faint Spiritual Power into his body, which showed signs of restoring his soul.

The least heavy of the ten seals finally showed signs of loosening.

Karl greedily and frantically absorbed the source of this Spiritual Power, continuously restoring and strengthening his soul.

As the power was drawn, his senses gradually returned, and he noticed the source of the Spiritual Power was a completely transparent glass bottle.

Subconscious cognition told him it was a “Mysterious rare artifact” of extraordinary nature, and the Spiritual Power contained within was just what Karl needed to replenish his soul.

Suddenly, it was as if he had walked out of the dark, lightless world and could finally “see” the things around him.

An old, dilapidated wooden hut, damp, with only two wooden plank beds on either side, covered with straw mats, the room narrow, all sorts of items still arranged neatly and orderly.

The transparent bottle containing Karl's soul was on one of the plank beds, the transparent glass bottle only slightly larger than a palm, unremarkable, placed next to some old clothes with a faint smell, washed bowls, spoons, and other miscellaneous items.

Looking out from the open door of the wooden hut, the night sky was visible, with sparse constellations, the air very fresh, and two moons hanging high in the star-studded night sky were distinctly visible.

One crimson, the other pure and bright.

Indeed, this place was not the world he once knew, Karl sighed to himself.

He missed his homeland; being confused like in a dream was one thing, but feeling uncomfortable all over now that he was conscious and could not go online was another.

Bad news, he was so weak that a mere breeze could extinguish him, no doubt a difficult mode, a hellish beginning.

Karl began to explore what he could do and soon discovered his vision was not limited to the surroundings, but he could rise and extend his view from the bottle as a center, up to a range of five kilometers at the highest and farthest.

Outside the wooden hut to the north was a rather large subtropical forest, covering an astonishingly vast area with no visible boundaries.

To the south lay light brown land that had been tilled, at the end of the cracked stone paths was a seaside town on the East Coast, full of weathered white-ash buildings, with sea breezes carrying a hint of saltiness.

Through interactions among the townspeople, Karl quickly learned he was in the port town of Nasir on the East Coast of the Cyart Kingdom, where people mainly lived off fishing and sea transport, leading self-sufficient lives with many never having left this place in their lifetimes.

As for the inhabitants of the wooden hut, they were two young children.

The older sister, Irene Fischer, was about thirteen or fourteen, resilient, with long black hair, bright eyes, and a glowing, healthy complexion.

Her baby brother was still in swaddling clothes, needing goat's milk brought from the town by his sister to survive, able to eat and sleep.

Their parents had left over ten days ago and had not returned, and life for the siblings on the edge of town grew increasingly difficult.

Irene was a very strong and principled girl, never pleading with the townspeople for help, but rather picking wild fruits from the forest or helping the townsfolk with chores, trying to exchange for supplies as fairly as possible.

Even when starving, she would not let her brother suffer from hunger. At night, she sometimes hid in the corner crying silently before feigning a smile to lull her brother to sleep.

The swaddled baby was well-behaved, with faint silver hair and eyes, plump cheeks, never crying or fussing, but often watching his sister's face intently.

Karl gradually realized something, the Fischer siblings' parents were probably not coming back, most likely dead already.

The outside world was definitely not safe, perhaps even utterly harsh and dangerous.

The young siblings managed to scrape by for now, but if they didn't receive help from others, they wouldn't survive the coming winter.

As time went by, he was about to finish absorbing the Spiritual Power from the transparent bottle, which slowly transformed into a rune deep in his soul.

It was a rune shaped like green grass with a strong vitality, emerald-colored, emanating a sense of soft, warm spring.

But the heavy seal on his soul showed no further signs of loosening.

Karl realized that the Spiritual Power in the bottle was far from enough to completely break through the first seal.

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I need more power!

But he was trapped inside the small bottle, unable to move or say a word. He had absolutely no way to search for the Mysterious rare artifact with Spiritual Power.

Karl silently watched the siblings for over ten days, constantly trying but never succeeding in establishing communication with them.

“What’s the logic in this? I can hear without ears and see without eyes, so why can’t I speak without a mouth?”

He fell into deep contemplation; if only he could speak, he could figure out a way to use the power of others to obtain the Mysterious rare artifact.

At night, the smell of moist earth drifted through the air, and in the pitch-black sky, there was a faint flash of lightning – a downpour was imminent.

The overcast sky was dark and gloomy. T the lightning and thunder performed a terrifying symphony between heaven and earth, like a horror painting, as if even the spirits of nature were roaring in anger at this moment.

“Boom!”

The outside suddenly erupted into a torrential downpour!

Irene knelt inside the house, her head lowered as she murmured incessantly to herself.

“O Sea God and the gods above, I beseech you, please bring back my parents.”

Her prayers failed to elicit any response.

Irene shed tears, there wasn’t much left to trade at home, and she simply couldn’t manage to raise her brother by herself smoothly.

Why?

Why can’t the great gods of this world save us?

Could it be,

that the gods just don’t care for mortals?

All this time, Irene had many aspirations for the future. She wanted to watch her brother grow up, to leave the town and see the world outside, to experience all she had never experienced.

Even after their parents disappeared, she remained strong and took care of her brother by herself, enduring life's hardships and obstacles to this day, all because of this small hope for the future.

"Why don't the gods ever protect us..."

At that moment, the girl startled and sensed danger approaching the cabin.

In the dark jungle outside, there were figures moving that didn't seem to mean well. The peril in the pouring rain nearly suffocated the girl.

Irene was utterly astonished and instinctively muttered to herself,

"Who's there?"

In the wind and rain, five men dressed in beastly attire and wielding sharp blades, with black patterns on their faces, slowly emerged from the woods.

Their faces expressed an unmasked hunger as they pressed towards the wooden house where Irene and her brother lived.

"Don't resist in vain!"

The men with black patterns on their beastly attire burst in, brandishing their weapons with malevolence, ordering the astonished Irene not to think about escaping.

"Who are you?"

Irene was horrified, and one of the men in beastly attire with a black facial pattern suddenly grabbed her arm and dragged her outside violently.

She was quickly pulled out of the house by the five men and thrown down onto the damp soil.

Her brother, not even a year old, was also taken out into the stormy weather, his captors looking at the infant as if he were livestock.

The baby in swaddling clothes began to cry loudly.

Irene, trembling in the mud, could only wail, pleading for them to spare her brother.

"Please, let my brother go. Do whatever you want with me, just spare him!"

The pleas of the weak are ignored by all; despair was all that was left for Irene.

The eldest of the five men was clad in high-grade animal hide, his head adorned with a bizarre black moose headdress, as if he was a priest of a primitive tribe.

He calmly drew a large circle around the siblings with the blade, chanting, "We worship You, O Great Demon of Blood," "We offer You pure sacrifices," "Please, grant us Your protection."

The other four men, their faces awash with reverence, knelt one after another around them.

Irene, lying on the ground, incapable of struggling, was filled with fear and despair.

Beyond that, there was a strong sense of unwillingness and rage!

Why?

All along, she had been desperately striving, valiantly relying on her own hands to secure a future for herself and her brother, but unable to garner any hope or response.

Even though she had not yet given up hope, she struggled arduously and even looked forward to a future that may or may not come.

Yet at this moment, her anticipation of a better future was being effortlessly trampled upon by this sudden malice.

All her perseverance during this time seemed utterly ridiculous.

Karl had already noticed the strangers who appeared suddenly and observed them in secret; they clearly were not Nasir citizens from the town.

He narrowed his focus, wondering if these men could be bandits from nearby?

No, they didn't resemble bandits, but more like... evil cultists.

He had heard various tales of mystery from Irene and the townspeople and knew that extraordinary power was not uncommon in this world.

Having observed silently for over a dozen days, Karl felt a bit of closeness to the siblings he had first encountered in this world and didn't want to see them die by his side.

But as of now, apart from observing, he was utterly powerless to help.

Irene, laying on the ground covered in mud, murmured to herself.

“Why, why has it come to this... Who will save us?”

“Anyone, please, save us!”

Her eyes were bloodshot, her pupils filled with despair and fury as she glared.

“Take anything from me, just save my family!”

The next moment, an incredibly supernatural event occurred!

As soon as she said, “Take anything from me” from the depths of her heart, Karl suddenly noticed a faint blue glow at the girl’s chest, revealing a cyan blue orb.

It seemed to be her soul.

It was loosening!

He felt as though he could, like a demon from myth, seize the opportunity to snatch away the girl’s soul.

Surrounding the soul, other colors of light emerged: pure white, pink, cyan blue, deep red, and orange, representing life, emotions, memories, senses, intelligence.

For some reason, Karl instinctively knew he could extract the various lights within Irene to use as “weapons.”

But what would happen to the girl if he did this? Would she die on the spot if she lost her life force?

They were already destined to die anyway.

And to initiate a change in his own prison-like circumstances, Karl desired to try anything possible, so he concentrated and attempted to extract a portion of the white light.

The white light was pulled out by an invisible hand of thought, hovering high in the air—it was like a white torch cleaving through all darkness in the night!

The evil cultists paid no attention to the flashing white light in the darkness; they were oblivious and could not see it.

Only Irene looked up blankly at this scene.

Incredulous, she gazed at the white light in the sky, radiant with the beauty of mighty power, reminiscent of the blade that judges the world, inspiring awe and making it impossible to look away.

“What in the world is that?”

Chapter 3: Chapter 2 Judgment

The evil cultists outside the cabin remained blissfully unaware of everything, completely blind to the white light in the sky.

All the cultists, except for the elder priest, burst into hideous laughter, sneering disdainfully at Irene’s recent prayer.

The leading elder priest shook his head calmly, not joining in the mockery of the girl; instead, there was a trace of faint, barely perceptible pity.

The expressionless old man in the black rainy night was exceedingly terrifying.

His tone was cold and cruel, as if he was narrating the laws of the world’s workings.

“You descendants of swineherds who live by fishing, you are, without a doubt, the lowest fodder of a cruel world, your souls are born worthless, and because of that, no deity will ever protect you.”

“Since you have no refuge, you might as well become a sacrifice to satisfy my Lord’s appetite.”

Karl’s invisible will projected the white light from the sky onto the lead priest, who immediately became exceedingly dazzling in the pitch-black rainy night.

It’s decided, it’s you!

“Boom!”

Out of nowhere, a thunderbolt fell in the stormy night, like the white blade in the hands of a thunder god, tearing through the sky like a dancing silver serpent, shattering the darkness, and striking the priest squarely!

A dazzling flash of white light passed, and the elderly priest was completely reduced to hot, pitch-black char, without a single uncharred part left.

The other cultists were all stunned.

Irene was slack-jawed, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

Karl was somewhat surprised, having never expected the white light to also be capable of summoning thunder from the heavens.

The girl's lifespan could indeed serve as a "weapon"; it just worked differently from what he had imagined.

Irene, having lost a portion of the white light, did not die or age; only faint silver strands began to appear in her once pitch-black, silky hair.

Irene stared blankly at this scene, tears on her cheeks continuously mixing with the rain, her eyes filled with disbelief.

"What just happened?"

The cultists were terrified upon seeing that the Great Priest had not been blessed by the Mighty Bloody Demon but rather suddenly killed by lightning, and they all felt a strong sense of ill omen.

"Mighty Bloody Demon, please protect us!"

The four cultists who were kneeling on the ground began to plead loudly.

Already full of blind devotion in their minds, they completely believed that the forces of nature represented the retribution of some mysterious existence.

Believing that completely eradicating the threat was the only way to avoid greater danger, and having ascertained that the girl could bear the loss of some of her lifespan, Karl didn't hesitate to draw more white light to form new "weapons."

The invisible blades of judgment marked each cultist one by one, emanating a white light that only he and Irene could see.

"Ah!"

The second cultist wasn't struck by lightning but suddenly burst into raging flames, screaming and writhing, frantically spinning and jumping, yet the fire could not be extinguished even in the pouring rain, and he gradually died in extreme agony.

The remaining cultists were practically insane, knowing this could not be some baseless, accidental mishap but the intervention of some powerful, mysterious force!

"Great Mighty Bloody Demon, someone is killing your followers, please save us!"

The third cultist screamed frantically, suddenly bulging his eyes, wailing and clutching at his face, trembling on his knees, unable to struggle for breath, as if drowning.

Under the terrified gazes of the others, he drowned in the water that emerged from nowhere in his lungs, even as the downpour battered him.

So that was it; the “weapon” was actually a curse that caused unexpected death, Karl finally understood.

The extracted white light was also the lifespan of the prayer, which could then mark individuals and curse them with a mysterious force to die of “sudden accidents.”

The fourth cultist, the fifth cultist—they begged in vain for forgiveness from the mysterious entity lurking in the shadows, but still couldn’t escape the fate of death.

One died suddenly from an acute illness, asphyxiating, and the last also drowned.

Irene, frozen like a statue, couldn’t speak for a long time; her dark, damp hair was now studded with a striking twenty percent white.

After a few maneuvers, Karl too felt a wave of spiritual fatigue, with a significant amount of spiritual power drained from his soul.

Intuition told him it would take at least thirty years to recover naturally, an exasperatingly long time.

“It seems my abilities cannot be expended endlessly, but are limited by ‘mana.’ Alas, alas, such a minor cheat doesn’t really count as cheating!”

If he were to forcefully use his power again, his depleted spirituality would plunge him back into the murky darkness where clarity was lost.

And to permanently increase the upper limit of his spiritual power’s “mana,” it was clear he had to devour more mysterious rare artifacts.

Karl pondered deeply; in the future, he definitively needed to find a way to acquire more mysterious artifacts and consume them voraciously!

In the midst of the downpour, Irene, covered in mud, slowly got up, staring blankly at the corpses strewn across the ground, her eyes completely vacant.

“What on earth happened...”

The girl had witnessed everything that had just occurred, and she knew these people had not died naturally.

The ghastly array of corpses did not instill fear in her; instead, Irene felt a profound reverence and gratitude towards the mysterious entity that had saved her and her brother!

She was just an ordinary girl living in the town, always having lived with her parents, poor but not feeling any pain.

But just over a month ago, her parents went out to sea to fish for a rare species of fish with a magic beast lineage, and they never returned. The acquaintances in town were all reluctant to mention anything about her parents' situation.

However, Irene was no longer a child, and she gradually understood that her parents would never be coming back.

Therefore, as the elder sister, she must protect her brother, and she vowed to take good care of Chris.

It was tough for Irene to raise her brother on her own, and she found it difficult to survive on her own, let alone take care of an infant in swaddling clothes.

Even with hard daily labor, the stingy adults in town were only willing to give a little bit of food, and Irene had to thank them profusely.

She went hungry day and night but always managed a smile, as everything would be worth it as long as her brother grew up safely.

But the events of this night were so ruthless and cruel; Irene suddenly realized how powerless she was in this dark and brutal world.

"Wah!"

The crying of her brother brought Irene back to her senses.

She quickly returned to the wooden hut with Chris, who was crying and soaking wet, hurriedly ignited a fire with the little dry wood they had in an attempt to warm up her drenched brother.

"Mm, mm, don't cry, don't cry," the soaked girl consoled her brother in her arms.

Outside the wooden hut, the storm raged as Irene knelt on the ground, her body small and huddled like a little animal's, sincerely asking.

"Who are you?"

In the depths of her heart, she knew that what had just happened was no coincidence; there must be some powerful and mysterious entity that had protected her and her brother from the shadows.

"Who are you, the one who saved us?"

As the girl murmured to herself, Karl suddenly felt a gap form deep inside her heart, vague yet genuinely existing.

He realized this might be an opportunity to communicate with someone and needed to seize the moment, picturing a part of his soul being injected into it.

The soul shard entered the girl's body through the gap in her heart and instantly flowed into her bloodstream.

Boom!

The whole fusion process was excruciating for Karl, with his consciousness nearly shattering and his soul itself wilting!

He was acutely aware that his current condition was terrible, at most only enough for one act of splitting his soul.

"Ah!"

Irene couldn't help but scream out in sudden agony.

In pain, she clutched the back of her left hand, where a distinct red mark had emerged on her pale skin, with a round base and a complex pattern of lines that was difficult to define.

Favored member.

The term surfaced suddenly from her memory, and Karl realized that his connection to the girl had become exceedingly close.

It seemed not just her but also the crying baby's chubby little hand bore a red imprint.

It wasn't just the two of them either; the entire Fischer family's bloodline descendants, whether ten generations or a hundred, were doomed to forever be favored members.

Karl knew from memory one significant fact: the souls of favored members would return to him after death, and the ultimate fate of a lifetime of work was to return after death.

The spirituality they carried would also turn into nourishment to strengthen his own soul, just like those mysterious rare artifacts, except that digesting spirituality wouldn't harm the essence of the favored members' souls.

"What is this thing on the back of my hand, this red pattern?"

After not receiving an answer for a long time and sweating from the pain, Irene carefully continued to inquire.

"Could you be some great deity?"

He suddenly found that he could speak in the depths of Irene's heart; no, it was still different, closer to conveying thoughts and ideas than actually producing a human voice.

Karl considered the "deity" concept; it was far too remote. In fact, he was merely a fragmented soul, even trapped inside a small bottle, unable to move.

But if he merely claimed to be a passing remnant soul or some terrifying entity like a devil, it's likely no human would be willing to sincerely communicate.

Karl pondered in silence and decisively fabricated an identity that seemed mighty and awe-inspiring.

[I am the Lord of the Lost, also the god who is destined to revive.]

[You will contribute to the great cause, offering a portion of your strength.]

Chapter 4: Chapter 3 Grace

Raindrops hit the wooden hut with a dull sound, seemingly telling the world of nature's infinite might on display.

Without sorrow or joy, filled with ancient power and dreadful majesty, the message conveyed to the kneeling girl's mind!

It was not a language or script belonging to humans, devoid of any common emotions, the inexplicable stream of information rearranged itself into a meaning her barren mind could comprehend.

A deity!

Irene was astonished, never having imagined that the source of the voice was truly a god from the myths and legends!

Surrounding the East Coast, there were many legends about the Sea God, and the priests from the Tempest Church considered It to be a manifestation of the Tempest Overlord, worshipped by countless sailors and fishermen.

She was aware that the gods from the myths often had unpredictable moods, sometimes saving people and other times capable of destroying everything.

She must repay this deity well, partly out of gratitude and also to not bring disaster upon this town!

"Great deity, thank you for saving us, I... I have no way to repay you, but I will do my best, whatever you ask I will try to fulfill,"

Irene responded cautiously, fearful of upsetting this mysterious deity.

Karl suddenly realized that conveying thoughts also consumed a tiny amount of Spiritual Power, and it seemed that each communication should be treasured.

He decided not to use real language for communication, only to send commands containing the most basic meanings, as his already limited Spiritual Power was best conserved when possible.

Commands devoid of human emotion, incomprehensible yet understandable, emerged abruptly in the depths of the girl's heart.

She understood immediately!

"Great presence, do you need the power contained in that amulet? Do you wish for me to retrieve that transparent bottle first?"

Irene nodded repeatedly and rose to her feet, running outside the hut, braving nausea to retrieve a purple, finger-shaped amulet from the charred corpse of the priest, its blackened flesh sticky and revolting to the eyes.

Karl had long sensed the Spiritual Power contained within it, his inner depths stirring with longing, as if faced with a delicious dessert.

Kneeling in front of the transparent bottle, Irene's hands trembled as she held up the finger-shaped purple amulet, her voice unclear from fear as she presented it.

"Great Lord of the Lost, I, I offer it to you."

The next moment, the Spiritual Power contained within the finger amulet raced towards Karl's soul inside the bottle.

He suddenly found that after awakening from the darkness, his efficiency in devouring spirituality had significantly improved.

Yet the amulet's spiritual content was far too insignificant compared to the bottle, so Karl quickly consumed it completely.

If Karl's fragmented soul originally had a spiritual capacity limit of ten, after devouring the spirituality within the bottle, this became thirty, and after completely absorbing the amulet, the limit merely rose to thirty-two.

His spirituality, nearly exhausted due to casting the "Curse," consequently recovered close to one-tenth.

"Huh?"

Irene observed, astonished, as the purple finger withered visibly before turning into black ashes and dissipating.

Yet another miraculous scene!

It was as though the great deity had devoured it!

“Are you satisfied?” Irene asked, looking downward, while simultaneously checking her brother’s condition.

Suddenly, she noticed that her brother’s breathing was off, growing increasingly rapid.

“Chris!”

Quickly, Irene realized her brother had a fever!

However, in such torrential rain, it was difficult to find medicine, and for a child so young, the mortality rate was alarmingly high once they fell ill.

Irene, watching her brother’s labored breathing, struggled within herself, in agonizing pain, and felt the urge to rush into the night rain toward town.

But now, the heavy rain made the roads slick and treacherous, and even if she could reach the town by night, she had no money to buy the expensive fever medicine.

In the town, patients unable to pay were common, and the doctors who had seen much of this were numb, so begging was also unlikely to procure the medicine; moreover, if she were to encounter an accident along the way, her brother would probably not survive.

“How could this happen?”

Wave after wave of crisis left Irene nearly on the verge of collapse, with tears of despair constantly streaming from her eyes.

That’s right, there was one more thing she could try.

Only by continuing to plead with this deity might she be able to save her brother.

Tearfully, she knelt on the ground and prayed again to the mysterious being that saved her and her brother.

“Please save us, great Lord of the Lost, I will offer anything to you!”

“Great deity, please save my brother, I can’t be without him!”

“He shall be saved.”

The unemotional voice, like that of a deity from beyond this world, suddenly entered her mind, and Irene lifted her head in utter amazement.

A strong sense of fear surged within her, as the mysterious being appearing out of nowhere met her continuous wishes so easily, leaving her to wonder whether It was a benevolent deity or an extremely evil devil.

But whether deity or devil, as long as It could save her brother, she would offer anything to It!

Still with aching legs, Irene knelt down again, without any room to stand firm, and appealed to the mysterious voice.

“Please save my brother. As long as you don’t harm my family, you can take anything from me!”

If life and soul could exchange for her family’s survival, it was a worthy sacrifice. As long as her family could live healthily, it was already a blessing from fate!

As a former salesman, Karl had long since lost touch with awkwardness in communication, almost becoming a social phobia sufferer.

He knew best how to communicate, contact, and develop a series of skills and methods to generate trust with “customers.”

“Customers” would never truly believe in any person, they only believed in what they desired in their expectations, utterly engrossed and even unable to extricate themselves.

The two people before him needed not power or dignity but merely the right to survive.

Thus, cooperation could be achieved between himself and them.

Karl’s will, alien to humanity, once again emanated, filled with an awe-inspiring majesty that made one involuntarily want to worship.

A solemn will conveyed, and soon reformed into an understandable meaning, Irene was slightly startled, and then she understood that from the very beginning, she had to accept the fate that the mysterious existence was about to give.

Fate had revealed an undeniable corner, no matter whether the source of the voice was an evil devil or a great deity!

Karl could clearly feel that the grass runes in his soul possessed the “healing” characteristic, which might cure the disease afflicting the infant.

But how to wield this power was indeed a problem.

Impacting the outside world again would consume a large amount of his Spiritual Power, the meager remains of which were better reserved as a trump card.

Perhaps there was another way to proceed.

He could fully feel a strong connection with the girl, able to share the authority to activate that grass rune.

The next moment, Karl once again conveyed his will, commanding Irene to gaze at the transparent bottle not far away.

“What does that mean?”

At this point, Irene knew she could only fully trust the mysterious existence of the voice’s source.

As she looked at the bottle on the wooden bed, she suddenly discovered a cross-shaped black light flickering dazzlingly in the middle of the old, transparent bottle.

The terrifying, twisting aura it emitted froze her completely!

When she stared at the black light, all the colors in the world seemed to vanish in an instant, leaving only the most basic black and white, the surrounding sounds were utterly extinguished, and all Spirituality and life seemed to be stripped to an unstrippable extent.

All things must come to an end, everything will be completely destroyed by Him, a thought of extreme terror emerged in Irene’s mind simultaneously.

This is the might of a god!

How magnificent!

Irreverently awesome!

That is the great power of the Lord of the Lost!

Irene involuntarily trembled subconsciously, the light shadow of grass runes faintly emerging in her pupils.

Karl felt that Irene's soul already held the "Imprint of the Soul," sufficient to activate the magical power contained in the grass rune.

The act just now was akin to sharing some kind of administrative authority, yet for her pitifully small soul mass, bearing a single soul imprint was probably already the limit.

Irene's heart was extremely confused, and her body trembled slightly.

She suddenly discovered a warm power hidden deep within her heart, gentle enough to soothe any wound in the mundane world.

Without a doubt, that was the power bestowed by the great Lord of the Lost!

The wind howled past with the roar of thunder, rushing over from outside the wooden house, bringing rain that struck her fiercely, tearing at her clothes like blades, cold enough to make one shiver violently.

The light of the firewood was extinguished, and the drenched girl in the darkness couldn't help but feel lost.

She had no idea if that power could really save her brother's life, subconsciously praying to the gods and the vast heavens.

"Gods and fate above! Please, no matter what, do not take him away!"

In the storm, the girl roared defiantly at the sky, her face awash with tears.

But would the True Gods preached by the Church really pity the mortals?

If they were truly useful, wouldn't her mother and father have already returned?

The gods are useless!

A determination flashed in her eyes, and she changed her plea, shouting loudly:

"Great Lord of the Lost, please save him!"

Irene took a deep breath, turned to sit beside her brother, and slowly sat down, struggling to lift the infant's burning head.

"There, there, get well."

Inside, Irene felt a mix of desperate confusion and hope; the grass runes faintly visible in her pupils, her hands gradually emitting a vibrant green glow full of the breath of life.

The feverish infant, already unconscious, had a life so fragile and fleeting, but a gentle warm current began to flow gently into the child's body.

At this moment, Irene's heart was all on him, earnestly hoping her brother's little life would not fade away here, Great Lord of the Lost, please descend a miracle.

A miracle occurred!

As the gentle warm current flowed in, the infant's breathing stabilized, the intense heat of his body gradually subsided, and the pained expression on his face disappeared.

The infant still slept but was no longer feverish, and the disease that could have brought death instantly receded, the whole event being a miracle that occurred in the blink of an eye!

A look of great surprise appeared on Irene's face, success!

That power just now was the Divine Power granted by the Lord of the Lost!

How on earth should I repay Him!

Chapter 5: Chapter 4: The First Seal

"This is wonderful!"

"Chris, he's not burning up anymore, he really can survive!"

Irene couldn't help but reveal a joyous smile, feeling an extreme sense of reverence and gratitude toward the Lord of the Lost deep in her heart!

It was a great miracle!

The Lord of the Lost truly was an extremely powerful and benevolent deity!

So, what did He want to take away from me?

Irene had never seen a unilateral act of giving without expecting something in return, kneeling before the transparent bottle, trembling like a harmless little animal.

"Great Lord of the Lost! I praise You! It was Your power that saved my brother, and I have nothing with which to repay You!"

She said to the flickering black light inside the bottle, her voice trembling:

"If You wish to ask for any kind of repayment, my life, my soul, or anything else, I am willing to offer it all to You."

“I only hope that You will show mercy, and wait until my brother has grown up before You come to collect what I owe You.”

According to myths and legends, all kinds of “temptations” often came with a price, and for the sake of her only family member, she had prepared herself for the worst.

To the girl’s fearful attitude, Karl was somewhat baffled, feeling that she was too wary and cautious.

He decided to be straightforward and openly state “the client’s requirements”.

His will transmitted very clearly that all the girl needed to do was to bring forth a Mysterious rare artifact as a tribute, and that would satisfy His request.

A Mysterious rare artifact?

Irene’s hands trembled slightly, as she remembered the town chief once mentioning what a “Mysterious rare artifact” was—it was a treasure that could only be possessed by Extraordinary Exponents with great power.

For the common people of the town, Mysterious rare artifacts were legendary objects that they had never seen!

How could an ordinary girl from a coastal harbor town possibly find such an item, but if the Lord of the Lost was not satisfied... what would happen then?

She dared not think of the terrible consequences that would surely bring destruction! The Lord of the Lost was definitely a powerful and fearsome deity, whose great power could potentially level the entire town!

What should I do?

“Yes, yes, I understand, I will do my best to find the Mysterious rare artifact for You!”

Irene suddenly saw the flickering crucifix black light inside the bottle again.

It was as if she had entered a black and white world once more, where all sounds ceased, as if she was trapped inside a suffocating painting, witnessing the approach of destruction, feeling as if she could not look away, almost fainting!

It took her a great effort to fearfully lower her head.

Karl also felt something was amiss.

Why did the girl before him seem so scared, did he appear frightening?

Karl fell into contemplation. Could it be that the bottle with a soul attached was terrifying?

He broadened his view to take a glance at the transparent bottle, and found nothing unusual; perhaps it was just that the girl was overly timid, there was nothing he could do.

Karl continued to observe the baby's state, finding that he had completely recovered, peacefully asleep without a trace of illness.

The "Extraordinary power" to "heal disease and pain" originally didn't belong to him; it came from that mysterious rare artifact in the bottle whose Spirituality he had completely devoured.

"It seems that the Mysterious rare artifacts whose Spirituality has been devoured truly become part of one's own Soul Power."

Karl clearly felt that the power attributes of the purple fingertip amulet were very slight, a protective type of effect, now transformed into a crucifix rune with a purple glow.

Beyond that, there was another piece of good news that was even more important; after absorbing two Mysterious rare artifacts, he felt the first seal deep within his soul loosen even more, ready to be completely shattered at any moment.

After a while, Irene noticed that the Lord of the Lost was no longer conveying thoughts.

"Have You left?"

She gradually relaxed, sealed the door blown open with a wooden board from her home, and sat back down on the wooden bed, feeling that everything that night was incredibly astonishing.

Humming a small tune from the children's lullabies, Irene accompanied her sleeping brother for a few hours until the rain at night gradually subsided. The girl, exhausted, lay down beside him and curled up to sleep.

Karl silently sensed the peculiar bond between them. Now, he could vaguely sense Irene's location and emotions.

As long as she was within a five-kilometer range, even if the girl encountered danger, Karl's consciousness could arrive at the scene at a moment's notice.

"An extremely peculiar beginning."

Karl, attached to the bottle, quietly listened to the rain outside, contemplating the power he currently possessed.

The black light gradually escaped from the bottle, causing everything nearby to lose its original color, turning into a silent, emotionless world of black and white.

He realized that this black light seemed to be the source of his own power.

Karl discovered that the true power he possessed within the depths of his soul was formidable.

Firstly, it could devour the spirituality from mysterious rare artifacts and the souls of favored members, transforming it into a permanent power within his own soul, strengthening the lower limit while raising the upper limit of his soul power.

Secondly, it showed the manifestation of “temporary powers,” he naturally could convert the life sacrificed into a “death-inducing Curse,” afflicting any individual within his field of vision.

“I wonder if different sacrifices besides ‘life’ would have the same effect.”

He had already realized the importance of that girl.

She was his favored member, that is, a “chess piece,” just like the first character one gets in a mobile game.

Being attached inside a bottle, he couldn’t move freely, and acting personally would consume an immense amount of spirituality, so utilizing convenient “chess pieces” to influence the world became very important.

As Karl pondered, it was best to train Irene and even the entire Fischer bloodline to become powerful Extraordinary Exponents.

He vaguely sensed that there were two other members of the Fischer family with their bloodline in the vicinity.

However, with a distance of over five kilometers, Karl still couldn’t communicate directly with their consciousness.

But those two family members, drawn by the fate of their bloodline, would sooner or later come here to see him.

What needed to be done next was very clear.

On one hand, he needed loyal “chess pieces” to collect mysterious rare artifacts, providing him with more spirituality and runes.

On the other hand, the spirituality of favored members who have died returns to him; therefore, as long as he created favored members with strong spirituality,

once their souls returned to him after their death, they could provide him with enough “spirituality” to nourish himself.

“It seems that I and the favored clan are fundamentally in prosperity and in adversity together.”

Suddenly, as the purple amulet was completely absorbed, the first heavy seal within the depths of his soul was finally entirely shattered!

Karl was overjoyed, feeling a surge of fragmented memories emerging, and he quickly learned a great deal about the “Claud World” in which he resided.

It turned out that this place was Nasir City on the East Coast of the Ouden Continent.

On the Ouden Continent, there were numerous countries, with the ruling class being powerful nobles who controlled extraordinary powers, and Nasir City was under the rule of the Hovern baronial family.

Without doubt, extraordinary power was an absolute symbol of status and identity!

Approximately ninety percent of the resources and channels for cultivating extraordinary powers were entirely in the hands of the nobility and the True Gods Curia.

Extraordinaries in the world mainly fell into two categories: those who studied to wield more magical power with mental power, and those who strengthened the power of the bloodline in their corporeal form.

Yet regardless of the type of Extraordinary, the essence of their soul had not sublimated, meaning that even in death, the extraordinaries were still purely mortal, and their soul’s spirituality would not differ much from that of ordinary people.

“Ah?”

Wait, something’s wrong!

Karl quickly realized that something was terribly amiss!

In his mind, there was a complete system of powers for the “God Pantheon Consecution,” whereby mortals could ascend the God Pantheon stairway through magic potions and rituals, gradually sublimating the essence of their soul, increasing their spirituality.

However, in the present world, there was no God Pantheon Consecution at all!

People, even if they took the corresponding magic potions and performed rituals, could not possibly grasp the power of the consecution!

“Because the extraordinary laws related to spirituality consecution simply do not exist, a far more advanced system of power is of no help...”

Karl felt profoundly helpless within.

Furthermore, whether it was bloodline or spellcasting talent, they were gifts given at birth by the gods, and mortals without bloodline or talent could never become Extraordinary Exponents!

At least that was the theory.

Even if, theoretically speaking, he really could train members of the Fischer family to harness magic power or the power of bloodline, becoming powerful spellcasters or knights, they would not be able to contribute much spirituality to him after their death.

Enlightenment on the power of the soul was completely a blind spot in the knowledge of the current Claud World!

“ ... ”

After a long silence, Karl finally thought of the only solution that wasn't really a solution.

With the recovery of memories after removing the first seal, it contained many fragmented pieces of information about the “God Pantheon Consecution.”

Although the related information in the memories was incomplete and even scattered, as long as he continued to shatter the seals, he would be able to deduce a complete God Pantheon Consecution.

Moreover, in his memories, he possessed the method to visit the Spirit Realm through dreams, theoretically able to reconstruct all the Spiritual Laws of the God Pantheon Consecution, eventually enabling the people of the world to have the opportunity to grasp the power of consecution.

“Build the stairway to deification, creating an entirely different new generation of extraordinaries!”

Chapter 6: Chapter 5 Nasir Town

No sooner had the sky cleared than Irene awoke from her sleep, first checking on her baby brother Chris, who was breathing steadily in his swaddling clothes and appeared very healthy.

“Phew.”

Having let out a sigh of relief, Irene then got up apprehensively and quickly knelt before the transparent bottle placed on the table.

“Great Lord of the Lost, thank you for the power you have bestowed upon me.”

Green light began to emerge in her eyes, filled with genuine gratitude and excitement—extraordinary power, that which only existed in legends!

For some reason, Irene felt as though she had gained a dignity and confidence deep within her that never existed before.

Karl did not respond, as telepathic communication also consumed a faint amount of spirituality, and it was better to speak as little as possible unless necessary.

Moreover, he fundamentally understood human thoughts—no matter how great an entity, getting closer to the mundane would result in a loss of mystique and a significant decrease in reverence.

Since he had decided to be the Fischer family’s hidden mastermind, rather than a friendly grandfatherly companion, it was best to maintain sufficient mystery and coldness.

His role was that of a “chess player”, and in the story, the so-called grandfatherly companion, no matter how important, was in actuality just a treasure belonging to the protagonist, lacking any independence of its own.

Irene received no response and was momentarily perplexed, but the brand on the back of her hand reminded her that the Lord of the Lost definitely existed.

Suddenly, the girl understood!

He might just be silently observing her, and she hadn’t fulfilled his requirements or found the Mysterious rare artifact, which is why the great Lord of the Lost didn’t deign to reply to her!

“Phew.”

Irene stepped outside, took a deep breath, and felt as though she had experienced an unimaginably tumultuous night.

In the sky, two suns, one golden and one white, complemented each other, “Blazing Sun” and “Radiant Sun”, continuously radiating gentle light; the third sun would only appear on very rare occasions.

The bodies with their ghastly deaths still remained.

The girl shivered subconsciously, with the experiences of the previous night resurfacing in her mind, making every memory seem extremely real.

She had seen dead people, she had seen animals killed, but she had never seen living people slaughtered, dying like animals being butchered.

The bodies could not be left outside for anyone to find, and, struggling against fear and disgust, Irene managed to drag the many corpses into the wooden hut.

The sleeping infant, surrounded by corpses, still slumbered sweetly, his complexion healthy and rosy.

“We’re out of sheep’s milk at home, I need to go to town to exchange for some sheep’s milk and food.”

Irene thought she would need to borrow another shovel as well, to take advantage of the rain-softened soil to bury those bodies.

“That’s right.”

Irene almost forgot something. Frowning with hesitation, she still squatted down and started to search the bodies.

To her surprise, she found thirty-five copper nails on the intact body of the evil cultist, enough for her and her brother to live on for half a month!

The most regrettable thing was that on the charred corpse, there were only a few silver coins left that had melted and resolidified, and were temporarily unusable.

Irene’s mentality gradually changed unconsciously. She rose silently from the wooden hut and with heavy steps, headed toward Nasir City.

Her hands, washed by the river water, still carried the scent of the corpse; she could never be carefree again.

In the bottle, Karl gathered his consciousness and slowly attempted to transfer it into the crimson brand on the back of Irene’s hand.

He quickly found out that just as he had thought, he could observe the outside world from Irene’s perspective through the connection of the favored clan’s crimson brand.

It was a quite magical sensation, like watching some bizarre VR performance. Karl could not control where he would look next at all; his view just followed Irene’s perspective, moving constantly.

Moreover, after leaving the bottle, he could not enter a god-like perspective; his view could only be limited to the host.

A thin mist spread between the streets, layering the entire town in a hazed veil.

The sky cleared, and the townsfolk emerged from their homes. In the market, the vendors had set up their stalls early to sell food, tools, handicrafts, and livestock. The people bustled back and forth as vendors loudly hawked their goods, drawing the attention of the passersby to their merchandise.

Irene calmly approached a stall in the market and first bought a bucket of sheep's milk for three copper nals.

"Eh, copper nals?"

The sheep's milk seller was quite surprised. That girl usually traded with fruits and things from her home, yet this time she actually paid with real copper nals.

"Thank you for your help in the past. I will come back to return the bucket tomorrow morning."

It seemed as though Irene's inner self had grown up a lot overnight. Last night's upheaval, the demands of the gods, the extraordinary power within her body—there were too many things waiting to be slowly digested over time.

She carried the bucket of sheep's milk through the crowd and quickly found a smithy in Nasir City.

Sparks flew, the clang of hammers and the smell of metal instantly engulfed the girl. The workers were busily collaborating in a tacit understanding. Red flames burst from the furnace at the center, with various sizes of iron blocks and metal materials stacked beside it.

The shopkeeper was an incredibly burly old blacksmith, with a full head of white hair, a face full of wrinkles, and sharp eyes.

Putting down the bucket of sheep's milk at the entrance of the shop, Irene showed a maturity and composure uncommon for her age and spoke calmly,

"Shopkeeper, I need to borrow a shovel."

The old blacksmith stared at her in silence for a long while before saying deeply,

"You're Irene, aren't you? I know your parents; they once brought me fish they couldn't sell... Hmm, I can lend you the shovel; just return it to me when you're done with it."

The old blacksmith paused and then added, "You can call me Ramon; if you have any trouble in the future, you can come to me."

Irene's eyes lit up slightly, and she immediately expressed her sincere gratitude, "Thank you so much, Mr. Ramon. I will remember your kindness."

Although she had just come into some money from an unclear source, poverty and hunger had already deeply marked her childhood. If possible, she still preferred not to spend money.

But she hesitated for a moment and then said, "I will still bring you some fruits tomorrow. I can't let you be taken advantage of for nothing."

The old blacksmith did not object further.

By the time the frail Irene dragged the iron shovel and bucket of goat's milk away, Ramon, in the smithy, muttered to himself:

"She really does look a lot like her, my granddaughter was nearly indistinguishable from this girl. Ah, to be thirteen or fourteen and have to care for her younger brother on her own, I fear they'll have a hard time getting through this winter."

The presence inhabiting Irene, Karl, sensed a flavor similar to metal, although faint, a sliver of metallic-type Bloodline power existed within the old man's body.

Perhaps it would be worth attempting to unearth his potential, currently only the young siblings are incapable of doing anything substantial; having "pieces" that can guarantee loyalty is definitely beneficial.

However, Karl also felt that the old man's days were numbered and his investment might not be worthwhile.

But he also noticed that besides the old man, there seemed to be others in the smithy who possessed the same type of Bloodline power; perhaps these were his descendants or relatives?

Irene, carrying her items, passed by a food stand and suddenly stood staring at the rough, hard black bread, hesitating for a long while before shaking her head and continuing on her way.

That was something that, in the past, she could only have on her birthday. The girl also found it strange, what on earth was going on with her, feeling an urge to lash out.

She walked past a mansion in the center of Nasir City, the white house surrounded by neatly trimmed gardens and paths shaded by green trees.

Overnight accumulated rainwater dripped from the eaves, creating a trickle that tinkled melodiously.

The owner of the white mansion was the town chief of Nasir Town, responsible for assisting the Hovern family's Baron in managing the affairs of Nasir Town.

Maritime trade was the most lucrative business along the East Coast, and Nasir's town chief was an exceedingly wealthy tycoon there, a good friend of the great sea merchants controlling the maritime routes, holding sway over many useful connections.

The middle-aged and corpulent town chief, his body hefty, had just finished breakfast and stepped out of his mansion when he immediately saw the girl passing his doorway on the street and his eyes bulged in shock!

It was as if he had witnessed something utterly unbelievable!

"Good morning, town chief."

Irene greeted with a calm and respectful bow, for the daughter of an ordinary fisherman, the town chief of Nasir undeniably was a personage high above.

Yet after a night of madness, something within her deepest core would never be filled with awe for mere mortals again.

"You, you, you..."

The town chief seemed to want to say something, but after a long pause, he couldn't articulate it and just shook his head.

Irene paused for a moment, then left, feeling bewildered, her intuition telling her that something was amiss.

In the town chief's eyes as he watched the girl's retreating figure, there shone deep weariness and fear.

What on earth was going on?

Those people had clearly made a deal with him that as long as this year's sacrifice was the orphaned siblings who nobody cared about, the terrifying cult wouldn't target the town!

At least not this year! For the entire year! Nasir was supposed to be safe!

The sacrifices he had made each year to appease that cult, all for the sake of Nasir, but nevertheless, the siblings had shamelessly survived without permission.

If the followers of that evil cult came looking or if the matter escalated, leading even the imposing Lord Baron or the more formidable Tempest Curia to take notice...

A profound dread nearly swallowed the town chief whole in an instant.

Baron Hovern was the outright owner of the whole Nasir Town and also the only individual in the town to have reached Level 2 as an Extraordinary Exponent.

The strongest on the East Coast, however, was the region's Tempest Bishop, who was likely nearing Level 3.

From the perspective of a mortal, these powerful beings were almost indistinguishable from true deities.

He trembled all over, plunged into deep contemplation, unable to comprehend a matter of vital importance.

"Strange, why on earth did those helpless siblings survive? It's completely inconceivable."

Could it be that something had gone wrong with the Great Priest of the Blood Cult, but he, too, was a real Extraordinary Exponent? Handling two children would be easy for him.

The town chief's expression turned grave, he must try to reach out to that cult's evil cultist, and grasp the full situation at the earliest opportunity.

After returning home, Irene immediately checked to make sure her brother was alright, then scrutinized her surroundings to ensure no one else was around before finally taking a deep breath.

She hoped no one had passed by during the time she was away.

For some reason, all those who died had turned into ghastly pale ashes, as if their bodies had been dead for a long time.

The ground outside the wooden house was unusually soft; she gripped the cold, rough handle of the iron shovel tightly, digging forcefully into the moist earth, tremulously burying the ashes completely in the soil.

By the time everything was done, the night had deepened and darkness descended.

The girl's tired, numb eyes were devoid of any light, as if her fear of death and the last of her innocence, like those ashes, were buried deep underground.

A few hours earlier in the dead of night.

Dozens of kilometers away in another East Coast town.

“Ah!”

Members of the Fischer family, Lucius and Byrne, awoke from their dreams one after the other!

Looking at each other, they were speechless for a long while.

In their dreams, they both heard whispers too alien to comprehend, yet impossible to ignore, as if the eerie murmurings were of demonic gods.

Sweat poured down their backs as they sat with wide-eyed terror.

The sudden red brands on their hands ached faintly, like nightmarish omens, or perhaps a predestined fate hidden within their Bloodline.

“The East,” the son swallowed his saliva.

“That’s where the call is coming from...”

Chapter 7: Chapter 6: Father and Son

In the wilderness, mosquitoes fluttered through the jungle where an old, weary black horse slowly pulled a wooden cart forward. Its hooves constantly stepped into the moist earth, leaving behind a series of sunken pits.

A slender black-haired boy sat atop the cart, his expression dull.

He wore a light brown long coat and leaned against a bundle made of leather and cloth; his blue eyes looked a bit vacant.

Leading the old black horse was a middle-aged man with a pair of whiskers, his demeanor lazy. He wore tough black leather armor and his blue eyes were always filled with vigilance for his surroundings.

The father and son shared one prominent commonality: a very clear and complex red insignia branded on the back of their left hands.

The lazy middle-aged man yawned and squinted as he asked, “Byrne, how much money do we have left? How far is it to Nasir Town?”

The black-haired boy lowered his head, counted with his fingers for a moment, then looked up and reported in sequence:

“We have three silver coins left, three hundred and fifty-five copper nals, enough food and water for two days, and it’s only a thirteen-hour journey left to Nasir Town.”

Byrne’s father, Lucius, smiled bitterly, shaking his head and sighing.

A silver coin was equivalent to twenty copper coins, which meant that was all they had left.

“Do we have to go to Nasir?”

The black-haired boy Byrne’s eyes were filled with hesitation. After hesitating for a moment, he still continued, “I always feel we should be more cautious, Father. What if what awaits us is some sort of trap?”

Lucius fell silent for a while before speaking, “Byrne, you are smart, educated, and wiser than I, but you’re just too timid.”

“Moreover, you still don’t understand that some fates can’t be avoided. For the past few nights, both your dreams and mine have been filled with that indescribable whispering, showing no signs of stopping.”

“In Nasir Town, there is something immensely significant calling us, clearly a destiny infused in our bloodline, making it impossible to escape forever.”

Byrne lowered his head and remained silent, no longer arguing against his father’s opinion. The veteran mercenary had seen more and knew better than he did, and Byrne wasn’t skilled at debating with others.

The old horse moved the cart slowly, and darkness fell as the two neared the edge of the jungle by Nasir Town. Ancient trees and verdant vines intertwined, forming a complex maze.

As the night deepened, they stopped the cart on a piece of muddy but relatively open ground.

Byrne lit a campfire in the silent night, illuminating the surroundings. The firelight danced, warm and soft, bringing a trace of vitality to the cold valley of autumn.

The trees became more visible in the firelight, and Lucius, while nibbling on bread, suddenly set it aside and swiftly grabbed the long sword nearby, rising quickly to gaze at a figure in the distance.

The silhouette in the dark stood still, shouting out.

“Don’t move. Just hand over all the money you’ve got, and we promise not to hurt you.”

Lucius narrowed his eyes, making out three armed robbers in the dark, led by a tall burly man wearing a leather cuirass.

The robbers approached from three directions, entering the area lit by the firelight. Two of them wielded axes, the third held a sickle, and all showed wariness at the sight of Lucius's gleaming sword.

The tall burly man, wielding an ax, said warily, "Drop your sword. Think carefully before you decide to fight. There are three of us, and as long as you cooperate, there won't be any trouble."

Byrne trembled with fear, his face almost drained of color as he huddled on the spot, daring not to move.

Lucius's expression immediately shifted to one of fear as he said, "Don't do anything rash, please don't kill us. I am willing to hand over all my belongings."

While he said this, he didn't put down his sword. The three robbers were equally vigilant, and neither side dared to advance or retreat after a standoff.

Under the glow of the fire, the tall burly man was drenched in sweat and suddenly let out an angry roar, "Then hurry up, lay down your sword!"

"Fine."

No sooner had Lucius said "fine" than he suddenly lunged forward, thrusting his sword toward the tall burly man who appeared to be the leader of the robbers.

The tall burly man, prepared for this, roared and kicked out fiercely.

Lucius's charging figure surprisingly dodged the vicious kick and came slicing down with his sword.

He aimed to kill the leader first, hoping to scare off the other two. It was undoubtedly the most effective tactic, though it was also a gamble.

The sword slashed across the shoulder, splattering blood in an instant, but it failed to hit the neck and deliver a lethal blow. The tall burly man howled in pain and instinctively retreated quickly.

"Help me, you guys!"

The other two robbers, taken aback for a moment, also rushed forward with shouts, while Byrne took the chance to scurry toward the jungle without hesitation.

"Damn it."

Having failed to achieve a successful ambush, Lucius turned and swung his sword again, his face fierce as he glared at the two men.

The blade swished threateningly, causing one robber wielding a sickle to instinctively retreat a step, while the other, holding an ax, roared and chopped down, missing the mark by inches.

The difference in grasping distance is the distinction between life and death.

Lucius surged forward and sent Byrne crashing to the ground, then swiftly ran his sword through the bandit's heart.

"Aaaaah!"

The other bandit, wielding a sickle, froze in terror, trembling as the large and burly man suddenly shouted fiercely, "You and me, together, front and back attack!"

"Two at once" seemed to give the sickle-bearing bandit a backbone, and together they charged at Lucius with a roar.

"Die!"

Lucius roared, trying to scare off the sickle-wielding bandit again, but found him closing his eyes and swinging the sickle as he screamed, forcing Lucius to deftly dodge to the side.

The burly man's axe came crashing down, and Lucius, in a rush to block with his sword, was forced to one knee by a bear-like strength, his palms throbbing in pain, his teeth clenched.

So heavy, such astonishing strength—did this man have sub-human or foreign race blood in him?

Lucius managed to roll away and lessen the force before scrambling back up, only to find the two bandits attacking from front and back once more, planning a repeat of their tactic, leaving him no choice but to immediately turn and run towards the pitch-black jungle.

"Chase him!"

The two bandits, fired up with aggression, were not about to let him go.

Byrne hid trembling behind a nearby tree, his face deathly pale as he walked over and bent down to pick up a torch from the campfire.

Another pitiful scream rose, and, biting his teeth, he hurriedly followed after it, soon seeing the bandit with the sickle eviscerated and lying on the ground.

Not far off, the hulking bandit was viciously pinning his father down, pressing the axe blade against the sword with great difficulty due to the overwhelming difference in strength.

Byrne ran over and fiercely burned the burly man's face with the torch!

"Aaaaah!"

The bushy beard on the man's face instantly caught fire, his skin split open, and the burly man screamed crazily yet refused to get up as if determined to crush Lucius underneath him no matter what.

"Ha!"

The excruciating pain from the burns eventually caused the burly man's strength to wane, and Lucius, with a powerful yell, heaved him off.

"Aaaaah!"

The burly man screamed as he rose, holding his axe high, but his entire face was split in two by a sword, and then a sword thrust through his heart for good measure, blood spurting out as the tall body slowed to a kneel before becoming completely still.

"Huff, huff, huff, huff..."

Lucius sat on the ground, gasping for breath, utterly exhausted.

He looked at his son, who was holding his mouth, nearly vomiting, and couldn't help but reveal a smile of having narrowly escaped death.

"You, you're afraid of blood, aren't you?"

No sooner had the words left his mouth than the frail Byrne toppled over like a plank of wood.

"..."

Lucius was accustomed to the weaknesses his son had had from birth; after sufficient rest, he stripped all the valuables from the three bodies and put them all on the carriage.

It amounted to twenty-five copper nals, three pieces of inferior weaponry, and a bag of cooked beans.

“Tsk, turns out they were all disgusting paupers!”

He frowned as he buried the three bodies overnight, cleaning up all traces of the encounter, carrying Byrne on his back, and driving the carriage to leave during the night.

Lucius knew within that many farmers and fishermen would moonlight as bandits; he absolutely couldn't let it be known in Nasir Town that he had killed the three men. The place where the bandits roamed was very close to Nasir Town, which could likely hold their relatives and friends.

“It's five kilometers to Nasir,” he thought suddenly, feeling a real and unmistakable heat on the back of his hand where the red brand was.

The youth, Byrne, on Lucius's back, furrowed his brow and dripped with cold sweat as if he were dreaming of something extremely terrifying.

He heard some horrible whispering that was almost devoid of human emotion, conveying a language not of this world, shaping into a will that was too significant to ignore.

Nasir Town.

There, by the sea, lay something exceedingly great, continuously calling out to Byrne and his father.

Chapter 8: Chapter 7 The First Family Meeting

Under the first rays of morning sunlight, the whole world seemed enshrouded in a gentle haze.

Karl became distinctly aware of the arrival of two other members of the Fischer family, for he could sense their bloodline through the favored imprint with utmost clarity, even predicting their exact time of arrival at the cabin.

Three days had passed since the attack by the evil cultists and the night the girl received her imprint, yet Irene still hadn't figured out how to obtain the Mysterious rare artifact.

For a girl not widely experienced, it was indeed too difficult.

She sat in the cabin caring for her younger brother, slowly lifting her hand that bore the red imprint, feeling she ought to do something with this power.

But the plans in her head remained vague and indistinct, unable to take shape.

Just as Irene was at her wits' end, she suddenly felt the crimson imprint on the back of her hand grow warm as if a connection was forming from somewhere nearby.

Instinctively, she looked up towards the outside of the cabin; a wood cart drawn by a black horse made its way slowly, leaving deep ruts in the muddy ground.

Irene unconsciously swallowed, knowing all too clearly that the ashes of the evil cultists were buried under that stretch of mud.

Lucius and Byrne, standing beside the wooden cart, were also taken aback as they felt a subtle sensation in their bloodline connection, pinpointing this place as the source that called to them in the night.

Lucius, out of habit, squinted his eyes, cautiously gripping the hilt of the sword at his waist, ready to draw it at any moment.

Irene emerged from the cabin cradling her swaddled younger brother, looking perplexed at the unfamiliar faces from Nasir Town, and asked, "Who are you?"

Byrne instinctively shrank back behind his father, not daring to face the strangers.

Lucius replied with a smile, "I'm a retired old mercenary, my name is Lucius Fischer. And what's your name, little girl?"

Irene was taken aback for a moment; the man before her also bore the Fischer name. What exactly was going on?

She vaguely remembered her father mentioning he had an uncle, but it seemed too coincidental that this man could be him.

Byrne, standing behind Lucius, suddenly looked up and said, "Father, she could very likely be my cousin."

Many questions in Lucius's mind suddenly cleared as he asked with a continued smile, "How did you figure that out?"

Byrne, still very nervous, went on to explain,

"Well, father, you once mentioned having a brother in Nasir, and she has that crimson imprint on her hand. I surmise, um, that could likely be an artifact arising from our bloodline connection."

Hearing this, Irene took a deep breath, understanding that both men were her kin and had probably come here in response to the call of the Lord of the Lost.

So that was it; the girl suddenly realized the true significance of the crimson imprint.

Trying to keep calm, she said, "It is a gift from the great Lord of the Lost. From now on, members of the Fischer family will all be His followers, and I too am a child of the Fischer family."

Lucius nodded silently, his eyes sparkling with intelligence as he brushed aside his languid demeanor and continued,

"It seems you are indeed my brother's daughter. Why haven't I seen him or your mother? And about everything concerning the Lord of the Lost... please tell us in detail."

Mid-sentence, Lucius had already seen the undisguised sorrow in Irene's expression and immediately surmised that his brother's current situation could not be a good one; his expression also became somber.

"Brother, perhaps I should have come back sooner."

The socially anxious Byrne hesitantly asked a question.

"This mysterious being you speak of, is He truly a god? Even if He is a deity, He could also be an Evil God, right? Does the Fischer family really have to worship Him?"

Hearing the questioning voice, Irene's face turned cold, and the displeasure in her gaze made Byrne shiver.

"You have no right to question Him!"

She shook her head, turned, and went back inside the cabin, leaving the father and son outside exchanging confused looks.

Karl observed the two newcomers quietly.

The older man was a weathered, experienced mercenary, clearly the most useful "piece" in the Fischer family's current situation.

Noon.

The "Blazing Sun" and "Radiant Sun" both hung high above, casting their nearly endless warmth.

"Please, look and see that everything I have said is true, and this is the Extraordinary power bestowed upon me by the Lord of the Lost."

Irene had already put down her brother, her expression serene as she raised a hand and summoned a subtle, soothing emerald glow, exuding an air as if spring had arrived.

Lucius and Byrne stood inside the cabin, dumbstruck by the scene, their gaze upon the transparent bottle turning uneasy, not knowing what to make of it.

Karl could clearly sense the specific content of their emotions.

Byrne, the nervous and timid boy, felt an oppressive curiosity amid his unease. He was fascinated by “his own” existence, yet too fearful to attempt exploring it.

He understood the mysterious being symbolized power and held great danger.

The thirty-something Lucius looked calm, but in reality, he was deliberately hiding astonishment, joy, worry, greed, and finally, some kind of resoluteness.

It was as if he had made an important decision, hoping to capitalize on the current opportunity to accomplish something. Even the deep-rooted laziness and decadence within him were instantly swept away.

Karl knew very well that Lucius and his son were shocked by the extraordinary power displayed by Irene!

Whether spellcasters or Bloodline Knights, the Extraordinary Exponents of the Ouden Continent were born with spellcasting talent or the corresponding bloodline, giving them the chance to advance further and become an Extraordinary Exponent.

Talent and bloodline determine the majority of people’s ultimate potential in life.

As for Mysterious rare artifacts or the blessings of mysterious beings, those are ultimately just temporary or snatchable sources of extraordinary power.

Ordinary humans without the spellcasting talent or bloodline could never truly possess extraordinary power!

Yet the power he possessed broke such ironclad rules!

Lucius revealed a smile that was hard to conceal, suppressing the excitement deep in his heart, and said respectfully,

“Great Lord of the Lost, I am Lucius, the eldest male of the Fischer family.”

“The Fischer family will absolutely serve you, with loyalty and utmost effort. Everything we do is for your great revival!”

Though he said this, in the depths of his eyes there was actually no reverence.

The man just wanted to use the suddenly appeared mysterious power for his own gain.

A man blinded by greed, but he could still make a suitable “pawn,” Karl silently assessed Lucius. Relying solely on the young siblings was not enough to accomplish much, so he did not mind having a “pawn” with his own thoughts.

So, in the next moment, Karl once again conveyed his will.

He granted Lucius the “protect” power contained in the purple finger amulet.

Although it was much weaker than the “healing” rune power in the transparent bottle, the “protect” rune could still play a significant role in low-level conflicts.

Suddenly, Lucius became aware of the great presence of the Lord of the Lost, an immense power beyond description. The black cross radiance flickered continuously inside the transparent bottle, and compared to it, his own existence seemed as insignificant as the most humble dust in the world!

How magnificent!

All the plots in his mind dissipated in an instant, leaving only fear and even the urge to prostrate himself on the ground.

How foolish he had been to think of using such a magnificent being!

In the next moment, a purple glow slowly emerged in the awe-filled eyes of Lucius.

He felt a strong power granted to the depths of his soul, which he could activate through the connection with the Lord of the Lost.

Upon tentatively activating this extraordinary power, Lucius sensed something within him depleting slightly, followed by an invisible repulsive force surrounding him, capable of effectively defending against external attacks.

Ordinary people might never encounter extraordinary power in their lifetimes, but now Lucius effortlessly possessed it, and he couldn’t help being extremely excited!

“So this is the legendary extraordinary power. Great Lord of the Lost, thank you for your blessing. I, of the Fischer family, will devote everything to assist in your revival!”

Lucius was ecstatic, and Byrne, not far off, was also deeply moved, acutely aware that his destiny had changed completely from that moment onward.

The future was uncertain; despite his excitement, the young man also felt a great deal of tension and fear surge in his heart.

The Lord of the Lost, who controlled the fate of the Fischer family, what kind of deity was He?

And what would our future be?

After pondering for a moment, Lucius respectfully lowered his head and asked, “Great Lord of the Lost, something inside me seemed to have been consumed just now. What was that vanishing thing?”

“Could it possibly be the Magic Power mentioned by spellcasters?”

Karl thought for a moment deep inside, clearly recognizing the importance of teaching the family basic mystical knowledge, which could spare members of the Fischer family from many detours.

Even though conveying information would consume spirituality, and the larger the amount of information, the greater the consumption, Karl still decided to transfer basic mystical knowledge at the cost of sacrificing some spirituality.

He planned to pass on only one set of mystical knowledge; the rest of the family members only needed to consult the beneficiary of that knowledge.

As for whom to impart this knowledge to, Karl had already made his choice.

“Great Lord of the Lost, I feel Your will. Are You planning to generously bestow upon me mystical knowledge?”

Irene looked up reverently, realizing that the great god was about to give her the precious mystical knowledge.

She was ready.

Karl no longer hesitated and transferred the mystical knowledge to her.

In an instant, the girl felt dizzy and a sudden, sharp pain flooded into her brain, making her feel as though she was about to split apart and collapse to the ground.

Chapter 9: Chapter 8 Granting Knowledge

An immense volume of knowledge surged up in an instant, and Irene felt an extremely intense dizziness come over her, as if everything around her was spinning.

Her vision blurred, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't focus on any object. She attempted to steady her staggering body, only to feel as if the ground beneath her feet had lost its gravity.

It was as though invisible hands were squeezing Irene's brain, making it impossible for her to think or concentrate.

For a long, lingering moment, Irene felt as if her deep soul was isolated from the real world, trapped within a boundless void, until the multitude of knowledge gradually digested.

“Ugh.”

Irene gradually regained consciousness as she retched, her eyes still somewhat empty and unfocused.

Lucius and Byrne stood dumbfounded, exchanging worried and concerned glances, with no idea what had suddenly happened to Irene.

Although they had only met her today, the girl was undeniably their blood relative, naturally evoking a sense of closeness between them.

It seemed that an excessive amount of knowledge indeed harmed both body and mind—whoever said that learning is always beneficial clearly hadn’t considered this. Karl immediately realized that he must not impart so much knowledge next time; the fragile mortals might easily break as a result.

The bodies and minds of mortals appeared to be much more fragile than he had imagined.

Yet I digested that knowledge so easily.

Deep inside, Karl suddenly realized that there was a great difference between himself and ordinary mortals.

The confusion in Irene’s eyes gradually receded, replaced by deep shock, unhidden admiration, and reverence.

Just now, the gate to a new world had opened to her.

It was the gate to the Power of Consecution, a type of extraordinary power she had never heard of before. According to the knowledge given by the great Lord of the Lost, no other extraordinary exponents on the continent mastered the Power of Consecution.

She slowly turned to the other two and said, “I have received precious knowledge contained in the oracle of the Lord of the Lost.”

“We must gather extraordinary materials imbued with Spirituality. The Lord of the Lost will then knock on the Spirit Realm’s gate, and in the Spirit Realm, imprint the Spiritual Laws of the Power of Consecution.”

“After that, we can craft Magic Potions to obtain the power of Consecution—a power that comes from the deepest part of the soul, far superior to any other extraordinary power on the continent!”

Lucius and Byrne listened quietly, their eyes brimming with unmasked curiosity, delight, and excitement.

As long as they collected enough extraordinary materials to make Magic Potions, they could gain powerful extraordinary powers!

Lucius, with his decade-long career as a mercenary, had also seen what it meant to be an extraordinary exponent, and he roughly knew the differences between spellcasters and warriors, but he was not so clear about specific knowledge of Magic Power, power of Bloodline, and other extraordinary domains.

He was very aware of one thing, however—that extraordinary materials were extremely precious!

“If we want to get extraordinary materials, the simplest and most conventional means is to trade with money, but currently, the Fischer family is almost penniless.”

After contemplating, Lucius looked seriously at his niece. The power she had just displayed was extremely important; healing talent was always one of the most precious kinds.

“However, with Irene’s power, it’s not impossible for us to make enough money in a short term.”

“By using the power to heal others, right?”

Irene didn’t object at all; in fact, she was grateful to have the ability to repay the Lord of the Lost and help her family members.

Lucius’s expression suddenly turned very serious, and he solemnly said to Irene and Byrne:

“Right, there is something I must make clear to you, and perhaps it’s the most important thing!”

Over the years, he had traveled to many places and had even witnessed the arbiters from the True Gods Church slaughtering the villages of heretics with his own eyes.

On the continent, all religious groups not recognized by the True Gods Church were outlawed heretic existences; evil cultists could be killed in any nation without trial.

“All members of the Fischer family must keep the great secret of the Lord of the Lost, never divulging even a single word about His existence!”

“The True Gods Church harbors great hostility towards all mystical beings apart from the True Gods themselves, especially those deities not recognized by the mainstream...”

True Gods Church?

Listening silently, Karl delved deep into thought; he could sense the varying strengths of the ten seals deep within his soul, but the entities that had placed those seals undoubtedly possessed substantial and undeniable power.

He couldn't help but follow that train of thought; could it be that the entities that sealed his soul's memories were actually the so-called gods worshiped by the True Gods Church?

“Yes, you must learn to keep secrets.”

Byrne nodded slightly, also feeling that the existence of the Lord of the Lost inherently contained immense danger. If exposed, the entire Fischer family would be doomed beyond recovery; they absolutely had to act cautiously.

He agreed with his father's view, saying timidly and nervously,

“Father is right, according to what I've read in books, our identities are considered extremely evil in the eyes of the church. Keeping secrets is the most important principle.”

Lucius added, “What needs to be kept secret is the very existence of the Lord of the Lost. Irene, on the other hand, doesn't need to hide her power deliberately, because among spellcasters, there are those who wield healing magic.”

“In fact, in order to accumulate money, displaying that healing ability is necessary.”

Irene pondered, realizing that money was indeed a resource she must possess to obtain extraordinary materials and mysterious rare artifacts.

However, with her limited perspective, she still didn't quite understand how to exchange her powers for money. Would she have to go to the market and heal diseases for the merchants? Perhaps that was indeed a possibility.

Uncle Lucius's face showed a lazy expression once again as he smiled and said, “Don't be anxious, I'm going to Nasir City to scout around for information and look for opportunities we can take advantage of.”

At night, in the taverns of Nasir Town.

The spacious hall was filled with rough but sturdy wooden tables and chairs, and the dim, faint light from the lanterns hung on the walls.

The sailors and fishermen of the port city of Nasir were the mainstay of the tavern, their loud chatter and laughter unending.

Lucius, looking languid, pushed open the door and strolled in, tossing a silver coin up and down in his hand.

He extended his hand and deftly flicked the silver coin, which leaped out and landed perfectly on the table in front of the bartender.

“Barkeep, I’ll need a few pints of malt beer, ah, and it would be nice to have someone to chat with, I’ll buy them a drink, too.”

Lucius sat down with a smile, quickly attracting the attention of those around him.

The tavern was undoubtedly the most convenient place to gather local information, and he soon began to learn about the various powers within this port city, important figures, and even some “get rich” channels.

Come the early hours of the morning, Lucius left the tavern, drunk, with a few armed sailors stealthily trailing behind.

Before he left town, he suddenly drew his sword and loudly warned,

“I advise you not to think that a foreign mercenary who has killed many is a so-called ‘easy target.’ Be careful, lest you pay with your lives.”

After his rebuke, the sailors didn’t follow any further.

Once outside the town, Lucius suddenly felt it was a pity; with the extraordinary power granted by that great entity, he had no need to fear those fellows and could have instead gained an unexpected windfall.

Before entering Nasir Town, Lucius had already had his son test the actual effect of the “protective runes” that came with extraordinary power—attacks from common folk wielding swords could basically be stopped.

As a veteran battle-hardened mercenary, he knew well that with this power he stood head and shoulders above the common folk.

“It truly is power beyond the mundane...”

But then he thought, if he killed them, he might offend the local dockside merchant powers, and Lucius felt it was better not to engage in a fight.

“After all, suitable targets have already been identified; what remains to be seen is just how strong Irene’s healing power is.”

He had already set his sights on the real “easy targets” of Nasir Town.

Chapter 10: Chapter 9 The First Bucket of Gold

John was the head of the wealthy merchant family William on Nasir, owning two sailboats and more than two hundred sailors, often setting sail from the port to do business along the East Coast.

He maintained exceptionally good relations with several knight clans, sub-human tribal elders, and bands of thieves around Nasir Town, and even had the opportunity to attend banquets held by Lord Baron Hovern.

A few weeks ago, John had contracted a rare and strange illness after returning from overseas.

His once normal skin began to shed uncontrollably, becoming scarred and often oozing black blood from the wounds, his mental state aging at an unimaginable pace.

John, panicked and desperate, quickly became almost mad, spending a fortune to call numerous physicians to treat him, but to no avail.

As for the extremely rare healing type spellcasters, there were none to be found in the vicinity of Nasir Town.

He could only send his eldest son to seek help from Tempest Bishop Matthew at the Tempest Church, but unfortunately, the high-ranking bishop disdained to come to a small place like Nasir to save an insignificant merchant.

The days awaiting death were unbearable; John would wake up crying every night, praying for mercy and salvation from the Lord of Salvation.

Yet, as days passed, prayers did nothing at all—John’s body grew weaker and weaker.

He was not willing to give in!

After decades of hard work earning a fortune that would last ordinary people several lifetimes, and elevating the originally fishing-oriented William family to success, why should he die so easily?

O Gods!

You are far too harsh, cruel, and despicable!

John, lying on his deathbed, unable to speak, his eyes filled with malice, cursed the unfair gods in his heart.

Anyone would do, even a devil from hell, an evil god from the abyss—as long as they could save him, John would pay any price within his means!

“Master John, a person claiming to be a healing type spellcaster requests an audience with you.”

The docile servant knelt outside, his words like a divine melody, instantly rekindling vitality in John’s eyes.

Spellcasters with the rare gift of healing!

Trembling with excitement, he hurriedly said, “Let that spellcaster in immediately.”

The status of Extraordinary Exponents was supremely elevated, not just an identity but a genuine social class; even those who had only reached the first “Beginning” tier of extraordinary power were still an existence beyond the provocation of mortal tycoons.

All heads of noble families on the Ouden Continent were Extraordinary Exponents, and a noble family lacking a sustaining Extraordinary Exponent would collapse.

The situation of wars, the rise and fall of nations, and the development of the world throughout history had all been determined by the formidable power of Extraordinary Exponents.

There is, after all, an impassable chasm between Extraordinary Exponents and mortals!

Irene nervously entered the mansion of the rich, having never been in such close proximity to the lifestyles of the wealthy and powerful.

The courtyard’s flower beds, fountains, and sculptures created a thick artistic atmosphere and cozy vibe, with servants casting respectful glances her way—Irene could hardly breathe.

Just days ago, she was an ordinary girl from outside the town, but now she was pretending to be an aloof and superior Extraordinary Exponent.

Irene wore a black veil and donned an expensive black gown.

Renting this dress for just one day nearly drained all the money the half-handed members of the Fischer family had, with the outfit featuring a tightly cinched waist and a neck lined with soft, finely pleated ruffles in many layers.

The girl cautiously felt the clothes on her body, realizing noble attire was actually far less comfortable than her usual clothing.

Uncle Lucius, seeing the unstoppable nervousness in his niece Irene, knew it was quite normal, the ordeal probably being too much for a minor.

He immediately said, "Don't be nervous, it's nothing serious; Irene, we're just facing a thoroughly frightened, scared-to-death fat sheep, that's all."

Irene felt odd referring to someone as a "fat sheep."

She nodded, forced a response, "What do I need to do?"

Truthfully, after several days of interaction, Irene deeply felt that her uncle Lucius was indeed a formidable person.

He seemed to care nothing for social class, showing no reverence, and his execution was remarkable.

Lucius lazily squinted his eyes, half-serious and half-mocking as he said, "Actually, what you need to do is quite simple, and that is to keep quiet!"

Extraordinary Exponents, especially those who wielded healing powers, held esteemed status, and ordinary rich merchants often could not obtain the aid of such high-tier individuals.

Karl's will, residing within the crimson brand on the back of Irene's hand, was also observing everything around them.

The dwelling place of the wealthy in Nasir Town, it seemed, held the first bucket of gold the Fischer family needed.

He could easily judge that the man had been stung by some poisonous magic beast overseas and thus infected with a magical toxin.

Karl weakly expended his spirituality, his will encouraging Irene to keep going.

The girl hesitated for a split second, but the indecision in the depths of her heart dissipated, turning into stronger determination.

"The great Lord of the Lost shelters me, all difficulties will ultimately be resolved," she murmured to herself.

Merchant John finally saw the healing type Spellcaster, lying immobile on the bed but still glancing over.

The girl in the black dress and veil appeared extremely mysterious, and her partly obscured face under the veil was exquisitely beautiful, like a noble treasure, making John feel ashamed by his own unworthiness, unable to look directly at her.

“Spellcaster, please... save me...” John pleaded weakly.

“I am a member of the Fischer family, the young lady’s uncle and spokesperson, and I hope you can offer us the compensation we need.”

“Money is not an issue!”

John immediately screamed, his voice hoarse like that of a specter.

“Apart from money, we also need trade channels for extraordinary materials!”

Most of the extraordinary materials were controlled by the nobility and the church. After a moment of silence with dilated pupils, John still nodded and said:

“As long as I can survive, I will agree to any conditions within my power.”

Lucius was not surprised at the success of the negotiation, for the man was, in essence, at his wit’s end and had to accept their terms.

The crucial moment was next, and he did not know whether Irene could actually heal the man.

The Lord of the Lost was undoubtedly a great being, but how strong was the power He granted?

Lucius didn’t know, and even Irene herself was not clear on that.

Without saying a word, she slowly walked over, and John’s eyes were filled with longing, hope, and even a faint trace of awe.

He is actually awe-struck by me?

For the first time in her life, Irene felt such an odd emotion.

Could even I be an object of... awe?

She understood that the root of the man’s awe wasn’t really her; it was the strong power, the destiny manipulated by the great Lord of the Lost!

“You will get better.”

Since I have come following His will, you shall be saved.

Irene slowly extended her hand, her pupils flickering with the green light of life, and a gentle, spring-like aura instantly enveloped the nearly rotten man.

In merely a few minutes, the healing came to an end.

The man's illness was greatly alleviated, and Irene felt that she could have healed him effortlessly, but Lucius had previously told her that even if it was possible to cure the disease completely, it would only be necessary to heal halfway.

The young Irene did not understand why, but she still stopped as her uncle had advised.

"Hahaha! I, I have survived!"

John, who managed to sit up, was still weak but beamed with a look of elation in his eyes.

Lucius smiled faintly, politely saying, "We will not linger today, your illness will require a few more treatments. As long as you pay the reward first, we will come again next time to cure it completely."

By the time Irene and Lucius were seen out of the rich man's yard by the servants, they both looked somewhat bewildered.

On the way home, leaving the town behind, Irene asked her uncle in disbelief.

"Did that man go mad just now, willingly giving us five gold coins without hesitation? Those are gold coins we're talking about, equivalent to a hundred silver coins, um, two thousand copper nals!"

Lucius was silent for a moment, then said, "I can roughly understand that fellow's thinking, it's probably the same as mine, he wants to pursue a long-term cooperation."

Actually, the money was still secondary, the languid mercenary squinted his eyes, looking at the box in his hand. Opening it, inside was a piece resembling coral, fiery red, and faintly exuding a constant warmth.

Blazing Coral!

Class 1 Extraordinary Material!

Lucius's eyes were filled with greed, as if he could see more extraordinary power within reach in the near future.

When Irene saw it again, she too took a deep breath and smiled in relief.

“That’s great! We have successfully obtained the sacrifice that can be offered to the great Lord of the Lost!”