

# **From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty**

## **#Chapter 11: 10 Constructing the God Pantheon Stairway - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 11: 10 Constructing the God Pantheon Stairway**

Chapter 11: Chapter 10 Constructing the God Pantheon Stairway

Two weeks later, autumn had deepened, and golden leaves danced in the wind, raining down upon the earth like a shower.

The three half-human members of the Fischer family finally no longer lived in the wooden hut outside of town but officially moved into South City within the town, from then on to lead a completely different life.

South City, a place in Nasir Town where the middle-income residents lived, wasn't as wealthy as the affluent North City, but it was certainly wealthier than the poor East City.

Lucius had long since found out about important figures and powers in South City District that one shouldn't trifle with: an elder in his nineties from the silver descendant clan, and the Taylor family, a knight clan.

Silver descendants, flame descendants, dragon descendants, and stone descendants are all branches of the regular human species and are commonly referred to by the general public as sub-humans, often living collectively in familial clans.

Elves, dwarves, and beastmen, on the other hand, are considered different from the broader human category and are generally seen as a foreign race by human society.

The silver descendant clan residing in Nasir Town is said to possess a spellcaster lineage, and their elder is a well-experienced spellcaster.

The Taylor family is a knight clan with a legacy of over two hundred years, with several members in the family who have dug into their knight-type extraordinary powers.

With the growing middle class in the Cyart Kingdom, knights today generally lack manors and lands, but those who hold an extraordinary lineage still have an extremely high status, unaffected by firearms.

How could bullets fired from a mere flintlock compare with bodies hardened by extensive training?

"Is this really our new home?"

Irene, wearing the formally purchased black dress, with her arms wrapped around her swaddled brother, tilted her head up, looking incredulously at the white mansion before her.

The white mansion had a large area with three levels, many rooms, enough for a dozen people to live together, and in the lush green courtyard, expensive and lifelike stone sculptures were placed around.

Although the renovated mansion was bought through sea merchant John's channels at a price thirty percent cheaper, its luxury still couldn't match that of the town chief or the merchant's homes, but compared to the average wealthy households in Nasir Town, there was no difference.

She always had hopes and dreams for the future, but she had never indulged in fantasies of living in such a place.

When she was small, her parents could only provide her with poverty and a life where one meal was uncertain from the next.

Hunger, poverty, and humility—the shadow of her original family was deeply etched into her very marrow.

The young girl looked down at the brother in her swaddle, murmuring, "You won't be like me, Chris. I swear you will grow up in a wealthy childhood."

The silver-haired Chris slept soundly in her arms, seemingly having grown a bit more over the past half month, looking plump all over.

He knew nothing of all that had befallen the Fischer family.

Tonight was the Fischer family's first formal sacrifice to the Lord of the Lost.

About the standard and procedure for the sacrifice to the Lord of the Lost, Irene and the others discussed for a long time, but in the end, based on the knowledge Byrne remembered, they made minor alterations before carrying out the sacrificial ceremony.

Karl's consciousness silently observed the whole process, too lazy to expend spiritual power on such trivial matters, so from beginning to end, he maintained silence and calm.

Of course, he still found it rather interesting; mortals took care to discuss gravely those things the great entities simply didn't care about at all, not daring to slacken in the slightest.

Could it be that he'd truly crossed into the body of a fallen deity, or is he just a powerful mystical entity? Honestly, even now, Karl was still unclear on the specifics.

All he knew was that if he were playing an “economy game,” then the few people in the Fischer family were currently his only “chess pieces.”

Because the first magnificent appearance of the Lord of the Lost came one night, the Fischer family’s sacrificial ceremony was ultimately chosen to be performed deep into the night.

Byrne, different from his father Lucius, who had licked blood off his blade and was illiterate, had once learned from a home tutor skilled in the arts for a few years.

His mother had originally hoped Byrne would become a painter.

That was until his mother died of an illness, his father took away all the wealth he and his mother had, and Byrne kept the few books in the house with him ever since.

He also knew quite a bit about religious knowledge and continued to provide suggestions:

“Well, generally, the one who officiates the sacrifice, or the so-called Priest, is the highest-ranking person in a religious organization.”

“So we must choose someone to lead the sacrificial ceremony.”

The lethargic Lucius narrowed his eyes indifferently and said, “I think you should do it, Irene.”

“Because it was your prayers that began to change the destiny of the Fischer family, and you were the one chosen by the great Lord of the Lost to impart the arcane knowledge.”

Me?

Irene lowered her head, sinking into deep thoughts.

The recent healing experience had touched her greatly; the once untouchable bigwigs of Nasir Town, who never even glanced at her, were now full of pleading and reverence.

The extraordinary power bestowed by Him had indeed changed many things.

No, it had changed everything about destiny!

In the dead of night, with all preparations complete in the great hall, including the infant in swaddling clothes, all four members of the Fischer family were gathered.

Irene, Lucius, and Byrne knelt in succession before the long table where a transparent bottle was quietly placed.

In their eyes, apart from admiration and awe, there was a mix of different emotions: gratitude, yearning, and curiosity.

Irene took a deep breath and lifted the black iron box containing the Blazing Coral in her hands.

She recalled the words she had prepared in her mind, which had been crafted by Byrne – extremely formal and meticulous to a fault.

For some reason, Irene eventually followed her own thoughts and spoke out.

“Calm down, and prepare to express our hearts to the great Lord of the Lost.”

“Great Lord of the Lost, you are the deity who punishes evil, bestows miracles, and saves mankind.”

“Please accept our humble offering.”

“May Your spirit fill us and guide every step of the Fischer family’s future, granting the Fischer family wisdom and strength.”

Karl quickly felt the spirituality of the extraordinary materials rushing towards him like flight, containing the unique fire element of the Blazing Coral.

The extraordinary materials in Irene’s hands turned to a small pile of ashes in the blink of an eye.

Karl felt the spirituality being devoured by himself, ready for the corresponding preparations.

“Endless Abode Without Walls...”

He silently recited the cryptic spell to journey into dreams from his memory, preparing to initiate the conjunction of the celestial spheres and connect the Spirit Realm with this world through the dreamscapes in the crevices of many worlds.

According to the knowledge restored in Karl’s memory, to step onto the initial God Pantheon stairway, one must first bridge this world with the Spirit Realm, incorporating the corresponding Spiritual Laws.

There were thirteen steps in total on the God Pantheon stairway known from the extensive arcane knowledge he held; expanding each rank required the consumption of a certain degree of spirituality.

To unlock the power of Consecration at the 1st Rank was the easiest; it only required one primary Class 1 Extraordinary Material and some auxiliary materials.

The degree of spirituality contained in extraordinary materials varied, generally classified from Class 0 to Class 9.

Karl estimated that it would take three pieces of Class 0 extraordinary materials or one piece of Class 1 Extraordinary Material to imprint the 1st rank on the Spirit Realm, and the specific material didn't matter as long as enough spirituality could be amassed.

Which specific extraordinary materials he chose would determine the formula for the God Pantheon stairway's 1st Rank potion, once embedded in the Spiritual Laws of this world.

For instance, the Blazing Coral currently obtained by the Fischer family was an extraordinary material, originating from the transformation of a magical coral from the depths of the sea after its death.

If Karl used the spirituality of "Blazing Coral" to expand any 1st Rank of the God Pantheon stairway.

From then on, everyone in the world could have the chance to ascend this stairway through a potion formula made from "Blazing Coral."

The entire world's Extraordinary law would undergo an unprecedented major change due to his actions to come!

Chapter 12: Chapter 11: The Descent of the Spirit Realm

Spirit Realm.

That was a strange world within the endless universe, gathering an immense amount of spirituality.

The boundary between the material world and the Spirit Realm was the offspring of reason and passion—dreams.

Intelligent life could use dreams as a bridge to enter the scope of the Spirit Realm with their consciousness.

The entire structure of the Spirit Realm essentially consisted of two parts: the Spirit Realm Ocean that occupied a vast area and the numerous "islands" formed from the subconscious of intelligent beings throughout history.

Karl's consciousness had already sneaked into the Spirit Realm, still taking the form of a black cross of light, floating in the high skies of the Spirit Realm.

There was no absolute concept of up or down in the Spirit Realm; below Karl was the boundless, nearly transparent Spirit Realm Ocean, and above was the raging waves of the same ocean.

The numerous islands looked like a spread of chess pieces across the board when viewed from above.

“According to the knowledge obtained from memory, the mere act of my entering here is enough to keep the gates of the Spirit Realm open to the Claud World.”

The material world inhabited by intelligent life had an intrinsic attraction to the Spirit Realm, which could only eternally exist as their spirituality was transmitted there through dreams.

Karl took a deep breath, and deep within his heart, there was an inextinguishable sense of excitement.

The world that was purely about swords and magic was about to be gradually tainted with other hues by his acting as an unruly “Evil God.”

Next, he was to imprint “Spiritual Laws” and construct the God Pantheon stairway.

Numerous “constellations” suddenly appeared in Karl’s vision.

The group of stars gleamed brilliantly, each shining in different magnitudes, adorning the infinitely wide firmament.

They were the various Extraordinary laws contained within the Spirit Realm; each Extraordinary law, once formed, could scarcely change, as the entire foundation of the corresponding world would collapse.

Extraordinary laws would become ever more robust, and Karl could not change the existing ones, yet he had the ability to add new Spiritual Laws.

He detached the spirituality of “Blazing Coral” from the depths of his soul and found the constellation that symbolized Claud World’s Extraordinary laws.

The invisible will brought the spiritual trait of “Blazing Coral” down to one of the empty stars.

The insides lit up with the shadow of flames!

In the gold-red fire, there was a man holding a blade, with a body full of scars, and from his cold eyes, black and red blood kept streaming.

He created the first stairway on the Claud World’s God Pantheon stairway,

“Path of Conquest.”

He also received a portion of the “Spiritual Radiance” of the 1st Rank of “Path of Conquest.”

All he had to do was bestow this “Spiritual Radiance,” and he could instantly promote an ordinary person to the 1st Rank of Consecution of the “Path of Conquest.”

The Power of Consecution was “Gladiator”!

The Gladiator had three Extraordinary traits, the first being “body fortification,” a balanced enhancement of physical attributes so that even an ordinary person could become as strong as the mightiest human once they received the power of a Gladiator.

The second was “Weapon Proficiency,” allowing the Gladiator to instantly grasp the usage of weapons. Even those they had never touched or seen before could be mastered, gaining the skill and experience to wield them.

The third was “Fight to the Death,” in which the Gladiator’s reaction speed increased the more severe the injury, with body functions barely declining due to the wounds.

Karl gazed at the shadow of fire within the star— the blood-tear figure with the weapon in hand remained for a long time.

“From now on, in Claud World, anyone needs only to use ‘Blazing Coral’ as the primary material, along with suitable auxiliary substances to create the ‘Gladiator’s’ upgrade magic potion.”

Consciousness returned to the material world, and only a brief moment had passed.

After contemplating for a moment, Karl eventually gave the “Spiritual Radiance” to Lucius.

He was the only adult in the Fischer family, battle-hardened, with extremely rich combat experience, capable of maximizing the power of the “Gladiator.”

Lucius suddenly felt a unique power surging within him!

“Great Lord of the Lost! I praise everything about You! Thank you for Your blessing!”

He instantly received information about the “Gladiator” in his mind, and his body and limbs felt significantly stronger, his senses much sharper.

Overall, his physical fitness had completely surpassed the level of ordinary humans!

If he were to fight that burly bandit again, his strength would certainly not be inferior to his opponent's.

Lucius rose respectfully, bowed, and walked over to pick up a vase from a nearby table, memories of practicing with a vase as a weapon for years unexpectedly surfacing in his mind.

“What a miraculous ability, is this the true Extraordinary power?”

Beyond that, the Spiritual Power contained within his soul also received a modest guaranteed boost.

Lucius was tremendously excited, and Irene also took a deep breath.

She knelt devoutly before the black cross glowing inside the transparent bottle, immense admiration surging within her once again.

The Fischer family will forever be grateful to the great Lord of the Lost!

My Lord!

How magnificent!

—

Many people in the Claud World had collective dreams of a very unusual world.

It was a snowy woodland with towering forests that blocked out the sky completely. Looking around, the ground was covered with leaves turned to white ash.

The burnt-out ashes formed tall trees reaching dozens of meters high, blocking the vast expanse of pure white sky above.

There were no constellations or sun in the sky, nothing at all.

Those who intruded into this place took a long time to find their way out.

Upon waking, many felt an inexplicable intense fear.

The world behind that woodland seemed to be an unprecedented new realm, with that strange place holding immense dangers and opportunities alike.

The Extraordinary Exponents who dreamed of it felt an even stronger sensation, and countless individuals even perceived a black cross glowing in the deepest part of the sky, instinctively bowing their heads, not daring to look directly at it.



What exactly were those dreams and the things shown within them?

The people of the present world do not yet know.

In the very center of the Lorne Empire on the Ouden Continent, within the great cathedral of the Salvation Church.

An old man in a white robe knelt before the magnificent statue of the Light of Salvation, dozens of meters tall, with his eyes tightly shut and hands clasped together.

He had received an oracle from the Light of Salvation, seeing a prophecy about the future of the world.

The Pope saw a future where time, space, and physics were in chaos—tracts of land sinking one after another, everything collapsing and crumbling in the destructive Spirituality, heralding a complete end.

Endless lava and solid ice fell from the sky simultaneously, the brilliance of civilizations extinguished one by one, until the entire world was left with nothing but tranquility and silence.

In the end, he slowly opened his eyes.

“The end, the most crucial element for the end of the world has arrived.”

“It has taken on the form of the Lord of the Lost, and has already bred an exceedingly evil faith in the east of the Ouden Continent.”

The purple-robed bishop behind him looked towards His Holiness the Pope, waiting for his subsequent directive.

“Go, deliver a message to all the kings.”

The Pope’s voice was old yet firm, leaving no room for doubt.

“Any person on the continent, humans, sub-humans, or even foreign race—as long as they find heretics in the east who worship that Lord of the Lost and strangle the emerging evil in its cradle, can become a saint of the Salvation Church.”

“A saint?”

The bishop showed an incredulous look, hardly believing what he was hearing; the number of “saints” throughout the thousands of years of long history of the Salvation Church was incredibly few!

The Pope continued, "Yes, that person will receive a thread of Divine Power from the Light of Salvation!"

In that moment, the bishop thought the Pope had gone mad, deciding on such a measure; the Divine Power bestowed by the Light of Salvation could change the world's structure, so precious it was!

Yet, the Pope took a deep breath as if he aged a dozen years in a moment and said:

"Any hesitation you show is an act of irreverence, and you should repent. Carry out my command immediately."

His next words left the bishop stunned, his mind blank.

"You must understand that it is not a command from my heart, but an oracle directly issued by the Light of Salvation itself!"

Chapter 13: Chapter 12: Ascending to the Extraordinary

Half a year later, winter gave way to spring.

Flowers began to bloom, trees sprouted tender green leaves, and the clear sound of bird calls wafted through the mountains and forests.

The name of the Fischer family had spread throughout Nasir City, especially that of the female spellcaster with the healing ability, who was known by everyone.

Karl had been silently observing and chronicling all the experiences of the Fischer family.

Following Lucius's advice, Irene acted as a "healing type spellcaster."

Sea merchant John indeed had plans for a long-term cooperation; he facilitated Irene in treating diseases for more than a dozen wealthy and influential people in Nasir.

The Fischer family gradually accumulated a substantial wealth, yet now they had more than ten servants, and the expense of employing each was not insignificant.

Lucius found the old blacksmith Ramon, who crafted a set of tough full-body armor, a reinforced breastplate, and a more sharp and finely made longsword.

He not only replaced his own equipment with high-quality gear but also trained five robust men among the servants as temporary guards for the Fischer family.

Byrne purchased an entire bookshelf's worth of books and spent every day immersed in reading, continuously absorbing knowledge.

However, the largest expense for the family was related to extraordinary power. To become Extraordinary Exponents, they had bought new extraordinary materials twice from the sea merchant, acquiring “Eye Demon Skin” and “Spectral Blue Fish Fin.”

At present, the Fischer family had about fifteen gold coins left in ready money. Byrne suggested investing a portion of it.

Over the past half-year, he had carefully observed and predicted that the business of medical drugs would become popular in Nasir soon because purple-red fish were spotted in the surrounding seas, and whenever they appeared, an infectious disease would spread across the East Coast, according to the records in the books.

In the end, Irene and Lucius decided to try investing five gold coins.

Chris, who was originally just turning over in his swaddling clothes, could now crawl slowly on the ground. The little white-furred fellow had become the family’s mascot, and nearly everyone was fond of him.

Three months ago, the Fischer family obtained the “Spectral Blue Fish Fin” through transactions from the sea merchant, and subsequently, Irene became the second member to ascend as an Extraordinary Exponent.

The God Pantheon stairway she ascended was the “Path of Divine Sacrifice.”

The Path of Divine Sacrifice and the Path of Conquest were entirely different; Karl had imprinted a completely different Extraordinary law in the “constellations” of the Spirit Realm.

In the “constellations,” there was a priestess kneeling on the ground, incessantly praying with tears in her eyes, her expression appearing as though she was yearning for deities to descend and show compassion.

From now on, people in the world of Claud could step onto this new God Pantheon stairway as long as they mastered the formula of magic potions.

The first rank of the “Path of Divine Sacrifice” was “Acolyte,” with the acquired Extraordinary traits being “God Worshiping” and “Malice Perception.”

Those with the “God Worshiping” Extraordinary trait could choose a deity they sincerely revered and contact the will of the deity by reciting its name daily, thereby obtaining exclusive blessings from the deity.

“Malice Perception” allowed one to sense any person or thing with malice within a five-meter radius; the range of perception could expand as Spiritual Power increased.

Without any doubt, Irene chose the Lord of the Lost as the object of her deity worship.

In addition, Irene's physical condition improved slightly, which is the baseline granted by all God Pantheon stairways.

For Lucius, who had stepped onto the Path of Conquest, his Spiritual Power had increased by about thirty percent, and his physical condition by a full hundred percent.

Conversely for Irene, her physical condition had improved by thirty percent, while the Spiritual Power contained within her soul had increased by a full hundred percent.

The "Path of Divine Sacrifice" could almost be considered the weakest God Pantheon stairway in the early stages, but its future potential and the powerful strength it could bestow in the late stages were undoubted.

A month ago, the Fischer family purchased "Eye Demon Skin" from foreign traders, and Byrne became the third person in the Fischer family to step onto the Extraordinary Path.

### "Path of Knowledge"

Karl had similarly selected the most suitable path for Byrne from the thirteen God Pantheon stairways in his mind.

Assimilating Power of Consecution was about compatibility; the closer an Extraordinary Exponent's character matched it, the shorter the time allowed for ascending to the next rank.

If Byrne were to take the Path of Conquest, it might take him more than a decade to qualify for ascending to the 2nd Rank.

The Extraordinary law expanded by the Path of Knowledge was that of a wise and elderly figure in the "constellations," a visage that would even curiously peer greedily beyond the "constellations."

The first rank on the Path of Knowledge is "Chronicler," with the extraordinary traits "Profound Memory" and "Speed Sketching."

"Profound Memory," as the name suggests, allows the Chronicler to possess an unforgettable memory capacity. Even after several years, they can clearly recall every detail of anything they have seen.

"Speed Sketching" means the Chronicler acquires an extremely precise depicting ability. Any scene, creature, or object they hear or see can be represented via drawing.

And any scene, creature, or object that is depicted by a Chronicler becomes more easily destructible unless someone destroys the Speed Sketch.

Lucius and his son, Byrne, collaborated to test this. A stone drawn with Speed Sketching could have its hardness in the physical world become as feeble as black bread, easily broken apart by hand by an ordinary person.

Without a doubt, “Speed Sketching” can become a strong and powerful support-type extraordinary ability in combat.

The spiritual power a “Chronicler” advances in is quite substantial, even nearing that of a “Servant” in the Divine Sacrifice, with a slightly higher physical prowess than a “Servant.”

The power obtained at the first rank of the God Pantheon stairway still has a gap when compared to traditional Extraordinary Exponents of the 1st Level.

Karl judged that they would likely have to reach the 2nd Rank before they could match the Extraordinary power of traditional Exponents at Level 1.

In his mind, he knew there were a total of twelve ranks on the God Pantheon stairway, while the traditional Extraordinary levels on the Ouden Continent only counted five.

And even Exponents who reach the 5th Level can’t even begin to compare to the gods.

Clearly, the potential upper limit of Consecution power is much higher in the later stages!

Although all three members of the Fischer family had become Extraordinary, aside from Irene, the other two hadn’t revealed their identities yet.

—

Lucius, wearing a breastplate, arrived in a small alley in the East City District of Nasir City. The young man in a black robe in front of him was a wine peddler, smiling as he scanned the surroundings for any strangers.

“I’ve bought wine from you several times in the last half a year, and indeed, it’s quite delightful and memorable. Is it true that you have channels for smuggling wine?”

Lucius narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the young wine peddler, and continued, “If there’s more smuggled wine, I would like to purchase a few crates. The Fischer family is willing to cooperate, do you really have a reliable source?”

The wine peddler smiled and nodded, saying,

“Rest assured, I haven’t tricked you. After all, I have a brother to support and would not forgo any opportunity to make money.”

He spoke as if chatting with a good friend, relaxed.

“Mr. Lucius, please come with me.”

“Sure!”

Lucius followed the young wine peddler excitedly. Together, they headed to a port outside of Nasir Town, slowly approaching a warehouse.

“It’s right here,” said the young wine peddler.

Suddenly, Lucius stopped in his tracks, swiftly drawing his blade and dodging to the side.

An axe thrown with great force whizzed past him, striking the warehouse door.

Lucius quickly saw who his assailants were—three jungle natives wearing animal skins and with black patterns on their faces.

“I’ve brought the man!”

The young wine peddler turned and ran, his panic causing him to flee immediately from the location, clearly in collusion with the jungle natives.

“So it’s you guys, I see. You dirt-eating fellows from the jungle finally noticed, huh?”

Lucius said, smiling with narrowed eyes. He naturally knew about the bodies buried near the wooden hut and what had transpired that night.

The mysterious being worshipped by these jungle natives was none other than the Mighty Bloody Demon, and they prided themselves as members of the Blood Cult.

He had been aware that there was a possibility of retaliation.

After half a year, the natives of the jungle finally sought to exact revenge on the Fischer family.

Chapter 14: Chapter 13 Extraordinary Power (Please follow!)

Three jungle natives were very combat-conscious, axes in hand, as they coordinated their approach towards Lucius, fixating upon the superbly crafted sword in this man’s grasp.

Lucius tilted his head dismissively, utterly indifferent, and said with disdain:

“Dogs of the jungle, you can understand the language of Cyart people, can’t you?”

“How about you tell me some information about the Blood Cult? As far as I know, your people are scattered all over the East Coast, thousands upon thousands, yet you’ve never been united.”

He attempted to communicate but no one responded; the eyes of the three jungle natives burned only with intense and urgent hatred.

“Hey, if you don’t want to communicate, then forget it.”

No sooner had the words left his mouth than Lucius’s body suddenly lunged forward. Despite being clad in steel breastplate, his movement was astonishingly fast.

He always preferred to attack during the “dialogue phase.”

A thrust, a simple yet very practical move.

Lucius’s physical abilities were extraordinary, and the jungle natives saw only a blur before one of them was skewered through the chest by the long sword.

“Aaaarghhh!”

The other two jungle natives, having caught on to what happened, raised their axes in extreme anger and almost simultaneously charged at Lucius.

Lucius swiftly pulled out his blood-drenched sword and leaped several meters back with a forceful push of his legs, easily dodging the pincer attack.

The two jungle natives were momentarily confused, feeling like they were playing cat and mouse with an agile black cat, before fear started to swell within them.

Could this man possibly be an Extraordinary Exponent?

“Ha!”

Lucius charged again, his immense strength combined with his sharp sword brutally smashed through a neck bone, and a jungle native’s head went flying off.

The last jungle native turned to run but his thigh bone was shattered by the blade, and he fell to the ground, screaming in agony as he writhed and struggled.

The entire battle had taken less than ten seconds, and Lucius couldn’t help but laugh and reflect, “If it had been half a year ago, it might have been a tough fight indeed.”

All his senses, strength, speed, reactions, agility, and even his weapon and equipment had improved in every aspect. Things were no longer as they had been.

He didn't even need to use the power of the protective runes to end the fight so easily.

Meanwhile.

Karl's consciousness was silently observing everything. His spirit attached to Lucius's body, he wanted to know further what the only adult man of the Fischer family would do next.

On the surface, Lucius seemed harmless, even likable to many, but in truth, he was a man with a ruthless heart and a heavy hand.

"Hey, don't try to run away. I have a lot of things I want to ask you," said Lucius, squatting beside the agony-writhing jungle native with a smile in his voice that teemed with primal, thick malice.

The surrounding atmosphere seemed to freeze, the jungle native shuddered all over, suddenly realizing that the man before him bore the blood of evil!

His smile was exactly that of a demon!

In the impoverished East City District of Nasir Town, a young liquor vendor squatted in a shanty wooden hut, waiting for news, his brows knitted tightly, pacing back and forth incessantly.

Last week, those jungle natives suddenly found him, hoping they could acquire information about the Fischer family.

Without any hesitation, the liquor vendor rejected the jungle natives right away, even angrily threatening to seek out the patrol teams in Nasir City. Lucius had been very generous to him over the past six months, taking good care of him, and had even helped him deal with two harassments from a bandit gang.

He could not betray him like that.

Alas, the jungle natives made more promises and drew their weapons with ferocity.

The liquor vendor finally realized he could not refuse. Initially, he intended only to give partial information about the Fischer family, not getting too involved in both sides' affairs.

Yet, he was shocked to find out that just for luring Lucius to a designated place at the port, he would be rewarded with a Gold Coin!

"The deposit, I've only received five silver coins for the deposit, my gold coin, my gold coin!" he muttered, pacing back and forth.



“Your gold coin, you say?”

The young liquor vendor suddenly heard a familiar voice, his whole body turning cold as ice in an instant. He wanted to flee, but his limbs had gone weak.

“What’s wrong, don’t be afraid, we are friends after all, aren’t we?”

Lucius suddenly appeared with a smile, grabbing the young wine merchant as if snatching a small animal and dragged him out of the house.

Just as the young wine merchant was about to scream for help, he suddenly heard vicious threats.

“Don’t shout, or both you and your brother are dead!”

The surrounding neighbors, seeing an old mercenary in armor with a sword in hand, all avoided the scene, with no one coming to help.

With no way to escape, the young wine merchant was weakly taken away by Lucius.

“Talk, what exactly happened? If what you say doesn’t match his story, then you’ll also have to die.”

In a hidden alley, the young wine merchant saw the body of the jungle native who had been tortured and killed, and his veins nearly froze on the spot.

He screamed in extreme fear, “I’ll tell you everything! After I’ve told you, can you let me go? Please, let me go! I still have a brother at home!”

Lucius nodded calmly, took a deep breath, and said without hesitation and with solemnity, “Of course, I will let you go because deep down, I still consider you a friend!”

“I never break my promises, rest assured!”

The young wine merchant stunned, tears of remorse flowing as he confessed everything, truly regretting his actions.

The more Lucius listened, the more he frowned; the jungle native had almost certainly pinpointed the responsible party for the past incident, and they seemed to know a lot about the current situation of the Fischer family.

According to the interrogated jungle native, it seemed that a few of the quarreling priests within the Blood Cult had reached an agreement; whoever could take revenge on the Fischer family would gain the territory and resources of the old priest.

There was no doubt that the Fischer family was thoroughly targeted, an extremely dire fact.

The young wine merchant's mood relaxed a bit, and he forced a smile, "I've told you everything, Lucius, please let me go. I have a brother at home, and I'll make it up to you in a few days."

"Alright."

The moment the young wine merchant showed a smile, Lucius, emotionless, nodded his head and swiftly swung his sword at the man's head, splattering bright red blood and white brain matter across the walls.

Traitors were even more detestable than enemies; betrayers had to be killed. If the wine merchant were left alive and the word got out, others might dare to betray members of the Fischer family!

After scouring and dealing with the body, Lucius's expression fluctuated as he immediately went to the young wine merchant's house and silently sat on a chair.

By dusk, the wine merchant's younger brother returned home, arms full of wild fruit, looking utterly ordinary, only a few years older than Lucius's son.

"Who are you?"

The youth, just back from foraging, was stunned. The man silently waiting in the house wasn't his brother but a stranger he had never met.

Lucius sat calmly in the chair from the shadows, his chiseled face devoid of any expression.

People had seen him take the wine merchant from here, and Lucius was well aware that the seeds of hatred had been planted, that even those who seemed harmless must be watched.

Even an Extraordinary Exponent could perish in the schemes of mortals; he knew how to nip the so-called chain of hatred in the bud and thus revealed a trustworthy smile.

"Your brother is looking for you; he's got too much merchandise to move and asked me to take you over to help out."

The boy was hesitant but still nodded.

"Um, okay."

Lucius took the boy from the house, and afterwards, neither of them ever returned.

Night was falling, and the taverns of Nasir City were alive with the raucous voices of sailors.

Nasir City's patrol team was led by the local sheriff, a member of Baron Hovern's family, responsible for maintaining the most basic law and order in the town.

After dealing with the body, Lucius immediately went to Nasir City's town hall, found the patrol team's office, and smilingly took out a silver coin and handed it to a member of the patrol team.

"Hey, you guys have worked hard. I'm Lucius of the Fischer family. I got some fine wine from a merchant and would like to share it with the honorable sheriff."

He wasn't afraid of word getting out; killing someone in collusion with a demonic cult was in line with the laws of Cyart Kingdom and the rules of the True Gods Church, but Lucius knew that even when lawful and reasonable, the right incentives were still necessary.

The members of the patrol team looked at each other, seeing the blood-stained face of the man smiling at them.

"Let's not all be so serious."

The leader of the patrol team still nodded, swallowed hard, reached out to grasp Lucius's hand holding the silver coin, and smiled as well, saying:

"Mr. Lucius, the honorable sheriff will definitely be interested in the fine wine you mentioned."

Chapter 15: Chapter 14 Transactions (Please follow for updates!)

The Fischer family soon recruited five more guards, all of whom, unlike the novice guards selected and trained from the servants, were experienced old soldiers, retired mercenaries, and skilled sailors brought by Lucius.

Their combat abilities were clearly stronger, but the expenses for food, clothing, housing, and wages were also greater, such that the current finances of the Fischer family could only support the many guards and servants for a few months.

The Fischer family desperately needed more money, whether it was to buy Extraordinary materials, maintain the family's fixed expenses, or to figure out a way to purchase Mysterious rare artifacts.

Irene naturally did not forget the important oracle; the mission of the Fischer family was to find Mysterious rare artifacts for the great Lord of the Lost.

However, Mysterious rare artifacts were exceptionally valuable, costing even more than Extraordinary materials.

According to information obtained from sea merchant John, even the lowest level “Collectible class” artifacts were priced the same as Class 2 Extraordinary Materials.

The price of Class 0 Extraordinary Materials was around one Gold Coin, while Class 1 Extraordinary Materials fluctuated between five to ten Gold Coins, and Class 2 Extraordinary Materials and Collectible class Mysterious rare artifacts required at least thirty Gold Coins to have a chance of acquisition.

Thirty Gold Coins were equivalent to a whopping twelve thousand copper nals, a sum that many ordinary people in Nasir Town could likely never earn in a lifetime.

The wealthy sick in Nasir Town had already been thoroughly exploited, and the chance for Irene to heal others and earn money from the wealthy had become more difficult.

As for the money from the poor.

The poor also get sick but truly have no money.

Irene often treated the town’s poor for free. At first, Lucius had some objections, but later he understood that accumulating goodwill from the common people was also a resource, only insisting that she must accept the most basic treatment fees to avoid resentment from the wealthy.

Simply put, the Fischer family urgently needed a way to further obtain funds.

Today, a distinguished guest arrived—the heir to the knight clan living in South City, the Taylor family.

The Taylor family’s heir was named Robert, who appeared very scholarly, distinctly different from his uncles and aunts who revered the knightly spirit.

The Taylor family inherited the bloodline of the Firework Giant Lizard, with a total of three Extraordinary Exponents at the first level of power of Bloodline, including Robert’s father, uncle, and grandfather.

While Robert was not yet an Extraordinary Exponent himself, his family was gathering funds in hopes of concocting another Magic Potion to awaken the bloodline and make him the fourth Extraordinary Exponent.

He had left the Cyart Kingdom several years ago to study abroad in the Lorne Empire, the central part of the Ouden Continent.

The Lorne Empire, often referred to as “The Empire” by many, is one of the most powerful nations on the Ouden Continent, against which the Cyart Kingdom and the other three countries of the eastern continental region could not stand to compete.

The East Coast area is only a part of the Cyart Kingdom, and the port town of Nasir in the East Coast is not even one of the most notable towns there.

When Robert Taylor arrived at the Fischer family, he was received by Irene and Lucius; Irene was the only publicly known Extraordinary Exponent in the Fischer family, while Lucius acted as the regent of the household.

Robert, wearing gold-rimmed glasses and sporting a small mustache, dressed in elegant light purple attire, sat down and smiled, saying,

“I didn’t expect that a few years after I left Nasir Town, a new Extraordinary Exponent would appear here.”

Lucius displayed a trustworthy smile and said, “It’s nothing more than the gods’ blessing and good fortune for the Fischer family to have an Extraordinary Exponent among them.”

Robert instructed his servant to bring in a gift, then continued speaking,

“I have recently returned from studying in the Lorne Empire, and I can feel that the developments there are starkly different from here, particularly in the last few years, something called a ‘steam engine’ has played a significant role.”

Irene, sitting beside him, couldn’t help but ask, “The steam engine you mentioned, is that a Mysterious rare artifact?”

Robert was startled for a moment, then laughed and answered, “That steam engine is not a Mysterious rare artifact. In fact, so far the steam engine has not shown any Extraordinary traits, although many believe it to be a marvel of its own.”

“The power of a steam engine is comparable to a horse’s; it can easily and automatically drive various things without the help of human or Extraordinary power.”

“In a few years, I’ve seen the Lorne Empire progressively use steam engines in mining and textile production, greatly increasing the output of both, and I’ve come back this time to raise funds to buy a batch of machinery for the Cyart Kingdom.”

He said this while pushing up his glasses and naturally remarked, “It’s just that the current available funds of the Taylor family are somewhat lacking.”

The implication was obvious, and Lucius, with his life experience, knew all too well that those who borrow money are the real bosses; he has never taken to such schemes.

Lucius chuckled, his eyes narrowing as he said, “I believe that the sea merchants, the town chief, the clan elders, and the respected Lord Baron in Nasir Town all have the ability to provide more funds. They would probably be glad to invest in you.”

“It’s just that the Fischer family has been having quite a difficult time with cash flow recently, and we really can’t be of help.”

Irene knew nothing about what a steam engine was and immediately fell into a deep silence.

She also felt it was unreliable, more like some sort of scam to get people to invest; perhaps it would be better to find a way to dismiss the matter.

Suddenly, Irene felt an indescribable, great will—an awareness that it originated from the Lord of the Lost, and that He was interested in that man’s “steam engine”!

In the past six months, Irene had had few chances to receive divine revelations, yet her faith grew increasingly devout.

Whether rich or poor, after she had healed others time and time again, she constantly reaped their gratitude and amazement. That warm force always managed to display the greatness and benevolence of the Lord of the Lost.

Oh great Lord of the Lost, Your will is the destiny of the Fischer family, and I, your faithful servant, have heard Your thoughts!

Disappointment that was hard to conceal spread across Robert’s face, but then he suddenly heard Irene say:

“We are willing to invest ten gold coins.”

Robert was initially stunned, then ecstatic with disbelief, and asked, “Really? Miss Irene, I didn’t mishear you, did I?”

“Of course it’s true,” Irene said, nodding her head calmly and sincerely.

Lucius, on the other hand, almost fell off his chair, barely steadying himself before he couldn’t help but turn to look at Irene in shock.

He saw the extreme piety in Irene’s expression and instantly understood what was happening.

A divine oracle from the Lord of the Lost?

It seemed that the “steam engine” was not such a simple scam after all.

Lucius fell into deep thought. He had witnessed the breath of the black light that ends all things and had been contemplating what exactly the Lord of the Lost was ever since he gained his power.

As the time since his contact with the black light grew longer, it seemed like the effects of some extraordinary force were gradually fading, and the awe in the depths of Lucius's heart was slowly unable to suppress his arrogant nature anymore.

In his decade-long mercenary career, he had seen mysterious beings lurking in some villages, claiming themselves as gods by relying on a sliver of extraordinary power, deluding those ignorant folk.

Perhaps, the Lord of the Lost was similar to those beings revered by the jungle natives of the Blood Cult, a very powerful mysterious existence.

Whatever it was, it was, above all, a tremendous opportunity for the Fischer family.

He took a deep breath; it didn't matter what it was, as long as he could use this powerful force to achieve his goals!

Lucius narrowed his eyes and then laughed again, speaking loudly, "Mr. Robert, we actually have one small request."

Robert quickly nodded and eagerly asked, "What is the request? I can help with anything within my power!"

Lucius continued, "The Fischer family would like to purchase some alchemical tools and alchemical weapons, but we currently lack the channels."

He felt it was necessary to make full preparations for the possible revenge of the natives.

Robert answered with a smile, promising, "No problem, I can solve that any time. In fact, I have a friend in the Sun Church who sells alchemical products."

A few days later, the Fischer family obtained a batch of alchemical products from Robert.

They included ten blood potions for healing injuries, costing ten silver coins, and five small alchemical explosives, costing twenty silver coins.

There was also a flintlock that had been modified with alchemy to increase its accuracy, along with ten high-powered special alchemical bullets; ordinary bullets could also be used, totaling one gold coin for the alchemical flintlock and the special bullets.

However, months went by and the assault by the jungle natives that the Fischers had prepared for never occurred. They later learned that the natives of the East Coast had broken out into a large-scale internal conflict, which would not end for a long time.

## Chapter 16: Chapter 15 Blood for Blood

Over a year had passed in the blink of an eye.

Winter came again, as frost in the early morning whitened the earth, and snowflakes fell flurriedly from the high skies.

Nasir was a strange place, where although the weather was fairly mild, it snowed every year, yet there paradoxically existed a subtropical jungle, for which there was still no reasonable explanation.

Two years had passed since the Fischer family moved into the town, and they had since firmly established themselves in Nasir, with many wealthy individuals owing favors to Irene.

Although many acquaintances found Irene's transformation from a fisherman's daughter to an Extraordinary Exponent strange, the healing extraordinary power she possessed had real, astonishing efficacy.

Power fundamentally determined status, not the other way around, and the townspeople of Nasir City tacitly stopped mentioning Irene's original background, referring to her only as a skilled healing spellcaster.

At sixteen, Irene had grown quite a bit taller and her features had matured, delicately structured and complemented by flawless, pale skin, her long black hair that reached her waist fascinated many men.

Wealthy men in the town began to pursue her one after another, but without exception, they were all decisively rejected, as Irene had already decided to dedicate her body and soul to the great Lord of the Lost.

She considered herself a priest of the Lord of the Lost, and even though there was no systematic reference to the teachings or regulations for how to worship the Lord of the Lost, it was common for most clergy members of the Five Great True Gods Churches on the continent to remain unmarried.

Irene's cousin, Byrne, at seventeen, had reluctantly begun wearing the same style of gold-rimmed glasses as Robert, due to his bad habit of staying up late to read.

Byrne and Robert had an extremely good relationship, with Byrne often seeking out Robert to inquire about his experiences in the empire, always expressing amazement



and excitement during their exchanges, showing none of the usual nervousness he had around strangers.

Beyond the affairs of the empire, what interested him most were the Five Great True Gods Churches and the gods themselves, as well as the northern Seven Stars Alliance, the only entity on the Ouden Continent that could confront the empire.

More than a year ago, Byrne, after studying the historical event “The Crimson Tide”, suggested stockpiling medicines, firmly asserting that the crimson tides would cause mass poisoning among the residents of the East Coast.

Therefore, the Fischer family initially set aside five gold coins to try Byron’s idea out, but ended up biting the bullet and accruing debt to stockpile a batch of medicine to alleviate the toxicity.

Indeed, fishermen began to suffer poisonings in succession, and the Fischer family was on the verge of making a fortune.

However, an astonishing scene unfolded when the Tempest Bishop arrived at the East Coast firsthand, lifting waves upon waves before the crowd, proclaiming the name of the storm, and unleashing a tremendous force to disperse the crimson fish tide!

That was an Extraordinary Exponent nearing “Monarch” of Level 3, who changed the natural phenomenon with his own power!

The slapped-faced Byrne suffered from insomnia for several nights in a row, finally realizing that “past knowledge” might not hold true as time progressed.

While the people of the East Coast were cheering and expressing gratitude to the Tempest Church, the Fischer family was on the brink of bankruptcy. Fortunately, it wasn’t long before Robert’s Taylor family made a fortune in the business of trading a new invention called the “steam engine”!

Not only did the Fischer family instantly clear all their external debts, but they were also left with a surplus of about thirty-five gold coins in wealth.

Lucius moved among the various clans, knight families, and wealthy individuals of Nasir Town, making a wide range of friends, though he had never had the opportunity to meet the Lord Baron who seldom came to town.

That Baron of the Hovern family was a relative of one of the most powerful people on the East Coast, the East Coast Governor and nephew of Earl Hovern, and there were even rumors that he was the illegitimate son of the East Coast Governor.

Thus, although Nasir Town was his territory, Baron Hovern usually stayed in the only city on the East Coast, Fein, only returning once or twice a year, and always with an expression of distaste.

Tonight, the Fischer family was holding another family meeting.

Warmth emanated from the fireplace as the core members of the family gathered in the hall, and on the table was food prepared for sacrifice,

Chris, now two years old, was extremely adorable with his silver hair and big, bright eyes shining like two twinkling stars, as he was brought into the hall by a servant.

“You may leave now.”

Irene nodded calmly, and the servant immediately bowed and left.

Seeing the servant who took care of him leave, little Chris turned and looked back unwillingly for a while, then indifferently sat down to play with his fingers quietly, not saying a word.

Lucius furrowed his brows, muttering as he stroked his chin:

“Byrne, what do you think is wrong with Chris, not speaking at the age of two? Could there be a problem with his ears?”

Over two years, little Chris had grown more and more but had never been heard speaking, and he rarely even babbled.

It was relieving, yet it made all three family members somewhat uneasy.

Byrne adjusted his glasses and shook his head, “I’m not clear about Chris’s condition either, this sort of thing needs a professional physician to examine.”

Irene crouched beside Chris, silently praying in her heart to the great Lord of the Lost.

Great Lord of the Lost, I hope you can protect Chris and let him grow up well.

Just like I once said, I’m willing to pay any price to let Chris grow up well.

Unlike others, her heart was very calm.

With the Lord’s protection, even if her brother really had some congenital disease, it could be cured; there was no need to worry at all.

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As the darkness of night descended, a group of jungle natives, clad in beast skins and black facial markings, looked solemnly at Nasir Town amidst the snowy landscape outside.

This place should have been their homeland.

A hundred years ago, the Cyart people invaded the land of the East Coast people, killed the bravest warriors, took women and children as slaves, and drove those who had lived here for generations after generations into a jungle full of dangers, and afterward even called the East Coast people so-called savages.

Probably even all the evil and wickedness of the demons in the world combined does not amount to the slightest of the sins of the Cyart people!

All Cyart people deserve to die!

In front of the numerous jungle natives stood a burly middle-aged priest with scars all over his face, whose determination and belief in his eyes inspired genuine respect from others.

He was not just a spellcaster who mastered "Blood Magic," but also a mighty warrior who inherited the "Shadow Shark Tiger" bloodline.

Ordinary Level 1, which is to say "Beginning" level Extraordinary Exponents, were no match for him; only those of the higher "Transmutation" level could firmly suppress him.

"Revenge, is the will of the Lord of Bloody Cult! It is also the longstanding wish of our East Coast people!"

The derogatory term Mighty Bloody Demon had been sternly abolished by the middle-aged priest; now, the East Coast people call that mysterious entity the Lord of Bloody Cult, and only the power of the Lord of Bloody Cult could help them defeat the Cyart people and take back their land and dignity.

He continued to speak:

"Our civil war was instigated by the Cyart people, all the deaths were brought about by the Cyart people's schemes, and now we will make all the deceitful and incapable Cyart people repay everything!"

Whether the civil war was really sparked by the Cyart people was impossible to know for sure, but the middle-aged priest knew that such a statement was the only way to end the infighting.

The middle-aged priest's gaze was extremely solemn; in the more than a year of civil war, the East Coast people had suffered heavy casualties, and now the surviving East Coast people must do something to boost morale.

And once he did this thing, he would greatly enhance his prestige and have a chance to subdue a few priests who did not obey orders, and finally unify all the remaining East Coast people completely.

"Blood for blood!" he roared sincerely.

"Blood for blood!"

The jungle natives shouted angrily in unison, each person's eyes filled with fury and hatred, the oppression of a century practically suffocating every East Coast person.

"Tomorrow night, we shall avenge a priest who died at the hands of Cyart people!"

"Fischer, an obscure Cyart family that by chance produced a seed capable of continuing to breed sin. Among them, someone gained extraordinary power and fortuitously caused the death of a respected old priest."

At this point, the voice of the middle-aged priest instantly grew heavy, and the expressions of the jungle natives also became extremely sorrowful, respecting the old priest's compassionate heart from the depths of their beings.

"I believe many of us have received his beneficence, with children being healed of diseases by the hands of that priest, and the elderly being relieved of pain. Now, it is time for us to claim justice for him through revenge!"

"Blood for blood!"

He spoke solemnly once again, and the numerous East Coast people clad in beast skins immediately responded with hearts filled with anger.

"Blood for blood!"

Chapter 17: Chapter 16 Night Raid

"Enar, you take this spear to the Fischer family."

In the blacksmith shop, Old Ramon instructed his apprentice to deliver a spear that had just been forged to the Fischers in South City.

The Fischer family and the blacksmith shop had cooperated well over the past two years, with all forging needs being taken care of by Old Ramon's establishment.

Ramon's son, Hugh, a middle-aged man standing nearly one meter ninety with a body of robust muscle, paused and, after a moment of silence, said,

"Father, have you forgotten? Enar actually left us a few days ago. He said he was going to work in the factories in Fein City."

Old Ramon's brows furrowed deeply; his oldest apprentice, Enar, had been with him for over a dozen years, and he hadn't yet grown accustomed to his absence.

"That place they call a factory is just preposterous, bringing together people from all different places to work—won't that just be chaos?"

Hugh remained non-committal, the so-called factory indeed being a novel concept, said to have originated from the Empire.

But everyone felt that the factory model wouldn't last, because for thousands of years no one had done such a thing; the traditional family-based system would surely continue eternally.

Suddenly, Old Ramon caught sight of the plump town chief hurrying down the street with a dozen servants in tow.

What was that greedy and corrupt fellow up to, strutting through the town with so many attendants?

Old Ramon viscerally loathed the thought; the town chief had exploited every powerless household in town, and they had been no exception.

Ever since the blacksmith shop's relationship with the Fischer family grew closer, the town chief no longer troubled them, acting as if he had never taken money from the blacksmith shop.

The town chief made his way to the jungle outside of Nasir Town, his servants looking nervously at the natives emerging from the dense underbrush, especially wary and fearful of the burly middle-aged priest.

The middle-aged priest waved him over, and without hesitation, the town chief followed, anger spreading across his face.

In a low voice, he said, "I've already provided the children for this year, and you promised you wouldn't do anything more. So why are you calling for me now?"

The annual sacrifice had been a pressing burden for years, and though the town chief knew it was to protect Nasir, he also understood that the ignorant townsfolk would never comprehend his actions.

The middle-aged priest's eyes were cold, his words cutting like a blade.

"Have you forgotten the promise you broke two years ago?"

The town chief shuddered; indeed, the two children of the Fischer family were still brazenly alive in Nasir, and the older girl, Irene, had even come of age.

Furthermore, the Blood Cult's old priest who had come to perform the ceremony back then had disappeared.

The lives and souls of the siblings had been the very subject of their agreement.

The town chief had been anxious about this matter until recently, when he finally felt at ease, assuming the jungle natives, embroiled in their internal strife, would no longer dwell on the past.

The middle-aged priest, his face marred by scars, said, "Blood can only be avenged with blood. We people of the East Coast have always been principled in our actions."

"I'll give you a chance to make amends. Remove the patrol from the town tomorrow night."

The town chief's pupils shrank instantly, and he asked with a tremor, "What exactly are you planning to do?"

The middle-aged priest assured him with an icy tone, as if speaking of slaughtering livestock, "Our revenge is aimed only at the Fischer family."

The town chief still questioned, "Are you truly certain that it was the Fischers who killed the old priest?"

The middle-aged priest nodded once, answering with detached coldness, "Without a doubt, for it is the answer given by the Blood Lord himself, and you should know that not long after that night, the girl of the Fischer family became an Extraordinary Exponent."

The town chief bowed his head, hesitating for a long time before responding.

Many towns and villages around the East Coast had been pillaged by the jungle natives, but Nasir had not been targeted for over a decade, and those above thought it was due to the town chief's excellent governance.

Only he knew of the filthy deal behind it all, aware that more and more of his vulnerabilities were held in the natives' hands, leaving him powerless to refuse.

"Alright, I agree to your terms," said the town chief, like air escaping from a deflated balloon, sighing repeatedly.

“The negotiation was successful.”

The middle-aged priest spoke with a chilling voice, deeply disgusted by the town chief who betrayed his own people, wishing he could spit on the fat fool’s face and pull out every despicable bone in his body.

Thankfully, he’s not my kin.

Suddenly, the town chief spoke again, in a manner that was exceedingly serious, “When you plunder the town, could you share some of the spoils with me?”

—

In the courtyard of the Fischer family, Lucius nodded at ten well-armed guards; they had become quite adept at their basic cooperative maneuvers.

He had equipped each of the family guards with a spear and breastplate, long weapons offering inherent advantages over short-handled ones and more easily mastered.

Byrne adjusted his glasses and donned many layers of clothes before he dared to step from the house into the courtyard, even after seizing the Power of Consecution, his physique was barely on par with an ordinary person.

“Father, why are we recruiting new guards again this month?”

Ever since the jungle natives’ unrest was confirmed a year ago, the Fischer family had reduced their number of guards down to five, improving their financial situation considerably.

But now Lucius had once again recruited five veterans, and the burden of paying their salaries had increased once more.

“It’s because those jungle natives might appear again, so we must take precautions in advance.”

Lucius replied calmly, but Byrne couldn’t understand, because for two whole years, those jungle natives had only made one appearance in Nasir Town, and his father had easily dealt with them; moreover, that was all over a year ago.

“Father, do we really need to bear this extra expense?”

Lucius shook his head, his tone leaving no room for doubt, “Byrne, you just don’t understand. There’s no chance for regret if something goes wrong.”

Byrne sighed, saying, “Then it will be a long wait again before we can purchase Class 2 Extraordinary Material.”

Lucius looked silently at his own hands. Now, the 1st Rank Magic Potion had been fully assimilated.

As long as he got enough Extraordinary materials to reach the second stage of Spirituality, he could ask the Lord of the Lost for even stronger power.

By then, his foundational strength would be on par with that of the traditional Extraordinary Exponents at the high-level Beginning, unquestionably a very important goal.

The family's resources were never enough. The choice between short-term investment and long-term investment was always difficult.

He still asserted firmly, "Our Fischer family is far from strong enough. Caution and secrecy are the most important principles."

"Byrne, your problem is that you always look too far ahead, but often overlook the immediate crises."

"Alright, alright, stop. I understand."

Byrne didn't think of arguing with his father anymore, but instead returned to his room and took out a thick black-leather book from his bookcase.

Written on the black-leather book was information about the True Gods Church of the Ouden Continent.

The Five Great True Gods Churches, which are the Salvation Church, Sun Church, World Order Church, Tempest Church, and Silver Moon Church, have been inherited for thousands of years and are an undeniable powerful force on the Ouden Continent.

Byrne mumbled to himself, "Doctrine, scriptures, positions, if we really want to establish a religious group, there's so much we'll need to learn."

Both his father and Irene had lamented the lack of trustworthy and capable people in the Fischer family.

They had also thought about what to do if they had surplus blessings to deal with later on.

Byrne vaguely felt that maybe they could emulate the jungle natives' Blood Cult, establishing a secret religious group that worshipped the Lord of the Lost.

But how to ensure the loyalty of the faithful and how to avoid detection by the True Gods Church? What specific rules and regulations should be? He found the complexity headache-inducing just thinking about it.



Whether it was Irene or Lucius, reading would make them doze off, but the more Byrne read, the more energized he became, not wanting to sleep late into the night.

“I still have too few books. I’ve read many over several times. Sigh, and that ability that greatly improves my memory is, in some ways, an annoying curse.”

Byrne had heard that the Emperor of the Empire had collected a vast number of books to establish a place called “library,” exclusively for the empire’s nobles and senior citizens to read, and he was determined to visit the empire in his lifetime to see it for himself.

Suddenly, he felt an idea arising from the depths of his heart.

As if his body had plunged into the depths of the ocean, an almost suffocating sense of oppression made Byrne instinctively stand up, unable to stop shivering all over!

It was a warning from the Lord of the Lost!

Some terrible danger was approaching!

—

Karl’s consciousness, with a god-like perspective, overlooked the town, detecting dozens of people sneaking towards the Fischer family’s direction.

Zooming in, he immediately noticed that these people disguised as merchants all had black facial markings, evidently jungle natives who worship the Mighty Bloody Demon!

So many jungle natives sneaking into the town at night was an incredible event, and Karl quickly realized that there were no signs of any patrol teams in the town.

Something was wrong. It seemed there was a traitor in Nasir Town who had meddled, and the person capable of relocating the town’s patrol meant that the traitor’s position must be quite high.

While thinking, Karl quickly sent a warning to the people of the Fischer family.

Lucius awoke from his sleep, his agile body shooting out of bed to quickly grab a white whistle from beside his pillow and blew it fiercely!

“Whoo!!!!”

The piercing whistle sliced the air, echoing through the streets!

Chapter 18: Chapter 17 Massacre

Over thirty jungle natives had arrived, among them, the middle-aged Priest was the only spellcaster, and apart from the leading middle-aged Priest, there were two other Extraordinary Exponents among the natives—a pair of brothers with the power of Bloodline.

Their height almost reached two meters, having inherited the Bloodline of the “Heavy Stone Demon Bear,” a type of magic beast commonly found in the jungle that could provide a considerable increase in strength and defensive power.

Just as they arrived on the street and were still more than two hundred meters away from the Fischer Family’s estate, they suddenly heard a sharp whistle.

The middle-aged Priest quickly raised his hand and shouted, “Be careful!”

Although unclear of the reason for being discovered, he knew the sound came from within the Fischer Family’s residence, and that family was definitely on high alert.

“What’s going on?”

Some nearby residents began opening their doors to check the commotion, and the elder brother among the warrior siblings threw his axe, smashing the head of one curious onlooker.

“Aaaaah!”

Immediately after, screams ensued as someone peering through the crack of a door bore witness to the scene.

“What happened?”

“It’s the jungle natives!”

“Where is the patrol team!”

People began emerging from all directions on the street, and the original plan to raid and kill the Fischer family was now utterly exposed.

The middle-aged Priest’s expression fluctuated, and he suddenly bellowed, “An eye for an eye! Cyart people dying is of no concern! Kill them!”

Dozens of weapon-wielding jungle natives roared as if liberated, swinging axes and spears, hacking at anyone they encountered.

“Run, my son, run!”

“Aaaaah! Help!”

“Damn it, I’m going all out against you bastards!”

In an instant, more than a dozen civilians were slain, and the men on the street grabbed their weapons in an attempt to fight back, managing to kill a few of the jungle natives but were soon cut down by the three Extraordinary Exponents among the natives.

Women and children who could not escape in time cried and begged for mercy, but the towering warrior brothers each grabbed a pleading mother and daughter, slamming them to death on the ground, as the bloodthirsty natives stepped over the corpses and began setting fires house by house.

Fierce flames danced, casting everything nearby into a shade of orange-red. The dark sky was lit up as the fire reached toward the heavens, illuminating the surrounding buildings and trees.

“Revenge! The will of the Lord of Bloody Cult! People of the East Coast will eventually reclaim their land!”

The middle-aged Priest shouted as he rallied the twenty or so surviving jungle natives, charging towards the Fischer Family’s residence nearby, aiming to finish the battle before the town’s patrol team could return.

Thick smoke hung in the night sky, making the fire scene even more terrifying and gloomy. The flames jumped, soared, and twisted as if possessed by life itself.

Inside the Fischer Family’s mansion, ten guards, all fully armed and led by Lucius, sported fearful expressions, their courage waning.

Lucius, holding a sharp blade and clad in full armor, stood in front of the door with a bag of alchemical tools at his side, bellowing,

“Don’t be afraid! The patrol team will be here any moment! We have over a hundred people! They’ll be surrounded soon!”

Listening to the crackling flames and wails from outside, Lucius contemplated the unfolding battle.

The walls surrounding the courtyard were over three meters high, too tall for an ordinary person to leap over, and the main gate, reinforced with iron, would take quite a while to breach. In fact, the most critical point to defend against was the enemy’s Extraordinary Exponents.

Once an Extraordinary Exponent from the enemy side climbed over the wall and opened the front gate, all enemies would flood in, and the Fischer Family would suffer heavy casualties in an instant.

“You must hold this position!”

He had already instructed the servants to stand at various observation points within the estate, and the moment an enemy was spotted climbing over the wall, they were to blow their whistles immediately.

At that time, Lucius would personally lead his men to deal with the Extraordinary Exponents who had breached their defenses.

Irene, wearing a black dress, held Chris by the window on the second floor, gazing out at the fiery blaze. The sky was already alight with fire.

Why hadn't the patrol team arrived yet?

Byrne, wearing a breastplate, quickly arrived and said, “Father told me to take you to the basement!”

“No, we cannot leave.”

Irene drew her flintlock, specially crafted through alchemy, and spoke rapidly, “Because of ‘God Worshipping,’ I am blessed by the Lord of the Lost every day. Don't worry, His will shall protect me.”

“God Worshipping” abilities varied in blessings depending on the chosen entity; Irene chose the Lord of the Lost, and Karl discovered that a strand of black light was bestowed deep within the girl's soul.

Although the specific effects of Irene's soul being gradually tinted by the black light were unclear, it definitely wasn't without effect.

Byrne's expression shifted, realizing that the most devout person in the family was only Irene; he and his son Lucius could never achieve such devotion.

Irene said in an extremely indifferent tone, “You just need to follow my orders.”

Byrne stood dumbfounded for a while before nodding, acutely aware of his cousin's gradual transformation over the past two years.

Initially, the girl was similar to ordinary humans; now, she had become capable of assuming the family's responsibilities.

Karl silently observed the entire strategic situation, knowing that if the Fischer family was pushed to the brink, he wouldn't hesitate to spend his Spirituality to intervene directly.

Soon he noticed three Extraordinary Exponents among the natives scaling a side wall: nearly two meters tall, the Heavy Stone Demon Bear bloodline brothers wielded long spears, while the middle-aged Priest carried a blue stone axe imbued with faint Magic Power.

“Shh!!!”

The servant who spotted the three people climbing over the wall immediately blew a whistle, and Lucius quickly led five people over, ordering the rest to defend the main entrance at all costs.

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!”

Over twenty natives outside furiously pounded on the door, turning the guards’ faces an ashen color; had the door not been reinforced with iron, it would have broken from the outside instantly.

The strongest middle-aged guard pulled a black sphere from his bosom and threw it out the door with all his might; an explosion followed, then came screams of agony while the guards subconsciously breathed a sigh of relief.

One part of the alchemical explosive obtained from the five trades was used here, while Lucius personally carried two parts, and Byrne also carried two on him.

Lucius and the five guards quickly encountered the middle-aged Priest and the warrior brothers.

“Kill!”

“Blood for blood!”

There was no excess of words between the two sides; combat commenced the very second they met.

Lucius executed his usual rapid forward thrust, aiming to capture the leader first; his first target upon encounter was the middle-aged Priest whom he deemed of highest status.

“Clang!”

The Priest’s axe blocked the thrust effortlessly, his speed and reaction not a bit slower than Lucius, even swiftly unleashing a force stronger than his to raise the axe.

The primary effects of the “Shadow Shark Tiger” bloodline power was the dual enhancement of speed and strength!

“Ha!”

Lucius was repelled by the axe, stumbling back several steps while the five guards beside him thrust their two-meter-long spears at the three Extraordinary Exponents.

Bellowing like bears, the warrior brothers activated the Heavy Stone Demon Bear's bloodline power and charged forward, ignoring the spears that barely managed to pierce their flesh, failing to reach any vital organs.

With their bloodline power focusing on defense, their flesh and bodily defensive power were troublesome even for mortals.

The warrior brothers swung their axes, and two guards were killed in their bewilderment while the remaining three screamed and turned to flee.

Suddenly, a black sphere rolled at their feet, hissing ominously.

"Boom!"

The explosion from the alchemical explosive hurled the two warrior brothers through the air, their bodies a gory blur before they collapsed, grievously wounded and unable to rise.

This device wouldn't explode immediately, so it was vital to first draw the enemy's attention; Lucius crouched slyly nearby, ready to take out the last alchemical explosive he carried.

The power of low-level Extraordinary Exponents was not insignificant, but the power of the explosives was clearly even more devastating!

"Oh Lord of Bloody Cult, my destiny is to enact Your will, to impose curses upon my enemies with Your power; the Cyart people must repay blood with blood!"

The middle-aged Priest chanted solemnly, extending his hand towards Lucius's head to unleash the power of his magic heritage, "Blood Magic."

Lucius didn't hesitate to dodge swiftly but still felt an invisible force locking onto the periphery of his body.

The next moment, the battle-hardened Lucius couldn't help but wail in agony as searing pain emanated from his arm.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhh!"

The blood within his arm boiled furiously, the entire limb under his armor trembling uncontrollably, ready to burst!

Chapter 19: Chapter 18: The New Marvels

The Gladiator at the 1st Rank of the Path of Conquest had no magic resistance.

Lucius's arm suffered instant necrosis, followed by a direct rupture, and even the seasoned mercenary could not help but cry out in agony, his head drenched in sweat, unable to focus and throw the alchemical explosive.

"Warrior of the Cyart! You shall meet your death right here!"

The middle-aged Priest roared as he swung the blue axe, his entire body suddenly accelerating and rapidly rushing in front of Lucius, so fast that he appeared to leave behind afterimages.

That blue axe was a mysterious rare artifact that could "accelerate"!

His eyes fierce, he raised the axe intending to sever Lucius's head!

"Protect!"

Purple light flashed in Lucius's eyes as he let out a shout, lifting his hand that held the blade and subconsciously conjuring the mystical force contained within the runes.

He knew the runes could not be activated consecutively and that their duration was brief; he needed to seize the optimal moment.

As the blue axe came down, what should have been a fatal blow was instead blocked by an invisible repulsive force, leaving the middle-aged Priest astonished, then deciding to strike again with his axe, believing that continued hacking would eventually kill his opponent.

Karl was watching the scene unfold from the sky, and just as he decided to directly order Irene to "sacrifice her life," the situation suddenly changed.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please grant me your protection."

With calm composure, she raised the alchemical flintlock in her hand and aimed from the open window above, the next moment focusing intently as she fired off a specially-enhanced bullet.

It went wide!

Karl knew the moment the bullet left the gun that it was off course; Irene had not practiced shooting much, and even the precision-enhanced alchemical flintlock was still not accurate enough.

However, a flash of black light suddenly surged from the depths of her soul!

Karl could feel that was his own power, and in the next instant, the bullet that should have missed drastically shifted its course, striking the middle-aged Priest's shoulder with uncanny accuracy.

What's going on?

This was completely unexpected for Karl; it wasn't a distortion in space, but it felt as though the very threads of the world had shifted!

"Damn it!"

The special alchemical bullet penetrated the shoulder, blood immediately spurting out, and the Priest's offensive was abruptly halted.

He attempted to raise his axe once more but suddenly felt the extraordinary power within him being eroded by a mysterious black light.

What was happening?

Impossible! He had never heard of such a thing!

What exactly was that black light?

The Priest's face showed disbelief, realizing the Fischer family was stronger than he had anticipated, even vaguely sensing that they harbored some even more terrifying power.

Karl could feel a trickle of spirituality flowing into his own body, the black light that had clung to the bullet felt like an extension of himself, like an evil disease devouring the Priest's inner spirituality.

So that was it, anyone harmed or killed by Irene through some method would have their spirituality seized by him.

Karl immediately realized that Irene had a closer connection to him than other members of the Fischer family, almost like she was a half of his own self.

Indeed, it must be because the God Pantheon stairway she had taken was the Path of Divine Sacrifice, and her status as a God Worshiping attendant made her increasingly close to him.

Irene reloaded the bullet in her alchemical flintlock as Lucius, in front of the Priest, suddenly let out a fierce yell!

"Ha!"



Lucius swung his blade with a ruthless and cold gaze, chopping towards the middle-aged Priest, who instantly raised the blue axe to try and block.

In the next moment, an astonishing sight occurred!

The blue axe was effortlessly sliced through by the blade, and along with it, the Priest behind it was also struck, with steaming red blood pouring continuously from his chest.

"How is this possible?" He was unable to comprehend, stumbling backward trying to cover the wound, but unable to stop the relentless flow of blood.

Next to Irene, Byrne was kneeled on one knee, holding a drawing and gasping for breath, having expended a considerable amount of Spiritual Power to complete the "Speed Sketching," reducing the durability of the blue axe by depicting it, rendering its toughness no different than that of an ordinary axe once its durability was reduced by the "Speed Sketching" ability.

"Just kill me," the middle-aged Priest suddenly took in a deep breath, losing all will to fight, no longer wishing to continue the battle.

The battle had reached its conclusion, and there was no doubt that he had lost.

"However, you can only kill me, but you can't fundamentally defeat the East Coast people."

"We should be the rightful masters of this land, you Cyart people are bandits, demons. You say we are born low and worthless, but the people of the East Coast will prove you wrong!"

There was a subtle change in Irene's expression. Two years ago, that elderly priest had claimed that she and her brother were born low and their souls worthless.

The middle-aged priest's face, illuminated by the firelight, suddenly brimmed with fighting spirit and excitement.

"Remember this, the East Coast people will never be your stepping stones forever!"

Lucius raised the blade in his hand high without hesitation and plunged it with all his might into the priest's chest, rupturing his heart and lungs.

His voice deep, he said, "No matter how many words the dead have, no matter how impassioned or stirring, they're worth less than a living man's piss."

The middle-aged priest trembled, his eyes wide open in unwillingness as he collapsed for the last time.

Lucius collapsed to the ground, and quickly, Irene rushed to extend her hand.

“Hold on, Lucius.”

The green light in her eyes flickered as she effortlessly healed Lucius’s near-useless arm.

“Praise the great Lord of the Lost, this power is truly formidable...”

The pain diminished in an instant, and Lucius, amid his amazement, praised the Lord of the Lost sincerely for the first time. The power to save was always rarer than the power to kill.

Karl gazed silently at the sky, roughly deducing the origin of the “protect” runes. The purple finger amulet was probably just a Collectible class mysterious rare artifact.

The source of Irene’s “healing” runes, the transparent bottle that he resided in, was at least a 2nd Rank “Treasure class” mysterious rare artifact.

As for the even higher “Forbidden” and “Untouchable” class artifacts, it would be hard for them to appear in the small area of the East Coast.

A patrol of over a hundred men finally appeared. Having been called away from the town, they returned to fight the fire and search and kill the jungle natives.

The scattered jungle natives, about a dozen in total, were either captured or killed, none escaped.

The raging fire destroyed half a street’s worth of houses, and due to the fire and slaughter, more than fifty citizens of Nasir Town perished.

The armored sheriff, several knights from the town, and clan elders joined forces in front of the Fischer house to see Lucius emerge, holding a head and shouting out to the crowd amidst his escorts.

“The leader of the jungle natives, that priest, has been killed by me!”

The people of Nasir Town witnessed this scene, and shouts and cheers soon followed, even chanting the Fischer surname!

Lucius slowly approached the sheriff, who looked utterly surprised, and with a trustworthy smile and a cunning glint in his eyes, he spoke softly,

“Esteemed sheriff, when you report this matter to Lord Baron, please make sure to include me.”

The sheriff looked as sullen as a liver, on a night when too many had died in Nasir Town, he couldn't escape responsibility as the sheriff and immediately said, "The responsibility isn't mine alone; the town chief ordered us to search for the jungle natives outside the town! Don't blame me for this!"

"Oh, so it was the town chief, was it?"

Lucius slightly bowed his head, lost in deep thought, then looked up with a chillingly cold smile.

—

Nasir Town suffered heavy losses overnight, but the rewards brought to the Fischer family were significant, not just in terms of spoils but also in terms of reputation.

Lucius himself almost became a hero of the whole Nasir Town, commanding everyone's respect, and the image of the Fischer family grew exceedingly positive in the eyes of the people.

The total value of the spoils obtained by the Fischer family amounted to about fifteen Gold Coins, mainly from the head bounties of three extraordinary exponent natives, while the blue axe, although damaged, was still a fine mysterious rare artifact after all.

After finding the right spellcaster to repair the axe, Irene knelt down solemnly and offered it to the great Lord of the Lost.

Karl finally received a portion of new Spiritual Power, although the blue axe was still a "Collectible class" mysterious rare artifact.

"No sense of the seal loosening, and still a long way from breaking the next layer of the seal," he mused.

He bestowed the "accelerate" blue rune to Byrne.

The ecstatic Byrne immediately tried using the blue rune he received, discovering that every use of "accelerate" consumed a small amount of stamina, and it took roughly tens of seconds before he could use the blue "accelerate" rune again.

And in the moment of acceleration, his movement speed would reach several times the original.

In fact, the final effect of "accelerate" was a fixed value, rather than providing a better effect for faster individuals.

Days later, when Baron Hovern finally received the news and came from Fein City, he decided to launch an immediate retaliation against the jungle natives.

## Chapter 20: Chapter 19 Baron Hovern

In the deep of night, white candles were lit in the basement of the Fischer family mansion, the flickering flames driving away the darkness. Irene, Lucius, and Byrne were all gathered here.

Irene was still in a black dress, sitting on a chair, and said cautiously,

“From now on, our family meetings will be held in the basement. Even in the great hall, we are too conspicuous, and not even the servants within the family can be completely trusted.”

Byrne nodded, adjusted his glasses, and said nothing.

Lucius suddenly spoke with gravity, “Remember, Byrne, only those bound by blood can be truly and fully trusted.”

Irene nodded clearly in agreement, while Byrne remained noncommittal, voicing no thoughts of refute.

Lucius crossed his arms and looked towards the two younger family members, “Let’s review. Why did those jungle natives die so miserably?”

“Remember, whether in success or failure, it’s crucial to review our actions, otherwise we too will eventually taste bitter defeat.”

Byrne immediately said, “I think the biggest issue is intelligence. If the natives weren’t almost entirely ignorant of us, they probably wouldn’t have dared to rush in recklessly.”

“And the readiness of equipment and other external preparations are also very important, like alchemical explosives are the power of knowledge, while the natives are still using traditional and old weapons.”

Irene shook her head and calmly stated what she believed to be the facts.

“They were doomed from the start. The Lord of Bloody Cult is but a weak and mysterious entity, nothing compared to the greatness of the Lord of the Lost — not even remotely noteworthy!”

After she finished, she closed her eyes devoutly.

O great Lord of the Lost, I have seen it!

That bullet could only have changed its trajectory and hit its mark by Your will!

As long as we are under the great Lord of the Lost's protection, the Fischer family is essentially invincible!

"The Lord of the Lost..."

Lucius pondered for a moment and, in a sense, it was indeed so.

If it weren't for the Lord of the Lost's prior warning, and instead, we had waited for the enemy to climb the wall and open the front gate from the courtyard before counterattacking, the outcome of the battle would have been unthinkable.

The presence of the Lord of the Lost ensured that the Fischer family wouldn't succumb to stealth attacks or ambushes; this was indeed a very important point.

It's more like our strength originates from it.

Yes, Him.

Lucius subconsciously looked towards the direction where the transparent bottle was enshrined, his emotions complex. Finally, he added,

"Ultimately, the most important reason is the leader's misjudgment. That so-called brave priest, no matter how much he thought of himself as noble and great, must bear full responsibility for the dozens of people who died."

"The warriors trusted the priest, and yet he rashly led them into battle, utterly unable to distinguish the strengths and weaknesses of friends and foes, a 'brave wreck' indeed."

He paused for a moment, then continued with utter disdain for the middle-aged priest.

"This incident is extremely vile, and such an event has been rare on the East Coast in years; both the governor and the baron will not miss an opportunity for revenge. The jungle natives who will die in retaliation also have that priest to blame."

Lucius took a deep breath, then turned to Irene and Byrne, "Remember, always be a wise coward, not a brave wreck, because your decisions will not just affect one person. Do not incur the wrath of entities that the Fischer family cannot afford to provoke."

Irene summarized calmly, "Caution and secrecy will always be the most important principles of the Fischer family."

Then she couldn't help but show a smile, excitement glinting in her eyes.

"The good news is we've acquired yet another fortune, and we've gained a new power for the great Lord of the Lost."

Byrne couldn't help but complain, "Besides money and the Lord of the Lost, the only thing you care about is the Fischer family. There is nothing else in life that occupies your thoughts."

Irene paused perplexed and asked, "Is there anything else I need to worry about besides these three things?"

Byrne was at a loss for words, as he could never focus on just a few aspects of life like Irene; not all books he read were just for their use.

There were many things Byrne simply wanted to explore and understand; the world had too many things worthy of interest.

After speaking, Irene suddenly looked towards Lucius; she knew the man had completely assimilated the "Gladiator" Magic Potion and was eligible to advance to the next stage.

"After deducting the pension money, we now have forty-five Gold Coins at our disposal. Should we purchase the Class 2 Extraordinary Material?"

Class 2 Extraordinary Material is worth at least thirty gold coins, and its price could possibly float upward by fifty percent, potentially emptying the family's entire savings in an instant.

Every day, each member of the family requires money, and Baron Hovern will soon be collecting a predicted "bandit suppression donation".

Lucius fell into deep thought and shook his head:

"Go to sleep, Irene, you and I have to attend Baron Hovern's banquet early tomorrow morning."

Baron Hovern had already rushed back from Fein City, and after expressing his outrage over the whole affair, he immediately summoned the town's influential people to a banquet.

With experienced eyes half-closed, Lucius said, "The purpose of this banquet called by the Baron is simple, whether it's suppressing bandits or similar affairs, the lord always requires every family to donate money, it's nothing new."

Upon hearing the mention of donating money, Irene's face showed distress, and she couldn't suppress the pain in her voice, "Can we give an IOU?"

"Clearly, that's not possible."

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Upon Baron Hovern's return to Nasir from Fein City, the first thing he did was to invite the families with status in the town to a banquet.

His mansion in Nasir City, naturally located in the affluent North City, occupied a very large area, and even though Baron Hovern himself rarely returned to Nasir, the exquisite mansion was always staffed with numerous servants on standby.

Lucius and Irene, dressed in the best clothes they could find at home, rode together in a carriage to the doorstep of the Baron's residence, where they were actually meeting the true noble class for the first time.

The Cyart knight class had generally lost their lands, and their status was in a very awkward transitional period, thankfully the existence of extraordinary powers meant that knights would ultimately differ from ordinary people.

The nobility remained the true nobility.

In the center of the banquet hall was a long banquet table, covered with exquisite fabric and carved linen cloth, adorned with gold and silver vessels, porcelain, and fine cutlery, and filled with various delicacies.

The food was cooked to extreme delicacy, however, not a single person present was there simply to eat, everyone carried a social goal.

Irene, poised and calm, observed everyone in the banquet hall, and it could be said that all those with power and status in Nasir Town had arrived.

The leader of the silver descendants clan, including the heads of four knight families like the Taylor family, plus seven well-known rich merchants like sea merchant John, the town chief, the sheriff, a Priest of the Tempest Church...

Irene stared intently at the obese town chief standing in a corner.

No one talked to him, and his expression was very unpleasant, his body trembling.

Shortly after the start of the banquet, the influential people of Nasir Town began to exchange smiles and converse with the Baron, with Irene and Lucius of the Fischer family being the last ones.

Baron Hovern was tall and thin, wearing elaborate blue attire with very complex craftsmanship. Even though it didn't look much different from what others were wearing, each detail of its design was significantly different.

His skin was incredibly smooth and elastic, despite being in his thirties, he had the face of a younger man.

"The hero who killed the jungle native Priest, the great hero of the Fischer family! Hahaha, Mr. Lucius, I finally meet you!"

Baron Hovern greeted them with a nod and a smile, his eyes sparkling with warmth and composure.

"And the elegant and beautiful Madam Irene, your beauty adds luster to the entire East Coast!"

Irene was well aware of this man's identity, suspected to be the illegitimate son of Earl Hovern of the East Coast, officially claimed as the Earl's nephew.

Regardless, his status was far higher than that of an ordinary low-level noble.

"It is my honor to meet you, Baron Hovern."

"And mine as well, Lord Baron."

Irene and Lucius greeted the Baron with their most graceful manners, having gradually integrated into the upper circles over two years, they quickly learned social etiquette.

After a polite conversation, Baron Hovern directly addressed the core topic with a laugh.

"There are two main reasons for my return this time, The first is for post-disaster reconstruction; I cannot let down the people living on my land, and the second is to seek revenge against the shameless jungle natives, By the Tempest Overlord above, the Cyart people can no longer tolerate these barbarians."

He shifted his tone, speaking very calmly:

"However, with just my own resources, funds are terribly tight. Luckily, the various families in Nasir Town have expressed their willingness to contribute money and effort."

Irene and Lucius exchanged glances, deciding to follow the plan they had agreed upon.

She said with utmost calm, "The Fischer family is willing to donate money and effort... However, before this matter, I have someone I need to accuse to you."

"The town chief of Nasir has colluded with the jungle natives and deliberately redirected the patrol squads away. He must be held accountable for the tragedy that occurred several nights ago."