

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

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Chapter 111: Chapter 107 Consecution “Servant

“Honorable Baron Byrne, greetings. I am a merchant from Fein City, Roberto Leone, a distant relative of Viscount Bast, and I wish to discuss collaborating with the Fischer family on investing in a factory,” said the merchant with a polite bow, demonstrating his respect for the extraordinary nobility.

The merchant bowed politely, expressing his respect for the extraordinary nobility.

Byrne smiled but felt that something was amiss; the merchant before him evoked a peculiar sense of familiarity, though they had only just met.

A distant relative of Viscount Bast?

Something seemed off; Byrne was not entirely certain whether the Viscount truly had such a distant relative.

The situation along the East Coast had been unstable in the recent months, the Sea God Cult had burnt down three villages and slaughtered thousands of people, even obliterating two baronial families and over a dozen knight clans!

The Tempest Church was incensed and resolved to eradicate the Sea God Cult completely. The sea war that Viscount Bast had once prophesied was imminent.

When it arrived, the Fischer family would be duty-bound to join the battle.

Having sensed that something was wrong, he quickly became alert.

The merchant’s smile seemed warm, his brown hair meticulously groomed, and his black attire fastidious, yet there was an unmistakable mockery in his eyes.

After being silent for a long while, Byrne nodded and asked,

“Mr. Robert, our family has a friendly relationship with the Lion clan. We welcome your investment in the Fischer family’s factory, but I would like to ask more directly, how much are you planning to invest?”

Upon hearing this, the merchant cocked his head, hesitated for a long time before saying,

“Hmm, well, I’m thinking of investing at least five hundred gold pieces to start, possibly more, but that depends on how persuasive you are in convincing me to contribute more.”

He smiled at Byrne, inquiring,

“Why don’t you share the specific future development plans for the Fischer factory?”

Taking advantage of being a distant relative of Viscount Bast, the merchant’s tone became less respectful.

“Hmm...”

After a prolonged silence, Byrne suddenly asked, “Chris?”

The merchant’s face tensed, the smile vanished from his face at the mention of the name.

As Chris began to remove the wig from his head, he fell into deep contemplation, pondering how he had been exposed.

Byrne’s eyes widened and after a long stun, he exclaimed in amazement,

“You’re incredibly skilled, I would never have seen through your disguise if not for my extraordinary abilities!”

As Chris stripped off his clothes and removed the height-enhancing insoles, he asked calmly,

“How did you do it?”

Byrne offered a smile and replied, “Because we are far too familiar with each other. My Profound Memory records every minute detail of your actions, and by comparison, I could sense that the person before me might be you...”

He paused briefly, adding, “Actually, the most crucial reason was that feeling of familiarity. I felt something was wrong from the start, which made me think someone might be in disguise, so I compared it with the memories in my head.”

Concluding, Byrne nodded and sincerely praised Chris’s performance,

“If you wish to deceive someone unfamiliar with you, it should be an easy feat. That’s an impressive disguise! I believe it will be very useful!”

A look of utmost joy appeared on Byrne's face as he embraced Chris.

"Hard work pays off!"

He reached out gently, intending to pat his cousin's shoulder, his eyes filled with admiration and concern.

"Since you're back, it must mean you've fully ignited your spirituality and are ready to ascend to the 3rd Rank."

"Chris, you must have endured a lot to complete the ascension ritual. It's a stroke of luck for the Fischer family to have someone as dependable as you. As head of the family, I must thank you."

Chris calmly dodged Byrne's hand; he wasn't keen on being touched by anyone other than his sister, leaving Byrne awkwardly moved on his own.

However, Byrne sighed a sigh of relief; the months since Chris's departure had seemed very long, and the Fischer family was barely holding on.

The Kesse clan had been overstepping their bounds, persistently extorting lavish gifts and continuing to encroach.

Perhaps pressured by the Garcia family behind the scenes, the Kesse clan relentlessly forced the Fischer family, aiming for them to relinquish and even depart from Nasir Town.

The Kesse clan had not released Theo's son, whom they'd kidnapped, and sought complete control over the town's management.

The Mayor of Nasir, who had long withdrawn from public life and kept a low profile, was a mere figurehead. Nowadays, the Fischer family decided all matters concerning the town, using benefits gleaned from their control to maintain the family's operations.

If they were to completely lose Nasir Town, it would be a catastrophic blow to the Fischer family.

Murdering the workers of Nasir Town, leading evil cultists in nocturnal raids, kidnapping family members' relatives.

The deeds of the Kesse clan had pushed the Fischer family beyond the brink of tolerance.

They must retaliate; they could not simply wait for death in silence!

"Finally, the wait is over."

Byrne, Irene, and Chris gathered in the basement.

Shortly after, Chris would ascend to the “Path of Tranquility” 3rd Rank.

They would hold a brief meeting first and then invite Vanessa, Erik, and Archibald to join them in the basement for the ritual.

Although all lost followers of the Dawn Church, the Fischer family remained the absolute core of the covert organization.

Byrne looked at the three of them and said, “Actually, before we officially start the sacrifice, I plan to decide on a very important matter through a family meeting.”

“Whether or not to grant John and Theo the blood, allowing them to receive the great blessing of the Lord of the Lost?”

“In fact, we have always needed more Blood Receivers; it’s quite difficult to support the family with just the few of us, like walking on thin ice, seemingly safe but actually at risk of falling into the deep ice caverns at any moment.”

Irene fell silent for a long while before saying, “I recently probed them a bit, Theo is still the same as before, with no intention to delve into ‘nothingness’.”

“As for John, he quickly evades any deeper religious matters, cunningly unbearable, like a slippery eel in one’s hands.”

So it was. After hearing Irene’s statement, Byrne already had a specific answer in his mind.

Chris was silent, not speaking. He had said far too much lately.

And he didn’t want to say another word.

Byrne took out the scale used for voting and placed it on the wooden table in the basement, nodding slightly.

“Let’s begin.”

They wrote down their opinions on slips of paper, one by one, placing them on the scale, and the results of the three were surprisingly unanimous!

Three votes in favor of Theo becoming a Blood Receiver, and three votes against John becoming one.

In reality, unanimous decisions were extremely rare in the Fischer family meetings, yet there happened to be two such unanimous votes on the same day.

They all could perceive Theo's character; he was full of loyalty, valued honor, and had long been one of the most core and trusted family members.

Even though Theo showed complete disregard for gods and religion, there was no need to worry about his loyalty.

As for the sea merchant John, even though the Fischers had worked with him for over ten years, their relationship had always purely been that of collaborators.

Equal transactions, mutual assistance, with neither party overstepping the boundaries by even a step.

John himself was very shrewd, extremely afraid of being dragged into any unnecessary dangers, giving no opportunity for Irene to proselytize.

Even Byrne could surmise that should John become aware of the Lord of the Lost's existence, he would surely swear fealty at the first chance to preserve his life, proclaiming his willingness to join the Dawn Church and never betray the Lord of the Lost.

However, he would definitely be filled with fear and anxiety deep inside, utterly unwilling to join a dangerous heretical cult.

If they were to force John into the Dawn Church, the end result may not be favorable, and Byrne and the others felt it was not a good idea; better to keep him as a collaborator.

Since the voting was completed, Byrne nodded again and continued to speak:

"I'll call the three of them over, and also bring in Theo. First, we'll carry out the Lost Ritual to make Theo a Blood Receiver and then proceed with the bestowal ceremony, allowing Theo and Chris to receive the God-given powers."

Soon, there were seven people standing in the basement.

Vanessa, Erik, and Archibald all maintained solemn expressions.

"What on earth is going on!"

Theo's face was full of shock and amazement!

He had long guessed that there might be some hidden door in the ground floor of the manor, leading to an even deeper space below.

But he had never imagined that the Fischer family's basement housed such a vast second underground level!

“Theo, regarding everything about this place, we need to make things clear to you here,” Byrne said seriously, looking at his swordsmanship teacher, the Guards Captain, and continued rigorously.

“You’ve likely noticed it, even though it’s not public knowledge, but Vanessa and the others suddenly acquired extraordinary power.”

“And all this comes from the great Lord of the Lost, who is the deep roots and foundation of our Fischer family, the past, the present, and the future.”

In the following few minutes, Byrne selectively disclosed many important truths that had been hidden for years to Theo.

Vanessa and the others, having already heard it once, silently listened on.

“To think it would be like this, I’m truly too shocked; I never imagined that the truth would be so astonishing.”

Theo’s mind went blank from surprise; he could sense that the Fischer family might have some secret, but he would never have contemplated such an astonishing possibility!

Very calmly, Irene asked, “Theo, do you wish to join the Dawn Church and become one under the protection and blessing of the Lord of the Lost?”

“I... I am willing.”

He hesitated for a moment, finally nodding.

Things went very smoothly; Theo had almost no objections to joining the Dawn Church.

He felt that it didn’t really make much difference; regardless, he was a man who was to serve the Fischer family. If he could gain extraordinary power by doing so, it was certainly a good thing.

Following that, Theo, led by Irene and Byrne, entered the Spirit Realm and became a Blood Receiver.

His eyes were filled with shock from beginning to end. For a middle-aged man who did not understand mysticism or religion, the volume of information obtained today was overwhelming, enough to repeatedly assault his worldview!

Next, it was the time to sacrifice to the Lord of the Lost, to pray for His blessing to be bestowed.

Everyone knelt down, Irene carrying out the ritual with great proficiency. Only Theo looked on dumbfoundedly at each step, still unable to recover from the shock.

The path he was granted was a brand new step on the God Pantheon stairway.

The Path of Authority!

The Power of Consecution, "Servant"!

Chapter 112: Chapter 108 Consecution "Disguiser

In fact, when deciding which God Pantheon stairway to guide Theo onto, Karl hesitated as well.

People whose character traits match the affinity of a path find it easier to reach the top when stepping onto a God Pantheon stairway, yet Theo's character traits aligned with both the "Path of World Order" and the "Path of Authority."

The focus of the "Path of World Order" isn't on requiring Extraordinary Exponents to comply with laws and all sorts of rules, but rather on maintaining principles within one's heart.

The focus of the "Path of Authority," on the other hand, is a strong identification with existing hierarchies and external rules.

As for the "Path of Conquest," it was actually a path Theo was completely unsuited for because he lacked strong ambition.

Only those with intense ambition, who almost wish to devour everything, can really go further and further on the "Path of Conquest."

Theo was a person who valued loyalty and honor, convinced that since he had taken the Fischer family's money, he must be as loyal as possible as a "working man."

He fit the character traits for stepping onto both the "Path of Authority" and the "Path of World Order."

After much consideration, Karl still chose to give the Spiritual Radiance of the "Path of Authority" to Theo.

Since Vanessa had already embarked upon the "Path of World Order," let Theo step onto the "Path of Authority." It's better to avoid having functional Extraordinary traits overlap as much as possible.

The Power of Consecution of "Path of Authority," "Servant," includes two Extraordinary traits.

They are “stalk” and “bestow.”

The Extraordinary trait “stalk” allows an Extraordinary Exponent to actively consume Spiritual Power to designate a target within sight.

After that, no matter where the target goes, as long as it’s theoretically possible to reach the target’s location, “Servant” can sense the position of the other party, and their body can even uncontrollably move automatically to the target’s side.

Whether it’s to find teammates or to seek enemies, “stalk” is a very useful Extraordinary trait.

The second Extraordinary trait, “bestow,” is theoretically the strongest trait in the lower ranks of the sequence.

An Extraordinary Exponent possessing the Power of Consecution “Servant” can only activate it once a day, by receiving an active “bestowment” from a higher-ranked Extraordinary Exponent, temporarily gaining the opportunity to use one of the higher Exponent’s powers.

Because of the complete difference in sequence levels, even if it’s the same Extraordinary power, the effect after use will be completely different; as a low-rank Extraordinary Exponent, “Servant” definitely won’t be as powerful as the original high-rank Extraordinary Exponent.

Without a doubt, the strength of “Servant” depends on whether the teammates are reliable, and its overall ceiling is very high.

And when advancing to a higher position on the Path of Authority, the Extraordinary Exponent becomes extremely adept at destroying and defeating lower sequences, striking down the weak, which is also a characteristic of this God Pantheon stairway.

“This is Extraordinary power, the Spiritual Power of the consecution from God Pantheon stairway spoken of by Mr. Byrne... It’s truly miraculous!”

Theo, utterly bewildered, looked at his hands feeling as if they were unreal, everything happened so suddenly and seemed so surreal.

A surge of extraordinary information appeared out of nowhere in his mind, dissecting, arranging, and reconstructing until he suddenly understood the ability he had gained.

Honestly, Theo could not comprehend this phenomenon.

Why had all these inexplicable pieces of information suddenly appeared in his mind, who had implanted them, and why did they let him know about the Extraordinary powers he had acquired?

He simply did not understand how all this had happened.

But his body indeed felt lighter and more powerful, his strength had clearly improved, and he had even become stronger than he was when younger.

At the same time, Theo also became aware of some odd, invisible, yet palpable “thing” existing within him.

It was like a silent lake, not located in any particular part of the body, its presence only becoming clearer when he closed his eyes.

Was that Spiritual Power?

According to the calculation method set by Byrne, the enhancement to physical attributes brought on by “Servant” was 6.8, while the boost to Spiritual Power was 3.2.

Undoubtedly, it was a Power of Consecution geared more towards physical enhancement.

“ ... ”

Theo silently experienced his transformation, his worldview being rebuilt, and for a long time, he was unable to speak.

The next to receive the grace of the Lord of the Lost was Chris, and there was no doubt that it was today’s main event.

The Fischer family was almost looking forward to powerful strength more than at any previous time.

They had been driven to a desperate situation by the overbearing Kesse family, and needed to make a last-ditch counterattack, requiring the gathering of all strong forces to increase the chance of victory.

Chris was silent, having thoroughly understood one thing.

Why one of the available advancement ceremonies for the 3rd Rank on the Path of Tranquility, was to Disguise Portrayal of different people.

When disguised as different people, Byrne spoke a lot, with unprecedented eloquence, but his heart always remained tranquil.

Chris silently disguised himself as different individuals, and all the external noise, the reactions of the people around him, never touched the tranquility at his core.

Because the person he portrayed was not himself, no matter how the outside world reacted to that role, it could never truly touch his inner self.

Chris was an observer, quiet from start to finish.

He silently witnessed everyone's every expression and movement, observing the role he was playing.

The Fischer family offered the Lord of the Lost their last Class 3 Extraordinary Material, the "dragon ice flower".

This was a peculiar ice flower that resembled a dragon's head and only bloomed in the valleys of the northern mountains on the Ouden Continent during winter. It could be used to make many high-level alchemical potions.

Because of the abrupt arrival of the Spirit World, bringing with it mysterious knowledge and peculiar items, the demand for extraordinary materials among the Extraordinaries on the Ouden Continent had suddenly become enormous.

The prices also became exorbitantly high—it could be said that extraordinary materials had seen the biggest price increase over the past decade.

Karl stood within the Spirit Realm, choosing one "constellation" that connected with the Path of Tranquility.

From then on, anyone who wished to advance to the 3rd Rank of the Path of Tranquility had to complete the ascent through the ritual of "Disguise Portrayal" using the extraordinary material, the "dragon ice flower", along with other supporting extraordinary materials.

Of course, apart from the people of the Fischer family, no one in the world knew the specific magic potion formula and advancement ritual.

Karl also looked towards those other "constellations" that already had their own "things". The peculiar items within them were the laws of many worlds.

Some of these belonged to the Claud World, others to different worlds, and many laws even affected more than one world.

Karl didn't know how to destroy or change the extant laws of the worlds; deep down, he also understood one thing: they were not to be tampered with. Tying with them would undoubtedly bring about vast changes.

In the new dark blue constellation, there was a "masked figure".

It was impossible to discern their age or gender, as if changing their various characteristics every moment, like a certain person and yet all people at once.

Karl took away the Spiritual Radiance and returned to the real world.

Every member of the Fischer family saw it.

A deep blue Spiritual Glow emerged in the basement.

"We thank you, great Lord of the Lost!" Irene said, her eyes filled with adoration and joy.

All eyes watched it slowly approach Chris, gradually merging with him.

Everyone's expectations centered on Chris, who quietly closed his eyes, feeling the influx of new power.

The Power of Consecution, "Disguiser"!

A significantly stronger physical constitution, a substantial increase in Spiritual Power, and entirely new Extraordinary Abilities.

Countless indescribable bits of information rushed in, reconstructing and becoming understood, allowing Chris to fully comprehend the entire scope of the "Disguiser."

He could feel that the physical enhancement brought by the "Disguiser" was a bit more substantial than that of the "Mysterious Scholar".

The "Mysterious Scholar" boosted physical constitution by 20 and Spiritual Power by 50.

But the "Disguiser" saw an increase in physical constitution equivalent to 40, with an increase in Spiritual Power around 30.

Chris was very aware that the strength of his body had become close to that of a low-level Transmuted Bloodline Knight, and that even bullets from flintlock pistols could only cause grazes.

Unlike the "Mysterious Scholar" Sequence, which has many Extraordinary Abilities, the "Disguiser" had just one Extraordinary Power, named "fake-spirit card".

An Extraordinary Exponent could create a card depicting a person by expending Spiritual Power, and anyone who tore or burned the card could instantly transform into the person depicted on the card.

Voice, appearance, and even scent and gender could be completely changed, yet it was impossible to mimic the Extraordinary Abilities of the person.

However, the duration of transformation through the “fake-spirit card” was limited, and the exact time depended on how much Spiritual Power was infused into the card during creation.

Moreover, other than the original user, one could use the “fake-spirit card” to transform only once per day.

If the current Chris invested all his Spiritual Power into a card, it could provide up to ten hours of disguise time.

“Very good.”

The murmuring Chris slowly stretched out his hand, with blue flames emerging from his fingertips, burning and dancing ceaselessly. In the next moment, a card depicting the image of “Baron Kesse” from his memory appeared from the blue flames.

Chapter 113: Chapter 109: Counterattack!

In the basement, Byrne had repeated the Fischer family’s next plan once more.

“We have to catch them off guard, break them one by one, and gradually dissolve the Kesse family’s power.”

During the time Chris had been away, they hadn’t been idle but had collected information on the Kesse and Garcia families by various means.

They had gathered details about the entire Kesse family’s members, as well as the Garcia family’s members, including their business composition and some personal hobbies of certain family members.

They even managed to obtain the internal layout of the Kesse family manor by bribing a servant, who was now being “protected” at Fischer Manor.

Byrne committed every detail of the collected information to memory through “Profound Memory.”

He repeatedly studied the various intelligence in his memory and formulated a very detailed combat strategy after synthesizing the information.

However, there was one key issue Byrne still hadn’t thought through.

“As for our next move, should we tell the Lion clan? Is it good or bad to let Viscount Bast know about this operation?”

After listening, Archibald shouted, “If we tell Viscount Bast, wouldn’t we be giving them a handle on us?”

Theo nodded and said, "Indeed, it is a problem. If we tell them about this, we will easily be targeted by the Lion clan in the future."

Byrne nodded, then looked toward Irene, Chris, and the others, wanting to know their thoughts.

But Irene had a different opinion. Shaking her head, she said, "I think we should still inform the Lion clan in advance, because we have already decided to rely on them, and we're deeply bound to them."

"Since we're deeply bound, we must be united whether we advance or retreat."

Indeed, that made sense. Taking a deep breath, Byrne nodded and said, "Yes, and I realized something—we don't have to worry about the Lion clan getting a hold on us."

"Because if the Lion clan wanted to crush us, they wouldn't need to exert any effort. Whether or not they have a handle on us doesn't make a substantial difference."

Beyond that, he had come to another realization.

If the purpose of making ties with the Lion clan was to tackle the possible consequences from the Garcia family,

then if the whole affair wasn't explained to Viscount Bast in advance, the Lion clan would be caught off guard when they wanted to help the Fischer family.

In fact, he had encountered similar situations before, where a subordinate of the Fischer family had caused considerable trouble without reporting it first, and by the time it came to Byrne's attention, the situation had become very awkward.

Archibald and Theo had an epiphany, indeed, that was the logic.

The Fischers, mere kittens, didn't need to worry about whether the Lion clan had something on them or not.

If the lion wanted to kill them, it just had to open its mighty jaws.

In conclusion, Byrne said, "Moreover, alerting them in advance can build trust. Let's do that."

The Four Towns area is located to the north of the East Coast Province, with the four towns being the northeastern port town of Nasir, the southeastern and most prosperous gold mine town Chevron, the northwestern poverty town Fiera near Ahornblatt Province, and lastly, Black Mountain Town in the southwest, known for horse racing.

South of Black Mountain Town lies Fein City. As the most famous town for horse race betting, it has flourished in recent years. During the horse racing season from February to October each year, many nobles and wealthy people come here to gamble on horses.

Horse racing is a competitive sport invented by the Lorne citizens and has spread to most parts of the Ouden Continent, gaining wide popularity among the upper class.

And the Cyart people, who were keen on learning from Lorne and had been driven to the eastern part of the continent, were also very fond of horse racing and betting.

It's now February, winter is gradually passing, and spring has just arrived.

Black Mountain Town is about to hold a race for the Silver Shield Cup. Many nobles will come to town to gamble, and the entire town will become extremely lively.

Baron Kesse's uncle, Arsh Kesse, was very keen on horse racing.

Arsh entered the noisy racecourse, received by his attendants into a luxurious private box. Holding a glass of champagne, he looked down from a commanding height at the horses racing below.

"Win! Win! Win!"

His amber snake-like pupils were filled with confidence, having received exclusive news that the newcomer horse ranked third was quite special.

It possessed a hidden magic beast lineage, its physical abilities were far superior to other racehorses, and it was sure to win this race!

Others were not privy to this key piece of information, and Arsh decided to bet big before it was revealed, to make a fortune!

"Faster, faster, even faster!"

Unexpectedly, the so-called "magic beast lineage" horse was not fast at all and soon fell to the last place.

Seeing the horse he bet on falling behind, he couldn't help but stand up, his eyes widened, breathing heavily in utter disbelief as the race came to an end.

"How could this be! Impossible, impossible! It was supposed to win, damn it, fake news, fuck!"

Arsh went crazy, smashing things around the room in a fit of rage, trembling against the wall as sweat flowed down his cheeks.

This was bad; he'd lost too much money and couldn't explain it to the family!

"Damn it! Why should I explain anything? I'm a Level 2 Extraordinary Exponent! What can those old fogeys say to me, kick me out of the family?"

With that thought, Arsh felt much bolder. No matter how much money he had lost, his strength was still vital to the family.

"The money we've lost, we can eventually draw from the Fischer family; there's no need for panic," he reassured himself.

"Knock, knock, knock."

"Come in!" He furrowed his brows and looked over.

The sound of knocking came from outside the door, and the servant who entered, seeing the mess on the floor, was not at all flustered, evidently accustomed to the emotional outbursts of the racetrack patrons.

He said with a smile:

"Mr. Arsh, Lord Viscount Garcia is looking for you. He's waiting outside for you to join him."

"What?"

Arsh was shocked. Viscount Garcia had also come to Black Mountain Town and was seeking him out.

Not daring to keep him waiting, Arsh quickly followed the servant to the outside.

However, as they walked, the path became more and more secluded until they reached a little grove near the racing grounds where no one else was around; a sense of foreboding filled Arsh's heart.

"Where exactly is Lord Viscount Garcia?"

Just as he was getting cautious, he suddenly saw Viscount Garcia stepping out of the nearby woods.

The man in the military uniform looked at Arsh and said gravely,

"Mr. Arsh, come over here, please."

Viscount Garcia, with his beard and resolute appearance, authoritative and penetrating eyes, furrowed thick brows, seemed to be alert and decisive at every moment.

He was the Viscount with the terrifying nickname “Reaper,” an enthusiastic lover of war in his youth, vehemently opposed to signing a peace treaty with the Rhea People, and had secretly killed many opposing family members.

Arsh, whenever he was near the Viscount, instinctively resisted and filled with fear, would respectfully lower his head, scarcely daring to draw a breath as he asked,

“Lord Viscount, did you need something from me? I didn’t expect to see you here; I thought you had no interest in horse racing.”

He didn’t know why Viscount Garcia was here, nor did he understand what the man wanted to discuss with him.

Typically, the aloof and busy Viscount Garcia only associated with his Baron nephew and would never bother with someone of no title like himself.

Suddenly recalling Viscount Garcia’s interests, Arsh quickly said, “To completely control the Fischers, my nephew hopes to make Irene Fischer, who has the talent of a Spellcaster, his mistress.”

“I heard she has not birthed any children yet; in time, perhaps someone from within our family could ensure she bears a child.”

Such an act might defy ethical morals, but it would not consume Baron Kesse’s own limit for reproduction, undoubtedly maximizing benefits, which Baron Kesse himself cared little about.

Arsh smiled and continued, “Lord Viscount, although this is our plan, if you desire Irene Fischer’s body, we will surely give her to you.”

Viscount Garcia was silent for a long while, and his deep voice slowly emerged.

“I am here not for other matters but solely to ensure your death.”

Arsh’s face turned pale in horror as he looked up, and in the next moment, he saw a multitude of orange flames materializing around him, burning fiercely as if he were in a sea of fire!

“Why! Lord Viscount, stop!”

Arsh, a Bloodline Knight, roared, acutely feeling the severe pain in his body and instinctively activating the power of Bloodline “Blackstone Iron Dragon” to grow many hard black dragon scales, which, despite being instantly engulfed in flames, resulted in injury instead of death.

But he dared not retaliate against the mighty “Viscount Garcia” and turned to run frantically with the flames trailing behind him!

Why?

Why did Viscount Garcia want to kill him?

Wrapped in flames, Arsh ran wildly, his heart filled with shock, fear, and confusion.

However, just as he had run a few steps away, he saw the servant standing behind, smiling at him.

Something was off; the servant was not surprised and was even smiling. Definitely something was not right!

As Arsh thought this through, his expression rapidly changed.

Sure enough, in the next moment, the servant pulled out a flintlock and shot at him.

Arsh failed to notice a firefly fluttering in front of him, and the bullet, guided by its path, hit him without a miss.

The bullet didn’t penetrate his body, and he continued to run desperately, then suddenly saw his nephew, Baron Kesse, walking towards him with a tense expression.

“Uncle Arsh! Be careful! An assassin has infiltrated!”

“I know, but Viscount Garcia just now...”

Arsh began to speak nervously but had not finished his sentence when suddenly a dagger was plunged forcibly into his heart, expertly avoiding his hard dragon scales.

“You!”

Disbelieving, he looked at his nephew “Baron Kesse,” who also looked back at him coldly and without hesitation stirred the dagger.

Chapter 114: Chapter 110: Slaughter

“Ah!”

The power of the Blackstone Iron Dragon’s bloodline not only brought immense defensive power but also a terrifying life force.

Even with his heart destroyed, Arsh hadn’t died completely. Instead, he swung a slightly weakened punch furiously toward the “Baron Kesse” in front of him.

The heavy fist possessed a dreadful force capable of crushing a human body, yet the “Baron Kesse” easily dodged it with a sidestep.

“I’ll kill you, you bastard!”

Arsh still believed his attacker to be his nephew, Baron Kesse, and roared as he took a deep breath. The next moment, he spewed out a significant amount of black flames from his mouth.

The black flames had a strong corrosive nature; mere contact with human skin could make life a living hell in an instant.

However, like a bird taking flight, Chris suddenly leaped up, lightly bounding to the rear without any intention of further entanglement.

He disappeared from Arsh’s sight at an extremely fast speed, without a trace.

“Damn it!”

Anger filled Arsh’s eyes, but he still didn’t give pursuit.

Frantically, he pulled out an expensive life-saving medicine from his chest pocket and took it, only to discover with horror and trembling that his shattered flesh showed no signs of healing at all.

“Why?”

Fearful, yet unwilling to give up, Arsh collapsed on the ground and slowly began to lose signs of life.

Although the life force of the “Blackstone Iron Dragon” bloodline was potent, ultimately, he could not keep going forever.

After a while, “Viscount Garcia,” “the servant,” and “Baron Kesse” converged and swiftly dealt with the body.

After leaving the horse racing course, they arrived at a carriage parked in a deserted area and quickly departed Black Mountain Town.

Theo was the driver, and the three impostors in the carriage were the disguised Byrne, Chris, and Vanessa.

Byrne breathed a sigh of relief and nodded, “Good, it went very well.”

“However, it won’t be long before Arsh Kesse’s disappearance is noticed. We must act before the Kesse family can prepare their defenses. Tomorrow night is the best opportunity!”

—

The Kesse family’s manor, set in their family’s territorial village, looked strikingly grand and respectable, utterly unlike the village houses crammed and rudimentary.

The village was exceedingly poor, almost suffocating those who lived there.

Constant severe taxation by the state and the relentless exploitation by the Kesse family left the villagers with no room to breathe—a disaster often resulted in starvation.

The Kesse family had always ruled ordinary people with an iron fist, annually scraping all they could from beginning to end, squeezing out every last drop of blood.

In recent years, many villagers had fled to the cities and towns of the East Coast Province, becoming factory workers, thus reducing the Kesse family’s exploitable resources.

With large sums due annually to the Garcia family, on top of maintaining their lavish family lifestyle and various developments, the Kesse family urgently needed a new source of income.

Fortunately, the Fischer family had provided an opportunity.

As night fell, a cool breeze swept through the manor, rustling the leaves softly.

The Kesse family guards patrolled as usual, while the family members rested in the estate house, only Arsh Kesse had not returned from outside.

With the Red Moon and the Silver Moon hanging high, in the cool, quiet and dark night, seven Extraordinary Exponents robed in black gathered in the alley outside the Kesse family manor.

They were core members of the Fischer family, sent to “solve the problem”: Byrne, Irene, Chris, Theo, Vanessa, Archibald, Erik.

Byrne took a deep breath and commanded gravely, “We mustn’t let a single person escape. Remember, we have to place the forged Sea God Cult insignia throughout the Kesse family manor.”

Through his Extraordinary trait “Artisan” on the Path of Forging, Erik had gained technical abilities akin to those of a decades-old master craftsman.

Using the templates in Byrne's memory, he could almost perfectly replicate many of the Sea God Cult's statues, sculptures, and emblems.

Although many would suspect the Fischer family of orchestrating the fall of the Kesse family, it was still essential to pin the blame on the Sea God Cult.

If everything went south later, this ploy would serve as an important insurance.

Irene cast a surreptitious glance at Vanessa then pinched Chris, who was beside her.

Chris nodded with understanding.

He didn't want Vanessa, filled with a sense of justice, to see the Kesse family's children. It was critical for him to take care of those targets first.

She might try to protect those innocent children, or she might not, but either way, she would be tormented by the ordeal for a long time.

He didn't want Vanessa to be caught in a moral quandary, so he had to do it quickly.

Cradling the sacred object in her arms, Irene took a deep breath, her eyes revealing a fierce devotion.

She touched her dyed black hair and spoke solemnly,

"The time has come to annihilate our enemies. Tonight is the Kesse family's fated moment of doom. Have no fear, the great Lord of the Lost will protect us!"

"Praise the great Lord of the Lost!"

Each member of the Fischer family offered a prayer, then uniformly pulled out the fake-spirit cards distributed by Chris from their robes.

Byrne waved his hand slowly, and each card burst into flames in the night air.

They burned to ash in the blue fire, scattering as embers, and in the darkness, the figures in the alley took on entirely different appearances.

Byrne, who had assumed the guise of "Baron Kesse," touched his throat, his voice becoming grim and serious.

"Remember, in addition to eliminating the Kesse family and placing the Sea God Cult's items, the last thing we must do is find Theo's son, who is likely confined in the manor's cellar."

Theo's expression was one of immense solemnity. For three whole months, he had been filled with anxiety and pain.

At last, he was about to bring his son back home.

After Byrne had made the situation clear, he nodded firmly and said with gravity:

"All right, action!"

They cleared the guards around the periphery of the Kesse family's manor with lightning speed; because they had conducted extensive training exercises beforehand, everyone managed to perform quite flawlessly despite the tension.

But, an accident quickly occurred!

In an inconspicuous corner of the manor, a Mysterious rare artifact responsible for sounding alarms suddenly emitted a piercing screech!

"Buzz!"

Byrne suddenly looked up, understanding that in any operation, even with thorough preparation, there would still be unforeseen mishaps.

He couldn't have predicted every contingency, what came next was to adapt on the fly!

"We're under a night attack!"

"Hurry, counterattack!"

Two Bloodline Knights, who hadn't managed to put on their armor, ran out from the manor and immediately rushed to Byrne's side, for he was the spitting image of "Baron Kesse."

"Lord Baron, what exactly has happened?"

"Is it an attack? Are the assailants evil cultists or from the Fischer family?"

Byrne shouted firmly, "Follow my orders! Protect me by my side!"

The two Bloodline Knights didn't hesitate or show caution, rushing to stand by Byrne. In the next moment, they were enveloped in raging flames, screaming in agony as they madly rolled on the ground, the fire instantly spreading to the grass as well.

Byrne gestured sharply with his hand, and the fire intensity grew; soon, it would engulf the entire manor.

“Who are you!”

One Bloodline Knight quickly stilled, while the other, not yet completely burned to death, rose painfully, drew his blade, and attempted to strike Byrne.

But his blade was easily blocked by an invisible force, not making a single dent.

That was an invisible mirror Byrne created using “Mirror Deflection.”

“Aaaaahhh! Damn it! Who exactly are you!”

The Bloodline Knight engulfed in fire stared with eyes wide in fury, continuously roaring in hatred as his sword strikes proved futile.

“Burn even hotter.”

Byrne watched him calmly, and a more intense fire finally brought the knight to his knees, gradually reducing him to char.

The rest of the Fischers had already breached the manor, and besides Vanessa, who hesitated, they began a merciless, bloody slaughter.

Chris, now in the form of Arsh, held daggers in both hands, slaying one after another as he hurried to the cellar entrance.

“Ah! Don’t come any closer!”

Two trembling guards shot at him but he easily dodged their bullets, and in the next moment, two heads flew through the air, with copious amounts of blood spurting out.

Chris took the keys, unlocked the cellar door, and went inside, soon hearing the voice of Theo, the Guards Captain, from outside.

Theo arrived outside the cellar, and instantly shouted anxiously, “Have you seen my son, Young Master?”

He didn’t hear Chris’s reply, and his heart quickly rose to his throat; then he remembered that Young Master Chris was a man of few words and he sighed in relief.

Theo was about to enter the cellar when he saw Chris silently emerging from inside. Chris suddenly held out his hand to stop him at his chest, as if he didn’t want him to go inside.

“I, I need to go down, where is my son? Young Master, have you seen my son?”

Theo asked bewilderedly, but Chris just shook his head, pushing hard against him with his hand to prevent him from proceeding to the cellar.

The middle-aged man froze.

“No, this isn’t what we agreed upon...”

As Theo mumbled a few words, his face growing paler, he instinctively raised his arms, trying to push past him to see the situation in the cellar firsthand, but suddenly he collapsed as if his legs had given out.

Chris immediately supported Theo, and the middle-aged man wept in the younger man’s arms like a child.

“Ahh! Ahhhh!”

Under the dark sky, the flames continuously consumed the manor, the towering inferno illuminating the entire heavens, casting a suffocating red light that lit up the village, devouring the darkness.

Byrne stood watching the manor engulfed in flames, listening to the wails and screams surrounding him, feeling something within him growing ever more resolute.

This night would not be the end of the carnage but the beginning of all madness.

He suddenly spotted a dark figure rushing out at great speed and heading into the distance.

Byrne’s eyes filled with cold determination, he immediately gave chase without a moment’s hesitation!

Chapter 115: Chapter 111: Fierce Battle!

The night sky, ablaze with flames, turned the horizon red. Many villagers came out, their faces filled with shock as they watched the scene unfold.

“Can’t catch up.”

Byrne quickly realized that his speed was far inferior to that of the low-level Transmutation Bloodline Knight, so he could only activate the power of the spirit rune “transcend”!

His eyes seemed to flicker with blue electric sparks, and the shackles in his mind were broken in an instant!

Byrne's figure shot up several times faster, like a fleeting shadow, he dashed through the burned down manor and away into the dark night.

Three minutes.

"Transcend" would bring a three-minute boost to both his physical and mental speed, and he needed to make the most of this brief time.

Although it was only three minutes in real time, for Byrne, the subjective experience of time seemed greatly extended.

Leaves in the surrounding darkness fell slowly, both their bodies moved frame by frame, everything seemed to slow down,

his mental faculties greatly enhanced, and although the shadow in his vision had almost disappeared, many traces remained that he could track.

The fleeing man was undoubtedly Baron Kesse from Byrne's memory, his build almost exactly matching.

His mind worked at high speed, constantly calculating the best footholds, step by step, closing the distance with each passing second.

He absolutely could not let Baron Kesse escape; leaving a Bloodline Knight filled with a desire for revenge and great maneuverability alive was undoubtedly a huge threat to the Fischer family.

Thirty-seven seconds, thirty-six seconds, thirty-five seconds...

While dashing, Byrne silently counted down, estimating that in just over half a minute, he could catch up with Baron Kesse, by which time "transcend" would have one hundred thirty-three seconds remaining.

At that moment, Baron Kesse's basic tactics would be one of three: keep running, attack fiercely, or stand on the defensive.

In Byrne's mind, he continually devised and rehearsed the responses for each scenario, and in those few short seconds, he had already fought Baron Kesse several times in his mind.

Twelve seconds, eleven seconds, ten seconds...

He was getting closer and closer to Baron Kesse, even able to clearly see the man's silhouette under the moonlight!

Five seconds, four seconds, three seconds.

The two had reached a desolate woodland, far from the gradually burning manor.

The frantically running Baron Kesse suddenly stopped, not waiting for Byrne to fully catch up; at a distance of ten meters between them, he stopped, his eyes filled with indelible hatred!

He took a deep breath.

Nearly all of the Kesse bloodline had perished in this massacre, and the furious Baron Kesse did not wish to leave in such a disgraceful way!

He had to kill the one pursuing him!

At the moment Baron Kesse saw Byrne's face in the moonlight, he hesitated, confusion overtook his hate-filled eyes.

Because the appearance of his pursuer was exactly the same as his!

A shape-shifting Spellcaster?

But his attack did not slow down; the next moment, he spewed a mass of black flames, swiftly spreading across a few tens of meters in front of him.

Byrne snapped his fingers expressionlessly.

The target for "Shape-shifting" could be any object within his line of sight.

However, if he wanted to swap places with a soulful entity, the other party must be unconsciously free of hostility.

Therefore, he could not directly swap places with Baron Kesse and be attacked by the black flames.

"Shape-shifting" had a half-second delay, and the black flames were already surging towards him!

In the heightened state of "transcend," Byrne had already calculated safety measures, and only when the black flames reached his face did the spot where he stood turn into a tree branch.

In an instant, Byrne swapped with a fallen tree branch behind Baron Kesse.

"Flames!"

Coming up behind Baron Kesse, he spoke softly, and suddenly, orange-yellow flames burst from his hands, engulfing Baron Kesse like a sky full of flowers.

“Hmph!”

The life force coursing through Baron Kesse’s flesh activated, utilizing Battle Skill 11-Full Armor, shielding his body with an invisible force, completely isolating him from the raging flames.

At the same time, solid black dragon scales emerged on his body, and within moments, Baron Kesse transformed into a warrior cast in steel, seemingly indestructible.

Baron Kesse turned swiftly, pulling his sword from his waist and lunging at Byrne.

Missed.

Byrne calculated the outcome the moment his opponent swung the sword; it would not hit its mark.

“Snap!”

Still, he prudently snapped his fingers again.

The next moment, the blade aimed at him was suddenly wrapped in black flames, engulfing him.

But just a moment later, Byrne vanished again.

“Why don’t you need to chant spells? You’re clearly not that powerful a Spellcaster, yet you can cast without spells? A mysterious rare artifact?”

Baron Kesse voiced his inner puzzlement with a somber tone, yet his yellow snake-like eyes didn’t cease scanning for his enemy’s traces.

The next moment, Byrne actively appeared behind him, his hands once again releasing a great amount of orange flames.

“Why do you have two types of spells? Is it a Mysterious rare artifact again?”

Baron Kesse was filled with shock but once again used Battle Skill 11: Full Armor to block the flames’ onslaught. Byrne snapped his fingers again as if to exchange something, but his position didn’t change at all.

It was useless; the mere temperature of the flames couldn’t harm him in the least.

Baron Kesse thought to himself as he rushed towards the impostor at top speed, unleashing an angry slash that instantly beheaded the enemy!

Byrne’s head with widened eyes flew into the air, and his body fell to the ground.

Before he completely fell, he only had time to throw a bag of powder that hit Baron Kesse's face.

The next moment, the body abruptly turned into mist and vanished, leaving only a white piece of paper with a triangle drawn on it on the ground.

The thing that was killed was actually a Body Double. The snap of the fingers just now was for swapping places with the Body Double.

"Hm?"

Baron Kesse couldn't comprehend what had happened, recognizing it only as the effect of a Mysterious rare artifact. At the same time, he suddenly felt an intense pain in his eyes!

The powder from before was a violently effective poison!

He didn't have time to use Battle Skill 11: Full Armor for defense, and his eyes, unprotected by dragon scales, immediately felt an unprecedented agony, making him unable to help but howl loudly!

"Ahhhh!"

Byrne crouched ten meters away, silently using the paint he carried on his person, drawing a triangle on the paper he carried.

His lips moved slightly, and then he tossed the spinning paper into the air.

Afterward, Byrne's voice came from the piece of paper.

"Die!"

Baron Kesse, who had been howling loudly, suddenly stopped making sounds of pain, instead swinging his blade with extreme calmness, suddenly striking towards the direction the voice came from.

The sword's edge was incredibly sharp, slicing the paper with the triangle into two halves in an instant!

Baron Kesse's eyes, now reopened, showed no trace of poisoning. He had just activated a healing-type Mysterious rare artifact, which had silently cured his poisoned eyes.

The loud howling was simply a performance to draw his opponent closer to him.

Unfortunately, the enemy before him was very crafty and showed no sign of taking the bait.

“You should realize by now that you have no chance. The temperature of that flame can’t hurt me, so you’ll soon be killed by me after you use up your spiritual power,” said the Baron.

Although temporarily suppressed in the confrontation, Baron Kesse felt the scales of victory tipping completely in his favor.

The fraud before him was probably Byrne Fischer, a spellcaster full of tricks, but still unable to break through his body’s defenses.

So the final victor would be himself!

“Byrne, I’m here to help you!”

Suddenly, Irene’s voice rang out from behind Baron Kesse!

He turned around in total astonishment, only to be even more shocked to find that there was no one behind him at all!

What’s going on?

The destroyed Body Double had left a piece of paper with a triangle on it, which was a Sound Marker that had recorded Irene’s voice beforehand.

In fact, Byrne had planned the tactics he would use in battle in his mind days before, preparing everything needed for actual combat, including the Sound Marker.

And... something capable of breaking through the Blackstone Iron Dragon bloodline’s defense!

“Damn!”

Baron Kesse turned back around in utter horror, only to see flames covering the sky like butterflies fluttering towards him, brilliant and dazzling, stirring beautiful.

He didn’t have time to use Battle Skill 11 for defense and could only bet on enduring it with his skin’s dragon scales and his potent life force!

“It’s over.”

Byrne expressionlessly lifted a black card in his hand.

It wasn’t a fake-spirit card but a Pre-made Drawing prepared ahead of time.

For safety's sake, he had made Pre-made Drawings of every person he had met, except for his family.

The latest version of Pre-made Drawings was completed not by a last stroke of Speed Sketching, but by igniting and heating it to make the nonexistent image truly appear!

“Huff.”

A small flame on his fingertip ignited the card, revealing an evil man with cold serpent pupils.

At the same moment, the countless fiery butterflies ignited Baron Kesse's body.

The powder that had been scattered on him was not only toxic but also highly flammable and explosive, instantly resulting in a terrifying explosion!

“Boom!”

A huge roar resounded through the sky, instantly brightening it, then the fire quickly spread, rushing flames along with dazzling light spreading uncontrollably in all directions, engulfing everything in its path.

In an instant, the high temperature and fierce thrust of the fiery explosion made the air boil; Byrne could feel the intense heat wave.

The dragon scales and flesh, already weakened by the rapid sketching, had no resistance in the intensely hot fiery explosion—there was no chance of survival.

Chapter 116: Chapter 112: Crushing

The scorching airwave forced Byrne to step back a considerable distance, taking in a deep breath of hot air, he finally managed to dispose of the ever-pressing Baron Kesse.

This man was a strong and domineering enemy, yet not a very clever one, and an even greater concern to Byrne was the colossal entity that was the Garcia family.

“No need to deal with the body specially, I guess,” he murmured as he looked toward the still-burning flames.

The manor should be taken care of by now, their surprise attack caught the Kesse family off guard, and with Chris, already at the 3rd Rank, stationed there, nothing should go wrong.

The time for “transcend” had passed, and Byrne suddenly felt a heaviness in his head, not quite used to it, and closed his eyes.

In reality, the spirit rune “transcend” didn’t have true side effects; it’s just that the transition from a superhuman state back to normal caused a strong sense of disparity.

“Hmm...”

Byrne groaned, gradually recovering from the discomfort.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of wind as if a sharp gale was approaching from afar. He immediately became alert and opened his eyes.

In front of him, not too far away, stood a man with a deep frown.

The man was dressed in grey, very tall, at least 1.9 meters, with piercing eyes and high cheekbones, wearing clothing emblazoned with the Garcia family’s crest.

“Are you Byrne Fischer? Did Baron Kesse just die in that explosion?”

His voice was full of arrogance, with an overtly hostile tone.

Byrne was slightly startled before he realized he had emerged from his disguised state and his true identity was completely exposed.

He didn’t answer but contemplated what to do next.

The man’s clothes bore the Garcia family’s crest, and Byrne quickly recalled the man’s identity through “Profound Memory.”

William Garcia, a Mid-level Transmutation, powerful Extraordinary Exponent.

One of the Garcia family’s Level 2 Extraordinary Exponents, he originally was an illegal supernatural being in a mercenary group, then paid a hefty sum to the church as atonement to “come ashore.”

After gaining legal status, he chose to attach himself to the Garcia family and became the son-in-law of Viscount Garcia.

William Garcia looked at the flames consuming Kesse manor in the distance, sighed, and said with tightly furrowed brows:

“These past few days I’ve been betting on horses in Black Mountain Town. Right after the alarm for the Mysterious rare artifact was set off, I rushed here immediately, seems I’m still late.”

He paused for a moment then suddenly said with murderous intent:

“Byrne Fischer, I’ll kill you now and then exterminate all those Fischer people to avenge the Kesse family. Lord Viscount Garcia probably won’t be angry then.”

A killing intent as blatant and intense as if it was tangible instantly struck fear deep in Byrne’s heart!

The spirit rune “transcend” couldn’t be used again in a short time, and most of his Spiritual Power was also depleted, making it extremely difficult to fight another battle against a Mid-level Transmutation opponent!

He knew that after reaching Level 2, every small rank advancement meant a significant gap.

A Mid-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent could easily confront two to three low-level Transmutation opponents alone!

With the Extraordinary ability from “Profound Memory,” he remembered William Garcia’s power of Bloodline was the “Windfrost Guard,” controlling the Elemental powers of wind and frost.

Though he intended to silence him, Byrne thought it best to try and make an escape.

“Flame!”

He growled, countless flame butterflies emerged from his hand, instantly enveloping William Garcia.

Byrne planned to act first to create an opportunity to flee.

However, William Garcia simply swung his arm, and a great amount of frost appeared out of nowhere, covering the surroundings, then collided with the flame butterflies to turn into large amounts of steam.

The steam completely obscured the view, and Byrne instinctively used “Mirror Deflection” to create an invisible mirror in front of him for defense!

The next moment, he felt death approaching.

That terrifying premonition of stepping into the hands of a deadly foe was almost unprecedented.

As if he had teleported, William Garcia crossed nearly a hundred meters instantaneously and emotionlessly approached Byrne.

The man used the power of the tempest to propel his body forward, unleashing a hurricane-wrapped fist, smashing into Byrne's invisible mirror with devastating force, even scattering the surrounding steam with the terrifying impact of the punch!

"Bang!"

The invisible mirror shattered under the punch as if it were nothing more than brittle debris, with the enormous aftermath dispersing in all directions.

Byrne felt a tremendous force hit him, sending his body flying backward a great distance, breaking several trees in succession before crashing to the ground.

He felt his organs tear and bones break, coughing up blood continuously, trying to stand, but after several attempts, he simply couldn't get up.

The gap in strength was just too vast!

Even Baron Kesse, with the defensive power of "Blackstone Iron Dragon," would likely be severely injured after three punches; their powers were simply not on the same level.

Byrne was now acutely aware of one thing; there was no way he could defeat this man and he had to find a way to escape.

What to do next?

If he pursued the Fischer family with such terrifying speed, they might all die tonight.

Unless he sought the great power of the Lord of the Lost...

Irene would certainly act if she were aware of the circumstances; he should inform her first and foremost, as the best way to minimize family losses.

Byrne felt profound sadness within his heart, that fate would have him personally ask Irene to step towards death.

William Garcia continued emotionlessly, "Head of the Fischer family, let's end our fight here. The next time I strike, I'll kill you."

"I'll be busy tonight, I hope you won't waste any more of my time."

Byrne didn't give up struggling for survival, he steeled his gaze on a distant stone and snapped his fingers.

"Snap."

The next moment, he had switched places with the distant stone, then struggled to his feet and started running, continuously increasing the distance with “Shape-shifting” as he fled.

“A spell of transformation, or perhaps the power of some Mysterious rare artifact?”

William Garcia walked forward calmly, with each step ascending higher, the wind by his side lifting him into mid-air as if he were climbing the stairs to divinity.

There had to be a reason for his rapid arrival from Black Mountain Town!

The next moment, he darted towards Byrne in the high sky with extraordinary speed, the surrounding air even bursting into waves!

“Bang!”

Byrne, still temporarily unable to activate the spirit rune “transcend,” and further hampered by his serious injuries, was quickly caught up with.

It was over.

He felt all thoughts disappear, knowing only that he was about to die and that there would be no future.

William Garcia’s body plunged from the sky like a cannonball, crashing to the ground and shattering the surrounding trees.

Byrne, who had narrowly avoided the attack through “Shape-shifting,” also rolled onto the ground and couldn’t get up for a while.

His Spiritual Power drained, he was even unable to cast “Mirror Deflection” again.

Byrne clearly knew that when he looked up again, it would be the moment of his death.

Just then, all the scenery in front of him suddenly changed; a warm sunny beach appeared out of nowhere, replacing the dark forest, and a gentle sea breeze whispered in Byrne’s ear.

“Huh...”

He stared blankly at the incredible scene before him.

Sunshine spilled onto the golden sand, waves caressed the shore with a gentle cadence, and a soft breeze passed quietly, allowing him to even feel the clean, fine grains of sand under his feet, comfortable and warm.

Without any warning, he found himself suddenly on a warm, sunlit beach.

“Byrne Fischer.”

Byrne suddenly noticed a man wearing a dark gold mask standing beside him, a mask he recognized well as the alchemy mask carried by the participants of the Alchemy Council.

He immediately pondered, could this be someone sent by Lord Viscount Bast, donning an alchemy mask?

The old man wearing the dark gold mask was dressed in a black tailcoat, stalwart and erect, with a voice that was exceedingly gentle and graceful.

“I am the shadow lurking beneath the valiant lions of the Lion clan, tasked with handling those affairs that must not see the light of day. Mr. Byrne, you may call me ‘the Black Lion’.”

The Black Lion?

Byrne instantly understood the man’s role, somewhat akin to Chris in the Lion clan.

Thank goodness!

He finally released a sigh of relief; his decision to report the situation to the Lion clan in advance now seemed to be extremely correct!

The Black Lion was gazing at the distant sea.

Byrne likewise followed the Black Lion’s gaze, looking towards the far-off sea.

William Garcia stood there quietly.

He towered above the sea’s surface, his expression filled with tension and fear. He tried to control the wind to fly but couldn’t, only able to desperately move his feet toward the beach.

However, no matter how long William Garcia walked, he simply couldn’t reach the beach.

His feet could only sink bit by bit into the sea’s surface, falling deeper and deeper until his whole body was gradually engulfed by the sea from foot to head, and finally, with only his arms left, he flailed trying to climb out but it was impossible.

Byrne, witnessing this scene, was utterly astonished and speechless.

He knew all too well how powerful that man was, yet without any ability to retaliate, he just sank into that sea.

Byrne couldn't help but look at the Black Lion, who stood with his hands behind his back next to him. The old man did not exude an ounce of killing intent, appearing just like an ordinary elderly gentleman.

The Black Lion looked towards the now tranquil sea, nodded, and in a tone used for teaching students, slowly said:

"Mental Magic and Necromancy are both types of magic that are very poorly developed, with the number and quality of spells far inferior to the other six types, but they can occasionally be quite effective."

"He had no ability to counteract Mental Magic, nor did he carry a Mysterious rare artifact to break the control, so he was utterly defenseless against a Mind-type spell from a high-level Transmutation Spellcaster."

The old man paused, then continued:

"So, it is over."

Byrne nodded like a student and bowed respectfully, "Thank you for your rescue. The Fischer family will always be grateful to you!"

"The Fischer family has done well; you have proven your strength, ambition, and wisdom. Rescuing you was the right thing to do, as it will benefit the Lion clan."

The man wearing the dark gold mask gazed at Byrne, sensing an incomplete yet promising powerhouse growing, even seeing shadows of some great personalities, and perhaps one day, he might become a power revered by the families of the East Coast!

"Recent events in Cyart have become increasingly chaotic, Mr. Byrne, and I must warn you of something important."

His next words made Byrne break into a sweat instantly!

"Beware the followers of the Lord of the Lost! They have made their appearance on the East Coast, and just last night, they massacred an entire town in a sacrificial slaughter!"

When Byrne came to his senses, he found himself still in the forest, completely unmoved, surrounded by the darkness of night rather than warm sunlight.

The injuries on his body remained, and he struggled to sit up and then settled back on the ground, taking deep breaths and feeling unbearable intense pain all over.

The old man with the gentle and graceful voice had disappeared, and not even William Garcia's corpse remained in the surroundings; everything that had just happened seemed like a dream.

But he was clear that it was real.

He had been rescued by a member of the Lion clan, and William Garcia was likely dead or captured by the old man.

Yet, when Byrne recalled that final image, he was still shaking and murmured to himself:

"The followers of the Lord of the Lost, they massacred an entire town's people?"

What on earth was that about?

He fell into contemplation.

Could it be, there are other followers of my lord in this world?

Chapter 117: Chapter 113 Epilogue

The deep of the night gradually passed, and the early morning had just arrived when the exhausted Fischer family urgently convened a family meeting.

In the cellar of Fischer Manor, the core trio of the family were going over the whole affair from beginning to end, pondering over their next steps.

Byrne breathed a sigh of relief, still somewhat wary, and said with a mix of fortune, "Thank goodness we notified the Lion clan in advance, or the consequences would have been unimaginable."

Then, confusion appeared in his eyes, and he couldn't help but look towards Irene, continuing to say,

"Those ...those so-called followers of the Lord of the Lost spoken of by the Black Lion—what is that about? According to him, a town on the East Coast was sacrificed by the Lost followers, and everyone in the town died."

The news of the town's destruction had not yet spread, but Byrne understood it was only a matter of time before it did, and the term "Lost followers" would become a hot topic.

"Despicable imposters!"

Irene was filled with anger, almost gnashing her teeth when discussing the topic of "other followers of the Lord of the Lost."

How could there be other followers of the Lord of the Lost? Those who suddenly emerged were without doubt frauds, imposters, utterly nauseating!

She was about to say that those who impersonate false beliefs deserve no good end, must forever descend to hell, but then she suddenly remembered that the Fischer family was also impersonating members of the Sea God Cult at night, and she fell silent.

“It seems we are of the same mind.”

Byrne nodded his head, speaking with utmost seriousness, “Just as we impersonate members of the Sea God Cult, there are also those who impersonate followers of the Lord of the Lost.”

“They offered an entire town as a sacrifice in the name of the followers of the Lord of the Lost, one can only wonder which evil being they offered it to, and what boon they expect to receive. This event has not spread widely yet, but it will surely shake the major churches as well as the entire Cyart Kingdom!”

He recalled everything he experienced at the Alchemy Council and took a deep breath.

Although he did not know the specific reasons, people had already started searching for traces of the Lord of the Lost in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, and now they could further narrow down their search area.

“In time, more and more forces will head to the East Coast Province. Some hope to find the followers of the Lord of the Lost while others intend to impersonate them, engaging in secretive, dark deeds.”

With his piece said, he fell silent. A tense and oppressive atmosphere spread in the cellar, and everyone understood that the actions of the Dawn Church would have to be even more hidden and cautious, as the likelihood of being discovered was getting higher.

Irene wasn't afraid in the face of a more chaotic situation and asked about the next topic,

“What are we going to do next? We have already caused the downfall of the Kesse family, but there are still loose ends that haven't been properly tied up.”

Byrne pondered for a moment before nodding and beginning to speak,

“Indeed, there is much to be done. We need to take over the territory of the Kesse family and not give the Leander family, let alone the Garcia family, any chance.”

He paused suddenly as he said this.

“As for the matter of Theo’s son, I had actually anticipated it already, but at that time I had no way to provide a solution. Now, however, there are ways for him to vent his hatred.”

Irene also sighed about Theo’s situation, then instructed, “Besides this, remember to reward Vanessa and the others. Although everyone has been loyal all along, we cannot neglect rewards and punishments.”

“Yes, of course I understand.”

Byrne immediately responded.

This emergency family meeting thus concluded, with Chris standing silently on the side throughout, not uttering an extra word.

Meanwhile, Karl, floating high in the air, was quietly listening to the entire family meeting.

When he heard about the followers of the Lord of the Lost offering an entire town as sacrifice, he experienced an inexplicable feeling.

Which Lost followers?

Why do I not know about them?

Soon after, Karl realized there must be others impersonating his followers, performing those acts not permitted by people.

The situation on the East Coast was becoming more complicated.

It wasn’t just this force that suddenly appeared impersonating his followers; there were other secret organizations like the Sea God Cult, the Alchemy Council, and the group that had recently tried to abduct Chris.

All of them had different goals and intentions, emerging one after another amidst the divisions and internal strife of the major churches, secretly pushing the East Coast Province towards even greater chaos.

Without a doubt, for the very weak Fischer family, the future environment of the East Coast Province would become more perilous and chaotic.

They would need to be more cautious and gain more strength to overcome the numerous difficulties that would inevitably arise.

What truly concerned Karl was that “constellation” trying to take Chris.

“That one” appeared to be not of this world, but from another dimension.

What Chris saw was merely its projection.

Yet the being, by mere projection, was already a hugely exaggerated presence, and even toward the entire Claud World, it posed a great threat.

“An otherworldly god?”

After the family meeting concluded, Byrne left Fischer Manor at once to find the despondent Theo.

Theo’s state was indeed dire. He was in a tavern in the West City District, furiously downing rum, reeking of alcohol from head to toe.

“Captain Theo, drink up, keep drinking, it’ll all be better when you’re drunk.”

Quite a few of the Fischer family’s guards were surrounding him, trying their best to console this respected captain who had lost his son in middle age.

Theo said nothing, just silently drinking on and on.

While they were at the tavern, the rest of the Nasir citizens maintained their silence.

Everyone could see that Mr. Theo was in sorrow, so no one dared to let out a laugh.

In several taverns around Nasir Town, there was an unwritten rule that certain individuals could drink whatever they wanted for free; the establishments would not charge these individuals, and the esteemed Theo was clearly on that list.

Seeing something was seriously off with Mr. Theo of the Fischer family, the tavern owner voluntarily had the maids bring round after round of drinks.

“`

Byrne abruptly pushed the door open, ignored the salutes of those around him, and calmly issued an order.

“Everyone, leave.”

Upon hearing the command, the patrons of the tavern quickly left, their movements efficient, with no one daring to ask a single question.

The tavern owner approached respectfully and bowed, "Respected Lord Baron, may I inquire..."

Byrne did not even glance at him but calmly said, "You too, leave."

"Very well, my lord."

The tavern owner and the attendants left without question, quickly vacating the premises that were actually their own.

The family guards had already taken up positions on both sides. Byrne slowly approached Theo, looking at the middle-aged man who was drunk to the point of stupor, and felt very uncomfortable himself.

Still, he tried to remain as composed as possible as he spoke,

"The family still needs you, Theo. Take some men and take over those villages. Your actions must be swift enough; we have to have everything in order before the Garcia family realizes what's happened."

Theo silently continued to drink his wine, which was one of the pains of becoming an Extraordinary Exponent, as getting oneself drunk had become a difficult task.

Byrne's discomfort at seeing a core member of the family in such a state of decline was uncontrollable, knowing that Theo needed something to release his inner turmoil.

Otherwise, he would be completely incapacitated.

Byrne leaned over and whispered into the middle-aged man's ear,

"The Kesse family is no more, but many managers of those villages are their kin, and it's possible that among them are those connected to the incident involving your son."

"If you're too late, they might all escape; no one is going to wait for your revenge."

Theo froze for a moment, then suddenly stood up and turned to the family guards standing on both sides.

"All of you, come with me!" he yelled, leading everyone out of the tavern.

Byrne picked up an unfinished cup of wine and drank it down.

For over twenty years, he had never allowed himself to get drunk.

Byrne actually had an inward aversion to the messy state of being completely drunk, unable to control his consciousness.

To him, that condition—devoid of almost all reason—seemed even more terrifying than the temporary loss of Consecution power.

“I’m sorry, Theo...”

“No matter how hard I try, I can’t handle everything; I can only do what I’m supposed to do within the scope of power I can reach.”

Those who had participated in the downfall of the Kesse family, including Vanessa, each received a reward of fifty Gold Coins.

They might not care, or even feel that taking part in a battle for the Fischer family was a matter of course, but Byrne knew he absolutely could not fail to provide a reward.

Byrne had read many history books, and many dissatisfactions or even betrayals in history often sprouted from the smallest grievances.

The takeover of Kesse territories began immediately.

The nearby Leander family, and even the more distant Garcia family, were taken by surprise; the Fischer family had already swiftly occupied several villages.

Two knight clans affiliated with the Kesse family tried to resist, even hoping to seek refuge with the Garcia family, but the Fischer family did not go easy on them, sending them to meet Baron Kesse without delay.

Meanwhile, one knight clan fled with their entire family, leaving the jurisdiction of the four towns, while another knight clan chose to submit to the Fischer.

They were the Abbot knight family, who had a pair of sibling Bloodline Knights in their thirties.

The Kesse family had long wanted to swallow the Abbott family’s fortunes, so their dissatisfaction was preexistent, and they strongly supported the Fischer’s actions.

The greedy actions of the Fischer family soon shocked all the clans in the region of the four towns.

Baron Leander wrote a letter to Byrne, expressing great surprise at the sudden fall of the Kesse family, followed by a condemnation of the despicable Sea God Cult.

He also hoped to gain control of a village, thinking the two families could more or less be considered allies, and that he, after all, had the merit of “guiding” the Fischer family.

But Byrne ignored the letter outright, finding Baron Leander’s tone rather amusing.

In his study, Byrne summoned Vanessa to entrust her with an important task.

“Vanessa, there’s something I need you to handle. Remember, it must be done well.”

He spoke with all seriousness, “All the spoils we’ve gathered from the Kesse family these days, including those Mysterious rare artifacts and valuable jewels, are to be sent as gifts to the Lion clan.”

“Just say, it’s to thank them for their guidance on establishing the Fischer’s factories in town.”

Vanessa wasn’t at all surprised and inquired slightly bowing, “Do we send a third or half, my lord?”

“All of it.”

Byrne spoke without hesitation, emphasizing his tone deliberately.

Several days later, the downfall of the Kesse family as well as the Fischer family’s movements became known.

But what truly shocked people was the disappearance of a town in the southern part of the East Coast Province.

It vanished into thin air, leaving no trace in the world, and the name of the “culprit” behind this frightening sacrifice by the evil cultists quickly spread.

“The Lost follower!”

A few days passed,

A arrogant carriage from the Garcia family slowly arrived in Nasir Town, blatantly ignoring the welcoming party, and drove straight to the Fischer’s doorstep, intent on demanding justice.

However, when they saw the carriages parked outside adorned with the emblems of the Lion clan, they silently drove away from Nasir Town.

Never to return.

Chapter 118: Chapter 114: The War Begins

Although the King of Cyart had tried to emulate the most powerful Lorne Empire by establishing a national standing army and gradually building the concept of a nation-state, he had no way to reclaim the numerous noble lands and their military forces.

The power of the local nobility in the various provinces remained extremely large; they even usurped the fruits of reform, taking direct control of the standing army's forces and continued to exist as familial local warlords.

Within Cyart, the most powerful families with the largest landholdings included the eight great noble families, among which was the Royal Family itself.

Most of Cyart Kingdom's land was, in fact, directly or indirectly under the control of these eight great noble families.

Actually, the Eastern Four Kingdoms, including Cyart, Rhea, Vallere, and Carnia, were established by ten great families expelled from the central continent by the Lorne citizens.

The eight great noble families of Cyart, along with two other great noble families from the other eastern countries, had been continuously waging wars and forming marriage alliances for a hundred years, standing tall and ruling over the many lesser nobles.

They were collectively referred to as the "Ten Great Pillars" of the Ouden Continent's East.

Even the Royal Families of the Eastern Four Kingdoms were actually the strongest among the Ten Great Pillars.

Because of the repeated acts of sabotage by the Sea God Cult in the East Coast Province, both the Tempest Church and the Cyart Royal Family had reached the end of their patience.

They were determined to completely eradicate the Sea God Cult lurking in the White Sea region.

However, although the Sea God Cult was not considered a formidable force on land, conducting an extermination campaign against them at sea was extremely difficult, and Cyart would have to muster the full strength of the nation and make thorough preparations.

A year quickly passed.

The war, jointly organized and prepared by the Tempest Church and the East Coast Governor, finally began, with not only the Cyart Royal Army under the governor's banner taking the field, but also the private armies of various nobles, which were forcibly conscripted as the main force.

Earl Hovern, the Governor of the East Coast, was indeed the head of the Hovern family branch in Cyart, one of the "Ten Great Pillars."

The Hovern family, also known as the “Shattered Giant clan,” possessed several powers of Bloodline, the strongest of which was “Demi-God Bloodline·Shattered Giant.”

Within the Eastern Four Kingdoms, the largest branch of the Hovern family in the north of Carnia had wiped out all opposition within its borders and became the Royal Family of Carnia decades ago.

The most powerful Earl Hovern on the East Coast covertly supported the Eagle clan, allowing them to rival the Lion clan, and it was common knowledge that one of the “Ten Great Pillars” also supported the Lion clan, although few knew exactly which one.

Nasir Town.

In the reception room of Fischer Manor, Byrne respectfully conversed with a key member of the Lion clan.

He was in his thirties, of average build, dressed in a Cyart black military uniform, clean-shaven, and his gaze was always serious.

“Let’s leave it there for now, I should be going,” said Abel Leone, putting down his red tea and shaking his head.

He was the most outstanding among the many cousins of Viscount Bast, a lieutenant colonel in the Cyart Royal Army, and also a powerful Bloodline Knight who had successfully reached the high-level Transmutation.

Byrne smiled and said in a tone laced with respect,

“Regarding the supply of medicines and food, the Fischer family is very willing to cooperate with the military. By the way, there are some gifts that I brought for you and Lord Viscount, and I do hope Lieutenant Colonel Abel can accept them.”

Although the war had already started, the Fischer family had not taken to the battlefield.

Because the family owned food processing and pharmaceutical plants and, with the relationship with the Lion clan, they naturally took on a small part of the war’s logistical tasks.

Even though the Royal Army of Cyart was ostensibly controlled by Earl Hovern, who was at odds with the Lion clan, he was not someone who could control everything within the forces.

There were two key reasons for this, the first being that the Hovern family within Cyart was struggling to make ends meet.

Earl Hovern, the sole inheritor capable of activating the “Shattered Giant” Bloodline, was once thought to potentially possess Monarch Level strength.

It wasn't until a year ago that Earl Hovern's true level was accidentally exposed; what was thought to be the formidable presence of a Monarch powerful expert was actually just a disguise made possible by his Bloodline traits.

Earl Hovern's true strength was only at the peak of Level 2, “Metamorphosis Phase,” and although only a step away from Monarch Level, of ten individuals who reached “Metamorphosis Phase,” not even one might actually become a mid-level Monarch.

According to Cyart's rules, if a family member failed to become an Extraordinary Exponent at the Monarch Level within fifty years, the corresponding title of great nobility would be reclaimed by the Royal Family.

The last person in Cyart's Hovern family to reach Monarch Level was Earl Hovern's grandfather, who had been deceased for twenty-five years already.

That meant if Earl Hovern could not breakthrough to Monarch Level within the next twenty-five years, his earl title would be reclaimed, and the entire family's rights and status would crumble.

The second key reason was that over the past year, Byrne had come to understand the true backer of the Lion clan.

It turned out that Viscount Bast was actually the representative of the Romann family in the East Coast Province.

Round and round, it turns out the Fischer family was still a vassal's vassal of the Romann family.

But then again, the Romann family itself was almost unaware of Fischer's existence, which confirmed a well-known saying about vassal relationships.

The “Dark Night” Romann family's power was immense, ranking second among Cyart's eight great noble families, with its heritage and strength only second to the Royal Family of the Adley family.

The Duke Black Iron of the Romann family was also a top-tier powerhouse who had reached the mid-level Monarch Level.

Among the eight great noble families of Cyart, aside from the Royal Family, only three top families—the “Dark Night” Romann family, the “Fog” Abernathy family, and the “Flaming Blood” Castleton family—possessed powerful experts at the mid-level Monarch Level.

"I can accept the gift, but you must handle the matter properly," said Abel Leone as he slowly stood up, and before leaving, he still instructed sternly:

"I have already given you the orders for food and medicine. The next time I come, I will bring people with the funds to pay for the orders."

"My cousin has great trust in you and hopes that when the time comes, you can deliver successfully, and the quality must not be poor, understood? The Royal Army entrusting part of the military supplies production to you is the guaranty made by the Lion clan."

"This matter is of great importance!"

Byrne understood very well what Abel was saying. They were able to take on some of the military supplies orders entirely because of the Lion clan's favor; otherwise, they wouldn't qualify at all.

Moreover, not only did they need to ensure the quality of the military supplies, but most of the profits they would gain afterward would have to be handed over to the Lion clan.

Every small family attached to the Lion clan would make offerings, and naturally, a significant portion of the benefits the Lion clan acquired would be offered up to the Romann family.

"Fischer's factories will certainly not drag behind. Everything on the order will be manufactured to the highest specifications. We're not fools and will definitely not entertain any crooked ideas on these matters," Byrne promised solemnly, and Abel Leone finally left, satisfied.

Smiling, he personally saw off the officer from the Lion clan, and it wasn't until Lieutenant Colonel Abel had completely left Nasir Town that Byrne finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He was now very clear about the strength of the Lion clan.

Viscount Bast Leone, Lieutenant Colonel Abel Leone, and that mysterious "Black Lion."

The power they held was incomparable to ordinary viscount families, with as many as three individuals in the family who had reached high-level Transmutation.

Apart from this, the Lion clan could also enlist much assistance from churches, secret organizations, illegal Extraordinary Exponents, and even powerful support from the Romann family.

And even though Viscount Bast himself hadn't fought formally in many years, he had a brilliant track record, at one time single-handedly killing two high-level Transmutation nobles of the Rhea.

Back then, his nickname wasn't "the Fox Leading the Lions," but "the King of the Iron Blood Lion Herd."

Standing at the entrance of the town, Byrne looked up at the two dazzling suns in the sky, not turning back for a long time.

A strong desire welled up within him.

"Sooner or later, the fishermen of Nasir will sit on an equal footing with the powerful lions," he thought.

The two factories in Nasir Town bustled with production, aiming to complete the Royal Army's orders successfully, the Fischer family chose to recruit additional workers and expand.

In one year's time, the population gathered in this port town had been increasingly growing, and the war attracted even more people.

When the Royal Army's order was successfully delivered, everyone in the Fischer family jumped for joy.

Even after deducting the share that had to be offered to the Lion clan, they still made a net profit of three thousand five hundred Gold Coins, an unprecedentedly significant gain!

Irene felt that the family hadn't held a sufficiently formal sacrifice for a long time, so she instructed Byrne to go to the Alchemy Council on the surface level to purchase one or two Mysterious rare artifacts of treasure grade as offerings.

"The Fischer family is thriving now, surely because the gods have blessed us all along. We must thank the great Lord of the Lost," she said.

About ten days later, Byrne returned from Fein City with two Mysterious rare artifacts of treasure grade. The three thousand Gold Coins he had taken with him were all spent.

The grateful sacrifice ceremony to the Lord of the Lost was once again initiated, and the seven core members of the Fischer family gathered in the basement.

Kneeling on the ground, Irene took out two distinctly different Mysterious rare artifacts of treasure grade with the utmost respect: one was a silver-gray ring emitting a red glow, the "Silver Gray Method," and the other was a purple ribbon twisting like a snake, the "Spirit Snake."

"Great Lord of the Lost, the Fischer family is filled with sincere gratitude towards you. I present to you two precious offerings, hoping to exchange for a moment of your joyful pleasure," she said.

Chapter 119: Chapter 115 Infiltration Plan

In the basement, the candle flames flickered slightly.

The people kneeling on the ground silently bowed their heads, and no one dared to look directly at the great black radiance of the cross within the sacred object.

Its great power was beyond doubt; any who dared to gaze upon it would feel the terrifying dichotomy of black and white heralding the end of all things.

It was as if destiny were already written, and all things were fated to their ultimate demise.

“Oh great Lord of the Lost, I offer the ‘Silver Gray Method’ and the ‘Spirit Snake’ to you! Please accept them!”

Irene’s face was full of joy and excitement, for it was the first time the Fischer family had offered two treasure-class mysterious rare artifacts at once!

She felt increasingly that she was of use to the great Lord of the Lost! He had saved us, and we would fulfill the original promise!

Karl’s incorporeal consciousness silently absorbed the spiritual power contained within the two mysterious rare artifacts.

He was filled with hunger.

It was the same for every offering.

The ‘Silver Gray Method’ and the ‘Spirit Snake’ contained decidedly different flavors.

The former tasted like the clear spring water in winter, refreshing and penetrating to the heart, while the latter resembled some kind of serpent-like animal, like a strangely chewy piece of exotic meat.

Even more spiritual power made the third seal even looser, almost to the point of breaking through, but Karl was never able to finally unveil it.

It was like having excavated all the sand under a stone, but the central part exposed was bound tightly to the earth itself, a solid stone that couldn’t be dug up by any shovel.

Even using a treasure-class mysterious rare artifact as the “shovel” to dig, he was always just a bit short of the necessary power.

Just a little bit more, with one more forbidden-class mysterious rare artifact, he was convinced he would be able to break through the third seal.

Using a forbidden-class mysterious rare artifact always required a price to be paid.

The cost for using forbidden artifacts with a four-digit number could easily be borne by mortals.

However, the price for using those with a three-digit number or less was enormously high, inducing fear from the depths of one's heart.

But unlike treasure-class mysterious rare artifacts, the forbidden-class ones were exceedingly rare, largely controlled by powerful forces and individuals.

It looks like there was no choice but to continue waiting.

Karl knew that for the current Fischer family, acquiring a forbidden-class mysterious rare artifact was doubtlessly a difficult task.

Such forbidden artifacts even had strategic value and could not be bought with money, as they were not for sale.

He then started to examine the rune power inside the two newly obtained mysterious rare artifacts.

The effect of the 'Spirit Snake' was to consume spiritual power to summon void serpents that could attack and seek enemies, but it was utterly useless to the members of the Fischer family.

Their path was one of cultivating spiritual power, and their mental power was nothing special.

Vanessa, as the only spellcaster in the family, possessed substantial mental power, but she lacked the red, complex brand and therefore couldn't obtain the grant of rune authority.

The effect of the 'Silver Gray Method' was quite interesting and even made him see things in a new light.

Its rune appearance was also a silver-gray ring emitting red light; when the user employed the 'Silver Gray Method,' they could passively see weak spots on their enemies.

The user could attack these weak points elegantly and precisely, as if performing a dangerous surgery.

Without a doubt, the effect of the 'Silver Gray Method' was extremely suitable for Chris, who was an assassin.

After deep consideration, Karl decided to dismantle the 'Iron Wall' rune and planned to reassemble it in the future. Then he granted the rune power authority of the 'Silver Gray Method' to Chris.

He proceeded to infuse the essence of the rune from the 'Iron Wall' into the 'Silver Gray Method.'

But the 'Silver Gray Method,' being of the treasure class, did not ascend in level just from that. It was only after dismantling the essence of the 'Spirit Snake' rune and also infusing it into the 'Silver Gray Method' that he saw a change.

Karl had calculated that if he infused the essence of their runes into the 'Healing' rune, it would just be slightly short of evolving, so he chose not to do so.

The 'Silver Gray Method' evolved from an ordinary rune into a spirit rune.

'Blade of Silver Radiance.'

The user could endow any weapon with the effect of 'Blade of Silver Radiance,' allowing the weapon to ignore most defense effects, and the user could also passively see weak spots on people and objects.

Chris frowned slightly, feeling the change deep within his soul with surprise.

The 'Iron Wall' that he had practiced many times but never used in actual combat had inexplicably vanished!

What followed was a completely different kind of rune power.

Chris's eyes gleamed with silver light, and the dagger he subconsciously took out gleamed likewise,

Everyone present could feel that very special and extraordinary mysterious power.

Byrne took a deep breath and smiled with satisfaction.

Irene, even more excited than her brother, couldn't help but shout, "I praise you from the bottom of my heart, great Lord of the Lost, thank you for your generous gift to Chris!"

Vanessa and the others were also happy for Chris, but she was a bit worried, feeling that the gap between herself and Chris was growing wider.

'Blade of Silver Radiance,' evolved from a treasure-class rune, possessed power even greater than 'Surpass' and 'Iron Wall.'

Chapter 120: Chapter 115 Infiltration Plan_2

Nowadays, Chris could kill Baron Kesse, known for his defensive power, more easily than Byrne, and if he chose to ambush, he could even achieve a one-hit kill!

A few months later, Chris celebrated his fifteenth birthday.

Meanwhile, the once younger Byrne Fischer was about to step into his thirties.

There were still seven years left until the peace treaty deadline between the Cyart people and the Rhea people.

The war between the Tempest Church and the Sea God Cult continued, but due to the vast number of islands at sea, progress was extremely slow.

As Byrne had not yet felt the fertility limitations set by the gods for the Extraordinary Exponents, Irene kept urging him to find a way to woo back Margaret and have another child.

However, even though Margaret returned each month to visit the children for a few days, she would not stay long in Nasir Town.

She and Byrne behaved very amiably toward each other, with no more arguments, and she no longer inquired into the affairs of the Fischer family or their children, as if the two had found the best mode of coexistence.

Byrne and Irene left Fischer Manor in the night and took a carriage driven by Theo to the Daybreak Orphanage in Nasir Town.

In the courtyard of the orphanage, four youths waited somewhat nervously for their arrival.

The most charismatic blond youth was Carlyle Yeager, who had just turned eighteen.

His blond hair was clad in a white tailcoat, his features were delicate, and his smile was cordial and friendly, always giving the impression of basking in the spring breeze.

Yeager hailed from Fein City, and was the oldest orphan Irene had taken in, even a year older than Vanessa, surpassing others in both intelligence and demeanor.

He smiled at the other three and squinted his eyes as he asked,

“We leave tomorrow, are you excited? If I remember correctly, this will be your first time in Fein City, right?”

Among the others, the tall youth with brownish-red eyes and cropped hair, Savoie, immediately became displeased.

Savoie glared at Yeager and gritted his teeth, "What about it being our first time in Fein City?"

"We all come from the Daybreak Orphanage in Nasir Town, unlike you, who's seen and known much more in Fein City, but if you look down on us, I'm going to beat you up!"

Yeager was not at all intimidated by Savoie's gritted teeth, and laughed heartily:

"Don't mind! Actually, these past few days are my first time in Nasir as well. What I mean is, we all have our firsts, and actually, I've always been curious about the place where the Fischer family originated."

"I'm quite envious of you for being able to see Hospital Director Irene and Mr. Byrne often."

Savoie frowned tightly, quite annoyed by Yeager's noble-like tone.

He could vaguely sense that Yeager actually looked down on them, and Savoie was well aware that his intuition was always accurate.

Even Mr. Byrne agreed that intuition was his talent.

Feeling very annoyed, Savoie couldn't help but step forward, with Yeager seeming to be completely unaware.

"No needless violence! Remember the teachings of Hospital Director Irene!"

The only black-haired woman among the four orphans frowned and scolded the two tall males.

She was tiny Inna, only about one and a half meters tall, dressed in a light green gothic outfit with black hair under a large hat, holding a large teddy bear in her arms, with several patches that were hand-stitched by Hospital Director Irene herself.

Inna hoped that in the coming time, she would not disappoint Hospital Director Irene, and also needed to make her big sister Vanessa proud.

The only one who hadn't made a sound was Mormir, with brownish-grey hair, of average height and looks, and wearing plain black clothes that hardly distinguished him from an ordinary person.

He focused intently on the distance, waiting for the arrival of Hospital Director Irene and Mr. Byrne, clutching a lucky coin in his hand.

Hearing Inna's persuasion, Savoie silently nodded and stepped back, "Although you're a bit of a jerk, it was my mistake to speak of hitting you; Hospital Director Irene once said we shouldn't attack companions, I shouldn't forget that."

The ever-smiling Yeager didn't mind at all, saying, "You might indeed have misunderstood me, but I owe you an apology too, Savoie. I did indeed misspeak earlier, leading you to the wrong conclusion."

He paused for a moment and continued with a smile,

"By the way, I have something to tell you, tonight we'll head to the Forest Tavern in town and won't leave until we're drunk, Vanessa, Archibald, and even Erik will be there."

Apart from Yeager, the six of them were all from the Daybreak Orphanage in Nasir Town, and naturally had a good relationship.

As for Yeager, despite being from the Daybreak Orphanage in Fein City, he also had a relationship with Vanessa who had visited Fein City before.

The three of them looked at each other, and upon hearing about the alcohol, Savoie's eyes sparkled with excitement, almost too thrilled to control himself!

"Really? That's great! This time, I will definitely outdrink Archibald!"

Inna, clutching her teddy bear, swallowed hard and said in confusion, "You know, both Hospital Director Irene and Mr. Byrne don't like alcohol. Should we really be doing this?"

Mormir shook his head outright, stating indifferently, "I don't want to go. You can go if you want."

Yeager raised a finger, grinning, and said, "I'll persuade you guys later. Ah! They're coming; let's get ready to stand in place!"

After a while, Byrne and Irene arrived in the courtyard together.

Byrne gazed at the four, anxious individuals for a long time, and then spoke very steadily:

"Tomorrow, you will take a carriage, and Theo will escort you to Fein City."

"Theo will carry the recommendation letters for you, and once you arrive, you'll be entering the military academy in Fein City to acquire knowledge, make connections with nobles, and after a year, if you still wish to return to Nasir Town to serve the Fischer family, the family will welcome you back; otherwise, you are free to leave of your own volition."

After saying this, he paused for a moment, looking into the eyes of each person.

Byrne suddenly noticed something in Yeager's eyes, and it was a look similar to his father's.

He continued speaking nonetheless.

"Although the family has your 'Proof of Loyalty,' if you wish to leave without doing anything detrimental to the family, we will not use it for anything."

"In a year, you might become further estranged from the Fischer family, or you might become even more trusted within the family, entirely depending on the choices your hearts make."

After conveying the final instructions, Irene dismissed them calmly, and the excited individuals silently returned to the orphanage.

After Hospital Director Irene and Mr. Byrne had left, Yeager immediately began to persuade the others one by one.

"You guys don't plan to just sleep until tomorrow morning, do you?"

Irene said to Byrne in the carriage, "After a year, all those kids will choose to return to Nasir to become Blood Receivers."

She paused, then said with a smile, "Over the years, the only suitable candidates selected from the two orphanages are those few; the rest of the children can only be sent to less important industries."

Byrne smiled in response:

"Our requirements are indeed too high, whether it be in capability, character, or the most crucial aspect, loyalty. After repeated tests, only they remain."

"But I believe that the constant selection process is worthwhile, given the extraordinary difficulty of this plan."

Over the years, Byrne had gradually realized his differences from his father.

He wasn't adept at handling emergencies, but rather more skilled in summarizing experiences, analyzing problems, and learning from established methods.

The last encounter with members of the Garcia family had been dangerous, and Byrne had been reflecting on how to detect the movements of enemies earlier.

The Fischer family needed more intelligence.

For many years, the two Daybreak Orphanages had raised many children, but only a few were fitting to become confidants of the family.

After a family council meeting, Byrne decided to deploy some of the family's confidants externally to gradually infiltrate various industries.

It was the so-called "Infiltration Plan."

Yeager was clever and well-tempered, and also the descendant of a fallen knight clan, therefore Byrne would recommend him for a position in the Fein City hall through a mentor at the military academy.

Savoie, with his tall stature and hearty temperament, coupled with a good capacity for alcohol, was very suited to join the Cyart Royal Army.

The composed Mormir would become one of the first policemen in Fein City during the transition period when the patrol squads were being restructured into a police force, thanks to connections with Renzo Leone of the Lion clan.

As for the petite Miss Inna, the Fischer family would send her to the most influential newspaper in the East Coast Province.

In the carriage, Irene's face revealed pride, and she said with a smile:

"They will make something of themselves eventually, I believe in these kids; they will be Fischer's most successful investment."

The next morning, a heavily inebriated Yeager and his companions staggered out of the tavern, miraculously arriving on time outside Fischer Manor, awkwardly waiting for Mr. Theo's carriage.

Then, they all sobbed as Irene gave them a fierce lecture!