

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

### **#Chapter 131: 140 Trading Sunshine (Please vote for monthly tickets!) - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 131: 125 Trading Sunshine (Please vote for monthly tickets!)**

Chapter 131: Chapter 125 Trading Sunshine (Please vote for monthly tickets!)

“Very good, we all survived again,”

At the Alchemy Council, “Solar Gold”, who sat near the Chairman, was still the first to speak, his tone majestic and expansive, still possessing the solidity of a mountain.

Byrne remained silent, calmly reminiscing about everyone’s situation deep inside his heart.

“Solar Gold” was second only to the Chairman in status and was privy to information about the Lorne citizens. He also trafficked knowledge of the Spirit Realm and was very likely a well-informed important person, perhaps even a top-tier powerhouse at the Monarch Level!

“Spirit Essence” was a silent, petite woman seated third in the Alchemy Council. She could casually produce a Class 4 Extraordinary Material “meteor shard”, undoubtedly also a formidable figure.

Then there were the old voice of “Time Stasis Stone”, the young voice of “Moon River Stone”, and the female “Star Metal”, who was persistent in searching for the Lost followers.

Byrne was very clear about one thing, although “Time Stasis Stone” and “Moon River Stone” sounded old and young respectively, in reality, they might not be an old person and a young person at all.

Without a doubt, everyone present could easily disguise all sorts of external characteristics; they could even fake the gender they presented.

To be honest, Byrne still couldn’t understand why Viscount Bast would bring him to such a high-level gathering of Extraordinary Exponents.

Whether regarding confidant level or personal strength, he was far from ranking among the “supporters of the Lion”.

Although he couldn't fathom it, he still remembered that three years ago, Viscount Bast explicitly stated that he wanted to utilize some kind of value from him.

After all, what exactly did Viscount Bast value in him?

Byrne had pondered this matter for years and also knew he had to be wary of Viscount Bast to avoid being used as some kind of sacrifice.

Regrettably, up to this day, despite the Fischer family having greatly benefited from the Lion clan, Byrne still didn't have the answer to Viscount Bast's riddle.

Then he could only continue to take advantage of the benefits.

Once again, the Chairman in a purple robe, whose features remained completely unclear, slowly spoke in a non-human, strange voice:

"You may proceed with the exchange."

"Star Metal" in a light blue robe sighed softly and slowly said:

"Alas, another three years have passed, yet I still haven't found anyone from the Lost Cult. They're really too good at hiding. However, I did find some traces left by Last Blood."

She seemed extremely dejected, as if the inability to find the Lost followers was akin to losing hope in life.

Byrne only felt a bit fearful, not understanding why "Star Metal" was so obsessed with the Lost followers, never giving up over the years. Couldn't she change her life's goal?

"Star Metal" mentioned this "Last Blood"; what was it?

"Last Blood!"

Upon hearing "Last Blood", the elderly "Time Stasis Stone" was surprisingly the first to exclaim, his voice filled with apprehension, as if "Last Blood" was a very terrifying secret organization.

Byrne made a timely comment that fit his role as the newcomer.

"Last Blood, what is that? I've never heard of it. Is it some kind of secret organization?"

"Moon River Stone" replied in a calm, youthful voice:

"Last Blood is a secret organization that worships the false god 'Witch of Demise'. It has been in existence for thousands of years. They have three leaders passed down

through generations, each holding a drop of the ‘Witch of Demise’s blood, also known as ‘Last Blood’.”

He paused, lowering his voice to say:

“According to the church canon, each drop of ‘Last Blood’ possesses vastly different powers of formidable strength, almost equal to those of forbidden relics with single-digit numbering.”

“More importantly, members of Last Blood can use them without a personal cost, only requiring the offering of sufficient sacrifices.”

An ancient organization existing for thousands of years, worshiping the false god “Witch of Demise”, Byrne silently noted the information about “Last Blood”.

He felt that the Eastern Four Kingdoms were becoming more chaotic. It seemed like after the oppressive power of the major churches weakened, various secret organizations unheard of before were gradually emerging.

It was clear that this was no good sign.

Actually, Byrne feared those who did not abide by order and rules, who could go on a killing spree at any moment “colleagues”—more than the churches and nobles out in the open.

“I have something to trade with you, it’s a new Alchemy Technology from Lorne people, a method to store sunlight in bottles, quite fascinating.”

“Solar Gold’s” voice was robust and powerful, the new technology making many in the Alchemy Council pause.

Byrne asked, not understanding, “There’s technology to store sunlight in bottles? I only knew that Lorne and Qi Yao People have ways to infuse sunlight into metal, to create what’s called ‘Solar Gold’.”

“Haha, indeed, my codename ‘Solar Gold’ stems from exactly that phenomenon.”

“Solar Gold” laughed heartily, continuing:

“Yes, for a long time, Lorne people and those above the Aphotic Sea have had trade relations. They exchange ‘Solar Gold’ for many important resources from the Aphotic Sea regions.”

“Solar Gold” nodded, a transparent glass bottle appeared in his hand, and surprisingly a gentle golden glow was floating at its center, undoubtedly physical sunlight:

“Now, the technology of Lorne people has advanced even further; they can now bottle sunlight, making the business of selling sunlight far easier from now on.”

He continued to smile, his voice rich and deep, “The emergence of the Spirit Realm has driven many to madness, mutation, and death, yet it has also spurred continuous technological innovation. I quite fancy this world where danger and opportunity coexist!”

The “Solar Gold” trade, which has existed for a long time over the Aphotic Sea, is exceedingly famous.

That sea area is a rather special one among the Nine Seas, perpetually devoid of sunlight, with most regions blanketed in darkness. Many citizens of the Aphotic Sea might even go a lifetime without ever seeing the sun.

The wealthy nobles of the Aphotic Sea are willing to pay a high price to obtain physical sunlight, to witness its bloom in the darkness and to feel that much-desired warmth.

For hundreds of years, Lorne and the Qi Yao People, who have mastered the technology of “Solar Gold”, would infuse sunlight into the metal, then take it to sea over the Aphotic Sea, selling the Solar Gold to the nobility among the sea folk.

“Solar Gold” is cumbersome to produce and costly, ultimately only a minority of Aphotic Sea people can afford it.

But new technology that bottles physical sunlight could potentially change everything, and even allow the common people of the Aphotic Sea to afford sunlight.

Below the White Sea lies the Aphotic Sea. Having read about the Solar Gold trade, Byrne was well aware of how lucrative the business of selling sunlight could be, especially since Nasir Town was also a port town.

He was tempted immediately.

“I want to trade.”

“So do I.”

“And me.”

The second and the third voices belonged to “Moon River Stone” and “Star Metal”, and they were both obviously very interested in this revolutionary new storage technology.

However, Byrne quickly felt embarrassed.

He was somewhat unable to offer enough stakes for payment; “Moon River Stone” and “Star Metal” had each put forward a Class 4 Extraordinary Material.

Not to mention Class 4 Extraordinary Materials, even Class 3 Extraordinary Materials were highly valuable for the Fischer family; it seemed that trade was still possible only for knowledge of the Spirit Realm.

“Knowledge of the Spirit Realm, that’s good, give it to me.”

“Solar Gold” was clearly very interested in all knowledge of the Spirit Realm.

Byrne shook his head and said,

“But I have a condition. The knowledge of the Spirit Realm I’m about to give you is very precious; you must give me another Class 4 Extraordinary Material in return.”

“Oh? That’s not out of the question, but I need to see what this knowledge of the Spirit Realm you write down is first.”

“Solar Gold” hadn’t completely refused, but also hadn’t fully agreed.

“That’s fine, you can look at it first, and then we’ll re-establish the price.”

So Byrne nodded, silently wrote down the precious knowledge of the Spirit Realm, and traded it to “Solar Gold”.

The content included information about the special, mysterious effects produced when Extraordinary Exponents traveled through the many different “Spiritual Gateways” in the Spirit Realm.

For example, passing through the “Gate of Shadow” might render one’s state abnormal, and if one went through the “Gate of Calamity”, one would inevitably encounter misfortune within thirty minutes, whereas those who passed through the “Gate of Revelation” could see fragments of the future related to themselves...

Since the Chairman had the power to discern lies, there was no need to worry about the authenticity of the Spirit Realm knowledge, but Byrne felt deep down that the knowledge of the Spirit Realm he was writing down on paper was being eyed by everyone, and the Chairman would end up exploiting it for free.

After reading it, “Solar Gold” nodded in satisfaction and said,

“Indeed, the content is very precious. Although most of the information is no longer secret, the remaining parts are still quite useful.”

“However, giving another Class 4 Extraordinary Material, I feel like I’m at a loss. How about I give you two Class 3 Extraordinary Materials instead, Mr. Mithril? What do you think?”

The various mysterious effects after passing through the Spiritual Gateways had gradually become common knowledge. Most of the new Spirit Realm knowledge Byrne offered was not very valuable.

After all, there were adventurers in the world every day who were not afraid of death, continuously entering and leaving the Spirit Realm. Basic knowledge would sooner or later become completely worthless.

Byrne nodded, speaking calmly, "That will do."

The other people present didn't seem to have any intention of trading; although everyone was unaware of what the Spirit Realm knowledge actually was, they understood from the discourse between the two that it was the type of information that would gradually become known to many.

The remaining members of the Alchemy Council seemed to currently have a low desire for exploring the Spirit Realm, not urgently wanting to acquire Spirit Realm knowledge of unclear value.

Byrne thought the trade was over, but then the elderly "Time Stasis Stone" suddenly said,

"I also want to trade for the Spirit Realm knowledge you possess, and I'm willing to give a Class 4 Extraordinary Material 'Shadow Sea Stone' as compensation."

"Deal! The trade is on!"

Byrne nodded with great joy. It was splendid to find someone willing to take the bait since basic knowledge of the Spirit Realm was sure to decrease in value!

Come to think of it, "Shadow Sea Stone" only existed atop the Aphotic Sea and the Spectral Sea, a rather rare Class 4 Extraordinary Material, yet "Time Stasis Stone" had already traded two of them without much hesitation, both with "Solar Gold" and himself.

He couldn't help pondering, could it be that "Time Stasis Stone" had many "Shadow Sea Stones" on hand?

Thus, Byrne acquired the alchemy technology for "bottled physical sunlight", two Class 3 Extraordinary Materials, "Bizarre Flower" and "Eye Fiend Spirit Brain," and a Class 4 Extraordinary Material, "Shadow Sea Stone", through the trade of Spirit Realm knowledge.

**From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty #Chapter 132:  
126: The Allure of the Distance! (Vote for Monthly  
Tickets) - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty**

## **Chapter 132: 126: The Allure of the Distance! (Vote for Monthly Tickets)**

Chapter 132: Chapter 126: The Allure of the Distance! (Vote for Monthly Tickets)

“Bizarre Flower” is a type of red-green flower closely resembling the typical “Luxury Flower” in appearance, but it softly speaks the name of anyone who touches it, belonging to the category of “bizarre plantlife” among mysterious creatures.

During transactions, it is deliberately placed inside a bottle to prevent both parties from revealing their true identities when they touch it.

“Eye Fiend Spirit Brain” and “Eye Demon Skin” are extraordinary materials produced from the mysterious creature known as “Otherworldly Life-Eye Demon.”

However, compared to the Eye Demon’s skin, the thumb-sized, deep purple spirit brain is the most valuable part of it, with each powerful Eye Demon only producing a small piece of it.

“Shadow Sea Stone” is also a peculiar type of extraordinary material, found only in the Spectral Sea and the Aphotoc Sea.

When placed in sunlight, it gradually becomes transparent and disappears, but when taken back into the shadows, it turns into a black stone again, and the sound of waves continually arises around it.

As for the technology to store sunlight, Byrne had acquired it as well; he looked at the alchemy recipe described on the paper and silently nodded his head.

It wasn’t exactly a complex technology, but no one had ever thought about it before, and many breakthroughs in alchemy happen this way.

The young “Moon River Stone” once again brought news about the Rhea People.

“The Rhea People’s civil war will fully erupt this year. The conflict between the ‘Adranus’ Meyer family and the Rhea Royal Family’s ‘Fog Wayfarer’ Abexina clan has reached the point of no return.”

“Years ago, the two families ceased hostilities due to the mediation of the World Order Church and the Salvation Church, without wiping each other out entirely. Now it seems that was merely postponing the inevitable full-scale outbreak of the conflict.”

Good news!

Upon hearing this, Byrne couldn't help but feel joy inside. He actually didn't wish for the Rhea People and the Cyart people to go to war again.

Because the East Coast Province is a natural frontline, regardless of who ultimately wins or loses the war, this place is likely to become scorched earth.

The Meyers battling the Rhea Royal Family to the point of collapse would be the ideal scenario for the Fischer family, with the Rhea People weakened to the point where they could no longer threaten the Cyart people!

At this moment, the "Spirit Essence" lady, who had been silent during the last meeting and hadn't spoken in the current one, finally spoke up.

"I want all the purple-red stones you people have; I'm willing to trade for them with things you need."

Her voice was ethereal and hollow, and besides that, there was even a strong sense of emptiness that involuntarily made Byrne frown. "Spirit Essence" seemed like an emotionless hollow doll rather than a living person.

Could it be that this "Spirit Essence" lady is truly a doll?

He pondered silently; what on earth did she want the purple-red stones for?

"Solar Gold" shook his head and said, "You want it, Spirit Essence? I'm sorry, but I've already used up last time's portion. I don't have any extra purple-red stones."

"However, if the alchemical product provided by this meeting's chairman is again that kind of purple-red stone, I might consider selling it to you."

The usually quiet Viscount Bast suddenly spoke up as if he couldn't help but remark:

"It's rare, indeed. For nine whole years, this is the first time I've heard the mysterious 'Spirit Essence' lady speak. One doesn't get many nine-year periods in a lifetime."

"Star Metal" also nodded, speaking with a voice that seemed like a mature woman's:

"Dragon Crystal, I am the same as you; this is the first time in nine years that I've heard her speak."

"Time Stasis Stone" sighed and said, "Actually, nine years is not that long. It's the endless expanse of time that is truly terrifying."

"Solar Gold" looked at the chairman and asked respectfully, "With that in mind, may I ask ahead of time, what kind of alchemical creation would you like to give us this time?"



However, the chairman just slowly shook his head and said indifferently, "I haven't created anything new, and there is no need for you to test anything for me this time."

Everyone at the meeting was taken aback, except for Byrne; they all knew the chairman's execution ability was strong, and he had always been able to present a batch of wondrous alchemical creations to everyone every three years.

The chairman failing to present a new alchemical creation this time might indicate he's encountered trouble, rather than being negligent.

Byrne quickly considered another possibility: The chairman was investing a vast amount of energy and time in preparing to create a groundbreaking alchemical creation that would take far more than three years to construct!

He felt a chill rise from deep within, unable to suppress the fear in his heart.

The purple-red stones contained so many shattered souls; every stone's creation signified the death of countless people. And if the chairman decided to create an even more powerful alchemical creation, what kind of disaster would that inflict?

Byrne shivered, feeling a deep revulsion within and a strong dissatisfaction with the chairman's willingness to slaughter extensively in the name of researching alchemy.

A majority of the members of the Alchemy Council traded with "Spirit Essence," but after much contemplation, Byrne decided to keep the purple-red stones for himself.

He felt that they could have unexpected uses.

After all the transactions had concluded, the chairman nodded gently and continued:

"The object I have been searching for, a diamond-shaped fragment that continuously emits sunlight, I've looked for it, and it's not within the Sea God Cult."

"Everyone, continue to keep an eye out in your respective countries."

He waved his hand lightly, and each person gradually vanished like flowing sand.

"That's all for this time, dismissed."

After the other members of the Alchemy Council vanished into thin air, the president who remained seated fell into a long silence before muttering to himself:

"Hmm, before the next meeting, I shall have crafted the true 'Stone of Truth'."

"The preparatory conditions this time are definitely sufficient."

Following the conclusion of the Alchemy Council meeting, Byrne returned to the manor of Viscount Bast, just in time to see Viscount Bast removing his mask.

The man in his sixties suddenly spoke.

“Prepare yourself, Byrne Fischer.”

Prepare? Byrne was taken aback, unsure of what it meant.

“The Tempest Church and the governor have already come to an agreement; the final operations against the Sea God Cult are about to start.”

Viscount Bast paused briefly, then calmly continued:

“And that old coot, Earl Hovern, our esteemed East Coast Governor, has specifically requested that the Fischer family participate on the front lines. Yours is the only noble family on the East Coast that has yet to join the battle. There are no more excuses to be made.”

The front lines!

Byrne became tense instantly. For years, under the protection of the Lion clan, the Fischer family had always managed logistics in the rear. And now, they had no choice but to serve on the front lines.

Although the annihilation war had reached a victorious stage with little chance of mishap, war meant death, and the Fischer family had to treat this as a significant test. They absolutely could not be careless or complacent.

Byrne immediately bowed deeply, saying sincerely, “Thank you for the warning, Lord Viscount Bast. The Fischer family will always remember your kindness!”

Even though he knew his relationship with Viscount Bast was one of mutual exploitation, he couldn’t help feeling grateful to him.

If not for the protection of the Lion clan, the Fischer family could have been sent to the front lines at the beginning of the war, uncertain of how many would have died.

Viscount Bast did not reply, instead, he calmly picked up a cup of tea, sipped slowly, and remarked casually:

“You’ve sold quite a bit of Spirit Realm knowledge to that ‘Solar Gold’ person again, haven’t you? The same as last time, all obtained from the Sea God followers, right?”

Byrne, well-prepared, immediately recorded the Spirit Realm knowledge he had just sold to “Solar Gold” and respectfully presented it to Viscount Bast.

“The Sea God Cult has already conducted considerable research on the Spirit Realm. This time, the knowledge I traded relates to the gates of the Spirit Realm; beyond that, there is nothing new.”

He had come to realize something important: that from now on, he could not trade Spirit Realm knowledge carelessly in the Alchemy Council.

Selling basic Spirit Realm knowledge twice might still be considered normal, but if he started to sell more, especially more secretive and rare knowledge of the Spirit Realm, it would definitely arouse Viscount Bast’s suspicion.

Viscount Bast took the paper and examined it for a while, then suddenly said, “Hmm, from now on, any information related to the Spirit Realm that you come across, you are to give it all to me, understand?”

“I understand.”

Byrne nodded lightly, sensing that Viscount Bast too harbored a desire for the powers contained within the Spirit Realm.

He suddenly asked, “By the way, do you know what the piece that the president is seeking actually is?”

Viscount Bast shook his head, slowly saying:

“I’m not sure, I just know that the item is probably of utmost importance to the president. For the sake of obtaining it, he would turn Cyart upside down without hesitation.”

—

In the cellar of Fischer Manor, Karl suddenly felt an extremely strong pull coming from a transparent bottle.

A remarkably seductive sensation, entirely different from the allure of a Mysterious rare artifact, it was clearer, more animated, and intoxicatingly mesmerizing.

It was located somewhere underwater off the coast of an island to the east!

Karl kept sensing, finally pinpointing the location of the object!

It was not a “food” imbued with Spiritual Power but something else entirely, akin to how flowers attract certain creatures to gaze and pluck, this entity, miles away, was exuding a strong allure, compelling Karl to possess it.

What exactly was that object?

Instinctively desiring to obtain it, it made him restless and uneasy; it must be something quite intriguing.

Karl couldn't resist sending mental signals to every favored member and Blood Receiver, conveying the precise location of that eastern island.

The thoughts transformed into divine edicts, resounding within the minds of every Dawn believer, and at the same time, they all became aware of the location of a small island atop the White Sea.

[In the domain of the Blazing Sun, at the ocean's abyss, seek out the Miracle, offer it unto me.]

Chapter 133: Chapter 127: Bloodline Awakening

Byrne, Irene, Chris, Darren, Lillian, Vanessa, Theo, Yeager, Archibald, Mormir...

More than a dozen core members of the Fischer family all sensed the will of the Lord, and as a favored clan of the Lord, the Fischers heard His oracle even more clearly.

"In the land of the Blazing Sun, under the deep abyss, seek the Miracle, and offer it unto me."

Byrne, still beside Viscount Bast, subtly changed his expression. He silently bowed his head in thought, committing the oracle of the Lord of the Lost firmly to memory.

The East, an island, the seabed, a Miracle...

In the courtyard of Fischer Manor, the devout Irene knelt on the ground and whispered to herself,

"The land where the Blazing Sun rises must be the White Sea to the east. Beneath one of the islands in that sea lies the object our Lord requires."

At last, the great Lord of the Lost had once again given them a clear goal. Her face lit up with fervor as she muttered with extreme devotion,

"The Fischer family must seize it! To offer it to the great Lord of the Lost!"

When Byrne returned, the Fischer family convened a new family meeting.

Upon learning that the family was about to join the front lines, Irene revealed a smile, barely able to contain her excitement, and said, "We can take this opportunity to head to the White Sea, precisely to obtain that object called the 'Miracle' that our Lord needs!"

Although, no one knew what exactly the Lord of the Lost required.

But they were all clear that it was undoubtedly an object of extreme importance; securing it would become a vital mission for the Fischer family.

Byrne looked at the overly excited Irene and fell into thought, shaking his head as he said, “I think it won’t be that easy.”

“The White Sea is filled with danger, and the threat from the Sea God Cult and the islands remains vast, not to mention the ‘Miracle’ lies beneath one of the islands, and we have no means to dive to the seabed.”

“Moreover, Irene, have you considered that we will be traveling with the army this time, with absolutely no opportunity for independent action?”

Irene lowered her head and after careful thought, she had to agree with Byrne’s considerations. She had indeed thought too little about it before.

That “Miracle,” indeed lay in a place full of danger and chaos, and the Fischer family currently had no chance of obtaining it.

Byrne continued to speak, “So, this matter can be thought about later. With only a brief two months left before the final extermination war begins, we must make ample preparations in advance.”

Irene nodded. Completely eradicating the Sea God Cult and clearing the chaos of the White Sea would not only benefit Nasir Town but also facilitate the Fischer family’s quest for the Miracle.

Byrne thought for a while, hesitated for a long time, and finally said, “Actually, before we set out for battle, I plan to do something, that is, to activate the latent bloodline powers hidden within Darren and Erik.”

“As for Lillian, she is still young; we can activate her bloodline powers later.”

In truth, years ago, the great Lord of the Lost had already bestowed a very miraculous method upon the Fischer family, capable of activating latent bloodline powers in the Spirit Realm, even allowing lower grade bloodline powers to evolve further.

Neither of these prospects had they ever heard of or even believed in—mysteries so incredible that they would surely bring calamity if they became known.

Perhaps, there are other ways in the world to evolve lower grade bloodline powers, but there likely isn’t any other method to activate latent bloodline powers into manifest ones.

For every family, the power of Bloodline is immensely precious, and the power held by the Fischer family lies in breaking the established rules.

“First is to traverse the Gate of Revelation, then enter the Gate of Calamity. By following this sequence, we can set up a temporary altar, sacrifice Class 3 Extraordinary Materials, and perform the Blood Awakening Ceremony.”

As soon as Byrne finished speaking, he heard Irene ask about something,

“The ‘Night’ you brought back to the family after killing Leander, we haven’t yet offered it to the Lord of the Lost. Should we offer it first?”

Byrne shook his head and said,

“There’s no need. The three of us have already been granted rune power by the Lord of the Lost, while Darren and Lillian are both too young to be granted any rune power.”

“I think we should keep the ‘Night’ for now. As a Treasure-class rare artifact, it might be useful in the upcoming war.”

Irene nodded, having no objections, and the three decided to proceed with the Blood Awakening Ceremony immediately.

They were to awaken the latent bloodline powers within Darren and Erik!

Darren and Lillian both inherited the bloodline powers of their maternal family, the Hoffman clan— the Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit and the Crystal Jellyfish, respectively, with the Crystal Jellyfish’s power being of a higher grade.

As for Erik, he contained a bloodline power handed down from the Ramon family, which until now has remained completely latent, with its specific name and grade unknown.

If not for the existence of the Lord of the Lost, the bloodline power passed down through generations of the Ramon family might have remained latent forever, indistinguishable from ordinary people.

Soon, both Darren and Erik were called over.

Byrne explained what was to be done. Darren appeared somewhat excited yet fearful, while Erik silently nodded, looking dependently at Byrne, willing to accept whatever decision the man before him made without objection.

Over the years, Byrne and Erik had often worked together in the alchemy workshop, spending more time with each other than Byrne had with his own children.

In Byrne’s heart, Erik was also considered his child, holding a position akin to that of a foster son.

In the past few years, Erik's mental illness had finally improved significantly. Although he did not talk more than before, his demeanor had become much more normal.

Byrne said to Chris, "Chris, you should come with us to the Spirit Realm, because after passing through the Gate of Calamity, we will surely encounter danger. With the two of us, it will be much safer."

Chris nodded, and then everyone took the dreaming potion in turn and entered the Spirit Realm together once more.

The Spirit Realm remained as magnificent and grand as ever, leaving Darren, who was there for the first time, utterly dumbfounded and deeply shocked.

"Is this the Spirit Realm?"

He suddenly saw a black cross shining in the high sky and instantly lowered his head in shock, trembling all over.

Irene shook her head, knelt on the ground, closed her eyes, and said calmly, "Great Lord of the Lost, please bless us with a smooth journey through the Spirit Realm."

Following the guidance of the Lord of the Lost, they came to the front of the Spiritual Gateway on an island of Spirituality, and this time they encountered no danger along the way.

Several members of the Fischer family looked up, and in the midst of the air, two completely different Spiritual Gateways appeared out of thin air.

The "Gate of Revelation" was a vortex that constantly changed between red and purple, emitting twinkling starlight like that of the Milky Way, and faint voices of women, old men, and children murmuring could be heard from within.

The other Spiritual Gateway was the "Gate of Conquest," a wholly blood-red vortex that radiated heat so intense it seemed as if touching it would burn one to a crisp.

Byrne took a deep breath and said, "We've arrived. Let's enter the Gate of Revelation together."

Without hesitation, they passed through the "Gate of Revelation" and arrived at another new island of Spirituality, where each of them quickly glimpsed a segment of the "future."

This was not some illusory fantasy; it was a tangible future. However, the "future" revealed by the "Gate of Revelation" was only a possibility and not guaranteed to happen.

After passing through the “Gate of Revelation,” Byrne suddenly saw a snowfield materialize before his eyes, with the aged Viscount Bast walking beside him.

He seemed very old, at least seventy years old, but his expression was one of great joy.

“Byrne, thank you!”

The future Viscount Bast seemed to have grown much closer to him than before. The old man kept waving his hands as if he were sketching something with Byrne.

After watching the future segment, Byrne’s view returned to normal, as if the momentary glimpse had been an illusion.

He sighed with relief; at least in the years to come, there was still the possibility that he and Viscount Bast could remain close friends.

Perhaps Viscount Bast’s vigorous support of the Fischer family was indeed calculating, but such scheming might not necessarily harm Byrne.

Despite this, deep down, Byrne’s sense of vigilance and unease did not dissipate.

He always feared what the unclarified “usefulness” Viscount Bast spoke of really entailed.

Byrne shook his head. Seeing that Chris and Erik showed no particular emotion, perhaps the futures they saw were insignificant fleeting moments.

And Irene was calmly smiling, seemingly not having seen anything bad.

But to Byrne’s surprise, his son Darren had become red-faced, his little eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

He could not help but ask, “Darren, what did you see?”

Darren turned pale and blurted out, “I can’t say it! Father, don’t ask! It was just something trivial!”

He absolutely could not mention that he had seen an older sister who wanted to kiss him...

Darren shook his head frantically, and as everyone exchanged looks of confusion about what the little fellow could have seen, they noticed his bowed head, the redness of his cheeks and neck, and inwardly guessed the nature of his vision, so they tacitly refrained from asking further.

After a moment of thought, Byrne still said to everyone:



“Let’s not dwell too much on the segments we saw. The Gate of Revelation only reveals one possibility of the future, so don’t believe that it will definitely happen.”

The members of the Fischer family all nodded, not allowing the future glimpses from the Gate of Revelation to shake their resolve.

Next, everyone began to search continuously for the Gate of Calamity.

And to pass through the Gate of Calamity meant surely facing a terrifying misfortune.

The Fischer family had, in the past, refrained from performing the “Blood Awakening Ceremony” because they knew that even in the outermost layer of the Spirit Realm, such a misfortune required at least a Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponent to solve, and to ensure there were no casualties, it was necessary for two Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponents to act together to be safe.

Many Extraordinary Exponents unfamiliar with the Spiritual Gateways, while exploring the Spirit Realm, would accidentally enter the Gate of Calamity, and lacking the strength to withstand the misfortune, they would die—a common fate for those in the early stages of roaming the Spirit Realm.

After a long search in the Spirit Realm, the members of the Fischer family finally found the desolate Gate of Calamity, suspended in midair, symbolizing destruction and madness.

It was a huge vortex made of many distorted gray residues, and those things kept emitting wails and screams. Merely gazing at the Gate of Calamity filled them with a very real sense of fear and despair.

Chapter 134: Chapter 128 Awakening of Blood

Erik gazed at the Spiritual Gateway formed of numerous grey remnants, feeling waves of fear deep within his heart.

If it hadn’t been for Byrne asking him to pass through that gateway, Erik would never have dared to cross over, instinctively feeling it was something not to be touched.

During the years he lived within the Fischer family, Erik had always been filled with gratitude and admiration for Byrne.

He was not only his family head but also a teacher and almost like a father.

Because he did not grow up in Nasir Town, Erik had almost no memory of his grandfather, Old Ramon; he was only on good terms with his father, Hugh.

When he learned of his father's death, Erik felt as if the sky had collapsed, his mind went blank, void of the desire to think any further.

Then, he was taken away by the people of the Fischer family, stayed in the orphanage for a short while, and was subsequently brought away by Mr. Byrne.

Erik, who had lived all his life in a remote village, couldn't understand many things about Nasir Town and instinctively feared a great family like the Fischer's.

Fortunately, after coming to the Fischer family, he didn't need to understand much. He only needed to learn about various medicines and the properties of Extraordinary materials as requested by Mr. Byrne, practice mixing potions, and help Mr. Byrne with miscellaneous chores.

Mr. Byrne was a very gentle person, much kinder than his father, who had been a blacksmith.

He also possessed a lot of knowledge and was always very composed. On the rare occasions that Erik made mistakes, he would just show a helpless smile, never resorting to any harsh scolding.

Gradually, the image of Mr. Byrne began to overlap with that of his father in the depths of Erik's heart.

He was acutely aware that his departed father was nowhere near as gentle or learned as Mr. Byrne, yet both men were equally important to him.

"Let's go, Erik."

He was startled, jolted from his thoughts, and saw Mr. Byrne gazing at him with a smile.

"Okay!"

Erik nodded hastily in reply, and followed the people of the Fischer family through the Gate of Calamity, while he also stole a glance at Darren's figure.

He actually envied Darren, who was born with the Fischer family's Bloodline, while he could never truly become Byrne's genuine offspring.

But Erik was merely envious; he harbored no jealousy whatsoever, instead hoping that Darren as Byrne's son would grow up smoothly.

Otherwise, the emotionally invested Byrne would surely be particularly saddened.

Everyone except the fearless Irene held their breath in silence, passing through the Gate of Calamity one by one, with ten-year-old Darren following at the end.

He was afraid of the despair and fear that the gateway brought, but still clenched his teeth, silently reminding himself to be strong, to become a man who could protect his sister, to become like his father.

In the end, Darren closed his eyes and rushed through.

“We’re through!”

After getting past the Gate of Calamity, Darren saw the figures of the others and let out a sigh of relief.

Then, instinctively, his gaze was drawn to his surroundings—everywhere was scorched as if it had been blasted by Blazing Fire for several days and nights, a ghastly, charred landscape.

What place was this?

Darren felt fear rising from within him and had to forcibly endure it.

“Prepare for battle!”

He suddenly heard his father, Byrne, who stood in front of everyone, bellowing.

“Darren, don’t wander off; stay right beside me.”

Aunt Irene stood by him calmly, responsible for his protection, while Uncle Chris, expressionless, extended his hand and pointed out the position of the enemy immediately.

Darren stared in shock as creatures that resembled reanimated corpses crawled out of the scorched earth, black and covered with burning ashes, eyeless yet with gaping mouths, screeching as they charged toward the group.

He felt utterly tense, too nervous to move from his spot, watching the people of the Fischer family engage in battle with the creatures.

Even the still-youthful Erik was fighting using the Power of Consecution of a “Craftsman,” while he himself was useless.

If only I could be of some help. I’ve promised my sister many times that I would become someone who could protect her!

For the first time, the thought “It would be great if I had strong Extraordinary power too” crossed Darren’s mind, growing rapidly intense.

Even with such thoughts, he could only stand by and watch the battle from start to finish.

The scorched-earth corpses were completely unaffected by fire, but they could still be destroyed by regular attacks. Although their fire-resistant capabilities made it quite troublesome for Byrne to deal with, with Chris there, the few people from the Fischer family ultimately finished the fight unscathed.

Darren noticed that Uncle Chris was very powerful. The blades he wielded in both hands emitted silver light, and each strike vanquished a creature!

Of course, it was actually his own father who was the most formidable!

He admired his father immensely, always finding a sense of pride in being a member of the Fischer family and the son of Baron Byrne.

According to the people of Nasir Town, his father had risen from a commoner to a knight, and then from a knight to a true nobleman, almost single-handedly lifting the Fischer family to its present state. Everyone spoke of his father with deep respect.

Darren silently vowed to himself that he would definitely become a man like his father!

After dealing with those monsters, Byrne finally breathed a sigh of relief. As expected, it was a “calamity”; they could each disregard fire!

“Thank goodness for Chris, things would have been tricky if it were only me,” he mused.

He fell into deep thought.

Facing monsters that were completely unafraid of flames was undoubtedly a huge weakness for him; he had to find a way to improve.

However, more important than this, the next matter to attend to was the “Blood Awakening Ceremony”.

Irene took a deep breath, feeling some excitement, knowing it was her turn to take the stage.

The ritual to activate latent bloodline powers was nothing short of a miracle!

And for her to manifest the miracle of the Lord of the Lost was a wonderful thing indeed.

Irene recalled the mysterious knowledge in her mind, bit her finger, and began to draw a complex temporary altar on the ground with her fresh blood.

The traces drawn on the ground combined to form a complex pattern that was identical to the intricate brand on the backs of the hands of Fischer blood relatives.

“Darren Fischer, Erik Ramon, come forward,” she said slowly.

After she finished speaking, Darren and Erik stepped forward without hesitation.

The two boys, one younger and one older, widened their eyes, both appearing very nervous at the moment. This experience was something they had never had before.

Irene began to chant, and then continuously took out Extraordinary materials she had brought from the present world, one by one casting them into the temporary altar.

The materials needed for the “Blood Awakening Ceremony” were “phantom flower,” “purple blood worm,” “soul crystal,” and “dragon crystal stone.”

Because there were two people undergoing the ritual, they had prepared double the amount of Extraordinary materials in advance.

The blood-drawn patterns on the temporary altar began to emit a red glow, like boiling blood flowing, and those Class 1 and Class 2 Extraordinary Materials turned into faint specks of light and vanished in an instant!

Irene prayed with absolute devotion.

“Great Lord of the Lost, please bestow upon us the strong powers contained within our bloodlines, guide the Fischer family to change the old world, and seize the power that should not be held!”

The blood-colored patterns on the ground boiled more intensely, and Darren and Erik immediately felt a stabbing pain throughout their bodies.

Just as they were about to cry out instinctively, the pain suddenly vanished, and then, Darren and Erik felt as if they could sense their own blood, discovering a warm current flowing throughout their bodies.

In a daze, Darren and Erik seemed to see their ancestors, but the vision was extremely vague and unclear, only the whispers in their ears were clear enough.

“Children of giants,” “The world is about to be destroyed,” “Andersen,” “Awakening”...

They could not comprehend what they were seeing and hearing.

The power of Bloodline was awakened within Darren and Erik!

It was like a Mysterious substance truly existing inside their bodies, something Bloodline Knights found difficult to clearly describe to others, yet they could always feel it.

If Spirituality were like a serene lake in the depths of the soul, then the power of Bloodline was like streams coursing through the body, with the life force in the flesh always flowing, never truly ceasing.

That was the Extraordinary power that had been passed down through the bloodlines!

Although Darren and Erik had not yet had the chance to increase their bloodline power through training and consuming Magic Potions, their bloodline powers had truly shifted from latent to manifest.

The source of Darren's bloodline power was the common magic beast "Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit," endowed with the power to control flames and a robust life force, while Erik's bloodline power source was the high-level magic beast "Brass Earth Dragon," renowned for its astonishing defensive power.

Both boys had huge joy evident on their faces, the two, one young and one a bit older, were incredibly excited. Without a doubt, what happened to them was a miracle!

The two boys knelt down, continually praising the great Lord of the Lost.

Darren, who had been previously filled with fear towards the Lord of the Lost, now gradually transitioned to pure awe.

For many years, it was common knowledge that bloodline powers were innate, and that there was no way to acquire them later in life. Yet now, this common knowledge was shattered!

Just as spellcasting talent and Power of Consecution were compatible, bloodline powers and Power of Consecution could also coexist.

For a long time, the Fischer family lacked true Bloodline Knights with control over bloodline powers, but now that had changed!

Byrne couldn't help but smile, a sense of longing also bubbling up within him.

Even if his own generation's prospects were limited, as long as the Fischer family continued generation after generation, sooner or later, they too could become one of the top families on the continent.

Chapter 135: Chapter 129: Legend

The port in Nasir Town was simply too small; most of the warships of Cyart headed to the White Sea and the Aphotic Sea set sail from Phelps Port in the Southern East Coast Province.

The Four Towns region was located in the northeastern part of the East Coast Province, while Fein City, Zeya Town, and Sunrise Lake were in the middle region of the East Coast Province.

Phelps Port was the core of the Southern East Coast Province and also the second largest port of the Cyart Kingdom. In recent years, due to its geographical advantages, it had rapidly developed, vaguely taking the form of an emerging city.

It wouldn't take many years for Phelps Port to become the second East Coast city beside Fein City, and it's not impossible for it to surpass Fein City in the future.

Although Phelps Port had many good aspects, there was one that was very unfavorable for the Fischer family: the local noble family was the Eagle clan.

The longstanding struggle between the Eagle and the Lion was now widely known, even among the common folk of the East Coast.

The allies and supporters of both sides were being assassinated by their enemies, and the situation was escalating dangerously, making everyone feel unsafe.

Backing the Eagle was Earl Hovern, the East Coast Governor, and the Hovern family, whereas the Lion was supported by the Romann family, second only to the Royal Family, and the towering Duke Black Iron at the pinnacle of national power.

The influence of the Hovern family within the country was far less than that of the Romann family, yet the Romann family had very little sway in the East Coast Province, and they did not focus on this side at all, hardly offering distractions to aid the Lion clan.

The Fischer family brought along a total of 120 soldiers, most of them were restructured family guards, and a small part who handled miscellaneous chores consisted of temporarily recruited personnel.

The warm sea breeze blew over, and a vast blue ocean stretched out to the distant horizon, meeting the white sky.

Around them, one ship after another gradually set out to sea, as they boarded an alchemical Type-7 battle barque rented from the Lion clan and gazed up at the blue skies and seas of Phelps Port.

"It's huge! This port is really massive!"

Chris's deputy for dirty work, the tall Archibald, expressed his joy and excitement with a beaming face.

He looked towards Chris and couldn't help shouting out,

"Phelps Port is so much bigger than Nasir Town! It feels just as good as Fein City! Someday, Nasir will develop like this too, right?"

"Chris, if the Fischer family has money in the future, should we contribute to expanding the port of Nasir? I bet it would be super profitable!"

Chris remained silent, completely ignoring Archibald's endless chatter.

In fact, when he was looking for a deputy from the orphanage, he had wanted someone who could speak for him so that he wouldn't have to make the effort himself.

However, Chris had not anticipated that Archibald would be such a chatterbox, never stopping.

Yeager, Mormir, Savoie, Inna, the four Blood Receivers from Daybreak Orphanage, and Moore Shelby, the head of the Dagger Brotherhood, did not participate in this war because the Fischer family did not want their acquisition of extraordinary powers to be exposed to the world.

From now on, the Fischer family would not have many new Extraordinary Exponents in public, partly to avoid drawing attention and partly to allow them to act in secret for the family.

Members of the Fischer family with extraordinary power, including the Abbot knight family, Knight Verne family, and Elder Aaron of the silver descendants clan, had all come.

Within the family, the only Extraordinary Exponent left in Nasir Town with the children was Vanessa.

Because she was pregnant.

After getting married, Chris often took Vanessa to various places around the town for secret "entertainment" day and night, ensuring no one would notice their actions.

At first, Vanessa was quite resistant, afraid of being seen, but later she grew accustomed to it.

Fortunately, Chris was very skilled at concealment, and their activities had never been discovered, making them increasingly bold.



With the youthful vitality of the young couple, it didn't take long for Vanessa to get pregnant.

Through the "healing" runes, Irene could vaguely sense that Vanessa was carrying twins.

In total, there were eleven Extraordinary Exponents from the Fischer family participating in the war, with the main combatants being Byrne and Chris, of course. Irene, too, carefully carried a sacred object with her, serving as a hidden trump card.

The alchemical Type-7 battle barque gradually moved away from Phelps Port and soon entered the White Sea.

The White Sea was the safest and largest of the Claud World's Nine Seas, located to the east of the Ouden Continent, with an area nearly as vast as the continent itself.

Countless islands of all sizes were scattered across the White Sea, mostly inhabited by human beings and Winged Folk on the inhabitable islands, who generally lacked civilized upbringing and were fierce and violent in nature.

Many island residents would be wiped out in the struggle for resources, and successors would gradually multiply a new population, only to continue the cycle of killing with newcomers, a loop that had never been broken.

In the heyday of the Sea God Cult a thousand years ago, they had a tremendous force in the White Sea, with numerous Monarch Level powerhouses, and even a terrifying being who had reached the Heavenly Enlightenment Level.

Back then, the White Sea region was much more civilized than today, but times have changed, and all the former glory has since faded away.

"Be careful, pay attention when moving stuff!"

Onboard, the Guards Captain Theo, who was once a boatswain, furrowed his brows, busy commanding everyone on their tasks.

He had once vowed never to set sail again, but the dual mandates of the Church and the law decreed that unless there were special circumstances such as pregnancy, adult Extraordinary Exponents with high-standard treatment could not avoid the summonses to war.

Since Theo was incapable of becoming pregnant, he had no choice but to follow his family onto the military ship.

However, he was quite satisfied with the ship.

It was one hundred and fifty feet in length, with forty-four canons and a displacement of eight hundred tons, its crew numbered two hundred and fifty; strengthened by the alchemy inscribed on the bottom of the ship to enhance its overall propulsion and defensive power, it was mainly used for attacking maritime merchant ships, long-range patrolling, and serving as the vanguard.

For an old sailor, the thrill of steering a military ship leased from the Lion clan felt absolutely amazing, even more satisfying than the moment he acquired his extraordinary power!

In recent years, Theo, now in his fifties, managed to have another daughter, and his entire family had already moved close to Fischer Manor, to prevent the recurrence of past events.

In the captain's room, Byrne held a sea chart, calling the other ten Extraordinary Exponents aboard to introduce them to some information about the White Sea.

"There are currently three major powers on the White Sea, and the Sea God Cult is the smallest of them. The other two powers are the indigenous sub-humans, the Winged Folk of the White Sea, and the glacier inhabitants living on the edge of the great glacier—never provoke them."

Members of the Fischer family listened silently by the side.

Byrne continued to speak:

"However, their sphere of influence is far from the coast of the Ouden Continent; under normal circumstances, if we do not venture deep into the White Sea, we will never encounter them."

The silver descendant elder Aaron stood by the side, deep in thought; he had recently been preparing to strike at the Transmutation Level.

Should he succeed, Aaron might be able to vie for the position of the elder of all silver descendants on the East Coast, greatly increasing the power he wielded.

With his arms crossed over his chest, he gazed at Byrne and asked:

"I've heard of the Winged Folk, apparently the largest branch among the half-orcs, commonly seen only in the Nine Seas. As for the great glacier, what is that?"

Theo, who held a strong distaste for the arrogant Elder Aaron, said solemnly, "Elder Aaron, I thought you knew everything. Turns out you know of the Winged Folk, but know nothing of the great glacier?"

As a former boatswain, Theo, pointing to the sea chart of the White Sea, shook his head, "The world beyond the seas is much larger than this sea chart depicts."

"The Ouden Continent is the center of the Claud World, surrounded by oceans in a ring. And beyond the oceans, there's a giant ring of massive glaciers."

Theo drew a small circle representing the Ouden Continent and then sketched a much larger circle around it to symbolize the massive glaciers.

"It spans several seas, dividing the whole world into inner and outer parts."

"And beyond the great glacier, there are other continents. It is difficult for outsiders to cross the great glacier and reach the seas inside, and conversely, it is also hard for us to venture beyond the great glacier."

Except for Byrne and Erik, who frequently read books, the rest were hearing about the Claud World in more detail for the first time, and everyone was stunned for a moment.

Soon after, they heard Archibald murmuring to himself:

"So that's it. We actually live inside a giant bagel!"

Irene looked at the map calmly for a while and curiously said, "If the great glacier melted one day, it would be easier for us and the outsiders to come into contact, wouldn't it?"

But Theo kept shaking his head, speaking very seriously, "That wouldn't be a good thing at all. Those of us who often go to sea know of a legend, passed down from sailor to sailor, an ancient tale about the great glacier."

"The great glacier must never melt, for it seals the ancient gods of old. Should They awaken anew, They will surely bring the world to ruin!"

Knight Verne shook his head and said, "That seems a bit extreme. With the great pantheon of gods watching over us, even if the evil ancient gods from the legends did awake, They wouldn't stand a chance at destroying the world."

A few close confidants of the Fischer family glanced at him but said nothing.

After a while, the cruiser ferrying the Fischer family arrived beside an island in the White Sea and docked there—this island had a stationing camp for the Tempest Church and the Cyart people.

The Priests of the Tempest Church and many noble officers of Cyart had already arrived at the camp, waiting for the pre-war meeting to be convened.

The island was filled with subtropical jungles and many dark-skinned, almost bare-chested indigenous White Sea people as laborers, who dared not make eye contact with the Cyart people.

The members of the Fischer family had just reached the island when they immediately sensed that something was off.

Almost every Cyart person they saw looked at them with disdain, filled with scorn, and some even spat on the ground frowningly from a distance.

Chapter 136: Chapter 130 Bloodbath

“

The Fischer family had endured the scorn and disdain of everyone, and the reason was actually quite simple.

During the most difficult times of the war, they hid in the rear, massively producing military supplies, continuously expanding production, and ceaselessly profiteering from the war.

While all other East Coast noble families were fighting and dying on the front lines, some families even being annihilated, the Fischers were still eating their fill, to the envy and irritation of many.

In such circumstances, trying to argue that “logistics are also part of the division of labor” would be meaningless.

Besides, the families were not united as one, and the profits the Fischers made did not go into the national treasury but into their own pockets instead.

It wasn't until the war was nearing its end and victory was on the horizon that they finally went to the front lines.

According to the Eagle clan, the Fischers were just there to reap the fruits of victory, and when it came time to reward military achievements, they would surely snatch many honors from other families.

Now, it wasn't just the enemy families, but even those that were neutral held the Fischers in contempt, privately considering them to be utterly shameless.

Byrne, after learning the situation from people of the Lion clan, explained it to Irene, shaking his head:

“According to them, our family does seem to have gone too far. Besides nicknames like ‘vampires’, ‘cowardly fishermen’, our family has now gotten a new nickname.”

Irene frowned and immediately asked:

“What nickname?”

Byrne’s expression was strange as he shook his head again and said:

“East Coast Big Squirrel!”

Irene was stunned for a moment before she realized what it meant; a squirrel was better than a rat, after all.

There’s a type of large squirrel very common in the East Coast area; they are adept at stealing fruit from the farmers, skilled thieves. When farmers are busy with the harvest, the big squirrels move in, seizing the opportunity to pick the fruits.

Byrne let out a sigh, saying, “Actually, it’s quite fitting, but let’s not care too much about public opinion. After all, we’ve already made a lot of money. Being scolded is a small price to pay.”

After thinking for a while, Irene suddenly asked, “Why doesn’t the Lion clan help explain for us? Why would they let their ally’s reputation worsen like this? Didn’t you say they value us a lot?”

Byrne fell into thought, and after a long while, said:

“They probably don’t see anything wrong with this situation. The worse our relations with other families, the more we will have to rely on the Lion clan.”

Irene was slightly taken aback but soon understood the rationale.

On this island, many indigenous slaves still existed. Even though the slave system was officially abolished, the Cyart people still considered the White Sea islanders as slaves without any hesitation, and the Priests of the Church raised no objections.

Moreover, there was a particularly cruel “scenery” on the island, where many indigenous bodies were strung along one side of the island with long ropes, their deaths tragic.

They were Sea God followers who were caught, men and women, old and young, most of whom starved to death here.

Byrne felt very uncomfortable after seeing the “scenery”; many children had no choice as they were born into the Sea God Cult.

Irene stood nearby, calmly saying, “Don’t forget about Erik.”

Upon hearing this, Byrne quickly remembered how Erik lost his father to an attack by the Sea God Cult.

The number of people in Nasir Town who initially died from the attacks was in the thousands; he had no right to sympathize with the followers of the Sea God Cult.

Moreover, when the Kesse family was annihilated, though he did not participate directly, he had tacitly allowed the killing of children.

“Yes,” his gaze growing even firmer.

In the military camp’s conference hall on the island, there were officers of the Cyart Royal Army, Priests from the Tempest Church, and key members of the East Coast noble families.

The Cyart Royal Family, emulating the Lorne citizens’ military reforms, had had the private armies of various noble families gradually transition to become part of the Cyart Royal Army, with regular military organization.

However, they were still privately owned by the Extraordinary nobility, not directly controlled by the Royal Family.

Byrne arrived in the conference hall and listened silently to the conversations of the adults.

The Tempest Bishop, reeking of alcohol, was also present, his face cold. He was a central figure in the war, followed by Assistant Priest Zayne, Viscount Bast, and Viscount Xavier.

As for Earl Hovern, the East Coast Governor, he did not come overseas.

Byrne had always found it strange why Earl Hovern from the Hovern family, whose main territories were in other provinces, was appointed by the Royal Family as the East Coast Governor.

“Bad news, Byrne.”

The person who suddenly came to speak to Byrne was Lieutenant Colonel Abel, the younger brother of Viscount Bast.

“It’s said that the Hovern family plans to replace the current town chief of Nasir Town and hand over that land to another viscount from within their family.”

“How the new viscount will treat the Fischer family is uncertain; they might confiscate the factory and then drive you out to Ourde.”

“

Byrne's face changed dramatically, and he fell into deep thought.

They had finally been noticed by those above.

For years, Nasir Town, under the management of the Fischer family, had been dutifully paying taxes to the mentally deranged Baron Hovern.

And as Baron Hovern's branch watched the tax revenue, along with the substantial private bribes, continue to increase, they allowed the Fischer family to grow stronger, a state of mutually beneficial relations.

However, even though the relationship at the grassroots level was friendly, it seemed that Earl Hovern, the governor of the East Coast and the head of the Hovern family, had finally started to consider targeting the Fischer family as part of his political calculations.

Since the rapidly developing Fischer family had become loyal supporters of the Lion clan in recent years, Earl Hovern, who supported the Eagle clan, would not want them to have an easy time going forward.

Firstly, they were specifically named to join the battle, and secondly, another family member was sent to manage Nasir Town. What's more, it was uncertain what else Earl Hovern had planned.

Byrne immediately expressed his gratitude with sincerity, "This is big trouble, thank you for informing me, Mr. Abel."

Lieutenant Colonel Abel pondered for a while and said,

"Your family's properties are mostly in Nasir Town, which is indeed troublesome. Perhaps you could move the factories to Ourde Village beforehand, to prevent them from finding an excuse to seize them."

Moving a factory was not an easy task, and Ourde was not at all suitable for establishing factories.

It was apparent that this officer had no understanding of these matters, making Byrne unsure how to respond.

In the past, the Fischer family was too insignificant for the high and mighty East Coast governor to even remember the existence of Fischer, but in recent years, their family had gradually become famous on the East Coast.

And being famous was not always a good thing, especially for the weak.

During the war, the Fischer family's wealth rapidly increased each year through military supply orders. Although they were still far from comparing with the viscount families due to their shorter accumulation of wealth, they were already one of the leading baronial families.

There was no doubt that wealth was the root of envy.

Days later, half of the warships set out under the bishop's orders, heading for an island occupied by followers of the Sea God.

The Fischer family was also in the lineup, cruising on a cruiser as the vanguard.

It was the first time the Fischer family was truly on the battlefield, and everyone was very tense, with serious expressions on their faces.

But things turned out to be much easier than expected. Perhaps because the target was not strong enough, or maybe because the war had entered its final stages, the followers of the Sea God on the island put up almost no resistance and surrendered quickly.

However, several of the surrendered Extraordinary Exponents of the Sea God Cult were taken away and then transformed into stone statues by "Iron Blood" Viscount Oder, an ally of the Lion clan, using powerful transformation magic, and were destroyed and killed.

A brutal massacre began.

The deep-seated animal instincts within blood were provoked, and the Cyart people who landed on the island turned into demons, looting everything visible without hesitation, killing and raping wildly.

The members of the Fischer family were completely shocked; these soldiers who had fought for years on the battlefield were fundamentally different from them!

They could recklessly abandon all morals without hesitation and do everything they were capable of.

Because there were no rules here to punish wicked acts!

Aaron, consumed by greed, couldn't restrain himself and shouted, "Let's loot too, or we'll be too late!"

Knight Verne, Aaron, his deputy, and many family soldiers were all restless.

The core members of the Fischer family all looked toward the family head, Byrne.

Byrne was silent for a moment, then resolutely said,



“Take anything of value, attack immediately anyone armed or Extraordinary among the island natives, but don’t kill those who offer no resistance, and absolutely do not assault women.”

“Such hypocrisy!”

Aaron couldn’t help but sneer, even mumbling to himself, while the other members of the Fischer family had varied thoughts on the matter.

Chris, Irene, and Theo were indifferent, while the two silver descendants and Knight Verne were quite discontented.

Byrne couldn’t help but frown, but he soon saw approving looks from Erik and Archibald as well as the Abbot siblings.

The sister from the Abbot family said cheerfully, “The Lord of Salvation will surely praise your actions.”

Hearing this, Byrne couldn’t help but reflect; the Lord of Salvation would definitely not look kindly upon heretics.

Erik, Archibald, the Abbot siblings... If he had just issued an order for wanton conduct, dissatisfaction might have arisen in their hearts.

And if Vanessa were here, she might not be able to tolerate it and secretly act to prevent other Cyart people’s outrages.

He suddenly had an epiphany.

As a family grew larger, people with a variety of ideas and beliefs inevitably became more numerous, and the family head was like an invisible scale of faith, with the beliefs of each important member adding weight to both sides of the scale, ultimately determining the path the Fischer family would take into the future.

## **From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty #Chapter 137: 131 All-Out Attack - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 137: 131 All-Out Attack**

Chapter 137: Chapter 131 All-Out Attack

Half of the thousands of natives on the island were eventually massacred, a level of bloodshed that rendered the Fischer family silent.

Aaron's deputy wanted to rape a native mother and daughter, but was quickly stopped by Aaron, who sneered, "Since Byrne has already given the order, we should not break the rules! Otherwise, it will give him more leverage."

His deputy was very dissatisfied, "We silver descendants are not Fischer's dogs, why should we be so obedient?"

Aaron shook his head, his tone cold, "I don't want to say more, put away your pathetic sadistic desires. If you want women, you can find them anywhere!"

When the army returned to the camp, Byrne encountered Viscount Bast on the island and wanted to say something, but refrained.

"Does the recent massacre make you uncomfortable?"

Viscount Bast smiled slightly and said:

"This is not the domestic realm anymore. Overseas, it is actually like this. The natives even kill each other more excessively than us; they even indulge in cannibalism at times."

He narrowed his eyes, adding emphasis, "Many of our Cyart people have been cruelly devoured by them!"

"Our people also need to vent their hatred. Years of war have changed many, and some will never forget the madness they experienced overseas for their entire lives."

Byrne nodded slightly, saying calmly, "I already understand that this is the cruel overseas, but I still cannot become a thoroughly cruel person, and that's actually quite alright."

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On the calm sea, a ship resembling a sea fortress, a flagship battleship, harbored the main members of the Garcia and Eagle families in the confidential and exquisitely furnished captain's room.

The name of Viscount Garcia was Seamus Garcia, and his nickname was "Reaper." The family bloodline he inherited was "Gale Wings Falcon."

In fact, the Garcia family's nickname is "Roarer," and "Gale Wings Falcon" is not the strongest bloodline in the Garcia lineage, just a common magic beast bloodline.

However, Viscount Garcia, through his own efforts and a good two fortunate encounters, plus the high-quality Magic Potions purchased by his family, forced his strength to the level of high-level Transmutation.

In the brutal wars with the Rhea People, the young man's ability to instantly deliver large-area invisible slashes capable of severing sturdy ships and cannons brought fear to many enemies on the battlefield.

He was rugged, with a beard, his eyes serious and wise, and his thick eyebrows were always furrowed, as if constantly vigilant and decisive.

Viscount Garcia, dressed in military uniform, was discussing with the head of the Eagle clan, "Black Hawk" Viscount Xavier, how to deal with the Lion clan and Viscount Bast.

He asked seriously, "After the war is over, should we completely fall out with Bast's Lion clan?"

"Black Hawk" Viscount Xavier was the head of the Eagle clan, the main rival of Viscount Bast.

Xavier had a cold complexion, deep-set eyes, and an aura that made people wary of approaching him.

"It's not time to fall out completely yet."

He, unlike the casually humorous Bast who favored tailcoats, always wore a pure black Priest robe, and the Lion clan called him 'the living dead in a coffin.'

This set of robes symbolizing order and judgment was, in fact, a very powerful Forbidden rare artifact.

Xavier, a cold and cautious man, wore it at all times, even refusing to take it off for sleep, instead ordering his subordinates to memorize cleaning type Spells to replace regular baths.

In just a few decades, "Black Hawk" climbed to power by siding with one of the Ten Great Pillars, the Hovern family, and alone lead the Eagle clan from a baronial family to a powerful clan capable of confronting the Lions.

Xavier continued with a stern face, "Although in recent years the Lion clan has never dared to confront us head-on, we still can't underestimate their depth."

"The Lion clan may still have hidden forces; even if our two families join forces, we may not be able to destroy them completely in the short term."

"Moreover, 'Iron Blood' Oder, and the 'Spirit Deer', 'Sunrise', three families are still their loyal allies, and the mysterious Alchemy Council also maintains ambiguous connections with them."

"In terms of hard power, we are not the advantaged ones."

Hearing this, Viscount Garcia could only nod in agreement; he certainly knew the terror of the Lion clan.

Zavier calmly took out a strange, edged stone that constantly emitted an unusual aura and played with it in his hand.

With every turn of the black stone, he seemed to get younger, gradually aging backward from around fifty to looking like a young man in his early twenties.

The youthful Xavier looked extremely handsome, with long, thick eyebrows, a tall nose, and a mesmerizing, aloof charisma.

With an expressionless face, he continued to say:

“We still need to wait. As long as Earl Hovern achieves Monarch Level and shifts the Hovern family’s strategic focus to the East Coast, we will have won.”

The two families’ mutual supporter, the “Shattered Giant” Hovern family, actually faced a lot of pressure domestically.

Because most of the families among the Ten Great Pillars did not want Earl Hovern to reach Monarch Level; though the Hovern family had its own allies, the outcome was still uncertain.

If the Hovern family of Cyart falls, it’s certain that the various families in the country that are dependent on them will meet a disastrous fate.

Viscount Garcia spoke gravely, “The Donnerklaue clan, relying on their marriage alliance with the ‘Wasteland Beast’ Frosac family, still plans to remain neutral, not wanting to offend anyone.”

Zavier nodded, his expression unchanged, and continued:

“We still need to win over the Donnerklaue and Sunrise clans, especially the Sunrise clan. I know something – the water source of Sunrise Lake has been polluted by the factories in the southern part of Fein City in recent years, and they have a huge dispute with Viscount Bast.”

“The factories in Fein City that were one after another established, represent the interests of many families on the East Coast, and to ensure the support of most of these people, Viscount Bast can only sacrifice the interests of the Sunrise clan.”

The Sunrise clan can be swayed, and as long as four out of the seven viscount families on the East Coast stand in opposition to the Lion clan and the important supporter, Earl Hovern, is able to successfully reach the Monarch Level, then the future of the Eagle clan will become much smoother.

Viscount Garcia suddenly asked, "By the way, Mr. Xavier, you know about the Fischer family, don't you?"

Xavier nodded slightly and calmly replied:

"I've heard of them; they are 'Big Squirrel,' 'Cowardly Fisherman,' 'Vampire,' and also supporters of the Lion."

"People say their patriarch, Byrne, has never fought in his life, not even the youngest girl could lose to him, the only thing he can do is kneel on the ground and polish Viscount Bast's shoes."

Anger appeared on Viscount Garcia's face, his brows furrowed tightly, as if spitting out hatred through his teeth.

"Although the church has determined that the Kesse family was tragically struck by the Sea God Cult's poison hand, I believe it was definitely the Fischers who acted, that family is not as weak as they appear on the surface."

"I even suspect that the disappearance of my son-in-law, William, might also be their doing, because it all happened on the same night."

Xavier's face remained expressionless, and after pondering for a moment, he said indifferently:

"I've already mentioned the situation in Nasir Town to Earl Hovern, and people from his family will drive the Fischers out of Nasir and confiscate their factories."

"That's good."

Because dealing with the insignificant Fischer family was a minor matter, the two did not talk about it much but moved on to the next topic.

Xavier thoughtfully said, "In some time, the final assault will be launched, isn't it? We will completely eradicate the foundation of the Sea God Cult."

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In the following period, the Fischer family followed the army in subjugating several islands, finding their resistance was stronger than the first island they encountered.

But Byrne quickly realized that not all Cyart people plundered and slaughtered recklessly after conquering each island, but had different strategies due to various reasons.

The first island they blood-washed was actually the homeland of a Sea God priest called "Hailan."

And that priest of the Sea God Cult, "Hailan," was the opposing leader who killed the most Cyart people in the naval wars, so avenging his homeland had always been part of the plan.

The Fischer family was already controversial, and even in the subsequent battles, they maintained a conservative position, and not even one of their soldiers died, further subjecting them to much scorn and abuse.

Unable to bear it, Archibald angrily suggested to Byrne that the Fischer family should take the forefront in the next battles to show their courage to those people.

Aaron and Abbott, the siblings, also felt that Byrne was too cowardly, and Verne wanted to support this "cowardly act" but couldn't bring himself to say it.

Byrne vividly remembered his father, Lucius's words, "Always be a wise coward, rather than a brave useless person."

He felt nothing for so-called honor and flatly rejected Archibald's suggestion.

"We absolutely cannot be in the forefront, even during the most advantageous stages of a war, casualties still exist on the front lines, and our family simply cannot afford the loss."

Finally, after several months, a total assault that would definitively determine the outcome of the naval war was about to begin.

The priests of the Tempest Church, in advance, drew a very complex blue spell inscription on every soldier, including Extraordinary Exponents, in the shape of an equilateral triangle. When the drawing was completed, there was also the sound of the sea breeze.

As for Byrne and Chris, who were at the "Transmutation Level" of the Extraordinary Exponents, the unique spell inscriptions they received were very different, more complex blue triangles emitting the light of the sea, continually producing the sound of the waves upon completion.

As long as the priests subsequently cast a collective spell, the Tempest Bishop and many Transmutation Level powerhouses would be able to use these unique spell inscriptions to draw upon the spiritual power and even the life force of everyone in the army, providing endless sustenance for themselves.

However, if the transmitters were too far from the transmission range or lost concentration, the sustenance would cease.

Fight-hardened soldiers, with greater spiritual and life force than ordinary civilians, and the lower-tier Extraordinary Exponents, obviously had even higher quality, were unlikely to easily break and run, being able to focus for an extended period.

When the intensity of the battle reached the higher echelons, the greatest contribution of the mortal army and lower-tier Extraordinary Exponents was to harass with firearms and consume themselves to provide sustenance for the stronger Extraordinary Exponents.

Finally, the whole army set out.

Their next target was the Sea God Cult's main base in the White Sea region, a large island with a population of tens of thousands, where the remaining seven priests of the Sea God Cult's command layer had retreated.

Chapter 138: Chapter 132: Concluding the Writing

Before boarding the ship, Byrne suddenly saw Viscount Bast standing not far away, his head bowed and his expression quite troubled.

Therefore, Byrne couldn't help but walk over and asked, "What's wrong, Viscount Bast?"

Viscount Bast remained silent for a long time, shook his head, and said with a meaningful lift of his face, "Nothing, I might just be overthinking. After reviewing it all, I always felt that the war was won too easily."

"The Sea God Cult initially provoked us on a large scale, which led to the war, and then they 'smoothly' met their defeat. Their entire decision-making process seemed too reckless, as if they were seeking a war they were bound to lose."

After pondering for a long time, Byrne said:

"Such situations do occur. The East Coast natives back then acted in the same way, driven by hate and interests, and as collective emotions surged, the tribe made rash decisions regardless of the disparity in strength."

He paused for a moment, then continued:

"Otherwise, most wars should start with a surrender. If everyone was rational, there would be no need to fight. In reality, even those doomed to lose always believe they have a chance of winning."

Viscount Bast nodded, his expression complex as he spoke:

"You're partly right. Decisions made without fully grasping the situation due to limited intelligence and circumstances are common throughout history."

“But I’ve met with the decision-makers of the Sea God Cult a few times, even fought against them, and I felt those priests are not foolish people. Moreover, I trust my eyes that can see through people’s hearts more than the analysis I just mentioned.”

Byrne was well aware that Viscount Bast’s proudest attribute had always been his ability to “read people.”

He often joked half-seriously that he had a magical “vision” that allowed him to see right into everyone’s true heart instantly.

Viscount Bast smiled and said, “Byrne, you might do good or evil, but no matter what, you would never betray your friends and family, so I trust you a lot.”

Perhaps to reassure him, Viscount Bast had told him something similar several times over the years.

“It’s probably just me overthinking it. The Tempest Bishop has Monarch Level power, and the Sea God Cult no longer has the resources or legacy to produce new Monarch powerful experts. Our advantage is decisive.”

Byrne nodded, thinking to leave to board the ship, but Viscount Bast forcibly handed him a hexagonal box made of green jade.

“I’m lending you this mysterious rare artifact for now. It may come in handy if there’s any danger.”

Byrne expressed his thanks and accepted it without hesitation.

The entire Fischer family boarded the sail warship, following the mighty naval force as they set off, with their final destination being the island where the Sea God Cult’s headquarters were located.

After several relatively easy battles, the members of the Fischer family were quite elated, knowing that once the final battle was won, they could return to Nasir.

Afterward would come the phase of post-war rewards and evaluations, and upon their return to Nasir, they would be warmly welcomed by the people.

Even Byrne couldn’t help but relax a little, but then the words of Viscount Bast came back to him, and he couldn’t completely let go of his vigilance.

They had obtained a type of rune stone that could record spells, using the Class 2 Extraordinary Material ‘Moon River Stone’ as the base, and fashioning it into a rune stone resembling a pebble, which was snow-white all over with several spells inscribed on the front.



Rune stones are monopolized military supplies, only possessed by a few major powers, and the spell recorded in the rune stone acquired by the Fischer family was “Walking on Water.”

Without a doubt, “Walking on Water” was the sea tribe’s bane.

For the foreign race adept at causing havoc in the sea, just casting “Walking on Water” on them would fling these creatures onto the surface, instantly depriving them of their great advantage of hiding in the water.

Using “Walking on Water” against the sea tribe had long been a universal naval tactic among nations.

As the sky gradually darkened, the combined forces of Cyart and the Tempest Church were imposing, already arriving at the outskirts of the Sea God Cult’s headquarters’ island.

They did not immediately launch an attack, but instead, everyone silently recited the spells told by the priests, activating the special spell inscriptions on their bodies, pooling their power to the more powerful Extraordinary Exponents.

“Tonight is the end.”

On the flagship, the “Thunderous Monarch,” known as the Tempest Bishop, grew increasingly solemn, slowly rising into the sky, and instantly a massive thundercloud storm gathered around him.

“This war is finally going to end, and after that, it’s time to further reform the internal structure of the Tempest Church,” he reflected while drawing the abundant spiritual power supplied by the soldiers, using the Monarch Domain to initiate a thunderous bombardment in advance.

The Thunderous Monarch would bombard from the sky for several hours, destroying barriers, damaging buildings, and eliminating most of the enemy’s living forces, only allowing the troops to land and fight afterward.

While the tactic was simple, it was extremely practical.

In the Thunderous Monarch’s Monarch Domain, the Precisely Inscribed spell was “Lightning Magic,” and his most proficient general spellcasting technique was the range-increasing “Expansion,” along with the advanced spellcasting technique “Extreme Range” to increase casting distance.

Therefore, in war, the Thunderous Monarch was able to cast a strategical advantage of a thundercloud storm from an ultra-long range.

Every Monarch powerful expert spellcaster would Precisely Inscribe different spells in their Monarch Domain, using it as their most important signature move.

A spell inscribed in the domain could be activated instantly, with fully evolved power from all aspects, and when casting it with spellcasting techniques, there was no additional expenditure of spiritual power required.

And based on different spellcasting techniques, the same spell could be combined into many vastly different forms.

“It’s starting!” Byrne took a deep breath.

Byrne, Chris, Irene, and others all concentrated on deck, remaining focused, each sensing the slow drain of their spiritual power, as if invisible threads were drawing it out of their bodies.

In the sky, the dense dark clouds formed a massive dark tapestry, lightning cleaved heavens, like swords of light leaping through the clouds.

The Thunderous Monarch stood tall atop the storm, the roar of the lightning giant echoed through the air, strong winds howled like raging waves, sweeping everything away as the forces of nature seemed to converge in the palm of his hand.

Just as the thunderclouds gathered in the sky, ready to strike the island, suddenly everyone heard a sound as massive as a tsunami.

Following the sound, the Cyart people witnessed a surprising sight.

The sea had turned over!

To their astonishment, people saw a vast amount of water churning, eyes full of menace bulging out, rising crazily high, and swiftly reaching hundreds of meters in height!

The Spawn of the Abyss!

It was an extremely important combat force for the Sea God Cult, belonging to the favored clan of the false Sea God!

Many felt a subconscious fear, yet felt that there wasn’t really a problem as long as the Thunderous Monarch was present.

Even if the Spawn of the Abyss possessed great power, enough to destroy a town, it was only equivalent to an Extraordinary Exponent in the Metamorphosis Phase. Even a few high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents could contend with it for quite a while.

In front of a Monarch powerful expert reinforced by an army, the Spawn of the Abyss had no power to resist!

The several hundred meters tall Spawn of the Abyss surged with countless waters, madly rushing towards the thundercloud storm!

“Hmph, a clan sheltered by deceit and evil, fall into the abyss as dirty wreckage,” the Thunderous Monarch sneered, his laughter spreading in all directions with the thunderclouds.

The next moment, a deluge of lightning struck down, instantly hitting the massive body of the Spawn of the Abyss, erupting into a huge spray of water hundreds of meters high.

The Cyart people couldn't help but cheer!

Just then, something unexpected happened!

A strong black light flashed across the sky, even darker than the night itself, and in an instant, it tore open the grand, vast storm from the middle.

Many were bewildered by this scene, not knowing what had happened, only noticing that after the Spawn of the Abyss was attacked once by the thunderstorm, the Thunderous Monarch didn't pursue further.

Only a very few of the Cyart military, those who had reached high-level Transmutation, could notice that a figure had breached the storm's domain in the cover of night!

“How is that possible!”

“That's an impossible feat unless they are also a Monarch Level powerful expert!”

“Damn it, the Sea God Cult still has a trick up its sleeve!”

The person capable of such a deed was undoubtedly a Monarch Level powerful expert!

Assistant Priest Zayne, casting a spell, his voice spread to all “Transmutation Level” Extraordinary Exponents through a special spell inscription.

“Even if the Sea God Cult has a newly risen Monarch powerful expert, they cannot possibly defeat the Bishop! Do not fear, maintain your focus!”

Byrne only saw the black light that tore through the storm from afar, unable to see the figure, but upon hearing Zayne's words, his heart still sank, feeling that something was amiss.

“A newly risen Monarch powerful expert from the Sea God Cult? Wasn’t that a debunked rumor? Didn’t the Sea God Cult lack the resources and lineage to raise a new Monarch? And if the Sea God Cult really had a Monarch powerful expert, why hadn’t they shown up during the years before the war?”

The memories in his mind seemed to be linking together, forming a complete puzzle—he was just a bit away.

At this moment, Byrne and the entire Fischer family were shocked still.

Something truly chilling, enough to send a shudder through everyone’s core, occurred!

In the vast darkness of night, a giant white hand emerged from nowhere, like a mountain falling from the sky, carrying boundless authority as it reached for the black thundercloud storm.

Everything was completely ruined now!

A second Monarch powerful expert from the enemy!

And then, Byrne heard Zayne’s cursing voice coming through the special spell inscription.

“Bast! Lion clan! Don’t you dare flee! Have you lost your minds? We haven’t lost yet! Damn it!”

Hearing this, he felt even more terrified. The Lion clan fleeing from the battlefield was a choice that would destroy the family’s honor and reputation for a century!

Even more frightening for Byrne was the reason Viscount Bast had made such an instantaneous decision—there was only one plausible explanation!

Without fleeing at once, it would be too late!

Without any hesitation, he shouted, “Theo, take the helm immediately, retreat!”

The next moment, when the Fischer people looked up, they saw red on the side!

A fiery red mist abruptly slashed through the night sky, as if drawn by the mighty hand of a deity, erasing a good half of the black thundercloud storm from existence!

Everyone’s heart sank, and their eyes were filled with nothing but despair.

A third...

# **From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty #Chapter 139: 133: The Sky is Falling! - Read From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty Chapter 139: 133: The Sky is Falling!**

Chapter 139: Chapter 133: The Sky is Falling!

The Thunderous Monarch was a low-level Monarch and a top Extraordinary Exponent, possessing the mighty power to slaughter islands from afar, offering great advantages in war.

He was the one supporting the skies of the East Coast!

Yet, now more and more people knew in their hearts that the skies of the East Coast were about to collapse!

Three against one!

The three Monarch powerful experts of the opposition, clearly backed by the masses of the Sea God Cult, left the Thunderous Monarch with no chance of victory, so isolated in deep territory that even escaping alive seemed tremendously difficult.

In the dark night sky, a rout that would surely end in the Thunderous Monarch's death was already taking shape.

How many years had it been?

How many years had it been since bishops from the great churches had last fallen in battle?

The Monarch powerful experts of the Eastern Four Kingdoms were few in number; the Cyart nobles and Tempest Priests on the battlefield simply couldn't understand which factions had suddenly intervened.

On the lightless dark sea surface, the sailing ship carrying the Fischer family completed its turn, following the numerous ships of the Lion clan, swiftly distancing itself from the battlefield that was about to witness a catastrophic disaster.

"Full speed ahead! Leave the battlefield!"

Theo widened his eyes, and shouted excitedly, knowing that it was somewhat late to run.

The next moment, more and more ships in the fleet were turning around, all the clans began to flee desperately!

A malignant chain reaction quickly formed, and the entire still intact army collapsed in an instant, leaving only a few church ships waiting for orders, while the rest attempted to flee the battlefield in a mad rush.

Byrne suddenly perceived that the purple-red stone in his bosom was trembling slightly, as if resonating with something.

“What’s going on?”

He suddenly realized that the other side of the sensation was actually the battlefield of the Monarch powerful experts!

“Could it be?”

A storm of shock and incredulity raged in Byrne’s heart—could it be that someone was using the purple-red stone there?

He abruptly remembered the transaction at the Alchemy Council; it appeared that apart from himself and ‘Solar Gold’, everyone’s purple-red stones had been traded away for “Spirit Essence”.

Could one of the top experts among the Thunderous Monarch or the forces surrounding him actually be the lady from the Alchemy Council, ‘Spirit Essence’ herself?

Her reason for trading and collecting the stones at the Alchemy Council was to deal with the Thunderous Monarch!

Byrne couldn’t help but feel confused. Wasn’t it said that the greatest power of the purple-red stone was only on the level of top treasures and oddities? Could its gathering pose a great threat to a Monarch powerful expert?

“Fuck you all! You’re all bastards! Cowards! A bunch of ball-less idiots!”

Curses continued to come from the special spell inscription while the Assistant Priest Zayne, almost mad with fury, spared no one as he hurled insults at those who were deserting in the heat of battle.

Nevertheless, no one paid attention.

Those who were obsequious, those who were ‘brave’, those who were ‘loyal’, all suddenly stopped paying any heed to Zayne, the powerful figure of authority.

Suddenly, a tremendous force started to churn the sea surface, swiftly spreading, as several massive Spawn of the Abyss took the form of a tsunami that came along with the dark night, raising enormous waves as if the powers of darkness had awakened, shrouding the entire sea area within!

They flanked the Cyart fleet trying to scatter and flee from both sides.

“Woo!”

On the dark wave crests, the moonlight shone tremblingly, and the tsunami roared like an angry dragon, unleashing an unprecedented calamity within the dark abyss.

The Spawn of the Abyss rose tens of meters, obscuring the moonlight before descending in an instant, overturning entire ships, their numerous ferocious eyes splitting open into sharp-toothed mouths that crunched and devoured the Cyart people howling as they fell into the abyss.

One after another, warships were overturned by the tsunami, and along with the crisis from within the bodies of the Spawn of the Abyss, there came countless members of the sea tribe!

As part of the foreign race that lived in the sea, the sea tribesmen mostly had the bodies of fish and limbs like humans, wielding sharp weapons to tear and pierce flesh and even gaping their maws to brutally consume Cyart people who fell into the sea.

Massive amounts of bright red blood flowed across the sea surface, spreading with the waves unsettlingly, infusing the waters red, the entire world shrouded in a bizarre scene.

Zayne, with his deep blue hair, gaunt face, and a complexion so pale it seemed void of blood, stood cold-faced atop the sea surface, unable to swear any longer.

He stared at the collapsing battlefield, fear and absurdity rising deep within, the Sea God Cult's hidden power was far greater than imagined!

“No matter how decayed the Tempest Church has become, no matter how degenerate those swine are, there's no way they would have failed to detect anything at all, unless someone from within deliberately... concealed it.”

For years, like the other major churches, internal strife within the Tempest Church grew more and more fierce, yet he never thought that someone would actually collude with an external enemy.

It appeared that there would always be those who abandoned all morals first.

They didn't care about the defeat in this war, nor would they mind if millions of people on the East Coast died in the coming years after the Sea God Cult's counterattack ashore!

Zayne looked up to the horizon, gazing at the superior he had followed for over a decade.

Despite being constantly drunk due to the “price” he paid, he would help the fishermen drive away toxic fish tides and would rage and roar over the deaths of the East Coast people, always rushing to the front lines since the war began.

And because of behind-the-scenes dealings by multiple powers, a joint decision, that powerful Monarch king, who reserved his thunder and rage only for the enemy and was considered an ‘eccentric’ within the church, with few friends...

He was about to die here!

The connection to the Thunderous Monarch had already been severed just now, and even as Zayne tried to communicate via the spell inscription, there was no response at all, indicating that the other party was certainly in an abnormal state.

He could only tremble and mutter to himself as he made “The Oath”.

“I, Zayne Frosac, make a sincere vow to the vast Tempest Overlord, that I will spend decades, even hundreds of years, to avenge you! Otherwise, my soul shall fall into the icy abyss of the underworld after death and never find peace!”

After speaking, Zayne’s body gradually turned into seawater and disappeared from the surface of the ocean.

As the disintegrating army escaped further away from the outer limits of the spell inscription, the sustainability of the power owned by the Thunderous Monarch also gradually ceased.

His defeat came even quicker.

In the dark night, the spreading storm clouds and tempest showed signs of dispersing, and even to ordinary people, it was evident that the Tempest Bishop was about to completely give in.

Byrne, Chris, Theo, Erik, and others held their breath on the ship, maintaining silence, feeling a suffocating sense of dread and tightness in their chests.

Even Archibald stopped talking and just stood there trembling.

They kept hearing the roars of the Spawn of the Abyss and the continuous screams and watched as one sailing ship after another was smashed to pieces and sank due to the tsunamis raised by the Spawn of the Abyss.

The terrifying howls and roars of the Spawn of the Abyss were like whispers from the Grim Reaper, heralding the ocean’s fury and unstoppable force. The tsunamis rising from the dark sea had the power to destroy everything, turning it all into insignificant foam.



The sailing ship carrying the entire Fischer family was like passing through a tunnel of death, at risk of complete destruction, about to be buried in the abyssal seabed at any moment.

The people on the ship could only pray nervously, without any means of resistance.

Irene was the calmest person on the entire ship, unaffected by fear.

“Oh, great Lord of the Lost, the Fischer family is your most devout follower, please protect us...”

She knew that even if she offered all her life, she couldn't possibly turn the situation around, and could only continuously pray to the Lord of the Lost.

“Woo!”

Suddenly, not far in front of the sailing ship, a massive Spawn of the Abyss surged upwards, bringing a churning dark tsunami that intercepted their path.

“It's over!”

Byrne suddenly looked up, staring at it as it rose high above, carrying the dark tumultuous waters, reaching a hundred meters into the air and an utterly despairing height.

With the sea churning, the entire sailing ship shook continuously. Byrne heard Theo's loud shouts; the constantly swaying ship was trying hard to turn, while Irene also promptly took out a clear bottle and knelt on the ground, wanting to pray for the great power of the Lord of the Lost.

It was too late! It was all too late!

Byrne's heart was burning with impatience; it was completely late! They were all about to die! The total demise of the Fischer family was right before his eyes!

The next moment, they would be buried at the bottom of the sea!

“Transcend!”

Sparks of lightning flashed in Byrne's eyes as his mind worked furiously, pondering any possible way out of the desperate situation!

“Aaaaaah!”

He yelled, without hesitation, he sprinted at high speed, broke through the deck with a stomp, and leaped tens of meters away from the ship.

Except for Irene, who was devotedly praying, and Theo, who was earnestly steering, everyone else on board was stunned, having no idea what Byrne was trying to do!

Midair, he suddenly drew his flintlock and fired a bullet, then decisively snapped his fingers and “shape-shifted” with the bullet flying far away!

The next moment, Byrne was high up in the air, staring solemnly at the sailing ship below the dark tsunami, the vessel’s insignificance about to be swallowed by the monstrous Spawn of the Abyss.

He had never tried it before, but now, it was the only thing left to try!

Target Lock on the entire ship and all members of the Fischer family!

Pale fingers stretched out, the middle finger pressed hard, snapping at the space between the ring finger and the thumb.

“Snap!”

Shape-shifting!

In an instant, drawing on all the Spiritual Power within his soul, Byrne frantically tried to swap places with the entire ship. He felt his body trembling violently, and the sensation of his drained power almost made him lose consciousness immediately, blood seeping constantly from his eyes.

An invisible force covered the entire sailing ship, and because there wasn’t enough time to adjust the target, he couldn’t give up on anyone, and he didn’t want to give up on any member of the Fischer family in the first place!

Suddenly, Byrne found himself enveloped by an impending dark sea about to crush down on him.

“The exchange succeeded!”

He let out a long breath of relief and slumped into unconsciousness, completely losing awareness.

The next moment, the people on the ship were amazed to find that they had collectively moved a hundred meters away, and the oppressive dark wave that was above them had vanished!

“Boom!”

Accompanied by a loud boom, the gigantic hull of the ship heavily crashed onto the sea, causing everyone, unprepared for such force, to tumble about, with a few even screaming as they were flung into the sea.

“Mr. Byrne!” “His Excellency Byrne is over there!”

Erik and Archibald both shouted Byrne’s name while Chris, expressionless, rushed to the edge of the ship and without hesitation dove into the murderous dark waters.

Chapter 140: Chapter 134: A Powerful Enemy Has Arrived

Chris suddenly leaped into the icy, dark, boundless seawater, moving at an unusually fast speed, swimming toward the sinking Byrne like a flying fish.

Even in the lightless waters, he could still rely on “Tracking Senses” to discern his location, quickly finding that familiar scent amidst the multitude of odors.

Finally, Chris reached Byrne’s side, he reached out to grab the unconscious man, and suddenly tried to pull him back to the ship.

But suddenly, he realized he was inside the body of the Spawn of the Abyss!

Unknowingly, the two had already been enveloped by the terrifying creature, layer upon layer.

One after another, menacing eyes several meters long approached, and from the middle, they crazily split open, turning into countless tooth-filled gaping maws, aiming to chew and tear them apart!

Chris, expressionless, held onto Byrne like a nimble fish, constantly swimming rapidly in front of the gaping maws, swiftly changing positions to avoid one deadly attack after another.

Dragging Byrne’s body through the water was truly difficult, and he quickly felt the air in his mouth running out, yet he still didn’t let go, continuously swimming towards the ship.

All of a sudden, Chris felt another arm throbbing with pain.

He simply couldn’t dodge all the attacks and still got bitten by a gaping maw once, his whole arm disappearing instantly, with copious amounts of red blood spraying into the sea!

Chris remained calm, clearly understanding that the blood loss was becoming more and more severe, and he absolutely couldn’t delay any longer.

Almost out of sheer willpower, Chris still shook off the Spawn of the Abyss and, before completely losing his strength, managed to swim with the unconscious Byrne to the edge of the hull.

Yet with one hand holding onto Byrne and the other devoured by the Spawn of the Abyss, he had no way to climb onto the constantly moving ship.

Moreover, the effects of blood loss grew greater, and Chris's mind gradually became heavy, on the verge of sinking silently to the bottom of the sea.

Just then, a man jumped down from the ship.

Archibald firmly embraced Chris, then manipulated the power of wind to swim upwards toward the surface, bursting out of the water and clenching onto a thick hemp rope let down from the ship.

"Quick! Pull us up!" he bellowed.

On deck, Erik, Irene, Aaron, and the Abbott siblings all pulled hard together, quickly hauling them aboard, while Theo continued to steer conscientiously, focusing intensely; the young Knight Verne appeared somewhat petrified, continuously staring at the chilling night in shock.

Meanwhile, Karl's intangible consciousness had already flown to the high sky in the distance.

He calmly stared at the one-against-three Monarch level battle in the sky.

Storms, blood fog, white giants, black light.

They vied with each other, tinting the night with completely different scenes, as if heralding the end of the world.

Irene not continuing the sacrifices just now was the right choice, for if those Monarch powerful experts had discovered their existence, the Fischer family would have been subjected to even fiercer pursuit.

By then, their chances of survival would likely have been zero.

Karl was very clear on one thing, even if he drained the remaining decade-plus years of Irene's life, the weapon he would receive would not be able to kill a true Monarch Level powerful expert.

He soon discovered something interesting, which was that the Monarchs besieging the Tempest Bishop were wary and vigilant of each other.

“Those three Monarch powerful experts have been holding back all this time; it looks like there’s absolutely no trust among them, and they definitely aren’t all from the Sea God Cult.”

“Did the Sea God Cult’s two temporary allies come because of some special transaction?”

He had already sensed the scent of the Forbidden relic; the Tempest Bishop seemed to think he was doomed and used two distinctly powerful but different Forbidden relics to attack the Monarch powerful experts of the Sea God Cult without any hesitation.

Karl felt the Forbidden relics were full of temptation!

“Pity, now is not the time.”

Eventually, the sailboat carrying the Fischer family gradually escaped the crazy battlefield, and the Cyart forces had no idea how many had died in the night.

However, every member of the family knew that terror and danger were far from over.

As for when safety would come, nobody could say for sure.

The dark night passed silently, and dawn began to brighten.

A solitary sailboat drifted on the sea, and most of the members of the Fischer family on board displayed weary expressions.

This route’s destination was not Phelps Port but would directly reach Nasir Port, when Byrne fell unconscious, Chris had rescued him, and Irene took Byrne’s place to give orders, choosing this path to return home.

If they returned to Phelps Port, they would certainly be easy targets for the Sea God Cult’s ambush, so seeking the relatively unremarkable Nasir was better.

Theo, with a grave expression on deck, approached Irene and said:

“The situation isn’t great; we must land to repair the ship, or it won’t last until tonight and will sink.”

Subsequently, he and Irene looked towards the distance, where indeed, an island existed in their sight.

This island, named ‘Karimun’ by the Tempest Church, means a black giant sea turtle; from afar, it appeared to be a round island with no distinctive features.

Eventually, the sailboat anchored on the coast of Karimun Island. They landed, mooring the ship with ropes at the edge of the beach, and under Erik's direction, who possessed the "Craftsman" ability, the people of the Fischer family began repairing the vessel.

"Damn it!"

Aaron's face looked ugly because his important subordinate hadn't survived.

Although he was a brainless guy, he was still an important Extraordinary Exponent from the silver descendants clan, yet he had fallen overboard during the Shape-shifting.

He had asked Irene for the reason, but she replied that Byrne could only perform "Shape-shifting" on living beings without malice.

Aaron immediately understood that since Byrne did not agree with the raiding, that foolish guy must have harbored malice deep in his heart, no doubt the reason he had perished in the sea.

"How stupid!"

Byrne, Irene, Chris, Theo, Archibald, Erik, Aaron, Verne, the Abbott siblings, there were still ten Extraordinary Exponents left on the ship.

And some of the ordinary people on the ship had also died, thrown out of the ship as it was shape-shifted and fell into the water, or had broken their necks from crashing inside the ship, leaving a total of one hundred and fifteen people left.

"..."

By the beach, Chris stood calmly in front of Byrne, silent for a long time, his body completely recovered.

In the process of saving Byrne, a terrifying maw from the Spawn of the Abyss had torn his arm to shreds, and if it weren't for his sister's healing, he would have been permanently disabled.

Byrne lay quietly on the bedding brought out from the ship with his eyes closed, his body completely free of external injuries, but he still did not wake up, not even with Irene's full effort in treating him.

The situation was strange, but Irene was certain that there was no risk of him dying, he just needed a lot of sleep.

"Chris!"

He suddenly saw Irene shouting at him, and immediately noticed the situation in the distance.

There was a ship!

It was being constantly harassed by the sea tribe on the distant sea surface. Although it was desperately heading toward the island, its body was already in tatters from the numerous sea tribe attacks.

And when the ship got a little closer, Chris saw more clearly that it was undoubtedly a Cyart sailboat.

As Byrne had fallen into complete unconsciousness, Irene decisively took over his command.

“Rescue them!”

She could see that there were Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponents on that ship; dealing with the sea tribe was only a matter of time, and even if the ship were destroyed, those people could swim to this island.

Given that, there was no need for the Fischer family to hesitate any longer—better to carry out the rescue before the others landed on the island, and they might earn a favor in return.

Since those sea tribe posed no threat, being only lesser in strength, Chris walked into the water expressionlessly and swam over.

The rest of the Fischer family, whose physical fitness couldn’t match Chris’s, didn’t rashly enter the water but prepared for a possible battle on the beach with nervous vigilance.

After a while, the battered ship finally reached the shore, and people quickly disembarked.

The middle-aged man wore a black military uniform and had a square face and a very strong build, as robust as an ox, accompanied by a green-dressed woman as they both walked down from the ship.

“Brave men of Nasir, the Fischer family, we are extremely grateful for your help! We are the Vaughn family from Sunrise Lake, and I am Baron Vaughn!”

Baron Vaughn was a Middle Rank Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, and his daughter standing next to him was a low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent; besides them, they had eight more Extraordinary Exponents and more than two hundred family soldiers aboard their ship.

Their overall strength was stronger than that of the Fischer family.

Though the Vaughn family lived near Sunrise Lake, they actually depended on the Donnerklaue clan, one of the seven viscount families, and the Donnerklaue clan, not participating in the struggle between the lions and the eagles, had always remained neutral.

The two families got along well, jointly repairing the ships by the coast, but due to the mental shock from this massive defeat, everyone was full of exhaustion and confusion, silent and uncommunicative, with little interaction.

It wasn't until the afternoon that a great will from the Lord of the Lost emerged in Irene's mind!

[A formidable enemy has arrived]

She sharply turned to look at the sea again and, sure enough, could faintly discern a small black dot gradually growing larger in her field of vision.

Could these people be related to the Vaughn family?

Irene frowned at the Vaughn family and others, and then shook her head. If they were traitors, her Listening for Malice ability would have already been triggered.

She made a decisive judgment—it wasn't enemies brought by them; it must be enemies tracking the Vaughn family!

Even with Byrne still deeply unconscious, there were still a Middle Rank and a low-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents among the Cyart people on the coast.

Besides, there was also Chris, who could easily defeat an ordinary low-level Transmutation, already climbing the ladder of a 'Disguiser', wielding the powerful rune power "Blade of Silver Radiance".

Irene's brow furrowed as she analyzed to herself:

"Even so, the arrival still counts as a formidable enemy for the Fischer family. Could there be a high-level Transmutation enemy on that ship?"

With Byrne still in a deep coma, she understood the heavy responsibility she had to bear, to help the Fischer family withstand the powerful enemy!