

# From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

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Adrian's eyes lit up, and then he listened as Byrne continued.

"Although Garcia is belligerent and bloodthirsty, he is actually a person with strong judgement and meticulousness. Our secret alliance cannot be kept hidden forever, it can only fool him for a while,"

Adrian couldn't help himself and asked further, "And after that period of time?"

Byrne smiled, took a sip of tea, his fingers curling slightly as he calmly said, "In a few months, Garcia might just suddenly die of illness, don't you think, haha! After all, aside from the great gods, no one can predict what will happen tomorrow!"

Could Viscount Garcia die?

Adrian was startled, looking at Byrne who was still smiling with a face full of astonishment, not daring to ask further, his back drenched with sweat once again.

Byrne smiled and quickly moved past the previous subject, "Evangeline is a good girl, once she grows up, an alliance between our two families wouldn't be so bad."

Adrian was stunned for a moment, smiled wryly, and shook his head, "That matter is not urgent."

Evangeline had inherited the strong power of Bloodline, and could possibly be qualified to become the next head of the family. To marry her off in an alliance would be contrary to the family's interests.

However, he also knew that Byrne was just speaking casually.

After Adrian had left, Byrne pondered for a long time before picking up the book he had set down and continued reading calmly.

Compared to other times, he still felt that only the time spent reading could completely relax a person.

Dealing with the Arwen family wasn't a difficult task, but declaring all-out war on them was definitely a bad move.

Byrne was well aware that since the Fischer family had defeated many strong enemies several times before, Viscount Garcia must have sensed that something was amiss.

He feared the hidden strength of the Fischer family and had chosen to treat the Arwen family as cannon fodder, all to probe their true capabilities.

Byrne murmured to himself, "Viscount Garcia, it seems you're set on eliminating the Fischers."

Theo suddenly entered, saying respectfully, "Master, Mr. John is not going to make it."

Byrne put down the book and was silent for a long time.

"John."

Was he going to die?

Byrne still remembered the first pot of gold for the family, which was earned by his father taking Irene to work with John; now, the shrewd maritime merchant was finally about to be carried away by the cruel Grim Reaper of time.

"Hmm, I will go have a look."

In twenty years, John's family had grown more powerful, relying on the formidable influence of the Fischers, and had become a significant maritime merchant family on the East Coast Province.

When he arrived at the mansion of John's family, it was already surrounded by many people, all connections John had cultivated over the years.

Everyone who saw Byrne bowed their heads in respect, and no one dared to speak loudly.

The eldest son of John, upon seeing Baron Byrne, came forward to bow, his eyes red as he said:

"You've finally arrived, Your Excellency Byrne, my father has been hoping to see you; he is, he is nearly gone now. Madam Irene said that it was his time, and there was simply no treating him."

"Hmm."

Byrne nodded calmly and then entered John's room alone but left Theo and the servants along with people from John's family in the drawing room, waiting in silence.

That room was the very one where John had almost died from illness but was cured by Irene; it was also the place where the Fischer family made their first fortune.

The elderly John, with a face full of wrinkles and snow-white hair, lay on the bed, gasping weakly; it was quite apparent he didn't have much time left.

The room was dark, as no lamps were lit because as soon as there was light, the dying John would scream and wail uncontrollably.

"Mr. John, I've come," Byrne said in a gentle voice, walking slowly in the darkness, calmly sitting beside the old man.

In recent years, John had been spending a fortune on messages from the Spirit Realm and mystical drugs, making several trips to the Spirit Realm, hoping to find an adventure that would turn ordinary people into Extraordinary Exponents. Yet, he never achieved a good outcome.

The cunning and shrewd man was indeed quite lucky in the Spirit Realm; despite being an ordinary human, he never died even once, or perhaps because he was too cautious, he failed to reap the rewards he truly desired.

Exhausted, John barely managed to open his eyes and stared into the darkness at Byrne, his face completely obscured, and he lamented,

"So you've come, His Excellency Byrne. It's unthinkable that just a blink of an eye and twenty years have gone by, so fast, so very fast..."

"Haha, I remember you were just a child back then, even too scared to talk to strangers!"

Byrne in the darkness nodded calmly, saying, "Yes, time does fly."

John fell silent for a long while, then suddenly asked, "Actually, there's something I've never been able to figure out. Does your Fischer family have some kind of special method to turn an ordinary person into an Extraordinary Exponent?"

Byrne in the darkness fell silent for a long time, so long that John began to feel afraid.

"Yes."

Indeed, it was so. A flood of realizations came to John in an instant, and he began to shake uncontrollably, unable to stop himself from shouting out loud.

"I understand now, I've figured it all out! So that's how it is, that's how it is... No wonder Madam Irene talked to me about heretic views several times. I understand everything now!"

"Byrne! You clearly knew my dream! All these years, the price I paid was all for the Extraordinary power!"

He reached out frantically, fiercely pointing at Byrne and screaming,

"How bitterly you've concealed the truth from me! How miserably you've deceived me! Hahaha, I hate you! Fischers, you bunch of swindlers, you heretics!"

Suddenly, Byrne grabbed John's hand tightly, staring into his eyes with a cold gaze.

"Really? Do you also deserve to wield the true power?"

"John, by now you should clearly understand that the Fischers did offer you opportunities. You were just too shrewd, never wanting to deeply bind yourself with us, right?"

He lowered his voice, continuing, "Risk and reward are proportional, don't you understand this as a merchant braving the seas?"

John felt an intense pain in his hand, shocked, in the darkness he could see that man's eyes, as deep as the ocean, like a dim, lightless vortex, easily piercing through all secrets and swallowing everything around it.

He was terrified, his body shaking and writhing like a weakened worm, completely powerless!

In the darkness, Byrne continued speaking in an even tone, "Does anyone else in your family know of your conjecture just now?"

John, trembling with fear, realized that the man before him was no longer the timid boy who dared not meet people, but a person of high stature who could demand his entire family's life with a single word.

"No, no! Don't kill them, I beg you, Byrne, it's only me who's gone mad!"

Byrne nodded calmly, speaking gently,

"Hmm, if you are telling the truth, John, I remember your youngest son hasn't taken a wife yet, so let Theo's eldest daughter marry him."

John took a deep breath, a bitter smile on his face as he said,

"Good, good, good, from now on, the Fischer family will handle everything of ours! My children, they are all willing to serve you..."

"I have prepared the transfer contract, and I've signed it too, it's under my, my pillow, cough cough cough, cough..."

Byrne nodded gently, sincerely saying, "You can rest assured, I guarantee that your family will not decline in the next few decades."

John finally let out a long breath, closed his eyes, and realized that certain qualities of Byrne remained unchanged.

Byrne left the room calmly, stepping into the hall and looking at the members of the John family; they all looked back at him immediately.

He took a deep breath, his eyes reddening, and tears could be seen blurring his vision.

"Please accept my condolences, Mr. John, the forever loyal friend of the Fischer family, has just passed away."

"I believe he is now in the embrace of the deities, assured to find true peace."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 153: 146 3rd Rank "Preacher"!**

Daybreak Orphanage in Nasir Town.

In the director's office, Irene gazed serenely at the grey-haired girl in front of her.

Rishia, now the most outstanding among the many children of Daybreak Orphanage, was thirteen years old. Her ancestors were likely some Extraordinary nobility, possessing a recessive high-level power of Bloodline called the "Night-Eating Bird".

The "Night-Eating Bird" was not a magic beast but a mysterious being from the shadow world, endowed with the mystical power to devour others' shadows and petrify them.

However, what made Rishia remarkable was not her Bloodline, but her extraordinary learning ability. Almost anything taught to her she understood at once; she could learn anything quickly, surpassing even the once brilliant Daybreaker, Yeager.

Rishia was not a pure human but a dragon descendant, her clean, fair skin adorned with very few grey scales, her neat and tidy grey hair reaching her waist.

She was frail in stature, holding a booklet in her hand, and spoke respectfully and slowly:

"Director, I have come to understand a lot about God."

"The great Lord of the Lost, He is the sovereign of us all, the only Dawn of the world, even the Lord of Salvation is but one of His manifestations."

"The world is now in utter darkness, and it is only because of His existence that we have the chance to attain a bright future."

Irene nodded lightly and smiled, "Yes, child, you are quite right."

Three years ago, she had started to gradually spread the faith to Rishia, and the girl had accepted it all quite swiftly, even showing the potential to become a devout person.

Rishia pondered for a long while, as if considering something very important, and finally couldn't help but ask:

"But there is one thing I don't understand, Director. Why would the great Lord of the Lost, so powerful and loving towards us, still let us suffer tribulations?"

Irene answered calmly after listening, "It is a trial, Rishia, indeed, it is only through God's trials that our lives can be filled with meaning."

"A trial..."

Rishia sank into deep thought, then asked again:

"My father abandoned me and my mother, and the people from the Tempest Church suspected my mother was from the Sea God Cult and they killed her... Can she still find happiness?"

"Are these all the Lord of the Lost's trials? Then, who is He really testing, me or my mother?"

Irene suddenly embraced her, and Rishia stood still, not moving for a long while.

She stroked the girl's grey hair, speaking slowly:

"The hardships we encounter can be seen as trials, a mission bestowed by God to test our courage, wisdom, and soul."

"And each trial is a new transformation, making us more perfect. Child, trust in the arrangements of the Lord of the Lost, and gain strength from it."

"As long as you faithfully believe in the Lord of the Lost, then the souls of your loved ones will also be saved!"

Hearing these last words, Rishia's eyes finally brightened, and she nodded vigorously.

"I understand, Director!"

At night, inside the orphanage.

On her bed, Rishia's face showed a sincere devotion.

Great Lord of the Lost.

She must have suffered greatly in death, the people from the Tempest Church said she would go to hell, I don't want her to go to hell.

I beg you.

I hope You recognize my devotion, I am willing to offer my soul to You, and I hope You can save my mother's soul!

Irene sat calmly in the office, checking the children's files.

By now, the orphanages across the East Coast had adopted hundreds of orphans, and she had put a lot of effort into properly managing each child.

This was also for the Lord of the Lost, and for the Fischer family.

Suddenly, Irene felt a strange sensation, with a clear boiling of spirituality in her mind, indicating that a new devout person had emerged!

"It is Rishia!"

Irene fell into contemplation, not surprised by Rishia's transformation.

Deep within her lived an enormous void waiting to be filled by some kind of spiritual support.

If not faith, it would have been some other thing that would eventually captivate the not-so-resilient Rishia. It just happened to be that she met Irene, and, upon learning of the greatness of the Lord of the Lost, Rishia's worldview was quickly reshaped.

"It is her fortune."

Over the years, Irene had become increasingly skilled at spreading faith and understanding people, a realization that grew strongly within her.

"However..."

She also realized her lifespan was coming to an end, with less than ten years remaining.

Irene closed her eyes, silently feeling the intense boiling of spirituality.

"It's so strange, that my spirituality boiled so fiercely. When Byrne described it, I simply couldn't imagine what it would be like."

It was a rather unusual sensation, where the originally calm lake deep in the soul suddenly seemed to ignite and boil without stop, a magnificent scene within the soul!

"Just by stepping onto the 3rd Rank, it feels completely different from before. What will happen once I reach the higher ranks?"

"So that's how it is, the Path of Divine Sacrifice. To reach the 3rd Rank, one needs to cultivate three devout followers who have faith in the gods."

She quickly jotted down the specific rituals for stepping onto the 3rd Rank of the Divine Sacrifice Path. Byrne would summarize all the methods of the rituals to prepare for those who came after in the Dawn Church.

The second basement level of the Fischer Manor.

Everyone gathered here again, excited, all eyes on Irene kneeling on the floor, holding their breath in silence.

With devotion, she offered the Class 3 Extraordinary Material, the "Bizarre Flower."

Karl appeared high in the sky, silently gazing at the girl who first encountered him; it all had started from that night.

"In the blink of an eye, twenty years have passed. Time really flies. She also stepped onto the 3rd Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice."

"Her soul is about to join me."

He silently accepted the Class 3 Extraordinary Material, the "Bizarre Flower," and made his way to the Spirit Realm.

Arriving in the Spirit Realm, Karl appeared at the highest point, gazing down calmly, and soon noticed an old man in a blue robe watching him.



It was a very normal occurrence; he knew many who explored the Spirit Realm would gaze at him, then shift their eyes away full of fear.

Sure enough, the old man in the blue robe quickly dared not pay him any more attention.

Karl didn't pay attention to him either but expertly shaped a new rank in the God Pantheon stairway!

The Consecution "Preacher"!

In the new constellation he had joined, there was a man with arms spread wide, speaking of godly matters, surrounded by flickers of spiritual light.

"The third person of the Fischer family to step onto the 3rd Rank."

In the real world, Karl, carrying the blue Spiritual Radiance, approached Irene.

She took a deep breath and wholeheartedly accepted the intensely expanding Spiritual Radiance, immediately feeling a surge of tremendous power!

From the very depths of her soul!

Experiencing the transformation deep in her soul and the great enhancement of spirituality, Irene's mind became clearer, and she finally understood just how vast the gap was between the 3rd Rank and the two lower ranks.

She had reached the 3rd Rank "Preacher" on the Path of Divine Sacrifice, and her overall qualities had improved by seventy points. However, the increase in physical condition was only fifteen, while her spirituality skyrocketed by fifty-five!

"I thank you for your gift, oh great Lord of the Lost. I feel that power."

"From now on, I will use this power to serve you even better!"

Irene closed her eyes for a long time, confirming the new power she had acquired, her heart secretly marveled at its mystical nature.

"Preacher" is the 3rd Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice and comes with a new Extraordinary trait, along with knowledge of three new Spells automatically revealed in her mind.

The new Extraordinary trait is "Soul Proclamation."

The three new Spells are "Thunderous Voice," "Mental Speak," and "Mental Secret Words."

"Thunderous Voice" can directly affect all enemies within the range of the voice, causing a tremendous shock to their innermost selves! It can directly strike at the enemy's will."

"Mental Speak" has a range of action of five hundred meters, where Irene can transmit her thoughts one-on-one, provided she has physically touched the person before.

"Mental Secret Words" is very powerful. After spending a lot of time, she can hypnotize at most one person, who is not stronger than herself and lacks the will to resist, through a ritual, lasting for three days.

With the effect of "Mental Secret Words," the "Preacher" can remotely give an order that must be absolutely obeyed within three days without the other party being aware, although such an order cannot demand suicide or the killing of loved ones.

It can only control one person at most, and to hypnotize another person, the "Preacher" must first remove the Mental "Secret Words" from the previous one.

"Soul Proclamation" is a powerful Extraordinary trait that can be used only once a day.

Before Irene wishes to cast any spell, she must first tell her target about the spell she is about to cast, and as long as the target clearly hears her words, the spell will receive special enhancements.

All spells of the Path of Divine Sacrifice are no exception; they all receive new enhancements because of the effect of "Soul Proclamation."

"Secret Ear Technique" and "Silence Spell" will have their range expanded because of "Soul Proclamation," "Thunderous Voice" will increase in power, "Mental Speak" will change from individual to group transmission, and "Mental Secret Words" will have its duration significantly extended to ten days.

Irene soon realized that "Soul Proclamation" was the core ability of the Path of Divine Sacrifice, which would still be of great use when stepping onto higher ranks in the future.

She smiled, swelling with gratitude once more in the depths of her heart to the great Lord of the Lost.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, I praise your gift."

"It has been a long time since I met you, a lot of time has passed, and I think it's almost time. Before long, I will return to your embrace."

Irene had long accepted the fact that she would eventually leave her family and return to the embrace of her lord, her gaze filled with peace and tranquility.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 154: 147 Consecution "Scapegoat" and Destiny's Trajectory "Sufferer"**

Irene's successful ascent to the 3rd Rank was, without doubt, a surprise to the entire Fischer family, and everyone was delighted by it.

The Fischer family held a small-scale banquet at the manor, with many from the four towns who were on friendly terms with the family in attendance, and the Lion clan, despite the distance, sent representatives to express their sincerity as soon as possible.

Upon seeing those who had hurried from the Lion clan, all the banquet attendees couldn't help but ponder a question anew.

"Why, in the end, does the Lion clan value the Fischer family so much?"

"Perhaps, it really is an illegitimate child, but even if that's the case, Viscount Bast's attitude seems excessively cordial."

According to the Fischer family's public claim, Irene was a spellcaster with healing spellcasting talent, and she had never revealed any other spells in front of outsiders.

Many guests who participated in the Fischer family banquet took the opportunity to exchange information and swap intelligence with other guests.

And just as the banquet was about to end, a tall and handsome young man from the family secretly ran out of Fischer Manor.

Although Darren was only fifteen years old, he was already over one meter eighty tall; the obesity that had plagued him for a long time was nowhere to be seen, and he even bore a seven-tenths resemblance to the young Byrne, only more robust.

Since Erik's death, Darren had been forced to accept Byrne's even stricter tutelage. The Fischer family had adopted a set of stringent family rules drafted by the Lion clan and hired several tutors.

Years of painful torments wrought significant changes to Darren's body, and while he still enjoyed sweets, he had successfully slimmed down.

However, compared to before, he had become fearful of his father, rather than simply admiring the man.

Darren sneaked out to the small grove outside, where a beautiful blonde girl was squatting under a tree, hugging her knees and waiting silently; she looked up to see him and immediately broke into a joyful smile!

"You finally came, Darren! It's so cold outside; I've been waiting for you for so long!"

"Hahaha, haven't I come? Here, for you."

Darren walked over and handed over sweets he had pilfered from the banquet, stuffed them into the girl's mouth, took hold of his sweetheart's hand, and then, laughing, lifted her into his arms.

"Hahahahaha!"

They spun around on the spot, and the girl couldn't help but laugh as well.

"Let's go!"

Darren quickly led the girl to an inn in Nasir Town, where they entered a room that the owner regularly reserved for Darren.

Two youthful bodies quickly heated up.

The battle was imminent, and tens of minutes later, when they finally ceased, Darren suddenly heard the girl in his arms lift her small face to ask:

"Darren, when can I go to your house for a banquet too? Umm, you've seen my father, haven't you? He said he got an invitation from your family."

Darren was slightly taken aback, fell silent, and deep inside he felt genuinely irritated by the question.

Their relationship couldn't be exposed carelessly; his father and Aunt Irene would definitely interrogate him, and the consequences were unimaginable.

Seeing that Darren didn't answer, the girl bit her lip and asked again, "Can you marry me?"

Darren's face turned completely dark, and he said unpleasantly:

"I'm busy every day in the family, learning all kinds of knowledge, undergoing swordsmanship training, and dealing with so many things. I barely get to see you, and just when we were getting happy, you have to bring this up?"

"Don't be angry, it's my fault."

The girl stiffened for a moment, then immediately softened her attitude and clung to Darren, not daring to say more.

Darren also felt irritated, as he knew very well that marrying her was not something he could decide; it was up to the family elders.

Moreover, the person she should be asking was actually her father!

If her father were a member of some viscount family, there would be no obstacle to their marriage. Unfortunately, her father was merely a somewhat wealthy merchant, who would be thrilled to even receive an invitation from the Fischer family.

There was something Darren had always been afraid to say.

His position within the family was not that stable. Darren had thought that with his father's connections, he would inevitably become the head of the Fischer family.

But he had recently realized that his father never mentioned anything about the succession of the next family head, and his peers were also gradually growing up, which instilled a growing sense of crisis deep within him.

Furthermore, Darren had received a very unfortunate Consecution two years ago during his blessing.

The Path of Shadow, "Scapegoat."

His physical constitution and spirituality both improved evenly, yet beyond that, the "Scapegoat" consecution only bestowed upon Darren a rather useless extraordinary trait.

Darren could activate "Scapegoat" to consume Spiritual Power and draw misfortune from others through physical contact, thereby becoming unlucky in place of others!

Damn it!

With such a crappy consecution power, how could he possibly become the head of a family?

What's more, Darren could distinctly sense one thing—that his father didn't particularly like him embarking on the Path of Shadow. After emerging from the basement that day, his father had simply told him with a complex expression.

"Darren, if you want to become strong, do more for yourself. Maybe stepping onto the Path of Shadow isn't completely bad... but remember, no matter what, never do anything that harms the family."

The more he thought about these things, the more upset he felt. He took a deep breath, his voice low.

"Turn over."

He slapped the girl's buttocks, mounted her, pinning her arms behind her back.

"Ouch."

Hearing the girl's cry, Darren could feel a slight digestion of the Magic Potion inside him. He maintained his silence and didn't respond to her feeble resistance.

When it was time for them to part, Darren could see a bit of dark aura on the girl's body.

After contemplation, he still caressed her face, discreetly absorbing that bit of misfortune, feeling a sense of inner balance—feeling rather good about himself for treating her quite well.

Then, on the way home, Darren was injured by a horse that had been spooked and ran wildly, feeling as though his bones had cracked, he bared his teeth in pain.

"I'm so sorry, Young Master Darren, so sorry!"

"Actually, it's not your fault, but I still want to scold you, remember to be more careful in the future."

He was hoisted up by the terrified coachman, his eyebrows tightly knit, clearly feeling the activation of his Destiny's Trajectory "Sufferer," as a hint of white aura emerged around him.

The Destiny's Trajectory of the "Sufferer" meant that when one encountered misfortune, they would accumulate some good fortune, which would burst forth when faced with a lethal crisis, neutralizing the deadly danger.

However, Darren had been accumulating good luck for several years and had not yet encountered a time when he needed to use that luck, while the constant misfortunes had become an unbearable daily routine.

Inside Fischer Manor.

Byrne silently made notes on mystical knowledge, mainly about the creatures re-summoned from summoning spells and their summaries.

Vanessa's spellcasting talent had developed further, reaching the high-level Beginning, enabling her to now cast an additional type of summoning spell and generally strengthen the effects of various spells she performed.

"Regrettably, it seems very difficult for me to advance further."

In recent years, Byrne discovered that he was unable to assimilate the power of the 3rd Rank "Mysterious Scholar."

"According to the mysterious knowledge bestowed by the Lord of the Lost, anyone stepping on to the first four ranks of the God Pantheon stairway shouldn't find it overwhelmingly difficult. Only when attempting to ascend to the 5th Rank will they encounter real hardship."

The reason might be simple, he was too distracted, having to deal with many family matters, and not being wholeheartedly dedicated to acquiring knowledge and researching mysteries.

"At this rate, I'm afraid it will take me ten years to fully master the Power of Consecution of the 3rd Rank 'Mysterious Scholar.'"

"Then again, if I want to speed up my mastery of this power, I could, but only if I could eschew the backstabbing and family affairs..."

He shook his head, for it was only because his father had not died that he had the opportunity to devote himself entirely to knowledge.

How could the Fischer family possibly manage without relying on him now?

"If Irene could step onto the 5th Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice, her life would extend, but unfortunately, she's running out of time."

It was not just that Irene herself was short on time, but also because it was only in recent years that she had summarized an effective method to cultivate the devout, which had delayed her own progress for a long time.

Nevertheless, with Irene's experiences, the successors of the Dawn Church would find it much easier to ascend to "Preacher."

Chris's situation, however, was distinctly different.

Half a year ago, Chris had indicated that he was about to completely grasp the Power of Consecution of the 3rd Rank!

Just as when he mastered the powers of the 1st Rank "Hunter" and the 2nd Rank "Assassin," Chris was advancing unimpeded on his path to becoming stronger, as if he was born for the Path of Tranquility. Byrne and Irene found it quite astonishing.

A genius!

Byrne could only summarize the situation surrounding Chris like this.

"It looks like Chris will step into the 4th Rank before I do. He really is too suited for the Path of Tranquility. The more one fits the path's essence, the easier it is to grasp the Power of Consecration. There's no need to pay too much attention to the path's intentions themselves."

He felt no jealousy, only knowing how critical this was; the Fischer family sorely lacked a truly strong Extraordinary Exponent.

If Chris could step onto the 4th Rank, he would possess an extraordinary power on par with those at the high-level Transmutation, and the entire situation for the Fischer family in the East Coast Province would change!

"Coupled with Destiny's Trajectory and rune power, as long as Chris reaches the 4th Rank, the Fischer family will become a significant player on the East Coast Province, no longer just pawns in other people's games."

He was acutely aware that Viscount Garcia had always wanted to uproot the Fischer family completely.

But because a series of powerful Extraordinary Exponents had fallen at the hands of the Fischer family, Viscount Garcia developed doubts and wariness, which kept him from taking real action.

In fact, Viscount Garcia's thoughts were correct; if he truly ventured into Nasir Town, he would inevitably be killed by Irene, who would sacrifice her lifespan to do so.

Late at night.

In the quiet of the night, Byrne left the family manor silently and made his way to the Fischer family cemetery.

There were many tombstones there, not just for the core members of the Fischer family, but also ordinary family soldiers were buried here after their deaths.

He stopped at Lucius's grave, looking at the flowers placed there by various people, and added a bunch of his own.

"I feel more and more like you, father, but yet I can never fully become you."

Afterward, Byrne moved to Erik's tombstone, where there were few flowers placed. He also silently took out a bunch, calmly laid them down.

"I'm sorry."



Upon his return to Fischer Manor, Byrne saw Chris and Irene waiting for him in the hall.

The silver-haired Chris stood calmly, his face devoid of expressions, his slender body possessing a different kind of beauty, like an angel fallen from the heavens.

"Chris, you're back!" A smile spread across Byrne's face.

A few months ago, after Chris declared that he was about to fully master the Power of Consecution of the 3rd Rank "Disguiser," he didn't tell anyone and silently left the family.

Now, he had returned.

"Byrne, there is extremely important good news about Chris," Irene said with a smile, her eyes brimming with immense joy.

Just seeing her expression, Byrne immediately understood what was happening, and deep inside, was thrilled!

The moment for the Fischer family's transformation had arrived!

He couldn't help but feel moved, clenching his hands tightly, his voice excited as he said, "Even faster than I had anticipated, Chris, you truly are a person born for the Path of Tranquility."

Chris nodded slightly, having successfully mastered all the power of the "Disguiser."

Only lacking the ritual method to step onto the 4th Rank, once he completed the ritual, he would be elevated to a new stage, possessing a power that wouldn't be inferior to those powerful viscounts!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 155: 148: The "Secret" of the Fischer Family**

Viscount Garcia's carriage traveled on the main road from Black Mountain Town to Chevron Town.

He sat in the carriage, calm and composed, dressed in a Cyart military uniform, his expression stern, with his strong, rough hands resting on his knees, making him look very resolute and upright.

The carriage gradually came to a stop, and Viscount Garcia stretched out his hand to draw back the curtain, looking towards the not-too-distant thicket of woods and coldly issued a command to the family soldiers outside.

"According to the report, there should be a bandit camp around here. Search the area."

When the family soldiers returned, he calmly asked, "Did you find any traces?"

The soldiers of the Garcia family looked at the silent wilderness road and all shook their heads; they didn't know if anyone was there, having searched for a long time without finding any signs.

His deputy said, bowing his head, "No, Lord Viscount, this place doesn't seem like it harbors bandits."

Viscount Garcia's gaze was icy as he decisively said,

"Three days ago, a caravan traveling from Chevron Town to Black Mountain Town was raided right here, and the goods to be delivered to our family were among them. We cannot let the bandits go."

The family soldiers all knew very well that Lord Viscount Garcia had always been firm in his own judgments.

No matter what they said, they couldn't change Lord Viscount's mind.

Garcia never denied he was a stubborn person.

After the fall of the Kesse family and the disappearance of his son-in-law, even though the Tempest Church had confirmed it was the work of the Sea God Cult with comprehensive evidence, and many believed that to be the truth,

he had always believed that it was definitely the Fischer family who killed those people!

"I'll go down and take a look."

Viscount Garcia quickly left the carriage and began to search the area himself, remaining vigilant throughout the process as if the foe he sought was not mere bandits but a formidable enemy.

"It's over here."

He suddenly found a clue and commanded,

"Stay put!"

Minutes later, Viscount Garcia found a cave in a very concealed part of the woods; the cave turned out to be quite spacious, and after walking a hundred meters in, he came upon the bandits inside.

"It's an Extraordinary noble!"

"We surrender! We beg you, don't kill us!"

The bandits crumbled at the sight of Viscount Garcia, scared and wanting to surrender. They were all ordinary people who fully understood the vast gap between themselves and an Extraordinary noble.

"..."

Viscount Garcia said nothing but just waved his hand lightly. The numerous bandits dozens of meters away were sliced apart by an invisible force, turning into a pile of indistinct flesh and blood in an instant.

Those invisible blades were like the scythe of the Grim Reaper, cutting through all flesh and weapons in a moment without any trace of an attack, making it difficult to avoid.

He proceeded deeper and came across several women and children and coldly waved his hand again.

After finishing everything, Viscount Garcia walked out of the cave.

After finding the stolen goods, he continued his journey, first arriving at the most prosperous Chevron Town in the region of the four towns, and then heading south to Phelps Port.

On the way, he kept thinking about the Fischer family matters.

"Fischer family, Byrne..."

Several years after the fall of the Spirit Deer family, Black Mountain Town, Fiera Town, and Chevron Town in the region of the four towns had all been occupied by the Garcia family, also known as the "Roarer clan."

Undoubtedly, their family had formed an encirclement of Nasir Town, and Viscount Garcia had always wanted to eliminate the Fischer family, this big thorn in their side.

"The main support of the Fischer family is Byrne, and then that Irene. As long as Byrne dies, the entire Fischer family will be thrown into chaos."

Viscount Garcia, fond of warfare and bloodshed, had always been known to be ferocious on the East Coast, but everyone knew he was not a foolish brute.

He clearly understood that if he wanted to kill Byrne Fischer, he had to figure out two things.

First, how to kill him, and second, the consequences of doing so.

Killing was not just about taking a life—it was about severing all of a person's connections in the world.

Phelps Port had become a burgeoning city, the second city in the East Coast Province because of the factories and large port established there, making it very prosperous.

"Black Hawk" Viscount Xavier, who controlled it, was a very savvy man in business and development, with a vision surpassing the times. Years ago, he had gone into debt to construct a substantial port, which now brought significant developmental benefits and was the first in East Coast Province to vigorously introduce steam engines.

In just a few decades, he had developed a once insignificant town, no different from Nasir Town, into its current glorious status, with eagle-like vision.

Viscount Garcia arrived in the southern part of Phelps Port and entered a high-end "Red Wine" military club.

It was a very famous officers' club where many East Coast Province officers who had participated in wars would gather, connect with one another, and share all sorts of intelligence.

However, its membership was strictly limited; Cyart officers without national military achievements couldn't even qualify to join "Red Wine."

"Greetings, Viscount Garcia!"

"Salutations to you, Viscount Garcia!"

Many soldiers in the club stood up, their eyes filled with respect for this exemplary military figure.

Everyone was well aware that if it hadn't been for his leadership in holding Black Mountain Town, the East Coast Province might have fallen during the Rhea People's first assault!

During the war with the Rhea People, Viscount Garcia had even repeatedly ventured deep into enemy territory, successively assassinating three Rhea nobles and slaughtering multiple villages, carving out a fearsome reputation with his own hands.

Later, he also escaped the pursuit of a Monarch powerful expert for over a dozen days and nights, barely surviving to return to Cyart.

"We meet again, everyone."

Viscount Garcia calmly nodded in greeting to the crowd.

Then he made his way to the VIP room of the Red Wine Club, seeking out an old friend of more than thirty years, someone who had once saved his life on the battlefield and faced a Monarch powerful expert together with him.

The owner of the Red Wine Club, "the most outstanding wine taster of the East Coast," Mr. Samuel.

Samuel was an elderly man in black clothing, his white hair immaculately combed and his entire demeanor exceptionally elegant, the very image of decorum.

He held up a glass of red wine with a smile and said, "You haven't visited in a long time, my friend."

Viscount Garcia sat down beside him, picked up a cup of black coffee from the table, and without hesitation directly asked, "I've heard rumors about the Fischer family, do you know anything?"

He knew Samuel's hidden identity; his old friend was also an important member of the secret organization "Black Eyes," and might have key intelligence.

Samuel finished his wine with a smile and replied, "Are you referring to his relation with the Romann family?"

Viscount Garcia was silent for a moment before nodding, "Yes, I did hear some secret news regarding the Romann family, but I found it too incredible and simply couldn't believe it."

Some time ago, Viscount Garcia had bought intelligence from the secret organization "Black Eyes," wanting to know what hidden power the Fischer family possessed.

What was the power that enabled them to turn peril into safety, time and again?

Then, he was stunned to learn that Byrne Fischer's father, Lucius, was actually a lost member of the top-tier Romann family from East Coast Province!

Because it sounded too unbelievable, Viscount Garcia completely doubted the reliability of the information, knowing that "Black Eyes" had been wrong before.

However, Mr. Samuel nodded, affirming the reliability of the "Black Eyes" intelligence.

"Your guess is correct, Byrne Fischer's real name indeed is Byrne Romann, and his father Lucius Fischer is blood-related to Duke Romann," he said.

Viscount Garcia took a deep breath and shook his head slightly.

"I still find it hard to believe."

Samuel smiled, a cunning light passing through his eyes unnoticed by others, and calmly analyzed the seemingly absurd truth of the intelligence.

"First, Viscount Bast is a man who puts interests above everything else. His fondness for Byrne isn't without reason, and you should understand that the cunning fox wouldn't even be so kind to his own son."

"It's said he provided the barrier for the Fischer family equivalent to Level Five Extraordinary materials, signifying his fear of anyone meddling with the small clan in Nasir Town."

"Second, when Nasir Town was attacked by the Rhea, why did Duke Romann, whose power was not in the East Coast, arrive first to the scene? It was actually to save his own blood."

"As one of the kingdom's most prominent figures, he personally gave a mere commoner, Knight Byrne, a certification after the event. Doesn't that strike you as odd?"

"Third, why is it that every time the Fischer family faces an attack from a powerful enemy, 'miracles' or 'miraculous battle achievements' seem to arise, allowing them to deal with their adversaries?"

Having fallen completely silent, Viscount Garcia listened as Mr. Samuel continued.

"People in the church have said that the last time they received a divine revelation was many years ago, and yet there were several so-called 'divine interventions' saving the Fischer family over the past decade or so, which now seem entirely implausible."

Viscount Garcia entered a deep contemplation and questioned, "In reality, have they always been protected by the powerful members of the Romann family?"

"Yes, that's exactly it," Samuel said confidently with a nod.

"Moreover, there's a fourth point. Members of 'Black Eyes' have already investigated in Emerald Lake Province, and decades ago the Romann family did indeed publicly search for a lost baby amid the chaos of war, whose age perfectly matches that of Lucius Fischer, who is said to be deceased within the Fischer family!"

Because the argument and evidence were so compelling, Viscount Garcia furrowed his brows, his inner doubts beginning to waver.

Yet, he still spoke with an icy voice:

"I still can't completely believe it; something about the details seems off, but now I fully understand one thing - the Fischer family certainly is hiding some powerful force."

"If one wants to annihilate them, one must be absolutely cautious and make the most thorough preparations!"

---

In the cellar of the Fischer family manor, the well-preserved silver dragon egg suddenly began to shake, and soon enough, cracks appeared one after the other on its silver-white, scaly surface.

A few hours later, the butler Theo, who descended to the cellar for a routine inspection, was surprised to find the situation.

"The dragon is about to be born!"

He quickly called Master Byrne over.

"It has been many years, and it's finally about to be born. Theo, go prepare some hot water and a hundred kilograms of beef, the books say a dragon consumes a lot of large animal meat upon birth."

Byrne gazed at the continuously shaking silver dragon egg, took a deep breath; dragons were a very powerful species, and this dragon's quality was unlike anything recorded in the books.

It might have some very special traits, this silver dragon egg might just be the good fortune of the Fischer family!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 156: 149: Spiritual Dragon!**

The silver-white dragon egg kept shaking, and the scales on its shell unfolded, releasing a strange aura that gradually permeated the area, causing a gradual transformation of the environment.

"Hmm?"

As a faint spiritual luminescence dispersed, Byrne looked down to raise his arm and could see his sleeve being infused by an invisible peculiar force, starting to emit a blue glow.

"A very peculiar power, I can feel the surroundings undergoing drastic changes."

Byrne gazed at the silver-white dragon egg, acutely aware of its distinctiveness—its birth was even more exceptional than what was described in books about the birth of giant dragons.

"Many books have written about the moment a giant dragon is born, they consume their eggshells for nutrients and eat a large amount of meat, then they go into a sleep. Only a very few dragons cause environmental changes upon their birth."

"But most involve elements like flames, lightning, etc. A situation like this is completely unprecedented... The air around is filled with spirituality, as if the real world is drawing closer to the Spirit Realm."

Finally, the silver eggshell cracked.

Then, a bizarre scene unfolded before them. Byrne and Theo, however, did not see any dragon hatchling inside; the silver dragon egg seemed to be nothing but a hollow shell.

"Eh?"

"What's going on?"

Both were astonished and then saw a silvery-white liquid slowly flow out from the eggshell, enveloping the entire silver-white dragon egg, slowly beginning to consume it.

"Is that thing a dragon?"

Theo's face was filled with shock, unable to believe that such a silvery-white liquid was a dragon hatchling.

Byrne, with a guarded furrow of his brow, cautiously summoned a body double to step forward slowly, "Byrne's double" extended a hand.

The silver-white liquid, having finished engulfing the eggshell, moved slowly and eventually settled into his hand.

Over time, the silver-white fluid writhed and changed, finally taking the form of a silver-white dragon hatchling the size of a small dog, resting on the "double" Byrne.

Theo had prepared lots of meat, but the silver-white hatchling completely ignored it, clearly a little one with a mind of its own.



It just lay silently on the "double," slowly drawing the spiritual power that was emanating from it.

"It doesn't eat meat but feeds on spirituality?"

Byrne couldn't help but marvel, surprised that it was a dragon that fed on spiritual power, something unprecedented in all books on dragons.

"It's clearly a very special entity, and it harbors no malice toward us—it's the 'luck' of the Fischer family."

"The beings of Spirit Realm are filled with wonders and have endless possibilities. Perhaps it really is what they call a 'Spiritual Dragon'."

Byrne was relieved, grateful that Chris had not eaten it!

The little one was very beautiful.

The silver-white dragon hatchling was covered in glistening scales, exuding a luster almost gem-like, its body fully transitioning from liquid to solid form.

Its slender body, illuminated with the brilliance of wisdom in its youthful eyes, seemed as innocent as a human child, its silver-white wings shimmering with a crystal-clear radiance, as if inlaid with countless tiny diamonds.

Byrne's heart was filled with immense joy, and even had a strong premonition that as long as the silver-white hatchling kept growing, someday it would reach the Monarch powerful expert level!

There are very few top-tier powerful experts at the Monarch Level, and each is extremely important, having the power to alter the layout of a region.

They kept the silver-white dragon hatchling in the basement, taking turns nurturing it with spiritual power.

Byrne had ordered, the matter regarding the hatchling was to be kept in utmost secrecy, not to be disclosed to any outsider and treated as a secret as pivotal as the Power of Consecution.

"This silver-white hatchling, the Spiritual Dragon from the Spirit Realm, may not be a dragon indigenous to the Claud World. The existing records about dragons in books, I'm afraid, might not be applicable to it."

"In the future, it might grow to a level of awe!"

"What a shame."

Byrne couldn't help but lament that he probably wouldn't see it reach adulthood himself, leaving it to the descendants of the Fischer family to witness the might possessed by the Spiritual Dragon.

"The Fischer family will continue through the generations, succeeding one after another, from young saplings to towering trees and even dense forests. One day will inevitably come, and the person to witness it all does not need to be me."

----

Rumors that the patriarch of the Fischer family carried the bloodline of the Romann family spread across the entire East Coast in just a year.

The wagon wheels kept turning, making noises as Byrne sat tranquilly in the black carriage, not at all surprised by the rumors about the special relationship between his family and the Romann family, and very satisfied with the current situation.

"As long as the Romann family doesn't come forward to deny it, the truth doesn't matter anymore."

He had long sensed Viscount Garcia's growing intent to kill, so to buy time, he decided to use "Black Eyes" to spread false information.

Even though the exact reasons were unclear, Viscount Bast could indeed influence "Black Eyes," and so the two conspired to concoct rumors.

Byrne increasingly felt that Viscount Bast had extensive connections. He held a position in both the Alchemy Council and the covert organization Black Eyes.

"Even though he might not be as skilled as 'Black Hawk' Xavier in managing family and domain, he possesses terrifying connections and resources. Additionally, Viscount Bast's personal strength is formidable to the point where those who are not Monarch powerful experts might find him an insurmountable adversary."

But he also knew that his own experience was limited; the world was immeasurably vast, and there would always be Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponents stronger than Bast.

"That 'Black Lion' also remains unseen before the world."

The carriage arrived at the street where Fischer Manor was located, yet instead of going home, he stopped at another residence nearby.

Today is Archibald's wedding, and the residence is the house that Archibald had built with his savings over the years, for himself and his wife.

He is now the Sergeant of the Fischer family, and many people in town respect Archibald greatly. There are also many who wish to marry their daughters to him.

The wife Archibald ended up marrying is a silver descendant, the young niece of the already deceased Aaron.

The marriage was decided by Byrne and Irene, with Archibald expressing agreement, whereas Aaron's niece could only submit to the arrangement.

With the short lifespan of the silver descendants, most other races are reluctant to intermarry with them. For Archibald, marrying a silver descendant was undoubtedly a sacrifice.

Even if his descendants would become more akin to mainstream humans, the lifespans of at least one or two generations would be significantly shortened.

One of Archibald's descendants would continue to marry within the silver descendants, perpetuating the racial traits of the silver descendants.

The offspring of the Blood Receivers would still be Blood Receivers. After taking the blood of the Fischer family, certain traits in their bloodline and the depths of their souls had been irrevocably changed.

This branch, as the Blood Receivers of the silver descendants, would dominate various affairs of the silver descendants clan in Nasir Town and might even further realize the dream that Aaron once had, to become the Great Elder of the Silver Descendants in the East Coast Province.

At the wedding banquet, Archibald and his wife approached Byrne to receive his blessing.

"You've finally arrived!"

Archibald said, beaming with joy.

Byrne smiled and nodded, saying, "Congratulations, Archibald. You must be faithful to your wife and make her happy."

"I can't believe that in the blink of an eye, you're no longer that young man."

"I wish for you both a happy future, free from the torment of sickness and any misfortune."

Archibald nodded repeatedly and immediately said, "I know, I've taken an oath to God, I will make her happy."

His wife gazed at Byrne for a while, then bowed her head respectfully and said,

"Your Excellency Bain, hello, thank you for your blessings."

Archibald's wife is a gentle and beautiful girl, quite short in stature, with looks that far surpass her husband's.

As a silver descendant, she is highly resistant to the marriage. While arranged marriages are normal in this era, and she does not resist that, she dislikes Archibald's race.

They always consider themselves noble, viewing outsiders as filthy in body and soul, much like beasts.

However, with the huge debt left by the deceased Aaron to the Fischer family, plus Byrne's plan to control the East Coast silver descendant clan, she had no choice but to marry Archibald.

Byrne's face is all smiles, yet deep inside he also realizes with resignation that advancing his Power of Consecution is becoming increasingly difficult.

Dealing with betrayals, threatening enemies, forming secret alliances, passing along false information, arranging family members' marriages—as the patriarch of the Fischer family, there were too many things to distract him.

At the banquet, Archibald drank a lot, to the point that he even felt somewhat befuddled. Thus, with the help of the servants, he staggered back to his room in a daze.

"From now on, I will also found a family!"

"Great! That's fantastic! I heard that Viscount Bast's grandfather was Duke Romann's father's guard. In the future, once the Fischer family becomes a top-tier major family, my child could be a viscount or something, ha ha!"

Drunk and elated, Archibald laughed loudly and long before he finally sighed and began to complain:

"Chris, why haven't you come back yet? Today is an important day in my life!"

Archibald still misses those days when he worked on "dark deeds" with Chris. Now, he is a superior to many soldiers, people who hold him in awe and respect, yet deep down, Archibald always feels bored.

He is well aware that Chris left the family to explore methods to advance to the 4th Rank.

That is currently the most important matter for the Fischer family. It's normal that he did not come back for his own wedding day. Archibald really shouldn't complain.

However, deep down, Archibald deeply longs for Chris to return.

Because, after all, Chris is his most important brother!

Just then, he vaguely saw a figure in his room and then opened his eyes wide in surprise.

"Chris! Is it really you?"

Chris stood calmly in the corner of the room, silent, with nobody knowing how he had entered.

He calmly extended his hand, with a precious clear gemstone in his palm, a valuable gift for Archibald, worth a fortune.

"Congratulations."

Dumbfounded, Archibald muttered, "You finally came back. I almost thought you wouldn't. Chris, you really are my good brother! You were bound to come back!"

He broke out in laughter, his eyes brimming with tears.

Chris nodded, still silent.

He had returned, fortunately just in time for Archibald's wedding.

And it was also time for him to meet Byrne and his sister, Chris thought to himself.

In the year that he had left the family, he had made many attempts and had finally found a suspected method of advancing to the 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility.

But Chris quickly realized that he could not complete the advancement ritual on his own in the short term; rather, he needed the resources of the entire family.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 157: 150 Monarch "Claws of Wasteland**

In the basement of the Fischer Manor, Chris, Byrne, and Irene gathered together once again.

For twenty-one years, the three siblings had weathered storms together, supporting one another through crisis after crisis, gradually pulling the once extremely weak Fischer family back on its feet.

Going forward, they would continue to support this boat that was carrying an increasing number of people.

Irene looked down at the sheet of paper in her hand, upon which Chris had written very neatly his conjecture concerning the ritual needed to ascend to the fourth rank of the Path of Tranquility.

"The conjecture for the ascension ritual to the 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility requires a person of Tranquility to kill a sinner with Extraordinary power. The greater the sinner's crimes, the more potent their strength, the more evil the person is, the better the feedback effect of the ascension ritual will be."

Killing, huh?

Irene pondered, finding an unusually tight connection between the Path of Tranquility and death.

"How did you come to this conjecture about the ritual?"

After reading the paper, Byrne quickly asked the question Chris completely didn't want to hear.

Chris deeply furrowed his brow; he really couldn't be bothered to explain too much.

"Speak up; this is very important. I want to record all the experiences and encounters we have had with the Power of Consecution for the sake of our family's future,"

said Byrne with a smile on his face, knowing full well that under normal circumstances Chris wouldn't want to talk much, but still compelled him to continue.

Chris, rather helplessly, took out a pen and paper to write down his experiences from the past year.

A year ago, upon his departure from the family, he had wandered in various places throughout the East Coast Province, constantly reflecting on the key to the Path of Tranquility.

Silence, death, the calm within.

He could sense why the Path of Tranquility was so well-suited for him.

Thus, Chris started with his own experience with the Path of Tranquility, engaging in many activities related to "silence, death, the calm within."

He had killed certain individuals, cut off all contact with people, and even tried not speaking for three months.

Byrne nodded slightly and finally asked, "In the end, you discovered that killing the guilty allowed spirituality to boil from deep within the soul?"

"Yes."

Chris replied softly, confirming it was so.

Irene knew Chris was not fond of speaking and was also beginning to understand that communicating with others in his state could affect his progress on the Path of Tranquility.

So she turned to Byrne and spoke in Chris's stead:

"It's not just as simple as killing the guilty; there is also a requirement of quality."

"He has already killed thirteen Extraordinary Exponents at the Beginning Level who were guilty, but only the first twelve showed signs of stirring spirituality, with the thirteenth having no effect."

Irene shook her head and continued,

"It is far from enough. Even though he has already killed twelve guilty at the Beginning Level, it is still not enough. He likely has to kill several at the Transmutation Level to successfully ascend."

Irene paused for a moment, her eyes filled with seriousness, and emphasized,

"And it has to be the more powerful and the more sinful the Extraordinary Exponents are, the stronger the feedback effect for the ascension ritual will be."

So that was it.

Byrne nodded lightly, now comprehensively understanding the ascension ritual for the 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility.

However, finding guilty Extraordinary Exponents at the Transmutation Level wasn't like picking vegetables in the market. Even for the elusive Chris, it wasn't easy to just kill them off.

And there was another important question.

"I also want to know, just how is 'guilt' actually defined?"

He suddenly thought of this, contemplating as he spoke: "In fact, definitions of guilt can vary in different regions, usually, in the eyes of the law, murder is a sin, but in many places, there are different distinctions."

"For instance, in the Ferrara Church State to the south of the continent, high-ranking individuals killing a slave is not only not a sin but is also considered an act of mercy."

"Take Viscount Garcia, for example. He has slaughtered many Rhea People in wars, yet in Cyart, it is regarded as military merit, even seen as heroic."

"Also, if a noble in a certain place is very cruel, and some Extraordinary Exponent without legal status is commissioned by the common people to assassinate him, committing an act of justice – would that be considered a sin?"

"So, how exactly should 'sin' be defined?"

He actually wanted to add, in front of Irene, that offending the great Lord of the Lost was certainly considered a severe sin in her heart, but it might not be the same in the eyes of others.

However, Byrne only pondered for a moment and immediately requested forgiveness from the Lord of the Lost in his heart, realizing how impudent he had been.

Chris shook his head, speaking calmly, "It is based on the person of Tranquility's own perception as the standard."

So that was it, now it was clear. Byrne gently nodded, took out his pen and notebook, and recorded the extremely important information to save time for future family members who might embark on the Path of Tranquility.

Then, he asked directly:

"So, Chris, what kind of person do you think is guilty?"

"..."

Chris couldn't be bothered to speak, and he also knew that Byrne understood him well, yet Byrne insisted on asking continuously.

Byrne had once said that those who walk the Path of Knowledge always have hearts filled with doubt and curiosity about the world.



So, he shook his head.

I hate those who embark on the Path of Knowledge.

Is that a sin?

In fact, Chris's concept of sin wasn't much different from that of ordinary people.

In his eyes, most nobles were guilty, as were most illegal Extraordinary Exponents, who, in reality, rarely ever took human life seriously.

He himself was also a person of deep sin.

Perhaps, kind-hearted people like Vanessa were the exception.

Chris was aware that although his wife never mentioned it, she deeply cared about certain actions of their family and had suppressed these feelings for a long time.

Byrne said calmly, "Since you want to kill Extraordinary Exponents of the Transmutation Level with sins, you need to think about who can be killed, the consequences after the killing, and how to kill them."

He pinched his chin with his fingers, lowered his head, and fell into deep thought, when suddenly, an idea struck him, and he said with a smile:

"I do know of a good place that holds many powerful, guilty Extraordinary Exponents of the Transmutation Level, which might just satisfy your needs in one go – the Tempest Church branch in Fein City."

The branches of the major churches did indeed hold many Extraordinary Exponents, most of whom were illegal, lacking a legal status. As soon as they were discovered, they were likely to be arrested, even if they hadn't committed any crimes.

Of course, in reality, most illegal Extraordinary Exponents couldn't resist the temptation and would use their extraordinary powers in everyday life, naturally crossing the legal boundaries.

No one knew what the church would do with those they detained, and the church never disclosed it.

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Fein City, branch of the Tempest Church.

In Fein City, the central city of the East Coast, there were two sizable churches: the Salvation Church's Great Cathedral of Relief in the south of the city, and the Tempest Church's Great Cathedral in the north.

Since the Tempest Bishop, the Thunderous Monarch, had died, the most powerful person in the Tempest Great Cathedral was now the former Assistant Priest and current Acting Tempest Bishop, Zayne Frosac.

He was a member of the Frosac family, one of the Ten Great Pillars families, already enjoying great resources. Coupled with decent innate talent, he had reached the Metamorphosis Phase years ago.

The Metamorphosis Phase is a blurred zone between the Transmutation Level and the Monarch Level, allowing one to convert the powers of spirit and life, advancing towards higher levels.

In the future, Zayne Frosac had the chance to reach the true Monarch Level, and considering his background, everyone understood that he had brighter prospects than Viscount Bast.

In the lavishly decorated reception room of the branch Great Cathedral of the Tempest Church, expensive and not thrifty decorations could be seen everywhere, with statues and frescoes related to sea creatures and waves, alongside the faint sound of sea winds.

"Acting Bishop, Baron Byrne Fischer of the Fischer family requests an audience," said an attendant.

Zayne was drinking tea with a middle-aged man who looked somewhat like him and was a dozen or more years older, when he suddenly heard his subordinate say that someone from the Fischer family had come.

The middle-aged man had two small mustaches, was tall and slender, dressed in a blue and black tailcoat, trousers, waistcoat, and overcoat.

He had a pair of profound and charming eyes, and his smile was filled with strange allure, resembling the kind of ladykiller who would be popular with women when he was young.

"Hmm, the Fischer family, are you well-acquainted with them, Zayne?" the middle-aged man asked casually, to which Zayne did not hesitate to smile and reply:

"Uncle August, this Fischer family does indeed have a decent relationship with me, but they're certainly not as important as you. Let them wait a bit longer so they won't interrupt our once-in-many-years meeting," Zayne suggested.

August Frosac chuckled, waved his hand, and said:

"There's no need for that. Actually, I've also heard of the heroic deeds of the Fischer family, and I really want to meet this Byrne Fischer and see what kind of man he is. You can bring him in now."

Zayne was surprised for a moment. He hadn't expected his uncle to know about the Fischer family, especially since it was his first time visiting the East Coast Province. It was strange.

"Bishop Zayne, thank you for receiving me... And who might this be?" Byrne asked upon entering the reception room, immediately sensing a terrifying presence that instinctively made the smile on his face fade.

The middle-aged man was just sitting there, exerting tremendous pressure on Byrne as if he were a massive beast, majestic as a mountain range, lurking in the clouds, peering down at his flesh with colossal strength, seemingly ready to crush, rip apart, and devour him at any moment!

"My uncle, August Frosac," Zayne introduced calmly.

Byrne quickly realized the man's identity; he was a member of the renowned Frosac family, a Monarch Level powerhouse who inherited the power of the ancient magic beast, the Wasteland Beast – the "Claws of Wasteland"!

Even among those of the Monarch Level, he was one of the rare geniuses who had the potential to reach the mid-level Monarch rank, his tremendous strength perhaps even surpassing that of the head of the Frosac family.

August Frosac watched Byrne for a long time and then shook his head, saying with some confusion:

"Hmm, not at all how I imagined. Your features lack firmness, and you bear no resemblance to Duke Romann! So it seems, rumors are indeed far-fetched."

Zayne suddenly realized why his uncle knew of the Fischer family; it was because of the rumors involving the Romann family.

Byrne immediately felt a surge of embarrassment within him and could only stiffen up and respectfully respond with a smile:

"Your Excellency August, indeed, there are some peculiar rumors about our family and the Romann family on the East Coast, but those are indeed just rumors, and I ask that you pay them no mind."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 158: 151: Ritual: Execution of Sins

August did not linger for too long and soon left the cathedral.

"I will be staying nearby, Zayne; you know where to find me. Think over my proposal a bit more."

Only after August had finally departed did Byrne let out a long breath.

The aura of that Monarch powerful expert was not deliberately concealed and always exerted an unavoidable pressure on him; he felt like a small animal being watched by a giant beast, at any moment ready to be devoured.

Many Monarch powerful experts do not deliberately suppress their aura, nor do they intentionally unleash their imposing presence.

However, Byrne remembered that the Tempest Bishop from the East Coast Province, the Thunderous Monarch, would always actively suppress his aura in order not to affect the weaker ones.

"So, what is it that you wanted?"

After his uncle left, Zayne, who initially had a smiling face, finally restrained his joy, and a serious expression appeared in his eyes, as if August had given him a hard-to-accept proposal.

After a long silence, he gazed at Byrne calmly.

"Bishop Zayne, it's like this: my cousin Chris accidentally found a peculiar secret cultivation inheritance that can absorb the power of sinful people to Strengthen his own power of Bloodline."

A peculiar secret cultivation inheritance?

Zayne did not respond immediately after hearing this but quietly pondered.

There are all kinds of cultivation inheritances in the world, and the higher the order of the cultivation inheritance, the stranger it is. Even though what Byrne said seemed bizarre, it was not beyond the realm of possibility.

"So, what do you mean by coming to me?" he asked, raising an eyebrow at Byrne.

Byrne revealed a slight smile and calmly said:

"I am simply looking to conduct a trade, Your Excellency. This cathedral imprisons many sinful Extraordinary Exponents, even powerful experts of the Transmutation Level."

"The Fischer family needs the lives of several Transmutation Level experts to make Chris even stronger."

"Hahaha!"

Upon hearing this, Zayne could not help but laugh coldly, closing his eyes and shaking his head as he spoke:

"Byrne Fischer, you certainly are a very bold fellow; do you realize that is a request that goes against the rules of the Tempest Church?"

"I'm merely an Acting Bishop; how can I privately let you execute the criminals caught by the Church?"

After contemplating for a long time, Byrne calmly said: "I am willing to offer a brand-new technology to the vast Tempest Overlord, which can store sunlight better. You know, selling sunlight to the Aphotic Sea is a very profitable business."

"The people of the Aphotic Sea, punished by god, can't leave the darkness of their world for life; they can only rely on the sunlight trafficked from the mainland."

"If you could possess this peculiar technology for storing sunlight, the vast Tempest Overlord would also control more resources, as a devout testament."

"A brand-new technology for storing sunlight?"

Zayne frowned slightly, nodded, and said, "Keep talking."

The "Solar Gold" trade on the Aphotic Sea has long been famous.

He certainly knew how profitable the sunlight business was; all the nobles of the Aphotic Sea coveted sunlight, drawn to it as a moth to a flame, loving it from the depths of their hearts.

"This new technology for bottling actual sunlight is much simpler and cheaper compared to the complicated, high-cost production of Solar Gold; it could completely replace 'Solar Gold' once widespread."

"It could even allow ordinary people on the Aphotic Sea to afford sunlight! That would be an unprecedentedly huge market!"

Byrne spoke about the bright prospects with a smile, knowing the trade of sunlight was far too grand for the small Fischer family to handle on its own.

The Aphotic Sea is one of the smaller seas among the Nine Seas, but it's still too vast; the population of its territory rivaled the entire country of Cyart.

Furthermore, if the Fischer family conducted this business alone, they would likely be noticed by people from the Alchemy Council, and his identity as "Mithril" would be basically exposed.

He had no trust in the people from the Alchemy Council.

If he partnered with Zayne in this venture, not only could he strengthen connections with key members of the major families, but he could also smoothly navigate many risks and eventually scale the business to a level that the Fischer family could not handle on their own.

After hesitating for a long time, Zayne narrowed his eyes and suddenly revealed a nonchalant smile, raising three fingers, asking:

"Three, would that be enough?"

Byrne clearly understood what the other party meant; Zayne was able to produce three Transmutation Level criminals, but neither he nor Chris knew for sure how many powerful sinners would be needed to fulfill the ritual's requirements.

He shook his head and spoke seriously, "Just three might not be enough; we would need at least four or even five!"

Zayne scoffed, "Greedy fellow, I will need you to offer more in return!"

"Fine!"

At a recent Alchemy Council meeting, Byrne had acquired some resources through trading – a high-order cultivation inheritance, as well as another violet-red stone.

He certainly couldn't exchange the violet-red stone, so he decided to offer the high-order cultivation inheritance he had traded from the "Moon River Stone."

"I wish to offer it."

It was an extremely unusual inheritance, appearing to be a scroll glowing with blue light, containing some fascinating text. Byrne dared not open it carelessly for fear that the wisdom and power contained within would tempt people.

"What is this?"

Zayne looked slightly stunned, his face showing a puzzled expression.

"It's a cultivation inheritance about the power of Bloodline related to the ocean, water, ice, and rivers. It also includes three types of battle skills, strong enough to support an Extraordinary Exponent to break through to the Monarch Level!"

Byrne took a deep breath and slowly finished speaking.

Zayne's eyes finally lit up. He hadn't inherited the Frosac family's most powerful "Wasteland Giant" bloodline; instead, he had the bloodline power of the high-level magic beast "Deep Sea Whale Shark."

While the family and Tempest Church had marine-related inheritances, such precious things were of course better in greater numbers. Furthermore, he had not yet decided which high-level inheritance to use to break through to the Monarch Level.

Regardless of which high-level inheritance was chosen for cultivation, one must break through the "gateway" to advance to Monarch; only the "gateway" to be breached varied depending on the high-level inheritance chosen.

Having reached the Metamorphosis Phase, they could only successfully enter the "palace" after storming the "gateway," eventually gaining a domain, and becoming true Extraordinary Monarchs!

"Alright, I agree! Five of them," Zayne nodded with furrowed brows.

"The Fischer family thanks you for your generosity!"

The deal was finally struck, Byrne let out a sigh of relief, then showed a sincere smile, his inner excitement almost impossible to contain!

How wonderful!

The Fischer family had finally seen the day come, with Chris on the brink of reaching the 4th Rank, becoming a truly powerful Extraordinary Exponent, even capable of contending with those important Viscounts!

"When that time comes, the entire situation facing the Fischer family will change."

The following afternoon.

The air in Fein City was very humid, with mist slowly starting to spread, a slight moisture gradually dispersing into the air.

Initially like an almost invisible veil, it then progressively thickened and permeated the entire space, with objects in the distance blurring into obscurity, losing their clear outlines.

In the great cathedral of the Tempest Church, Zayne personally led Byrne and Chris down to the damp and dim underground.

The underground, full of candlelight, had many rooms and guards in both light and shadow. Seeing Zayne, they would bow in greeting, their eyes filled with respect and admiration.

As they arrived at the place where the Extraordinary Exponents were detained, the surrounding environment grew darker still, and both Byrne and Chris could even hear the wails and screams of men and women under harsh torture.

Zayne held a candle with a poker face and brought them to a thick iron door, having already ordered the guards to leave in advance.

He looked coldly at Chris and Byrne and said,

"This is the first one, we'd better be quick."

Zayne didn't use a key, but instead, transformed his arm into liquid to open the iron door, then ushered the silent Chris inside.

Chris nodded and entered a cell so dark it was almost lightless, quickly seeing a decrepit old man sitting in a corner, filthy and missing a leg.

The man started shouting when he saw Chris, saying, "Hahaha! You dogs of the Tempest Church, our Overlord will not spare you! Even your gods are nothing but food for our Overlords!"

Chris looked intently at the man and slowly asked, "Who is your master?"

The old man in the darkness stared at him coldly for a while, then suddenly chuckled, his voice crazily saying,

"So it is, you're not from the Tempest Church, and my words interest you very much, showing you have no faith in those cowardly so-called gods... My master is a truly powerful deity, the great otherworldly god of the Chaos Constellation that terrifies mortals!"

Chaos Constellation!

Chris immediately became alert, feeling a very strange eeriness deep inside.



He felt more and more that the old man he had encountered in the mines, supposedly by accident, had actually found him on purpose, then intended to use the power of the "Chaos Constellation" to transform him.

However, because he was under the protection of the great Lord of the Lost, he had not been truly transformed.

"Hehe, confused beast, you certainly want to know..."

The old man wanted to prattle on, his voice like a shadowy serpent, but suddenly, he was stabbed in the heart with a dagger shining with silver light, with blood pouring out rapidly.

Chris looked emotionlessly at the shaking old man as he fell.

The first one.

He could truly feel that the Spirituality deep in his soul was indeed starting to boil, and the intensity was very high, almost reaching the instant of advancing to the 3rd Rank!

Good.

"Next..."

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 159: 152 The 4th Step "Sin Executioner"!**

The second cell held a dwarf who was completely insane, constantly shouting things like "I am Andersen" and "So Andersen has awakened within me."

Almost none of his words formed a complete logic, and his eyes were filled with bloodshot veins.

It was said that the dwarf had originally been a banker and later, after using drugs bought from "Black Eyes" to enter the Spirit Realm, woke up insane. Without any reason, he killed several bank employees and nearly went on a murderous rampage in Fein City.

Chris remained silent for a while before he then swung his dagger, killing the man and ending his mad life.

Andersen?

What exactly was that?

He occasionally heard that some Extraordinary Exponents who died in the Spirit Realm and woke up would often dream of living fragments of life in another place, as though they were no longer themselves in reality but the person living in the dream.

Moreover, the name of the person they all uniformly dreamt of was "Andersen," which was extremely eerie and terrifying.

Lately, those people's behaviors began to exhibit non-human changes.

There had been several murders due to "Andersen," and now all the major churches had issued important directives: anyone claiming to be "Andersen" would be arrested.

The Spiritual Power deep within the soul bubbled more intensely, Chris knew in his heart that he was getting closer to completing the ascension ritual.

The third cell.

Imprisoned inside was a girl with an extremely charming appearance that made many unable to take their eyes off of her once they saw her.

Unbelievably, she wasn't filthy at all, nor did she have any wounds, and she looked unnaturally out of place in the cell.

The girl was beautiful and pure, seemingly the most innocent person in the world, so much so that it was unbearable to even think of killing her.

Chris heard she was a Spellcaster with a Mental extraordinary trait and was actually a bit older than himself. The "girl" had enchanted an entire village, turning them into her slaves, until she was captured on the spot by a search team from the Tempest Church.

"Who are you? Please save me!"

The girl looked at him pitifully, pondering how to beguile him into giving her a chance to escape, and then she was deeply stabbed in the neck by the silver dagger, dying in disbelief.

Chris pulled out the dagger, wiped off the fresh blood, and murmured to himself very calmly:

"Just a bit more."

Spirituality continued to bubble steadily, surpassing the state when he first ascended to the 3rd Rank. He felt an unprecedented surge of inspiration, and he could even hear whispers around him that didn't exist before.

Ordinary people might fear the mysterious murmurs, while Extraordinary Exponents would be filled with vigilance and awe.

But he didn't dislike this feeling at all, he wasn't afraid, he actually found it interesting.

Great Lord of the Lost, please protect me, allow me to touch upon more powerful forces, let me serve You further, and guard the family.

Afterward, Chris finally arrived at the fourth cell, where he saw a middle-aged dragon descendant with a face full of scales.

He was a priest of the heretical sect known as "Last Blood," who also called themselves the Witches' Seclusive Order, a bunch of lunatics worshiping the Witch of Demise. Originally from a powerful church within the Lorne Empire, it seemed they had come to the east in recent decades to look for Witch Candidates in Cyart.

These matters had nothing to do with Chris.

The other's gaze was cold, devoid of any desire to communicate, so Chris simply killed him.

The dagger swung again, emotionlessly taking away another life.

The few Extraordinary Exponents he had consecutively killed, apart from the female Spellcaster, were all figures of minor power from the East Coast, which suggested that Zayne was determined when he gave up their lives.

Then, Chris was surprised to find that the bubbling Spirituality was still lacking a bit.

He hadn't completed the ritual, nor was there any sign that the bubbling was intensifying.

He suddenly realized, it seemed there was no need to kill another person, and maybe even the fourth one wasn't necessary.

The ascension ritual to the 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility first required killing twelve Extraordinary Exponents of the Beginning Level or 1st and 2nd Ranks. The second step was the killing of three Extraordinary Exponents of the Transmutation Level or 3rd and 4th Ranks, followed by the third step...

The process for ascending to the 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility was deeply associated with death and sin; but now that he had come this far, whom could he possibly kill next?

"Impossible."

Chris fell into deep contemplation, surely he wasn't expected to kill a guilty person of Monarch Level?

No matter how he thought about it, that was absolutely impossible.

The difficulty was simply too exaggerated, it would be more fitting for an ascension to the 5th Rank of the Path of Tranquility.

He was deeply thoughtful, when suddenly he realized a possibility.

Perhaps only those who truly understood the Path of Tranquility would comprehend the final step of the ritual, something ordinary people couldn't possibly fathom.

Could it be so?

Chris quietly left the cells, and just as Zayne was about to lead them to the fifth cell, he shook his head, indicating it was no longer necessary.

"No need?"

Zayne paused briefly, then nodded lightly, a smile appearing on his face.

"Alright, but you can't skimp on the contents of the trade you promised—a vial of sunlight technology and a copy of the legacy are both indispensable."

Byrne naturally wouldn't go back on his word and replied with a smile, "Of course, the Fischer family is grateful for your generosity, Bishop Zane."

Although Zayne was just an Acting Bishop, he had always known which title was the most appropriate.

On the surface, the deal might seem to be a bit of a loss for the Fischer family, but in reality, giving Chris the opportunity to advance to the 4th Rank was the most important thing.

Moreover, Byrne deliberately intended to take a loss. As a subordinate conducting a trade with the current person in power of the East Coast Church, it was critical not to make the other party feel shortchanged.

You might feel like you've made a gain for the moment, but offending the other party could lead to big trouble.

On the contrary, the more the Acting Bishop Zane felt he made a good deal, the more he would be willing to continue cooperating with the Fischer family—who doesn't like a bargain?

In the long run, it was actually very beneficial for the Fischer family.

After leaving the Tempest Great Cathedral, Byrne still wanted to ask Chris what exactly was going on, but he found that Chris seemed to be deeply engrossed in thought, completely oblivious to the people and things around him, so he did not pursue the matter further.

Byrne knew there must still be something missing.

So he accompanied the silent Chris out of Fein City, remaining quiet the whole time.

Both of them sat in the carriage, leaving Fein City. By the time they returned to Nasir Town, Chris still hadn't said a word.

Byrne was silent, even prepared for the promotion ritual to fail.

The great hall of Fischer Manor.

Finally, Chris came before his sister Irene, and silently gazed at her for a long time.

His eyes were extremely deep, as if he was contemplating something very profound.

"Chris? What are you thinking about?"

Irene keenly felt that something was very wrong. She knew her brother too well and had never seen him so lost in deep thought to the point of obsession.

It was as if Chris was about to thoroughly understand some fundamental essence.

"..."

Suddenly, Chris showed a smile.

It was a smile that transcended life and death, paired with his otherworldly beauty, it had a stunning sense of aesthetics.

Those who step onto the Path of Tranquility are the silent observers standing above the world.

Since he was to bring death to those full of sins, he naturally would not exclude himself, already stained with sin.

Almost no one who steps onto the Path of Tranquility is without sin.

Killing the sinful.

Using the blood of the sinful as the sacrifice.

And the last sacrifice in the ritual, the most important sinner, was himself.

He slowly took out a dagger, manipulated his spirituality so that the "Lethality" extraordinary trait would not take effect, and then suddenly plunged the dagger into his own heart.

"Pfft!"

Then, Chris's body began to tremble, and he slowly fell to the ground under the astonished eyes of everyone present.

"Chris!"

Irene instinctively screamed, then immediately reached out her hand to save him, but Chris calmly grabbed her hand, his gaze signalling her to wait a bit longer, it wasn't time yet.

"Is this the final hurdle?"

Byrne also crouched down, anxious, watching as Chris gradually lost all signs of life.

"No, he's really going to die!"

Irene clutched her brother's hand tightly, and though she felt no fear deep inside, a strong sense of sorrow began to well up.

Even if the breakthrough wasn't successful, even if the promotion ritual failed, she could not let Chris die!

You can't die!

Chris!

The great god has promised me, you shall be saved!

His promise is as certain as the sun's rise, it cannot fail no matter what!

At that moment, in various places across the East Coast Province, all the corpses killed by Chris because of the promotion ritual began to change. Their bodies gradually turned into icy, boiling blood, which then vanished into thin air.

In Irene's eyes, green trees emerged, and a healing power like a spring breeze slowly flowed, gradually bringing Chris back from the brink of death.

Suddenly, Irene and Byrne saw a large amount of black blood welling up from the ground around them, mysterious and eerie. The next moment, the blood began to flow incessantly into Chris's wound.

"What in the world is happening?"

Both were stunned, and Byrne suddenly moved Irene's hand away, shaking his head firmly.

"We can't use external forces to heal him, he has indeed completed the final step! Just wait a bit longer!"

Irene fell silent for a moment, then finally nodded.

"I believe in you guys."

She closed her eyes, unable to help praying deep inside to the Lord of the Lost.

Great God.

I beg you, do not take Chris's life away!

The Fischer family is still fulfilling its promise to You!

After all the black blood had flowed into the wound in his heart, the wound on Chris's chest slowly healed, and the life signs that had almost completely disappeared gradually returned, it was nothing short of a miracle!

Afterward, he abruptly opened his eyes.

He could feel an intense spirituality boiling within, a very powerful force arising from the depths of his soul, a strong power that was completely different from any before!

The 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility!

The Power of Consecration, "Sin Executioner"!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 160: 153 "Eyes of Conviction" and "Fire of Sin**

Suddenly, the powerful force that surged like a tide ebbed away just as quickly.

Chris was stunned for a moment before realizing that even though the ritual was complete, only the great Lord of the Lost could truly grant him extraordinary power.

It seemed the same as always, all the Power of Consecution was inseparable from the Lord of the Lost.

He slowly rose to his feet, nodding gently to Irene and Byrne, who were concerned about him.

"The ritual is complete," Irene sighed with relief, a smile blooming on her face.

"That's wonderful! Hahaha! Chris succeeded!"

Byrne's eyes filled with hot tears, and he couldn't help but laugh heartily, the excitement and joy in his heart beyond what words could express!

He could hardly imagine the changes Chris would bring to the Fischer family after reaching the 4th Rank.

The Fischer family would become a viscount family, joining the ranks of the remaining five and a half viscount families on the East Coast, at least becoming a player of significance in this region rather than a mere insignificant piece!

The Fischer family had always willingly played the role of a pawn, catering to and being wary of powerful families, all for the day when the true blessing would finally come.

Of course, Byrne was also aware that the foundation of the Fischer family was weak, and they could probably only be compared with the Donnerklaue clan who had suffered heavy losses in wars at sea.

The gap between them and the Lion clan and Eagle clan remained significant.

Irene's eyes were filled with joy, excitement, and adoration for the Lord of the Lost.

Just now, the great god must have heard her prayers, and that's why the ritual was a success!



How could the Lord of the Lost abandon the promise made to her at the beginning?  
That was an impossibility!

She bowed her head gently and said with a smile, "Let's go and worship the great god, expressing our gratitude for all the protection bestowed upon the Fischer family."

Chris nodded as well; without the Lord of the Lost's grace, he still couldn't obtain true power.

He had clearly felt it...

He fell into contemplation.

All the core members of the Fischer family in Nasir Town, along with all the family members and Blood Receivers present in the town, gathered in the basement of Fischer Manor.

Each of them was well aware that when the people of the Fischer family came together, a blessing was bound to occur.

They knelt and prayed.

As the number of people increased, Irene suddenly felt that the basement would need to be expanded in the future, or it would become cramped and narrow one day.

Lilian, dressed in Gothic attire, was among the many praying. She sat quietly like a doll, cute and pure.

At eleven years old, she was aware of the secrets and truths of the Fischer family.

A small silver-white dragon lay beside Lilian, making cooing noises from time to time, like a bird.

Whether it was a "turtle" or a Spiritual Dragon, they were all well cared for by Lilian, and she seemed to have a natural affinity for various mysterious creatures, drawing close to them.

Irene's expectations for Lilian were astonishingly high, so throughout the year, she constantly instilled in Lilian the greatness of the Lord of the Lost, teaching her how to become a priest of the Fischer family.

Because Irene was keenly aware that her time was running out, and the remaining people in the Fischer family were either unfit to be priests or too young.

And Lilian was the most suitable candidate.

Lilian had no aversion to the faith of the Lord of the Lost and quietly accepted everything Irene taught her, spending the rest of her time learning and taking care of mysterious creatures.

With a face full of reverence, Irene prayed and offered sacrifices adeptly.

"Great Lord of the Lost, once again the Fischer family implores you to grant a more powerful force."

"Chris has completed the ritual of Tranquility and will advance further on this path, better conveying your faith."

After Irene spoke, she raised her hands, presenting the extremely valuable Class 4 Extraordinary Material, "Shadow Sea Stone."

Byrne had acquired the "Shadow Sea Stone" from the "Time Stasis Stone" through a trade at the triennial Alchemy Council, using the sale of knowledge from the Spirit Realm.

Now, the spiritual power it contained would become the cornerstone for expanding the 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility!

Karl watched from on high the young man with silver hair below, Chris.

He was indeed a natural person of Tranquility.

So far, among all the Extraordinary Exponents with the Power of Consecution, Chris's compatibility or talent was unquestionably the best.

It had taken Chris merely a decade to advance from the 1st Rank to the 4th Rank, and he was still very young, even having the chance to reach the 5th Rank of the Path of Tranquility before his life waned.

"Perhaps, he will become the true future of the Fischer family."

"After ascending to the 4th Rank, Chris's soul capacity will increase, reaching a level sufficient to hold the power of two types of runes, and ultimately, his strength will be remarkably potent."

So, Karl's expectations for Chris also rose.

Regarding Chris's second rune power, Karl considered what to bestow upon him.

"I'll think about it later. Let's open the pathway of the 4th Rank first."

Diving deeper into the Spirit Realm, Karl flew toward the many "constellations," this time feeling no gaze upon him.

He seemed to use an invisible force to harvest a star, formally activating the "Sin Executioner" Power of Consecution.

In the originally empty "constellation," a young man with dark red hair emerged, holding a dagger and staring calmly at something ahead.

The next moment, Karl retrieved the dark red Spiritual Radiance and returned to the real world.

The people in the basement could not help but express their astonishment.

"Is that Spiritual Radiance?"

They could all see the dark red Spiritual Radiance emerging before the sacred object, extremely dazzling and eye-catching, significantly more so than the previous Spiritual Radiance, and not even in the same class.

Moreover, it contained an extremely intense and terrifying aura, as if it encompassed endless slaughter and death, capable of annihilating all sinners.

Karl slowly bestowed the 4th Rank "Sin Executioner" Spiritual Radiance to Chris.

Chris took a deep breath.

He quickly felt a tide-like force surging once again, like an unprecedented powerful weapon now at his disposal!

The 4th Rank of the Path of Tranquility!

The Power of Consecution, "Sin Executioner"!

Before Byrne had a chance to ask, Chris consciously closed his eyes, actively sensing the specific enhancement of his physical ability and Spiritual Power.

Unlike the need for extensive testing in the past to determine improvements, he could now simply sense the power within his body to minutely perceive the extent of the increase.

According to Byrne's evaluation theory, the integrated quality improvement of the "Sin Executioner" was 200, mainly the enhancement of physical quality by a terrifying 150. A "Sin Executioner" could completely match a monster, and the increase in Spiritual Power was also nearly 50.

Chris opened his eyes and moved his slender, fair fingers, finding he could precisely control most of the muscles in his body, and even perform various movements beyond human limits.

The attacks he launched casually could astound master martial artists with their precision.

And those were merely the effects of a significant increase in physical quality, not the Extraordinary trait of the "Sin Executioner."

The Power of Consecution provided Chris with two extremely powerful Extraordinary traits.

"Eyes of Conviction" and "Fire of Sin."

He could use nearly half of his Spiritual Power to unleash "Eyes of Conviction" on an intelligent being that saw his eyes.

The next moment, the target would suffer an extremely intense psychic attack, becoming immobilized. The deeper the sins they had committed, the greater the effect, and the weak-willed would die of terror on the spot.

Every time a "Sin Executioner" killed a sinner, he would absorb some of their sins and could also use Spiritual Power and those sins to generate a pitch-black "Fire of Sin."

"Fire of Sin" could change at the "Sin Executioner's" will, used for attack or defense, and once it touched an enemy, it would burn fiercely due to their sins, continuously consuming their soul until the sins were burned to ash.

Its ultimate attack range was about a hundred meters, completing the Extraordinary Exponents of the Path of Tranquility's long-range combat capabilities.

The more a person was filled with sin, the more vigorously the "Fire of Sin" would burn on them. Theoretically, even a Monarch powerful expert could be killed by the "Fire of Sin," albeit with a very slim chance!

On the other hand, it was an Extraordinary power that couldn't kill even a newborn baby.

Furthermore, the powerful "Fire of Sin" had an unavoidable downside; once created, it was indiscriminate, burning even the Sin Executioner's own spirit and soul.

The black flames would ruthlessly execute all sinners.

Chris calmly felt the powerful force, slowly raising his right hand as black flames materialized out of thin air, instilling most of those present with a sense of dread.

Some of them even took a step back.

"Chris..." Vanessa looked at her husband, her eyes revealing shock.

In the basement, only Lilian remained unaffected, not perceiving any danger from the black flames.

Just when everyone thought the Lord of the Lost's blessing had ended, Chris suddenly sensed something wrong; he had obtained a brand-new rune power!

"Reverse Stab!"

In the depths of Karl's soul, its rune form resembled a pitch-black, sharp spike, always ready to counter the enemy.

"Reverse Stab" was a Treasure-class Mysterious rare artifact once used by Priest Azure Blue to incite a psychic shock, instantly rendering Irene, who was about to sacrifice herself, unconscious.

Chris's offensive capabilities were already very strong, but his defenses were too weak, albeit fitting a killer's profile. However, Karl preferred him to be as devoid of weaknesses as possible.

"Reverse Stab is very suitable to be your second rune power."

He pondered quietly, continuously infusing rune essence to evolve the "Reverse Stab" within the depths of his soul into spirit runes.

Spirit runes, "Thorns"!

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.