

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 181: 173: The Blood Baron

Following a merchant caravan, a gray-haired old man secretly arrived in Nasir Town.

He was once Baron Hovern who led troops to exterminate the jungle natives, but after witnessing the Mighty Bloody Demon, he survived alone and went mad after escaping.

Twenty-two years ago, he was a very handsome man, but today, Baron Hovern had become a down-and-out old man.

"I've finally arrived..."

Baron Hovern alighted from the merchant's carriage and stepped onto the streets of Nasir Town, which were much more prosperous than they had been over twenty years ago, his face a picture of disbelief.

"I've finally returned. Is this really Nasir?"

This town, which had once belonged to him, had transformed into something unrecognizable; in the past, he disdainfully regarded its backwardness and poverty, choosing to live in Fein City and unwilling to come here often.

"How did it come to this? Why did I lose it, what on earth happened over these past years..."

He muttered to himself, but deep down, he knew the answer to his questions.

Baron Hovern knew that everything had been orchestrated by his wife and brother, those two despicable individuals who colluded with the Fischer family to betray what was rightfully his.

The Fischer family, those lowly beings who were merely commoners, were now pretending to be real nobility.

"It's truly laughable. In just over a decade, people have actually started to worship the rise of the Fischer family?"

Baron Hovern's face was filled with despair and sorrow.

On his way from Fein City to Nasir Town, he had heard multiple times from others that Earl Hovern had died and that both major churches were jointly investigating the affairs of the Hovern family.

He wandered the streets that were both familiar and strange, the unease, fear, and despair within him growing ever more pronounced.

"I should be the master of this town; everything should belong to me. Why has everything turned out this way?"

"Ah, ahhhh! My over ten years! Ahhhhh!"

He felt like he had been dreaming ever since that time over a decade ago.

An utterly terrifying nightmare where countless amounts of blood rose around him, continuously enveloping and entwining him, preventing his return to the real world.

It took Baron Hovern more than ten years to fully awaken from that dreadful dream, only to find the world had changed drastically.

His property had long been taken by his wife and brother, and the territory of Nasir Town had been encroached upon by the Fischer family. The Hovern family, his once reliable support, was on the verge of collapse...

He had just woken from a nightmare, only to find that he had nothing left!

"Could it be that I have never truly woken up?"

Baron Hovern suddenly couldn't help but burst into maniacal laughter in the middle of the street, his body shaking violently, his eyes gradually showing a strong blood-red glow, and fresh blood even oozed from the seams of his skin.

"Hahaha! Hahahahahaha!"

The sudden laughter stunned the residents of Nasir Town, who looked at Baron Hovern in disbelief, with no one recognizing him as the lord of their town.

"Whose madman is that?"

"What's wrong with that person? Are the patrolmen nearby?"

Just as people were about to approach and inquire, Baron Hovern looked around at everyone with a chilling gaze, exuding an inhuman aura that made everyone too afraid to move.

He then fled with astonishing speed, disappearing from the sight of the townspeople.

The people who had been staring at him stood dumbfounded, realizing that he was an Extraordinary Exponent, his gaze having seemingly frozen their blood.

That was not the look of a human!

Not long afterward, Vanessa, who had taken charge of the town's patrol team, arrived with her subordinates.

"No one recognizes that Extraordinary Exponent. His identity is highly suspicious; we must find out who that old man is and where he went."

After she issued her orders, the patrol team immediately began searching throughout the town, and Vanessa, using her "patrol" ability, was the first to discover traces of the old man.

"What's going on here?"

She approached the location of the old man and quickly sensed that something was amiss.

It was a very secluded house, filled with the thick smell of blood, almost making one want to vomit.

Vanessa's brow furrowed slightly as she cautiously approached the door.

She soon witnessed a shocking scene: two middle-aged people lay in a pool of bright red blood while the old man who had infiltrated the house was gripping an unconscious little girl, his body covered in writhing crimson blood and looking more like a blood-soaked monster than a human.

Vanessa quickly surmised that the old man holding the little girl appeared to be mentally unstable.

His clothes, though once opulent, were now old and shabby. He had no intention of fleeing, only staring coldly at her with bloodshot eyes.

Baron Hovern asked almost emotionlessly,

"Who are you?"

Vanessa, sensing the man's mental instability and not wanting to provoke him, calmly replied, "I'm the head of the patrol team. And you?"

Baron Hovern instinctively tilted his head back. His previously icy demeanor suddenly erupted as he answered very loudly, "I am the master of this town!"

Vanessa gently shook her head, continuing, "The master of Nasir Town is my husband's cousin, or you could say, my husband. It definitely isn't you."

Baron Hovern's mouth suddenly twisted into a grin that reached his ears, and he began to shout almost madly,

"Hahaha! You mean Byrne Fischer, right? So you're also from the Fischer family! Excellent, I must thank fate!"

He paused, his eyes brimming with endless resentment as he continued, "Do you know the surname 'Hovern'?"

Vanessa's face changed dramatically; more than a decade ago, she was well aware that the true lord of Nasir Town was in fact a baron from the Hovern family.

However, a dozen years had passed since the baron had made an appearance, and so everyone gradually forgot about this.

So it was him?

No wonder, with his disturbed mind, claiming Nasir City was his—the pieces fell into place within Vanessa's mind.

Yet she still didn't understand why he would want to kill the middle-aged couple.

At that moment, Baron Hovern's throat emitted a strange noise, his body trembling slightly before he continued:

"Since this town is my domain, their lives, their flesh, and everything they have should also belong to me!"

"Blood is the magnificent substance that sustains life and soul; it is because the power of the soul permeates the blood that the power of bloodline can be passed on."

"Their blood will become my sustenance, filling me."

As he spoke, Baron Hovern's voice became even stranger, heavy with a frightening rasp that exuded an even more unnatural, non-human aura.

Vanessa quickly witnessed a shocking scene—the plentiful blood on the ground began to tremble, boil, and then incredibly started to rise drop by drop, gradually merging into Baron Hovern's body as if being 'consumed' in one gulp.

A look of intense pleasure spread across his face.

"Compared to my wife and brother, their blood is even sweeter..."

Mighty Bloody Demon!

Vanessa took a deep breath; as a spellcaster who had read many tomes on the arcane, she was fully aware of how wrong Baron Hovern's condition was.

He had been gradually taken over by the body and soul by the mysterious entity known as the Mighty Bloody Demon; yet he was utterly unaware of the predicament he faced, slowly becoming a tragic and evil puppet.

Vanessa gazed at Baron Hovern, speaking slowly to stall for time:

"No wonder you were the only survivor in the campaign against the Bloody Cult all those years ago; it was that thing that slaughtered everyone else and then deliberately let you go..."

She saw that Baron Hovern paid no attention to her and was about to kill the little girl to draw her blood; she immediately stepped forward.

"Don't kill her; if you must feed on blood, take mine instead!"

Baron Hovern was taken aback for a moment and asked, "Why?"

He couldn't comprehend Vanessa's motives.

"Is she also a member of the Fischer family, or perhaps a friend of yours?"

Vanessa shook her head and continued, "Neither; she's just a stranger, an ordinary girl from Nasir Town."

Baron Hovern, failing to understand, asked, "And yet you're willing to take her place?"

"Yes."

Vanessa nodded gently; although it was meant to buy time, she was truly willing to trade her own life for the little girl's.

Baron Hovern sneered mockingly, "Do you think you are a Savior or a saint?"

"No," she shook her head.

Over the years, she had saved many people and done many completely selfless deeds without expecting anything in return, but she never thought of herself as a good person.

Even though the Fischer family was regarded as ethical among many nobles, they had still committed their share of dark deeds, and her own husband, Chris, had killed many innocents.

Though she was not directly involved, Vanessa was clear that simply being an onlooker who turned a blind eye did not equate to justice, and she regarded all those actions as part of her own sins.

"You are a strange woman."

Baron Hovern suddenly tossed the little girl away, then raised his hand and shot three blood arrows at Vanessa, who caught the girl without hesitation, her body gravely wounded by the blood arrows in the process.

She felt that she had thoroughly mastered the power of the 2nd Rank of the Path of World Order, but she hardly cared about such matters, only thinking of how to take the girl and escape, to buy time.

In a little while, people from the Fischer family would come to their aid!

Accustomed to the deceit and dark killings among the nobility, Baron Hovern was perplexed by the woman before him, feeling even irritated.

Just as he was about to deliver a killing blow, he suddenly found himself entangled by a vast number of butterflies, followed by a series of explosions that completely obscured his vision.

Vanessa seized the opportunity to flee with the little girl.

"Don't run!"

Baron Hovern roared in fury, blood streaming down his body as he chased out of the house, manipulating a large volume of blood to float around him, preparing to attack Vanessa again.

However, just then, Baron Hovern felt an overwhelmingly intense and pure will to kill!

Chris, like an Angel, silently emerged from the shadows, his right hand wielding a delicate dagger, while his left held the Romann family's "Black Blade".

He traced two precise and sharp trajectories with his blades aimed straight at the heart and waist of Baron Hovern.

Baron Hovern was viciously stabbed by the Black Blade in the heart and waist, but showed no sign of losing any vitality; instead, he twisted his head around one hundred and eighty degrees, glaring malevolently at Chris, his throat emitting a roaring sound.

"Aargh!"

Gradually, he entirely lost his human form; some evil force that had been bound within him erupted uncontrollably from its deepest confines!

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

Chapter 182: 174: The Essence of Blood

Baron Hovern is dead.

He died from a fatal blow delivered by Chris, quickly disappearing from this world, with no chance of survival.

The nominal ruler of Nasir Town was thus killed by an interloper who had taken over his home.

However, the existence of Baron Hovern himself had long since ceased to be important. Some sort of monster that had taken residence inside Baron Hovern was completely freed from its shell upon his death.

"What is that monster!"

The patrol guards outside of the street were stunned. They gazed upward, trembling, confronted by a monstrous presence so terrifying that its very form seemed to grow larger by the moment!

It looked like a beast made of interwoven, dirty red chunks of flesh, its body dripping with dark red fluid, its form unstable, constantly shifting and swelling with a torrent of distorted blood as if it was endlessly growing and wriggling.

The bloody monster's body exuded an iron-rust-like foul smell, inducing a strong sense of nausea, and it appeared both weird and horrifying, like a nightmarish incarnation formed from coagulated blood!

Facing it, people even felt a strong sense of collapse and helplessness.

"What on earth is that thing? How could it appear in Nasir Town!"

"Oh gods! Please save us, ahhhhhhh!"

"Everyone, don't be afraid, Lord Chris is still here; he will definitely defeat that monster!"

The reactions of the patrol guards were mostly panic, fear, and a turn to run!

Many, seeing Chris's figure, buoyed their spirits because of the Fischer family's prestige built up over more than twenty years. However, ordinary people still involuntarily backed away, not daring to approach.

Chris took a deep breath and stepped forward, fully aware of the oppressive feeling emanating from the bloody monster.

It was an incarnation of the Mighty Bloody Demon, possessing a strength close to that of a Monarch Level.

According to a book that recorded mysterious knowledge, the Sea God is a mysterious entity based on the concept of "ocean," hence naturally savage, elusive, and majestic as the sea.

The Mighty Bloody Demon, on the other hand, is a mysterious entity based on the concept of "blood," tied to people's fears, and the power it holds is definitely skewed towards the evil and terrifying.

Chris stared at the incarnation of the Mighty Bloody Demon.

He knew very well that Byrne and his sister were not here, and aside from himself, the strongest combat power in Nasir City was Rishia, who performed sacrificial rites.

But that was an unconventional, limited power, and deep in his heart, Chris had always been reluctant for the family to rely on the miracles of the Lord of the Lost.

It wasn't just because of his sister's continual self-sacrifice, but also because of his nature.

He believed in the Lord of the Lost but never wanted to excessively depend on His might.

"Everyone leave."

Chris issued his command coldly to the people around him. They quickly left the area, and the severely injured Vanessa and the little girl were also taken by the guards out of danger's reach.

Only Chris and the beast remained on the street, locked in a face-off.

"Ao!"

The bloody monster let out a huge roar and then suddenly shot out dozens of blood arrows that attacked from all directions. The next moment, the blood arrows exploded into a rain of blood in the sky.

Chris weaved through the downpour of blood, displaying almost uncanny agility and evasion. Even so, he could not completely avoid all of the blood rain and was quickly stained drop by drop with the blood.

The "Angel" in silver and white was gradually bathed in crimson blood.

A certain malevolent force in the blood quickly began to erode Chris's body, forcing him to painfully kneel on one knee, unable to move normally.

The dozen-meter-tall bloody monster had no eyes to speak of, so he was unable to use the Eyes of Conviction.

Fire of Sin was the first choice!

Chris stared at the bloody monster and summoned the Fire of Sin. Black flames appeared on the enemy's massive body, burning fiercely and causing the bloody monster unbearable pain.

At that moment, the barrier of the Black Mirror had also been activated over Nasir Town. Black mirrors appeared everywhere in the town, their surfaces gradually rippling. An invisible force enveloped the whole town as the mirrors, like points, connected with lines to each other, eventually forming a huge black Array.

With the power of the Array accumulating for many years, the power of the bloody monster was quickly suppressed; it could only exert about half of its normal strength, immediately giving Chris a chance to catch his breath.

However, the blood that stained him was too deadly, containing some kind of evil curse. Ordinary people would die just by touching it, and even Chris could only struggle to hold on.

The next moment, the blood twisted and began to wriggle like scarlet worms, trying to burrow into Chris's body!

Thus, black flames began to burn upon him.

Chris burned himself with the Fire of Sin!

The pain that went straight to the soul made Chris's body tremble rapidly, and though the scarlet worms seemed to consciously try to flee, they were still consumed by the black flames.

He stood up slowly in silence, bathed in flames, enduring the torment inflicted by the black Fire of Sin.

Meanwhile, as the blood tainted with the evil curse had been completely incinerated, Chris had gradually regained control over his body, now able to move normally.

At the same time, he also felt something, that the household manager Theo, not in Nasir Town, had discovered his own situation through the "household management" extraordinary trait.

The old man was transmitting life force and spiritual power through "household management."

Chris's body, which had been near death, gradually received a surge of strength.

"Awooo!"

Under the burning of the black Fire of Sin, the bloody monster writhed, growing a gaping maw, and let out another tremendous roar.

People on the entire street were shocked to see Lord Chris, bathed in black flames, suddenly leap high into the air and charge into the body of the bloody monster!

The heavily injured Vanessa couldn't help but cry out in terror.

"Chris!"

However, at the moment Chris truly touched the bloody monster, his rune power "Countdown Timer" activated!

Having set a three-minute countdown as soon as he learned of the situation here, the "Countdown Timer" finally came due, freezing everything nearby in time for three whole seconds!

The bloody monster completely maintained a state of stillness.

Chris, engulfed in black flames, plunged into the frozen bloody monster, swinging uncountable slashes like a whirlwind, carving a path of madness. Through "Tracking Senses" and discriminating by scent, he found the monster's only core within the three seconds!

He was covered in crimson blood, and in the next instant, it would come alive again, howling as it dragged Chris straight into a crimson hell.

Yet, Chris had silently swung the Black Blade, piercing the core that resembled a heart!

In the next moment, the enormous crimson monster began to crumble, and a torrent of blood gushed down the streets like a waterfall, the stench instilling fear in the hearts of the people.

And Chris, despite his severe injuries, retracted the Fire of Sin, enduring the pain without losing consciousness.

From the broken crimson heart, he extracted a scarlet gemstone, standing in silence on a land drenched in blood.

The scarlet gemstone was a "Blood Element," which was the source of most mysterious rare artifacts; these "Elements" would gradually evolve into mysterious artifacts after separating from their mystical entities.

However, before naturally evolving into mysterious artifacts, "Elements of Mystical Entities" could also be crafted into powerful alchemical tools through alchemy.

"Lord Chris is our savior!"

"It's a success!"

"We're saved, thank the gods, thank the Guardian of the Fischer family!"

Seeing the massive and terrifying bloody monster destroyed, the people outside the streets finally let go of their anxiety and cheered enthusiastically!

Soon enough, the news of Lord Chris destroying the beast spread throughout Nasir Town.

Chris glanced at the scarlet gemstone in his hand once more, sensing that it was an offering suitable for the gods.

Holding the scarlet gemstone and ignoring his serious injuries, he searched for the also heavily injured Vanessa and breathed a sigh of relief only after seeing her situation had stabilized.

"Chris, you're gravely injured; it's a pity Irene isn't in Nasir Town..."

Vanessa's abdomen and arm had been pierced by blood arrows, but she paid no attention to her own injuries, instead, she was very worried about Chris's condition.

This sudden incident couldn't be concealed; they could only report the matter to the Tempest Church.

Several days later, the Fischer family learned of the whole story from Acting Bishop Zayne.

It turned out that Baron Hovern had killed his wife and brother when he fled from Fein City and had even murdered several innocent bystanders he encountered to drink their blood, completely losing his sanity.

His identity naturally represented the Hovern family of Cyart, and now the Hovern family was under a joint investigation by the churches.

Under normal circumstances, this matter might have been suppressed, but now it was being used by the two major churches as leverage, undoubtedly to serve as a major condemnation in the trial against the Hovern family!

Everyone could see that after so long, no other pillar families had offered help, and the downfall of the Hovern family of Cyart was a foregone conclusion.

Thus, the situation for the Eagle clan, who had relied on the Hovern family, turned awkward, and even many of the smaller clans following them started to display ambivalent attitudes, privately considering whether to switch allegiance.

The usually balanced situation on the East Coast was completely broken.

Everyone was speculating whether the Lion clan would take drastic action to turn decisively against the Eagle clan.

But the Eagle clan was no insignificant family; even with their patron gone, they still had significant connections within the country, and if they were eradicated on any trivial pretext, the Lion clan would also face enormous pressure.

The enraged Cyart King might well pursue the matter to the end and no longer tolerate the local forces of East Coast Province acting wantonly, severely punishing the Lion clan.

In the silent night, Viscount Xavier "Black Hawk," clad in a black robe, arrived alone by the lakeside of Sunrise Lake at the center of the East Coast.

He stood beside the waters, waiting tranquilly for Viscount Bast to come for negotiations.

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

Chapter 183: 175 "Solar Gold" Arrives

The surroundings were silent, only the faint sound of the wind lightly slapping the shore, stars dotting the black night sky like distant diamonds scattered across an endless dark canopy.

The breeze rustled the leaves, creating a soft sibilant sound, while a few birdcalls from afar sketched a tranquil and beautiful night scene.

Viscount Xavier, a young man in appearance, stood by the lakeside, gazing at the white-haired elder approaching, and began to speak:

"I still remember the days we spent together at the military academy decades ago."

Viscount Bast laughed heartily and said:

"Hey, hey, hey, you start with reminiscing? Must it be so cliché, Xavier? Although, we really are both old things now, heh."

Viscount Xavier ignored him and continued:

"Back then, the military academy held a competition every year, and we had prepared for a long time for the annual military simulation contest. Everyone thought our group would win, because no one could match you and me when we joined forces."

"However, on the day of the competition, one of our members fell seriously ill at the last minute, resulting in our group only taking second place."

Viscount Bast squinted and shook his head, saying:

"Hehe, you still remember that? I had forgotten it long ago; too many years have passed."

Viscount Xavier, expressionless, stared into Bast's eyes and said coldly:

"No, what I really remember is that you actually cried bitterly when the instructor was presenting the awards. Although the rest of us felt bad, we accepted the reality. Only you were trembling and crying, eyes red, unable to accept the outcome."

Viscount Bast felt a bit embarrassed upon hearing this and muttered:

"Ah, such an embarrassing matter, let's not talk about it."

Viscount Xavier, disinterested in the other's various performances, simply continued calmly:

"Since then, I haven't seen you cry again, nor have I seen you lose again."

Viscount Bast laughed and said:

"After all, the taste of defeat is unpleasant, and since you and I are both leaders of our families, we should understand one thing: if we lose once, it's possible our families may never recover."

"So we can't afford to lose!"

He paused for a moment, a certain light flickering in his eyes.

"Let's be clear, Lord Xavier, did you come to seek reconciliation?"

However, Viscount Xavier shook his head very firmly and said:

"Not reconciliation, but surrender. The Hovern family is about to fall, and everyone can see their demise. Thus, on behalf of the Eagle clan, I formally surrender to the Lion clan."

Viscount Bast did not show any surprise, as if he had expected it all along, and after a long silence, he asked back:

"Don't you still have the support from the Sunrise clan and the Donnerklaue clan?"

Viscount Xavier kept shaking his head, and objectively assessed the situation of the two families: "The crippled Donnerklaue clan is of little use, and as for the Sunrise clan, I have already discovered that they feigned allegiance to me under your command: in fact, the Sunrise clan has still been passing information to you."

Having his plan of infiltrating the Sunrise clan exposed, Viscount Bast burst into laughter: "Hahahaha! So, you've discovered it. As expected, that guy isn't cut out for this kind of work."

Viscount Xavier's tone was very firm.

"The Eagle clan has the courage to fight to the death with you, but we do not wish to fight a civil war we're sure to lose."

"You surrender and yet speak so proudly?"

Viscount Bast chuckled coldly, moving closer, and stated his demands.

"Zavier, I have a few demands. First, your family's remaining Forbidden rare artifact must be handed over. Then, your most important grandson is to marry one of my granddaughters, with the wedding scheduled for next week. Moreover, your family has to transfer all properties aside from Phelps Port to the Lion clan for handling!"

The Lion clan gaped, voracious; Viscount Bast, devoid of any old-time sentimentality, chose to coldly devour the Eagle clan, ensuring that they would be left without any room to recover.

"I can accept all that."

Zavier agreed without hesitation, having mentally prepared for everything before coming to the negotiation.

He then said calmly, "Bast, I also hope that you would co-invest with me in the development of something, a steamboat. It will surely bring significant change to the future of the East Coast. Without your participation, its development won't be as rapid."

"Steam engine technology? Hmm, I am indeed quite interested in that."

Viscount Bast finally showed a smile of approval, his eyes filled with admiration, harboring complex feelings for his adversary and ally all this time.

"Then, Xavier, starting today, our two families shall join forces to create a new East Coast Province!"

Viscount Bast extended his hand, and then, Viscount Xavier calmly took it, holding it in silence for a long time, as if relieved at heart, having let go of many burdens.

On the other side of Sunrise Lake, the Blazing Sun gradually rose.

The trees in the distance were clearly outlined in the soft light and shadow, the lake water shimmering with golden splendor under the morning light.

Three days later.

Many nobles on the East Coast received a piece of extremely shocking news!

For decades, the rival Lion clan and the Eagle clan have decided to form an alliance through marriage!

Many couldn't help but mock the Eagle clan, as they were quick to surrender even before the Hovern family had truly fallen, a bunch of spineless buffoons who had lost all sense of noble honor.

Within the Eagle clan, there was vehement opposition to the marriage alliance, with no desire to fully submit to the Lion clan, and they even brazenly questioned why Viscount Xavier would make such a choice!

Even "Black Hawk" Xavier, who had once held great popularity and was worshipped by everyone in his clan, could not escape the wrath of his own members.

The Eagles' surrender to the Lion clan was indeed an unbearable humiliation!

Many found such an ending intolerable, and within a few short days, there were those who quietly left the clan, those who attempted to assassinate Xavier and were killed when they failed, and even a few clan members who committed suicide because they couldn't accept Xavier's decision.

Xavier, who had anticipated everything, silently handled all matters, knowing this was the correct path for the Eagle clan.

"Even with some 'growing pains', we must endure, we don't have the strength to contend with the Lions right now," he said.

Their power had never matched that of the Lion clan, they were merely pieces lifted by Earl Hovern to counter Viscount Bast.

Even after decades, when the Eagle clan had truly risen, they saw no chance of victory against the Lion clan, which had the backing of the powerful Romann family, following the fall of the Hovern family.

"Our generation is unlikely to become the masters of the East Coast, let's look again in a century," he mused.

Standing at a conspicuous spot in the port, Xavier gazed at the shipyard, where the first steamship was about to be officially launched.

He was aware that the next hundred years would bring dramatic changes to the whole world!

"The master of the East Coast in a hundred years may not necessarily be the Lions," he contemplated.

At Viscount Bast's estate.

In the study, the old man with white hair calmly dismissed all the servants and summoned Byrne for a private audience.

Viscount Bast looked at Byrne with grave seriousness and said, "Byrne, in an hour, a very important person whom we both know will be here."

"Let me be clear with you in advance, that person is 'Solar Gold'."

"What?"

Byrne was shocked, then nervously asked, "Lord Bast, may I leave before he arrives? I really don't want him to know my true identity."

The people of the Alchemy Council were neither friends nor allies, just a group of schemers pursuing their own interests.

Under normal circumstances within the Alchemy Council, the chairman's authority kept everyone civil in their exchanges, but outside in the real world, all bets were off!

Friend or foe was never certain, and Byrne knew all too well that "Solar Gold" was a Monarch Level powerhouse whom he stood no chance against, hence he was very reluctant to reveal his true identity.

Lord Bast had never intended to let Byrne meet "Solar Gold."

"Of course, you can. All you need to do is to stand in the 'View of Arnos' ceremony Array holding this, and you'll be able to see everything that happens here," he said.

After speaking, the old man took out something that resembled a monocle and handed it to Byrne.

"It's a Mysterious rare artifact that can store 'visions seen by the eye,' sufficient as evidence. If something happens to me, simply make all you've witnessed public."

Byrne understood his role immediately, nodded quietly, and then hurried several kilometers away to an underground chamber.

Indeed, there was already a complex and arcane eye-shaped Array drawn there, exuding a sense of mystery.

Standing on it, Byrne could see everything happening in the study through a mark on Viscount Bast's clothing.

The monocle-like Mysterious rare artifact began recording the scene.

At last, a tall, blond middle-aged man dressed in a white robe with gold trim arrived in the study.

He had a radiant appearance, resembling a benevolent father, more like the leader of thousands upon thousands, the very epitome of all Holy Knights.

Viscount Bast smiled, bowed deeply with an exaggerated flourish, and loudly greeted, "Bishop of the Sun Church, I'm delighted to meet you!"

Byrne was incredibly shocked; he knew "Solar Gold" was likely a Lorne citizen but hadn't expected "Solar Gold" to also be a district bishop of the Sun Church!

"Solar Gold" fell into a brief silence, then with his robust voice laughed and said, "Mr. Dragon Crystal, I need to collect my payment first."

"Yes, no problem, Mr. 'Solar Gold', I know what you desire," Viscount Bast replied, nodding slightly before retrieving a black scroll.

"This represents the Forbidden knowledge on how I signed contracts with demons, acquired twenty years ago from the Spirit Realm, which can be spread to a maximum of three people... And the Forbidden rare artifact I promised you is still with the target, which will naturally be yours in due course.

As for that very important piece of intelligence, the thing you're looking for is in the hands of the Meyer family!"

Byrne, hearing the familiar name of the Meyer family, fell into contemplation, wondering what it could mean.

"Solar Gold" smiled and nodded, indicating satisfaction before continuing: "Understood. Now state your specific request, Mr. Dragon Crystal, let's complete this transaction."

Lord Bast calmly stated, "In a few days, a wedding will be held..."

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

- Chapter 184: 176: The Lion Eagle Wedding

Chapter 184: 176: The Lion Eagle Wedding

The impending wedding between the Lion clan and the Eagle clan is undoubtedly the most prominent and grand celebration on the East Coast in recent years.

The newspapers have been covering the event with large headlines for several days, and the common folk are gradually coming to terms with a shocking fact.

It will be the wedding that puts an end to all noble strife, symbolizing the dawn of a new era for the East Coast Province.

This wedding is on an unprecedented scale, with clergy, nobles, merchants, celebrities, and other distinguished individuals from all walks of life on the East Coast; many have received invitations personally written by Viscount Bast.

The ceremony is set to take place at a suburban estate in Fein City, and all invited guests must disarm, including their mysterious rare artifacts and alchemical tools, which are not permitted at the wedding.

Among the nearly a thousand guests attending the wedding, only two visitors refused to disarm, and Viscount Bast had already agreed—they were indeed not someone the Lion clan could control.

The first dignitary who didn't disarm was Zayne Frosac, the Acting Bishop from the Tempest Church, who naturally attended the banquet.

Additionally, Zayne was to preside over the most important part of the wedding ceremony, where, in the name of the Tempest Overlord and following East Coast tradition, he would give his blessings to the newlyweds and their families.

The second dignitary who didn't disarm was the most important guest at the wedding, Ariel Romann from the Romann family, one of the top families in Cyart, known as the "Stars Mortal."

She was the third daughter of Duke Black Iron and one of the three Monarch powerful experts of the Romann family, a spell master skilled in transformation magic.

Within the entire realm of Cyart, no one's transformation magic compared to Ariel Romann's; she even served as a teacher for a Cyart princess.

Ariel's mother was a pureblood from the blood tribe, making her a half-blood herself. Originally an illegitimate daughter raised outside by Duke Black Iron, she later secured an important position within the extensive Romann family due to her formidable strength.

Although she was over a hundred years old, Ariel had fair skin, golden hair, and blue eyes, with a tall and slender figure, and she appeared to be just a stunningly beautiful young woman.

Byrne and Chris felt in their hearts that, among the many women they had met, only the emerald elf March could compare to her in beauty.

If the comparison was not limited to women, then in Byrne's heart, those with top-tier beauty and charm were Ariel, Chris, and March, almost without any distinction in ranking.

As soon as Ariel Romann made her appearance, she became the center of the entire banquet.

Viscount Bast greeted her politely and personally at the banquet, not daring to show any negligence, and many viscounts also came forward to pay their respects.

Even Acting Bishop Zayne wore a smile when facing Ariel Romann, completely devoid of his usual cold remarks.

In the banquet held at the suburban estate, musicians continuously played gentle violin music, every white table was decorated with flowers and candles, exquisite tableware sat on the tables, and throughout the estate were many lavish decorations, with the scent of aromatherapy relaxing the guests.

Servants released white doves one after another, spellcasters who were skilled in magic caused them to perform spiraling patterns in the sky, and also showered a multitude of fresh flowers from above.

The petals, carried by an unnatural wind, landed in everyone's hands, delicate and delectable pastries floated midair, and champagne flew out of the bottles automatically, constantly replenishing people's champagne flutes.

The various candles and tableware, flowers, and candles, seemed to come to life under the spellcasters' control, serving the guests automatically, and even bowing to the men and women they pass by, telling light-hearted jokes.

The high society guests all wore facades of false smiles, constantly interacting with others.

They all understood the importance of socializing, as the banquet gathered almost all of the nobility and celebrities, and many opportunities were not to be missed.

Chris and Vanessa walked past each table, reaching for the floating delicacies to take a few bites.

As the couple ate their way through, Vanessa occasionally commented on the food, and Chris listened in silence, the two of them emanating an air of indifference, as if all the socializing had nothing to do with them.

Byrne followed beside the couple with a smile, facilely and effortlessly shielding them from much of the chitchat, aware that Chris was thoroughly disinclined to engage with others.

However, he eventually couldn't block everyone.

"This is my first time to the East Coast Province; are you Chris Fischer?"

Ariel Romann approached Chris and his wife with interest, scrutinizing Chris Fischer.

"I've heard from Amos about you, saying you might one day reach the level I am at now."

Ariel had also arrived, Byrne pondered deeply who was stronger between her and "Solar Gold". He subconsciously clenched his hand, then quickly let go, not wanting others to notice his concern.

He had made an Oath with Viscount Bast, who in turn had made another Oath with "Solar Gold", with everything revolving around this grand wedding that almost all East Coast high society was attending.

Byrne's feelings were actually quite complex; he hoped the plan would go smoothly but wished it would not be wholly successful.

He took a deep breath, letting go of his doubts.

From the perspective of the Fischer family, it would be best if the whole plan succeeded!

When faced with Ariel's conversation, Chris was rather helpless; even though she was from the powerful Romann family, he still did not want to respond, feeling like the social hassle had just increased tenfold, so he calmly looked to Byrne for rescue.

Then he realized Byrne appeared lost in thought about something and hadn't been looking over at all.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Ariel Romann lost interest in Chris, considering him a very boring person.

Chris breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hahaha, Your Excellency Byrne! This wedding is truly magnificent, utterly captivating. I'm also really looking forward to the wedding between the Oder family and the Fischer family. The scale of that event must be even larger than this one... Hahaha, well, then again, a smaller scale wouldn't be bad either."

Viscount Oder of the Iron Blood clan had found Byrne; he held a goblet in his hand, displaying a hearty smile, as if he had nearly endless expectations for the future.

Byrne stared deeply at Viscount Oder, also revealing a smile.

"I, too, look forward to the future of our two families, Viscount Oder."

He and Viscount Oder raised their goblets, and champagne automatically flowed into them.

The two conversed, primarily discussing their respective children.

"Darren hasn't returned yet? I must say, I'm a bit eager to see him; after all, I'm about to entrust my daughter to him, and I'm somewhat anxious."

Viscount Oder asked with a casual laugh, though he was well aware of Darren's situation and even knew about his two lovers – but those were trifling matters to him.

Byrne too smiled, gently shaking his head as he spoke:

"Actually, he has just joined the Royal Army. It will be nearly two years before he can return, and I'm sure Darren will visit you first thing then."

They chatted for quite some time, Byrne merely humoring the conversation, while deep down he was always timing, feeling ever more tense.

The gentle music constantly playing in his ears did nothing to help him relax.

Byrne was thirty-seven years old, and after decades of experiences, very few things could still make him nervous. Yet now he could not shake off the unease.

Because what was about to happen was simply too shocking.

Byrne looked toward Viscount Bast, the elder who was taking the initiative to drink with members of the Eagle clan, adopting an extremely humble posture.

Suddenly, deep inside, he felt a chill run down his spine, an eerie sensation.

Bast Leone was truly a frightening man.

"What are you doing!"

Chief Renzo, standing beside Viscount Bast, suddenly shouted

A member of the Eagle clan, face burning with anger, glared and crudely splashed his drink across Viscount Bast's face.

The surrounding crowd was shocked; all the guests wore complex expressions, waiting to see Viscount Bast's response.

The faces of the Eagle clan members were unsightly.

They carried no weapons or mysterious rare artifacts, and the place was under a barrier cast by the Lion clan of Fein City. Should a conflict arise, they would likely be unable to escape.

"It's okay, no big deal."

Viscount Bast said with a smile, taking the towel that floated over to him, wiping his face, then looking at Viscount Xavier, who was walking over.

"Don't worry, Xavier."

"I am aware of the deep animosity between the Lion and Eagle clans, and I have no illusions that the small frictions will end anytime soon. But that's okay, as long as we two can reach an agreement, there will be no issues."

Bast smiled as he looked at the young man who had thrown the drink, sensing the rage in his eyes, and lightly patted his shoulder, saying:

"Well done."

"If I were you, I might have done the same! As long as the Eagle clan has people like you, it will always soar again!"

"Now, let's all continue with the celebration!"

After saying that, Viscount Bast left to check on the bride and groom. While everyone thought the matter had been settled, only Viscount Xavier's expression remained sour.

Bast's words had left him feeling an unsettling discomfort deep inside.

It was finally time for the newlyweds from both families to make their appearance together. They were up next to accept everyone's blessings before the Acting Bishop gave the divine benediction, completing the wedding ceremony.

Byrne's tension was mounting; he knew that "Solar Gold" had likely already infiltrated the event. He just didn't know which of the many guests it was.

"May I get through, please?"

A deep, familiar voice suddenly sounded nearby, and Byrne couldn't help but divert his gaze towards it.

A tall man dressed in a black tailcoat was making his way through the crowd. His features were ordinary, his eyes lifeless, looking nothing like "Solar Gold."

But Byrne knew for certain that this man was "Solar Gold!"

He has arrived!

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

Chapter 185: 177: Sunshine Everywhere

Byrne took a deep breath, gazing at the figure of "Solar Gold," and he still clearly remembered the words Viscount Bast had said to him.

"Do you know, Byrne, that hiding a grain of sand in a desert makes it impossible to find?"

"If you want to kill a few people without anyone knowing, the best way is to start a fire without motive, leveling the whole street to the ground."

He certainly understood the meaning behind Viscount Bast's words.

To keep the Lion clan from being suspected of killing Xavier and others, enough people had to die at the wedding banquet so that everyone would realize that the perpetrator was not solely targeting the Eagle clan and certainly couldn't be from the Lion clan.

Therefore, a lot of people would die at the upcoming wedding banquet.

Byrne quietly watched "Solar Gold's" movements and suddenly noticed that the expressionless man was also looking in his direction.

He had been noticed.

If it had been the old him, his heart would have fluctuated, but at this moment Byrne simply smiled calmly and walked forward, looking fearlessly at the Monarch Level powerful expert.

"Hello, I have always had an excellent memory, and I can remember most of the nobility on the East Coast, but I don't seem to have ever seen you. Are you also a guest invited here?"

Instead of deliberately evading, he took the initiative to strike up a conversation with "Solar Gold" and even questioned his identity.

Byrne knew that Viscount Bast had given "Solar Gold" a portfolio in advance, within which some individuals were marked as those he absolutely had to kill, while others were those he must not.

Members of the Fischer family were definitely among the latter, and he was no exception.

If "Solar Gold" killed someone he was not supposed to according to the portfolio, he would be breaking The Oath, forfeiting his reward and suffering divine punishment.

So no matter what he said, he would not be in danger as long as he remained calm and "Solar Gold" did not recognize that he was "Mithril."

No matter what, Byrne did not want to reveal his true identity in front of this extremely dangerous bishop.

The tall figure of "Solar Gold," nearly two meters in height, slowly bent down to look into Byrne's eyes, as if confirming his target.

His voice was magnetic and very steady.

"Respected Lord Byrne Fischer, I am a spice merchant who travels throughout Cyart, John. My family's caravans have always conducted business with the Leone family, and having recently come to the East Coast Province from another province, I just happened to receive Viscount Bast's wedding invitation."

"It's normal that you don't recognize me, given that I only come to the East Coast Province once every few years and, by nature, am not part of your circle."

"Solar Gold" calmly explained his situation. Spice merchant John was a false identity Viscount Bast has painstakingly prepared over a decade, and nobody could find any flaws in it.

"I see, it's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. John. Since you're a friend of the Leone family, you are also my friend."

Byrne nodded slightly, smiling as he clinked champagne glasses with "Solar Gold" before politely turning to leave.

"Look!"

Accompanied by cheers, the bride and groom from both families had made their appearance, and all eyes were focused on the two, with many fully absorbed in watching this historic moment.

Meanwhile, Byrne, along with Chris and Vanessa, had already moved to a distant corner ahead of time.

He knew that now all he had to do was wait.

Upon reaching the corner, Chris too quickly sensed something was off. He saw a certain gleam in Byrne's eyes as if the events about to unfold required vigilance to handle.

So he squeezed Vanessa's wrist, silently conveying his thoughts.

Vanessa gave a slight start, then nodded gently.

"Solar Gold," tall and imposing, slowly pushed through the crowd, stepping forward, his face expressionless as he observed the people around him.

He finally stood still, calmly extending his hand towards the sky, while those around him instinctively looked at "Solar Gold" who was making the gesture, showing confused expressions, totally unaware of what the man was about to do.

Nearly a thousand people had gathered around the country estate, and among those standing near "Solar Gold," intently watching the wedding ceremony, there were indeed hundreds.

He would confine the range of his power.

As the wedding ceremony continued, the bride and groom had reached the most conspicuous stage, standing in front of Acting Bishop Zayne.

Zayne, smiling, spoke gravely to the couple:

"Under the witness and blessing of the vast Tempest Overlord, you are about to become a loving husband and wife. I know that you will be responsible for each other's families, and for this country, and that a century later, you will also express your gratitude devoutly to the deities, for their majestic protection has kept you unharmed throughout your lives."

Viscount Bast narrowed his eyes and smiled.

Many around him wore smiles on their faces, even relieved, feeling that the East Coast Province was on the verge of complete peace.

The towering "Solar Gold" watched everything with an expressionless face, completely out of sync with the cheerful atmosphere, and a faint golden light suddenly appeared in the palm of his hand.

"Hmm?"

Ariel Romann, standing dozens of meters away, suddenly turned her head, fixing her gaze on "Solar Gold's" position.

"Bless you!"

The next moment, the crowd waved the fresh flowers in their hands, faces brimming with smiles as the music gradually rose. The atmosphere of the banquet became fervent and joyous, with guests clapping in unison.

Countless white doves and petals flew towards the sky.

Ariel's expression dramatically changed, fear evident in her eyes.

Something akin to a miniature sun materialized in the unseeing palm of the "Solar Gold," and in the next instant, an infinite golden radiance burst forth from his hand in all directions!

It was as if the sun rose slowly, its warm light piercing through the sky, illuminating the earth. The tender golden glow fell gently upon the crowd and trees, casting everything in a brilliant gold.

The smiling, clapping people gradually vanished within the golden light.

Byrne and Chris watched the scene in astonishment. It was a mighty force they had almost never encountered, a golden light that swallowed hundreds of people in the blink of an eye.

As the golden radiance slowly dissipated, people finally came to their senses, staring blankly at the location where the sunlight had erupted just seconds before.

To their surprise, they found that everyone engulfed by the sunlight had vanished.

"Such bright light, but not blinding at all, what on earth happened? What just happened?"

"Where did those people go?"

"The sunlight, gentle yet intense, as if the sun had fallen from the sky..."

A husband searched for his wife, who had clearly been beside him a moment ago, but now, there wasn't a trace of her in the world.

He was bewildered, unable to comprehend the situation.

Among those who vanished were not only two prominent members of the Eagle clan but also a direct blood relative of the Lion clan, one of Viscount Bast's grandsons, whom he had dearly cherished over recent years.

All the people had disappeared, leaving only the unseeing "Solar Gold" still standing there.

A few specks of golden afterglow lingered in the palm of his hand.

Ariel Romann looked on, her face serious, her eyes wide with shock as she kept her distance, hundreds of meters away from "Solar Gold."

"Solar Gold" fully understood that she could escape and calmly gazed back at her.

If there was anyone who could pose a hindrance to him, it was that woman.

A drop of cold sweat appeared on Ariel's exquisitely beautiful cheek, and fear surged deep within her.

"A mid-level Monarch? How could it be a mid-level Monarch? Why would such a powerful expert suddenly appear in Cyart's East Coast Province?"

In all of Cyart, including the heretical cult, there were only seven or eight Monarch powerful experts who could reach the Middle Rank.

Her mind raced, but she couldn't reconcile this man's abilities and appearance, unable to understand which top-tier powerful expert the unseeing man could possibly be.

Viscount Bast was horrified, Viscount Xavier's expression was one of shock, and the eyes of everyone else were filled with panic. They stared in disbelief at the top-tier powerful expert that had suddenly appeared.

"Just now, just now, Lord Xavier's two brothers, they seemed to be right there, they vanished after the sunlight erupted!"

"And even Lord Bast's grandson, even the head of the Sunrise clan all..."

Despair and terror filled the hearts of the people – within just an instant, several viscount families had suffered terrible losses and deaths!

Although the range of the sunlight was not very large, the mighty force contained within it was something that even the Extraordinary Exponents could distinctly sense!

Everyone knew clearly that it was a Monarch Level top-tier powerful expert, and there was no way they could contend against him!

"Everyone, don't panic! Let's cooperate with Lady Ariel!"

Viscount Bast unhesitatingly shouted, seriously reciting the Spell to activate the barrier. The barrier over Fein City was highly advanced, and even a powerful Monarch expert would be severely suppressed by its power.

Suddenly, a streak of golden sunlight pierced through Viscount Bast's body, interrupting the spell to activate the barrier.

Before everyone's eyes, a gruesome, vast wound appeared in his chest, and his body trembled as he fell, seemingly dead.

"Ah!"

"Viscount Bast is dead!"

The people were utterly thrown into chaos. While they had regained their senses and considered resisting, the sight of Viscount Bast's fall sent them into a frenzy, leaving them to place all their hopes on Ariel Romann.

Then they witnessed a scene of despair; Ariel, a Monarch powerful expert, simply vanished into thin air, fleeing first, leaving behind only shattered bubbles.

In a corner on the edge, Byrne and Chris exchanged a glance. Even with their anticipations, Byrne still felt the cruelty and shock.

Viscount Bast showed no mercy toward his longtime friends and his own grandson, and even he himself fell into a near-death state.

But by doing so, no longer would anyone suspect the sudden massacre was connected to the Lion clan, while "Solar Gold" would soon reveal a well-known identity, giving a coherent logic to this frenzied attack.

Byrne took a deep breath and said to Chris and Vanessa, who were unaware, "Run."

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

Chapter 186: 178: Burning Soul!

The crowd watched the man with lifeless eyes slowly ascend, filled with fear. They wanted to scatter and flee but found that some powerful force was suppressing them, rendering their bodies utterly immobile.

Unbeknownst to them, the Sun God's terrifying Bloodline domain had already enveloped the entire estate!

The man rising to the sky was like the sun itself, constantly emitting a gentle glow. Yet everyone felt a profound terror under the seemingly warm light, which was in reality more like acid capable of dissolving all humanity!

"Help!"

"Who exactly are you? Why are you doing this?"

"What should we do now?"

Nearly a thousand people in the estate wailed, wept, and were filled with terror; Bast was at death's door, unconscious, while Zayne, Oder, and others displayed expressions of despair, believing their end was certain.

Watching his dear family members die before his eyes, Xavier stood motionless, expressionless, though his heart was bleeding inside. He knew very well that if he too perished, the Eagle clan would never recover!

But escape was impossible.

A helpless verdict, yet Xavier knew it to be the truth.

He fearlessly gazed up at the "Sun God" in the sky, when suddenly, he realized that the other was also looking straight at him.

A strong premonition suddenly rose in Xavier's mind—the attacker's target was him! All others killed were merely a distraction; he was the one who had to die at this wedding banquet!

So that was it. Suddenly, Xavier understood everything—the true mastermind behind the attack was none other than Viscount Bast himself!

Perhaps all outsiders wouldn't think so, but he knew Bast all too well.

Even the killing of family meant nothing to that man; it was merely a tactic to avert the suspicions of the outside world. Xavier deeply understood that Bast was a cold, heartless demon!

Under the domain of golden sunlight, Viscount Xavier took a deep breath.

He finally decided to use the trump card he had been concealing all this time, activating the Forbidden knowledge he had acquired from the Spirit Realm!

It was knowledge that came with immense power but terrible side effects, and from the moment he obtained it, "Black Hawk" had resolved never to use it unless absolutely necessary!

Deep down, Viscount Xavier knew the time had come to wield it.

The golden sunlight blanketed the earth. People were paralyzed, left to be slaughtered, their hearts filled with despair.

Suddenly, blue flames ignited on Viscount Xavier's body!

All eyes were drawn to him; it was a blue flame unlike the golden light, the burning of a soul! It was the complete unleashing of something more vibrant and powerful than life itself!

In the radiance of the golden light, Viscount Xavier's body began to move!

Everyone stared in utter disbelief at the man, finding it inconceivable!

Through the Forbidden knowledge of "Burning Soul," Viscount Xavier released an unprecedented level of strength from his body, temporarily surpassing his natural Bloodline power and ascending to the level of a Monarch powerful expert!

However, his time at this zenith was terribly fleeting, and afterwards, all of his soul would surely burn out, resulting in a fate even more terrifying than simple death; all traces of him would be completely erased from the world.

Yet Viscount Xavier still chose to burn his soul. As the "Sun God" watched him, believing that the man erupting with power was about to strike, he found that it was not the case.

He slowly approached the unconscious Bast, his eyes filled with determination and resolute conviction!

There were merely seven steps between the two men.

A fighting spirit that Xavier had not felt in a very long time surged within his heart!

Many people thought of him as cold and unfeeling, even calling him a walking dead, seemingly devoid of human emotions.

But Xavier understood something—they were wrong; he had never truly locked away his soul!

Zavier simply did not want to suffer from loss again; to feel sadness, anger, or pain, he learned to endure, and only by withstanding every emotional storm could he possess the courage and strength to continue leading others.

For decades, he had moved on from so many losses—father, wife, son, daughter, and dear friends. He had long learned how to let his soul turn cold.

And now, that powerful soul was no longer icebound; instead, it blazed fiercely!

The azure flames astonished Byrne, Zayne, Oder, Vanessa, and others; they sensed that Viscount Xavier was unleashing a power extremely close to that of the Tempest Bishop!

Byrne couldn't help but mutter to himself, "How did Viscount Xavier achieve this?"

Has he actually touched the threshold of the Monarch Level?

Admiration, astonishment, disbelief, and incredulity filled the onlookers' eyes!

Zavier took a deep breath and stepped forward.

He took a second step!

Now, everything was about to collapse, and he had to do the last thing, the most important thing, which was to kill Bast Leone!

Bast!

I must kill you!

Everyone stared blankly at Viscount Xavier, and some even thought he was going to save Bast, seeing that every step the man in the black robe took seemed to make his knees bend, as if he had to overcome the tremendous resistance of gravity.

The third step!

Sweat beaded on Xavier's forehead, trickling down his chiseled cheeks.

The longing in his heart was the driving force for progress; his eyes brimmed with determination and anticipation, and despite the immense difficulty, he still moved toward the feigned death demon under the pressure of the domain power.

He had to kill him, otherwise the Eagle clan would ultimately cease to exist and vanish from this world!

"I am a Discipline Upholder of the Lost Cult, and I am also the High Priest of the Lost Cult!"

"Solar Gold" suddenly spoke calmly to everyone, slowly revealing his "true identity," which shocked everyone profoundly.

"From this day forth, all Lost followers formally declare war on Cyart and the major churches, He is the only True God, the master of all things in the world and will eventually become the sole faith of the world."

In saying this, "Solar Gold" craftily did not specify exactly who "He" was.

Everyone was astonished, finally realizing that the attacker was someone from the legendary Lost Cult, and that the terrifying man in the sky was the self-proclaimed Discipline Upholder, whose position was that of the Lost Cult's High Priest!

Byrne, Chris, and Vanessa had very complicated expressions, their faces showing a conflicted and ambivalent look as if, even faced with a life-and-death situation, they were still very conflicted.

They truly did not want to wage war against all the churches, nor did they want to issue any declaration of war, but they could only watch as this scene unfolded...

The next moment, "Solar Gold's" voice suddenly rang out clearly across tens of kilometers, every person listening to his calm yet profound and powerful voice.

"Believe in Him, that is your path to life, or else what you will ultimately face is only death."

"Solar Gold" slowly stretched out his hand, like a deity passing judgment on humanity, the shining sunlight converging upon person after person, killing many, while also taking special care of Xavier, who was making his steps.

The immense force heavily pressed down on Xavier; he seemed about to fall, trembling, yet he still took a fourth step, now close at hand with Bast.

They were only three steps apart.

The next moment, myriad beams of light pierced through his body; Xavier was severely injured and on the brink of death. Had he not been continuously Burning Soul, enhancing his strength without end, he would have lost his life force on the spot.

He still took another step, now only two steps away, but it was enough!

Xavier stretched out his hand toward the unconscious Bast, exerting all his power to activate the strong power of Bloodline!

Black shadows surged out from within, ready to kill Bast, who was without any defense, in an instant. And those black shadows quickly reached in front of Bast!

Zavier looked at Bast, feigning death and unconscious, and as if in a trance, he seemed to go back to a time long ago when he had already been the most outstanding member of his family, and Bast had been a young man hardly valued by the Leone family.

But from the very first time he saw him, he felt this person would be the greatest adversary of his life.

Indeed, he had not been mistaken; as a member of the Eagles, his vision was far-reaching, and he could clearly foresee many years into the future.

However, in the merciless struggle, even the Eagle could never reach the true demon...

At this moment, the dark shadow power was completely blocked by the golden light!

Even as Xavier's strength had greatly increased, he was still fundamentally inferior to "Solar Gold," and from the beginning, he never stood a chance to kill that demon.

All around, everyone was dazzled by the sudden intense light and nobody saw the moment when "Solar Gold" acted to save Bast.

Zavier failed.

His body erupted with golden light, his entire form riddled with cracks, gradually disintegrating, while his soul had burned completely, no longer able to maintain the fearsome power from just before, and the black shadows that surged from within dissipated into nothing.

Well then, good luck to you.

Bast.

"To my friend who believes you can play with fate and affairs of the world, I wish you good luck."

The Eagle Lord gazed at his unconscious arch-nemesis; his eyes gradually losing their lustre, he passed away completely.

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

Chapter 187: 179 Epilogue

Just when everyone was terrified to their core, fearing that all the thousands of people within the estate would be slaughtered by the mysterious figure, the gentle golden sunlight gradually disappeared.

"Enough," he muttered.

The lifeless eyes of "Solar Gold" gazed into the distance, aware that his actions had alarmed numerous Monarch powerful experts in the neighboring provinces on the East Coast, and he could not stay any longer.

The two top powers in Cyart he feared the most were the Cyart King and Duke Black Iron, both of whom were very likely stronger than "Solar Gold."

Next, he needed to leave Cyart territory quickly, without being intercepted and entangled.

In the next moment, the body of "Solar Gold" turned into a beam of golden light, completely vanishing into the horizon.

"The Discipline Upholder from the Lost Cult is gone!"

"We have survived!"

"He has left us!"

The people felt overwhelming terror and a sense of joy as if they had just escaped death. Tears and wails immediately broke out, while many others stood in a daze, completely clueless about why this had happened.

Zayne Frosac, the Acting Bishop of the East Coast diocese, trembled with his fists clenched, took a deep breath, and glared angrily.

"I must enter the palace of the Extraordinary and ascend to the Monarch's throne!" he declared.

The experience of being cut down like ants in a nightmare was something Zayne never wanted to relive, not even once.

In the horrific massacre, the Eagle clan and the Lion clan suffered the heaviest casualties, with each losing over a dozen direct family members, while the head of the Sunrise clan had also unfortunately perished.

The dying Viscount Bast was quickly rescued by a healing-type Spellcaster. If he were truly pronounced dead, one could easily say that the Lion clan had suffered the greatest loss at the wedding.

No one would have suspected the massacre to be a plot directed and performed by Viscount Bast.

Byrne, who knew the truth, looked at the roaring Abel Leone and the weeping Renzo Leone, as well as the uninformed Lion clan members, his heart a tumult of complex emotions, unable to imagine their thoughts if they knew the truth.

"They have no idea..."

He opened his mouth but said nothing, feeling only a chill creeping up his back.

The Lion clan members who had lost loved ones were mourning their kin and were also anxious about the near-death state of Viscount Bast.

They had no clue that it was that man who had fooled them all.

They only knew that Viscount Bast must not die, for he was the most crucial pillar of the Lion clan! Without him, the entire clan might crumble or never again experience such smooth sailing as before.

Suddenly, Byrne understood something: he could never become a man like Bast.

And he did not wish to be.

Several days later, the "Fein Tragedy" that shook all of Cyart spread throughout the nation; the deaths of hundreds of important nobles and celebrities had a tremendous impact.

Initially, the Lost Cult had only been infamous within high society, but following the "Fein Tragedy," everyone, from the highest nobles to almost all common Cyart people, became aware of a terrible heretical cult.

The Lost Cult!

According to rumors, they were the horrific followers who worshipped the Evil God, Lord of the Lost, and every one of them was as wicked as a demon! They delighted in sacrificing innocent young girls and children and were adept at torturing souls!

If a commoner encountered a Lost follower, they would surely end up in a fate worse than death!

As for the legendary Lord of the Lost, He was undeniably an Evil God of immense dread, born to bring destruction to the world, with everything doomed to shatter in His presence!

Finally, Karl gained influence amongst the people in an inexplicable way.

Several days later.

In the cemetery of the Leone family, new tombstones were adorned with a variety of floral tributes.

Viscount Bast, who had been revived from near death, stood with white hair, a calm gaze, and an upright posture in front of his grandson's grave marker.

Byrne stood silently beside him, without uttering a word.

"Do you think I am too ruthless? That what I did was a betrayal to those who trusted me?" Bast asked, after placing a bouquet of flowers, his voice grave.

Byrne quietly shook his head in response, not answering, but in a rare stir of emotion, he felt an undeniable anger towards Viscount Bast.

It was at this very moment that Byrne reaffirmed his regard for Viscount Bast as an important person; otherwise, he would not have been so upset over this matter.

The white-haired Viscount Bast glanced at him and said calmly,

"You see, there were reasons for killing those people. Some of them were disloyal to me, others embezzled and accumulated wealth dishonestly, and many indulged in senseless slaughter of civilians. They were all cancers to the Lion clan."

"Byrne, rest assured, you won't betray me, so I will never harm the Fischer family."

Were the deaths of those people all justified? Every single one of them? Byrne couldn't help but question deep inside. He simply couldn't tell if Viscount Bast was lying.

Viscount Bast continued to speak.

"Byrne, I want to build a brand new world, a Cyart shaped jointly by the Lion clan and the Fischer family. The current state of the nation is too barbaric, desolate, where people lack knowledge, do not understand reverence..."

"I hope that the commoners can all be educated and I hope that the Cyart people can live with dignity. I hope to establish a complete order that truly prevents the local nobles from being overbearing and allows ordinary people to smile."

At this point, Viscount Bast paused, turned his head to look at Byrne, and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"I know you don't agree with my methods at all, but you definitely agree with my values. Byrne, please help me, continue to lend me a hand! Everything is about to be realized!"

"In a few years' time, I will reach that Monarch's throne which countless people yearn for!"

Byrne gazed into Bast's eyes, while the white-haired old man looked back at him with a gaze filled with sincerity and ambition, not attempting to hide it!

He originally thought that Bast and his father were almost the same kind of person, but gradually, he noticed the differences between them.

Finally, Byrne nodded, then said to Viscount Bast, "I understand, Lord Viscount. The Fischer family and I will be of assistance to you."

Taking a deep breath, Viscount Bast gently nodded, smiled, and continued:

"One of Xavier's contingencies has been destroyed by me, but a man like him might have more than one contingency. I've been looking for others but have yet to find any."

"Help me find it, Byrne. Xavier must still have something hidden away."

He fell silent for a long moment before turning to leave, then added:

"Trust me, Byrne."

"I will keep on winning. So-called fate is nothing more than my stepping stone, and it will ultimately be at my mercy!"

Byrne silently watched as the old man walked away from the graveyard.

"Solar Gold" eventually managed to escape from within Cyart territory, hiding somewhere, no longer traceable.

The Cyart King was furious upon learning of the "Fein Tragedy" and ordered a nationwide official manhunt for the Lost followers, promising great rewards to anyone who could capture one!

The major churches of the Eastern Four Kingdoms also issued additional wanted notices, adding bounties for all followers of the Lost Cult and for that so-called High Priest, the "Discipline Upholder."

Many with various intentions towards the Lost Cult began to converge on Cyart.

And it wasn't just those who wanted to capture and destroy the Lost Cult; there were also some heretics among the Extraordinary Exponents who sought to join the Lost Cult and find power from the Lost Lord.

The bride and groom of the Eagle and Lion survived, allowing the marriage alliance between the two families to continue. However, after significant casualties at the wedding banquet, the Eagle clan had no power to resist and were left at the mercy of Viscount Bast.

Over half a year later, Colonel Abel Leone, Viscount Bast's cousin, formally took charge of Phelps Port, and the Eagle clan completely became vassals of the Lions.

The new head of the Sunrise clan was a young man whose mother was the daughter of Viscount Bast, while the new head of the Eagle clan was the lady who married into the Lion clan.

Without a doubt, both were merely Viscount Bast's puppets.

After taking over Xavier's shipyard, Viscount Bast's subordinates continued its operation, and the first steamship was finally launched, attracting great attention along the East Coast.

Followers of the Reforging Church came to the Eastern Four Kingdoms, ready to spread the doctrine of steam. They began to help people use steel and fire technology free of charge.

At the same time, Byrne also learned from their teachings of something newly spread from within the Reforging Church that immediately piqued his great interest.

"Railroads?"

Before long, Darren and his lover Fayer had a son.

Byrne named him Felix, meaning "fortunate one." The child, being illegitimate, had his identity concealed; only the Fischer family's close relatives and the Daybreakers knew of his existence.

Another year and a half passed, and Darren returned to the Fischer family from the Cyart Royal Army. He soon married the daughter of Viscount Oder.

After Xavier's surrender and death, the Garcia family had decided to completely submit. The Fischer family quickly came to effectively control the entire region of the four towns.

Having acquired gold mines, gambling, and the entertainment industry, the Fischer family's rate of wealth accumulation reached unprecedented levels.

The decades-long struggle between the Lions and the Eagles on the East Coast finally came to an end.

And the Fischer family welcomed a new generation.

After another year, on a winter's night, the Cyart King suddenly issued a joint notice to all the nobles and citizens of the country along with the Salvation Church, Tempest Church, Silver Moon Church, and Reforging Church.

"The Northern Meyer family has gone completely mad, slaughtering the children of the gods en masse, and in secret they support the heretical cult 'Stars Embrace Order,' an unpardonable sin!"

"To uphold the faith of the gods, with the joint support of the major churches, the righteous nobility of Cyart unanimously decided to send troops north to aid the Rhea Royal Family!"

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

Chapter 188: 180: The Sower, The Gourmet, The Specter

When Byrne once again took part in the Alchemy Council meetings, he always harbored an indistinct fear deep within him whenever he faced that man with the robust and powerful voice.

"Solar Gold" had always behaved like a steady middle-aged man, yet in reality, he was a terrifying entity who killed without batting an eye, and he possessed formidable strength.

He had every reason to suspect that the abilities "Solar Gold" exhibited were not unique to him or perhaps not even his core true power.

After the "Fein Incident," not a single person doubted that the so-called "Discipline Upholder" could be someone from the Sun Church.

After all, possessing a bloodline related to sunlight didn't mean one was from the Sun Church; it's just that there were more people within the Sun Church who had sunlight-attribute bloodlines.

However, the reach of the Sun Church's influence in Lorne and the Seven Stars was too far from Cyart, with no political entanglements between them, nor any enmity or cause and effect, hence the Cyart people would never suspect in this direction.

They wouldn't suspect a group of people they never encountered in their lives.

And there was another very important reason, which was that the kingdom-protecting barrier that enveloped the entire Cyart had been temporarily shut down due to Bast's tampering.

A kingdom-protecting barrier is something every nation possesses, of paramount importance, and typically surrounds the entire national border.

Any Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponent that crosses the barrier would immediately have their movements tracked and locked onto.

In fact, this wasn't the first time the East Coast Province's kingdom-protecting barrier had encountered issues, and the Cyart King had once dispatched investigators, but to no avail.

The perpetrator of the "Fein Incident" was undoubtedly a Monarch Level powerhouse who could appear and disappear without a trace, clearly indicating the kingdom-protecting barrier had malfunctioned once again.

Therefore, the Cyart King discreetly sent an important member of the Royal Family to the East Coast Province to thoroughly investigate the traitors hidden among the nobility and church's upper echelons.

Another year quickly passed, and the time officially reached the Blazing Sun Era 1821.

Byrne was forty-two, Irene was forty-one, Chris was twenty-seven, Darren was twenty-one, and Lilian was seventeen.

Darren and his wife from the Oder family soon had another daughter, whom they named Helen, meaning a person of bright sunshine.

The Fischer family finally noticed an interesting fact: Byrne's descendants all had jet-black hair, while Chris's descendants all had silver-white hair.

The aging Theo mused in private that if the Fischer family were to eventually settle in different family estates, they could be aptly referred to by people as the Black Fischers and the White Fischers.

That being said, Chris and Byrne had no intention whatsoever of splitting the family apart.

The new generation of eight Daybreakers had freshly emerged, undergoing the Lost Ritual with the latest type of "Shadow of the Lost" potion, refined by Byrne.

Among them was one from the Path of Authority, two from the Path of Knowledge, two from the Path of Forging, one from the Path of Divine Sacrifice, one from the Path of Tranquility, and one from the Path of Nature.

The Daybreaker from the Path of Nature was named Ray, an orphan who lost his family to a naval battle, a man of few words, well-built and tall, he had been raising a snow-white large dog since his childhood.

Irene originally thought that the reticent Ray might follow the Path of Tranquility, but to her surprise, it turned out the Path of Nature suited him best. Later she realized that Ray was not short of words but simply did not wish to speak with humans, whereas he would become quite talkative when facing animals.

The 1st Rank on the Path of Nature is the "Sower."

In the Spirit Realm, its form is not human, but several seeds dancing in the wind.

As a "Sower" Extraordinary Exponent, the enhancement to physical prowess is seven, whereas Spiritual Power enhancement is three, the only Extraordinary Power they possess is "Growth Promotion."

They can plant any seeds they have touched anywhere and afterward use the Extraordinary trait "Growth Promotion" to make those seeds grow and mature rapidly.

"Growth Promotion" is not a power that can readily be useful in combat, but Ray was immediately taken by Byrne to the important medicinal ingredient cultivation grounds and then arranged to frequently mature those valuable plants day and night.

Among the second-generation Daybreakers, Inna from a prominent news agency has reached the position of deputy editor-in-chief with the support of the Fischer family; at the same time, she has also reached the 2nd Rank of the Path of Wholeheartedness, "Gourmet," having moved beyond merely being a "Bard."

The physical prowess enhancement for "Gourmet" is 10, and the Spiritual Power enhancement is 15.

In the Spirit Realm, his image is a gentleman glowing with yellow light, preparing to dine.

As a "Gourmet" from the Power of Consecution, after becoming an Extraordinary Exponent, Inna gained the Extraordinary traits "Wonderful Taste" and "Perfect Digestion."

"Wonderful Taste" means that any smell Inna's nose has sniffed or any flavor her tongue has tasted, she can remember them for a lifetime.

If the "Gourmet" manages to completely ingest the item, they can even understand the complete makeup of that item thoroughly.

Then, through "Perfect Digestion," she can transform whatever she has eaten into temporary power, and if the consumed item has some form of mystique, the "Gourmet" might even be able to utilize the corresponding Extraordinary Power in one go.

However, after using up the power of one type of delicacy, a "Gourmet" must once again eat and digest before they can use a brand-new power.

Moreover, the power of "Perfect Digestion" is capable of growth.

Theoretically, once Extraordinary Exponents of the Path of Wholeheartedness reach a high enough rank, even concepts like curses can be consumed by "gourmets."

Furthermore, Darren had finally reached the 2nd Rank of the Path of Shadow not long ago.

"Specter."

It was a very strange Power of Consecution. Darren's physical attributes increased by thirteen points, his Spiritual Power increased by twelve, and he also acquired the Extraordinary trait "Specter Body."

He could continuously consume Spiritual Power to transform into a ghostly form of the dead, moving through the material world and travelling through walls, blades, and other such objects, while also being completely immune to any strength of physical attack.

In the study of the manor in Black Mountain Town, Darren was absentmindedly holding a book, silently pondering the power he had gained.

He had fully grasped the essence of the "Path of Shadow."

Those who tread the Path of Shadow need to bring about negative emotions in others to slowly digest the power of their Consecution.

"Does this mean that this is a stairway to divinity innately suitable only for villains?"

Occasionally, he wondered, absurdly, if he was an innately bad person. At least the great Lord of the Lost thought so, and his father probably thought the same. He had even said once that all Darren had to do was avoid harming the family.

Darren was also starting to understand why his father hadn't been so upset about the matter of his illegitimacy.

"Perhaps it's because he already understood what kind of person his son truly was."

"But am I truly bad? No matter how I think about it, surely I'm not, right?"

Deep down, Darren found it utterly baffling because apart from having two lovers, he hadn't really done any evil deeds and had always been a law-abiding citizen.

"Compared to those nobles who abuse commoner women and engage in fights on the streets, I'm completely and utterly a kind and law-abiding person!"

After pondering in the study, he shook his head slightly, then proceeded to open a letter delivered by a servant, which contained orders from Colonel Abel Leone.

"He's inviting me to rejoin the Cyart Royal Army and become his lieutenant... Well then."

Having served as a personal guard beside Colonel Abel for two years, Darren didn't actually have any experience as an officer yet, but he was fully accustomed to military life.

He decided to return to the Cyart Royal Army to become Colonel Abel's lieutenant and to head to the Rhea frontlines.

"This will benefit my further advancement on the Path of Shadow, as creating negative emotions in war is too easy."

Currently, the Cyart army had already set out from the western side of East Coast Province, officially entering the borders of the Rhea Kingdom to support the Rhea Royal Family, who were in grave danger.

The Meyer family was very popular and had already garnered the support of most of the nobility and commoners in Rhea.

On the other hand, the Rhea Royal Family, who once ruled over the Rhea People with an iron fist, had lost the support of most people. They could only invite foreign troops to help them reclaim their ruling position.

"However, before returning to the Cyart Royal Army, I'm going to visit my father and mother first."

Darren took a carriage with his children and wife to Fein City to visit his mother, Margaret, pay a visit to Viscount Bast, and then return to Nasir Town to meet with both of his lovers successively, finally awaiting his father, who came back from work.

He quickly learned from his father that the leaders of the Dagger Brotherhood, Moore's two younger brothers, had also reached the 2nd Rank of the Path of Calamity, the "Thunder Attendants."

And Uncle Chris and Aunt Vanessa had temporarily left Nasir Town to search for a ritual that would advance Aunt Vanessa and Moore to the 3rd Rank of the Path of World Order.

Not only Chris and Vanessa were in search of ritual requirements, but also Yeager and Archibald from the Daybreakers, who had both finished digesting the current phase of their consecution powers.

They were also attempting to find the rituals needed for the 3rd Rank of the Path of Conquest and the Path of Calamity.

Archibald and his silver descendant wife had already had two children, and what began as a marriage of convenience for them had now become unexpectedly harmonious.

Meanwhile, Yeager, who worked as an official at Fein City Hall, had also successfully married a daughter of a major merchant from the East Coast and had quickly had a child.

Fischer smiled at his son, Darren, "Good news, it won't be long before the Fischer family adds four Extraordinary Exponents who have reached the 3rd Rank!"

Darren nodded lightly, offering a smile in return, and deep inside felt more than ever that the missing substance in the Fischer family had slowly been filled.

He couldn't help but ponder over something and said to his father, Fischer,

"Even though I haven't fully grasped the Power of 'Specter,' I can't help but think about what the 3rd Rank of the Path of Shadow might be."

"I have a feeling it won't be anything good..."

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

Chapter 189: 181: The Power of Faith

In the darkness, Karl listened to the voices of many people.

"Help me, great Lord of the Lost!"

"Please answer my plea, I am willing to offer everything to You! Lord of the Lost!"

"Your power will descend upon the world, those fools simply do not understand Your greatness!"

He could hear the prayers of people across the world to him, and those devout individuals seemed to have a "special focus," becoming clear and visible among the multitude of voices, overpowering everyone else.

In recent years, Karl had been hearing more and more voices.

And he suddenly found it quite strange that not only the Fischer family and its influence prayed to him, but also a small portion of the commoners across Cyart spontaneously began to pray to him.

"Interesting."

Karl found this very amusing and began to discern their specific identities, understanding why those people would pray to him.

Mostly they were people who had been persecuted by the church or illegal Extraordinary Exponents who had forsaken the righteous path and prayed to him out of lost hope and hatred for the gods.

Even in Zeya Town to the east of Sunrise Lake, an Extraordinary Exponent of the Transmutation Level actually emerged, impersonating a disciple of a "Discipline Upholder" and gathered a dozen illegal Extraordinary Exponents to set up a branch of the "Lost Cult."

Of course, his real purpose was just to exploit those low-level Extraordinary Exponents.

Karl felt a bit amused and dismayed.

"The identity of the Discipline Upholder itself is fake, yet he impersonated a disciple of the 'Discipline Upholder' and actually succeeded in establishing a small-scale Extraordinary organization."

However, he found out that several of those low-level Extraordinary Exponents genuinely believed in him, which is why he could hear their prayers.

"This is a very interesting situation, my 'vision' has expanded greatly. It would be even more interesting if those enemies of the Fischer family also prayed to me."

But Karl soon discovered that the so-called doctrines those people followed and their image of the Lord of the Lost were completely different, fragmented, and utterly without a unified concept.

Karl found this quite intriguing internally, it was just unfortunate they were not favored clan, not of Fischer family blood; hence, attempts at sacrificing various things were completely ineffective.

They also hadn't taken the Shadow of the Lost potion, so they couldn't hear Karl's voice at all.

"As for those people, I can only listen unilaterally, nothing more... But just listening to prayers actually has its uses, it at least allows me to know many pieces of information."

"Hmm, certain individuals with potential inside can be paid special attention to, and when the opportunity arises, the devout people of the Fischer family could be sent to preach and formally recruit them as part of the Dawn Church."

The activity involving "Solar Gold" actually helped him quite a lot, in a sense.

Although he couldn't make use of those people yet, Karl subconsciously understood that they were definitely useful.

Because those prayers came flying like strands of thread, and some kind of power, born from faith, also began to accumulate, albeit very slowly, along with them.

At first, the number of believers was so small, the accumulated power of faith could almost be ignored. Now it's beginning to increase bit by bit, and Karl decided to try making good use of that power of faith.

"The key to the power of faith is the number of people and the time spent praying, not the power of the believers themselves. It seems, to make use of this force, large-scale preaching is indispensable in the future..."

He even felt that he should order the Fischer family to establish a real godly Kingdom dynasty.

In recent years, Nasir Town has also undergone significant changes, with a population growth exploding to over thirty thousand, and already starting to have a siphoning effect on the surrounding villages. In a few years, it would likely grow to a population of over fifty thousand.

Moreover, a population of over fifty thousand is just a starting point. In the steam age everything will be vastly different from the past.

The Fischer family established a new elementary school, then set up a substantial hospital in Nasir Town, and commenced transforming the dwellings of the poor in East

City District. Finally, they planned to add a 5th City District, a residential area for the ever-growing number of newcomers.

Most of those coming to the town entered the factories, with the labor force growing endlessly. Consequently, the Fischer family began to consider constructing new factories.

Yet, environmental pollution is also an important issue. Although many factory owners do not take it seriously, Byrne had the foresight to do so.

In the basement of Fischer Manor.

"Regarding military matters, we still need to make a lot of effort."

Byrne was contemplating his thoughts alone. As for the other family members, they were either not in town or too young.

"Building an army is indeed a troublesome matter, but the Fischer family must have its own military force and further expand its armed strength,"

"We need large Arrays that the army can use, mobile barriers, and many weapons including cannons. The cavalry needs horses and ranches, and there are also specialized army camps, medical personnel, and medical equipment to be procured. Training grounds for new recruits, commanders skilled in military combat, instructors responsible for training soldiers, and ideally a munitions factory..."

"It's not just about ordinary soldiers; we also need to increase the number of normal Extraordinary Exponents under our command. Nowadays, the Fischers have enough money and resources to do many things that were unimaginable in the past."

Establishing a real army is like creating a mini society, and Byrne found that even writing it all down on a piece of paper would not be enough."

Although the Fischer family's current finances are sufficient to support a regular military force, it is still very troublesome and challenging."

Byrne had decided to pull in a bunch of old classmates from the military academy, to join forces with some Daybreakers as the core backbone, and then build a professional army belonging to the Fischer family primarily from the population of Nasir Town and the surrounding four towns.

While the power of a Monarch powerful expert is beyond doubt, a strong professional military force is still very useful, especially in battles without Monarch powerful experts.

Even in battles involving Monarch powerful experts, due to the presence of collective spells, an army with enough morale and discipline can fully serve as "blood bags" for the Monarch powerful experts, which is much more effective than using ordinary people.

The Cyart King's order for conscription had been issued nationwide, and the Fischer family must also contribute to the war.

However, on one hand, Darren Fischer had joined the Cyart Royal Army, and on the other, the Fischer family traditionally took charge of producing a large number of high-quality military supplies, making significant contributions, so the rest of the Fischer family were not forced to the front lines.

Although the Fischer family had not yet collectively gone to the front lines, attacking a neighboring country was a very big deal.

Furthermore, just beyond the northern forests of the East Coast Province lies Rhea, too close to the empire for comfort, so Byrne and the others must always be vigilant.

They had to be prepared for any possible surprise attacks from the Rhea army that the East Coast Province might face.

Finally, Chris and Vanessa returned to the family.

"Chris, Vanessa, you're finally back. How did it go? Any progress?"

Byrne was very pleased, though he asked this way, deep down he already had a clear idea of the outcome.

The characters of Chris and Vanessa were such that they would not return to the family until the ritual was completed. Since they were willing to come back, it meant that they had successfully found the ritual, or even that they had completed the advancement ritual.

"Mhm."

Chris nodded slightly without saying much.

Vanessa smiled, her face brimming with joy she couldn't contain, and explained to Byrne:

"Regarding the direction of advancement on the Path of World Order, we have found two completely different methods."

"The first is to strictly adhere to one's inner principles in every action in life, and it takes a long time to take effect, with very slow progress..."

Vanessa paused for a moment, then continued:

"Then there is the second method. I discovered the true method of advancing to the 3rd Rank of the Path of World Order is to constrain others to adhere to one's own thinking."

"Ah?"

Byrne was startled, then slowly grasped Vanessa's meaning.

Vanessa slowly raised her hand and concluded, "According to my principles, I passed judgment on quite a number of people and urged them to change according to my thinking, successfully completing the advancement ritual."

"If it were Moore, he would probably assimilate a group of people to follow his gang's order."

So that was it. Byrne nodded calmly, noting the method of advancement to the 3rd Rank of the Path of World Order in his mind.

"Assimilate a certain number of others to act according to one's principles and obtain sufficient feedback from it."

He suddenly understood something.

Commonality!

"So that's it, I understand now. The principle of most rituals for advancing to the 3rd Rank of the God Pantheon stairway is actually to influence others to obtain feedback!"

Thus, Byrne quickly brought Moore over, told him the method for the next step of advancement on the Path of World Order, and then sent out a letter to Irene, who was away.

He requested her to return from outside soon, to hold a sacrificial ritual to help Vanessa advance to the next level of the Path of World Order.

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

Chapter 190: 182: The Fake

East Coast Province, central region, beside Sunrise Lake.

The sky was dim, and Irene gazed calmly at the distant village without speaking for a long time, as Lilian, who had grown into an adult, followed by her side.

Although Irene had reached middle age, her appearance had hardly changed at all. Byrne's daughter, Lilian, was completely different.

She had grown tall quickly and had shed all her youthful immaturity; in fact, she was now half a head taller than Irene.

Lilian's black hair was very flowing, exuding a more ethereal and shattered aura compared to Irene.

"Let's go, Lilian, it's just ahead."

Irene's voice came through, composed and restrained, as if she had seen through the ways of the world.

As evening fell, they approached the lakeside village wearing layered, solemn black robes with veils, in the slightly chilly weather.

Most of the houses in the village were made of mud and stone, many with cracked walls, their roofs covered in patchy, dilapidated straw, stained with mud and filth.

Within Irene and Lilian's field of vision, not a single villager could be seen—as if they had vanished into thin air.

"Where have all the villagers gone?" asked Lilian.

Irene shook her head gently, looking towards the impoverished and dilapidated houses around them, then slowly said, raising her finger:

"Daybreakers have already come here to investigate in advance. The situation in this village is actually more complex than what you see. As His proxies, we must deal with what is happening here; we cannot neglect it."

"I understand, Great Priest," Lilian said, nodding softly.

The darkness deepened as they continued to walk through the deserted village, overgrown with weeds and slippery with moss, looking dangerous.

"Ding."

With the sound of a bell, an elderly man dressed in grey clothes slowly emerged from a corner of the village.

His gaunt face was covered in wrinkles, suggesting he was over seventy years old, and his body trembled with each step he took, his murky eyes glaring like some wild beast.

The old man was dressed in very tattered grey clothes and held a strange black scepter in his hand, with a bell shaped like an eye hanging from it, looking exceptionally eerie.

"Please stop, are you here to participate in the ritual?" he asked.

Irene nodded lightly and said in a calm tone:

"Yes, we too are His followers, and we hope you can guide us on the right path; joining this ritual is our important wish."

The old man from the shadows fell silent for a moment, then continued questioning:

"Where do you come from? You don't seem to be from the nearby villages."

Irene smiled slightly, answering calmly and genuinely:

"We hail from Fein City, not far from here. We came here heeding the call of the divine. I prayed to the great Lord in my dreams, and then I learned of the matters here."

The old man smiled, nodded lightly, and accepted Irene's request.

"Come with me."

Lilian, who followed beside without a word, silently followed Aunt Irene; the two women followed the eerie old man to a cliff outside the village.

There, a huge bonfire was lit, crackling with flames. Behind the fire was a platform several meters high, and around the fire, hundreds of people had gathered.

Most of them were villagers from there, and some had come from nearby villages, their eyes flashing with bewilderment or fervor.

As soon as Irene and Lilian appeared, they immediately drew many gazes.

Although they were clad in black robes and their faces veiled, their distinct aura drew the eyes of many, unable to shift their gaze.

The old man holding the bell scepter gazed at Irene and Lilian and said, "Wait, for the ritual must begin at the right time."

What followed was a long wait, as people anticipated the nightfall when the ritual would truly begin.

"Are you here to join, to join the ritual?"

A wolf-tailed girl dressed in villagers' clothing, with silver hair, approached them, her brows furrowed in uncertainty as she asked.

Irene nodded lightly and said, "Indeed, that is so."

The wolf-tailed girl appeared frail, but her demeanor was clearly different from that of the villagers.

After a moment of silence, she gave a serious warning: "I advise you it would be better to leave as soon as possible. You look... too valuable."

"Dingling!"

The old man shook his scepter once more, the sound of the bell drawing everyone's attention as the wolf-tailed girl quickly turned and left.

Everyone promptly knelt down, those by the bonfire showing great devotion, as if a very important personage was about to make an appearance.

Irene pulled Lilian down to kneel quietly on the ground, calmly waiting for what was to happen next.

About a dozen people in black robes and masks came from not far away, silently standing on top of the cliff, gazing down at the people kneeling below.

Among the many in black, the leader standing in the center passed by the blazing bonfire and walked calmly towards the platform, standing at the highest point and looking down on everyone.

"Praise the Lord of the Lost!"

His voice was muffled yet filled with authority, and the crowd below echoed with their own praises.

"Praise the Lord of the Lost!"

Lilian had wanted to speak out too, but Irene reached out a hand to stop her and shook her head gently, passing her thoughts to Lilian through Mental Speak.

[To praise our great Lord together with them is a desecration.]

Irene also noticed that not far away, the girl with the wolf tail did not openly praise but pretended to murmur softly, just skimming by.

The names of gods are meaningful; most dare not speak them lightly.

Yet, there are always some who, brazen and lacking in mystical knowledge, dare to deceive the masses in the name of divinity. They are usually rogue Extraordinary Exponents with little understanding of mysticism and lacking in reverence.

The leader on the platform continued speaking.

"The Lord of the Lost, who created the world, is our only sovereign and the origin of all extraordinary powers in the world. If you are devout enough, you may receive power from Him!"

"We are part of the great Lost Cult, and by joining our ranks, you will have the chance to be reborn!"

At the leader's solemn and authoritative voice, the hundreds below were almost all stirred with excitement.

Obtaining the legendary extraordinary power was something everyone dreamed of!

Irene just silently watched the man's performance, her gaze cold, without uttering a word.

Yet Lilian understood very well that Aunt Irene's anger was blazing fiercely, and it was not just her; deep inside, Lilian felt furious as well.

That trash-like being was using the great divinity to scam others! An unforgivable act!

A person clothed in a black robe then approached the bonfire below the platform, removed his hood to reveal the face of a young man, and calmly looked at the people kneeling on the ground.

He spoke slowly, "I used to be just an ordinary farmer, just like you ignorant folks, oppressed by nobility every day, without any chance of resisting..."

"Numbed, living in a world as miserable as hell!"

"Until one day, I was called by the divine, came here, showed sufficient devotion, and followed the Great Priest in the sacrifice."

"After that, the Lord of the Lost, the creator of the world, bestowed upon me mighty extraordinary power!"

The young man calmly outstretched his hand and the bonfire danced according to his will. Seeing the extraordinary power, people exclaimed in awe, wild with excitement.

He controlled the flames briefly and then let them return to their original state, speaking wearily to the crowd, "Thanks to the Lord of the Lost, creator of the world, I have been reborn, finally a re-created individual!"

"So, I used my power to make those who once oppressed me pay. I am no longer bound by the constraints of the false gods. And if you too wish to be like me, you must show even more devotion!"

"Ding!"

A bell rang.

An old man, holding a strange bell scepter, came over and skillfully collected the offerings. Everything was done voluntarily without any coercion.

The villagers seemed well acquainted with the process, but once they were swindled of anything valuable, they could only offer up what little food, heirlooms, and even their children they had, delivering them devoutly to the robed figures.

People hoped to gain real power from the divine to change their fates that seemed so set in stone.

And there were those who, unable to present offerings, unable to show devotion, could only cry in anguish.

Irene and Lilian silently observed this scene, neither of them intervening, both knowing deep down that it was not yet time.

Suddenly, the leader standing on the platform began to speak slowly, coldly addressing the crowd:

"There is a traitor among you."

"The Lord of the Lost has granted me the eyes to see through betrayal, and one of you here has come to destroy the Lost Cult, a desecrator."

"He says that this person must become the offering in this sacrifice, her soul atoning for her sins, or else we all shall be deemed guilty, no longer considered devout."

The people became tumultuous, casting suspicious glances at each other, all wondering who the traitor was.

Gradually, more and more eyes turned towards Irene and Lilian, who dressed differently and were attending the sacrifice for the first time.

"Could it be them who have desecrated the Lord of the Lost!"

"It's very likely them!"

"Shall we capture these two?"

Irene's heart heard the malice of the crowd, yet she had long learned to remain calm. No matter how fierce those ignorant ones were, they simply couldn't affect her.

She quietly observed the crowd's gaze, then again looked towards the leader on the platform.

"No, it's not them."

The leader shook his head lightly and then extended a pallid, bloodless hand, pointing at the wolf-tailed girl.

"She's from the Fein City Police Department, the evil lapdog of the gods and the church, the cruel henchwoman of the Extraordinary nobility!"

"Seize that girl! Offer her to the Lord of the Lost!"

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

Chapter 191: 183 Classic

After the leader gave the order, several people around him lunged at the girl with the wolf tail.

"Don't move!"

The wolf-tailed girl with silver hair immediately pulled out a flintlock, and with a bang, she shot and killed the person closest to her without any hesitation, her cold gaze deterring the others.

But one of the men in black robes stretched out an aged palm and began to quietly cast a spell.

The wolf-tailed girl noticed this and soon felt her mind sink, and immediately panic set in.

"It's a high-level Beginning mental spellcaster! So powerful!"

Suddenly facing such a formidable Extraordinary Exponent, the wolf-tailed girl was filled with fear, and although she tried to concentrate and resist, her eyes gradually became hazy and her fluffy tail drooped down.

"Catch her! All of you, together!"

"It's the Divine Power of the Lord of the Lost!"

"She suddenly gave in without a fight; seize this chance to catch her!"

The villagers then tied her up, and she was led to the foot of the high platform, her eyes blank.

The leader stood on the high platform and looked down at the stupefied wolf-tailed girl, saying coldly:

"Despicable desecrator!"

"Oh Lord of the Lost who created the world, He will take your soul and make you pay a painful price!"

Irene silently watched the scene, calmly observing the people who had fallen into madness, not at all believing that those who pursued the Lord of the Lost for power were true believers of the divine.

They were only fanatical at the moment, but as soon as they received the grace of other deities, they would immediately switch their faith without hesitation.

A hypocritical and bloody sacrifice was about to begin, and the befuddled, spiritless wolf-tailed girl was to become a pitiful victim.

The leader continued to speak in a dull and cold voice.

"Praise the Lord of the Lost, who created the world, for it is His existence that allows us to overthrow the entire world!"

Irene and Lilian finally stood up, their exceptional presence immediately drawing everyone's attention.

She raised her head and looked at the leader, who couldn't help but look at her, the two confronting each other.

"Put an end to all of this, desecrator."

In the pitch-black night, Irene, cloaked in black, only her eyes visible beneath her veil, showed no fear of revealing her identity.

In fact, it was the villagers who should fear her revealing her identity.

"End it?"

The leader's tone, cold and merciless, clearly carried some anger as he continued:

"What are you doing? Disrupting the sacrifice like this, you are the desecrators."

Irene looked at the villagers trying to approach and shook her head coldly:

"Impersonating a Priest of the Church, collecting the money of the common folk at will, the great Lord of the Lost will not tolerate your blasphemy. Face your impending doom, you imposter."

After these icy words were spoken, the leader was noticeably silent for a while, quickly picking up on Irene's stance from her speech.

The very thing he had always feared had finally come to find him.

But the elder man had said he must do this, with no reason to refuse...

He had no choice.

"They are desecrators, kill them, sacrifice the blood of those two to the Lord of the Lost!"

The leader issued the command without hesitation, and then a large number of villagers and Extraordinary Exponents rushed towards Irene and Lilian.

"Let night fall."

Irene murmured to herself as a black light flew out from her body, swiftly reaping one foe after another in the night. They felt only a flash of black, and then they fell in droves.

"Mysterious rare artifact!"

Common folk panicked and fled in all directions, while the black-robed Extraordinary Exponents were astounded that their opponent actually possessed a Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact!

For low-level illegal Extraordinary Exponents, even a Collectible class Mysterious rare artifact was precious, and a Treasure class one was almost out of their reach.

Those rare and significant treasures were often controlled by the various powers of the East Coast Province; it was very rare for low-level rogue Extraordinary Exponents to possess them.

The leader also realized the danger and began to prepare his spellcasting, continuing to shout:

"Kill her quickly!"

Several spellcasters among the robed figures attacked Irene and Lilian with fury, their unleashed Extraordinary power instantly enveloping them and many of the fanatic villagers.

What did it matter if they had a Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact? They would still be killed, wouldn't they?

They all breathed a sigh of relief, and then greed for that Treasure class Mysterious rare artifact grew in their hearts. It was a pity they all understood that it would likely end up in the hands of the leader, with no others qualifying to touch it.

However, the crowd soon witnessed a horrifying scene.

The bodies of the two severely wounded people healed at a rate visible to the naked eye, completely recovering within a brief few seconds.

Undying bodies!

Everyone looked at this scene with sheer terror, completely paralyzed by fear. Stay connected to the story on m-vl-em-py-r

Irene's eyes revealed a glint of emerald green as she silently stared at the trembling figures in black robes, her cold gaze filled with nothing but the intent to kill.

As long as she wasn't instantly killed, she could rapidly heal her body through rune power. Unless facing a high-level Transmutation adversary, she now qualified for combat.

"Don't kill me!"

"Save me!"

The black light formed by "Dark Night" didn't stop; it instantly harvested the lives of several people in black robes. The remaining ones tried to run, to cast defenses, or to continue their attacks, and a few Bloodline Knights were already charging over.

"The spell I'm about to cast is Thunderous Voice..."

Soul Proclamation·Thunderous Voice!

Irene took a deep breath, barely opened her mouth, and no sound came out.

However, in the next moment, a massive sound that seemed to strike directly at the soul's depth occurred!

[BOOM!!!!!]

Everyone nearby except Irene and Lilian was shocked by the noise. Hundreds of villagers and figures in black robes dropped to the ground unconscious, eyes rolling back, collapsing in circles around Irene.

Among those who fell, those with the most hostility were swiftly deprived of their lives by the light "Dark Night" had become.

The leader, with strong willpower, did not fall. He was also a formidable spellcaster, attempting to use his spellcasting technique to strengthen a spell he was about to cast.

Unfortunately, the leader was interrupted by the shock of Thunderous Voice and could barely stand, with blood streaming from his eyes.

"I, I..."

He trembled as if attempting to plead for mercy.

"You deserve to die a humble death!"

Irene stared coldly at the pretender; despite not being weak and even possessing low-level Transmutation strength, he was considered an absolute power in several villages.

He still wanted to resist, hoping to cast a spell to turn the tide, but he was already enveloped by the range of Lilian's Silence Spell, shocked to find he could not make a sound!

Irene, like a death goddess in the pitch-black night, walked step by step onto the high platform, drew an obsidian dagger glowing oddly, and plunged it into the heart of the leader engulfed by fear.

She slowly said,

"Desecrator, this is your fate!"

The Daybreakers waiting outside entered the village to take care of everything that followed. Those desecrators who deceived the world in the name of the gods must be killed.

The sky gradually brightened.

"Please review this, Great Priest."

A Daybreaker, who had long been disguised as a merchant, came to the village, bowed respectfully, and handed a letter from Byrne to Irene.

"So that's it. Vanessa is finally about to breakthrough."

Irene smiled in relief, knowing it was time to return to Nasir Town.

Then, she looked at the unconscious girl with a wolftail, recalling that she seemed to have seen her presence by Mormir's side.

"Since she belongs to Mormir, let's spare her life."

Sitting in the carriage on the return journey, Irene calmly reflected on the many things she had seen and concluded over the years.

All this time, she had been pondering what a true church is, who the true devout believers are, and as a Priest who had made a pact with the divine, what was she truly meant to do as the leader of the church?

A few years ago, she finally realized that her ultimate mission was to solidify the foundation of the Dawn Church so that the faith of future followers would become deeply rooted.

Over the years, Irene had gradually formulated a set of doctrines that should belong to the Dawn Church; recently, she was finally about to make it thoroughly complete.

She planned to use this as the foundational content and in the final years of her life, to write a book that would serve as the most important scripture of the Dawn Church.

This fundamental book of the church would be divided into five parts: the first part would detail why the Lord of the Lost is truly great, His irreplaceable significance to the world, and the inevitability of His full resurrection in the future.

The second part would be about the covenant between the Lord of the Lost and the Fischer family, along with the various miracles He showed, and the unshakeable importance of the Fischer family within the church.

The third part would be about the purpose of the Dawn Church, as well as the favored clans, Daybreakers, and Proselytes, and the specific regulations and codes of conduct each one must follow.

The fourth part would be her refutations against other religious sects' scriptures, denying the claims of so-called orthodox gods and those mysterious beings. And to avoid being watched by these foreign gods, all divine names used in this part are allegorical and metaphorical.

The fifth and final part would be about her decades of experiences and thoughts from walking among mortals, thoroughly discussing why the world will ultimately perish, and the various reasons why the Lord of the Lost will bring forth a brand-new world, along with the happiness and hope that people will eventually receive in this new world.

The content of the five parts would be spread over thirteen volumes, each corresponding to a step on the God Pantheon stairway. The first volume is named Scroll of Revelation, and the last is Scroll of Divine Sacrifice.

As the journey was not yet over, this book had not been truly completed, nor had any of its text come into existence; it only quietly lingered in the depths of her heart.

"It's almost time..."

Irene had decided that at a certain moment, she would reveal its contents to everyone in the Dawn Church.

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

Chapter 192: 184 3rd Rank "Hand of Judgement"

The port of Nasir Town was buzzing with activity as the Fischer family's massive fleet of several hundred members prepared to set sail.

Once under the command of sea merchant John and other sea traders, they had now been integrated by the Fischer family and morphed into the loyal merchant fleet bearing the Fischer family's standard.

This fleet, laden with vast quantities of cargo, was on the brink of embarking on a journey to the Aphotic Sea, where they would trade those special containers filled with sunlight under the name of the Tempest Church.

The Aphotic Sea, a completely dark and eerie expanse of water, harbored a much larger number of mysterious entities and creatures than the territories of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

The ancestors of the locals worshipped some dreadful Evil God and, judged by one of the deities - the Blazing Sun - had been cursed for generations, unable to survive in the light for more than three minutes.

Yet they yearned desperately for sunlight, constantly wishing to bask in its rays. In a place like the Aphotic Sea, the warm sunshine was universally known as a luxury.

Even though no sun ever graced that sea, there were numerous followers of the Sun Church who made it fashionable among the nobility to peer at the edges of the Aphotic Sea for a glimpse of the sun's presence.

Some people, craving to bathe in the sunlight, even risked fleeing the Aphotic Sea for the White Sea, paying with their lives to experience the touch of the sun's rays before burning up into ashes.

A painting of immense value depicted the ancient King of the Aphotic Sea standing at the prow of his ship, arms outstretched under a clear sky towards the Blazing Sun, his body engulfed in raging flames at that moment.

It was said that the original painting was worth as much as the most exquisite treasures and curiosities.

The Fischer fleet was, in fact, a joint venture of the Tempest Church's Acting Bishop Zayne, Viscount Bast of the Lion clan, and the Fischer family themselves. The profits from the trade of sunlight were astronomical, with the Fischer family taking as much as fifty percent.

Leading the Fischer fleet was the old butler Theo, who had been the best boatswain in his prime. Besides Theo, the fleet also included fifteen Extraordinary Exponents, five of whom were Daybreakers.

The real powerhouses among the crew were the husband and wife duo, Vanessa and Chris.

Vanessa had successfully made a breakthrough and had reached the 3rd Rank of the Path of World Order!

"Hand of Judgement."

In the Spirit Realm, it took the form of a male radiance with stern features, wearing blood-red gloves, and eyes bearing a cold gaze.

After her breakthrough, Vanessa had mastered two completely different Extraordinary traits, known as "Condemnation" and "Punishment Gloves."

Whenever she used "Condemnation" on someone within her gaze, her mind would be filled with that person's various "crimes," which conflicted with the principles of the "Hand of Judgement."

Every external attack would trigger a kind of "crime," resulting in varying Extraordinary effects, persistently accumulating damage and negative states.

"Punishment Gloves" allowed her to form a scarlet glove made of blood that flowed continuously on her palm.

This blood-formed scarlet glove could morph into various weapons at will, and even if shattered, it could instantly reform, capable of attacking at both close and long ranges.

The overall attributes of the Hand of Judgement were boosted to seventy, with physical attributes increasing by fifty and Spiritual Power by twenty.

Vanessa's overall strength had significantly improved post-breakthrough, and undoubtedly, she was now the fourth strongest force within the Fischer family.

Moreover, as a Summoner who had already reached a high-level Beginning, she had also shown signs of a breakthrough in her spellcasting powers.

However, advancing along another system wasn't so easy.

Vanessa needed the appropriate Spellcasting Bequest and Magic Potion to ensure a solid chance of making a breakthrough; otherwise, a failure could potentially cause permanent damage to her own strength.

Before setting sail, Theo spread out the maritime charts one last time and repeated the final destination of their voyage to everyone.

"This time we set off for the Aphotic Sea. Our ultimate goal is to approach the territory of one of the seven great overlords, an island with hundreds of thousands of residents. These overlords are all Monarch Level sovereigns, and we absolutely cannot afford to provoke them."

The Aphotic Sea covered a vast area, with its inhabitable islands comparable in size to Cyart. These islands were ruled by the seven great overlords, and their societies still functioned under a system of slavery.

The mortals living in this pitch-black realm existed like ants, with no hope of climbing the social ladder, while the Extraordinary Exponents indulged in everything unbridled.

Although three of the seven great overlords were followers of the Sun Church, they had consistently refused to abolish slavery.

Byrne and Irene had chosen to stay in Nasir Town. Vanessa smiled at them, saying,

"Don't worry, we'll return in a month with tremendous wealth!"

Chris silently took out a trading item stored in a wooden box: a jar of sunlight.

It was an item potent enough to disrupt the Solar Gold trade.

At first glance, it appeared as a twenty-centimeter tall glass jar, covered with golden runes, containing a small light orb the size of a fingernail at its center, floating.

The Fischer family, the Lion clan, as well as the Frosac family behind Zayne, would all swiftly reap immense benefits from it.

Out of curiosity, Chris opened the jar and the small light orb, which was originally the size of a fingernail, brightened instantly. The next moment, it burst forth with soft, warm sunlight!

All those within tens of square meters felt it and couldn't help but turn their gaze in this direction!

The warm glow of sunlight lasted for several seconds, as if capable of melting the ice in one's heart, then vanished without a trace.

Everyone, however, felt a deep sense of comfort and warmth from within, and they were certain that tonight they would have a good sleep.

"What a waste, you are..." Byrne shook his head, a bit speechless, but Chris paid no attention to his opinion.

Suddenly, he began to understand why the "Solar Gold" in the Alchemy Council was nicknamed "Solar Gold."

Wasn't that man's power a moving gold mine in the Aphotic Sea?

"Hmm, is his identity the wealthiest Sun Bishop in Lorne?"

Thus, the Fischer fleet set sail, departing from the port of Nasir Town, heading for the sunless Aphotic Sea.

Within Rhea's borders, where fertile fields and lush forests had once surrounded the village, it was now in ruins, and decaying bodies lay on the ground, while the elderly and children waited for death in a daze.

A detachment of the Cyart Royal Army was stationed in this village, and in a few days, they would converge with the main force. Darren was the commander of this detachment.

The Rhean village near the border had been plundered in turns by both Rheans and Cyart People. All young women had been abducted, most adult men had died in battle, and only a significant number of the weak and sick were struggling to survive.

A number of the Cyart army actually included accompanying slave traders.

Although Cyart as a whole was no longer a slave society, their treatment of foreign slaves still turned a blind eye, and nobody really cared about such matters.

Anyway, no Cyart person would dare to speak a word on behalf of the Rheans.

Cyart's internal cohesion was weak, and regional powers were strong, whereas the situation in Rhea was even more ancient and barbaric, still basically in the era of feudal lords.

Therefore, they felt no internal pressure when plundering the lands of other lords.

Within an ordinary household, Colonel Abel's staff officer was explaining the current situation to Darren Fischer while holding a map and pointing to several spots, seriously saying:

"In a few days, we will converge with Colonel Abel's infantry corps, and then head to this location, the local lord of that town is a vassal of the Meyer family. The lord is a high-level Transmutation powerhouse capable of wielding the power of lightning."

"However, our main force also has three high-level Transmutations, from the Romann and Frosac families, and our overall military strength is also superior to the enemy. With appropriate tactics, we can capture that town."

Darren frowned slightly, nodding lightly.

The plan was indeed so, but plans can never keep up with changes.

He suddenly asked, "By the way, what about those people I asked for?"

The staff officer thought for a moment and then said, "Well, they are kept in the next room over."

Darren immediately went to the next room and saw the trembling Rhean soldiers who had been captured; they were the ones who had ambushed and killed two Cyart soldiers he knew and then got caught by him personally.

He calmly took out a dagger, his expression cruel and his tone cold as he said:

"Don't be nervous, I just want to do an experiment, and I need your cooperation. Hmm, as long as you don't die by the end, I will let you go, do you agree?"

The several Rhea soldiers shook their heads, desperately disagreeing, but their disagreement was futile.

"Good! I can feel your negative emotions now, excellent! Let's see if I can acquire more!"

Darren was pleasantly surprised to find that he had indeed mastered the Power of Consecution more deeply. Just as he was about to wave the dagger to amplify the negative emotional feedback, he suddenly heard a loud bang from outside!

"Damn it, what's going on?"

He rushed outside and saw that the entire village was engulfed in raging flames! There were screams of horror and wailing everywhere!

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack! Officer Darren, hurry, organize a resistance!"

The orderly officer ran over, shouting, and soon Darren saw a middle-aged military man with red hair like blazing flames, wearing a white uniform, surprisingly standing amidst the flames in the sky.

He descended from the sky with flames, and the flowing fire instantly swallowed the body of the orderly officer.

The red-haired man looked like he wanted to wave his hand and kill Darren as well, but he suddenly stared at the young man in front of him.

"Are you from the Fischer family?"

He had been recognized. That was bad, but maybe it meant he could survive. Darren's face changed over and over, his body trembling slightly.

He knew two important things: the first was that the other person was a high-level Transmutation powerhouse, and he had no chance of resisting.

The second thing was what that fiery red hair represented!

His father had mentioned that red hair among the Rhea People was almost a synonym for the Meyer family, and that top-tier family with the bloodline of the powerful Fire Demon God "Adranus" was the greatest enemy of the Fischer family!

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

Chapter 193: 185: Blazing Fire Engulfs the Body!

"I am a member of the Fischer family! Darren Fischer, son of Raven Byrne! I am proud to be part of the Fischer family!"

Believing he was going to die, Darren spoke defiantly, glaring at his opponent.

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly remembered the effect of his "Sufferer" Destiny's Trajectory, and deep down he felt that he might not necessarily die.

The "Sufferer's" Destiny's Trajectory allowed him to accumulate good fortune after encountering misfortune, so that all his stored good luck would burst forth in times of mortal peril.

Over the years, "Sufferer" had never come into play, so Darren didn't know how much good fortune he had amassed.

Unable to help himself, Darren roared inwardly, hoping that it would work at the critical moment!

"Heh heh heh, scum from Cyart, a despicable existence of the Fischer family, listen well, my name is Arthur Meyer! A noble member of the Meyer family!"

The red-haired man stared intensely at Darren, his eyes depths filled with bitter hatred, he responded loudly and arrogantly:

"You definitely know my father, Bourette Meyer, a brave warrior! Decades ago, my father went to the East Coast for the future of our family on a mission with almost no return, and he died a glorious death in the end!"

Bourette Meyer?

Darren trembled all over, anger flashing in his eyes, of course he knew this name!

Originally, his grandfather Lucius had died under the troops of Bourette Meyer, a hatred the Fischer family would always remember! Until the Meyer family paid a terrible price, the feud would not end!

He was the descendant of that man!

The red-haired Arthur Meyer, his body like raging flames, let out a very cold huff and continued:

"It seems you indeed know my father. He died in a clash with the Fischer family, and you lowly creatures killed the noble bloodline, a price must be paid!"

"My uncle did not wish for me to take revenge immediately, hoping I would continue to focus on the greater good of the nation, but I have been waiting for over twenty years, I can no longer bear it!"

Arthur shook with fury as he spoke.

"For decades, just the thought that my father's killers could still be in this world, eating, drinking, even having their own hobbies, joy, and happiness, has been so painful I can't even sleep!"

"I will absolutely exterminate every single person in the Fischer family, none will be spared!"

Darren's inner self wanted to beg for mercy, but instead, he felt a powerful urge in his mind and, without begging for mercy, he loudly retorted:

"Your father was an invader, an evil enemy, and the Fischer family simply eliminated the evil! His death was not at all glorious but was just a despicable man paying his due!"

Why would I say such a thing?

No sooner had Darren spoken than he regretted it.

The other party was certainly going to be thoroughly enraged...

But when the other party said he would kill all the people of the Fischer family, Darren was simply too angry. Since he was a child, he had sworn to protect his family and couldn't help but lose control of his emotions.

Arthur Meyer, his eyes red with rage, was instantly surrounded by a torrent of raging flames. As he raised his palm, it brought up swathes of crimson flames, and he bellowed:

"This land was originally that of the Rhea People; it's you Cyart people who stole it! My father is a hero of the Rhea People!"

This is it, I'm going to die!

Though terrified in the depths of his heart, Darren still forced himself to shake his head and said calmly:

"No, this land belonged to Cyart from the beginning, it was only taken by you for a few decades! We didn't steal it, we simply reclaimed our ancestral land!"

The argument between the two sides had been unresolved for decades, and there was no way to resolve it now, much less persuade the other party to acknowledge his perspective.

Having said his piece, Darren closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and waited fearfully for death.

Then, after a while, he noticed that the other party hadn't attacked him.

Could it be that "Sufferer" had miraculously worked, and that the detestable red-haired firebug had decided not to kill him?

Not until Darren opened his eyes did he see the red-haired Arthur Meyer looking at him amusedly, revealing an extremely cruel smile.

"Despicable existence of Fischer, you dare to insult my father with words and smear his honorable death, I will not let you die easily!"

What does he want to do?

Fear suddenly filled the depths of Darren's heart, and in the next moment, he was surrounded by a torrent of raging flames.

Heat waves assaulted him crazily, instantly charring his clothing and igniting fierce flames. Darren struggled to escape the overwhelming fire, but the blaze rapidly climbed higher, burning his skin and crackling incessantly.

"Ahhh!"

The sensation of pain was amplified manifold. The smell of burning flesh was overpowering, and fear and despair surged in his heart. Darren's body was enveloped in flames, the agony so intense that he could no longer scream. His vision blurred, with nothing but scorching redness around him, as if the whole world was about to be consumed at that moment.

The burning flames ravaging Darren's body almost drove him insane with unbearable pain, yet in the end, he didn't die but was left alive by Arthur Meyer.

With severe burns all over, he trembled uncontrollably, experiencing a level of excruciating pain he had never felt before, wishing for nothing more than to die right then and there.

"Ahhh!"

Why did it have to be like this? Was this the so-called good fortune of the "Sufferer"?

Although he had survived, his life was worse than death!

"The despicable existence of the Fischer family, I'll make you suffer every imaginable torture, and then with your own lips admit the inferiority of the Cyart people and the Fischer family, weeping as you kowtow to my father's tombstone!"

Arthur Meyer gazed at Darren's pitiful state, feeling a profound sense of satisfaction deep within his heart.

For decades, he had been seeking vengeance for his father, and now that he had taken the first step, the pleasure was an unprecedented thrill!

"Dealing with you is just the first step. Next, I will head to the East Coast, to that town called Nasir, and exterminate every single person affiliated with the Fischer family!"

Arthur Meyer coldly grabbed Darren's arm, indifferent to his painful struggles, and dragged him to a nearby Rhea family garrison, demanding that the family leader there treat the prisoner and send him to the Meyer family territory afterwards.

Afterward, Arthur Meyer embarked on his journey.

He was heading to Nasir Town in East Coast Province to gradually defeat the Fischer family's forces one by one, killing them off until he completely destroyed Nasir Town.

Arthur Meyer was the second prodigy in decades from the powerful Fire Demon God family "Adranus," even considered the successor to Marquis Meyer.

He inherited the mightiest "Adranus" bloodline of the Meyer family, which originated from a mysterious being that existed in the ancient times, the fire demon god Adranus. Back then, a massive empire on the continent had worshiped Him, with territories rivaling those of Cyart and Rhea.

Although he had heard that the Fischer family had developed over the past twenty years or so, Arthur Meyer was very confident in his own strength.

He had not yet broken through to the Monarch Level, so crossing barriers instantly wouldn't lock him in place, and he wouldn't be obstructed or pursued by other Monarch Level powerhouses from Cyart.

However, Arthur Meyer was actually only a hair's breadth away from breaking through to the Monarch Level!

He had already decided he would achieve his breakthrough in Nasir Town, and then annihilate the entire Fischer family! Even Nasir Town itself would burn in the raging flames to become a bloody sacrifice in his vengeful crusade!

The setting sun cast a golden glow across the sky, and distant clouds took on shades of orange and red, like a magnificent oil painting.

At the gates of Fischer Manor, Irene and a few servants stood quietly at the entrance.

She gazed warmly at the familiar yet greatly changed Nasir Town, a warm smile on her face.

"Nasir Town has become even more beautiful."

Under her careful nurturing over the years, Lilian had grown to genuinely believe in the Lord of the Lost and was even one step away from becoming a devout believer.

"What I lack is a catalyst, not only for her, but I too need a crucial catalyst to complete it..."

Irene felt that to fully perfect the book in her mind, she still needed to experience some things, perhaps lacking a vitally important perfect opportunity.

But such an opportunity was hard to come by, and she might not find it even in her remaining time.

No, she definitely would find it, because it was the will of the Lord of the Lost.

"Only a few years left. I must complete the most important mission of my life."

She murmured to herself:

"As long as that book can come into this world and be passed down, even if the Dawn Church faces drastic changes in the future, those who come after can begin anew with its guidance."

The trees basked in the afterglow of the sunset, becoming tranquil and beautiful, casting long shadows.

"Great Lord of the Lost, I am about to return to Your embrace, thank You."

With extreme inner peace, she raised her hands and closed her eyes, aware that she was about to return to His embrace, her soul filled with joy.

In that moment, an aura of tranquility and warmth pervaded the surroundings, as if the entire world had stopped its hustle and bustle, everything becoming peaceful and serene.

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

Chapter 194: Chapter 186: The New Generation

Today is Lilian's birthday.

She hadn't celebrated her birthday at the Fischer family manor in Nasir Town for several years, but this year she finally managed to return to Fischer Manor. Byrne was very eager to throw a rather nice birthday party for his daughter.

Although it was a time of war, the situation at the front wasn't very tense, and life within the boundaries of Cyart hadn't changed much.

Many people participated in this birthday party, not only people from Nasir Town but also many notables from the four towns came to the party, all thinking of getting acquainted with the Fischer family.

The birthday party was about to officially start, and as Lilian gazed at the servants bustling around the manor and the large cake they had prepared for her celebration, she couldn't find any joy in her heart; instead, she felt an odd sense of detachment.

She felt as if her mind and spirit were not present.

In recent years, she had been moving about with Aunt Irene, helping all sorts of poor and sick people.

Aunt Irene said people struggled in their suffering, and Lilian had finally seen for herself what that meant.

Outside, in the world, there were so many people who couldn't get enough food, who had no clothes to wear, and even when people fell ill, they could not afford treatment and could only wait painfully for death to come.

"Can you save my mother?"

A child once pleaded with Lilian to save his mother. She immediately took Aunt Irene with her, only to find that the child's mother had long been dead, and even the body was rotting and reeking.

Still, the child kept begging, kneeling on the ground, clutching her clothes, tears streaming down his face.

"Please save my mother, she has been sleeping, hasn't woken up for a very long time, I don't know how to wake her up!"

Lilian stared dully at Aunt Irene, who just shook her head, saying they would arrange for the child to go to Daybreak Orphanage.

Although Irene could heal almost all injuries and diseases, she could never bring the dead back to life.

Lilian received a letter from the orphanage later on.

The child, having learned what the death of his mother truly meant, cried every day until one night he disappeared without a trace.

"Will he die?"

Lilian couldn't forget this incident. Having experienced too much sorrow in the outer world over the years, she couldn't bear it and asked Aunt Irene.

"Why is the world like this, full of pain, sadness, despair, what can we do to change it?"

Aunt Irene looked at Lilian calmly and seriously, beginning to explain with a voice filled with the power of faith:

"Because the so-called True Gods are all false gods, utterly corrupt and hypocritical. They have always trampled people at will, harvesting everything, and never loved humanity."

"That's why the world has become the tragic state it is now."

"Only the great Lord of the Lost is the True God who can change the world, who loves humanity, and everything the Fischer family possesses now is a gift from Him, proof that the Lord of the Lost will indeed save the world."

Gradually, Lilian fully awakened, realizing that only the True God could change everything!

Praise the great Lord of the Lost!

Lilian had finally found her lifelong goal, hoping to spread the great will of the Lord of the Lost, to shatter the old world and bring about a brand new, beautiful one.

But the realization of this ideal was bound to encounter the opposition and resistance of many.

"But the more they oppose me, the more it shows that I am doing the right thing!"

She felt that the Fischer family's principles were a bit too conservative, not striving hard enough, and had never even attempted to recruit more followers in a radical way.

If the followers are not sought after by the Dawn Church, they will naturally be led away by other beliefs, and waiting on, the great Lord of the Lost does not know when He will truly resurrect.

The longer His resurrection is delayed, the longer humanity must suffer in despair.

"The Fischer family has always been conservative, but sometimes, we need to take more extreme measures..."

Lilian temporarily left the presence of everyone and quietly went down to the basement beneath the manor.

She knelt in front of the sacred object for a long time, praying silently.

"Gugugu! Gugugugu!"

The silvery-white Spiritual Dragon excitedly crawled out of its corner nest, wobbled as it attempted to fly but failed, and ultimately snuggled up at Lilian's feet.

"It's been a long time, I'm finally back."

Lilian hugged the Spiritual Dragon, her heart brimming with joy, preferring the company of animals and mysterious creatures over socially adept humanoid beings.

The Fischer family had gradually become a behemoth, and Lilian's birthday celebration once again became the focus of many people in town.

There were many guests coming and going at the birthday party, and the servants worked methodically, as Chris and Vanessa's children gathered in a corner of the family hall.

They stood together, watching Cousin Lilian's birthday party without drawing attention to themselves.

Chris's daughter, Christine, seated in a silver-gray wheelchair, had strikingly delicate features beneath her silvery-white hair, especially her captivating eyes.

Her legs were disabled, her body extremely frail as if she could collapse at any moment, yet her eyes sparkled with a keen and enchanting light.

"Brother, look at those men. They seem distracted but are actually fixated on Sister Lilian, like large animals in mating season. Ridiculous, isn't it?"

Christine was very intelligent, possessing from a young age the ability to read people. With just a short interaction, she could discern someone's character and thoughts.

Byrne had even praised Christine, feeling she would someday match Viscount Bast's prowess in understanding people.

However, he also regretted that Christine's body, cursed to a lifetime of disability, might prevent her from achieving greater accomplishments.

Christine was actually an indifferent child, more willing to converse with her family than show a sliver of emotion towards strangers.

Karno Fischer also had silver hair, but just a short layer on top of his head because he couldn't be bothered to wash it, even considering shaving it all off.

A stalk of grass dangled from his mouth as he leaned back lazily with one hand behind his head.

"No chance of that, hahaha, Sister Lilian's heart isn't here."

"All those ardent suitors are just fools."

Karno was nothing like the rest of his family; he was the most cheerful and extroverted, his personality complete opposite to his silent and reserved father.

He loved roaming around outside, never caring about his own disability, not feeling any different from others, untroubled about his future.

Any child who dared mock Karno's disability would find themselves on the receiving end of his single-handed punches, and without revealing his identity, Karno became the children's king of Nasir Town, turning those brats into his underlings.

Karno had only one arm but was naturally strong, and with agility and nimbleness like his father Chris, he could easily take on ten people singlehandedly.

The twin siblings had a close relationship, always sticking together, rarely apart, and were liked by almost everyone in the Fischer family.

Seeing the siblings slowly approach, Irene said calmly:

"Christine, Karno, what are you doing here? Hurry and change into your formal attire; your sister's birthday party has already begun."

"Okay, got it, Aunt Irene," the twins responded in unison.

Irene smiled as she led them to the dressing room.

Karno, with the grass still in his mouth, casually asked, "Aunt Irene, are you not leaving after coming back this time?"

Irene nodded gently, a tender smile on her face.

"Yes, I won't leave Nasir Town again, never ever, and Lilian will not leave either."

Karno couldn't help but laugh, nodding excitedly, "That's great! I just love the desserts Sister Lilian makes! Hahahaha!"

Christine looked at Aunt Irene, feeling something off about her emotions but couldn't quite pinpoint what it was.

She also vaguely sensed that the family harbored some immense secret, one that was never revealed to her and Karno.

What could it be?

Some unknown truth?

Christine was curious but also a bit frightened, deep down knowing she and Karno were not entitled to explore it.

Looking calmly at Christine and Karno, Irene said with a smile, "Soon, you will gain your own strength, and the future of the Fischer family will need you, along with Lilian and Darren, to uphold it together."

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

Chapter 195: Chapter 187 Irene Fischer

At sea.

The Fischer family's fleet sailed on grandly, soon to transition from the relatively safe White Sea into the Aphotic Sea's bounds. Behind them, the sky and the sea were still a beautiful azure, but ahead, the world was already shrouded in darkness, resembling the terrifying, mad abyss from the stories.

Theo stood at the fore of the flagship, gazing into the Aphotic Sea's waters, observing his surroundings, staying alert.

He took a deep breath. He had sworn never to return to the sea, yet now he found himself commanding a large fleet.

"Indeed, fate is unpredictable."

Just then, Theo's complexion suddenly changed drastically.

Despite his age, he moved swiftly and immediately found Chris and Madam Vanessa in the cabin, speaking to them very seriously:

"Mr. Chris, Madam Vanessa, something very bad has happened."

"Darren has run into trouble on the continent, and the enemy is an entity he absolutely can't contend with. Even if I were to transfer life force to him, it wouldn't be of much use. He can't possibly defeat the enemy, nor can he escape."

The greatest strength of the "household management" ability was that it had no distance limit, but the extent to which it could transfer life force and Spiritual Power was limited. Even if Theo sacrificed himself, he simply could not enable Darren to defeat that formidable adversary.

"Darren..."

At the news of Byrne's son's trouble, Chris's eyes turned ice cold, his fists clenched, his murderous intent unrestrainedly emanating.

Vanessa started with a shock, immediately pressing for details: "What's Darren's situation now? Is he dead? Did something happen to him within Rhea's territory - has he been captured by the Rhea People?"

Theo took another deep breath, slowly opened his hands, closed his eyes to sense for a while, and then nodded:

"He probably isn't dead but has been captured, most likely by the Rhea People."

"Darren's injuries have stabilized slightly, but the outlook is not optimistic. You could say he is barely clinging to life. I am now inputting life force to treat his injuries..."

The sea wind continuously tousled her hair, and Vanessa, gazing toward the direction of home, sighed and said:

"Send the message back to the Fischer family as quickly as possible."

Theo nodded seriously in agreement, "This matter is crucial. The family must be informed, and the sooner, the better."

"If we delay, Darren might be publicly executed by the Rhea People."

Fischer Manor.

Lilian's birthday celebration had ended, the many guests had all dispersed, and after sending off the distinguished guests, Byrne intended to return to his study to deal with various aspects of the Fischer family's estate.

Then he was stopped by a familiar female voice.

"Byrne."

Byrne calmly turned around, already aware of who stood behind him.

"What is it, Irene?"

Irene, holding a bottle of treasured wine in her hand, gazed at her cousin with a smile, casually swinging the bottle.

"This fine wine, which could be described as premium, you didn't have it served at the party – are you saving it for a special day or perhaps to give as a gift to someone?"

Byrne nodded slightly, continuing, "Indeed, that was my thought, or it can be saved to be given as a gift."

Irene exhaled deeply and said, "Let's finish it ourselves then, Byrne. Today, I really feel like drinking."

Byrne, perceiving that Irene's mood was somewhat off, lightly nodded in agreement to join her.

"I'll drink with you. Whatever you want to say, just say it."

Irene showed a smile and then led Byrne to the now-empty banquet hall of the Fischer family, gently opened the bottle, and they began to drink alone.

Looking at the bottle, she continued calmly, "You've been in Nasir Town for a very long time. It will be nearly thirty years soon, Byrne..."

"Yes, this place is practically my second home."

Byrne nodded slightly. He rarely drank, and had never been drunk before, as he did not fundamentally agree with drinking behavior that could diminish one's rationality. Yet, he still poured himself a glass, sharing it with Irene.

Although she couldn't taste the nuances of the wine, Irene still drank glass after glass. Unfortunately, her body, enhanced several times over, made it difficult to become intoxicated, even when she wanted to.

Suddenly, she opened up.

"Since childhood, I've lived on the outskirts of this town. My parents weren't wealthy and could only just about afford to raise me. I was still very happy then."

"Because I had my own family, I found happiness,"

"Later, a new family member joined us, and that was Chris. Do you know? I thought it was magical how our family of three with black hair suddenly had a baby with silver hair,"

"At first, I was full of curiosity and surprise about Chris's presence, and for a long time, I didn't even dare to approach him. Gradually, I realized that he was really weak, very delicate, and also related to me by blood,"

"Being connected by blood is truly a strange feeling,"

"Actually, in the beginning, I didn't dote on Chris that much, but by the third night after our parents disappeared, I had almost completely broken down,"

She gazed at the tall glass, her eyes full of numerous memories.

"I already understood what death was by then, so fear and despair consumed me, stripping me of my will to fight, and I even lost the courage to keep on living,"

"It wasn't until Chris's loud cries awoke me that I realized our home wasn't just me; there was another family member who, unattended, would soon face death,"

Irene smiled, slightly tilting her head as she continued,

"I could die like that, but I couldn't let him die too, absolutely not... Maybe as an excuse to find a reason to live for myself, suddenly, this thought appeared in my head, and then I managed everything very well,"

"Gradually, the more I gave, and the more I invested, the more I grew to love Chris. There was no doubt that at that time, he was my whole world. For Chris, I could give up everything!"

Byrne listened silently until Irene fell into silence as well.

Both were quiet for a long time until the wine bottle was nearly empty. Finally, Irene continued, her eyes not dizzy but filled with determination,

"I have met the Great One, my destiny!"

"For more than twenty years, the Great One has been with me through life's journey, from confusion to growth, from despair to rebirth, always accompanying me,"

"And in the end, in the last moments, I kept thinking about how I could repay the Great God,"

"That became my final mission,"

She looked at Byrne steadily and resolutely, saying, "Byrne, go and call Mormir back from Fein City. There are some important things I need to tell them,"

"It's something of vital importance, not a weapon, nor knowledge, but a truth about faith,"

"It will exist in my place in this world,"

In the territory of the East Coast, a village west of Nasir Town,

The raging flames engulfed the entire village, the villagers crying out in despair and fear, powerless to escape the fire's reach,

"What happened, why is there such a big fire?"

Soon, two knights belonging to the Fischer family rushed out, clueless about what had happened, only seeing villager after villager swallowed by the flames,

Arthur Meyer suddenly appeared from the flames and snapped his fingers twice. Two scorching fire ravens were created from thin air, rushing towards the horrified knights,

In the blink of an eye, they pierced through the knights' bodies, the terrible heat harvesting their lives,

The entire village was burning in the flames, not a single survivor left,

"Better head straight for Nasir Town. If I dawdle too much in the surrounding villages, I'll definitely be noticed and found by Cyart's powerhouses,"

Arthur Meyer muttered to himself and then gathered the fire once more, leaping skyward, heading straight for Nasir Town,

This village was very close to Nasir Town. In a mere few hours, Arthur Meyer landed near Nasir Town, quietly looking at the town that harbored many of his enemies,

It had to be reduced to ruins,

He took a deep breath, then turned to the north, as if speaking to his own family, and said slowly,

"Father, I will fulfill your revenge, and this revenge is also for the glory of the Meyer family! Everyone will know that your sacrifice was worthwhile!"

Arthur Meyer didn't take to the air with fire again but used a Treasure-class mysterious rare artifact to disguise himself, posing as an ordinary herbal merchant intending to enter the town under the pretext of selling herbs,

To leave the Fischer family no chance to escape, he planned to head to the Fischer family's residence in town and then advance to the Monarch Level on the spot to launch the most ferocious attack,

He wasn't a hairbreadth away from the Monarch Level that many yearned for,

Rather, Arthur Meyer had already fully opened the palace gates, only needing to enter to reach the Monarch, but he had forcibly suppressed himself with some method, not taking that final step,

Whenever he truly wished, he could break through to the Monarch Level at any time and place,

"The end of the Fischer family has come, and that is me,"

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

Chapter 196: Chapter 188 Great Fire

Karl gathered his invisible will high in the sky, feeling the fresh air of the surrounding night. He silently looked down upon Nasir Town, which was changing more and more.

"In a few decades, Nasir will become a city, and what changes will it undergo in hundreds, thousands of years later?"

At that time, who would still exist in this world?

The longer he existed in his current state, the more he found himself becoming indifferent. Mortals in the world would eventually pass away; that was an unchanging law since ancient times.

Then he shifted his gaze to Fischer Manor, observing the slightly tipsy Irene.

It was almost time.

Just one more year, and Irene would have exhausted all her lifespan. Her soul would return to his side, to fall into a long slumber afterward.

"Our meeting was the beginning of the story, Irene..."

After returning from outside, Irene had maintained a very high spirit. She had not only accepted her impending death but also thought of a way to extend her existence in the world by passing down her compiled works.

Karl thought he had become more indifferent, but deep inside, he felt a tinge of sadness. Perhaps in his heart, Irene was the most special person.

"Over twenty years now, our story began with you, and the story about you is about to draw to a close."

Suddenly, he realized that an Extraordinary Exponent with mighty strength had come near Nasir Town, carrying two Mysterious rare artifacts with him.

"Eh?"

Karl immediately moved his invisible will over, overseeing everything from high above, and soon discovered that the other party had disguised himself as a merchant and successfully infiltrated Nasir Town.

"The mighty strength that man possesses is a significant threat to the Fischer family of Nasir Town."

He did not hesitate to send a warning to every member of the Fischer family.

It was a warning that hadn't appeared for a long time!

Inside the manor's banquet hall, Irene's mind perceived that will from the great being and suddenly woke up with a start, seeing Byrne across from her also surprisedly lifting his head.

The two exchanged glances, their expressions gradually becoming serious.

"That's an enemy strong enough to prompt a warning from the great Lord of the Lost, for the current Fischer family, it must be an enemy at the high-level Transmutation or even higher."

Byrne analyzed calmly and then said,

"Fortunately, it cannot be a Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful expert, because as soon as a Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful expert crosses Cyart's national border, they would inevitably be detected by the kingdom-protecting barrier, and it can't be the Rhea People's army either, for the same reason..."

Before he finished speaking, Byrne fell into deep thought.

The kingdom-protecting barrier had failed twice in decades, the first time allowing the Rhea People's army to penetrate deep for several days, while the second led to the arrival of "Solar Gold."

The one who tampered the second time was certainly Viscount Bast, but who was responsible for the first?

He felt deep inside that this matter was very important. Among the Cyart people, there was a traitor who indirectly caused his father's death decades ago.

He must find that person.

First, Byrne wanted to find a crucial opportunity to confirm whether the person who had disabled the barrier decades ago was indeed Viscount Bast.

"Strange..."

If it had failed twice already, even if the big barrier nearby the East Coast Province failed once more, he felt it was not impossible.

And if the enemy truly was a Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful expert, they would have to resort to sacrifice to counter them.

But Byrne quickly thought of Irene, whose life was nearly at an end. Her sacrificing her life again might not even be able to kill a Transmutation Level enemy.

Having experienced several sacrifices, Byrne already understood that the great Lord of the Lost would have to draw more from the sacrifices to exert mighty strength.

The situation being what it was, it was time to face the battle. Time was extremely precious.

"Irene, let's prepare for battle," Byrne said as he quickly stood up, his mind filled with tension, for Chris was not here and the Fischer family's remaining strength in Nasir Town was not substantial.

He couldn't help but look at Irene again.

She might soon sacrifice her last bit of life and die...

Although Byrne had long accepted the fact that Irene would pass away, he didn't expect it to come so soon.

Had that day finally arrived?

But even if she did make the ultimate sacrifice, would it achieve anything?

He didn't want to descend but immediately said, "I'll activate the defensive barrier first, Irene. You'll be responsible for summoning the Daybreakers and other Extraordinary individuals in Nasir Town. Have Archibald bring the soldiers!"

The night over Nasir Town was a world of Tranquility, yet full of vitality.

Arthur Meyer had only set foot here and quickly sensed the exceptional aspects of the town under Fischer family's rule.

"It really is a town that is gradually expanding. Although I heard that the Cyart people were progressively growing richer because of the steam engine, I didn't expect the town to have developed to such an extent."

He was filled with surprise, for in just a few more decades, the town beneath his feet could very well become a newly arisen city.

"In a few more decades, will the Rhea People truly still be a match for the Cyart people?"

Arthur's heart was seized by serious anxiety, because he was all too familiar with Rhea's situation, where various families were highly autonomous, and most people had a strong aversion to external technology.

Only his far-sighted great-uncle, Marquis Meyer, had introduced steam engine technology in recent years, but if the Meyer family did not win the civil war, and the decrepit old rulers of Rhea continued to be in power...

"If the Meyer family doesn't win, Rhea will have no future..."

Worried, he thought he had disguised himself well, but in truth, he was being observed by Karl from high above, every movement and action in plain view.

A member of the Meyer family?

Karl could make out the red hair hidden within the disguise, a feature he remembered well, the characteristic red hair of the Meyer family.

"Could he be kin to that person from decades ago, coming to seek revenge on the Fischer family's territory during the war?"

He quickly pieced the logic together, nearly hitting the mark, then focused his gaze on the Fischer family's movements.

In reality, the Fischer family's military strength in Nasir Town was severely lacking, with most Daybreakers out and about, and both Chris and Vanessa sailing out to sea.

The strongest combat power left in Nasir Town was Byrne and Irene, followed by 2nd Rank Lilian, the family army's Sergeant Archibald, and Moore of the Dagger Brotherhood with his two brothers, who were also 2nd Rank.

Beyond them, among the remaining Extraordinary Exponents were three Bloodline Knights who were affiliated with the Fischer family, and two Daybreakers of only 1st Rank who had not left Nasir Town.

As for the Tempest Church's old priest, he had passed away a few years ago, and the newly-installed Tempest Priest was also of high-level Beginning.

An Extraordinary powerful expert of high-level Transmutation could pose a significant threat to the now vulnerable Nasir Town, and even with a barrier to protect the family, they could barely contend.

Suddenly, Arthur Meyer looked up, sensing the defensive barrier gradually activating, filled with amazement deep inside!

"How exactly did they discover me?"

Figuring out how he had been detected was no longer the most important matter. He abruptly gestured, and in an instant, raging flames surrounded the vicinity.

The fire spread quickly under his command, raging flames devouring everything they touched, black smoke billowing, covering the sky, the heat rendering the surrounding air unbearably scorching.

"There's a fire!"

People on the streets ran in terror, screams and cries for help echoing continuously, residences consumed by the flames, bursting with terrifying explosions.

Byrne, Irene, Archibald, and many other Extraordinary Exponents, as well as the Fischer family's troops, had arrived to see the raging flames engulfing the streets, all of them frozen in shock.

The enemy was certainly at least a powerful expert of high-level Transmutation!

Byrne took a deep breath, and said with a cold gaze, "If he has reached the Metamorphosis Phase, we basically have no way to win by conventional means."

The Metamorphosis Phase referred to those Extraordinary Exponents who had glimpsed the palace within the power of Bloodline, attempting to push open its doors.

Powerful experts at Monarch Level, besides their domain powers, all shared an Extraordinary trait, the ability to freely convert life force and spiritual power.

In fact, it was during the Metamorphosis Phase that they gradually mastered this ability, making them particularly difficult to kill.

"Lord Byrne, what do we do?"

Archibald, who had led the army, his face covered in beard, clenched his teeth and looked towards Lord Byrne nearby, hoping he had a strategy to address the situation at hand.

Yet Byrne's expression was also grim, as under absolute power, many strategies were completely meaningless.

The entire street descended into chaos and panic, while the Blazing Fire unmercifully continued spreading, ruthlessly devouring everything.

Just then, from within the raging flames, an extremely terrifying presence emitted, causing nearly everyone's complexion to go pale with innate fear; everyone trembled, except for Byrne and Irene.

Archibald, mouth agape, finally couldn't help but shout, "The presence in the flames is that of a Monarch powerful expert!"

A Monarch powerful expert!

Nearly everyone's heart sank into deep despair, knowing what that meant—an utterly unstoppable force.

Many could not comprehend why a Monarch powerful expert would suddenly appear in Nasir Town; how he had crossed the national border so effortlessly; why the Cyart Monarch powerful experts remained inactive; were they on their way here?

Byrne looked towards Irene who stood beside him; he had always hated the thought of her sacrificing her lifespan, but now he could accept the reality calmly.

Irene, holding the sacred object, suddenly lifted her head as if seeing Karl surveying all from the sky above, as though god and mortal were gazing across the vast distance at each other.

Did she see me?

Karl silently pondered, perhaps this was indeed the destiny at last.

Among the many frightened and despairing people, her face blossomed with a smile like blooming flowers, her eyes gleaming like brilliant stars, her heart suddenly filled with tremendous joy and satisfaction.

At this moment, she felt nothing but gratitude for the destiny arranged by the great Lord of the Lost, eager to return to His embrace.

"It was You who wove this destiny, giving me such an opportunity."

"For one last time, I shall demonstrate Your miracle."

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

Chapter 197: Chapter 189: The Power of Miracle!

Arthur had been planning for many years and was very clear about one thing, seeking revenge on Nasir Town at this point in time was undoubtedly the wisest choice.

"There will never be a better opportunity for revenge in my life!"

Now that a large number of powerful individuals from Cyart were heading to Rhea, the number of enemies within Cyart capable of interfering with and pursuing him was relatively reduced. Moreover, his current level of strength was at the strongest phase that wouldn't be detected by the big barrier.

If he were any stronger, his presence would alarm the entire East Coast the moment he set foot in Cyart, and if he were any weaker, the risks involved in the upcoming battles would drastically increase.

Once he eradicated Nasir Town, Arthur would immediately flee back to Rhea. Even if he were detected re-crossing the big barrier, it wouldn't matter anymore, as no powerful expert from Cyart would have a chance to catch up with him.

As long as he maintained sufficient speed throughout the process, he would not face any danger.

As for the Fischer family being able to stand against himself, who had reached the Monarch Level?

Clearly, that was an impossibility, because the gap between Transmutation and Monarch was so large as to be exaggerated.

In the only historical instance where a Monarch powerful expert had been ambushed with full preparation by a Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent and had managed a lucky encirclement and kill, it was a weaker Monarch powerful expert who fought more than a dozen people single-handedly, and half of those enemies were high-level Transmutation.

Only two survived in the end, and it was nearly a mutual destruction.

When he ascended to the throne in the palace and broke through to the Monarch Level, Arthur truly understood what a domain was—that was the powerful ability to release the palace within the power of Bloodline into reality.

Every Extraordinary Exponent with power of Bloodline and spellcasting talent hides a palace within their body, and its existence can only be truly observed after reaching the Metamorphosis Phase, with each palace having a completely different shape and characteristics.

Only the Extraordinary Exponents who truly control the palace by ascending to the throne can freely bring it into the real world to form various powerful domains!

"So that's how it is, I've finally mastered it completely..."

Arthur murmured to himself, his eyes filled with a sense of bewilderment and exhilaration from the powerful force filling his body.

From this moment on, he was the true master of his own power of Bloodline!

He slowly raised his palm and cast the terrifying "palace" into reality, expanding his domain, and a very large fire cloud quickly condensed in the sky.

The bloodline trait of the Fire Demon God "Adranus" is the ability to birth and manipulate flames.

However, when the domain was released, it became different from ordinary fire-type bloodline powers and the flames controlled by an elements spellcaster. He could control a vast range of flames laden with destructive Magic Power on a large scale, and his every movement seemed like a natural disaster, powerful enough to be "flames that burn flames."

Byrne raised his head with a very serious expression, and then he witnessed an astonishing scene.

In the sky, a massive and terrifying fire cloud rose, resembling fiery wings enveloped by raging flames, drifting in the air, turning the entire sky blood red.

The flames wildly devoured everything, unleashing heat and destructive power, with black smoke rolling within the fire cloud as if it were the roar from the depths of hell.

Terrible lights flickered from within the fire cloud, illuminating the ground, casting long terrifying shadows, and also lighting up the sky in a hazy red.

"Such powerful flames, so this is the power possessed by a top-tier bloodline..."

Byrne could feel the heat even with a breath, knowing that the enemy's bloodline power trait was similar to the Tempest Bishop "Thunderous Monarch," whose domain effects were specialized for large-scale attacks.

Is that fire...

Byrne slowly widened his eyes, his mind seething with rage.

Was the enemy a member of the Meyer family?

"Everyone, pay attention. He's gathering strength to destroy the entire Nasir Town in one strike!"

Byrne's tense expression was very somber. Even though the mirror barrier had a weakening effect on his power, it was too insignificant for a Monarch Level expert.

At the center of that fire cloud were even more crimson and fierce balls of fire, wildly dancing, signaling an impending disaster.

The roar of the flames was like the angry shout of a beast, inducing overwhelming fear and helplessness in the people of Nasir Town under the threat of the fire cloud, leaving them no choice but to kneel and pray to the gods, hoping the disaster would end soon.

"We'll be alright, the gods have long decided everyone's fate."

Irene was exceptionally calm, not afraid of the flames but indifferently reaching out her hand to touch one after another important member of the Fischer family, including the Daybreakers and the three brothers of the Dagger Brotherhood.

Then she gazed at the sky, taking out a sacred object she had always treasured from her bosom. It was an object that had accompanied the Fischer family for decades, the thing that started the story a long time ago.

It was the beginning of everything and also the continuation.

The black cross glow inside the transparent bottle shone unrestrainedly, even more dazzling than it had been decades ago, and an extremely terrifying aura instantly shook everything around!

Those who had no relationship with Karl only glanced at it and immediately fell unconscious to the ground, then completely lost consciousness and later forgot all about this period of time.

"Please look, everyone!"

"Our most great deity, the Lord of the Lost! He is about to display a true miracle!"

All those who had not fallen unconscious were faithful followers of the Lord of the Lost, and everyone devoutly knelt down, staring eagerly and fervently at the sacred object in Irene's hand, continuously sending prayers to the Lord of the Lost in their hearts.

"What is that?"

In the heart of the overwhelming fire clouds, Arthur Meyer, who had completely transformed into flames, also noticed the transparent bottle, and then he saw that there was absolutely nothing in the center of the transparent bottle, yet there was a very strong oppressive feeling.

He felt something terribly wrong throughout his body, actually beginning to shiver uncontrollably due to some immense fear!

Why would this be happening?

It was almost impossible, he had clearly reached Monarch Level, possessing the great power that could truly influence the outcome of wars, so why would a mysterious bottle instill fear in him?

The only possibility that Arthur Meyer could think of was something extremely terrifying!

Could it be that the transparent bottle was actually a single-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifact, or even possibly a "Untouchable" level Forbidden rare artifact?

"We must not give her the chance to activate the Forbidden rare artifact!"

No longer continuing to accumulate power, he unhesitatingly commanded the fire cloud capable of destroying half a town to press down, instantly making everyone feel the terrible heat, as if everything was about to be destroyed.

Before their eyes, the people of Nasir Town were about to perish under the mountain-crushing blaze of raging flames.

"Block it!"

Byrne roared out, taking out several purple-red strange stones from his bosom, which he had purchased time and again from the Alchemy Council.

I don't want to die!

In the next instant, his and everyone else's strong emotions merged and resonated, pouring into the purple-red stones, which instantly lit up with intense light.

Then a powerful force burst out from the soaked depths of the purple-red!

It was a not yet complete power of miracle, contained within the souls of people, though each stone had a limit to the power it could release, theoretically the power of miracle was capable of doing anything one wanted to do, having perfect adaptability.

In the legends of the alchemy realm, if one could make a completely red Stone of Truth, one could even use it to achieve genuine wish fulfillment!

The intense emotion of wanting to live and not wanting to die fully activated the numerous purple-red stones, which formed an invisible barrier, and very barely managed to block Arthur's destructively powerful strike.

A look of surprise appeared on Byrne's face, feeling very clearly that power of miracle, which can directionally change the world according to the user's will and emotions!

"How is that possible? It simply can't be, what on earth have you done?"

Arthur Meyer could not understand why those purple-red stones possessed such terrifying power.

He knew very clearly that although they could only delay him for a short time, it was already enough to allow that woman to activate the terrifying Forbidden rare artifact!

What will it do?

How should he respond to it?

The experienced Arthur Meyer instantly calmed himself, observing the changes in the surrounding environment, ready to deal with the suspected high-level "Forbidden rare artifact."

Irene paid no attention to everything happening outside, her fate long determined by the Lord of the Lost, and thus she knelt on the ground and calmly spoke the words she had told at the beginning of her story more than twenty years ago.

"Please save us, great Lord of the Lost, I am willing to give everything to You!"

"Take anything from me, just save my family!"

She smiled, murmuring to herself:

"It's wonderful, I can finally fulfill the initial promise, to offer my soul, all of myself to You!"

Lord of the Lost?

Arthur Meyer listened to the words narrated by Irene, and his expression changed dramatically, having never considered this incredible possibility.

How could it be like this?

The Fischer family from Nasir Town, could they actually be the legendary Lost Cult, those evil cultists who worship the Evil God, the Lord of the Lost?

They were clearly so feeble, and all circumstances did not match the legends...

Karl appeared high in the sky, calmly looking at Irene's soul, just like before, surrounded by pure white, pink, cyan blue, dark red, and orange-yellow.

They represented life span, emotions, memory, senses, and intellect, respectively.

The pure white light was almost imperceptible, like a lamp flame that could go out at any moment, and the other colors, which could be used as "weapons" against a person, were still not enough to kill a Monarch powerful expert.

The quantity of the sacrifice was still insufficient, he judged in an instant.

Just then, the invisible barrier that had held back the sky of flames finally dissipated, and Arthur drove his domain with all his might, as the covering blaze fell into Nasir Town in a beautiful and spectacular manner.

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

Chapter 198 : 190 Preaching

The sea of fire plummeted straight down from the sky.

Thus, Karl drew upon Irene's remaining life span as a protective "weapon," transforming it into an invisible force that acted like an umbrella, re-supporting the sky.

The invisible force instantly blocked the flames in the sky, yet it could not hold for long.

People looked up in shock, the inferno merely tens of meters above them, the deathly outcome of being reduced to cinders felt almost within reach.

It was as if their eyes could sense the terrible heat, and they were on the brink of dehydration.

"Please take everything from us, offering our lives to You is our mission."

"All of Daybreaker shall be offered to You, great Lord of the Lost, we should praise You."

Karl listened to the voices of the people.

Now, the Fischer family and their Dawn Church were completely different from before, with many who devoutly believed in him.

At this moment, it was not only Irene who wished to sacrifice herself.

Lilian knelt on the ground, praying sincerely, her eyes shining with the light of faith.

Rishia also knelt, her hands clasped together and eyes closed.

Without the slightest doubt, the purest faith allowed their souls to connect with Karl's.

It was not only Irene, but also Lilian and Rishia, three devout individuals, who had all decided to offer everything.

[I shall bring down judgment.]

[The evil of humankind shall finally be judged.]

With a hand of invisible will, Karl took nearly a century's worth of life span, and a vast white radiance, like a white lightning storm outside the sea of fire in the sky, shone exceedingly brightly.

The next instant, the white light in his hands turned into infinite chains of light that covered the sky!

They were like chains of final judgment on sinners, instantly reaching out from all directions of invisibility, firmly locking the sprawling sea of fire!

Every part of Arthur's body was filled with fear, desperately wanting to flee, but found himself utterly immobilized.

He could only wait for God's execution.

Among the infinite chains, a white sharp spear emerged, filled with the power to judge all, and the next moment it struck the sinner judged by the gods with the force of splitting the sky!

It pierced through Arthur's body and soul, instantly plunging him into severe pain, and then, bit by bit, his body and soul progressed toward death.

"The Meyer family will not give up on revenge so easily, and we'll definitely obtain that thing..."

Arthur's face twisted and deformed, unable to move, silently enduring the excruciating tearing of both body and soul, until at last completely shattered, turning into a meaningless void.

The vast sea of fire was promptly absorbed by the endless chains, and the spectators from the Fischer family, all Blood Receivers, were able to witness this astonishing miracle!

"Great Lord of the Lost, He has shown a miracle!"

"Praise the Lord of the Lost! Praise the Lord of the Lost! Hahaha! Praise the great Lord of the Lost!"

"A true miracle! We have seen the might of the Lord of the Lost, it is the ultimate power that will change the world!"

Those witnessing all these strange transformations were stunned, especially the Daybreakers, whose level of faith significantly increased, becoming even more devout in their belief in the great Lord of the Lost.

The bright sky gradually dimmed, and the hair of both Lilian and Rishia had turned nearly half white.

Irene's lifespan had entered its final Countdown Timer.

The people of the Dawn Church quickly noticed that the Great Priest's hair had become nearly all white, including Byrne, with every one of them still kneeling on the ground without rising.

She knelt calmly on the ground, her eyes brighter than ever, murmuring to herself:

"What I am about to perform is Mental Speak."

Soul Proclamation·Mental Speak.

Irene Fischer, through the power of Soul Proclamation, expanded the range of Mental Speak, so that everyone she had touched would hear her voice from deep within.

"The Lord of the Lost came into being before the world, for with His advent, the world was born thereafter, and then He fell asleep, briefly lost..."

"He is immeasurably great, His original name indescribable, incomprehensible, and not to be thought of, we humble beings can only refer to Him by the name of the Lost..."

Her clear voice echoed like flowing water deep within the souls of all those who listened.

It was not a mere speech, but a voice that carried power and warmth, creating ripples in the hearts of all her audience.

Irene's tone was gentle, and each syllable was clearly discernible, speaking the truth of faith from the depths of her heart.

Whether it was simple stories or more complex concepts, her words were clear and powerful in their delivery.

It was as if people's minds were enveloped by a gentle force, gradually immersing them, leading them to contemplate and perceive.

"Irene Fischer prayed to the great Lord of the Lost on the East Coast, and thus He showed a miracle on the East Coast, entering into a covenant with Irene Fischer."

"It was God's covenant, the mightiest existence in the world, He promised, Chris Fischer would surely be saved, and the Fischer family would become God's favored clan."

"In the grand design of the New World, the importance of the Fischer family has always been unparalleled."

"They are God's most important favored clan, the rightful interpreters of all divine commands and words of faith, and they are the only ones with the right to offer sacrifices."

"Generation after generation, they will continue, one after another, to spread God's faith, bringing about the inevitable resurrection of the Lord of the Lost."

"And then, all mankind shall be saved!"

"The Fischer family established the great Dawn Church, which will overturn the old world and build a new world belonging to God, creating an entirely new future."

"The Dawn Church is the first light, and also the light that leads into the future."

"God's favored members, Daybreakers, Proselytes, each has their own duty, they must observe their own rules, maintain their words and deeds, and must not commit the sacrilege of disrespecting God..."

She went on to the next section, refuting many texts from other sects.

"The gods have long forsaken mortals, they have never regarded them as their own lambs, but rather looked upon them as mere weeds..."

"They fear the great Lord of the Lost; since the Lord awoke, they have all been terrified, daring not to speak, and have conceded the entire Claud World."

"The Salvation Church's 'God's Alternate Doctrine' Volume Three falsely claims that the false god they worship can save the world, save mankind, and even made up three stories to spread widely, which are utterly incorrect, and their authenticity is full of holes..."

"As I walked the world, I saw many desolate lands, people suffering from cold and hunger, subjected to bullying, with bones and despair everywhere."

"The Lord of the Lost could not bear it in His heart and commanded me to heal His people on His behalf, this is the first step in creating a new world..."

Irene recounted content that spanned thirteen volumes within the depths of everyone's hearts, totaling tens of thousands of words; she clarified all doubts about the faith in the Lord of the Lost from five different parts.

Though the content was exceedingly long, Irene could recount it without missing a single point, and Byrne, among many listeners, was able to remember everything through "Profound Memory," never forgetting even a sentence.

By this time, tears had already filled his face, yet a smile of stark contrast appeared on his face, knowing that Irene had surely completed her most important mission in her heart!

She would return to the embrace of the Lord of the Lost!

"Just as the sun and moon move, flames burn hot, and ice cold, all things are destined, and the great Lord of the Lost is supreme above all."

"He will rise again!"

Finally, after Irene finished her last sentence, she closed her eyes, smiling, and fell silent.

Every member of the Dawn Church was moved and touched by what they had just heard.

Irene's words were not merely a farewell speech, but also a guidance, an enlightenment—scriptures that would be continued by the Dawn Church.

It stirred ripples in people's hearts, awakening the deep-seated desires and latent power in the believers, with each word shining like a bright pearl, illuminating the path forward.

The final sermon not only left a deep mark in the hearts of people but also stirred everyone's soul.

Lilian took a deep breath, staring at Aunt Irene not far away, tears uncontrollably streaming down from her eyes.

"I understand, Great Priestess Irene, I will take over your beliefs and ideas, to carry on the tradition of the Dawn Church."

"One day our great god will rise again, and He will change everything in the world!"

Karl calmly watched it all, witnessing her soul leave the body toward himself, and the girl's face was filled with satisfaction and reverence.

He had already noticed what was different about that familiar soul.

That sliver of black light had a strange effect, keeping Irene's soul, which should have been resting, still filled with vitality.

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

Chapter 199 : 191 Funeral

The raging flames had completely disappeared, and the world of despair from just moments ago seemed as if it never existed; people felt as though they had just been on a crazy, dream-like journey.

In the tranquil night, stars twinkled, and the bright moonlight fell upon the earth, as if enveloping the whole world in a soft, silvery white.

Karl had realized that Irene's soul extended with a certain uniqueness, for that thread of black light was none other than a splinter of his own soul.

Originally, he had voluntarily split his soul and inserted it into Irene's, causing a fusion effect. As a result, the Fischer family members, because of Irene, had indirectly become his favored clan.

It was obvious that Irene's situation was completely different from everyone else's.

She could even be considered as half an embodiment of himself.

Karl discovered that Irene's soul had not lost its activity and fallen into a deep sleep but was in a state of half-sleep, almost drowsy, and she could even engage in simple communication with him.

"Irene?"

"You..."

He gazed at Irene's soul, studying such a delicate state, and suddenly a thought crossed his mind.

Perhaps, at the right moment, he could attempt to have Irene's soul reincarnated once more within the Fischer family.

Because Karl had long since discovered that many souls entering the bodies of pregnant women at the beginning of life were actually in a similar state to Irene's current one.

They were in a hazy state of half-sleep and would awaken as they were born into reality.

However, aside from reincarnation, there were other possibilities, and Karl needed to continue his research.

He spoke slowly:

"Wait a while, Irene..."

Gentle rain fell like soft silk onto the streets of Nasir Town, a breeze swept through the treetops, the wet road glistened, and the outlines of distant buildings faded in and out of the mist.

People spontaneously took to the streets to see off Madam Irene in the rain.

Almost everyone from Nasir Town came out of their homes voluntarily, each of them silently mourning, wearing flowers according to the traditions of the Cyart people, grieving for Madam Irene.

Many who had received her aid even rushed over from other towns, and from Fein City as well, hundreds arrived in Nasir Town in no time. People came from all walks of life, from far and wide, with different social statuses, but they all shared one purpose: to attend the funeral of Madam Irene Fischer.

They mourned the messenger sent by the gods.

Many were inconsolable, kneeling and weeping on the ground, grateful for Madam Irene's selfless assistance over the years.

The children from the orphanage cried the hardest; they would never forget the kindness and teachings of their matron.

Every day, she saved lives, and her healing powers had removed diseases and pain, giving hope and rebirth to many who would have otherwise perished.

Important members of the Fischer family had all arrived at the cemetery, and it would be Lilian presiding over this funeral.

At the same time, she officially became the new priest of the Dawn Church.

Finally, Irene was laid to rest.

Byrne stood calmly in front of Irene's grave, but deep inside, he didn't feel much sorrow. Instead, there was a sense of celebration for Irene.

For he knew that Irene had indeed died a deserving death; she had accomplished everything she wanted in life, and after passing away, her soul could return to the embrace of the Lord of the Lost.

That was the perfect ending Irene had envisaged deep in her heart.

If he were to feel sad, it would only be for the family's loss of her, yet if he looked at it from her perspective, he would rather be happy for her.

"Irene, rest well in the Lord's embrace; I must linger a while longer before I can join you."

Byrne paused, his eyes calm, a smile on his face as he continued, "Irene, send my regards to my father! The Fischer family of Nasir Town will keep moving forward!"

As time passed, the light rain grew into a downpour, the droplets becoming denser, drumming against the pavement and rooftops.

Eventually, the sky seemed to open its gates, as a torrential downpour descended, lightning cleaved the skyline, and thunder roared. The curtain of rain made everybody's vision on the road blurry and unclear.

Irene's funeral was almost as grand as the one for the "Thunderous Monarch," the Tempest Bishop, within the East Coast Province. At the Tempest Bishop's funeral, many had come, and many had come spontaneously because of his spiritual conduct.

Yet, Irene, through her decades of effort, nearly matched the scale of the Tempest Bishop "Thunderous Monarch's" funeral.

Regarding this incident, the Fischer family's official statement was unified, claiming the attacker of Nasir Town was a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent from the Meyer family, although his specific identity was still unknown.

He had temporarily elevated his power through some powerful Forbidden rare artifact, simulating an attack that seemed near the Monarch Level, which in reality wasn't as powerful.

Irene Fischer was sacrificed to protect everyone, and the powerful attacker also suddenly died due to the huge backlash from the Forbidden rare artifact.

Arthur Meyer, after suffering Divine retribution, didn't even leave behind a bit of his body, but important things from his person were left behind, including two top-level Treasure-class rare artifacts among five Mysterious rare artifacts.

Among the two top-tier Treasure-class artifacts, the first was a pitch-black ring "Rupture," capable of instantly destroying any weapon or armor its wearer touched, and it could even break through certain protective spells and low-level barriers.

Although its effect was strong, its effective range was extremely short, requiring close contact to utilize its full potential.

The second of the Treasure-class artifacts was a defensive one, astonishingly a miniature white glove "Pure White Glove." It could automatically extend and increase in size, then directly "catch" remote attacks aimed at the user and "reflect" them back on the same path.

It was quite effective against arrows, bullets, and substantial spells.

Of course, whether it was "Rupture" or "Pure White Glove," both Treasure-class Mysterious rare artifacts had limits to their efficacy. One was for attack, and the other for defense, which matched the most popular types of Mysterious rare artifacts.

Beyond the two top-level Treasure-class rare artifacts, Arthur Meyer left behind another important thing, a spell inscription that no one in the Fischer family had ever seen before.

Spell inscriptions refer to the spells that spellcasters inscribe in advance onto objects like stones, wooden boards, paper, etc., which can form magic power that temporarily sustains itself.

Formalized armies rely on special spell inscriptions for long-distance communication, and the soldiers and Extraordinary Exponents within those armies can also transfer their power to the Monarch powerful experts through spell inscriptions.

The spell inscription Arthur Meyer left behind was a special one carved onto a slab of stone, featuring a fiery-red cloud symbol that looked quite strange.

"This is the main spell inscription!"

Byrne was stunned when he found it, then his face lit up with delight.

The main spell inscription within special spell inscriptions was different from the others. They were important items created by Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts and were incredibly valuable!

In theory, as long as they possessed the main spell inscription, the Fischer family could bring a powerful spellcaster to deduce the affiliated spell inscriptions, and then they could master that powerful ability, which is to let individual experts draw the spiritual power and life force of an entire army for their own sustenance!

It was well known that once battle intensity reached the Monarch Level, the greatest contribution of mortal armies and lower Extraordinary Exponents was to provide sustenance for the powerful Extraordinary Exponents.

"The existence of this item must be kept secret. Normally, apart from the Ten Great Families and the Church, it is rare for other forces to possess them,"

Byrne realized the importance of it immediately. It absolutely couldn't be discovered by others, although he wasn't sure which of the other families might secretly own one. The unspoken rule was that, apart from the large powers, the smaller forces couldn't use them openly.

The main spell inscription was simply too important, theoretically only taking a few high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents, supplemented by the army's sustenance and barrier suppression, to contend with a Monarch powerful expert for a prolonged time.

Not long after Irene's funeral ended, the Fischer family was about to secretly hold a new ritual. They had to give thanks to the great Lord of the Lost for His protection.

But just at that moment, the arrival of one person disrupted the Fischer family's plans.

Byrne was about to head downstairs to check on Lilian's preparation for the new ritual when he saw a Daybreaker approach with a solemn and respectful expression:

"Patriarch, 'Stars Mortal' Ariel Romann from the Romann family has arrived. Moreover, she came only with a servant and a carriage and seems to not wish for us to tell anyone else of her arrival."

Ariel Romann?

He was taken aback for a moment, then quickly grasped the significance of the situation.

Typically, important individuals from the high-power, well-positioned great families would only call for people from the lesser families, not come themselves.

But whenever they arrived unexpectedly in private, it definitely involved a significant matter to discuss!

Byrne nodded slightly and, judging that there wouldn't be a delay in the scheduled ritual, spoke in a grave tone to the Daybreaker:

"Alright, tell Lilian to continue preparing for the ritual! I now have to entertain the distinguished guest from the Romann family, so I won't be able to help her!"

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

Chapter 200: Chapter 192 Covert Solicitation

The stars seemed like countless pearls adorned in the profound night sky, the moonlight scattering a faint silver glow over Nasir Town beneath the night.

In the night, Nasir Town appeared as if it had become part of a dream, its residents all sleeping in the tranquility of their dreams, falling into even deeper slumbers.

A completely black carriage slowly approached, its family crest deliberately concealed by the person inside, covered by a black cloth.

It soon came to a gentle stop in front of the Fischer family estate.

After the carriage driver, with a somber expression, opened the door, Ariel Romann stepped down from the carriage gracefully and calmly. Under her black robe was an incomparably beautiful countenance, with golden hair and blue eyes, and a tall and slender figure.

She was one of the Monarch Level powerful experts of the Romann family, a master of transformation magic, and also the illegitimate daughter of Duke Black Iron. She was half of the blood tribe and half humanity.

Just as Ariel Romann stepped down from the carriage, she saw Byrne approach calmly from not far away, slightly bowing his head and saying respectfully,

"I apologize, esteemed Madam Ariel, I cannot greet you with a smile, for a loved one of mine has just passed away, and profound sorrow envelops my heart."

Ariel Romann paused for a moment before she inquired indifferently,

"Has someone from the Fischer family passed away? Was it Chris Fischer or Irene Fischer? Or perhaps another member of the Fischer family?"

It was clear that Ariel had not heard of Irene's death, although the news had already spread throughout the East Coast.

Byrne realized something; it was apparent that she had quickly traveled from another province to the East Coast, hardly resting at all along the way.

"It was Irene Fischer, my cousin. She died resisting an attack by the Rhea People. A few days ago, emissaries from the Mayer family of Rhea came to Nasir Town and suddenly launched an attack, nearly bringing great disaster to this town. It was thanks to Irene's sacrifice that the town and the Fischer family were preserved," Byrne explained.

"The Mayer family, those who play with fire?"

Ariel fell silent for a moment before nodding faintly, "I am grieved to learn of the death of Madam Irene Fischer, please allow me to express my deepest condolences."

Clearly, she felt little if anything for Irene's death and was certainly not genuinely grieving; it was merely a polite expression of condolence.

Byrne could understand, after all, they were completely strangers to each other.

The two quickly entered the manor and went to the parlor where Byrne, skipping the pleasantries, asked directly but still respectfully,

"May I ask, esteemed Madam Ariel, what exactly brings you to Nasir Town?"

Ariel revealed a slight smile and spoke in a calm tone, "Well, to be direct, the Romann family hopes to grow closer in our relationship with the Fischer family. We will help to secure your position on the East Coast."

"However, in return, you must also assist the Romann family with several matters."

It seemed the Fischer family had finally entered the purview of Duke Black Iron. Byrne felt a slight surprise in his heart before immediately calming down, aware that with the help came greater responsibility.

"The Fischer family would naturally be willing to pledge allegiance to the Romann family, an important pillar supporting the Cyart Kingdom, just like the Leone family. In fact, we are already knights of Duke Black Iron!" Byrne stated without hesitation. He then probed cautiously,

"I just don't know, Madam Ariel Romann, what exactly you or Duke Romann think? And does Viscount Bast know about the tasks required of the Fischer family?"

Ariel slightly lifted her swan-like neck and responded serenely,

"There is no need for you to communicate with Viscount Bast. Remember this, the Fischer family need not mention those matters to anyone else. To be more precise, you only need to be responsible to me, and there is no need to inform other members of the Romann family."

Oh?

Byrne keenly sensed something amiss. What did the "Stars Mortal" Ariel mean by this?

Why did the deep collaboration between the Fischer and Romann family need to be kept hidden even from their allies, and not only that, but also from the other members of the Romann family, with the Fischer family accountable only to Ariel herself?

He felt that there must be a significant issue at hand, but couldn't quite pinpoint what it was.

Ariel continued, her tone cold and arrogant, "The Romann family needs you to undertake several tasks. The first task is..."

Byrne immediately interrupted in a loud voice,

"Madam Ariel! May I clarify one thing first? Is the Fischer family supposed to pledge allegiance to the Romann family, just like the Leone family, or to Duke Black Iron alone, or perhaps to Madam Ariel alone?"

Ariel narrowed her eyes and nodded in response, "You've quickly noticed that something is off, good. If you weren't perceptive enough, I would have found it very regrettable."

Byrne fell silent as she continued.

"The thing is, my father, Duke Romann of the Romann family, he's actually nearing the end of his life, and it won't be many years before he leaves this world."

"What?"

Byrne's mind was struck as if by a thunderclap. It was well known that Duke Black Iron was the most critical figure within the Romann family, as well as a covert supporter of the Lion clan.

He instinctively calculated that Duke Black Iron indeed had lived for several hundred years, a legendary figure who made his name in the central regions of the Ouden Continent even before the formation of the Cyart Kingdom.

Sadly, even this legend would ultimately succumb to the end of life.

If Duke Black Iron truly passed away, the status of the entire Romann family within the Cyart Kingdom would plummet.

...

They were about to plummet from being second only to the Adley of the Cyart Royal Family to the bottom rungs among the several top families.

By that time, the numerous families under the Romann family's command in every province would certainly face a significant impact.

The Fischer family could not possibly remain unaffected; they had already chosen their side early on, and it was simply impossible to enjoy the benefits without taking a beating as well!

Byrne remained silent for a while, then took a deep breath and calmly looked at Madam Ariel, asking, "So, Madam Ariel, what exactly is the Romann family's strategy in response to this?"

Ariel did not answer directly about the strategy but suddenly brought up another matter.

"You know, Byrne, actually, besides my father, Duke Black Iron, there are two other Monarch powerful experts within the Romann family. One of them is me, and the other is 'Dragon Taming Lord' Aldrich Romann," she said.

"Both of us are low-level Monarch strong fighters with nearly identical strength. Unless one resorts to desperate measures, it's basically impossible to determine who is superior. Therefore, it's indeterminable who will definitely inherit the dukedom of the Romann family."

This spelled trouble. Byrne realized the unwelcome nature of this news upon hearing it.

He felt a bit regretful for meeting Ariel, yet he knew he couldn't really refuse her.

Ariel gazed at Byrne and slowly stated her most important purpose.

"My relationship with the Leone family is not as good as Aldrich Romann's, who is especially close with Viscount Bast. Therefore, I hope to add more to my assets so that, after my father's death, I will have the support to become the next Duke of the Romann family."

Byrne fell into a deep silence, hesitating for a long time.

So that's how it is, he thought, no wonder Ariel was courting the Fischer family. According to the current situation, once Duke Black Iron passed away, the entire East Coast would follow Viscount Bast in supporting 'Dragon Taming Lord' Aldrich Romann.

Ariel very much hoped to become the next Duke!

"Byrne Fischer, not opening your mouth to speak, are you waiting for me to state my terms? Fine, then I'll make them clear to you first," she said.

Ariel understood that without offering anything in return, expecting others to simply submit to her was certainly impossible, especially since the Fischer family already had a certain status.

"I will gift you a Forbidden rare artifact with a four-digit code, provide two inheritances capable of reaching Monarch Level, and also offer a barrier more powerful than the one currently in Nasir Town..."

She paused for a moment before continuing:

"Once I officially become the Duchess, I will fully support Chris Fischer in breaking through to Monarch Level, and I can immediately make The Oath with you, how about it?"

Byrne did not respond to her terms, but was lost in deep thought.

The benefits were immense, but if he agreed to Ariel, would that count as betraying Viscount Bast?

He utterly detested the actions of traitors, and the Leone family had shown kindness to both him and the Fischer family that simply couldn't be ignored.

If Viscount Bast was likely to support 'Dragon Taming Lord' Aldrich Romann, and he chose to support Ariel here, it could eventually lead to a rift between the two families.

There was even the potential for mutual assassinations in the future...

The old man's kindness could not be repaid in such a manner.

He took a deep breath and shook his head firmly, his expression grave.

"Please allow me to answer, no, Madam Ariel, I am on very good terms with Viscount Bast, so I cannot betray him. However, the Fischer family can pledge allegiance to the Romann family and its Duke..."

Byrne knew very well that his response could not satisfy Ariel. He waited calmly for the outcome.

"Very well!"

"So, you've decided to offend me?" she asked.

Ariel's tone was laced with barely suppressed rage, the aura of a Monarch powerful expert suddenly erupting, focused entirely on the man before her, making Byrne turn pale and nearly immobilizing him.

"Please stop, I've already informed many people of your arrival..."

She wouldn't kill him!

Although immobilized, Byrne's gaze was resolute, believing he was in no real danger.

Duke Black Iron had not yet passed, and the Romann family was not simply under Ariel's control. The Fischer family was, after all, a viscount family with considerable potential. If he were to be killed without reason, Chris, being stubborn, would surely break with the Romann family!

At that point, both Duke Black Iron and other members of the Romann family would blame Ariel, making her chances of inheriting the dukedom even slimmer!

As expected, Ariel was furious, but in the end, did nothing drastic.

She merely snorted coldly, then took out a black envelope and threw it on the ground before turning and walking away without looking at Byrne again.

"Duke Black Iron has tasks for you, Byrne. This is no longer a command from me. Go and carry out the orders in the letter!"

After she had left, Byrne picked up the black envelope and let out a long sigh.

"As long as Chris cannot reach the 5th Rank, the Fischer family will still have to cater to the whims of those of higher status."

...

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