

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 201: Chapter 193 Lilian's First Sacrifice

Duke Black Iron of the Romann family.

He and Cyart King had fought side by side more than a hundred years ago to establish the country known today, and no one on the Eastern Four Kingdoms was oblivious to the renown of Duke Black Iron.

As a top-tier power at the mid-level Monarch rank, Duke Black Iron was already famous before Cyart's rise, having once joined forces with Cyart King to fight against a high-level Monarch from Lorne. Though defeated but still honorable, they successfully lured the enemy, escaped, and achieved a significant strategic goal, much to the lifelong shame of that high-level Monarch.

That old man was also the beginning of the Fischer family's ascendancy into the noble hierarchy.

Owing to Lucius's heroic sacrifice, he granted the Fischer family an official entry ticket into the aristocracy.

Byrne calmly opened the black envelope, and as he read the contents, he couldn't help but frown.

He could be certain that the letter was indeed from Duke Black Iron himself and not forged by anyone else.

Because on the letter was a powerful aura specifically affixed by a Monarch Level power, it could only come from Duke Black Iron, like wrought iron, weapons, blades, cold to the bone.

It seemed as if nothing in the world could soften it, everything would be penetrated by its firm and mighty aura.

"Only a strong person at the mid-level Monarch rank could retain their aura for so long without it dissipating..."

Byrne took a deep breath and then continued to read the letter, his eyes gradually revealing a tremendous shock.

He hastily gripped the envelope tight, his brow furrowing deeply.

"This matter is too significant, perhaps it will require a vote by family members to decide..."

His face showed disbelief, but he soon engaged in serious contemplation.

"Perhaps this matter does not even need a vote, because we must do it. However, if the Fischer family follows the instructions in the letter, we will be taking a significant risk. Although I can defy Ariel Romann, the Fischer family simply cannot defy Duke Black Iron..."

"Especially now that I have seen the contents of this letter, there's no way for the Fischer family to refuse."

Byrne closed his eyes, his brow tightly knitted.

Duke Black Iron hoped that the Fischer family would help them transport a special product from the Aphotic Sea, "Ashes of Death."

The product looks like black ash and upon contact, it manifests cries of fear and despair. It comes from the corpses of residents of the Aphotic Sea and is widely used in various evil cult rituals.

Basically, those large-scale heretical rituals require "Ashes of Death" to be completed.

All True Gods Churches strictly prohibit the sale of "Ashes of Death," and anyone involved in selling it is treated as colluding with heretical cults, with very severe consequences.

"With this letter slapped in my face like this, the Fischer family has absolutely no room to refuse."

Byrne let out a long sigh. If not for the influence of the Romann family, the Lion clan would not have obtained the East Coast Province so easily, and it would not have been so simple for the Fischer family to acquire the Four Towns.

"Since the Fischer family enjoys the protection of taking sides, without a doubt, we also have to assume the corresponding risks."

Tasks assigned by true powerhouses must be done, and they must be done well, there's no choice!

Furthermore, as long as the Fischer family does this, they will be deeply bound to the Romann family in the future, just like the various tests they have always given to the Daybreakers.

"Regarding the issue of the Romann family's heir, such matters must be carefully sided with, and it's best to find a way to know the personal stance of Duke Black Iron."

Byrne opened his eyes, filled with contemplation. He was well aware of the severe consequences of internal siding, and with that risk came high rewards.

"The good news is that with Chris's presence, at least the Fischer family now has the privilege of taking sides among the bigwigs. The bad news, however, is that siding also means high-risk gambling; the traditionally cautious Fischer family must also take risks."

The impending death of Duke Black Iron would doubtlessly be an event that could cause turmoil throughout all of Cyart, and it's unpredictable how the Romann family would respond. Should the Romann family fall into internal strife once more, the consequences would be unimaginable.

The allure of this matter would definitely not be small; at worst, it could even lead to the downfall of Cyart.

Byrne shook his head and finally decided to take part in tonight's sacrifice to the Great Lord of the Lost.

"It seems we need a vote with the Scales of Faith again."

In the sacrificial chamber on the second underground level of Fischer Manor, everyone was waiting eagerly, and each member of the Dawn Church watched the new Great Priest with respect.

Shortly after Byrne arrived, the sacrifice officially began.

Lilian had rehearsed countless times, able to remember each sacrificial procedure specified by Irene, with all her motions thoroughly conforming to the rules.

They were sacrificing two top-tier Mysterious rare artifacts, "Rupture" and "Pure White Glove," to express gratitude to the great Lord of the Lost for bestowing miracles once again.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please accept our sincere offerings..."

Lilian murmured with her eyes closed, her face unabashedly devout.

Karl gazed at the Fischer family's new Priest, Byrne's daughter Lilian.

She had returned years later, seemingly more radical in thought than Irene. Besides, Lilian had also become excellent companions with the Spiritual Dragon.

"A Spiritual Dragon, eh?"

The Spiritual Dragon grew slowly; it remained a little "young dragon" even after many years, and it likely wouldn't mature even when Lilian's generation had mostly passed away.

"That creature, although it's called a dragon, it actually isn't one,"

Karl had long known that the Spiritual Dragon was a type of extraordinary mysterious creature.

It absorbed Spiritual Power to grow, but in fact, it wasn't a real dragon, just as whales from his homeland appeared to be fish but were actually mammals.

"Dragon is just the form it imitates; its liquid form is probably closer to its true body."

Indeed, after Irene's death, a significant amount of Spiritual Power returned, and with the addition of two top-tier Treasure class mysterious rare artifacts, Karl could clearly feel the fourth seal beginning to loosen.

"However, to completely break it, there's still a long way to go."

To break through each seal, substantially more Spiritual Power was needed than for the previous one, and starting from the third seal, Karl also noticed that the quality of the Spiritual Power became a requirement to completely break the seals.

"Spirit-returning Tree..."

Without hesitation, Karl bestowed the rune power of the "Spirit-returning Tree" to Lilian.

Lilian's tears flowed freely as she could not control her emotions, feeling as if from this moment on, she represented a legacy that belonged to the Priesthood.

Following that, Karl gave a new Destiny's Trajectory to Lilian.

Since she originally lacked any special Destiny's Trajectory, Karl began to manipulate Destiny's Trajectory, clearly seeing those strings of fate tremble slightly.

The first manipulation!

Somewhere in the world, certain causes and effects began to change discreetly!

A new destiny's trajectory appeared.

"Final Madman"

The person with the destiny's trajectory "Final Madman" would become increasingly insane, unable to distinguish between reality and illusion, gradually misunderstood by the world and unable to make sense of the world itself.

However, they could make the real world shift little by little towards their understanding, causing all things to change abruptly based on their thoughts, turning the abstract into reality.

"Isn't this just like the heart..."

Karl could genuinely feel that this was a potent destiny's trajectory.

However, it was incredibly unstable, especially since Lilian, as a Priest of the Fischer family, might inadvertently doom the entire family if she went mad.

"Moreover, its effects are surely limited, the benefits won't be excessive, and the costs and risks are too great... better forget about it..."

He had no choice but to manipulate Destiny's Trajectory a second time!

The next destiny's trajectory had emerged.

"Bone-Piercing Saber"

A battle-type destiny's trajectory, and those with it would find it easier to break through an enemy's defenses during combat.

Uninteresting.

"Really too common, let's try one last time!"

Not satisfied with his luck, he manipulated Destiny's Trajectory for a third time, but the result wasn't much better.

"Bizarre News"

Those who possess the destiny's trajectory "Bizarre News" will detect many things unnoticed by ordinary people, and often, they will find themselves in unique situations, encountering more dangers and opportunities.

Karl silently fell into thought.

"If it only brought opportunities, that would be fine, but its bearer will also face risks, and they seem to cancel each other out, making this destiny's trajectory less than great."

Each manipulation of Destiny's Trajectory consumed a great deal of Spiritual Power, and Karl's restoration of Spiritual Power had always been very slow.

He also needed to reserve enough Spiritual Power for potential situations, so ultimately he did not manipulate Destiny's Trajectory again and decided to keep the "Bizarre News" trajectory for Lilian.

As for the mysterious rare artifacts "Rupture" and "Pure White Glove" that had turned into runes.

Karl pondered for a moment and tried to bestow the rune power of "Rupture" to Darren from a great distance.

It was successful.

Although the distance was too great for him to perceive the specific details of Darren's condition, perhaps because he could touch upon destiny, he vaguely sensed that something was amiss.

So he knew that Darren Fischer was in some kind of life-threatening crisis.

"Darren Fischer, find a way to survive! I will give you some help, but whether you can make it will still require your own efforts!"

He then upgraded the rune power of "Rupture" and evolved it into the spirit rune "Destruction."

"Rupture" could shatter defenses and weapons at close range, but "Destruction" took it a step further, able to directly annihilate anything the bearer focused on within a near-medium range of ten meters!

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

Chapter 202: Chapter 194 Prisoner

The morning in Nasir Town was quiet and beautiful, the first rays of sunlight piercing through the gaps in the buildings, bathing the whole town in a gentle glow.

With the warmth of the Dawn, this increasingly prosperous port town gradually awakened, displaying a peaceful and vibrant scene.

The servants at Fischer Manor had already started their busy day, each performing their duties diligently; they had to have everything ready before the masters awoke.

Come breakfast time, a servant responsible for collecting letters arrived at the estate, respectfully handing over seven letters and a newspaper from Fein City to the Daybreaker acting as the household steward.

"These are the letters and the newspaper for today."

The Daybreaker nodded slightly, turned around, and swiftly departed, then opened those letters that had no special seals for confidentiality, briefly scanning their contents before having the servants distribute the correspondence to various family members.

"This letter is for Cook Liza, this one for the head maidservant Madam Alpur, and this one, hmm, is mine."

Only the letters addressed to several masters in the Fischer family and the newspapers Byrne had requested were personally delivered by him.

"Unfortunately, the newspapers we subscribe to are always outdated; we can't get the news from around Cyart right away."

"It would be nice if Nasir Town had its own newspaper."

He glanced at the newspaper and opened the letter addressed to Mr. Byrne, reading the contents carefully when suddenly his complexion turned ashen, and he quickly headed to the master bedroom.

In front of a large standing mirror, two servants skillfully helped Byrne into his black tailcoat, as the acting steward immediately handed over the letter, speaking with a tense urgency:

"You must look at this letter right away!"

What is it, Byrne asked calmly, reaching for the letter and then fixing his gaze on the text, his expression gradually growing grim.

"Darren has been captured by the Rhea People..."

Byrne's hands trembled slightly, and he took a deep breath, suddenly feeling a bit uncomfortable.

Deep down, he had always thought he wasn't particularly fond of his son Darren, but upon learning his son had been captured by the Rhea People, he felt dizzy and nauseated instantly.

"Darren..."

Darren could die at any moment, and even if he didn't, he would surely suffer at the hands of the Rhea People!

Flooded with memories of Darren, Byrne's eyes reddened, and he waved the two servants out, leaving only the acting steward, then quickly composed himself.

He tried to stay as calm as possible, furrowing his brow as he asked:

"Well, when exactly did this happen? Quickly explain the details!"

The acting steward immediately responded:

"It was Arthur Meyer from the Meyer family. He attacked Darren's troops before the assault on Nasir Town and then took him prisoner."

Byrne fell silent for a long while before speaking:

"Is it possible to locate Darren now? Can we find a connection with Rhea and ransom him back?"

He knew the chances of ransoming Darren were slim; the Fischer family had just eliminated an important member of the Meyer family, and the hatred between them had reached its peak.

Yet, as a father, Byrne couldn't help but try every possible means beyond his reason.

The acting steward hesitated before replying:

"Actually, we do have some connections in Rhea; after all, the Ten Great Pillars families in the East are all entangled with each other—broadly speaking, they're all relatives. But the chances of ransoming Young Master Darren are really low..."

He had no more appetite for conversation and with a wave of his hand and turning around, he said:

"Hmm, I understand, you may go now."

Alone, Byrne closed his eyes, silent for a long time, and then took a deep breath.

"Sigh."

The Meyer family's attack, Irene's departure, the Romann family's mission, and Darren's captivity had all come one after the other, leaving him exhausted.

It was an exhaustion that came from the depths of his soul, rendering him helpless.

"I wonder how Uncle Chris will react when he comes back and finds out about Irene's situation..."

"Darren..."

"Whether it's this issue or the Romann family's stance, the family will have to vote on a course of action."

He opened his eyes again, calmly took out an alchemy potion for calming the mind and drank it, forcibly dispelling all the exhaustion in his thoughts.

Then, just like every other day, he walked out of the room with a serene expression, ready to deal with the day's affairs of the Fischer family before breakfast.

Byrne never had a day's rest, for the Fischer family simply couldn't do without him.

He couldn't even afford to miss breakfast, let alone show the tiredness in his eyes.

Nobles often ate breakfast with many servants watching; Byrne couldn't afford to reveal any sign of weakness.

Otherwise, everyone in the Fischer family would immediately feel that perhaps another significant event had occurred?

It wasn't just him—recently everyone had been under great stress, and he couldn't add to it; he needed to keep smiling and encourage and reassure the rest of the family.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Thinking this, Byrne suddenly couldn't stop laughing, gripping his hand tightly and feeling a deep sense of irony in his heart.

As the mainstay of his family, he had to maintain a mindset that could confidently face anything.

A few days earlier.

Silver-white moonlight filtered through the damp walls, casting a feeble and sinister glow atop the unbearable mustiness that filled the corner of the cell.

"Ah, ahh, ahhhh, ahhhhhh, ahhh!"

Darren's skin, scorched by fire, was severely swollen, blistered, and even ulcerated, making him feel as if every inch of his body was being continuously ravaged by extreme pain. Only on m v|le|mp|yr

That pain never ceased.

He had not imagined that the agony of full-body burns could be so great, to the point where he wanted to die, but the Rhea's forced treatments prevented Darren from succumbing to death.

"Ahhhh, ahhhhhh!"

Darren's appearance had become too ghastly to bear; his body covered in repulsive ulcers, hardly anyone had the courage to look at him for long.

At that moment, he suddenly felt a surge of life force emerging from outside his body, slowly healing the severe wounds throughout his flesh.

"Ugh, cough, cough cough...cough cough..."

It was the Power of Consecution from the old butler, Theo, the ability of "household management." Darren immediately knew what it was and felt somewhat relieved.

The family hasn't abandoned me! Yes, they would never abandon me; father would certainly not ignore my plight!

The abundant life force made his breathing more stable, and the pain began to subside, though the external traces of his skin burns showed no signs of improvement.

"Huff, huff..."

The prolonged suffering finally began to ease, and though it was still uncomfortable, it had lessened considerably, at least to a bearable level.

Overwhelmed by immense fatigue, he quickly grew drowsy and eventually fell into a deep sleep.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Darren finally awoke from his deep slumber and soon felt intense pain throughout his body again, yet he could endure it this time.

Where on earth is this?

He surveyed his surroundings and found the area very dim, with nothing but darkness visible beyond the iron bars. He quickly realized he was in a cell.

Outside the cell were the wails and sobbing of many people, their cries emanating continuously from the darkness, undoubtedly indicating that the cell was within a vast prison.

A strong sense of fear quickly rose within Darren as he realized the direness of his situation.

"Ahh, ahhhh, ahhhhhh!"

The immense pain and fear were too much for Darren's mind to bear; he shook uncontrollably, on the brink of collapse, screaming and crying incessantly.

Why?

Why has this happened to me, how have I ended up here?

Damn it, damn it! Motherfucker!

He trembled with disbelief and pain in the moldy, stinking cell, his mind filled with struggle, regret, and rage.

I want to escape and go back. Who can save me, someone please save me; father, mother, Uncle Chris, Aunt Irene... The Meyer family deserves to die, damn it!

"Great, great Lord of the Lost, Lord of the Lost..."

He muttered the name of the Lord of the Lost shakily, as if merely articulating the name could alleviate the pain in his body and the despair in his heart.

He didn't know how long he had been reciting, but suddenly, the door to the cell opened.

Several Rhea medics came in to check his body and were surprised to find that Darren's injuries had greatly decreased. He wouldn't have much trouble even without their further treatment.

"It seems he's one of the Extraordinary Exponents that excels in recovery. We have to be careful not to let him have the chance to escape."

Shortly after, several guards came in and fastened Darren with numerous shackles, specially crafted alchemical tools designed to suppress the power of Bloodline and spellcasting talent.

For Extraordinary Exponents below the Transmutation Level, wearing these specially crafted alchemical shackles would render them no different from an ordinary person.

"Ah! Ahhh! Get away, don't, don't touch me!"

Darren howled in pain, but those people paid no heed to his feelings and were rough and cruel, leaving him disgusting gruel for food.

"You Cyart bastard, this is the fate you deserve, pah! Rot in your cell!"

He quickly understood that the Rhea's intent was merely to ensure he wouldn't die.

Once those people had left, Darren reluctantly took a few bites of the ghastly gruel. It was so vile, like cow dung, that he instinctively spat it out, then ate a few more bites before he couldn't help but break down in tears.

The fear, the grief, the pain, and the despair in his heart mingled together, and he writhed on the ground, unable to stop crying for a long time.

"Whimper, whimper..."

At that moment, his eyes started shining with a strange black light.

The sobbing Darren froze for a second, then realized with wild joy what it was—the gift from the great Lord of the Lost, the power of spirit runes!

"Destruction"?

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

Chapter 203: Chapter 195 "Iron Mask Man

In the gloomy prison cell, Darren sank into deep contemplation, escaping from here was not difficult at all.

Although his bloodline power was suppressed, his Power of Consecution had not been sealed, and the power of runes was the same; they could all be used. Therefore, breaking out of the prison cell or destroying the iron bars and shackles would be a piece of cake.

The key issue was what exactly lay outside the prison cell?

Were there powerful guards, what was the layout of the prison, and what kind of place was outside the prison?

The worst possibility was that the prison was on an island, surrounded by an endless ocean.

He knew very well that he needed to be aware of these situations in order to successfully escape back to the Fischer family.

"Ugh."

An unpleasant sound came from his throat again.

He needed to recover his strength, and quickly realized this, so he rapidly swallowed the revolting food, his eyes filled with hatred. He even ate the paste he had just vomited without leaving any of it behind.

The taste was indescribably foul, and he wanted to cry, but he forced himself to endure it.

He couldn't cry, what good would crying do? He was the eldest son of his generation in the Fischer family, and he couldn't just cry!

"Hahahaha! Hahahaha!"

After eating all the food, Darren Fischer burst into mad laughter, resolved that he would never shed a single tear again in his life!

When Darren gradually regained his strength, and even his injuries had completely healed, he starkly realized his skin did not return to its original state.

It seemed he would need a higher level of treatment to restore his appearance; the ugly burn scars would accompany him for a lengthy period.

"..."

Darren fell into deep silence, even though there were no mirrors or water nearby, he was acutely aware of the condition of his burned skin and could imagine that he must look as hideous as a monster!

"Meyer, I will never forgive you—I will not let you go even if I become a specter!"

His inner hatred for everyone in the Meyer family grew, wishing he could exterminate all the men of the Meyer family and sell their women to the natives of the White Sea!

"Sufferer must have been triggered; that's how I survived that bastard from the Meyer family..."

A few days later, Rhea physicians came to check on his condition again, and were amazed to find that he had completely recovered.

"This Cyart swine has a strong constitution and has recovered very quickly; he can be taken out to work now, just be careful—he's not supposed to be killed," they remarked.

Darren was soon dragged out by the prison guards. He feigned a trembling demeanor and soon saw the pitch-black surroundings outside his cell.

His cell was solitary, and all around were solitary cells as well—at least this dark level was filled with solitary cells.

The prisoners in those solitary cells all looked different, but what they had in common was that they were all wearing alchemical shackles made through alchemy.

He had a hunch that those people were likely Extraordinary Exponents.

As Darren was taken to another level, he saw numerous people mining ore while prison guards watched everyone from various vantage points.

So, the prison was built near a mine, and the prisoners were also forced to become mining slaves.

The prison guards found his appearance revolting to the point of physical discomfort, so they forced Darren to wear a crude iron mask.

"Put it on, quickly!"

He took the iron mask voluntarily and wore it on his face, feeling a nauseating rust taste beneath it, but he could only force himself to get used to it.

A prison guard kicked him from behind and bellowed, "Get over there and mine! Cyart swine!"

"I understand! I got it!"

Darren obediently went over to mine, not daring to even breathe heavily. He picked up the mining tools and started carefully learning how others were mining.

The prisoners all noticed the new guy, but under the watchful eyes of the prison guards, they didn't talk arbitrarily.

And after mining for a little while, he would curse the mothers of the Rhea People and the entire Meyer family in his heart, doing it over three thousand six hundred times in one go.

Darren pretended that his strength was completely sealed, barely completing the mining work, occasionally getting kicked in the back by the impatient prison guards.

When it was finally time for a break to eat, he approached the other prisoners to gather information, but as they seemed to be Rhea People, they punched him several times, full of anger and hatred.

"Stop! Stop hitting me!"

In reality, the punches of ordinary people had little effect on Darren's strong constitution, but it still hurt a bit. He chose not to fight back but continued to conceal his real strength.

"It's a Cyart swine!"

"Beat this son of a bitch to death!"

"Kill him! Kill him!"

Seeing that things were getting out of hand, the prison guards rushed over to restrain the commoners, but just then, Darren suddenly knelt on the ground, forcefully kowtowing to the prisoners who were beating him, the sound of his iron mask striking the floor resounded loudly.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!"

Without hesitation, he shouted at the top of his lungs,

"Grandpas, stop hitting me! I'm begging you, please, grandpas, spare your grandson!"

Darren's servile voice stunned the prisoners and the prison guards for a moment. Then came everyone's contempt, the prisoners spit on him one after another, disdainfully turning away.

For some reason, at this moment Darren didn't feel humiliated at all; instead, there was a strange sense of release deep inside him, and an even more bizarre sense of looking down on the situation.

It was as if he was watching another self doing all these things, feeling that the sufferer wasn't truly himself.

"Hahahahaha!"

A few days later, Darren learned some important pieces of news: that this prison was the largest in the Rhea Kingdom, located in the eastern part and housing thousands of prisoners.

Most of those imprisoned here were Rhea People, especially many opponents of the Meyer family; in fact, only a small fraction were Cyart people, less than one-tenth.

The Cyart people in the prison were terribly oppressed by the Rhea People, belonging to the absolute bottom of the prison hierarchy.

Two more important pieces of information he gathered were that the large prison was located on a remote mountain and that a sensory-type barrier surrounded it. The prison's management team consisted of over a dozen Extraordinary Exponents, with the prison director himself being a strong man at the Transmutation Level.

Because of Darren's iron mask, he quickly earned a nickname among everyone.

"Iron Mask Man."

Because of the cowardice he displayed from deep in his bones, no one in the prison respected him. Even his fellow Cyart prisoners thought he was embarrassingly disgraceful.

Darren had long stopped caring about how others saw him.

After he had collected the basic intelligence, he immediately began to devise a specific blueprint for escaping from prison.

"Escaping from prison is just the beginning. Then, I'll have to traverse half of Rhea, cross one and a half provinces to reach the East Coast Province."

"Or, maybe find a way to directly join forces with the Cyart army or with people from the Rhea Royal Family?"

"I have no idea about the geography of central Rhea. The real challenge will start once I've left the prison."

However, escaping from prison wasn't difficult at all for someone with the "Specter Body" and the extraordinary power of "Destruction". Darren just needed to create a disturbance in the prison first, ensuring not to attract the prison director's attention during his escape.

But was it just about escaping from the prison?

He felt that it wasn't enough; in fact, he was quite unwilling to let it be. Deep inside, he silently contemplated the idea that he absolutely had to make those Rhea People taste pain and despair.

Just the thought that those who had bullied and destroyed him were still alive, with loves, happiness, futures, kept Darren from sleeping well at night.

"Hehehehe..."

He looked at the Cyart prisoners scattered around at rest, enduring bullying while eating, and a strong idea surged within him.

I will escape with all the Cyart people!

That night, Darren, like a specter, expressionlessly passed through the walls of the cell, entering another prisoner's cell, then stretched his hand into a male prisoner's chest, partly releasing the Specter Body state, directly crushing the man's heart!

"Mmph!"

The male prisoner tried to scream instinctively, but his mouth was already covered. He died almost immediately.

Beneath the iron mask, Darren's eyes were piercingly cold, his hands dripping with blood, emotionlessly dismembering the man's body into pieces.

This was a Rhea man, no different from an animal in his eyes, regardless of age or sex.

"Specter Body" made it possible for his clothing to enter a spectral state, thus he could carry the dismembered pieces of the corpse through the walls.

Accordingly, Darren took those pieces of the corpse away, placing them in different cells nearby.

Because his movements were swift, cautious, and careful, no prisoner noticed his actions.

"Let's start some chaos first, hahaha!"

He could feel a kind of pleasure deep inside him when doing these things, an elation that was almost uncontrollable!

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

Chapter 204: Chapter 196: Madness!

In the gloomy prison, time seemed to have halted, and the dried bloodstains on the ground were laden with heaviness.

The prison guards routinely began to check each cell, but when they reached the cell of the deceased, they quickly discovered something astonishing.

"Eh, where's the person?"

To their surprise, that person had vanished! What was more terrifying was the considerable amount of fresh blood remaining on the floor!

"What in the world is going on?"

"The person has disappeared, and there's only a lot of blood left on the ground, quickly go and notify the Warden and the prison director..."

Upon learning of the situation, the Warden instantly realized something was amiss and said:

"Check all the cells, see if anyone else has escaped, and be careful! There could be Extraordinary Exponents who can move freely around!"

He sharply sensed that there might have been a jailbreak, after all, a living person turning into a pool of blood suggested the possible involvement of extraordinary power.

"We've found a body here, no, just some partial remains!"

"Ah! I've found some here too!"

"Damn, that's disgusting!"

The crowd was shocked to find a corpse in one cell, and then more bodies in several other cells, the remains scattered everywhere, with no one having any idea how they got there.

They immediately checked the status of all the Extraordinary Exponents, and none of the alchemically crafted shackles on them had been broken; evidently, the problem was not with the Extraordinary Exponent prisoners.

Everyone felt something eerie and sinister was at play, and with many mysterious beings in the world, people couldn't help but speculate if some ghost or demon was causing trouble.

Indeed, it was not impossible; sometimes places where the dead were numerous and bodies amassed could give rise to spectral beings like Specters.

Rumors of mysterious beings gradually spread, but such a rumor alone could not shake the minds of many in a short period.

Then, in the following days, sometimes there would suddenly be another death in the prison, and sometimes nothing would happen at all.

Even though the prison guards were on vigilant watch outside the cells almost every day, they had no clue how these people were dying.

Often, they'd only hear a scream, rush in, and then be greeted by a corpse!

How was the murderer committing these locked-room killings?

No one knew the truth.

But fear began to rise in the depths of everyone's hearts.

People grew increasingly anxious, many prisoners feared they might be the next to die, trembling and praying each time they returned to their cells after work.

With the already extremely oppressive environment of the great prison, it wasn't long until several prisoners suddenly broke under the pressure during mining work.

"Ahhhh! It's, it's divine punishment! Surely, it's the punishment of the gods! Hahaha!"

"Stop talking nonsense! Get back to work!"

The prison guards rushed over to beat the person, then dragged the madman away.

The lunatics' breakdown only heightened the tension, not only among the prisoners, but the prison guards felt an immense headache as well, with the fear within them slowly magnifying.

The Warden had no choice but to come and reinforce patrols personally, while the prison director wrote a letter to the Priest of the World Order Church, hoping they could come to the prison to determine whether some sort of mysterious being was causing chaos.

Darren observed everything silently, feeling the power of the 2nd Rank of the Path of Shadow about to be completely mastered by himself.

So, mastering the Path of Shadow was not so difficult after all.

Hahahaha!

"This is merely the beginning!"

Soon another rumor emerged among the prisoners, its origin unknown to all, but it grew more believable as it spread.

They said, those people were not killed by ghosts or demons, but secretly executed by the Meyer family, and indeed, to the horror of the masses, so far, the victims had all been strong opposers of the Meyer family.

In fact, Darren had been selective in his killings.

He targeted those Rhea People who opposed the Meyer family for death; though they were also enemies of the Meyer family, the Rhea killed by Rhea, which was not a cause for concern.

He wanted to deliberately create an atmosphere of opposition and tension; the more chaotic people's hearts were, the better. The prison mines were an inherently oppressive place, where everyone was gradually going mad, and he only needed to push them a little further.

In moments of idle contemplation, Darren would also ponder certain things.

"Perhaps everyone inherently possesses a side of madness that just requires something to draw it out, breaking through the iron bars imposed by secular conventions."

What he aimed to destroy was not merely the shackles on the prisoners' hands!

Finally, one day, a Rhea Extraordinary Exponent, overwhelmed with immense pressure and burdened with illness and pain, neglected his work, which resulted in a merciless beating from the prison guards.

"You swine! Get up and work! Get up!"

From a distance, Darren instantly realized that the opportunity had come!

He fixed his gaze on the stick weapons of those prison guards, harnessing the power of rune to "destroy" them silently, and in the next moment, they were all shattered, turning into black ash and drifting away.

"Ah!"

"What's going on?"

All who witnessed the scene were stunned, be they prison guards or prisoners, all recognizing that something was awry!

While everyone was bewildered, Darren again employed the power of rune destruction to shatter the alchemical shackles of the Rhea Extraordinary Exponents who were prisoners!

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

Chapter 205: Chapter 196: Crazy!_2

"Huh? What's going on?"

"How come the shackles on my hands are gone?"

"Them, look at their shackles!"

Everyone was once again stunned for a while, a few prisoners hadn't even decided whether to resist, completely baffled when the prison guards were already scared out of their wits.

They were all staring with their eyes wide open, screaming for help due to the immense fear deep in their hearts.

"They're going to escape! They're rebelling! They're going to kill us, attack now!"

The prison guards had no idea how the alchemical shackles had been destroyed or how the batons in their hands had vanished, they could only conclude that it was all the work of the Extraordinary prisoners!

So the prison guards hesitated no more and drew their flintlocks from their waists!

In that moment, the Extraordinary prisoners had no way out!

"Damn! Go all in!"

"Let's kill them together!"

"We move now!"

A few Rhea Extraordinary prisoners instantly knew their situation, and without hesitation, they launched an attack on the prison guards!

For a moment, gunfire rang out!

A few Extraordinaries continuously killed several prison guards and were hit by flintlock shots themselves, struggling to hold on.

The fear in people's hearts reached its peak, and just then, as more and more shackles vanished, ordinary prisoners joined the fray!

"Kill them!"

"Escape!"

"Don't let them get away, fire!"

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Soon, the prison guards' killing also began to escalate, with both sides suffering deaths continuously, everything speeding toward the most insane outcome.

Must not laugh, not yet, can't laugh here, if I laugh out loud I might draw attention!

Darren's heart was filled with cold intent.

Underneath the Iron Mask was a face brimming with mockery and malice, a silent smile that would've been utterly terrifying if anyone had noticed, but no one did.

Darren hid in the dark corner, clearly sensing that Mr. Theo was providing him with a steady supply of Spiritual Power through his "household management" Extraordinary ability.

"Thank you, Mr. Theo."

In fact, after almost every consumption of Spiritual Power, he had received long-distance replenishments from the old butler, making it quite apparent that they were aware of his captivity.

At these moments, Darren's heart would fill with hope for the future, clearly knowing that the Fischer family thousands of miles away hadn't given up on him!

I will definitely survive and return! I must see my father again! See Aunt Irene again!

The scene in the mining area was already chaotic, with heavy casualties; Darren had long since secretly destroyed the Cyart prisoners' shackles as well.

"Great! Reinforcements have arrived!"

"Suppress those scoundrels!"

Soon the prison's management joined the fray, and the guards, delirious with joy, saw a look of despair and fear surface in the prisoners' eyes.

Most of those managers were Extraordinaries, and with their combined efforts, they quickly suppressed the majority of prisoners, with few being able to put up an effective resistance.

In the meantime, Darren had already stealthily left the minefield as a "Specter Body" and had reached the corner of the walls next to the three innermost prison cells.

In the entire prison, only those three cells' occupants were exempt from labor since those imprisoned were powerful Transmutation Level Extraordinaries.

They held a much higher status than common prisoners because, even with alchemical shackles, they still possessed some level of Extraordinary power and had always been treated differently, never sent to do labor.

As for whether those three prisoners were Rhea People or Cyart, Darren hadn't managed to gather precise information.

He knew very clearly, however, that the Extraordinary imprisoned in the middle cell might be at the Middle Rank Transmutation, and even with alchemical shackles, had the power of Transmutation Level, easily capable of disrupting the balance of the entire melee if released.

"If I release that guy, even if the prison activates the barrier, it might not be able to suppress him. But if he's a Rhea person, then all of us Cyart people, including myself, would be in danger."

So after pondering, Darren decided not to release the strongest of all the prisoners. He merely used his "Specter Body" to reach the corner of the wall and secretly broke the alchemical shackles of two low-level Transmutation prisoners.

"Who's there!"

He fled at once, almost getting caught!

The perception of a Transmutation powerful expert was indeed entirely different! That was close! Hahaha!

"Good, good, wasn't noticed, hahaha! So thrilling!"

The process was fraught with danger, yet Darren felt a profound sense of self-satisfaction, eagerly anticipating the ensuing drama!

"Nobody move! Move and you die! Don't move! Count the numbers!"

The prison's barrier had been activated, identifying all Extraordinaries who hadn't contributed blood to the Array, suppressing their powers.

Thus, the chaotic bloodshed outside finally came to an end, marking the first phase. The ground was a mess, littered with bodies, the prison management standing tensely atop the blood-soaked soil.

Having just suppressed the prisoners, they too suffered severe casualties; the sheer number of inmates, many of whom were driven mad, and the events of recent days had gradually robbed people of their sanity.

"Finally, it's over," the Warden breathed a sigh of relief and immediately declared, "The prison director will arrive soon!"

"Swoosh!"

Suddenly, the crowd was assaulted by numerous icicles, an unheralded strike that wounded many among both the prison guards and prisoners.

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

Chapter 206: Chapter 196: Madness!_3

Even the Warden perished from that strike, his eyes filled with terror.

"The Warden, the Warden is dead!"

"They're coming out!"

The prison guards discovered in horror that two prisoners of the Transmutation powerful expert level had appeared at the same time!

Those two formidable prisoners, one was an elements spellcaster adept in ice attribute and the other a Bloodline Knight capable of transforming various garments into different types of combat armor.

Both were thin and wiry, one tall and the other short; both faces were marked with anger and a murderous intent.

At the same time, the prison director, also a Transmutation powerful expert, had already arrived at the mining field in alchemical heavy armor, holding a Treasure-class rare artifact. He saw the dead Warden and the two powerful prisoners at first glance.

"Don't panic! Let's take them down together! The barrier has already activated; it's suppressing their power. They are not truly Transmutation powerful experts; the advantage in battle is ours!"

The prison director, with a face full of black beard, a robust man in his fifties, sternly commanded the numerous prison guards to engage in battle with the two prisoners.

At the same time, he was cautiously wary and observing his surroundings, wanting to know if the strongest prisoner had been released.

Fortunately, that most troublesome guy wasn't here!

The two Transmutation prisoners had neither weapons nor armor, nor did they possess any Mysterious rare artifact. Their bodies were extremely weak, and they were being suppressed by the prison's powerful barrier. Soon, the elements spellcaster was killed by the prison director using the Treasure-class rare artifact.

"Ah! You damn dog of the Meyer family, go to hell!"

The other prisoner, the Bloodline Knight, desperately killed several Extraordinary Exponents and, seriously wounded and roaring, delivered a devastating punch that severely injured the prison director.

"You're the one who's going to die!"

The prison director, enraged, wanted to use the Treasure-class rare artifact again to kill the enemy in front of him, but he suddenly discovered in shock that his alchemical heavy armor had shattered, disintegrating into ash!

He quickly realized the source of the problem, as the only one brave enough to get near the two fighting was a prisoner wearing alchemical shackles and an Iron Mask.

"It's you!"

The prison director was furious and confused as to why that guy could still use Extraordinary power while wearing the alchemical shackles.

He had to distract himself for a moment to defend against Darren, but found that the attack only damaged the armor!

"Damn it!"

At that instant, the Bloodline Knight, who had turned his prison clothes into Extraordinary armor, seized the opportunity to launch a desperate attack. His punch, enhanced by the Extraordinary armor, was potent, and it shattered the prison director's neck in an instant!

"Thank you! Friend!"

The man, on the brink of death, spat out a mouthful of blood, his emotions soaring as he tried to thank the Iron Mask Man and hoped he could help him escape, even thinking about what promise to make.

However, Darren quickly rushed over, picked up the fallen Treasure-class rare artifact, and before the man could react, attacked him with it.

It was a small mirror that could emit beams of light, with extremely fast attack speed and capable of causing penetrative damage.

"You son of a bitch!"

He didn't expect the Iron Mask Man to turn on him so quickly. Unfortunately, in his near-death state, he couldn't defend himself and was soon killed by the light from the Treasure-class rare artifact piercing his chest.

And so the second wave of chaos ended. Few Extraordinary Exponents remained alive on the field, and only a few dozen prison guards were left, but there were still thousands of prisoners!

"It's him!"

"It's actually this guy, what the hell is going on, is he also an Extraordinary Exponent?"

"I remember that Iron Mask was just a pathetic, cowardly wretch!"

Everyone was stunned by the continually surprising developments; all eyes were fixed on that Iron Mask Man, who everyone thought was the most cowardly and disgusting, yet he managed to consecutively kill two strong opponents, which was way beyond anyone's expectations!

"Hahahahahaha!"

Darren finally couldn't help but burst out laughing, his inner grudges and fears seeming to explode at that moment, unfettered satisfaction surging continuously!

He was very clear about one thing, that almost no one below the Transmutation Level could threaten him!

Therefore, Darren quickly turned his body into a Specter, ignoring several flintlock bullets that followed.

The prison guards were dumbfounded, not understanding what was happening, only assuming the Iron Mask Man was a very powerful Extraordinary Exponent who could completely ignore the alchemical shackles' restraint!

His eyes blood-red and holding the mirror, he shouted almost madly:

"Hahahahahaha! Those who want freedom, continue to slaughter! Emerge victorious in this hell, and afterwards, I will take the victors away from here!"

The power of the 2nd Rank was fully under his control!

Even without him saying it, the prisoners were already getting up, eyes red, no longer willing to endure!

Everyone just wanted to descend into madness!

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

Chapter 207: Chapter 197 Radiance Island

In the eerie darkness of the vast sea night, the moonlight was obscured by thick clouds, leaving only faint starlight speckling the boundless ocean surface.

The Fischer family's fleet steadily sailed towards the depths of the Aphotic Sea; their destination was an island known as "Radiance".

Radiance Island was a very large island, populated by several hundred thousand inhabitants, over ninety-five percent of whom were slaves—Extraordinary powerful experts lived as slave masters, while their descendants and attendants were a rare few who were free.

Besides them, all others were merely different types of slaves, in essence no different from objects.

Around Radiance Island were hundreds of smaller islands, together known as the "Radiance Archipelago," and the entire Radiance Archipelago was under the complete control of the great overlord "Spirit Communicator".

"Spirit Communicator" was one of the eight great overlords of the Aphotic Sea, an Extraordinary powerful expert of low-level Monarch strength, a Spellcaster who mastered very terrifying Necromancy.

Before the mysterious emergence of the Spirit Realm, there was almost no research on souls in the Claud World, and Necromancy was generally very weak, so there were very few Necromancers who could reach the Monarch Level.

"Spirit Communicator" was likely one of the first few Necromancers in the world, his domain-etched Spells could instantly forge an entire formidable undead army!

Theo, holding a green telescope, gazed at an island, then put down his telescope and said aloud,

"We're almost there, the island in front of us is Radiance Island, there's no mistake!"

People should have been shouting with joy as they neared their destination, but in reality, nobody felt like responding.

On the deck, everyone stared at the pitch-black ocean, all feeling an uncomfortable sensation rising deep within them.

The waves sparkled with a pale glow in the darkness, like the smile of a specter; the dim moonlight that filtered through the clouds highlighted the contours of the undulating waves, making the whole sea seem even more mysterious and frightening.

The night seemed to completely devour the lightless sea, leaving only endless depth and the unknown.

The Aphotic Sea, a region of the Nine Seas where the sun never shone.

In the days since they had entered the Aphotic Sea, everyone had ceased to see the sun, and a certain pressure had been gradually building up in their hearts.

Vanessa stood on deck, arms crossed, pondering things.

Then, she turned to the old butler, Theo, and inquired, "So how is Darren doing now?"

Theo had been monitoring Darren's condition all this time. He felt the direction of the sea breeze and upon hearing Vanessa's question, he shook his head and said softly,

"His injuries haven't gotten worse, but he is using up Spiritual Power every day, probably doing something, but I can't know more, I can only keep supplying him with Spiritual Power."

The old man paused for a moment, then slowly said,

"I hope my help can give Darren Young Master some advantage and opportunity, or at the very least, provide hope, for I know that hope is actually what people lack the most in desperate situations."

Relieved upon hearing that Darren was doing alright, Vanessa nodded and said,

"It's good that his injuries haven't worsened; Darren might be trying to find a way to escape from Rhea. In any case, I believe the great Lord of the Lost will bless him."

Finally, the Fischer family fleet arrived at the coastal harbor of Radiance Island.

The pitch-black island seemed to be muttering with the unknown, causing a feeling of dread deep within the crew that made their blood run cold.

Their ship came to a complete stop, and the people of the Fischer family didn't disembark right away because they had not yet received permission from the nobles on the island.

Soon, several torch-bearing nobles from the island were seen, quietly leading the island's lord's guards, gradually approaching.

The nobles were all dressed in black robes, with strange black makeup around their eyes.

Leading them was a bald woman, also in a black robe, exceptionally tall, nearly reaching two meters. With black eyeshadow and lipstick, she looked quite bizarre, silently staring at everyone.

In a peculiar tone, she spoke up, raising her hand and said with rising and falling inflections,

"Foreigners from the Tempest Church, I am the first emissary of the great Spirit Communicator Marcus! This important transaction has long been awaited by the great Spirit Communicator Marcus!"

"Please follow us, to meet the great Spirit Communicator Marcus!"

The Fischer family members were somewhat surprised to hear this, as seldom did anyone prefix themselves with "great," a term usually reserved for deities; even the rulers of the Ouden Continent rarely dared to use the term "the great".

Clearly, the influence of the True Gods Church in the Aphotic Sea was not strong, otherwise they wouldn't have allowed the great overlord "Spirit Communicator Marcus" to so casually use "the great" to refer to himself.

Chris squinted his eyes, silently observing the first emissary, sensing a power not much different from his own.

Theo, on the other hand, turned to Vanessa and nodded very respectfully, saying,

"Madam Vanessa, as per His Excellency Byrne's instructions, you will be responsible for guarding the ship."

Vanessa stayed silent for a long moment but eventually nodded, finally saying,

"Alright, I understand, Chris, remember to be careful."

Byrne had never been to the Aphotic Sea, but he knew about the local customs and culture from books long ago.

He had ordered Vanessa in advance to stay in charge of the ship, not wanting her to follow the rest and enter the interior of Radiance Island for trading, fearing that Vanessa's soft heart for the slaves on the island would cause trouble for everyone.

Chris nodded slightly, not replying, but for once showed a rare smile towards his wife.

That rare smile of his was very charming, as if the coldness of the world suddenly became warm, the contrast making people's hearts ripple.

Afterward, Chris and Theo, along with several Extraordinary powerful experts and dozens of crew members, disembarked, and he also carried with him a precious sample of sunlight preserved in a can.

Upon reaching the island, they soon saw many slaves busily working.

The slaves were extremely exhausted and numb, wearing tattered clothes, their eyes nearly devoid of any trace of life.

The slaves all bowed their heads, not daring to look up at them, and would immediately kneel on the ground, prostrating themselves with their faces pressed against the earth, whenever approached.

The attendant soldiers and the nobles of Radiance Island, on the other hand, each walked with their heads held high, never lowering their heads carelessly.

Theo and the others felt it strange yet novel; it wasn't that they couldn't understand the situation, but they felt that they, a group of "civilized people," quite simply didn't fit in.

It was as if they had returned to the history recorded in books, to the Ouden Continent of a thousand years ago, a time when Extraordinary Exponents also existed as slave masters.

It was an era of complete domination of mortals by Extraordinary Exponents.

Because firearms had not yet been invented during that period, and collective spells and alchemy had not developed to the current level, even the city-states on the continent didn't have armies, only Extraordinary combat groups were responsible for all military affairs.

"What are you looking at!"

Suddenly, a soldier shouted!

Everyone was stunned for a moment, quickly realizing what was happening. A young slave, out of curiosity, had raised his head and glanced at Chris, who looked like an angel.

Chris also silently looked at him.

Then his action was noticed by the guards, who immediately rushed over to pin the young slave to the ground, swung the axes in their hands, and the next moment, beheaded him.

Everyone was stunned by the cruel scene.

Residents overseas are always known to be cruel and evil, but the severity of beheading for just one glance was something they had never seen before.

Blood flowed all over the place, and the head rolled at Chris's feet, its eyes filled with terror, staring at the beautiful man who looked like an angel.

Chris remained silent.

"Hmph!"

The bald First Messenger in a black robe let out a cold snort.

"I have always found you outsiders strange. Your nobles are simply too ignorant of etiquette, not knowing how to distance themselves from their servants, always being too kind to the slaves!"

Chris couldn't be bothered to speak, just quietly pondered in his heart.

The Aphotic Sea, although he did not like it here, this place was indeed very suitable for advancing on the Path of Authority.

The rigid hierarchy here should be very important for the advancement of the Path of Authority.

Theo exhaled in relief, glad that he had not brought Vanessa along; otherwise, a conflict might have arisen.

He smiled and nodded, saying, "Every place has its differences, but regardless, the mutual interest between us can remain consistent."

The First Messenger nodded slightly, no longer dwelling on those matters, and deep down knew better than to say much to the outsiders.

Although it was nighttime, the inhabitants of the Aphotic Sea were very active.

Because the Aphotic Sea had been without sunlight for countless years, they relied on moonlight and artificial lighting at night for illumination, engaging in various activities, while in daylight, when not a hint of natural light was present, they would choose to sleep.

The group passed through the poor dwellings of the slaves and after walking a little longer, finally saw a large black palace located at the foot of a high mountain in the center of the island.

That palace stood conspicuously at that location, utterly out of place compared to the many dilapidated dwellings of slaves below, and despite being not very far apart, there was a sense of separation from a different world!

The First Messenger raised both hands, still with a cadence of voice, and continued to speak:

"Let's continue on, outsiders from the Tempest Church! Our great Spirit Communicators are there, waiting for you. They have been looking forward to this trade!"

Chris squinted his eyes, already feeling the overwhelming aura emanating from a Monarch powerful expert inside the palace.

If that guy bore any ill intent, the Fischer family's fleet here might not have a single survivor.

However, they came under the banner of the Tempest Church for trade, so even if that great overlord truly wanted to betray them, desiring to directly seize this batch of goods, he must weigh the influence of the Tempest Church on the seas.

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

Chapter 208: Chapter 198 Spirit Communicator

The pitch-dark palace stood at the foot of a mountain under the night sky, its soaring towers lost in the darkness, its outer walls made of massive stones with not a hint of decoration.

A sinister silence filled the air around the palace, with only the whistling of the wind echoing through the emptiness.

As people approached the palace, they could feel a powerful enigmatic force, not emanating from the palace itself, but from the powerful monarch sitting within it.

Inside the palace's great hall stood hundreds of nobles from Radiance Island, all Extraordinary Exponents clad in black robes, their proud faces adorned with black makeup, looking quite eldritch and discomfiting.

Upon entering the palace, the party from the Fischer family saw the stairway in front of them gently ascend to a throne of dark gold at the very top.

There, upon the throne, they finally met the imposing figure, the great overlord of the Radiance Archipelago, "Spirit Communicator."

He was a towering, skeletal old man; even with his fragile frame cloaked in a gold and black robe, he stood over two meters tall, his pale bald scalp completely hairless, deep eye sockets that cradled bone-chillingly cold eyes that seemed not of this world, staring into them sent shivers down one's spine.

The members of the Fischer family were taken aback by the Spirit Communicator's appearance.

They had heard that the Spirit Communicator was a creature that had lived for over three hundred years in a state half alive, half dead, but they hadn't expected that he would truly appear more like a withered corpse than a human.

The person on the throne spoke.

"Hand over your goods to me, is this so-called bottled sunlight real?"

The voice of the Spirit Communicator was elusive, even more spectral than an actual ghost. Everyone except Chris began to doubt whether this being was human or some kind of mysterious entity.

Chris, however, could discern something was amiss. The Spirit Communicator was probably neither human nor a mysterious creature but was trapped in a special transitional stage without achieving complete transformation.

The Spirit Communicator.

He likely wished to transform himself into something like the blood tribe or other mysterious beings, a transformation that sadly did not fully succeed.

However, Chris's understanding of the specifics was limited by his knowledge.

Everyone in the Fischer family was well aware of Chris's reluctance to communicate, so Theo stepped forward to speak on his behalf.

The old man bowed respectfully, performed the greeting, and with a smile, handed over a clear bottle covered in golden runes to the Spirit Communicator's first envoy.

"What we want to trade is this very item—it contains the most precious thing in this sea area!"

The nobles from Radiance Island couldn't help but gaze at the clear bottle festooned with golden runes, their eyes betraying their excitement, for suspended in the bottle was a speck of genuine sunlight.

Even if minuscule, it was still remarkably eye-catching.

The Spirit Communicator calmly nodded slightly, and when the first envoy brought him the clear bottle, he gently opened it. The warm, soft sunlight instantly burst forth!

A flood of sunlight enveloped the surroundings, the Spirit Communicator's eyes widened, and though he could feel a pricking sensation all over his body, he could not help but immerse himself in the light, revealing a curiously eerie smile.

The sun!

Its radiance was utterly captivating!

One could never get enough!

All the island nobles looked on enviously at this scene, all eagerly drawn to the sunlight of the sun!

On the Ouden Continent, apart from the adherents of the Sun Church, people generally didn't see any fundamental difference between sunlight and other forms of light, such as firelight.

But that wasn't the case in the Aphotic Sea.

Those people who never saw the sun almost went mad with worship for the sunlight, while they mostly disregarded other forms of light, showing only a bit of reverence for the compassionate moonlight that fell every night.

In fact, Chris always found it interesting deep inside.

The deadly sunlight that has brought down judgments, something that these people used to disdain or even despise, has become their innermost treasured thing.

And the gentle moonlight that they have relied on for their entire existence holds a not-so-high status instead.

Indeed, what is unattainable is always best; what is easily obtained is never appreciated.

Eventually, the sunlight began to fade, and the Spirit Communicator sank into deep contemplation before he spoke earnestly,

"How much do you wish to sell it for? It doesn't seem as effective as Solar Gold. How long can it be preserved?"

Indeed, the effect of bottled sunlight was nothing compared to Solar Gold; realistically, the effect of about three bottles of bottled sunlight could only match that of a piece of Solar Gold.

But the key issue was that bottled sunlight was extremely cheap to produce, basically requiring only consideration for the shipping costs; the bottled sunlight itself virtually had no production cost.

"It can preserve sunlight for about three years!"

Theo smiled, stating the already agreed-upon negotiation.

"We would never take advantage of you. Lord Zayne of the Tempest Church believes that we should only charge one-tenth of the price in Solar Gold for each can of sunlight!"

"What?"

The many nobles of the islands were immediately astir, their eyes revealing immense greed, as undoubtedly many understood its huge potential value!

The Spirit Communicator pondered for a long time before speaking slowly, "I can offer you twice the price."

"Twice!"

Many from the Fischer family cheered, but Chris remained unmoved. Theo even frowned slightly, realizing that the Spirit Communicator must have some new condition to propose.

And sure enough, the Spirit Communicator's ethereal voice continued.

"But I have one extremely important condition, and that is, for you and Lord Zayne behind you to all swear an oath that from now on, your canned sunlight will only be sold to the master of Radiance Island, 'the Spirit Communicator'!"

So that was it. Theo understood the situation well.

It seemed the Spirit Communicator had realized the great business opportunity and wanted to become the exclusive intermediary for canned sunlight. However, the matter was too significant, and he simply couldn't give any response.

The Spirit Communicator nodded slowly and said:

"Hmm, since you can't give a response now, you should head back first."

Theo was stunned for a moment but quickly asked, "But what about the goods on this batch of ships? We can't go back empty-handed, and I believe you need them too!"

The pale old man on the throne continued calmly.

"I'll buy all those cans of sunlight for one-fifth the price in Solar Gold. As for after, if you don't agree to my demand, it doesn't matter. The future shipments will be bought at one-tenth the price."

The Spirit Communicator nodded slightly, his demeanor very composed and generous, without any intention to pressure the Fischer family.

Chris didn't say a word, but deep inside, he had an idea that it would indeed be useful to let Zayne take a twenty-five percent cut of the profits.

Without the reputation and prestige of the Tempest Church, they would have difficulty even landing on Radiance Island under normal circumstances, let alone communicate and trade with the great slavemaster, the Spirit Communicator. They might have been plundered even before setting a meeting.

The deal was eventually closed.

The Fischer family hastened to sell all the canned sunlight aboard their fleet, exchanging it for a substantial amount of money and resources, before they set sail back with the Spirit Communicator's demands.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, full of anticipation to return quickly to the Ouden Continent, back to East Coast Province.

Chris too was eager to see his sister; for some reason, these past few days he had found himself especially missing her.

But just as the Fischer family's fleet had just left the Aphotic Sea and reached the White Sea, suddenly, their lookout noticed a fleet appearing on the horizon!

"We've got trouble! Lord Theo, look quickly!"

"What?"

Theo also picked up his binoculars to look and then, his face drastically changing color, he put down the binoculars and bellowed:

"Damn it! That looks like the Sea God Cult's fleet! Everyone prepare for battle! Full speed to evade, we must accelerate!"

Soon, the Fischer family's fleet sped ahead, trying to shake off the pursuing fleet from the Sea God Cult. However, the opponent was already heading their way!

"Boom!"

Once within the range of the cannons, both sides fired instantly, then one cannonball after another flew through the sky, crashing into the water and raising plumes of spray!

Several ships were hit hard by the cannonballs, their hulls shaking violently, and the people on board were tossed about like bugs in a rolling can, tumbling in every direction.

Chris stood at the stern of the flagship, holding a dagger and short sword, ignoring the many stray cannonballs around him, staring at the ever-closer enemies, not feeling the presence of any Monarch Level powerful expert.

He spoke very calmly:

"Get closer to them!"

Theo nodded slightly and roared his orders, "Close in on the enemy! Everyone prepare for boarding combat!"

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

Chapter 209: Chapter 199: One Against Three

Cannons roared in the distance, smoke filled the air, and the vast sea was splattered with water.

The intense sound of explosions echoed across the white seascape, deafening to the ears.

Chris, paying no heed to the outside world, held his weapon and silently stared at the approaching Sea God Cult's fleet.

The moment to board was upon them!

There were no Monarch Level powerhouses among the enemy fleet, and the number of Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents wouldn't be too high, so he had no need to concern himself with anything else.

"Fire!"

Theo issued the command again as a cannonball struck the ship, immediately knocking everyone off their feet.

Immediately thereafter, another cannonball was about to fall, but was blocked by a red barrier created by Vanessa using the Punishment Gloves!

As the two fleets neared each other, they continued to bombard one another with cannon fire, gradually leading to some ships being unable to withstand the terrifying blasts and sinking.

Meanwhile, Chris stood on the deck, gazing at the flagship in the distance, sniffing out the scent of a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent through his Tracking Senses' extraordinary trait.

Ah, confirmed.

That person was the only worthy opponent among the many enemies.

He waited until the ship drew near, and when the distance was still hundreds of meters away, he suddenly leaped into the air, crossing the vast distance like a large bird and abruptly landing on the enemy flagship!

The enemies were all stunned, as leaping over a hundred meters wasn't something an ordinary Extraordinary could do—it had to be a very powerful expert!

"Board them! That's Chris Fischer of the Fischer family, let's kill him together!"

Chris immediately heard a female voice not far away, which also disclosed his identity, and then he quickly surveyed the situation on the enemy flagship.

There were many enemies, easily numbering in the hundreds, yet there were only fifteen Extraordinaries, three of them being Transmutation Extraordinaries.

One low-level Transmutation, one mid-level Transmutation, and one high-level Transmutation priestess.

The priestess, already of middle age, dressed in blue clothes and with a rigid face, looked very serious.

Based on information collected over the years by the Fischer family, Chris immediately judged that she must be one of the priestesses of the Sea God Cult, Priestess Cyan Blue.

Ah, aside from the three Transmutation Extraordinaries, he could disregard the rest, he quickly made the judgment deep within himself.

Priestess Cyan Blue's power of Bloodline and her brother Azure Blue's were identical, both could transform themselves into strange water beings and shoot out highly lethal cyan blue light.

"Shoot!"

Those soldiers wanted to shoot, but were quickly stupefied.

Chris's Nimble Body was exquisitely effective, dodging the attacks with lightning-fast speed, moving so fast he even cast afterimages, leaving the ordinary natives clueless on how to attack him!

Even firing a gun was useless; he could truly dodge bullets!

"Chris Fischer is very strong, be careful!"

The other two Transmutation powerful experts also launched attacks. The more powerful of them, a mid-level Transmutation Expert, was a fire-type Bloodline Extraordinary Exponent rare in the Sea God Cult, capable of spewing lava.

He took a deep breath and expelled a massive amount of molten lava flames, completely disregarding the lives of his subordinate soldiers, and in the process, many of his own people were killed.

However, Chris easily dodged it.

The other, only a low-level Transmutation Extraordinary, had the ability to cover his body with sea dragon scales and control ice, possessing strong defensive power.

Suddenly, Chris burst forth like a flying spear, rushing towards the weakest Transmutation Extraordinary with incredible speed. On the way, he wielded his weapon, slaughtering a dozen people, their blood and remnants flying chaotically around, causing the panicked native members to scramble away in terror!

"Aaah! Help me!"

The Sea Dragon Bloodline Extraordinary was terrified, retreating quickly as he watched that terrifying individual raise a hand, attempting to make an ice defense!

The black Fire of Sin instantly destroyed his ice armor, and then burnt his body; Chris effortlessly killed the low-level Transmutation Extraordinary right on the spot!

There were only two Transmutation Extraordinaries left, Priestess Cyan Blue and the lava-spewing man, who, seeing their companion being ambushed and killed, were both filled with shock and rage, becoming even more aware of the exceptional strength of their enemy!

"How could this be, is that person from the Fischer family so strong?"

Priestess Cyan Blue found it hard to comprehend. Although both were high-level Transmutations, it seemed that the other's strength was completely above her own!

She released cyan blue light over and over, only to have her attacks evasively dodged by her opponent, watching powerlessly as Chris Fischer, like a phantom, reached another one of her subordinates and swiftly decapitated him.

That head flew into the air; blood gushed from the severed neck, and the only remaining Priestess Cyan Blue realized the enormity of her predicament.

"I surrender! Stop!"

She immediately shouted out, no longer fighting in the form of a water being, having decided to completely surrender, hoping only to save her life and not to be killed like her brother and subordinates.

Meanwhile, Chris's "Countdown Timer" he had set two minutes earlier was up, and the next moment, a gray light caused everything around him to freeze for two seconds!

He approached Priestess Cyan Blue expressionlessly and without hesitation, he chopped off all the limbs of the middle-aged priestess.

"Aaaaaaaah!"

After the freeze subsided, Priestess Cyan Blue screamed miserably, writhing helplessly on the ground.

Chris, like a demon devoid of emotion, calmly grabbed her hair, climbed above the mouth of the sail, and displayed the mutilated body of Priestess Cyan Blue to all the natives of the Sea God Cult.

"Priestess Cyan Blue has been captured!"

"We've lost!"

In an instant, he caused a complete collapse in the morale of all the enemies, leading to the natives on the sea choosing to surrender or flee quickly.

"Long live Lord Chris!"

"We won!"

"Hahahahaha!"

The members of the Fischer family all cheered and jumped for joy, and then Theo immediately began to organize the crew to salvage the sailors and items that had fallen into the water, while Vanessa took charge of organizing a crew to repair the ship and treat the injured.

Chris, facing the sea breeze, took a deep breath, knowing clearly in his heart that there were actually not many among the Extraordinary Exponents below the Monarch Level who could threaten him now.

"Hmm..."

Among the people he knew, only Viscount Bast could be considered one, perhaps.

Undoubtedly, capturing the Priestess Cyan Blue of the Sea God Cult was a great achievement, and soon after, Chris found a Treasure-class mysterious rare artifact on her.

"Green Feather," it looked like a cyan feather, but in reality, as long as the "Green Feather" had touched any trace of the target, it could automatically seek the enemy and drift slowly toward the location of the target, and the most impressive thing was that there was no limit on distance at all.

"This guy is a priest of the Sea God Cult?"

Before long, Theo and Vanessa both saw the middle-aged woman whose limbs had been cut off and who was unconscious from the severe blood loss, Chris nodded calmly.

He did all this effortlessly, as though he had just caught a chicken instead of a high-level Transmutation powerful expert, a priest who ruled over a faction of the Sea God Cult.

Theo felt reassured for the Fischer family to have such a powerful warrior, and Vanessa, seeing Chris uninjured, sighed in relief.

Vanessa stared at the unconscious Priestess Cyan Blue and said solemnly,

"It was this person who came to kill us... It's strange, they seemed to know our shipping route in advance, the timing is a bit too coincidental."

Theo also felt that this was the case and nodded slightly, saying calmly, "Perhaps someone leaked the information about the route. After we clean up the aftermath, we need to question this person, as well as the other captives, and by comparing their statements we will know the truth."

Several hours later, after the interrogation was done, they learned of an astonishing piece of news!

The Priestess Cyan Blue had actually been commissioned by the Spirit Communicator of Radiance Island to intercept them. According to the agreement, they would take the money and resources the Fischer family had gained through trade, with the Sea God Cult obtaining thirty percent of the profits and the Spirit Communicator taking the other seventy percent.

Even after the attack and plunder, the Priestess Cyan Blue was instructed by the Spirit Communicator to deliberately leave one ship for the Fischer family to report back, not affecting the subsequent business between the Spirit Communicator and the Fischer family at all.

Vanessa was shocked and said with her eyes wide open,

"I really didn't expect that these people overseas would be so greedy and brutal! Their moral bottom line is even lower than that of the nobles on the continent!"

Theo hadn't expected it to be such a matter, but Chris was not very surprised.

Because, at the time, the Spirit Communicator had been too easy to talk to.

But considering the living environment of the residents on that island, the strict hierarchy, and the Spirit Communicator's image, he was definitely not a kind and orderly being.

Overseas is a barbarous land with no moral bottom line, where almost everything is starkly about the survival of the fittest.

The fleet finally returned to the port of Nasir Town, and as the ships gradually docked, everyone couldn't help cheering, with tears welling up in their eyes as they sang, touched that they were alive to return!

Many members of the Fischer family had come to the port to welcome them, and when Chris disembarked, he looked towards Byrne and the others who had come to greet him. He was about to ask about Darren's matter when he felt that something was very wrong.

The atmosphere was unusually heavy, and everyone was looking at him as if there was some very important matter that also involved him.

"..."

Chris calmly approached Byrne and suddenly realized something, unable to help himself, he spoke up,

"Where's my sister?"

He hadn't seen his sister, who had returned to the family, after coming back from the sea—it was logically impossible!

Byrne took a deep sigh, said nothing, and Chris felt stunned as if struck by lightning.

So that was it.

He felt a heart-wrenching pain surge like never before. It was the greatest agony he had experienced in his life, even more so than if his limbs had been smashed to pieces.

Soon, everyone was shocked to see a scene they had never witnessed before, nor could have ever imagined.

Tears slowly trickled from Chris's eyes.

His face was expressionless, yet he couldn't stop crying, his body trembling slightly until he was tightly embraced by Vanessa, who was also crying.

"Chris, Chris..."

Vanessa was also someone Hospital Director Irene had watched grow up. To her, Irene was also the best sister, an irreplaceable family member.

Archibald in the welcoming team couldn't help crying as well.

"Hospital Director Irene, she's gone, and didn't even get to see Chris for the last time... Damn it, why did it have to be this way?"

Theo sighed and asked, "Did Madam Irene return to the Lord's embrace because her time had come?"

"No."

Lilian stepped forward, shook her head in denial, and explained the events that had recently transpired to the stunned few.

"That's how it was. I believe my aunt was happy in the end. She has returned to the Lord's embrace, so we need not feel sad for her."

Lilian truly felt that way, and she wasn't afraid of death at all either because the great Lord of the Lost would surely take all of his devout followers.

"It's the Meyer family again!"

After hearing the whole story, those who had returned with the fleet were filled with hatred. Everyone but Chris gritted their teeth with a desire to rush immediately to the front lines.

Only Chris remained silent, saying nothing, his cold eyes filled with a purest form of killing intent.

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

Chapter 210: Chapter 200 The Divine Envoy Plan, Consecution "Enlightened One"

In the Spirit Realm, an intangible force left traces on the pale blue Spiritual Power, transforming it into entirely different forms. Soon after, they vanished like bubbles, difficult to keep shaped and intact.

"It seems there's some error in the manipulation, strange..."

Karl attempted to sculpt a new body within the Spirit Realm.

Irene could reincarnate because her soul inherently possessed vitality, allowing it to manifest all characteristics of a living being directly within a flesh and blood body.

If that was the case, he could not help but wonder further some time ago. If Irene's soul was infused into a non-flesh body, could she be resurrected in a non-human form and descend into the world once again?

Thus, Karl gazed at the nearly dissipating Spiritual Power, trying to combine them like he always did with runes, breaking and recasting them, building sand into towers.

It was as if he painted in the sky, outlining a brand new body made entirely of Spiritual Power. It would not be a true human of flesh and blood but a special and mysterious existence.

"If I really succeed, perhaps I could call the reborn her a Divine Envoy, a mystical existence created by my very hands."

"A life form made up of pure Spiritual Power will have none of the weaknesses of a flesh and blood body while possessing several times the Spiritual Power, making Irene even more powerful than she was in life."

"However, without the stability of a flesh and blood body, such a mysterious existence will dissolve quickly, unable to last long at all."

Karl silently reconstructed the new Divine Envoy Irene, even though it took a lot of time to construct once, but time was in fact the most inexhaustible resource to him.

"..."

Irene's soul smiled, staring calmly at the deity she deeply revered inside her heart.

She could feel an indescribable happiness in the depths of her heart, almost utterly engulfing her!

Finally, she could exist forever with the great deity.

The newer generation of the Fischer family, Christine and Karno, had both stepped onto the God Pantheon stairway.

First, Christine, who was wheelchair-bound, embarked on the Path of Authority, acquiring the Power of Consecution "Servant."

She was adept at calculation and even better at understanding hearts and sensing emotions; although seated in a wheelchair, it did not hinder her brilliance.

Despite her young age, Christine had already begun to be involved in the family affairs, and so everyone gave the adorable yet pitiful silver-haired girl a nickname, "Little Steward."

Christine was different from ordinary people, inherently bound to the destiny "Destroyer's Lover," which meant anyone who fell in love with her was likely to be doomed.

"It's not that it's meaningless, but one shouldn't dabble in such wicked things. The benefits are also very uncertain..."

Thus, without hesitation, Karl changed the "Destroyer's Lover."

Karl drew the Destiny's Trajectory for her repeatedly, and the first Destiny's Trajectory obtained was "Withering Flower."

The owner of "Withering Flower" is almost a scourge to all plants; any plant touched by the owner would wither rapidly, yet typically it has no use.

"A specialized type of Destiny's Trajectory, huh..."

Karl fell into thought.

He once again manipulated Destiny's Trajectory.

The next Destiny's Trajectory was "Peeking Eye."

He quickly realized that it was a Destiny's Trajectory very suitable for Christine. A person with the "Peeking Eye" could directly see through others' talents and gifts, and even their character.

For Christine, who excelled at management, it was like a tiger growing wings, a Destiny's Trajectory that would ensure a healthier development for the Fischer family in the future.

Christine was ecstatic, her face illuminated with an unceasing smile.

"Great Lord of the Lost, as your faithful servant, I will manage the Fischer family's affairs well in the future!"

Although she was still young, the precocious Christine already had a strong sense of duty to work hard to take over Uncle Byrne's responsibilities in the future.

She was very aware that she couldn't possibly fight on the front lines, so the only option was to assist the family from the rear.

The next person to step onto the God Pantheon stairway was Karno Fischer.

Everyone initially thought Karno would take the Path of Calamity or the Path of Conquest, or there was a very slight chance for the Path of Shadow.

Byrne, not skimping on the education of mystical knowledge, led to a basic understanding among the Fischer family members with the Power of Consecution about the various Paths.

To everyone's surprise, the path Karno ultimately chose was neither the Path of Calamity nor the Path of Conquest.

Though he was very good at fighting, he was not at all emotional. Instead, he had a kind of Lucius-like laziness, often knocking down mischievous kids with a smile and tossing them into dung pits.

...

He beat those unruly children, not merely because their mockery of his disability annoyed him, but more so to teach them a lesson, lest they commit greater mistakes in the future.

Thus, Karno struck back and later became the king of the town's children.

But deep down, he didn't care much about most things; even though he had subdued many troublesome children, he didn't feel losing their admiration would matter.

He even expressed a lack of pursuit for power, saying something so astonishing that no one could understand.

"I think, even living a lifetime as an ordinary person isn't such a bad thing. Even the Extraordinary Exponents lead tiring lives. After all, we're all merely people bound by certain things."

So, he finally embarked on a path no one had ever traveled before.

The Path of Revelation.

Consecution Power "Enlightened One"!

In the Spirit Realm, its image is a girl with her eyes covered by a black cloth, sitting indifferently at the center of a scale, her demeanor exuding a transcendent calm.

"The Path of Revelation?"

Karno murmured to himself, his thoughts a mystery.

Byrne was stunned too, finding it incredibly unbelievable. It was the Path of Revelation, a path no one in the family had ever set foot upon, and yet Karno had managed to step onto it.

"Karno, you've actually stepped onto The Path of Revelation?"

The others were also surprised, delighted, and shocked. However, since the ceremony was still ongoing, nobody dared to speak rashly. They waited until the ceremony was over before officially discussing the matter in the family hall.

In the Fischer family hall, Byrne wore a smile and nodded as he said:

"For decades, our family has finally seen someone walk the Path of Revelation! Karno, very good!"

"Ah? Am I the only one on the Path of Revelation?"

Karno was stunned for a moment.

Byrne nodded with a smile, looking at the puzzled Karno, and happily said, "In that case, all the thirteen steps on the God Pantheon stairway corresponding to the thirteen Spiritual Gateways are now set upon by someone."

"The Path of Revelation is the most special one, I had always wondered what kind of person could walk such a path."

After a moment of confusion, Karno asked, "Ah? What kind of person am I then?"

Byrne clapped him on the shoulder and said with a smile:

"Karno, the great Lord of the Lost would not be mistaken; I hope you walk far on this path. As for what kind of person you are, I believe you have the answer."

"Even without a definitive answer right now, it doesn't really matter. You still have plenty of time to find it."

Karno fell into a second of deep thought, then shook his head, laughing and no longer dwelling on the matter.

It didn't really matter what kind of person he was.

Whether he came to terms with it or not, it wouldn't bring about any change.

According to the rules recorded in the Lost Scriptures left by Irene, the late-night dinner after each ceremony was a very sumptuous feast.

Before the official start of the evening's banquet, Karno and Christine snuck away to an unused room, the twin brother and sister having been inseparable until they started sleeping in separate beds two years prior.

Christine, seated in her wheelchair, narrowed her eyes and sized up Karno for a while before pouting and saying:

"Honestly, I'm a bit envious of you! Karno! After all, you, fool that you are, have actually stepped onto the most special step in the God Pantheon stairway, and I'm a bit upset! No, very upset!"

Karno chuckled softly, whispering, "There'll be lots of tasty food at midnight, after all, there's a banquet coming up. Christine, shall we sneak into the kitchen now and grab a bite of something?"

Christine exhaled deeply, shaking her head as she said:

"I'm talking serious business with you, Karno!"

Karno was taken aback; he shook his head and exclaimed loudly, "Eating is not serious? Please, don't underestimate the importance of eating."

Christine couldn't understand, finding it unreasonable, she said, "Could eating possibly be more important than extraordinary power?"

Karno nodded without hesitation, responding, "I think they're about equally important—sleep, extraordinary beings, extraordinary power, they're all pretty much the same in terms of importance."

Christine was somewhat at a loss for words, realizing as they grew up, the gap in their values was also widening.

In fact, Karno's mentality was a bit too detached.

Christine furrowed her brow, suddenly struck by a thought and muttered, "Could it be this kind of mentality that enabled him to step onto the Path of Revelation?"

...

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

Chapter 211: Chapter 201 Consecution "Trainer" and "Blackmith"

The physical enhancement for an "Enlightened One" is 5, while the increase in Spiritual Power is 5.

After Karno became an "Enlightened One," the Extraordinary trait he obtained was "Enlightenment."

"Enlightenment" provides an Extraordinary power that occasionally gives Karno some flashes of inspiration while dreaming, although they are often just fragmented pieces. These fragments could come from the past or the future; they might not always be useful but could potentially be very significant.

Theoretically, the 1st Rank on the Path of Revelation is one of the weakest among Extraordinary Exponents in terms of combat strength.

Even when fighting ordinary people, the "Enlightened One" does not have a guaranteed chance of victory, but Karno himself is a very capable fighter with innate Divine Power, which makes a difference.

As a child, he could already defeat adults, and now, as a child with enhanced physical attributes due to becoming an Extraordinary Exponent, he could even triumph over seasoned veterans.

The Destiny's Trajectory Karno received is that of the "Premonisher," which simply put, is a danger premonition. When danger approaches, he would suddenly feel tense inside, and would immediately realize that a crisis is about to unfold!

After obtaining Extraordinary power, Karno soon discovered something astonishing.

All he has to do is eat, sleep, and daydream, and the Power of Consecution will gradually be digested and mastered.

"What?"

Karno also found it preposterous, and then he went to speak with Byrne about it; even the recorded Byrne was incredulous, finding it hard to believe it could be so easy.

When he left Byrne's side, he was very excited, muttering, "Wow, is it really this simple to embark on this path? I'm going to sleep, sleep!"

Several months later, two more members of the Dawn Church stepped onto the 2nd Rank of the God Pantheon stairway.

They were Colin, a merchant of the Daybreakers' third generation, and another Daybreaker, Owen, who each embarked on the Path of Contract and the Path of Forging respectively at the 2nd Rank.

The 2nd Rank of the Path of Contract is "Trainer."

The physical enhancement is 10, while the increase in Spiritual Power is 15.

The ability it possesses is "Training," which is a rather effective support ability in low-level combat, as it can temporarily bestow the 1st Rank Extraordinary power randomly to two ordinary people through a pat on the shoulder.

The effect lasts for about thirty minutes, and it works even if they move away from the Trainer. However, each "Training" session consumes a significant amount of Spiritual Power equivalent to 5, so it cannot be used repeatedly too many times.

Although the specific outcome of "Training" is like a lottery, its minimum and maximum effects aren't too low.

If it's a rank that is not adept at combat, even a 2nd Rank Extraordinary Exponent may not be able to easily defeat two 1st Rank Extraordinary Exponents who are skilled at fighting.

Of course, conversely, if the two ordinary people temporarily strengthened by the Trainer are both "Enlightened Ones," then the enhancement would be very minuscule.

The probability is not very large, but it's not impossible.

A very obvious thing is that the Trainer is clearly not suitable for solo combat; his ability is only effective on ordinary people and won't have much effect on other Extraordinary Exponents.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, hahaha! Colin, thank you for gracing me with power!"

Colin was very excited, the Fischer family was becoming stronger, and the number of Daybreakers was increasing.

As a third-generation Daybreaker, he didn't want to be caught up by his juniors, and reaching the 2nd Rank before the age of thirty meant a bright future ahead!

Well, it's almost certain for him to step onto the 3rd Rank, and there is even hope for the 4th Rank, hahaha!

He even fantasized about a sliver of possibility of reaching that unknown 5th Rank to obtain power akin to that of Monarch powerful experts, though it was only an extremely faint possibility, it still excited Colin to his core, full of hopes for the future!

Another younger Daybreaker who stepped onto the God Pantheon stairway pursued the Path of Forging.

His name is Owen.

Owen is not a blacksmith, but a young Clockmaker, specializing in repairing and manufacturing clocks and watches. However, the Path of Forging is not limited to ironwork; any dedicated craftsman is suitable for this path.

The 2nd Rank Power of Consecution on the Path of Forging is "Blacksmith."

His physical enhancement is 14, while the increase in Spiritual Power is 11.

Meanwhile, Owen had gained two brand new extraordinary powers, namely "Mold Making" and "Smelting."

The former allowed him to instantaneously create alchemical tools he had used before, though these tools were unfinished and not as powerful as the completed ones. The advantage was that they could be made instantly and didn't consume much spiritual power.

The latter could release intense high temperatures from his own arm, the searing heat engendered was capable of destroying anything it touched, with tremendous power. The downside was that it required careful handling and consumed a significant amount of spiritual power.

"Thank you, great Lord of the Lost,"

Owen's demeanor remained quite impassive, merely expressing gratitude to the great Lord of the Lost without excessive excitement, which contrasted starkly with Colin's approach.

Up to now, Lilian had conducted sacrifice rituals time and again.

She had become quite adept at the entire process, effectively becoming a true priestess of the church, having gained recognition from everyone.

However, Lilian felt that mere recognition was not enough; she sought to do better than her aunt, aspiring to be someone revered by people.

"Yes, I can do better, I must be able to..."

On the path of God Pantheon stairway, more and more people from the Dawn Church began to embark on a longer journey, yet only Chris had stepped onto the 4th Rank.

In fact, there were many who had already mastered the power of the 2nd Rank Consecution, such as Yeager, Theo, Archibald.

They were in constant search for the ritual that would allow them to advance to the next rank, yet without success, and if unlucky, one could theoretically be stuck for a lifetime.

In the East City District of Nasir Town.

The slums had undergone drastically different changes compared to decades ago.

Its former filth, dirt, and rampant crime had considerably diminished, especially the environment of public safety, which had become even safer than the affluent areas of other towns on the East Coast.

Your journey continues at m v||-e-

It all stemmed from the management of the Fischer family, and the force that had provided significant help with governance issues was none other than the Dagger Brotherhood.

They might bear the name of a gang, but in reality, they were quite different from the gangs in Fein City, resembling more an independent subsidiary power of the Dawn Church, with internal order completely controlled by Moore Shelby.

As a result, he successfully completed the ritual discovered by Vanessa and reached the 3rd Rank, subsequently becoming "Hand of Judgement," just like Vanessa.

"..."

The grizzled Moore sat calmly in his room; the Shelby family had now also become the second most prominent family in Nasir Town, their reputation known to all.

He could feel a significant increase in his power; having reached the 3rd Rank, he had indeed secured a place for himself in the circle of extraordinary beings.

"It's still not enough, just the 3rd Rank is not enough. At least let me achieve the 4th Rank, I still have much time left."

The grizzled Moore was just over fifty, but he believed he could live at least another twenty years. In the next twenty years, he definitely aimed to become a more powerful extraordinary individual.

He had never been married, yet his two brothers had between them five children, all of whom were Blood Receivers. In a few years, they too would receive the grace of God.

"We are different from them, much fewer in number..."

Moore closed his eyes. The Shelby family and the descendants of Old Theo were initially called Proselytes by the Dawn Church, as opposed to those who came out of the orphanage, who were called Daybreakers.

According to the Lost Scriptures compiled by Irene, the offspring of Daybreakers would also be classified as Daybreakers, while the offspring of Proselytes would still be considered Proselytes.

While it might not be apparent to Byrne and Chris, in reality, there was some tension over interests between their people, although it was not intense enough yet.

"The number of Daybreakers is increasing, which is disadvantageous for us. It wouldn't be good if the descendants of the Shelby family were to be marginalized..."

Most Daybreakers saw Yeager and Vanessa as their leaders.

Moore had met that Daybreaker leader named Yeager and had the strong suspicion that the man was no ordinary person; he was likely to reach the 3rd Rank on the Path of Conquest soon.

"Forget it; let's not dwell on these things for now. If I can reach the 4th Rank first, it will be more important than any other speculation or thought. Having enough power, I can solidify my position completely."

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

Chapter 212 : 202 Steam Locomotive, Railway, The Lion's Council

Time snapped like a kite string, fleeting in an instant.

Two years had passed since Darren Fischer was captured, and he had not returned to the Fischer family for two whole years, yet based on Theo's "household management" abilities, it could be confirmed that he had not died.

However, no one actually knew his exact situation at the moment.

At first, Byrne was constantly worried about his son, but he had now forcibly adapted, although he still prayed for Darren once a week in the sacrificial chamber on the second sublevel.

As time went on, the number of Extraordinary Exponents under the Fischer family's command had grown increasingly larger, but those from the third generation of Daybreakers all kept their abilities hidden.

Even the three brothers from the Dagger Brotherhood continued to present themselves as ordinary people, never revealing their true status.

Not even Yeager, Inna, and Mormir from the second generation of Daybreakers had exposed their real strength. In fact, only Savoie, who joined the army, appeared as an Extraordinary Exponent.

Therefore, the outside world had no clue that the true Fischer family had expanded to a terrifying extent, and they still thought that they were just an average viscount family on the East Coast, one that relied on recruiting a small number of Extraordinary vassals.

The Dawn Church remained hidden and cautious.

However, the so-called Lost Cult's growth had become more and more substantial, at least in the exaggerated legends of the people.

At some point, many began to link the black cross of light in the Spirit Realm with the Lord of the Lost, each trying to figure out how to communicate with Karl.

However, Karl only listened to those people's prayers, unable to do anything for them or engage in meaningful communication.

He was now focused on constructing his Divine Envoys, wishing to create a mysterious being composed purely of Spiritual Power, every moment immersed in the joy akin to assembling a towering mecha.

The infrastructure in Nasir Town gradually unfolded, and some of Byrne's grand plans would take decades to complete. He wasn't even sure if he would live to see the day they came to fruition.

But Byrne could imagine and was willing to believe that day would definitely come!

By strengthening the education of the Nasir townsfolk, his grasp of the 3rd Rank power had increased daily, and he had completely mastered the "Mysterious Scholar," which was originally expected to take a decade to assimilate, now fully apprehended.

"Finally reached this step, it has not been easy..."

Next, all he had to do was find and complete the ascension ritual for the 4th Rank of the Path of Knowledge! His extraordinary power would then skyrocket, and he would become an influential power in the East Coast Province!

The Fischer family eventually made a deal with another great overlord on the Aphotic Sea, the "Heart of Gold." Over two years, they had earned a good deal of money by selling canned sunlight, but soon there were more than one power selling the same.

Byrne was not surprised at all, considering the "Solar Gold" technology had been sold to more than one person at the Alchemy Council, so it was natural for it to spread.

The Fischer family was already very powerful, but still far from touching the Lion clan, the overlord of the East Coast, and even fell short of the once powerful Eagle clan.

Byrne knew that everything was still not enough.

"If I could reach the 4th Rank, the situation would change again, hmm."

"However, by then, the rise of the Fischer family in the eyes of the outside world will seem even more exaggerated, definitely attracting more attention from other forces."

Fein City, the Lion clan's manor.

This luxurious manor had been remodeled repeatedly in recent years, becoming even more sumptuous. As industrialization gradually set in, the Lion clan reaped more and more profits from it.

With factory after factory being established and a massive influx of population, the natural environment of Fein City had deteriorated significantly, but all that seemed irrelevant to the Lion clan.

Viscount Bast, inheriting from Viscount Xavier, had steamboats churned out from shipyards, one after another, to gradually replace traditional sailboats.

Then, Byrne discussed with Viscount Bast the design of the steam locomotive, the construction of the railway, and finally decided to lay the first railway in Cyart in the near future.

It would run straight from Fein City to Nasir Town, but did not yet have an official name.

Many began to realize that a truly different era had arrived.

Today, several important members of the Lion clan held a secret meeting in a dedicated conference hall.

The Lion clan's special conference hall was well-lit, yet very sealed off. The servants were never allowed into this room.

The white-haired Chief Renzo looked exhausted, staring at a map and said, "The battlefield continues to push forward, yet Abel says the war over there is intense and hopes we can provide support on all fronts."

Viscount Bast was quite aged, leaning on a walking stick, squinting his eyes, and nodded.

"Hmm, the battlefield doesn't lie, since it's still advancing, it means our joint forces with the Rhea king are gaining the upper hand."

He shifted his tone, adding:

"But Abel is indeed struggling, as Rhea, once fragmented, is now uniting. More and more Monarch powerful experts join the battlefield, capable of potentially wiping out a whole troop with a surprise attack."

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

Chapter 213 : 202: Steam Locomotive, Railway, Lion Convention_2

At this point, Viscount Bast burst into laughter.

"Hahahaha, those nobles were not completely loyal to the Meyer family to begin with! And what happened? The Rhea Royal Family came looking to us, the Cyart people, for help and suddenly their prestige exploded!"

Chief Renzo nodded, indeed that was the case. The Rhea Kingdom was mountainous and, although formally a nation, had always been in a loose feudal state.

Therefore, many lords had a strong sense of independence. They were indecisive at the outset of the war and unclear about which side to support, quietly observing.

Now there was no need to choose, for the old monarch of Rhea had already made the choice for them.

The King had already committed treason by joining forces with the Cyart people first!

Viscount Bast, already advanced in age, had left the front lines due to an injury six months ago and returned to Fein City to recuperate, but ended up dragging out his absence for half a year without returning to the front.

Many people were unaware of the real reason, in fact, even within the Lion clan, very few knew what was going on.

There was, of course, a very important secret with Viscount Bast.

That was, he was about to break through to the Monarch Level!

In over a hundred years since the establishment of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, aside from the Ten Great Families and the Church, no new Monarch powerful expert had ever emerged from any of the recognized legitimate forces.

Therefore, the fact that he was about to break through to the Monarch Level involved too much and was too widespread; Viscount Bast had always kept it a secret.

Only a few of the most important people within the Lion clan, as well as Byrne Fischer, were aware of this matter.

"I am about to be promoted to Monarch, and then the Leone family, the Lion clan, will become a new great family outside of the Ten Great Families. That will be the day we reshape the pattern of the Eastern Four Kingdoms!"

Viscount Bast's eyes shone with high-spirited ambition, and the people from the Lion clan were also full of respect and longing!

For so many years, there had never been such a person or event in Cyart!

Chief Renzo frowned and looked at his brother seriously, slowly saying, "Some people from the Ten Great Families will definitely try to stop us, not wanting a new force to come to the table."

"Renzo, it's okay because Duke Black Iron from the Romann family has decided to fully support my breakthrough..."

Viscount Bast paused for a moment and then said with a smile, "He is also looking for an exit strategy and support for the Romann family after his passing, and he definitely does not want anything to happen to me. Although Duke Black Iron himself must be present at the front lines, by that time, two other Monarch powerful experts from the Romann family will come to Fein City to help me."

Chief Renzo pondered for a moment and then, narrowing his eyes, continued:

"The Fischer family is becoming stronger and stronger; one could even say that aside from us, in the East Coast, Fischer is almost the strongest family."

Viscount Bast did not deny it, but simply nodded calmly before asking, "Indeed it is so. What about it?"

Renzo fell silent for a long time, eventually deciding to speak his thoughts.

"What I mean is, shouldn't our Lion clan be a bit more cautious of them? Just in case, I mean just in case, if your breakthrough fails, perhaps in a few decades our family might be suppressed by Fischer."

Viscount Bast also fell deep into thought, his eyes revealing a hint of weariness and some reluctance.

"I really don't want to do that."

"Renzo, I really like Byrne Fischer. In all these years, among the many people I have met, most of them are full of promises, saying nice things, but they are either insincere or change their minds after some time. Byrne is different."

"In the entire world, there are hardly any who truly value loyalty and righteousness; even those connected by blood might betray each other!"

Because of that last sentence, Renzo couldn't help but roll his eyes. He also understood his elder brother's high regard for Byrne, not expecting there to be such a deep bond between them.

He couldn't help but tease, "You're practically treating him like a son of your own, Bast."

"Hahahaha, it's not unreasonable to understand it that way," Viscount Bast laughed heartily, not denying it at all.

Renzo continued to press on, "So you really don't plan to take any measures against the Fischer family, just because you believe in Byrne, thinking he will never betray you?"

Viscount Bast squinted his eyes, smiling as he spoke:

"I even sincerely hope that Byrne will one day reach the Monarch Level; deep down I feel that he and I will have hundreds of years of cooperation ahead."

Suddenly, Renzo raised his voice and exclaimed:

"But I must remind you of something, what if Byrne never reaches the Monarch! Without Byrne, his loyalty and sense of honor will not be inherited!"

"The worst-case scenario is that you fail, Byrne fails, and it's Chris or someone else who succeeds! Can you still guarantee the relationship between the two families then? What about decades later? Therefore, coming up with a contingency plan for the Fischer family in advance is more in line with your character, Bast!"

Renzo paused, squinting as he said:

"You should be able to feel it, right? The Fischer family has always had some deeply hidden ace up their sleeve, likely akin to those demonic secrets of yours; otherwise, they couldn't have resolved so many seemingly fatal predicaments time and again."

After listening to his brother's heartfelt words, Viscount Bast lapsed into deep silence before finally nodding gently and saying, "I understand, you make very good points, indeed I was a bit muddled."

"I'll devise a way to deal with the Fischer family before reaching the Monarch Level."

He stared calmly at the worried Renzo; indeed, even his own brother had not noticed the secrets hidden in his heart.

Hehe.

Although there were indeed some feelings, Bast had never truly trusted the Fischer family.

It was only because the "emotional card" was indeed effective that he had played it with Byrne from the start.

Decades of association did develop emotions, but Bast was very confident that he would not succumb to these feelings; he had been clear on this when he killed Xavier.

The old man narrowed his eyes, which harbored ill will, and smiled faintly.

After he became a Monarch powerful expert, whether to support Byrne and Chris as new Monarchs or to feed them to the demons would naturally depend on the loyalty and threat level of the Fischers!

Some time later, Viscount Bast personally arrived at Nasir Town and secretly made his way to Fischer Manor.

He quickly entered the drawing room and smiled at Byrne.

"It's been a long time, this time I'm here to discuss not steam locomotives or railways, but something else of great importance."

Byrne was silent for a moment before fixing his gaze on Viscount Bast, saying, "Let me guess."

"Monarch!"

The two men uttered the word in unison and then both revealed smiles.

Afterward, Byrne and Viscount Bast discussed his imminent breakthrough to the Monarch Level with great seriousness.

After pouring the tea and falling into a prolonged silence, Byrne asked solemnly, "Lord Bast, what do you think the chances are of reaching that glorious palace?"

Viscount Bast was blunt and answered earnestly:

"The likelihood is quite substantial, fifty percent, and the Romann family's influence will lend significant support. As long as this matter isn't leaked, there's a good chance I'll break through to the Monarch Level smoothly."

Fifty percent?

Byrne looked at Viscount Bast in surprise; a fifty percent chance was very significant—there was hardly ever a higher probability of breakthrough.

Even the most talented individuals have a fifty percent chance of failure!

For most, the likelihood of making it from the Metamorphosis Phase to Monarch and truly opening that door was only twenty to thirty percent!

Viscount Bast continued:

"The majority of powerful experts are in Rhea. If my breakthrough were to leak out, not many would come to cause trouble, but at that time, any assistance would be crucial."

Byrne clearly understood the implication of the words and nodded earnestly, saying, "I understand! The Fischer family will certainly help with all our might!"

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

Chapter 214: Chapter 203: The Third Tier "Court Attendant" and the Overseas Base

"It seems that I have already reached my limit."

Within the courtyard of the Fischer Manor, Theo, with his full head of white hair and still robust and tall figure, stood calmly with his hands clasped behind his back, once again attempting to harness a new power.

"Majesty."

With just a hardening of his gaze, an intense aura burst forth from the old man!

He then extended his hand again, and a reddish flame instantly condensed into a blade, as if it could effortlessly burn and destroy flesh, continuously crackling and popping.

"Hmm, this is indeed the limit, given my lifespan, there won't be any more possibilities in the future."

Theo smiled, feeling not the slightest dissatisfaction; he had lived a long enough life.

He finally reached the 3rd Rank of the Path of Authority last month.

That was the Consecution power known as "Court Attendant."

Theo had long ago assimilated the Consecution power of the 2nd Rank of the Path of Authority, and, fortunately, he found the ritual for promotion to "Court Attendant" right away.

All he needed to do was to serve the main members of the family diligently, as usual, to gradually complete the ritual for promotion to Court Attendant.

Byrne, too, was pleased to record this ritual, finding it quite straightforward, whereas Christine, who had also set out on the Path of Authority, was not as willing.

She simply did not like to serve others, but if she truly reached that point in the future, she would have no choice.

When Theo was promoted to "Court Attendant," the extraordinary materials Lilian sacrificed were the 3rd Rank "Black Golem Eye," which were the eyes of a pitch-black constructed creature that emitted a powerful red light when enraged in life. After death, that light would become fixed and could even be used for illumination at night.

The representation of "Court Attendant" in the Spirit Realm is that of a servant holding a scepter, with eyes filled with intense loyalty and pride.

After reaching "Court Attendant," Theo's physical condition improved by the equivalent of 50 points, and his Spiritual Power increased by 20, no doubt leaning more towards enhancements for close combat.

At the same time, he also gained three new Extraordinary traits.

They are "Vigilance," "Courtly Majesty," and "Blade of Flames."

"Vigilance" allows a Court Attendant to, on the very first moment they wake up on Monday each week, choose one of the seven days of the week as their designated day of Vigilance.

On that day, his Spiritual Power and physical condition would greatly increase, almost to the point of doubling!

If no choice is made within ten minutes, then Monday will be the default day for "Vigilance."

"Vigilance" is less a "guardian" type of ability and more suited for premeditated attacks.

"Courtly Majesty" is a kind of bullying, spirit-attacking aura that could directly cause fear in those weaker than oneself, and the weaker the person, the greater the effect, with a base influence diameter of fifty meters. The more Spiritual Power consumed, the larger the fear radius could be expanded.

However, "Courtly Majesty" isn't very effective against Extraordinary Exponents of the same rank and useless against more powerful ones.

Meanwhile, "Blade of Flames" means that a Court Attendant can instantly create a flaming blade in hand, hotter and more powerful than those created by Mysterious Scholars.

The downside is that the flaming blade cannot be thrown, only used in close combat, significantly reducing the range of attack.

"Mr. Theo, I have something to report,"

At that moment, Rishia from the Path of Divine Sacrifice approached the old butler Theo and didn't hesitate to say:

"I have discovered 'pests.'"

"So?"

Theo raised an eyebrow. Spies infiltrating the family were nothing new.

However, Rishia's next words caused Theo's face to drastically change.

"They are from the Lion clan."

The white-capped ocean, shining under the sunlight like bright diamond sparkles, seemed like the most beautiful painting crafted by nature.

"Whooooosh!"

The steamship whistled past the sea, exuding a strong scent of coal and dispersing thick smoke into the wind. The ship left behind white, rippling foam on the water it traversed.

Its sound was like the deep chimes of a distant bell, accompanied by strong roars and jetting noises, filled with the stunning power of the Industrial Age.

In the steam boiler, water gradually boiled into steam through combustion, then traversed pipes to reach the cylinder, driving the pistons to work. The cooling steam was led through ducts into the condenser to recondense back into water, and the piston's repetitive up-and-down movement was transformed into the rotation of the ship's shaft!

The early version of the steamship still had a wooden structure. The Lion clan's shipyard hadn't yet built an ironclad ship, but even so, the advanced nature of the steamship was already greatly demonstrated.

This steamboat belonged to the powerful Fischer family of the East Coast Province, and it could travel across the sea without the need for wind power, a gift from the Lion clan a year ago.

Soon, the steamboat arrived next to a small island and docked at the pier, where over ten thousand White Sea natives and several hundred soldiers of the Fischer family armed with flintlocks resided, among them ten Extraordinary Exponents.

This was a secret maritime base belonging to the Fischer family.

The increasingly aged Cyan Blue stood calmly by the sandy beach of the pier, ready to greet the arrival of the steamboat at the earliest opportunity.

Clad in a black robe and bearing a seven-tenths resemblance to Irene, Lilian disembarked from the boat with a tranquil expression, and Cyan Blue quickly approached, bowing respectfully, "We have awaited your arrival for a long time, my lord, and the people here will surely build the base according to the Fischer family's wishes, while the supreme will of the Lord of the Lost will certainly shine on more people!"

Her voice was sincere, and Lilian nodded lightly.

After being imprisoned for a long time and subjected to Lilian's various tortures and brainwashing, Cyan Blue had an epiphany and finally decided to convert, becoming even more devout than ordinary believers, ultimately a person of devout faith.

Because Lilian wanted to ascend to the 3rd Rank, she needed to create devout individuals to complete the ritual, so Cyan Blue's transformation into a devout person had to be genuine, which naturally made Lilian feel the ebullition of spirituality.

She consumed the Shadow of the Lost supported by blood, passed through the Gate of Shadow, became a Proselyte, and stepped onto the God Pantheon stairway on the Path of Divine Sacrifice.

Feeling immense benefits, Cyan Blue was thrilled and became even more devout than before!

What about avenging her brother?

That man dared to offend the supremely exalted God's Favored clan, the Fischer family; it was his rightful demise!

Hence, the Fischer family staged a fleeing drama, deliberately letting Cyan Blue return to the White Sea and then ordering her to infiltrate the Sea God Cult from within.

Meanwhile, they finally learned about the true state of the Sea God, knowing that the so-called Sea God was still in slumber, only occasionally awakening once every several years, and even during those brief periods, it couldn't do much.

According to Cyan Blue's initial account, the Sea God had been frequently in slumber because it was injured by the Tempest Overlord's sneak attack, accumulating even stronger power like the cycles of the tide, destined to return in a more formidable form.

Of course, according to the Tempest Church, it was the Sea God that attempted to sneak attack the Tempest Overlord and was beaten severely, leading to its near-death slumber.

Byrne and the others felt that the perspective of the Tempest Church was probably the correct one.

The Sea God and Mighty Bloody Demon, these conceptual mystical existences, possessed immense power and could rival the terrifying Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts when their true forms descended upon the world, yet they were definitely incomparable to the True Gods and it was no small feat for them to be worshiped by the natives.

"Goo goo goo?"

A cluster of silver-white liquid emerged from within Lilian's clothes, a pair of beautiful small eyes peeking out timidly without fully showing, curious yet afraid.

That was a Spiritual Dragon still in its juvenile stage, possessing relatively weak strength.

"Don't be afraid, everything is fine," the icily Lilian extended her hand, comforting the young dragon with maternal warmth, as a doting smile surfaced on her face. Then she followed Cyan Blue into a huge cavern within the island.

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"Clang clang clang!"

The sound of work was incessant.

The scene within the cave was staggering, with thousands of native laborers under the watchful eye of Fischer family soldiers, striving to construct an awe-inspiring black stone sculpture.

It would be a hundred-meter tall sculpture built to worship the great Lord of the Lost!

In the depths of Lilian's heart lay a tremendous ambition, aspiring for the natives of the White Sea to cease worshiping the pitiable Sea God and instead revere the truly great being, the Lord of the Lost!

It would start with this island!

Cyan Blue took a deep breath and said calmly, "Those who resisted converting to the faith of the Lord of the Lost have all been captured. What does the master decide to do with them?"

Lilian's expression remained tranquil as she said, "First, kill the most stubborn Sea God zealots. As for the rest, they can still be indoctrinated. If possible, I really dislike killing people."

This was an isolated island far from the mainland, surrounded by no other islands, with all the ships under the complete control of the Fischer family.

This meant that this place was an absolute lawless land where they could do anything without any risk, with no possibility of accidents occurring.

"The Dawn Church will become the most powerful church in the world, and the Fischer family will be the most admired and revered family,"

"Let's start with this island."

Lilian's eyes brimmed with passion and anticipation for the future, a fervent smile appearing on her face.

The nearly completed grand black cross sculpture stood erect there, as if it were a witness to time, emanating a solemn and majestic aura.

She knelt down.

Even without receiving any divine message, she could still feel distinctly that the idol held some purpose and significance for the great Lord of the Lost!

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

Chapter 215: Chapter 204: Mother and Daughter

"Irene Fischer, born in the year 1786 of the Blazing Sun Era, her love encompassed the Fischer family and all the people of this world. Her devotion and steadfastness moved everyone, and her words will lead us forward..."

In the study of the Fischer Manor, Byrne deeply inhaled the cold, sharp air, his slender fingers calmly clutching the pen, adding a new entry to the family history of the Fischer family.

His father, Irene, himself, and many more members of the Fischer family would ascend to it.

Byrne had once been afraid of death, but after learning that the soul would return to the Lord of the Lost, he was no longer frightened or apprehensive, and he also gradually realized something quite important.

A person dies twice, the first death is the passing of the body, the disappearance of the breath of life, while the second, true death is when one's name is forgotten by others.

He had recorded their names and existences in written form, and the descendants of the Fischer family would record their own existences as well, and so generation after generation, they would carry on in succession.

"When I die, there will also be those who come after me. Perhaps this is the meaning of a family's continuity."

Just then, someone knocked on the door, wanting to come in.

"Come in."

No sooner had Byrne spoken than he saw his daughter Lilian enter.

In fact, he could now sense the tremendous change in Lilian, who had changed so much since Irene's departure a few years ago.

The girl who once sought to please others had transformed into a fiery family priest, becoming the most radical thinker in the entire family. Find adventures at [m_v l|e-](#)

"Father, good morning."

Lilian revealed a gentle smile, having matured in body and mind in the years following Aunt Irene's martyrdom. Yet, in front of her father Byrne, she still retained the aspect of a daughter.

It was a side that put Byrne at ease.

"What's on your mind, Lilian?"

Lilian was silent for a while before finally saying, "I was planning to visit Mother."

Hearing the name Margaret made Byrne fall silent as well.

Since Baron Hoffman's incident, he had been unable to face Margaret—the complexity of his feelings couldn't be explained in a few words.

He had wronged Margaret, but Hoffman had also wronged the Fischer family. The connection through their children made it impossible for either side to sever ties completely.

Fortunately, his and Margaret's situation did not affect the children's feelings for their mother; in fact, after coming of age, Darren and Margaret often went to see her, and Margaret had also visited Nasir Town to see Darren's child Felix.

"Go ahead, and be even kinder to her. She must miss you very much, Lilian."

He nodded and smiled gently; Lilian then smiled back. She had been so busy during the past year that she never had the chance to visit her mother.

She missed her mother dearly.

Byrne casually mentioned, filled with anticipation,

"In a few years, once the railway from Nasir Town to Fein City is completely built, you could even go to Fein City to see your mother in the morning, have lunch, and return to town by evening."

Lilian was startled, then asked incredulously, "The steam locomotive travels that fast?"

"Indeed, it does," Byrne nodded without dissenting.

Lilian furrowed her brow and said with concern,

"The Reforging Church has already reached Cyart. Father, you've been in contact with them too, haven't you? Steam engines, steamships, railways, and steam locomotives—all these technologies have been released by the Reforging Church. Whatever they're planning, they are indeed changing the entire world bit by bit."

"Other churches, because of the gods, are letting the Reforging Church expand..."

Byrne pondered for a moment and said,

"Yes, people from the Reforging Church are a bit strange. They don't just want to transform the world; those priests from the Reforging Church even alter their own bodies, calling themselves 'Reforger'..."

After finishing, Byrne sank into a deep contemplation, recalling a priest from the Reforging Church he had seen, tall in stature, who had replaced one arm with a weapon driven by steam and steel.

They were gradually going beyond the realm of humanity, and that self-proclaimed Reforger felt genuinely that the level of his own transformation was still too low.

If this is what they consider low, what's the endgame? Do these people want to become monsters? Byrne found it hard to believe at the time.

Although the Reforging Church never coerced anyone into modifying their bodies, their followers were repeatedly indoctrinated with the theory that flesh was inferior to mechanical steel. As a result, many would voluntarily join in the modifications.

"I think they want to do more than just transform the world, they even want to refashion all of humanity. No, not just transform but truly reforge..."

A chill ran through the depths of Byrne's heart.

After a long carriage ride, Lilian finally returned to Fein City once again.

This city had drastically changed, with its wildly growing population leading to increasingly crowded and chaotic residential areas, deteriorating public order, rampant crime, and a living environment made filthy by the numerous factories.

A few years ago, the Lion clan still had the energy to manage the city, but now with war underway, they had to fight on the front lines, and could no longer fully address the situation at home. Meanwhile, the population of Fein City kept rising, and the pollution from the factories grew ever more severe.

In the years she had traveled with Aunt Irene, she had seen many things, met many people, and visited various cities and towns. Since the advent of the steam engine, most of them faced a host of problems caused by rapid population growth, so Lilian was not particularly surprised by the situation in Fein City.

"Perhaps, from these suffering masses, we can find some followers that our Lord needs."

She squinted her eyes, gazing out of the carriage window at Fein City, where the ground was filthy and muddied. Ruffians strutted through the streets laughing loudly, underage prostitutes were brutally pinned against walls by men, groups of children displayed the cunning eyes of thieves, and even someone raised a middle finger, maliciously spitting at the carriage.

"Goo goo goo!"

The small Spiritual Dragon, hidden in liquid form in Lilian's sleeve, curiously poked its head out, excited by the sight of so many people outside the carriage.

"Goo goo goo goo goo!"

It was very excited, for it seldom saw so many people!

The Fischer family carriage continued on its way to the affluent district of Fein City.

Lilian noticed the environment change instantaneously; the previous chaos and filth, madness and congestion, vanished as if she had entered a brand new world.

"The contradiction between the poor and the rich is as vast as the gap in their living environments."

The carriage stopped next to the lush greenery of the Hoffman family estate, where the scent of flowers and grass was refreshing.

Many had seen Baron Hoffman come to grief in the Spirit Realm, but since Viscount Bast had imposed a gag order, no one dared to speak the truth.

After the mishap with Baron Hoffman, another family member took over the Hoffman family, and they quickly surrendered to the Lion clan due to the downfall of the Eagle clan.

Of course, due to Byrne's involvement, Viscount Bast did not trouble them afterward.

"Lilian?"

Nearing forty, Margaret, wearing glasses, sat in a hanging chair in the small garden, smiling at her daughter as she approached.

For a moment, she was taken aback, feeling a strong resemblance between her daughter and Irene.

It seemed like an illusion and yet so real. Margaret was not particularly fond of Irene, who had usurped the right to educate the children, yet her love for her daughter Lilian was overflowing.

"Mom, it's me, I'm back."

Lilian smiled, sitting beside Margaret.

All at once, she felt an indescribable sense of tearing, as mere days ago she had been deciding the fates of others, yet now she sat beside her mother like an obedient daughter.

"Lilian, you're so pretty. Don't let any men deceive you, okay? Innocent girls like you who haven't been through much are the easiest to fool," Margaret said lovingly as she looked at her daughter with a smile.

Innocent.

Lilian was taken aback, unsure how to respond. She was indeed at the age to be deceived by others, yet she had already experienced so much and was no longer the same.

However, in her mother's eyes, she was just a regular noble girl who enjoyed playing with small animals, pure-hearted, who would never guess her daughter's true nature.

That feeling of tearing grew stronger, and Lilian had many words stuck in her throat that she couldn't express. She simply couldn't and wouldn't make her mother understand who she really was.

So she just nodded lightly, smiling and replying, "Mm-hmm, Mom, stop it! I know all that. Don't worry, I won't be fooled by any man!"

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

- Chapter 216: Chapter 205: Silver Moon Church

Chapter 216: Chapter 205: Silver Moon Church

...

"Lilian, stay with me for the next few days,"

amidst the small garden brimming with floral fragrance, Margaret caressed her daughter's hair with a smile, her eyes filled with affection.

Lilian endured the sense of disconnection but still played the role of a daughter.

She dined with the Hoffman family, and everyone there treated Lilian very well, not daring to offend her. During dinner, they even presented precious wines in an attempt to please the distinguished guest from the Fischer family.

The status of the two families had drastically changed compared to decades ago; the Fischer family was now the second largest family on the East Coast Province. Their members were honored guests in smaller families.

"She's too young to drink,"

Margaret remarked subconsciously upon seeing the alcohol, and everyone in the dining room paused for a moment.

Lilian then shook her head and said with a smile, "No, I can drink. I've been of age for quite some time."

She was no longer that little girl.

"Hahaha, yes, Lilian isn't a child anymore, of course, she can drink."

"Indeed, Aunt Margaret has always treated Lilian like a child," remarked someone.

Lilian sipped the wine and then smiled at her mother.

I'm not a child anymore, sorry.

At night, she suffered from insomnia, staring blankly at the ceiling, her life's most important and sole mission to expand the grand domain of the Lord of the Lost.

Yet, her mother was also important, and in her presence, she had to learn to disguise herself, just like her father had done his entire life, never revealing the true secrets of the Fischer family to her mother.

"I can do it, I will..."

Lilian didn't sleep all night, but having figured out what to do next, she found it much easier to interact with her mother.

The next morning, Lilian and Margaret shared a meal and talked about many things, tactfully avoiding any mention of Byrne and the Fischer family.

"Lilian, it's rare for you to come over, why don't you join me for tea?" Margaret suddenly suggested with a gentle smile, her eyes carrying a hint of hope.

But she seemed afraid of displeasing her daughter, so she hesitated to insist.

"Sure, Mother."

Lilian did not reject her mother's invitation. Since she had returned for only a few days, she decided to fulfill all of Margaret's desires.

That afternoon, they attended a tea party, and soon Margaret proposed that Lilian meet a bachelor baron, as if she wanted to matchmake them.

Lilian, who had long resolved to devote herself to the faith, felt uncomfortable but didn't outright refuse her mother, merely stating that she did not have much spare time at the moment.

Margaret nodded with a smile, fully aware that her child was rejecting the idea politely.

On the afternoon of the day when Lilian was about to leave Fein City to return to the Fischer family to handle many matters, Margaret finally made her ultimate request.

"Would you accompany me to the Silver Moon Church, Margaret?"

Her eyes were earnest, clearly indicating that this was her most crucial request.

Me, go to the Silver Moon Church?

Myself?

Lilian was taken aback for a moment, even feeling an urge to laugh deep inside.

Deep down, she genuinely thought that those false gods were laughable and hypocritical, their existence plunging the world into utter chaos. Given the chance, Lilian even hoped to drive out all Six Great True Gods Churches from the world!

"Okay, I will go with you, Mother."

Margaret, her mother, was a heretic.

Lilian felt profound disappointment and pain deep inside, yet she couldn't abandon the love for her mother; she would be the only heretic in the world that she liked.

Oh, great Lord of the Lost,

Please forgive my mother's sins.

...

...

I hope my lifelong devotion will earn Your mercy for my mother, as she was just too ignorant.

After accompanying her mother to the Silver Moon Church, Lilian did not pray but simply watched everyone calmly, observing the believers of the false gods; all but her mother made her uncomfortable.

The church, built of white stones, was not very large and lacked a majestic feel; instead, it exuded a quiet tranquility.

The gentle-faced statue of the Silver Moon Lady stood at the very center of the church, and whether it was day or night, a lake-like silver moon constantly cast delicate moonlight above the statue at the top of the church, giving all believers a sense of unusual peace.

Lilian calmly observed the prayers of the people. The doctrines of the Silver Moon Lady had much in common with those of the Lord of Salvation, both focusing on aiding the

weak and providing for the poor, though there were also many differences between the two.

The teachings of the Lord of Salvation are broader in scope, with the priests describing His great deeds in saving the world and such, and they believe that salvation must also include the punishment of the wicked.

The assistance of the Silver Moon Lady is told through many small stories, where she has saved a hundred different individuals, including many evildoers, all of whom were reformed. The stories of the salvation of these hundred people are most familiar to the followers of the Silver Moon Lady.

She has a particular fondness for children and women, many of whom have been saved thanks to the miracles of the Silver Moon Lady.

Besides, the Lord of Salvation is also always described as a powerful being, while the Silver Moon Lady is seen as the other side of the sun, known for her humility and gentleness, and tries not to fight with men or gods.

Lilian shook her head slowly, knowing that they were all useless false gods; the faith in the Lord of Salvation and the Silver Moon Lady was nothing but a sham.

In her lifetime, she had never truly seen them lift a finger to save the world. The only god that ever truly helped the people was the great Lord of the Lost!

Finally, another morning arrived, and the carriage at the Hoffman family's gate was ready; mother and daughter held hands, having not spoken for a long time.

"Well, Mom, I'm going back now."

Lilian truly felt a sense of relief as if she had made it through; playing the obedient daughter was too exhausting, but she had no choice but to do so.

"Yes, Lilian... if only Darren could have come with you."

Margaret suddenly burst into tears, her emotions a bit out of control. Lilian immediately began to comfort her mother, knowing she had always prayed for her brother Darren.

Holding her mother, she said:

"Don't worry, Mom, nothing bad will happen to brother."

Within Rhea territory.

The bright sunshine poured down over a complex landscape of mountains and forests, and the man wearing the Iron Mask walked out slowly, followed by seven Cyart people, all possessing extraordinary powers.

For years, Darren had not chosen to flee directly back to his Southern homeland but stayed within Rhea territory, using his powers to harass the Rhea People allied with the Meyer family.

"Old Dog! We're going back to Cyart!"

He looked at a man with a scarred face and smiled.

Over the years, Darren had repeatedly destroyed prisons, selecting various Cyart prisoners to join him, gradually forming a combat team composed entirely of Extraordinary Exponents.

Darren had chosen not to include any regular people in this team because their mobility was too poor and unsuitable for deep enemy incursions and sabotage.

Among this group of Cyart people, there was only one Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, "Old Dog," while the rest were Beginning Extraordinary Exponents. Still, they were able to rely on unity and coordination, again and again, to disrupt the Rhea People's transport, communication, reconnaissance, command, and supply lines, constantly delaying and exhausting the enemy.

The top warriors at the Monarch Level simply didn't have the time and energy to chase down such a small group of Cyart people, and the damage they caused wasn't considered too severe.

However, it was very difficult for Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents to pursue them, and there was even the risk and possibility of being counter-killed.

So they often managed to infuriate the Rhea People and successfully evaded capture, leading the Rhea People to openly call this group of Cyart people "fugitive bugs."

Of course, continuous fighting was not without its risks. The seven companions with Darren were only the ones still alive; over the years, many more companions had died.

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"Staying here won't yield any better results, and continuous delay without promotion will affect my future, as life is finite."

He had made his decision to return to Nasir Town to advance to the 3rd Rank on the Path of Shadow.

Only with greater power could Darren truly terrify the Rhea People; the things he could do now were still too few.

Darren looked toward the South from afar and then turned sharply, spreading his arms and saying to everyone:

"I'm going back to Cyart in the South. If you don't want to come with me, you can continue to stay here! We will first send those who want to stay to meet up with the main Cyart forces. Anyway, please make your choices quickly!"

...

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

Chapter 217: Chapter 206 Marching Southwards

"Are we parting ways here? So soon?"

Old Dog looked at Darren Fischer's figure, a trace of disappointment in his eyes, and continued, "It's been over a year, hasn't it? Since the last of our group of eight joined, we've been working together for more than a year. Darren, wouldn't it be nice if we could keep moving together?"

"Or maybe you could think it over, after all, the war is not yet over."

Darren laughed heartily, shaking his head without any hesitation, and said loudly:

"I must return to the Fischer family now. However, not parting ways is not entirely impossible—if any of you don't wish to continue staying in Rhea, you can come back to Cyart with me and become members of the Fischer family."

"Actually, I too hope to continue working with you all."

Darren believed in this group of people with whom he had shared life and death for a long time. He had already revealed his true identity to them, anyway—they were all Cyart people, so his identity posed no problem.

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"..."

Old Dog and the others fell silent. They were Cyart people who had come together due to hatred of the Rhea People and held admiration for the "Iron Mask Man."

But becoming a subordinate of the Fischer family was another matter entirely since swearing allegiance to a family meant having completely different goals and responsibilities than before.

"I'll go back to the Fischer family with Darren."

The only girl in the group slowly raised her hand. She had a black eye devoid of emotion and short gray hair, slightly pointed ears, was a pale-skinned half-elf, and carried a large black bow engraved with runes on her back.

That large black bow was a confiscated alchemy weapon capable of shooting arrows from a great distance, even killing enemies kilometers away.

Although she was only a high-level Beginning Extraordinary Exponent, she caused trouble for the Rhea People that was no less troublesome than that caused by a Transmutation Level powerful expert.

"Then I'll go with Darren as well."

Old Dog finally made his decision but frowned and said, "But Darren, let me be clear, I may not join the Fischer family. When the time comes, I will need to see what the situation in Fischer is like before I decide!"

He had once been an illegal superhuman who had killed, later captured by the Salvation Church and forced into service in the Cyart Royal Army to reduce his sentence, and then captured by the Rhea People, enduring torture in prison.

If it weren't for Darren's rescue, he, tormented to the extreme, would probably have died in that gloomy and grim prison.

Darren shook his head, saying with a grin:

"No problem, if the Fischer family isn't attractive enough for you, then just think of it as giving me a ride."

Only they wanted to follow Darren, while the rest intended to meet up with a nearby large force, so the small group planned to head south first toward a Cyart military camp.

The eight individuals gradually made their way toward a forest in the south, the half-elf girl following close behind Darren, always vigilant of her surroundings.

Her name was Elise, a mixed blood of Cyart and Rhea People with ancestry that also mingled with elves, which is why she was often called a "mutt."

Because Elise was saved by Darren from the guillotine, she relied heavily on him and adored him as if he were her real older brother.

Tall trees grew densely, their leaves a lush green, like the color palette of nature, with sunlight filtering through the gaps, casting mottled shadows on the ground, giving the forest a mystical and tranquil ambiance.

Darren gazed at the continuous rolling mountains in the distance, shrouded in light mist.

"Heh."

They crossed mountains and valleys, and after two days, their squad was getting closer to the town where the Cyart military was stationed.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, Elise looked astonishment toward the distance, far off, a kilometer away. With the Bloodline power of a high-level magic beast, the eagle-headed beast, she possessed exceptionally strong vision and could distinctly see that there was an encamped army in the distance.

The shadow of an eagle emerged in her eyes as she scrutinized the details of the military camp more carefully.

The expanse of the camp came into view, tents uniformly arranged along broad roads, flags fluttering in the wind, proudly soaring above the center of the camp. The soldiers had stern faces; the nearby armory housed an array of neatly arranged weapons and equipment, gleaming with the cold light of metal.

"There's a military camp a kilometer away!"

"That's not a Cyart military camp, but a Rhea one!"

The half-elf girl immediately reported, Darren furrowed his brows, gazing toward the Rhea military camp hiding in the woods, too far to see clearly.

They approached a bit closer, carefully not getting too near.

The old dog said in surprise, "It looks like there are at least ten to twenty thousand people, such a large number. I'm afraid it's several infantry regiments. Have they gathered here to take back the town occupied by the Cyart people?"

Darren chuckled and said,

"Bad news, the large Cyart force we once wanted to rendezvous with has probably run off by now, and if they haven't, they're in big trouble."

He paused for a moment before saying quietly,

"This army is large in number, and I feel their target is significant!"

The old dog didn't understand and asked,

"A significant target, what are you talking about? Isn't there only one Cyart force in this area?"

Darren narrowed his eyes, filled with worry, "Perhaps their target isn't here at all!"

In the Rhea military camp, an old Rhea general with a tall stature and white hair stood in front of a map of the East Coast Province, gazing intently at it.

"We'd better set off tomorrow and enter Cyart territory directly. First, we'll wipe out the Cyart people in the Four Towns area, and then attack Fein City," he said as he looked toward the two people standing in front of him, his tone very polite.

"What do both of you think?"

The male of the two nodded and said calmly,

"Hmm, the city barrier of Fein City is useful even against Monarch Level powerhouses. If we can quickly take Fein City and then the three of us join forces, we should be able to contend with most of the Cyart people's combat power."

The two individuals communicating with the Rhea general were both wearing very delicate silver masks, one a tall woman and the other a slightly shorter middle-aged man.

The tall woman clad in purple luxurious clothing emitted an aroma like that of orchids, possessing an ethereal and dreamlike strangeness, full of mystery.

The slightly shorter middle-aged man, although not very tall, emitted a terrifying sharpness from head to toe, as if he was a blade capable of piercing through all things in the world, ready to penetrate rocks and stones at any moment.

Just by standing there with his hands behind his back, he already made the low-level Monarch Rhea old general feel pressured.

The old Rhea general was very respectful toward the two foreign reinforcements. If the Rhea king could seek Cyart people for help, then surely, the Meyer family could seek support from foreign forces, and these two powerful experts were precisely the Meyer family's trump cards.

Especially that man...

He continued, "No problem, Your Highness the Prince, the combat power of the East Coast Province is very vacant, they don't even have a Monarch powerhouse, so we should be able to take Fein City very quickly."

"The four mid-level Monarch powerful experts of Cyart are the Cyart King himself from the Adley family, Duke Black Iron from the Romann family, the head of the 'Fog' Abernathy, and the head of 'Flaming Blood' Castleton."

"Currently, Duke Black Iron and the head of the Abernathy are in Rhea territory, overseeing the evil Cyart army, and with the Cyart King himself in the south of Cyart, only the head of the top family 'Flaming Blood' Castleton would have the chance to immediately rush to the aid of the East Coast."

The middle-aged man slowly shook his head and said,

"No matter, with the barrier of that city, not to mention Castleton's 'Flaming Blood' head, even if the Cyart King from the south comes, two mid-level Monarchs will not be able to break through our defenses."

The man known as the Prince spoke with confidence in his tone, feeling that once Fein City was taken, relying on the strong power of the city-level barrier, he did not believe that a single mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent could pose much of a threat.

As for those low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, the middle-aged man didn't consider them significant at all.

The old Rhea general said, "Well, let's take a gamble then. As long as we can push the Cyart people's front-line army back, we will have succeeded strategically."

"However, there's also a very dangerous situation where, if we are unable to quickly capture Fein City and instead get surrounded by support from all sides of the Cyart people, we will be caught between two fronts and trapped deep within enemy territory."

The mysterious woman had not spoken a word from beginning to end, just silently listening, as if intentionally concealing her presence.

He slowly shook his head and asked again, "Changing the subject, Your Highness the Prince, what were you up to this morning?"

The man who had been referred to as the Prince remained silent for a while before slowly saying,

"Isn't there a town nearby occupied by a Cyart force? I've completely annihilated them already. Those filthy invaders simply make me sick; I didn't want to spare a single one!"

He said indignantly before stretching out his hand and tapping on Fein City on the map of the East Coast.

"Let the army move out quickly. Cross that forest, launch a surprise attack on the Four Towns area, and take down Fein City in one fell swoop! We must capture that city before the Cyart people can fully react!"

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

Chapter 218: Chapter 207 Elise

Rhea's veteran General Gruz was over a hundred years old and had experienced all the battles between the Rhea People and the Cyart people. His demeanor as a Monarch powerful expert was imbued with the aura of a high-ranking person, which would naturally make ordinary people feel the urge to admire and kneel.

However, when faced with the prince, Gruz still maintained an attitude of utmost respect.

The middle-aged prince looked at the map on the table and suddenly said,

"Hmm, there are people outside."

"What?"

General Gruz was briefly stunned and did not immediately grasp what the prince meant, then asked,

"Who are you referring to?"

The prince stretched out his hand and pointed in a certain direction, saying,

"There seem to be some people moving in that direction. They do not appear to be Rhea People, the strongest among them is only mid-level Transmutation, and the rest are merely at the Beginning Level. General Gruz, please take care of it. As for us, we shall rest."

"Understood, Your Highness,"

Realizing what was happening, General Gruz nodded and then turned to his adjutant.

"You go take care of it personally!"

"They want the East Coast Province."

In the far-off exterior of the military camp, Darren analyzed the thoughts of the Rhea People calmly.

"The strategic targets around here are not significant enough to warrant the Rhea People mobilizing twenty thousand soldiers. However, they would not assemble such a force without reason..."

He paused, then said,

"The only plausible possibility is that they are amassing troops to launch a swift attack southward on the East Coast Province, most likely to force the Cyart people to retreat."

Old Dog thought for a moment after listening, then asked, "A tactic of attacking the enemy's rear base to force the attacking enemy to retreat?"

"Exactly,"

Darren nodded gently in agreement. It wasn't an unconventional tactic — on the contrary, this tactic of attacking the enemy's homeland to force them to retreat was very common in warfare.

Just as delicious food is more likely to spread, so too are common tactics indicative of effectiveness, often proving more useful and stable than many a bizarre strategy.

Darren squinted his eyes, a hint of madness flickering across his smile from beneath the Iron Mask.

"Cyart likely hasn't taken sufficient precautions yet. We should serve as a warning!"

"Everyone, join me for one last operation. Head immediately to Cyart and inform Viscount Bast about the impending military action the Rhea People are about to launch!"

He spread his arms, speaking to the people around him with an infectious tone.

"If we Cyart people can respond one step ahead, the whole situation in the battle will be drastically different!"

Everyone knew the enormous difference between being prepared and unprepared when faced with a surprise attack.

They all nodded in agreement, and without hesitation, the squad immediately set off, cautiously bypassing the range of the military camp and heading collectively to the East Coast Province in the south of Cyart.

Standing before the vast subtropical jungle, the group halted.

"We need to cross through the dense jungle and get past the kingdom-protecting barrier before we can reach Cyart."

Just as Darren's squad was about to enter the jungle, he suddenly felt something was amiss and immediately signaled Elise with a gesture.

"Elise, take a look over there!"

He pointed in the direction of the camp they had just left.

Elise quickly activated her Eagle Eye ability and gazed in the direction Darren was pointing, only to discover that a powerful Extraordinary Exponent was rapidly closing in.

Her expression changed.

"Trouble, there's a pursuer from Rhea! There's only one, but it's likely a high-level Transmutation expert!"

Elise spoke with an uneasy face, as the expressions of the others around her darkened drastically.

The strongest among them, "Old Dog," was only at mid-level Transmutation, while the rest were all at the Beginning Level of Extraordinary Exponents.

Facing a high-level Transmutation expert, their only option was to flee, and should they truly be caught, they might all be utterly annihilated!

"Should we scatter and escape?"

The old dog looked at Darren, and the rest turned their gaze to the Iron Mask Man who was leading them.

Last time they had faced a similar situation, they scattered and ran, with the deaths of a few ensuring the survival of the rest, narrowly avoiding complete annihilation.

Darren shouted without hesitation:

"Right, scatter and run! Everyone into the jungle! As long as one of us survives and makes it back... Everyone, return to your homeland! Then tell the Cyart people, the Rhea are coming!"

As soon as he finished shouting, they all started moving, rushing into the jungle, heading south towards Cyart.

Darren ran swiftly, not looking at those around him, aware that everyone could only rely on their luck to survive at this point—if caught by bad luck, it was all over.

The old dog was the fastest, but he faintly worried that the enemy's strategy might be to kill the strongest first and go directly for the quickest escapee.

However, he thought it over and accepted that possibility.

The old dog laughed coldly without fear.

"Hehehe, if that guy really comes after me, then I'll risk my life to buy them more time!"

However, just as they scattered into the jungle, Elise stopped in her tracks, hesitating before turning around.

She knew that if they all fled south, most of her companions wouldn't make it far because the enemy they faced... could fly!

"Someone must attract his attention."

So, without the others knowing, Elise stopped alone, reaching out her slender hand to pick up the black longbow behind her, aiming an arrow at the Rhea flying towards them.

She was born in Rhea and possessed half Rhea blood, yet she had never visited the distant Cyart.

But Elise's mother had once looked into her eyes and said that they would always be Cyart people, and that would never change.

"We're Cyart people, Elise, you must remember that."

"Even after my death, you must find a way to return to Cyart, your unseen homeland, the place where you truly belong."

"Destroy Rhea for me..."

That bastard of a Rhea father was nothing more than a rapist who had wantonly committed his crimes, never once appearing in her life.

Her mother's wishes were what mattered most.

Elise's heart was filled with a deep-seated hatred for Rhea, which was why Darren accepted and trusted her.

"I won't let you catch up with them."

She fired an arrow fiercely, then quickly moved to find a better vantage point.

Elise ran westward; she couldn't head south too because her ultimate goal was to buy time for the rest of her companions!

"Take care, everyone..."

"Sorry, Mom, I'll never have a chance to go to Cyart now."

Her tears flowed uncontrollably, her body shaking all over as she murmured with gratitude.

"Mr. Darren Fischer, thank you for all your help. I've always seen you as an important elder." Explore more at [m,v l'e-](#)

However, the next turn of events caught Elise off guard; the high-level Transmutation enemy didn't chase her way at all but continued pursuing the others to the south.

"Does he intend to eradicate everyone because he knows Darren and the others will reveal information about this place?"

Anger flowing, Elise shot another arrow, hoping to attract the pursuer's attention, but the enemy soon moved beyond her attack range.

Just then, a blade suddenly pierced through her chest from behind, and blood sprayed wildly, immobilizing Elise.

She swiftly discovered a gray-armored figure who had sneaked up from behind, standing coldly and mercilessly, both of its arms transformed into blades inscribed with runes; the right blade arm easily pierced through her body.

"It's an alchemical puppet... I see..."

Her consciousness faded, and she eventually fell into boundless darkness.

Meanwhile, Darren, expressionless, kept fleeing through the jungle.

In this forest, a diversity of plants bloomed, squeezed together in competition for growth, seemingly every inch of space utilized.

He didn't know how many of his companions would survive, but he was resolute in knowing one thing — the information must be conveyed back to Cyart.

"It's a pity that I'm too weak now, not yet able to turn the hunt around on him."

"I still need to gain greater strength!"

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

Chapter 219: Chapter 208 Your Name

The old dog's footsteps gradually slowed, he stopped running away and turned around to gaze behind him.

Deep within his heart, there was an inexplicable premonition that he was likely to die today.

Of course, the old dog's original name wasn't "Old Dog", that was the name given to him by someone who had once taken him in; it's just unfortunate that the ones who took him in were not good people, but a secret organization called "Obsidian Blade" that specialized in training Extraordinary assassins.

He had been trained to become a true assassin, killing many for the organization to earn money and eliminate adversaries—men, women, the elderly, and even children.

The old dog originally had a good memory, but now he could only vaguely recall those days, and easily forgot about them.

Perhaps it was a kind of self-protection mechanism from the brain, so that he wouldn't remember those times too clearly.

In the end, he was captured by the machinations of the church. He didn't die from it but was instead forced to join the Cyart Royal Army due to the outbreak of war and the Cyart King's conscription, becoming a powerful Atoner.

Among all those who took different "The Oath" and became Extraordinary Exponents seeking atonement, the old dog with Middle Rank Transmutation stood as one of the strongest in the Royal Army.

He soon discovered that army life and his days in the secret organization "Obsidian Blade" were not very different.

All along, he had just been following orders, killing, following orders, killing.

There was no real life, no need to show emotions, not even a need to remember his true name.

Follow orders, kill, follow orders, kill...

After enduring torture in a prison following his capture by the Rhea People, the old dog felt no fear of death deep inside; he only felt a profound emptiness, and silently lost all motivation in his heart.

Until that day, when the man wearing the Iron Mask suddenly passed through the wall materializing before him.

"Prisoner, who are you?" the man wearing the Iron Mask asked.

"I'm Old Dog."

Without hesitation, the old dog answered. He had always responded this way; everyone who gave him orders knew he was the Old Dog, adept at killing.

However, the Iron Mask Man shook his head.

"No, I want to know your real name. Hmm, if you haven't thought of it yet, just come with me for now, and you can think about it slowly, until you fully understand it."

Understand it...

Darren taught him a lesson, from now on, he would belong to himself completely. Whether he wanted to do something or needed to obtain something, he had to make his own choices.

"If you want to be a good person, go help those you meet, without asking for anything in return. If you want to be a bad person, then go burn, murder, and plunder, inflict pain. Or you can come with me and kill the Rhea People, after all, they almost killed you, didn't they? You have the right to seek revenge, the right to hate."

"Perhaps after enough experiences and making enough choices on your own, you will be able to understand, and then find your true name."

In the dark cell, the old dog stared at the Iron Mask, unable to see the true face of the man behind the steel mask, and had no idea what kind of person he was.

But deep inside, a spark of vitality suddenly emerged.

He thought the man made a lot of sense.

"Alright, I will go with you."

At this very moment in the jungle, the old dog's face revealed a strange and bizarre smile, with a hint of madness in his eyes.

He suddenly clapped his hands and stopped running.

"Back then, I indeed made the right decision. Darren Fischer, thank you for not letting me rot and wait for death in that prison!"

The more the old dog dealt with Darren, the more he felt a peculiar Magic Power emanating from him, as if he could stir the deepest desires in people's hearts.

In fact, thinking about it, he knew those desires had always been hidden deep in people's hearts; it was just Darren Fischer who had lured them out.

And it was with such ability that Darren had gradually built his own team over a few years.

"HAHAHAHA! Bring it on!"

He too stopped in his tracks, deciding to confront the enemy and buy time for his comrades.

The old dog had lived for decades, always killing never saving even a single person, so he hoped to make a different choice.

A different choice on his own terms!

The next moment, his scarred body began to swell, the power nestled in his flesh was that of the high-level magic beast "Spinel Giant Wolf", endowing him with a powerful and indestructible werewolf body!

"Whoo!"

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Just after the old dog had fully transformed, his wolf nose suddenly caught the scent of a large amount of gunpowder.

He looked towards the distance and then noticed raging flames burning through the jungle. The forest had too much combustible material; once a fire started, it could not be put out for several days and nights.

"What's going on?"

A sense of surprise welled up within the old dog's heart.

—

"Burn!"

There was a flame in Darren Fischer's palm.

The source of his power of Bloodline was a common magic beast known as the Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit, which possessed the ability to control flames and robust life force.

Darren not only possessed the Power of Consecution but as well had the power of Bloodline. The combination of these two types of extraordinary powers, along with Destiny's Trajectory and runes, meant that indeed, no one below the Mid-Level Transmutation could contend with him.

In theory, by combining the magical effects of Destiny's Trajectory's "Sufferer" and the might of that priceless, extraordinary treasure, he could even pose a fatal threat to those with low-level Transmutation power.

However, even with the Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit's damage reduction, Darren was utterly unable to challenge Arthur Meyer back then, as the gap in their strength was simply too great.

"Burn! Hahahahaha, burn! Let it all burn!"

He waved his arms, and a great amount of fire covered the surroundings, setting tree after tree ablaze in an instant.

Ever since he was burned all over, Darren's life and his destiny had completely changed, and the deepest recesses of his heart became increasingly mad and merciless.

Although he trusted those companions of his, even if any of them were to die, he was not truly able to feel sad.

Over the years, too many people had died. If he felt sad for every death, Darren thought it would be simply too troublesome, so he decided not to feel sad for any!

Flames constantly erupted from his festering palm, again and again spewing forth into the surrounding forest.

The Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit Bloodline was a very ordinary source of power, and the flames it produced were nothing special, but they were already enough for Darren's purposes.

The spread of the forest fire was like the most intense fire dancer, swiftly moving between the trees, flames howling as they passed, casting firelight in all directions.

The heatwave spread with the wind, enveloping both the dense trees and the dry ground in the destruction, like a merciless natural disaster magic, ruthlessly stripping the surroundings of their beauty and vitality.

"Nice view. Let it all go into chaos, it's easier to escape that way!"

As for how many creatures would die in the forest fire, or whether his companions might get burned to death because of it, that was not a consideration in Darren's mind at all.

"Hahahahaha!"

He laughed heartily and continued to flee southwards. After about half a day, he suddenly heard the sound of flying coming from behind him.

"Eh, caught up already?"

Darren smiled and turned his head, only to see a tall Rhea officer with wings like those of a bird on his back, flying towards him at a high speed through the sky.

He flew over the blazing flames and landed in front of Darren, looking immensely displeased.

"No matter, although indeed a few have escaped, killing you will make four, and taking out half is still an acceptable outcome..."

The dense smoke and chaos caused by the forest fire indeed delayed the deputy's pursuit, preventing him from killing all the fugitives.

Oh, out of his seven comrades, three had died? That was a range he could accept.

Darren gazed at the tall Rhea officer with dense beard on both sides of his face and suddenly started laughing neurotically. Deep inside, he felt not a trace of fear or trepidation but was instead filled with excitement!

He knew that it was impossible to escape merely by relying on his feet, and that the formidable figure before him was an opponent he was not capable of challenging. His current situation was undoubtedly one of hopelessness.

Oh great Lord of the Lost, I might be returning to your embrace!

The deputy gazed at the forest fire, and at the man standing in the dense smoke, and asked with great authority, "What's your name? Iron Mask Man, I've heard of you! You are a group of scoundrels wreaking havoc everywhere, despicable Cyart invaders!"

"My name?"

Darren chuckled heh heh, and then replied:

"A name is just a label. You can call me Darren Fischer, or Iron Mask Man, or whatever else you like... Either way, my actions to date have left a real name for me in your hearts!"

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

Chapter 220: Chapter 209 Family Vote

East Coast Province, Nasir Town.

The Fischer family was holding a new family council, and they were discussing a crucial issue.

That was that the Fischer family had not received a large sum of money, which was the final payment for this year's military supply to the Cyart Kingdom, which should have been paid out of the Cyart national treasury.

But this final payment had been delayed for three months now, and the higher-ups were still urging the production of new military supplies, leaving the Fischer family with no choice but to produce at a loss.

In the past, the Fischer family had truly grown rich from the spoils of naval wars; their confidence to expand Nasir Town unquestionably lay in the wealth brought by war. But now, the situation was such that the powerful Cyart King had delayed the final payment.

Dressed in white, Vanessa folded her arms across her chest and pondered for a while before looking at Byrne and saying,

"Since the beginning of this war, our factory has been operating at full capacity, never having a moment's rest. But the Cyart King has delayed a portion of the payment and has not yet disbursed it. What should we do?"

"If we do not stop production now, we are losing money every single day. Continuing like this, even the cash flow of the Fischer family cannot sustain it."

Lilian and Chris both looked towards Byrne. Nowadays, the major and minor affairs of the Fischer family were basically decided by the four of them.

Karno and Christine were still too young, not sufficiently mature to participate in the Fischer family council.

Although Vanessa was not a favored member, she had gained everyone's full recognition, which is why she has been allowed to attend the core meetings of the Fischer family in recent years.

Byrne nodded lightly, without hesitation, and said,

"We should keep the blood flowing."

"We can talk about the final payment later, but at least at this critical moment, we must contribute our efforts to Cyart."

"Because if the war on the front lines collapses, we won't fare any better at the rear, especially if the Rhea people really come over, then the location of East Coast Province will be the frontline."

"At that time, we will also need the support from all over Cyart to hold our ground."

Chris listened silently; he didn't like money and didn't care about these complicated affairs.

The family didn't want him to be distracted either; after all, Chris's ascent on the God Pantheon stairway meant he didn't need to be involved in too many worldly matters, as it would affect the speed at which he became stronger.

Even so, Chris felt that mastering the power of the 4th Rank seemed to be an indefinitely distant dream.

To fully master and assimilate the Power of Consecration of the 4th Rank might take even longer than the total time taken from the 1st Rank to the 4th Rank!

After some pondering and frowning, Lilian said, "But Father, what about the losses of the Fischer family? We also have significant expenses on the islands."

The establishment of the Fischer family's sea base was also passed by a vote through the Scales of Conviction.

At that time, Lilian and Chris both cast affirmative votes, while Vanessa cast a dissenting vote, and Byrne hesitated for a long time before finally voting in favor. .net

With limited land on the Ouden Continent, Cyart Kingdom no longer had the space for explosive development, whereas the vast sea was still an untapped land of opportunity, ideal for the Fischer family with its harbor to grow.

"Don't worry, the business of canned sunlight has completely taken off. Going forward, we will earn more and more profits from selling sunlight, which will definitely match the wealth earned during the war."

Byrne soothed Lilian, knowing that what he said was just a euphemism. The Fischer family was indeed losing out, but he also understood that it had to be this way.

Since the entire Cyart nation had decided to bleed you dry, it was only wise to be compliant. If you opposed the high and mighty Cyart king or bargained with him, ultimately affecting the entire war effort, it would be considered quite foolish.

"The Cyart king is a reasonable man; he will remember our contribution."

Byrne had never met the Cyart king, but he knew in his heart that the old man had a strong relationship with Duke Black Iron, and had always been able to make clear distinctions in rewards and punishment.

He believed that as long as they could endure until the war was won, the Cyart king would definitely compensate the Fischer family.

Well, if the war was lost, that was a completely different story.

Vanessa also nodded, smiling wryly, as she said,

"We are already strapped to the chariot of war. Let's just pray for a complete victory on the front lines. The worst-case scenario would be a total loss on the front lines, followed by the Cyart king being forced to default on the payment, or even the East Coast Province subsequently falling victim to an invasion by the Rhea people..."

Byrne took out the Scales of Conviction once more, looking at his daughter as he said,

"Since you have doubts in your mind, let's vote on it—whether or not we should continue providing military supplies."

Lilian nodded lightly.

In the end, the vote passed with four votes in favor; everyone in the family agreed with Byrne's idea. Lilian hadn't been persuaded so much as she also knew that now was the time to endure, even though she felt uncomfortable about it.

When the family council concluded, they had just left the basement when they quickly saw Theo, looking quite anxious, waiting outside.

The burly old man bowed and, gazing into Byrne's eyes, said,

"Your Excellency Bain, a severely injured messenger has returned from the front lines of Rhea. He claimed to have some urgent news to convey! Moreover, he refused to tell anyone else, insisting that he must see you before disclosing the intelligence!"

Byrne and the others were stunned for a moment but quickly made their way to the parlor where they saw the dying messenger, barely clinging to life.

The man was middle-aged and on the brink of death due to excessive blood loss, causing his complexion to turn pale with cold sweat all over his body, and his mind seemed to be in a haze.

Had it not been for the urgent care provided by the Fischer family, this middle-aged man likely would not have survived until now.

Although Byrne had arrived, the man had little response, muttering incoherently, unable to utter a complete sentence.

"Heal him, Lilian."

Before Byrne could finish speaking, Lilian was already harnessing rune power, and in the next instant, an aura of verdant vitality like that of springtime filled the room.

Powerful healing energy surged into the man, and injuries mended at a pace visible to the naked eye. The moment before when he seemed at death's door appeared like an illusion as he quickly regained consciousness, fully healed except for lingering pain that remained stubbornly affixed to his body and mind.

"Incredible, so powerful... What powerful strength..."

The middle-aged man was astounded and speechless for a moment before he then looked at Byrne with widened eyes.

"Excuse me, are you His Excellency Byrne Fischer, the father of Darren Fischer?"

Byrne was taken aback. Why such a question? Did this man have some relationship with Darren?

Did he have news of Darren?

With this thought, Byrne's expression turned solemn as he immediately nodded.

"Yes."

Upon hearing Byrne's response, the middle-aged man's demeanor brightened with excitement, and he stood up shakily, saying,

"I am a friend of Darren Fischer! I have very important intelligence to report. Your Excellency Byrne, may I speak here?"

"You are Darren's friend! Where is he now?"

Byrne was also extremely excited, unable to hide the joy in his eyes, while Lilian and the others couldn't help but show a curious look.

"We were separated when pursued by powerful enemies. We split up to traverse the jungle and escape back to Cyart. Here's what happened..."

The man was agitated, even somewhat incoherent, but with some difficulty, he managed to clearly recount the events of the recent years, concluding with the most critical piece of intelligence.

They had discovered that the Rhea People were amassing an army at the border!

The Fischer family members exchanged glances, their hearts buoyed by the news of Darren's survival, but at the same time, they were apprehensive about the gathering Rhea forces.

After deeply pondering for a moment, Byrne spoke with grave severity, "Theo, dispatch messengers to inform the Lion clan, the Romann family, and the Cyart King at once!"

"We cannot decide on this matter alone!"

"Yes, I understand."

Theo nodded earnestly, his expression solemn, fully grasping the gravity of the situation. If the East Coast Province fell, it could mean defeat for the whole of Cyart.

"Moreover, we must also prepare all four towns for both defensive battle and evacuation. The enemy's forces are vast. Hmm, I predict there may be several Monarch powerful experts."

With that, Byrne closed his eyes, silent for a long while.

He could sense that the man likely wasn't lying; and if what the man had said was entirely true, then the Rhea army was indeed ferocious and not something the Fischer family could withstand on their own.

"It's strange. The power of the Meyer faction within the Rhea People has already been stretched thin just countering the joint forces of Cyart and the Rhea king."

"Yet, how do they have the strength to attack the East Coast Province, unless there is some external support involved?"

Muttering to himself, Byrne suddenly recalled something Viscount Bast had mentioned.

The strife between the Cyart people and the Meyer clan was never merely a bilateral issue; the politics of the entire Eastern Four Kingdoms were interconnected.

A glimmer of understanding flashed through his mind, his brows furrowing deeply.

"Could it be that forces from Vallere or Carnia are involved?"

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