

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 221: Chapter 211 The Past Repeats Itself

The walls and ceiling of the basement were spotless, without any mottling or dirt, everything was arranged in an orderly fashion, and the bright flames of many candles illuminated the altar, the sacred objects, and the contemplating faces of several people.

Due to unforeseen circumstances, the Fischer family quickly convened another emergency family meeting.

They had decided to believe the intelligence brought by that man because Lilian's Listening for Malice has not worked, so the other party must not have had any ill intent.

And if he was not an enemy disseminating false intelligence and had come to deliver the information while on the brink of death, it was most likely true that he was indeed a friend of Darren's, otherwise there was no reason for him to do so.

The man had struggled to make it to Nasir Town to pass on this important intelligence to Byrne, who was Darren's father.

Byrne was touched by his effort, but at the same time, he couldn't help but worry why Darren had not returned to Nasir Town while he had been approaching Cyart at that very moment.

What had happened to Darren?

Suddenly, Vanessa's voice broke the silence as she looked into Byrne's eyes and asked,

"What should we do next, with the Rhea army soon heading south, are we going to rely on the barrier of the four towns to resist?"

Byrne shook his head, feeling helpless and compelled to say,

"There may be several Monarch Level experts in the enemy's army, relying solely on our own power, we cannot solve the crisis. If the enemy has two or three Monarch powerful experts, even if we ask for divine intervention, it won't work."

Lilian also looked at her father, her voice tinged with suppressed hatred for the Rhea People,

"So father's saying we can't fight but must flee?"

She was more aggressive by nature and did not like the idea of fleeing.

However, Byrne was quite certain and nodded in response to his daughter,

"Yes, that's exactly what I think, we absolutely cannot fight, we can only evacuate from Nasir Town."

Lilian continued to ask, "If we evacuate, where shall we go? What about these towns of the four-town area?"

Byrne calmly explained further,

"We'll go to Fein City. We will take the main resources with us as we leave the four-town area and then head straight to Fein City. The city's defense barrier is of a high level and large scale, it is very effective even against Monarch Level experts."

"If the enemy has several Monarch powerful experts, they can easily take down the four-town area, but Fein City can hold out for a while. We just need to wait for the support of Monarch powerful experts."

Vanessa's gaze betrayed her reluctance as she took a deep breath, "But if we abandon the four-town area and retreat without fighting, handing over towns like Nasir directly, what about the people here, and our factories?"

She was still very reluctant to give up everything in the four-town area.

Byrne remained silent for a long time, finally making up his mind to say, "We will take what we can and for what we cannot, there's nothing we can do but to begin evacuating the nearby populace in advance."

Vanessa still wanted to persist, and she couldn't help saying, "I think the enemy is numerous, but there might not be any Monarch powerful experts among them. Perhaps they're only here to harass us, and besides, giving up the four-town area without having seen the enemy, could that be a bit too hasty?"

"..."

After a long silence, Byrne looked at everyone and realized the others also seemed deep in thought.

It was obvious that a decision to abandon most of their possessions based on nebulous intelligence and start the entire family fleeing was somewhat too drastic, and it was uncertain whether Vanessa and Lilian could accept it.

However, Byrne and Chris exchanged a look, and both were instantly reminded of that event from decades ago.

If back then they had left Nasir Town a bit earlier and encountered Duke Black Iron sooner, all of that would have been entirely different, the trajectory of their fate would have been completely altered.

Byrne sighed, if their father had survived, undoubtedly many things over the past several decades would have changed.

It was as if he was mumbling to himself, yet also speaking to Vanessa and Lilian.

"Back then, we were just a bit too late..."

"I don't want to see the Fischers make the same mistake again."

"Let's go."

Vanessa and Lilian looked at each other, both not understanding what exactly Byrne was referring to.

"Let's vote."

The always taciturn Chris suddenly spoke up.

Since it was undecided, they would vote, in accordance with the Fischer family's long-standing rule.

The scales of conviction were placed on the table, and the four fell silent for a while, casting their votes to decide the future course of the Fischer family.

The final vote was split two to two.

Byrne and Chris both agreed to evacuate immediately, while Vanessa and Lilian wished to refrain from acting just yet and observe the situation further.

It was rare for the Fischer family to not reach an outcome after a vote.

They all fell silent for a while, deciding to vote again in half an hour, and in the next thirty minutes, they would have ample time to contemplate.

"Trust me, Vanessa."

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Chris gazed at his wife and calmly took her hand, saying,

"They are in greater danger with us."

His words were brief, yet quickly struck at the core of Vanessa's thoughts.

Yes, she had chosen to vote against it, actually not wanting to abandon the civilians of the four-town area!

But Vanessa thought again, if the Fischer family decided to stay and defend the four-town area using its barriers, the civilians there might end up dying in even greater numbers.

Perhaps evacuating the people in advance was the right first choice.

Vanessa took a deep breath and nodded slightly.

"I understand."

After another round of voting, the result had changed to three against one. Lilian nodded in agreement with the collective decision of the family.

"Eh?"

All of a sudden, Byrne couldn't help but let out a surprised sound.

He could clearly feel that his Spirituality, which had not changed for years, suddenly showed signs of boiling over.

"Why?"

Could his recent actions actually be related to the ceremony for advancing to the 4th Rank?

A surge of ecstasy immediately welled up deep inside Byrne. Although he did not know the specific reason, if he could also advance to the 4th Rank of the God Pantheon stairway, the benefits to his family would be immense!

"Off to Fein City..."

He was silent for a moment before taking a book out of his breast pocket. It was "Zavier's Diary," likely the "backup plan of the Black Hawk" that Bast had mentioned.

The matters recorded within were of great importance, leaving Byrne speechless and pondering for a long time.

However, Byrne accidentally discovered there was a problem.

This was a forged diary!

The next day, the entire Fischer family set out with thousands of people, heading directly to Fein City in the south.

They traveled on a well-built road, but because of the large number of people, the movement was not very fast, and by the time Viscount Bast received the news, the Fischer family should still be on the road to Fein City.

Riding on his horse, Byrne gazed ahead, took a breath, and the surrounding weather became slightly chilly without knowing when.

"At least there's no snow."

The gloom of decades past resurfaced in Byrne's heart.

His father's face seemed to appear before his eyes, followed by the looks of Irene, Erik, Aaron, and others. Despite having lost much along the way, the Fischer family had persevered.

He knew one thing clearly: the Fischer family was already completely different from before.

"The outcome this time will definitely be different, it must be..."

Within the retreating column of people from Nasir Town, Archibald looked at his wife and children, a strong worry deep in his heart.

As the family's Sergeant-at-Arms, in charge of many of the Fischer family's soldiers and having studied at a military academy, he was very clear about the reality of war, having participated in that naval battle.

If the Rhea army truly came to attack, it would lead to a calamity.

He and his family could die at any moment.

Once, he thought he was unafraid of death, but with a family, the bonds in his heart grew stronger.

Archibald's wife and children were all silver descendants, and deep within, he had once regretted marrying a silver descendant due to the Fischer family's decision, causing his offspring to have much shorter lifespans than normal humans.

But regretting was useless, Archibald could only hope his offspring would become the Great Elders of the silver descendants on the East Coast, just as His Excellency Byrne had planned.

His daughter couldn't help asking, "Father, will the Rhea People catch up to us?"

Archibald shook his head seriously and said, "Don't worry, they won't, they can't possibly reach us here."

Archibald's son, however, looked upset and said loudly, "Father, I really want to know why we must flee. Can't we have a decisive battle with the Rhea People?"

"Because it's not time yet."

Archibald couldn't be bothered to explain to the child, but the silver-haired boy was persistent and even shouted angrily at his father:

"You've said it, the Rhea People are a bunch of garbage, beasts, weak and incompetent refuse. If they are such a weak group, why should we fear them?"

The boy paused and complained:

"His Excellency Byrne actually made us flee, I cannot understand it. He is truly a coward; too weak!"

"What the hell did you say?"

Hearing the deeply respected His Excellency Byrne being insulted, Archibald immediately became furious, raised his hand, and slapped his son to the ground without force.

His wife exclaimed in shock and immediately got angry.

She helped her crying son up and then shouted angrily:

"Archibald, what are you doing? You only know how to bully your son; if you dare, go fight the Rhea People!"

"Hmph!"

Archibald took a deep breath and snorted.

"I'm not wrong, and Mr. Byrne would not be wrong either! Remember not to say such things again!"

He couldn't be bothered to argue with his family.

In fact, Archibald had been stuck at the 2nd Rank for many years, watching his good brother Chris growing stronger and seeming to become more distant from himself, his heart filled with intense unease and pain.

"Damn it, what do I need to do to advance to the 3rd Rank?"

According to Mr. Byrne, most advancement ceremonies required impacting others. The Path of Calamity, could it be about causing calamities for others?

He fell into deep thought.

A week later, the thousands retreating finally arrived at the northern part of Fein City and quickly encountered a cavalry unit from the Lion clan. The people couldn't help but cheer and leap for joy.

The worried leader, upon seeing Byrne and Chris, called out immediately:

"Bad news, the Rhea People have suddenly invaded the East Coast!"

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

Chapter 222: Chapter 212 "Mighty Angel"

The eve of war in Fein City was like a stage ravaged by a storm.

An atmosphere of tension and fear permeated the streets, as people hurried to finish their final preparations before a complete lockdown, all food sold out, their anxious faces and hurried footsteps everywhere.

A sense of worry and despair leaked through the twilight, as if the entire city had suddenly plunged into uncontrollable chaos and disorder.

As the moment of a great battle approached, the whole city seemed to become a massive ship about to capsize, with a vicious and relentless tempest looming, everything became unpredictable.

Every Fein citizen knew that the Rhea army had already breached East Coast Province, marching south straight towards Fein City.

The nobles of the East Coast readied for war immediately, and under the mobilization coordinated by the Lion clan, the entire Fein City swiftly sprang into action, with military forces arranged for city defense and Extraordinary Exponents in grave readiness.

Their only mission was one, to staunchly defend the city!

Fein City must not fall.

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The nobles of the East Coast could not allow the Rhea People to take Fein City, or it would be as if the Rhea People had stabbed a sword into the thigh of the Cyart people, rendering the whole nation unable to move properly.

Karl soared high above, overseeing the city, observing the people scurrying below like ants, their negative emotions were so intense.

He silently pondered everything that had happened over the past few days, certain the intelligence was no doubt accurate, and Darren was still not dead, for he had not received his soul.

"The Rhea People are planning a move to 'besiege Wei to save Zhao', is that it?" he mused.

His consciousness constantly followed the sacred object, now grasped by Lilian who felt an indescribable thrill at being able to touch the sacred object up close.

Inside the city hall, while many were fraught with worry, a middle-aged and handsome man walked slowly out of the main entrance, gazing at the panicked crowd, yet revealing a thoughtful smile.

"The war, it's about to begin," he said.

The eldest Yeager smiled, removing his hat and giving it a shake.

"The Fischer family members arrived just in time, saving me the trip to Nasir Town after them," he noted.

"I have completed the ritual of the 3rd Rank on the Path of Conquest, now I only await the Mighty One to bestow me with power so I can truly reach that position."

Yeager then peacefully moved away from the entrance of city hall, heading towards where the Fischer family resided.

Inside the police station.

Police Chief Mormir took a deep breath, calmly leading his officers out of the station, gazing in the direction where the great sacred object was for a long while.

Then, he turned his head towards his officers and addressed them loudly.

"Coming up, Fein City will enter a period of full control; we must cooperate with the military to prevent any chaos within the city and arrest those thugs seeking to loot

amidst the turmoil! Without permission, no civilians are allowed to roam the streets anymore!"

"We must prevent Rhea spies from infiltrating the city! Any person defying orders, regardless of age or gender, should be arrested immediately. Do you understand?"

"Understood!"

The orderly line of officers replied in unison, then followed Chief Mormir's steps towards the increasingly chaotic streets to maintain public order.

"Go home immediately! Full lockdown!"

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Within the largest newspaper office in Fein City, Deputy Editor Inna held her young son, standing by the window, silently gazing at the sky as it gradually darkened outside.

She was no longer the girl playing with dolls, but had become a stunningly beautiful young matron. Five years ago, Inna had married a wealthy local banker in Fein City and borne a son.

She had also led her banker husband to become a Proselyte of the great Lord of the Lost, offering substantial financial support and smoothly progressing on the Path of Contract.

"The war is coming..."

She inhaled deeply, knowing most Daybreakers had lost their parents to war, lost their childhoods, and almost everything else.

If it weren't for Hospital Director Irene's refuge, if the great Lord of the Lost hadn't given them new meaning in life, perhaps the orphans would've gradually despaired in the mire.

"How many more will die after this war?"

For some reason, Inna had long sensed such a day would come. The merciless flames of war would finally reach the East Coast and even Fein.

Her son looked up at her, asking with confusion, "Mommy, who was that uncle who just came? Why did he seem so familiar with you?"

"Because we both believe in the same great God. I have a duty to fulfill the commands of God's Favored clan. In a little while, I will take you to your father's. Don't think about Mommy," she explained.

"Mommy will come back soon after completing the task."

The son didn't understand; he didn't know that the messenger who had just come was a Daybreaker and that his mother must unquestioningly obey the orders of the Fischer family.

Inna looked at her young son and sighed. Given a choice, she didn't want her son to join the cult either.

"Perhaps I am the most faltering, the least devout amongst the Daybreakers..."

Inna knew very well that her child had no choice.

The child of a Blood Receiver is also a Blood Receiver, and he will inevitably hear the Lord's call.

"Why is everyone so afraid, so panicked? Is something about to happen, Mommy?"

Holding her son tightly, she took a deep breath, her eyes filled with love.

"Don't worry, Mommy will protect you no matter what happens. Mommy loves you and will surely keep you safe."

In a manor within Fein City owned by the Lion clan, dozens of Extraordinary Exponents were gathering in the conference hall to discuss the war they were about to face.

The aged and weathered Viscount Bast sat in his chair, leaning on his cane, his eyes fixed on the map that was hung up.

"Byrne, what do you think about the Rhea army's impending military operation?"

"What could their strategic objective be?"

Byrne stood to the side, nodding as he said,

"I believe they definitely want to take the whole of Fein, which would be like thrusting a knife into the thigh of the Cyart people. If it was just the four towns, it wouldn't warrant the mobilization of tens of thousands from the Rhea army."

Viscount Bast nodded slightly and said, "Based on the feedback from the big barrier, I know clearly that after they crossed the barrier, they made a beeline for Nasir Town."

"Obviously, Fiera Town is of little significance, while Nasir Town is a prosperous port, so their first target is Nasir Town."

He paused before continuing, "After that, it should be as you have said; they will likely strike at Fein City like lightning!"

"Hmm."

Byrne seemed to merely nod calmly, but he was still very worried.

Although the townspeople of Nasir Town had fled in all directions, the town's hospital, factories, schools—many things that the Fischer family had painstakingly built—might very well be doomed to destruction.

He continued with his analysis, "It will take their main force a long time to reach Fein, but it is likely that the Monarch powerful experts and the Transmutation powerful experts could act independently due to their completely different mobility."

In war, it was undoubtedly common practice for the powerful experts of Transmutation and Monarch Level to operate independently, using their superior mobility to destroy the enemy's key facilities first. This was something they had to consider.

Viscount Bast narrowed his eyes and said,

"Being one step ahead can change the situation and destiny. Our reinforcements haven't arrived yet. Let's pray that the enemy doesn't have any highly mobile Monarch powerful experts; otherwise, Fein will soon be subjected to a tremendous test."

Just then, good news arrived.

An officer walked in and reported to Viscount Bast,

"Report! The 'Stars Mortal' of the Dark Night Romann family, Ariel, has arrived. Also, the 'Mighty Angel' of the Wrathful Angel Jones family, Bern, has come!"

"That's wonderful!"

"They're finally here!"

Everyone was all smiles, especially upon hearing that the "Mighty Angel" had arrived, which significantly relieved their tension.

Viscount Bast smiled, and Byrne let out a big sigh of relief. The two Monarch powerful experts who came to support them had traveled quickly and arrived before the enemy did.

Without a Monarch powerful expert stationed here, even with a city-level strong barrier, it would be hard to withstand a sudden attack by several Monarch powerful experts.

The "Stars Mortal" of the Romann family, Ariel, was already an "old friend" of Byrne's. She had previously tried to force the Fischer family to join her forces; she herself was a highly powerful Spellcaster of the Transmutation type.

And "Mighty Angel" Bern Jones was the family head of the Wrathful Angel Jones family.

The Wrathful Angel Jones family, the Wasteland Beast Frosac family, and the Romann family all had very good relations.

"Mighty Angel" Bern Jones, with his powerful demi-god Angel Bloodline and a formidable Forbidden rare artifact numbered in the triple digits, was nearly unbeatable within the range of low-level Monarch, despite being only at the Monarch low-level himself. He once boasted a superior battle record of repelling two low-level Monarch powerful experts single-handedly.

Soon, they met the two Monarch powerful experts who had come to their aid.

"Thanks to the Fischer family's intelligence, hahahaha, I just happened to be nearby in the East Coast Province, so I came over immediately!"

"Mighty Angel" Bern Jones laughed heartily as he entered the room. He looked like a very cheerful middle-aged man with a hearty voice that did not quite match his handsome face.

That was a face that could be described as beautiful, with delicate features and eyes like shining gems.

It was said that he used to have a particularly rugged appearance and was known for being outgoing, but as his Angel Bloodline became more powerful, his appearance became more feminine.

Although no one in the history of the Wrathful Angel family had ever reached Heavenly Enlightenment, many speculated that if they ever did, their lineage might completely transform into a female body.

"Stars Mortal" Ariel walked in, giving Byrne an intense look, then calmly said,

"First, let's make the intelligence clear. How many enemies can we expect? How many Monarch powerful experts?"

Viscount Bast took a deep breath and with a serious expression said, "Since you've asked, I'll speak plainly. The attacking Rhea People number around twenty thousand and there are a total of three Monarch powerful experts."

He had not mentioned the enemy's formidable formation earlier, as he did not want to weaken the morale of his own side before the reinforcements arrived.

"Based on the feedback from the big barrier, there seem to be two low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents and one... a mid-level Monarch powerful expert!"

Sure enough, every person in the hall turned pale when they heard there was a mid-level Monarch adversary.

"Heh heh heh, this will be quite a challenge," Bern said with a smile, showing no sign of fear.

Everyone except "Mighty Angel" Bern was tense, and Byrne could actually breathe a sigh of relief because the intelligence transmitted by Darren and the others was far too important.

At the start of the war, everything was a race against time.

If the Rhea Monarch powerful experts arrived before the reinforcements and, led by a mid-level Monarch powerful expert, they might break through the barrier with a blitzkrieg and capture Fein City, using it as a base to then restrain Cyart.

Then, the situation would be entirely different.

"They're here!"

Viscount Bast suddenly widened his eyes and shouted toward the sky!

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

Chapter 223: Chapter 213 Monarch Battle

The air in the city was filled with an indescribable sense of unease, as most of the people in Fein City hid in their homes. Suddenly, they felt an extremely intense sense of oppression, as if some terrible entity had appeared near the city.

Monarch powerful experts all possessed considerable and forceful mobility, and because they could convert spiritual power and life entities into each other, they also had the ability to fly.

In the majority of wars, these two characteristics were even more crucial than sheer destructive power.

Simply put, they had control of the air space.

Without interference from experts of the same level and in the absence of strong high-level barriers protecting the target, Monarch powerful experts could roam and destroy at will.

They could destroy their targets and retreat swiftly, quickly and with minimal cost, achieving remarkable results.

Years ago, the Tempest Bishop, known as the Thunderous Monarch, single-handedly swept through a multitude of indigenous islands with insufficient barrier levels above the White Sea.

He dominated for quite some time, and during that period, the Sea God Cult, devoid of Monarch Level experts, had no means of retaliation. They could only endure in silence until the decisive battle, with no way to handle him.

The presence of Monarch Level experts was too crucial, their existence and strength directly determined the outcomes of regional wars.

The regular Rhea army was still in Nasir Town, while three Monarch powerful experts had already made their way to the outskirts of Fein City. They attempted to destroy the barrier at once but found it was strong enough that it couldn't be broken quickly.

Because Viscount Bast had recited the Spell, Fein City's high-level barrier was fully activated, covering an extensive range.

The three Rhea army Monarch powerful experts who wanted to attack inside the city had to reach the range of the barrier, and doing so would subject them to its influence.

Another tactic was to directly attack the barrier from outside its range. However, attempting to destroy a high-level barrier from the exterior was a long-term effort, taking days or even weeks.

In the sky, the man known as the Prince donned a mask, his air sharp and cutting. He crossed his arms behind his back, his entire bearing like an immensely powerful dagger capable of destroying everything. A significant number of black phantoms appeared around him, like the combination of black tendrils and clouds of death, constantly drifting and swaying.

He reached out and touched the invisible golden barrier, and then bursts of electric light flashed.

"Good, it's difficult to destroy. The structure of the barrier is very stable. Even a high-level Monarch expert wouldn't be able to destroy it easily."

The Prince first tried to break the barrier from the outside and found it solidly constructed.

Instead, he nodded, not thinking it a bad thing.

After all, their original intent was not to destroy the barriers but to occupy Fein City and then take advantage of the barrier to establish a stronghold in the East Coast Province, restraining the Cyart people in the rear.

"Let's go!"

The Prince commanded calmly.

The elderly Rhea general was tall and sturdy, his face determined, and there was also the mysterious woman who seldom spoke, dressed in purple finery and wearing a silver mask, ethereal and dreamlike.

Both followed the Prince and flew in as well.

They chose the second tactical approach: enter the barrier's interior and endure the reduction in strength to storm the city.

The group, shrouded in twinkling light, reached the range of the barrier over Fein City and felt a significant drain on their power.

The Prince, wearing a silver mask and floating above the sky, began to show strong signs of draconian transformation, black dragon scales covering his body, and he calmly said with squinted eyes: Discover hidden stories at m,v l'e-

"Indeed, it is a high-level barrier. I can feel a noticeable reduction in my own strength. I'm probably left with only about half, and in this state, I can only guarantee victory against at most two low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents."

"No matter, since we have come here, let's make it quick," he said, turning to the two who had followed him, his tone calm.

"The Cyart people do not have a resident Monarch Level force in the East Coast Province, and the major churches have clearly stated that they will not intervene in this national war."

"It doesn't matter that our strength is reduced. Next, let's charge in together and seize control of the barrier's Array. Those few Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents won't be able to stop us."

The old general nodded lightly, his expression grave as he spoke:

"As long as we can take Fein City quickly, and the twenty thousand troops arrive afterward, we can rely on the city's barrier to tie up a great deal of the Cyart people's effort."

"Let's begin, your Highness the Prince!"

Just then, a bold voice suddenly erupted from within the city.

"Invaders, stop where you are!"

In the next moment, they all looked towards the direction of the city and quickly noticed a gender-ambiguous figure of stunning beauty appearing in the air.

The genderless angel flew through the sky, its form graceful and mysterious, with wings as crystal-clear and white as frosty snow, gently fluttering with the breeze and radiating a dazzling light.

Clad in a pure white robe, it seemed as if framed by the brilliant constellations above, and with each beat of its wings, the air thrummed as if with musical notes.

Like a being from a dream, transcending the bounds of male and female, yet embodying the finest aspects of both, it exuded an extraordinary and otherworldly charm.

"Wrathful Angel"

That was a demi-god from ancient times, a mighty being with Heavenly Enlightenment strength. It had no gender nor procreation; instead, the powerful blood of the angel merely had to drip and flow onto those it cherished, and those people would naturally conceive and bear children.

As a result, the powerful bloodline of the "Wrathful Angel" was passed down.

"A powerful expert at the Monarch Level?"

The information displayed was different from what was predicted; the crown prince fell silent for a moment, then shook his head slightly.

"It doesn't matter. We're three against one. Even if our powers are greatly weakened, he won't last long."

"Mighty Angel" Bern burst into a wild laugh, his voice bold and hardly fitting his appearance.

"Hahahaha! To think there's a powerful expert of mid-level Monarch. I've never fought to the death against someone of this level before. Today is a good opportunity!"

"Mighty Angel" Bern laughed heartily, and even though it was three against one, he didn't seem frightened in the least.

"Who are you? I recognize that fellow as an old bastard from Rhea, but who are you two? Why are you wearing alchemical tools that conceal your identities? Why hide who you are?"

"Mighty Angel" Bern frowned, eager to know the identities of the two mysterious Monarch powerful experts. Which faction did they represent?

Without a doubt, this was an important matter!

"You don't need to know; you just need to die," the crown prince spoke slowly, not taking the angel with the bloodline seriously at all.

The people in the city watched with hearts pounding in fright. Byrne, Vanessa, Lilian, and others all broke out in a cold sweat, knowing if this Monarch-level battle was lost, everything would be over.

Moreover, unless it came to the very last moment, the Fischer family couldn't sacrifice the Lord of the Lost in full view of everyone, and so they had to conceal that power.

Even Lilian had a strong premonition that the mid-level Monarch was too powerful; even if all the devout sacrificed their lives, they wouldn't be able to kill that being!

"A quick battle, a quick decision!"

The aged Rhea general, his body wreathed in lightning, seemed like a walking thunderstorm, his eyes blazing with determination, fiery and sharp like lightning, his cape flapping loudly like a warning before a downpour.

The mysterious woman in purple nodded slightly, and in the next moment, unbelievably transformed into dreamlike colorful foam, floating lightly, unrestricted by time and space, twinkling with soft light, and disappearing from sight.

A great mass of black mist crazily burst forth from the prince's body, and in the next moment, he completely transformed his shape, revealing his most powerful form!

"Roar!"

Enveloped in black mist, the black dragon appeared like the embodiment of a shadow, its towering and robust body vaguely visible in the darkness, surrounded by thick, dense black fog that emitted a heart-stopping aura of fear.

Its dragon horns were as hard as forged iron, with blood-red light flashing in its eyes as if endless resentment and rage churned within its pupils. Its huge black scales, covered in cracks, seemed to trace the marks of death flitting across its body.

"Die!"

As it opened its massive maw, a dark and deep chant seemed to come from the abyss, as if it could make one's soul tremble.

In the next moment, it was as if a supreme command had reached the "Wrathful Angel's" mind.

Its near-perfect beautiful body couldn't help but want to comply with that command of despair, involuntarily disintegrating, breaking down, gradually moving towards death.

"Dragon of Despair, you are a Carnian!"

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

Chapter 224: Chapter 214: Showing Off Their Skills

Dragon of Despair.

That was the transformation trait of the "Aether Giant Dragon" of the Wilson family. Those of their family who inherited the bloodline of the "Aether Giant Dragon" and possessed extraordinary powers could transform into the powerful Crystal Dragon at the Transmutation Level, invulnerable to blades and spears, immune to most extraordinary power interference.

Upon reaching the Monarch Level, the Wilson family could incarnate into the terrifying Dragon of Despair.

According to the ancient stone tablets, if someone from the Wilson family could reach Heavenly Enlightenment, they could reincarnate the legendary figure of the Aether Giant Dragon.

The Aether Giant Dragon was a powerful and mysterious creature from the ancient times, said to be entirely composed of aether elements, capable of harnessing light and the sky, a mysterious substance existing in the realm of imagination.

And at the stage of the Dragon of Despair, it would have incredibly terrifying power, embodying death and fear, despair and destruction!

Its wings, like the night sky, would cover the sun and bring shadows of destruction, and under the shroud of black mist, the pitch-black giant dragon seemed like a demon emerging from a land of nightmares, destined to bring ominous death to the people!

"Die!"

The voice of the Dragon of Despair contained powerful force, its bloodline domain already unfolding, with the power of despair surging from its bloodline attributes issuing a deathly command to the "Mighty Angel."

The words crafted from the power of despair were the formidable strength that the Dragon of Despair could wield!

"Are you a Carnian? A member of the Wilson family? So, are you the head of the Wilson family, the brother of the King of Carnia, Prince Conrad?"

The voice of "Mighty Angel" Bern contained incredible disbelief and shock.

Carnia was the strongest among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, and within Carnia, the "Shattered Giant" Hovern family was the most powerful, with the founding King of Carnia being a fearsome high-level Monarch, revered as the incarnation of a god by the people.

And the wife whom the founding King of Carnia cherished was the former head of the "Aether Giant Dragon" Wilson family, which made the two families extraordinarily close.

Ever since the wife of the founding King of Carnia passed away, there was only one person in the world who had reached the mid-level Monarch rank and also possessed the bloodline of the "Aether Giant Dragon"!

The youngest son of the founding King of Carnia, the brother of the current King of Carnia, the head of the Wilson family, Prince Conrad!

The words formed by the power of despair took effect.

His body, as if obeying the mad command of a lowly slave, started to disintegrate and fall apart in an instant, rapidly shattering and thoroughly vanishing.

The spectators in the city below all changed their expressions dramatically.

"Impossible, right?"

Lilian couldn't help but exclaim in amazement, hardly able to believe it.

The Monarch powerful expert of the Cyart people was killed by a single "command" from the opponent!

Could the gap between them really be that huge? Even if the opponent's power was restrained by half due to the barrier, could they still kill one of their own strong with a single strike?

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Byrne's expression was grave, Vanessa's face full of worry, hundreds of extraordinary exponents from various families fell into despair.

Only Viscount Bast and Chris's expressions remained unchanged; their strength was formidable enough for them to see that the situation wasn't that simple.

The next moment, the multitude of white fragments in the sky began to reassemble themselves with the drift of the wind, gradually merging into one.

Any powerful being at the Monarch Level could use their mental power to transform mysterious substances for rapid recovery.

The bloodline of the Wrathful Angel possessed extremely strong mental power and life force, as well as an unbelievable ability to recover!

It was said that the true Wrathful Angels were terrifying beings that were immortal, deathless, and ageless, and even in contemporary times, it's possible that they could still survive in some corner of the world.

The reconstructed "Mighty Angel" reached out a hand, the flesh and skin on the bones of its fingers regenerating at a visible rate.

Gazing at the hundreds of meters long black giant dragon, he said with a smile:

"Prince Conrad, indeed that is a very powerful force. If it were a Monarch with weaker defenses, perhaps they would have been killed in the first confrontation."

Suddenly, "Mighty Angel" Bern's tone rose excitedly, and he bellowed loudly:

"I really didn't expect a Carnian to enter the field. Your assistance to the Meyer family of Rhea in invading the East Coast is an act of undeclared war against the entire Cyart! It's despicable and shameless behavior!"

"Mighty Angel" Bern expended a large amount of spiritual power to restore his body to its original state almost instantly, his mental power increasing rapidly again.

In a mere few seconds, he had completely returned to his original state, without any loss.

The domain of the "Mighty Angel" was very small, lacking widespread attack methods, relying on his incredibly durable physical attributes, he could outlast other Monarchs at the same level by attrition.

Realizing the enemy's indestructible nature, the Prince transformed into the Dragon of Despair spoke in a deep and terrifying voice.

"The bloodline power of the Wrathful Angel is quite troublesome, isn't it..."

"But even if your recovery ability is very strong, if the damage received in an instant exceeds the critical point, you would still die, right?"

Prince Conrad made a quick judgment, then revealed a dreadful smile with his enormous teeth.

His voice was filled with disdain for so-called morality.

"You say that us attacking without declaration is despicable, but it seems you do not understand that this world is about to become a dark hell where all morals will shatter."

"The rotten spirit will be swallowed by the darkness of the new world!"

As the two sides talked, the elderly General Rhea took action without a word.

The Thunder Warrior raised the sword in his hand, shooting out grating lightning. With his swing, thunder burst from the silvery-white blade edge like the furious roar of the sky, wildly tearing forth in an instant.

This General Rhea was originally a genius from a small family but later married into a prominent family for a chance to reach the Monarch Level and become a true top-tier strong figure.

Many geniuses from small families never have the opportunity to become Monarchs and only have the chance to go further by joining great families, the True Gods Church, or some ancient hidden organizations.

Within General Rhea's high-level magic beast Bloodline, the "Gray Thunder Beast," lies the power of thunderstorms and fierce winds. However, it is quite distinct from the "Thunderous Monarch's" power effect, with its attacking range only within one hundred meters, yet more accurate in ensuring every thunder strike hits the intended spot precisely.

The mad thunder struck the "Mighty Angel" Bern in an instant, destroying half of his body and able to precisely obliterate every inch.

"Useless, you can be even more vicious! Hahahahaha! I can still withstand it!"

As he roared in madness, the "Mighty Angel" Bern also launched his counterattack while recovering.

A piece of his body detached and quickly flew toward the thunder-empowered General Rhea. The fragment grew abundant flesh and rapidly transformed into a brand-new "Mighty Angel."

The "Mighty Angel's" duplicate threw a heavy punch, suddenly slamming into General Rhea with such immense power; a terrorizing thud echoed in the skies! Even the force of a cannon couldn't match this strike!

The thunder on General Rhea's body was momentarily broken through, but in the next instant, the thunder formed armor once more.

Byrne watched this scene, murmuring to himself, "Even just the fist of that duplicate is enough to present a lethal threat to a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, yet he isn't hurt in the slightest?"

"Won't you make a move? What are you still waiting for?"

Prince Conrad's tone suddenly became very impatient, as if issuing a command to someone, or blaming the other.

"Heh."

The woman in purple, originally dissolving into bubbles and vanishing, finally took action.

She appeared vaguely in the sky, and the spell inscribed within her field immediately took effect. But in the next moment, the "Mighty Angel" felt a surge of negative emotions rising within—the uneasiness, despair, fear, madness...

This is bad.

A Mental Spellcaster!

Although he is hardly destroyed or killed by conventional power, his defenses against mental attacks are not strong, and the Mysterious rare artifact for mental protection on his body cannot withstand Monarch-level Mental Magic.

Without a doubt, that is the "Mighty Angel's" weak spot!

The spell inscribed in the domain of the woman in purple was "Heart of Terror," followed by the spellcasting technique "Integration." She focused on the deeply negative "Heart of Terror" and integrated another spell of "Despair and Madness," immediately causing a massive variety of negative emotions to the target.

All of a sudden, radiant constellation light fiercely came crashing down on the woman in purple, causing no physical harm, but interrupting the spell she was focused on casting.

The "Mighty Angel" was immediately relieved, able to focus on regenerating himself to counter the potent enemy.

The "Stars Mortal" Ariel, who had always concealed her presence, finally made a move.

"Destroy!"

Prince Conrad spoke again, the terrifying Despair Word Magic instantly taking effect; "Mighty Angel's" body just briefly crumbled away, vanishing into nothingness.

And his duplicates were destroyed simultaneously; although "Mighty Angel" Bern himself could recover, his duplicates were utterly annihilated for exceeding their pain threshold.

The Lion clan, the Fischer family, and other members of the East Coast families watched the battle with bated breath, and at that moment, Viscount Bast's voice suddenly spread all around.

"Everyone! The time to fight for Cyart is upon us!"

"You must give your strength, your lives, give everything you have!"

"Spell inscriptions are ready! Everyone, begin providing spiritual power and life force!"

The Spellcasters had already drawn spell inscriptions on everyone, and the main spell inscription was linked to the "Mighty Angel."

Byrne took a deep breath, channeling his spiritual power and life force continually through the spell inscription to the "Mighty Angel," who was resisting the formidable assault.

Prince Conrad, massive as a black mountain, coldly watched from above, issuing his command in a grim tone.

"Go kill those people!"

The next moment, General Rhea nodded and, carrying endless torrents of thunder, charged without hesitation towards the numerous Extraordinary Exponents from several families!

The storm-like thunder built up swiftly on the blade. He let out a low roar, whirling the Heavy Strike, and the thunder, like a divine needle piercing the night, tore through the veil of darkness!

The terrifying attack exploded instantly where it reached, as if the very land scrutinized by a divine wrath had been obliterated, leaving the East Coast nobles within the range to deeply feel the infinite power of the thunder!

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

Chapter 225: Chapter 215: The Tiger Enters the Flock of Sheep

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Precise and powerful strikes of thunder roared down, with the dazzling light containing the fiercest and most scorching intent to kill. The nobles of the East Coast were not entirely unprepared; they had long since employed a variety of different bloodline powers, protective spells, and mysterious rare artifacts to build numerous defenses.

Byrne furrowed his brows and murmured to himself, "We must block him!"

Surrounded by lightning, the blade shone like stars, cleaving the skies with its brilliance!

In the next moment, General Rhea had already descended into the city streets amidst lightning and thunder, destroying most of the myriad defenses in an instant, and the hundreds of Extraordinary Exponents retreated subconsciously in terror, with no one killed in the first wave.

"The power has been weakened too much..."

The near-full-force strike was completely defended against, which was not beyond General Rhea's expectations, because the barrier of the city Fein was very strong, and his bloodline power was not known for wide-ranging lethality.

The white-haired Viscount Bast extended a finger and called out coldly,

"Everyone, attack together! Take him down now, for due to the barrier, this old man cannot unleash all his power! Hehehe!"

He was the first to make a move, not using the terrible power of demons but instead employing the bloodline power "Bronze Lion" to change his skin color, then taking out a mirror-shaped forbidden rare artifact and beginning to activate it.

The morale of the multitude surged inexplicably, and although the old general before them was a Monarch Level top-tier expert, with the aid of the Fein city barrier and following Viscount Bast's order, everyone unhesitatedly went into action!

Yet the multitude of attacks could not breach the defenses; the armor composed of thunder and lightning immediately kept the attackers at bay.

"Hmph!"

The old general's body was covered in lightning serpents as he once again wielded his blade, guiding a myriad of precise lightning strikes to kill one after another who dared advance.

In an instant, more than a dozen were killed, and those around were too terrified to approach again.

The link that supplied the "Mighty Angel" with sustenance through spell inscriptions was broken due to the chaos among the crowd below.

The "Mighty Angel" Bern above quickly created a clone, spread his wings, and dove at high speed to join the battle below.

The old general was well-prepared and, without any warning, struck back with his sword, piercing through the chest of the "Mighty Angel" clone, and then a massive surge of thunder erupted!

"It's just a clone after all!"

There were many Extraordinary Exponents present, but only three – Viscount Bast, Chris, and the recently advanced to high-level Transmutation Chief Renzo – were of high-level Transmutation or 4th Rank. The dozens of other Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents could only play a disruptive role.

Even weaker Beginning Extraordinary Exponents didn't dare to charge forward, as mere aftershocks of the battle could annihilate them on the spot, with the overwhelming aura of the Monarch powerful exert already paralyzing many.

Were it not for Fein's barrier weakening the strength, it wouldn't have been difficult for General Rhea to slaughter hundreds of Extraordinary Exponents present.

"Is the Black Lion not here..."

Byrne watched the terrifying onslaught of General Rhea and had silently used rune power, fixing his gaze on the enemy as he directed a scorching meteor to fall from the sky!

"Hmm?" Your next read is at m v|l-e'-

As if sensing the murderous intent, General Rhea's gaze immediately locked onto Byrne and he said coldly, "A forbidden rare artifact?"

The sword in his hand erupted with the utmost thunder and lightning, finally destroying the "Mighty Angel's" clone completely, and then the thunder rose up, striking all around, with several bolts hitting the meteor and causing an extremely violent explosion!

At that moment, Viscount Bast's mirror had already appeared in front of General Rhea.

It too was a powerful forbidden rare artifact; the Fischer family had once relied on a part of it to create an opportunity to successfully kill Priest Azure Blue.

"Hmm!"

General Rhea's eyes became confused and bewildered, albeit for a moment, but Chris and Chief Renzo had seized the opportunity to rush up in attack!

The weaker Monarch powerful expert who was killed by surrounding Transmutation Exponents back then had fallen mainly due to the instantaneous effects of various unthinkable forbidden rare artifacts.

Even mighty Monarch powerful experts cannot underestimate the effects of those forbidden rare artifacts.

Renzo Leone's bloodline inheritance was not the "Bronze Lion," but another rare high-level bloodline of the Lion clan, "Graystone Giant Ape."

His form surged, growing several meters tall as the ground beneath his feet rippled like ocean waves. Renzo was surprisingly able to surf on the earth, controlling it with great precision.

He swung his paws, manipulating a myriad of sand, stone, and mud to overwhelm General Rhea.

...

The "Graystone Giant Ape's" power of Bloodline allowed Chief Renzo to manipulate the earth, burying people alive or completely crushing them with extremely high density.

The next instant, General Rhea's vacant eyes suddenly returned to normal!

He violently unleashed a great amount of lightning, instantly shattering the mud and sand, and then the crazy electric power bombarded Chief Renzo's body!

Chief Renzo was instantly blown away, his fate unknown.

Viscount Bast's face was grim as he silently activated a terrifying power. Unnoticed by anyone, a white demon lurking inside Renzo's body slowly dissipated.

The demon had acted as a sacrificial substitute, barely saving Renzo's life.

At the same time, Chris had already stealthily arrived behind General Rhea!

Black Fire of Sin emerged around him, immediately latching onto General Rhea's body and bursting into flames!

Vanessa had already "condemned" General Rhea. The negative status was instantly ignited by the black Fire of Sin, making the old man feel heavy and sluggish.

However, that feeling of heaviness and sluggishness was almost negligible for General Rhea, not affecting his actions in the least.

Suddenly, dazzling flashes of lightning burst forth from his body, forming intertwining arcs of electricity, like fierce pythons struggling.

"One after another coming to seek death!"

Without even turning his body, General Rhea's deadly lightning was already on its way to kill Chris when suddenly all things came to a standstill!

In the vast area nearby, only Chris could move!

"Huh?"

Up above, Prince Conrad, engrossed in battle, noticed the power that stopped everything in its tracks and quickly fell into thought.

"A very powerful Forbidden rare artifact indeed..."

In those few seconds, Chris attacked the elderly General Rhea near frantically. Eventually, his weapons managed to breach the Thunder armor's defenses, causing severe damage, and he retreated only at the last moment.

And the moment the standstill ended, General Rhea's body erupted with serious injuries. Riddled with holes, he was shocked to discover that the black flames on his body were not easily extinguished.

"What kind of flame is this? What was that standstill just now?"

His eyes were resolute, yet they conveyed endless pain. Blood plasma oozed from all over his body, his left arm severely damaged, hanging like a broken branch, his clothes soaked with blood. Each breath came with agony, as if telling of unspeakable torment.

General Rhea could barely stand, his body swaying, barely able to support himself.

Yet despite his grievous wounds, he still appeared very determined, with some unshakable resolve deep inside.

Unfortunately, General Rhea's power was much higher than Chris's.

"Lethality" had no effect!

He consumed a significant amount of spiritual power, continually repairing life-threatening injuries on his body. The flesh near death visibly healed at a speed discernible to the naked eye.

The next moment, a vast amount of lightning burst forth!

In an instant, his surroundings were filled with an electric glow, like countless flickering stars. The roaring thunder seemed to devour all life.

In the blinding light, he himself appeared buried, leaving only the dazzling visual impact of rolling currents.

As if caught in a magnificent and irresistible vortex of energy, in a flash, several Cyart Extraordinary Exponents were struck dead by the lightning.

Even Chris, who had already retreated, suffered from the lightning damage in an instant, but then he quickly received Lilian's rapid healing, allowing his physical body to recover swiftly.

Watching the old man akin to a thunder god, the East Coast nobles were furiously outraged, yet they dared not approach.

"Retreat! We'll find another opportunity!"

It was then that Prince Conrad, with a dark expression, gave the command to retreat. It turned out that the purple-dressed woman, weakened by the barrier, could no longer hold on against "Stars Mortal" Ariel.

Thus, General Rhea nodded slightly, rose into the air, and three Monarch powerful experts swiftly left the barrier without hesitation.

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

Chapter 226: Chapter 216 World War II

After the recent battle had ended, the people within the city all showed signs of utter exhaustion. Although Fein City had not been breached, there was no doubt that the casualties were severe.

Lilian began treating the wounded without delay, saving many who were critically injured and on the brink of death, including Chief Renzo of the Lion clan.

"Thank you!"

Chief Renzo, having awakened, was very grateful to Lilian, his face sincere. He then remembered advising Viscount Bast to be wary of the Fischer family.

His gaze drifted somewhat, but in the end, he still felt he had done nothing wrong.

Lilian shook her head gently and said, "It's what I should do."

"Indeed."

Renzo nodded slightly, his face gradually losing the look of gratitude.

The "Stars Mortal" Ariel, "Mighty Angel" Bern, Viscount Bast, Chris, Chief Renzo, and Byrne, who was exceptionally included in the discussion, quickly convened an emergency meeting.

This meeting would determine the direction of the war to come.

Bern, having reverted from his angelic form, appeared still unscathed and inquired straight away:

"How many died in that last fight?"

Viscount Bast remained silent for a moment before answering:

"Hmm, over thirty Extraordinary Exponents died, and furthermore, seven of them were nobles at the Transmutation Level. Our losses are bearable for now, but only temporarily so."

"..."

Everyone fell into deep thought. Bern, having seen much over a century, didn't consider the casualties a major issue and said calmly, "They have not yet used any Forbidden rare artifact; the last battle was merely a probe."

"We must be even more cautious going forward!"

Everyone was well aware of this, and Byrne exchanged a glance with Chris.

Using Forbidden rare artifacts often comes at a cost, and the greater the power of the artifact, the greater the cost required; as such, most people reserve their Forbidden rare artifacts as a last resort.

Only the Fischer family is a particularly unique exception; for the great Lord of the Lost can transform Forbidden rare artifacts into powerful rune power, retaining the immense strength without any further costs.

Renzo took a deep breath and nodded, "So the next wave of attacks will be the most crucial fight? It was already quite difficult for us to hold out during the last round."

Viscount Bast remained silent for a while, his gaze ice-cold as he said, "Actually, the longer the battle drags on, the worse it is for us. Because each time they suffer no casualties, yet we lose people. With enough repetitions, our mid- and low-tier combat strength will be completely depleted."

Indeed, the three formidable enemies would fight and then retreat each time. Although Monarch powerful experts were unable to kill each other, the opponents managed to take away a portion of the Cyart's mid- and low-tier combat strength with every encounter, greatly affecting the course of the war.

The handsome Bern raised an eyebrow and added, "We don't have much time left for those individuals; they won't probe too many times, and our other reinforcements are also on their way here."

Ariel, gritting her teeth, said, "Damn Carnians! I didn't expect the bastards from the Wilson family to get involved as well!"

She had only just managed to nearly defeat the purple-clothed woman with a sudden strike, only for the opponent to escape, feeling incredibly angry inside.

It was clear to everyone that Ariel, though a woman, was actually a person with a heavy murderous aura, even feared by many in private.

Only now did Byrne speak, saying, "Actually, I have some suggestions regarding the tactics for the upcoming battle."

Everyone turned their gaze to Byrne in unison, at which point his Spirituality started boiling vigorously.

This was an unprecedented degree of boiling!

So that was it.

Byrne's eyes lit up, finally able to fully confirm it!

The 4th Rank of the Path of Knowledge, that field of knowledge related to military affairs, was indeed the case that every time he made tactical and strategic decisions, it would trigger the boiling of his Spirituality!

Then, Byrne began to slowly recount the tactical countermeasures conceived within his mind.

"I believe that the next time they launch an attack, they will definitely split up instead of coming together like in the previous attack."

"Separating will allow them to be more flexible and mobile, exploiting their advantages in both the number of Monarch powerful experts and speed."

His mind's Spirituality continued to boil. According to the ascension theory Byrne had discovered long ago, the higher the quantity and quality of influences during a ritual, the more efficient the completion of the ritual!

At this moment, because of his impact on several Monarch Level experts, or perhaps due to his impact on the futures of three countries, Byrne's Spirituality was boiling to an extraordinary extent!

The ascension ritual was about to be complete!

A revelation burst forth in the depths of Byrne's heart!

Setting up a certain tactic or strategy, influencing the course and outcome of a war, was the 4th Rank ascension ritual of the Path of Knowledge!

"At this point, they should be outside the barrier, continuously recovering their own expended spiritual power."

"Mobility is the greatest advantage of Monarch powerful experts, hence they will likely attack various parts of Fein City separately, possibly engaging us in a mobile battle to exhaust our resources."

Everyone listened in silence, most agreeing with Byrne's words.

"Moreover, I believe the second round of battle will break out tonight, since our backup forces are also on their way, they don't have time for a prolonged attrition war."

"Though splitting up allows them to take advantage of their individual prowess, it also presents a vulnerability—that is, any isolates once trapped, can easily be killed!"

"So, we should..."

He listed a series of suggestions clearly and orderly, and as his mind's Spirituality reached full boil, he excused himself from the meeting hall and then went to find his daughter Lilian.

The 4th Rank! The 4th Rank!

Byrne was overjoyed deep within himself! He understood the importance of ascending the 4th Rank; now, as a defender, Fein was at a disadvantage, and becoming even slightly stronger was an important matter!

Members of the Fischer family were all arranged to stay at a private estate belonging to the Lion clan.

He soon found Lilian in a room of the estate, silently praying to a sacred object.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please protect us..."

Meanwhile, Byrne also saw that it was not only Lilian praying here; the eldest of the Daybreakers, Yeager, was also kneeling by her side, praying.

He too knelt before the sacred object, prayed for a moment, and then rose to his feet. Continue your adventure at [m|v-l'e](#) -

Yeager also stood and bowed to him, smiling as he said, "Your Excellency Byrne, it's been a while, I have some good news to inform you of—I have completed the ritual to advance to the 3rd Rank on the Path of Conquest!"

"Really?"

Byrne was stunned for a moment, and then a smile appeared on his face; with two pieces of good news happening together, perhaps this was the decision of the great Lord of the Lost!

Outside the barrier of Fein City, three Monarch powerful experts were resting.

The reticent woman in purple spoke up, saying indifferently, "We need to change our tactics, a head-on confrontation isn't the best choice."

She was Carnia's Court Chief Mage, revered by her nation, her status only slightly inferior to that of Prince Conrad.

General Rhea stared at the increasingly dark night and spoke,

"Your Highness, I have a plan."

"It's best to launch another attack in the middle of the night, and we should attack from three different directions. After that, we keep retreating and attacking, hitting the city from various sides repeatedly."

"They only have two Monarch powerful experts, and the lower and mid-tier Extraordinary Exponents are slow to move; they will definitely be thrown into confusion by our attacks."

"The tactical goal is to wear down the Cyart people's lower and mid-tier Extraordinary Exponents; as long as we exhaust enough of them, we can indirectly cut off the duration the Monarch with the Wrathful Angel Bloodline relies on."

"Once we've completely cut off his sustaining power, the three of us can join forces to unleash the Forbidden rare artifact against him and concentrate our firepower to kill that 'Angel' instantly! The situation in the battle will then completely change!"

Prince Conrad, who didn't understand much about tactics but was very clever, nodded calmly and said,

"Hmm, I approve of your tactic. Let's do it."

He paused, then added,

"However, there is one thing that concerns me, and that is the very special case of one of the Cyart people. The Forbidden rare artifact he uses can freeze Monarch Level powerful experts; even for us, it poses a lethal threat."

"We are unaware of its activation mechanism and the specific cost, and it may well be a triple-digit-numbered Forbidden rare artifact. We must pay special attention to this point."

General Rhea slowly nodded, his expression grave as he spoke,

"Yes, I certainly understand the threat of that thing. I was frozen still for several seconds at that time; if those two Monarch powerful experts had taken the opportunity to attack me with all their might, indeed, I would have been doomed."

A special kind of fear permeated the darkness; the people of Fein City lived in rising unrest and dread, everyone acutely aware that the war and death had not ended, but had only just begun.

At that moment, intense bursts of lightning suddenly erupted in a corner of the city, becoming the focus of the entire metropolis!

The elderly General Rhea, wielding a sword, guided the raging thunder and had already killed his way into the streets of Fein City at breakneck speed!

The Cyart guards of Fein quickly responded. The "Mighty Angel" Bern did not move, but the "Stars Mortal" Ariel quickly arrived with a group of Extraordinary Exponents.

And General Rhea did not linger in battle; he was merely making a feint attack and quickly left the city using the characteristic speed of lightning.

"Damn it! Byrne was right!"

Ariel's expression changed as she wanted to intercept but was unable to catch the opponent.

At the same time, the other two Monarch powerful experts also burst into Fein City from two other locations. Their strategy was very shrewd; of the three, if anyone encountered a Monarch powerful expert of Cyart, they would retreat, while the one who didn't encounter any could go on a spree of destruction and slaughter.

The "Mighty Angel" Bern found Prince Conrad first, entangling the most formidable opponent.

Thus, the purple-gowned woman with mental spellcasting capabilities became unrestrained, without any adversary.

Hovering above one side of the city, she casually flicked her fingers, and transparent bubbles carrying heavy negative emotions suddenly left many Fein people in a state of confusion.

Prince Conrad did not retreat immediately, but relied on his size advantage to rush forward, his body as large as a small hill collapsing buildings. He took the opportunity to release a black fog that destroyed several streets.

"Perish!"

The black clouds, like a host of dark specters, enveloped the surrounding buildings; they warped the entry of any light, turning the nearby world dark and unsettling.

In the darkness, many people and objects were instantaneously devoured, leaving behind a frightening void.

The eerie atmosphere held a bottomless darkness and danger, killing thousands on several streets within moments, without them even having a chance to cry out.

"Damn it!"

The "Mighty Angel" Bern, already transformed back into an angel, saw this cruel scene and couldn't help but roar in rage!

The city of Fein at war was filled with tension and anxiety. The heavy rumblings echoed distantly while the whistling and explosions constantly reminded people of the terrifying reality.

"What should we do?"

The Fischer family had not rushed to any battlefield; they all awaited Byrne's instructions. Chris, Lilian, Vanessa, Theo, Archibald, Yeager, and the others all looked towards Byrne in unison.

Yeager stared at His Excellency Byrne, took a deep breath, and said,

"Please give your order!"

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

Chapter 227: Chapter 217: The 4th Tier "Military Strategist"!

Spreading out to fight individually was clearly a decision that fit well with the Monarch powerful experts' abilities to move and battle at specific points.

However, such dispersed tactics also undeniably had a fatal weakness, which was that it would lead to "isolation".

And an isolated enemy also meant that they were "easier to be focused and killed".

Stars Mortal Ariel went to intercept Carnia's court spellcaster, fully aware that the moment she left, General Rhea would come back for another kill, but she couldn't simply ignore the enemy's wanton destruction.

Indeed, it wasn't long before the elderly General Rhea, directing the force of thunder with his sword, re-entered the city!

His position had been locked on the instant he entered the barrier, so when he killed his way back into the city, Fein City's Cyart defenders also made a decision.

Crazy lightning surged continuously from General Rhea's body, and soon enough the surrounding houses were destroyed, many citizens were killed in a moment, and it wasn't long before the Fischer family and the members of the Lion clan arrived.

"Hahaha, do you really think you can stop me?"

General Rhea, upon seeing the lineup before him, couldn't help but sneer, his sword blade raised coldly and mercilessly pointing towards Byrne and Viscount Bast, among others.

Viscount Bast smiled, scratching his head and muttering, "Your power isn't even half of what it is at full strength! So it's enough for us to handle you!"

"Hahahahahaha!"

General Rhea couldn't help but burst into laughter, his white hair and beard trembling in the lightning, his blue eyes ablaze with a ferocity resembling that of giant dragons and wild lions, instantly covering several streets around him!

Even under the influence of the city's barrier, where he indeed had less than half his strength, how could he be defeated by a few high-level Transmutations and many rabble?

"It seems you still do not understand the vast chasm between us!"

The old man's posture exuded ease and dignity, his profound eyes etched with the determination settled by the years, wrinkles interlacing his face, each one seemingly a testament to countless brave journeys forward, bearing pressure, responsibility, and the weight of death.

His steps were still light, his figure firm and strong, in Rhea's presence he was the embodiment of dignity and courage, like a child of destiny that had forged brilliant wars time and again, and contended with one Monarch powerful expert after another.

What is a Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent anyway?

Over a century, the aged General Rhea had killed countless Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents, no longer bothering to count them in his heart.

"Hmph!"

Viscount Bast's gaze finally became grim, and he let out a cold snort, knowing he could no longer hold back his true capability.

Then he released two completely different kinds of demons. The first was a wolf-bodied, three-headed demon standing tens of meters tall, its mouth full of black poisonous smoke, while the second resembled a rotting corpse, similar to a bloated "Giant's Outlook," profoundly disgusting to behold.

The two demons charged at General Rhea immediately. Lightning burst forth, and although the demons were powerful, together they could only resist the surging thunder for less than ten seconds.

Byrne watched silently, noting that Viscount Bast's contracted demons were in greater numbers than he had imagined, certainly at a steep price.

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And just then, General Rhea suddenly realized that the handsome man had come up behind him!

Chris, expressionless, showed no fear of the Monarch powerful expert who could easily kill him.

"Eh?"

Not him again?

Having been ambushed by him once before, he was already on guard against the handsome man, yet this time the other party seemed to have improved his stealth even further, looking as if he had truly become invisible!

General Rhea's speed and reaction were extremely fast. Even though he had been stealthily approached, he still managed to swiftly strike backwards with his sword, unleashing countless white lightning bolts, slamming them into Chris.

Then, General Rhea's eyes filled with shock!

"How is this possible?"

Because his all-out slash hadn't left a single injury on Chris.

However, a strange and eerie scene unfolded, as everyone around started vomiting blood, many seriously injured.

"What's happening?"

"Why am I vomiting blood?"

"It feels so awful!"

Everyone was in uproar, unable to believe what had happened, while Lilian urgently deployed the power of the "Spirit-returning Tree" to heal each injured person.

Chris gazed into General Rhea's shocked eyes, swiftly executing the mighty power of "Eyes of Conviction".

At the same time.

Byrne stood quietly in the background, a virtual image of a military sand table appearing in his hands, and every person became a virtual chess piece on that table.

"This is the new power granted by the great Lord of the Lost."

Only Byrne could see the virtual sand table, and among those virtual chess pieces, only General Rhea's piece stood out distinctly, terrifying brilliant lightning continuously bursting forth from it.

Path of Knowledge's 4th Rank!

Power of Consecution, "Strategist"!

Its appearance in the Spirit Realm was that of a valiant and wise middle-aged man, dressed in vividly colored military attire, wielding a sword used for commanding troops.

During the promotion to "military strategist," the Fischer family sacrificed Class 4 Extraordinary Material, "Star Dragon Scales."

These scales come from a special giant dragon not found on the Ouden Continent, but in the Spirit Realm, born from the wreckage of constellations. Merely reaching adulthood, it could attain the strength of a Monarch, and according to legend, every Star Dragon Emperor possessed demi-god like powers of Heavenly Enlightenment.

Even just a scale of the Star Dragon held immense power, enough to qualify as Class 4 Extraordinary Material!

The breakthrough to the 4th Rank undoubtedly brought about tremendous change; Byrne's physical condition and Spiritual Power both increased by a hundred, and compared to the first three ranks, his physical condition improved by much more.

Then he acquired an Extraordinary trait as well as three kinds of strange war spells.

The Extraordinary trait, "Battle Chains"!

Byrne could cast invisible chains, linking allies within several hundred meters who bore no hostility towards him. When someone was to suffer fatal damage, the injury would automatically be distributed among all the linked individuals.

"Battle Chains" was undoubtedly a potent power, but facing an overwhelmingly strong enemy could lead to the annihilation of everyone linked!

Additionally, Byrne received three different spells, all useful combat spells: "Horn of Destruction," "Instantaneous Transfer," and "Full Concealment."

"Horn of Destruction" was a mighty spell that, upon sounding, increased the damage capabilities of all within its several kilometer radius significantly, although it also significantly reduced one's own life force.

"Instantaneous Transfer" was a superior form of "Shape-shifting." The "military strategist" could transfer a target to a location within his line of sight. If the target did not resist, the transfer consumed very little Spiritual Power, but if the target resisted, the stronger they were, the more Spiritual Power it required!

"Instantaneous Transfer," unlike "Shape-shifting," did not require swapping places with the target, greatly enhancing its functionality!

The last of the war spells, "Full Concealment," allowed for the use of Spiritual Power to render a target within sight invisible, with the number of people hidden and the duration increasing the Spiritual Power consumed.

Just now, Chris had relied on "Instantaneous Transfer" and "Full Concealment" to suddenly appear in front of General Rhea!

"Hmph! Strange fellow! Did you use some Forbidden rare artifact to save your life?"

General Rhea, engulfed in the Fire of Sin, coldly snorted, finally utilizing his own Forbidden rare artifact.

Although using the forbidden artifact would cost him two years of his already dwindling lifespan, he could no longer concern himself with such matters!

It was a green ring General Rhea carried on his person that burst forth with green light, transforming the surroundings into a forest in an instant, and resilient vines bound every Cyart person present.

In the next moment, everything around came to a standstill!

Without hesitation, Chris launched one ferocious attack after another on General Rhea!

Meanwhile, Byrne had already evacuated the area of time stasis and was soon gazing into the distant sky at the "Mighty Angel," slowly pointing at a figure on the virtual sand table and activating his "Instantaneous Transfer" ability.

"When laying out the tactics, I had hoped he would use clones and Forbidden rare artifacts to buy time, but now the situation is much better!"

Once the stasis ended, like before, General Rhea was covered in wounds and immediately consumed mental power to heal himself.

But then, he suddenly realized that a person whose presence far outstripped his own was now before him!

Damn!

"How could this be!"

Fear, alongside surprise and anger, burst forth on General Rhea's face, impossible to hide!

"Mighty Angel" Bern was indeed far stronger than General Rhea, and with the barrier's effect in Fein City, the gap in their strengths was even more apparent!

"Hahahaha!"

Laughing wildly, the "Mighty Angel" delivered punches, simple and unadorned, that made the ground tremble with each strike.

Swords bent, thunderous armor was destroyed, and those terrifying fists finally found General Rhea. Every punch had enough force to kill a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent!

Bombarding him over and over, General Rhea, already severely injured, steadily retreated until his dignity was thoroughly demolished, and his body almost collapsed.

So he suddenly soared into the sky with the speed of lightning, attempting to escape!

Byrne blew the Horn of Destruction!

The inaudible sound began to resonate, reaching everyone's ears. "Mighty Angel" also felt his strength enhanced, and in the next moment, he used "Instantaneous Transfer" to get ahead above General Rhea!

Inside, he wondered why Byrne Fischer had so many spells at his disposal, as well as various Mysterious rare artifacts, but now was not the time to ponder such things.

"That's enough, go die," said the "Mighty Angel" calmly, as he channeled all his strength into his fist!

The earth-shaking punch thundered down, as if gathering all the power from heaven and earth into a mad frenzy, the air itself vibrating, like a shooting star crossing the night sky, leaving a bright trail, every inch of muscle filled with endless strength.

When the fist collided with General Rhea's body, energy surged out like the wrath of a deity, irresistible and devastating.

The subsequent shockwave mercilessly spread, causing the ground below to gradually collapse.

The Fischer family and the Lion clan were deeply captivated by the stunning power, for the conviction and belief condensed in that punch were too horrifying.

The fist completely pulverized General Rhea's body, dissipating it into thin air!

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

Chapter 228: Chapter 218 Celebration

The Monarch powerful expert has fallen!

"We did it..."

Byrne knelt on one knee, clutching his head with one hand as the virtual battlefield vanished. Everything around him seemed to tilt and sway, and he almost lost consciousness.

He breathed deeply, unable to recover for a long time.

While the power of the "Military Strategist" was strong, the spiritual power consumed by each ability and spell was also substantial; merely a few rounds had drained Byrne's spiritual power.

He took a deep breath.

The power of the "Military Strategist" from the 4th Rank of the Path of Knowledge was undoubtedly a very strong support ability.

However, the most important aspect was to have "sufficiently powerful chess pieces" to use, enabling the "Military Strategist" to be fully effective.

He had indeed played a significant role just now, but the key lay in having an outstanding ally on the field, Mighty Angel Bern.

He was already stronger than General Rhea, and due to the effect of Fein City's barrier, the gap between them grew even wider.

Add to that General Rhea was already riddled with wounds from Chris's attacks, the two were not even on the same level as Extraordinary Exponents, and thus, an all-out Mighty Angel could swiftly kill his opponent!

It was the presence of powerful chess pieces that allowed the "Military Strategist" to exert critical effects; otherwise, no matter how much Byrne could strategize and move troops, it would have been of no use.

"Roar!"

Prince Conrad, transformed into the Dragon of Despair, easily tore apart Mighty Angel's avatar, and then suddenly raised his head, staring towards the other side of the city's battlefield.

"That veteran Thunder Warrior actually died here!"

"Strange, could it be that their Forbidden rare artifacts posed a huge threat..."

The two female Monarchs engaged in battle were also stunned, and they turned to look towards the distant battlefield as if by prior agreement.

The court mage, dressed in purple, showed an expression of disbelief, whereas Ariel could not help but laugh. She pointed her finger at her opponent as brilliant starlight emerged around her.

"The balance of the battle has tipped, you've lost!"

At the same moment, very intense cheers also erupted from within the Cyart defense forces.

"We've succeeded! We've slain the Monarch powerful expert Rhea!"

"Mighty Angel's bravery is like a miracle! We are under the protection of the gods!"

"His Excellency Bern is too powerful! He is truly our savior!"

Almost everyone was cheering with joy, except Mighty Angel Bern, who gazed deeply at Byrne Fischer, engraving the memory of this extraordinary man in the depths of his heart.

The power he exhibited was incredible.

Bern knew many transformation-type spells himself, but some of the extraordinary powers displayed by Byrne Fischer were clearly not within the means of ordinary transformation-type spellcasters.

"Strange..."

Forbidden knowledge, mysterious rare artifact, or perhaps some secret treasure of the Spirit Realm?

Indeed, one thing was certain, that man had many secrets. Experience new tales on m v|l e'-

"The Cyart people have won!"

Viscount Bast led the cheer and quickly regained his composure, unable to resist looking towards Byrne with a glint in his eyes, pondering something.

A low, dark voice resonated throughout the entire city.

"Retreat!"

Prince Conrad was shocked, but he had not lost his rationality, knowing that it was no longer possible to capture the city with just his and the court mage's power.

If they continued to drag things out, the losses would be greater once the rest of Cyart's reinforcements arrived. Eventually, even he could find himself in peril.

They decisively retreated, and the Cyart defense forces did not pursue. As the supreme commander, Bern did not order a chase, instead instructing the Cyart troops to immediately provide disaster relief.

Like an angel, Bern stood high in the sky and declared loudly, "No need to pursue, as long as we hold Fein City strategically, we have won!"

"Indeed, we've won!"

Yeager, staring at Byrne's figure, revealed a smile. The pillars of the Fischer family included the powerful Lord Chris, and the other was the deep and far-sighted His Excellency Bain.

They truly were exceptional individuals!

That evening, Monarchs Bern and Ariel, along with Byrne, Chris, Viscount Bast, Renzo, and six others, once again gathered in the meeting hall.

"Byrne Fischer."

Bern had already reverted from his Angel form, and with a smile looking at Byrne, he said slowly, "It seems you have quite a few secrets, don't you?"

Ariel didn't speak, but she couldn't help looking at Byrne, showing a rather intrigued expression.

Byrne's face remained calm, and with a smile he replied, "Since the Spirit Realm appeared, many people have their own secrets. I am no exception, Your Excellency Bern."

He knew that Bern was a good man and would not make things difficult for him.

As for that guy Ariel, there was no way around it; he could only take it one step at a time and fend off questions as they came.

"Hmm, that is indeed the case."

Bern nodded lightly, a cheerful smile appearing on his handsome face, and suddenly placed his hand on Byrne's shoulder!

"Rest assured, I'm not one of those crazy people who would covet the strange power you've demonstrated, hahaha, you've helped us win a crucial battle, and perhaps even saved the future of the entire country. I already regard you as a hero of the Cyart people!"

He stared at Byrne, his expression resolute as he continued to say,

"Don't worry! For the sake of the Cyart people, use your power boldly. If someone troubles you, the heroes of Cyart, I will help you smooth things out!"

Ariel snorted, nodded and said, "The Romann family will also protect you."

Byrne took a deep breath and nodded,

"I am immensely grateful on behalf of the Fischer family. To receive the friendship of 'Mighty Angel' His Excellency Bern is undoubtedly my honor!"

He also politely addressed Ariel, who didn't bother to pay attention to Byrne.

Bern chuckled for a while and then became serious, looking at Chris and Byrne he said,

"In fact, I'm very clear about one thing, that it is you young people who are the future of Cyart. Many people do not wish to see a Monarch powerful expert arise outside the Ten Great Pillars, yet I always look forward to the day when the twenty-second Monarch powerful expert of Cyart will emerge from among you!"

His tone was far from flat as he continued to say loudly, "The pattern of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, it's time for a complete change!"

Days later, as night fell and darkness grew, the entire city was filled with the atmosphere of victory. On the streets, people sang and danced, waving the flags of Cyart, enveloped in the joy of their win.

The lights shone brightly, fireworks burst into the sky, and the local folk music of Cyart began to play as people congratulated and celebrated each other, with many shops displaying souvenirs and the Cyart flags flying in the wind.

Celebratory processions for the victory snaked through the bustling streets, as people together revelled in this important triumph.

Many members of the Fischer family were also in the procession of the victory parade.

"Hahaha!"

Archibald's face was full of smiles, occasionally responding to cheers from the crowd, as if he had really done a lot in the war.

Vanessa smiled calmly, nodding from time to time in response, while Lilian observed the reactions of the people, pondering certain things.

As for Chris, he wasn't even in the parade procession, and no one knew where that guy had gone.

With a calm expression, Byrne pondered many things, and just then, two children approached with smiles on their faces, their heads crowned with baskets full of bread. They came up to Byrne and presented the basket of bread.

The first child chuckled and said, "Your Excellency Byrne! Our family owns a bakery, and these are from my parents to you! We hope you like them!"

The second child, full of admiration, exclaimed loudly, "The Fischer family are heroes. When I grow up, I also want to become a strong member of the Fischer family!"

"Thank you."

As confetti drifted down from the sky, Byrne revealed a smile, accepted the bread, and in the next moment, he used "Instantaneous Transfer" to create two fresh flowers from a floral shop to give to each of the children.

"Wow!"

"Thank you, Your Excellency Byrne!"

Both children's eyes were filled with surprise.

"I hope you reach the future you hope for in your hearts!"

Smiling, Byrne nodded gently and again used "Instantaneous Transfer" to place a Gold Coin in the florist's view that had just been "stolen" from.

After the victory parade ended, the Fischer family gathered again in the manor lent to them by the Lion clan.

Speaking calmly to everyone, Byrne said,

"Yeager has reached the 3rd Rank 'Sword Brandisher' on the Path of Conquest, while I have become a 'Strategist' on the Path of Knowledge at the 4th Rank."

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

Chapter 229: Chapter 219: The Third Tier "Sword Brandisher" and Future Strategy

Byrne was toying with a coin, aware that even when "Instantaneous Transfer" was used on inanimate objects, there was still a difference in the consumption of Spiritual Power.

The larger and farther the object being transferred, the more Spiritual Power it consumed.

He put away the coin and looked calmly at the members of the Fischer family.

"It's not just me, Yeager has also successfully risen to the rank of 'Sword Brandisher'!"

An Extraordinary ability called "sword brandishing" is part of the 2nd Rank of the Path of Conquest, known as "Combat Master".

It is an ability that can instantly multiply the attack speed several times over; it has a robust effect in close combat and remains useful even in high-level battles.

And the 3rd Rank of the Path of Conquest is, in itself, the "Sword Brandisher".

In the Spirit Realm, its image is that of a powerful female swordswoman bathed in red light, with only one left arm yet still exuding confidence and composure.

Yeager and Byrne were promoted in an emergency situation through Madam Lilian's help, and they did not convene all members of the Fischer family, so many were unaware of their acquisition of new Powers of Consecution.

When rising to "Sword Brandisher," the Class 3 Extraordinary Material sacrificed was the "Thunder Roar Stone", which emits a loud noise upon touch and contains deep blue streaks of electricity within its black color, appearing quite wondrous.

"Sword Brandisher" is a very pure close combat sequence power.

After his promotion, Yeager gained an increase of 55 in physical quality, while his Spiritual Power increased by 15.

At the same time, he acquired two Extraordinary traits: "Flaw Detection Eye" and "duel".

With the ability of "Flaw Detection Eye," a "Sword Brandisher" can passively detect the fatal weaknesses of all life forms not much stronger than themselves, and if they strike these weak points immediately, they can inflict enormous damage in an instant.

As for the Extraordinary ability "duel," the "Sword Brandisher" can continuously consume their own Spiritual Power to forcibly lock onto an enemy and engage in a "duel".

When the special effect of "duel" is activated, the "Sword Brandisher" gains increased damage against the locked-on enemy, becomes more agile, and heals from injuries more rapidly.

Yeager had already tried it; when he activated the ability "duel," his overall combat capability was similar to being temporarily promoted from the low-level Transmutation to mid-level Transmutation, which is quite a significant increase.

The cost is that during the "duel," before killing the target or ending the "duel," the "Sword Brandisher" cannot switch to attack another person.

And Yeager's current Spiritual Power is only enough to sustain "duel" for thirty seconds, after which his Spiritual Power will be depleted.

Undoubtedly, compared to other Powers of Consecution on the same tier of the God Pantheon stairway, "Sword Brandisher" is the best one-on-one fighter and a very pure melee Extraordinary Exponent.

"Yeager, you truly are the most outstanding of all Daybreakers, reaching the 3rd Rank in your early thirties. I believe the 4th Rank and even the distant future will unfold before you."

Byrne said with a smile, his casual words confirming Yeager's status among the Daybreakers.

Even though Yeager already had a high reputation, it was undoubtedly important to receive Byrne's explicit support at this moment.

Yeager bowed deeply, speaking calmly and with great respect, "Everything I have has been given by the great Lord of the Lost, and I, in my own right, remain very immature, needing to always adhere to the teachings of the Fischer family!"

Archibald struggled to hold back his sarcasm—this guy was just too good with words, and Archibald was sure he could never speak like that in his life.

Damn it!

So you think you're special just because you're eloquent?

Byrne looked at Yeager with a smile and slowly nodded as he said:

"Regarding the position of Deputy Mayor of Fein City, you can strive for it in the next few years. Don't worry, the Fischer family will fully support you from the shadows!"

Although a few knew that many years ago, Yeager came from the Daybreak Orphanage in Fein City, no outsiders were aware of his close ties with the Fischer family.

He was undoubtedly a highly successful pawn for the family, quietly staying in low-level official positions for a long time, accumulating connections and resources in the dark until recently when he was promoted to a high-ranking official in Fein City.

Yeager nodded slowly, speaking calmly, "I am confident that I can secure the position of Deputy Mayor within five years. However, the position of Mayor is likely beyond my reach."

He paused, adding helplessly, "After all, the Mayor of Fein City has always been filled by members of the Lion clan; it has been predetermined from the beginning."

Suddenly, Madam Lilian spoke, "Perhaps, you can try to directly join the Lion clan." Experience more tales on m v|| e'-

"Hmm, I will consider it..."

Yeager narrowed his eyes, understanding what Madam Lilian meant; the most direct way to join another clan was the only way.

Byrne kept his composure, suddenly taking out paper and pen, and said with a smile,

"Excuse me for interrupting, Yeager, Lilian, I'd like to record something very important. What exactly is the rite of passage to become a 'Sword Brandisher'?"

Everyone instinctively turned to Yeager, who nodded calmly and recounted his own experience.

"I've been trying all along, thinking of many methods, but nothing worked until one day, I got drunk for the first time in my life."

"Then, the resentment deep in my heart burst forth, and I went to Fein City's underground fighting ring. Concealing my power, I defeated over a dozen opponents one-on-one, and suddenly I felt my Spiritual Power begin to slightly surge!"

His eyes gleamed with satisfaction, as if savoring the memories of that night.

"Afterward, I deliberately sought out a high-level Beginning illegal Extraordinary person, placing an order for him to try to assassinate me. So, I fought a duel to the death with him in an alley, and I was the one who survived, with my spirituality getting even more agitated..."

Yeager summarized and turned to Byrne, concluding, "Three one-on-one duels of equal strength finally enabled me to successfully complete the Path of Conquest 'Sword Brandisher' rite of passage."

So that was it. Byrne nodded slightly; the rite of passage for the "Sword Brandisher" was not entirely beyond his expectations.

"Sword Brandishers," also aptly called "Duelists," were undoubtedly adept at one-on-one confrontations, so their rite of passage was also about one-on-one duels with Extraordinary beings of equal strength.

Yeager suddenly spoke very seriously, "I have an important suggestion regarding the Daybreakers!"

"If it's someone with determination, like a man such as Viscount Bast, he could still find out the connections between us and the Fischer family. At a critical time, it might have an impact, so I hope we can nurture the future Daybreakers somewhere other than the orphanage."

Upon hearing the name Viscount Bast, Byrne's emotions deep inside became somewhat complex, and he took a deep breath. Aside from Chris, others around noticed his slightly odd demeanor.

Chris gazed silently at Byrne, seemingly aware of something, and kept quiet.

Lilian nodded softly and calmly said, "Yes, we have also thought of this. The new island that our family has developed out at sea will be our best place for education and testing."

"From now on, truly potential children will be taken to that island instead of being sent to the various orphanages that exist in plain sight."

"Good!"

A light shone in Yeager's eyes, he took a deep breath, and said loudly,

"Regarding the future direction of our family and the church, I've actually thought about it, and I would like everyone to listen to my suggestion."

"The Dawn Church is a clandestine force, so it should engage in the activities of a secret organization."

"From now on, we Daybreakers should infiltrate every clan, every power, every nation. We should not confine ourselves to any city! Any country! Any faction!"

"Someday, day by day, in every city, with every power, beside every great figure, there will be a Daybreaker present!"

"When that time comes, the whole world will be in the palm of the great Lord of the Lost!"

Lilian's thoughts aligned with his, she nodded immediately and said with excitement, "Yes, that's what I think too, Yeager! And I also hope to recruit those disillusioned from various families, they are excellent Proselyte prospects!"

Yeager smiled; he didn't like those Proselytes, but he certainly couldn't say so outright.

Vanessa paused and asked, "What do you mean by disillusioned?"

Lilian continued, smiling, "Many members of noble families inherit recessive bloodlines, they are born as ordinary humans, unlike their siblings."

"Those siblings are born Extraordinary, superior from the start, thus enjoying nearly all the glory and resources of the family."

"But those born as ordinary people, even if they aren't overtly discriminated against, they are certainly neglected. Human nature dictates that many deep inside harbor resentment."

"If they had never seen the light, that would be one thing, but to be constantly bathed in its glow, yet unable to truly feel its warmth, is something most difficult to endure."

Everyone understood that she had a point, giving more resources and status to the Extraordinary was the consensus of all noble families, indeed of every power.

And indeed, people thought there was nothing wrong with that.

Power lies within bloodlines, so everyone is born unequal!

Speaking to this point, Lilian paused, a smile of certain victory appeared on her face, and her tone became increasingly aggressive.

"They will all incredibly crave Extraordinary power. In fact, many who join heretical cults are these people... and we can give them a chance! A chance to completely change their destiny!"

"Many would even risk death to fight for this opportunity! And their presence will help us infiltrate all the families across the continent!"

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

Chapter 230: Chapter 220 Royal Family Rewards

...

Yeager and Lilian were ambitious, and their ideas ignited passion in the eyes of all present, for everyone in the Dawn Church was well aware of just how powerful the great Lord of the Lost truly was.

They were vastly different from those cults that worshiped false gods, possessing very unique power that belonged exclusively to themselves.

Moreover, any believer who joined the church and made contributions, showing their own devotion, could attain that power.

The first time they set foot on the God Pantheon stairway, many people were filled with awe, their hearts beginning to truly believe that the Dawn Church could indeed change the entire world!

"I disagree,"

Byrne said with a cold gaze and a stern tone, dissenting with a single sentence that immediately calmed everyone down.

Although Chris was the nominal head of the family and Lilian the Priest of the church, no one in the family or the church dared to take Byrne's thoughts lightly.

Everyone was clear that, since Irene's martyrdom, that calm and wise man was the true pillar of the family.

Lilian looked at her father, who had just poured cold water on their plans, and was not surprised deep inside. The family's elders often spoke of the family's motto: "Keep secrets, be cautious." They had given up a lot for it, yet they had never regretted it.

"Father,"

She took a deep breath, already knowing the reason, yet she asked as calmly as possible, "Why?"

Byrne continued seriously, "I don't deny that your vision is grand, but the possibility of exposure will also increase greatly. Our current strength is insufficient to take on such a tremendous risk."

"If we do as you say, the secrets of the Dawn Church will definitely be discovered, and in the end, our family will fall into a terrible and hopeless predicament!"

Even without her father's words, Lilian had already foreseen what he would say.

She gazed into her father's eyes and asked, "The family secrets have been discovered a few times over the decades, haven't they?"

Byrne suddenly felt that Lilian had really grown up a lot, with no trace of her childhood appearance, and he nodded slowly, seriously saying:

"Yes, but we dealt with them immediately each time."

Lilian wanted to continue but then, thinking of something, shook her head and said, "If that is so... never mind, I won't try to persuade you further. Let's vote then."

Byrne was slightly startled, and after looking at his daughter for a long while, he nodded gently.

"Alright."

Therefore, Lilian turned her head to look at Chris and Vanessa, who had the right to vote, and said calmly,

"Next, we'll decide the future strategy of our family by vote. Whether or not to accept into our ranks the ordinary members of the Extraordinary Exponent families, please think carefully before making your decision."

She knew deep down that Uncle Chris was actually somewhat of a radical, or it could be said that there was an attitude of playing with the world in his nature.

Had he not been so perfectly suited for the Path of Tranquility, Uncle Chris might have taken the path of prophecy.

Thus, she believed Uncle Chris might support her, as doing so would create more variables, and he would definitely enjoy the variables.

Vanessa took a deep breath and nodded, saying, "I understand now, sorry, Lilian, I might not follow your wishes."

Chris calmly looked at Lilian and showed a faint smile.

The scales of belief were then laid out again, and the four members of the Fischer family with voting rights voted once more, but the results were not to Lilian's liking.

The three others, aside from her, thought that the Fischer family was not ready to be so radical.

Seeing the final voting results, Lilian took a deep breath and nodded begrudgingly,

"Very well, I'll try to persuade you in the future."

In a few more years, Karno and Christine would come of age, and if Darren could return too, the vote composition might undergo a change.

She pondered silently, feeling there was no need for haste.

After everyone had dispersed, Byrne and Chris were left alone.

In the empty room, the cousin-uncles looked at each other.

Chris said calmly, "There is no surveillance in the manor."

Byrne sighed, furrowed his brows, and said, "Lilian has grown up, she has many thoughts, but she is not mature enough yet, she doesn't see the huge risks behind certain actions."

Chris shook his head gently, saying, "It's not that she doesn't see, but that she believes."

Byrne paused for a moment, then finally had a moment of realization and said,

"You mean, because she believes that the great Lord of the Lost always protects the fate of the family, she thinks we will inevitably be successful no matter what? I see now, I understand, that does make logical sense."

He had not thought from Lilian's perspective, so many things had been unclear to him, and it took Chris's insight for him to suddenly comprehend.

"Chris..."

Byrne was silent for a long time, then his tone suddenly deepened, his eyes shimmering like pearls in the river of years, radiating tranquility and wisdom.

"Chris, have you found anything about the matter I asked you to look into?"

"Yes."

...

Chris nodded slightly, pulling out a tattered piece of paper, the results of his investigation.

After reading the investigation's findings, Byrne became even more silent, his head heavy with a stupor, and a massive tumult like never before rose within the depths of his heart!

"So it was really you, the mockery of fate..."

He clenched his fist tightly, his father's hatred must be avenged!

—

The Rhea army that had been staying in the town had already withdrawn, but before they could leave Cyart's borders, they encountered the patriarch of the "Flaming Blood" Castleton family, who had come to intercept them.

Without a Monarch powerful expert to plunder their formation, the entire army had no means to counterattack and ultimately suffered a disastrous defeat, scattering in retreat with heavy casualties.

The Fischer family returned to Nasir Town, only to witness a scene of great ruin.

Although the townspeople had already been evacuated and were unharmed, with only some nearby villagers who had tried to plunder during the chaos being killed by the Rhea, the schools and factories in Nasir Town had been set ablaze by the Rhea, resulting in severe losses.

"Actually, I heard that before they left, they intended to burn down the entire town. We were lucky a heavy rain came and prevented greater losses," Theo said calmly.

Byrne stood in front of the destroyed school, his heart bleeding continuously; it was all the work of his life, built piece by piece by the Fischer family over decades.

Seeing the efforts of decades destroyed, he sighed deeply and eventually turned to the people beside him to speak softly,

"However, all can still be regained, as long as the people are still here."

Yes.

Both the Fischer family and the Nasir citizens were still here; there was still hope for everything.

His eyes hardened, and he said definitively, "When the war is won, the Rhea will surely cough up their blood and return everything to us!"

A few days later, the Fischer family received an important guest in the parlor.

It was an envoy from the Cyart King.

The Royal reward from the Cyart King had finally arrived, and all military achievements in the war would be duly rewarded, a critical incentive for the whole nation to actively partake in the conflict.

The Fischer family had performed magnificently in the defense of Fein, undoubtedly earning themselves considerable resources. Not only was the outstanding payment for military supplies settled, but the Cyart King also personally contributed funds for the rebuilding of the Fischer family's factory. In the end, he even offered a considerable, interest-free loan to the Fischer family.

Byrne was well aware of why the Cyart King had suddenly become so generous; losing the logistical factories was also a loss for the whole nation, especially at such a crucial

moment of war – the King naturally needed to support the Fischer family as providers of logistics.

"Hmm, in addition, the Cyart King is granting you a piece of territory,"

said the Royal envoy, who conveyed the message with all due courtesy, continuing his address calmly.

"Territory?"

The mention of territory immediately sparked interest among those present, but their expressions soon turned queer.

It turned out that the Rhea king had long decided to cede a large tract of land to the Cyart people, almost the size of half a Rhea province, which was also one of the main reasons many Rhea nobles were angry with the Rhea king.

The piece of land that the Cyart King was granting to the Fischer family was a village that wasn't very large.

But that wasn't the most serious problem.

The biggest issue was that the village lay within Rhea territory, right at the frontline where conflict raged repeatedly, and it was even close to the village where Darren had been captured, having already been plundered several times by both armies.

Once the Royal envoy had left, everyone exchanged glances, and Archibald could not help saying,

"That dilapidated village, do we really need to send someone to manage it? There's probably hardly anyone left there, right? And it could be recaptured by the Rhea at any time, couldn't it? Or what if some Rhea Monarch powerful expert happens to pass by and just..."

Byrne shook his head gently, saying indifferently, "Think of it as a piece of cake."

"We don't have to worry about it until the war is over. In any case, first, we should rebuild the school and factory with the Cyart King's money and interest-free loan. Our Fischer Manor was also severely damaged, and many things need to be rebuilt,"

he remarked, surveying the rebuilding efforts around Nasir Town, speaking quietly,

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"Both sides have been fighting for years, filled with exhaustion. I suspect the war will soon come to a temporary halt unless the newly joined Carnians pour in greater resources."

Archibald nodded softly, murmuring, "Let's hope we end up on the winning side."

Ten days flashed by, and Fischer Town was still being rebuilt.

New houses rose from the ground; roads were once again clean and orderly, with busy workers shuttling back and forth.

The workers carried a sense of confidence among them, and the whole town was teeming with vitality as if, after repeated trials, the townsfolk had acquired ample resilience.

"Knock, knock, knock."

In the study of Fischer Manor, Byrne suddenly saw Theo knocking and entering, with an invitation letter from the Lion clan in his hand.

Theo spoke slowly, "It's a letter from Viscount Bast, for you, His Excellency Bain."

"I understand."

Byrne took the envelope, nodding lightly, and then opened it. After reading the contents silently, the message was brief, yet what was mentioned was of utmost importance.

Viscount Bast was on the verge of breaking through to the Monarch Level! There might be interference from outsiders! Full support from the Fischer family was requested!

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

Chapter 231: Chapter 221 Attachments of the Heart

The curfew was finally lifted, and Fein City gradually regained its vitality, but the people would not forget the thousands of Fein citizens who had died because of the war.

At the citizens' request, the mayor of Fein City decided to mark that day as an important commemorative day, and from that day onwards, every year, people would remember those who died in the war and also pay their respects to the heroes of Cyart.

The name Fischer had in some form become permanently integrated into the history of the city.

In a chaotic and old street in Fein City, inside a dimly-lit room, a worker foreman with a weathered face stood in front of the mirror, trimming his beard.

He could barely straighten his back due to long-term labor and slowly turned his head to look at his beautiful young daughter, taking a deep breath.

"Sunbelle, the important person you're meeting today - remember not to speak out of turn during the entire process. Only with enough respect will you have a chance," he said.

The girl, as pretty as a deer, nodded and said softly, "Yes, I understand, Father."

Three years ago, she had worked as a maid for a wealthy lady on this street, and now that Sunbelle had come of age, it was time for her to marry or find a more respectable job.

The boys from the neighboring houses almost all had a fondness for Sunbelle, and even two had expressed their love, yet she couldn't take a liking to any of them.

Her own family's situation was a little better than others, but still fell far short.

Her mother had died early from an illness after giving birth to her, and her father worked himself to the bone in the factory, bending his back, while her sister who worked in the factory died due to an accident with the machinery.

Having worked as a maid for a wealthy family for three years, she knew about the extravagant lifestyles of the rich and once saw a Baroness buying clothes, spending as much money as her family saved up in several months.

And those Baronesses' dogs ate better food than she ever did, something Sunbelle would never forget in her life.

That wealthy lady who had been so haughty towards her, in the presence of the Baronesses, didn't even dare to breathe heavily, her heart completely focused on pleasing them, fearing she would be kicked out of the social circle.

Over the years, Sunbelle remembered everything!

If she were just plain-looking, she would let it be, but now that she was growing even more beautiful, she felt increasingly discontent, feeling that she deserved more opportunities.

"I hope to enter a household and become a formal maid of a large family, and perhaps even more..."

The two left the gloomy, cramped room, and because they couldn't afford a carriage, they took advantage of the early daylight and walked towards the tidy, clean streets.

As Sunbelle looked around, thinking she might live in such a beautiful place in the future, her eyes lit up with excitement.

Finally, they arrived in the city's wealthy district, at the gates of Baron Nacci's villa estate.

"Hello, we had made an appointment..."

Her flustered father stepped forward and slipped a silver coin to the stern-faced head maidservant to allow his daughter the opportunity for an interview. Sunbelle then walked into the estate with her head lowered under the scrutinizing gaze of the head maidservant.

She looked quite docile.

Sunbelle had never been inside a noble's manor before, and her gaze struggled to move away from the beautiful flowers and plants. Soon, the excited girl met the Baron's butler.

The hawk-nosed elderly butler had his hands clasped behind his back, calmly assessing her from head to toe with a sharp eye, as if evaluating a piece of merchandise, and he gave a slight nod.

"You're not bad looking, but that's not necessarily an advantage," he said.

"Let's keep you on trial first, as an apprentice servant of our family. You'll need to learn many things and do many tasks. Are you confident?" he asked.

"I can learn anything and will surely complete the work well," Sunbelle quickly replied.

Not long after joining the family, Sunbelle met the Baron Nacci, already in his forties and with a stout figure, who also held the position of Deputy Mayor in the town hall.

She saw at first glance just how esteemed Baron Nacci was as everyone gathered around him.

Indeed, Lord Baron was a person of both wealth and power. If she could become his mistress, that would be quite good, but how exactly should she do it?

Sunbelle was well aware that with her background, she could never hope to become a Baroness, so her biggest dream in life was to become the mistress of some Baron.

"I must perform well and find a way to show off my charm..." she thought.

However, the very next day, Sunbelle was completely dumbfounded.

She had witnessed Baron Nacci, that very man, kissing a handsome young man by the window! Moreover, the rest of the people in the estate seemed accustomed to this sight!

Ah?

How could this be? Didn't this mean she had no chance at all...

She was immediately downhearted.

A few days later, she suddenly learned that an important guest would soon arrive, and the whole manor was seriously preparing. So she prepared as well, curious in her heart about who the guest could be.

Finally, the guest arrived.

He was a man in his thirties, with short hair showing signs of balding, and nothing particularly striking about him except for the shrewdness in his eyes.

"Mr. Colin! Hahaha! Long time no see, I really missed you!"

Sunbelle, hidden in the corner, was completely stunned!

The usually cold Baron Nacci's demeanor changed drastically; he behaved like an amorous rooster, full of eagerness to please, with obsequiousness written all over his face with no attempt to hide it!

She had thought the Baron to be one of the most formidable people in the world.

Who exactly is Mr. Colin?

The reconstruction of factories and schools in Nasir Town required a lot of logistical operations, and Colin had been working his heart out, constantly exhausted.

Yet, even with all the effort he put in, deep within his heart, Colin was still filled with drive since he had reached the 2nd Rank "Trainer" on the Path of Contract; his future was still bright.

According to Lord Byrne's deduction, he just needed to stick to his duties as a merchant, and it would be easy to continue assimilating the Power of Consecution.

Colin smiled and gazed at Baron Nacci before him, his heart thrilling each time he thought about the possibility of becoming an existence more powerful than these people.

However, when he saw the baron, known for his extraordinary demeanor, extending his goodwill, something inside Colin still clenched, his body stiffened, yet he managed to smile politely and said,

"Baron Nacci, it's been a long time. Regarding the business between us..."

The two talked a lot about business matters, and Sunbelle quietly observed Mr. Colin for a long time, and in a daze, she felt even the Lord Baron had lost his charm, that Mr. Colin was the more charismatic one!

And it was only after Colin had left that Sunbelle learned from others why the merchant named Colin was so favored by Baron Nacci.

"Don't you know? He's from the Fischer family!"

Turns out he was an influential person serving the legendary Fischer family, a "money tree" in the eyes of many, and also a "devil who controls money."

Hearing about that family filled with rumors, the girl's heart was tumultuous, as if she herself might become part of the legends.

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A few days later, Sunbelle happened to learn that the Lord Baron was sending a letter to Nasir Town to give to Mr. Colin.

Her eyes lit up, and without hesitation, she volunteered excitedly, saying she wanted to take on this task.

"Hmm, alright, Sunbelle."

Baron Nacci looked at Sunbelle with interest, as if seeing right through the girl's true desires, but the young Sunbelle didn't care about those.

He gazed at his maidservant and said,

"I'll give you a chance, Sunbelle. You will go to Fischer Manor in Nasir Town with the house steward. Mr. Colin should still be there."

"Whatever requests he makes of you, I hope you do not oppose."

"Yes, I understand!" Sunbelle was thrilled, nodding again and again.

After an arduous journey, Sunbelle finally arrived at Nasir Town to the northeast and was surprised to find the town, which should have been thriving, still in reconstruction, the workers on the road full of vitality, each one full of spirit.

At last, she arrived at Fischer Manor, still under renovation and expansion.

The magnificent manor stood among lush trees and resplendent flowers, its gate built of ancient stone, in front of which was a winding tree-lined path flanked by bright roses and delicate peonies.

The garden of the manor was meticulously designed, a clear stream flowed gently, and Sunbelle and her companions passed through intricately arranged flowerbeds, seeing the mottled shadows of trees.

Such a beautiful place!

Her heart was full of surprise and joy, taking deep breaths of the sweet air, wishing she could stay here forever.

Soon she saw Mr. Colin, and besides him, there were many servants coming and going, standing upright.

"Hello, Mr. Colin, I've come to deliver a letter for Baron Nacci..."

Sunbelle walked over with a smile, subconsciously observing the servants and suddenly feeling completely deflated, an overwhelming sense of inferiority flooding her heart.

Among the numerous servants of the Fischer family, there were many girls whose looks did not lose out to hers, and those trained servants all had an extraordinary demeanor.

Standing there, she seemed very ordinary, nothing noteworthy.

The pride she had was commonplace in a real grand family.

"Alright, thank you, you've made a long journey."

Colin walked over politely, took the letter without immediately opening it, and handed it to a servant by his side. His eyes never looked towards Sunbelle; he was just smiling at Baron Nacci's house steward.

"Stay the night at Fischer Manor before you go."

His offer was accepted by the house steward, and Sunbelle's heart fluttered; this was a good opportunity to get close to the Fischer family!

What if, what if a member of the Fischer family were to have an accidental encounter with her?

However, to Sunbelle's dismay, she and the house steward did not stay in the main building but in another residence nearby.

There, more than a dozen groups of guests from all over the East Coast also stayed; they received no special treatment and had no chance to meet important members of the Fischer family.

After opening the letter in his room, Colin revealed a faint smile.

"I see, so the Baron Nacci embezzled disaster relief funds, and Brother Yeager caught him in the act, then Brother Yeager secretly handed the compromising information to His Excellency Byrne. He's writing to beg for mercy and make a compromise... hmm, willing to offer half of the money to the Fischer family, even agreeing to include that girl as a plaything for me."

"I toy with the greedy, not with women."

He shook his head lightly, disdainfully saying,

"Such an ignorant fool, daring to lay hands on the funds to rebuild Fein City. Better wait for Lord Byrne to return and let him decide your fate!"

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

Chapter 232: Chapter 222: Demon Backlash

"What happened to her?"

The following morning, as Colin was having breakfast at Fischer Manor, he suddenly saw anxious servants rushing through the hallway, supporting a girl covered in blood, taking her to a room with a bed.

Since Madam Lilian had already left Fischer Manor for the island, they could only ask the family doctor to treat the injured girl.

Colin raised an eyebrow, finished his breakfast quickly, and stood up to investigate the situation in that room.

Several servants looked nervously at the wounded girl, their expressions panicked.

"I don't know if she can make it."

"Such a pity, and so unfortunate, Miss Lilian isn't in the manor."

He squinted his eyes; the girl seemed to be a maidservant from Baron Nacci's household.

Ah, she was the very same little girl Baron Nacci had promised to himself...

"Why is she injured?"

As a businessman who worked for the Fischer family, Colin naturally had many mistresses, but he preferred clear transactions and relatively mature women; bullying little girls was not something a gentleman should do.

He shook his head, turned around, and decided not to meddle in the affair.

Sunbelle received medical treatment from the doctor immediately, and although she was seriously injured, she did not die nor did she sustain any lasting damage, which was quite fortunate.

But she could not travel long distances for the time being; she had to be in convalescence.

Everyone wanted to know why the little girl was injured, so one of the maidservants from Fischer Manor said:

"It seemed like she suddenly rolled down the hillside, no idea how it happened; maybe it was some abrupt illness that caused it."

Upon hearing this, everyone thought that Sunbelle might have some hidden illness, so they turned to the experienced doctor.

The doctor shook his head and said, "I can't determine the exact situation for the time being, but as long as she rests and waits for Madam Lilian to return, even if there is some hidden disease, it will be cured along with everything else - being in Nasir Town is this girl's fortune."

Upon waking up, Sunbelle found out that the steward had left, and she would have to rest at Fischer Manor for a while, at least a month, or even two, as that was when Madam Lilian would return.

"Ah, if that's the case, will Baron Nacci fire me? But my family really needs the money, I truly need a job, wuuu..."

She pretended to be frightened, her eyes reddening from tears, her eyes swollen and her lips trembling, soon bursting into sobs.

Sunbelle couldn't help but cover her face with her hands, trying to hide her tears.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I just can't help it, I'm sorry..."

Almost anyone would feel compassion for the girl who cried like a fawn.

The elderly and burly Theo looked at the girl calmly and after a long while made a decision, saying, "Don't worry, Miss Sunbelle, even if you are indeed fired by Baron Nacci, the Fischer family will not abandon you."

"Having an outsider get into trouble in our family is indeed the responsibility of the Fischer family."

Sunbelle said with surprise and joy, "Ah, really? Thank you, I'm really grateful to you, the Fischer family is truly the hero of Cyart."

Theo nodded slightly, said no more, and left.

And when everyone had left the room, a joyful smile appeared on the girl's lips.

She now had the chance to stay at Fischer Manor for several months; whether she could change her destiny depended on her efforts from here on!

Red leaves fluttered in the breeze, gradually covering the ground.

"We're here, Your Excellency Byrne."

The coachman respectfully opened the carriage door, and Byrne stepped out calmly, followed by a female figure - an emerald elf known as Marzo.

Even as time had passed, Marzo looked almost unchanged over the decades.

She still had the stunning beauty Byrne saw when they first met; just stepping out of the carriage, she immediately attracted the astonished gazes of those nearby.

Byrne, whose temples were graying, noticed this and couldn't help but say with self-deprecating humor, "I really envy you elves, with your long lifespans and everlasting beauty, always full of charm, unlike us humans whose lives are fleeting."

He had not understood the meaning of aging until recently when he increasingly felt the fatigue of body and mind.

Marzo frowned slightly, looking unhappily at the middle-aged Byrne and said in an unfriendly tone,

"Your family promised to help find something years ago, and yet there has been no news for so long; you still have the audacity to ask me to kill someone."

Previously, Marzo had always remained elusive, but in recent years, on Byrne's suggestion, the Fischer family built her a small cabin as a place to stay.

So, she spent much of her time in the cabin, making it easier for the Fischer family to find the emerald elf.

As an external supporter of the Fischer family, Marzo had always maintained a vague distance, willing to act only when the Fischer family offered sufficient benefits.

This time, Byrne had asked Marzo to come over, naturally providing sufficient compensation, as the Fischer family now had plenty of capital.

The weather was turning cold, and Marzo gazed at the luxurious manor ahead.

"Is this the place where Viscount Bast lives? The nearby maple trees have been telling me that there are many Extraordinary Exponents of considerable strength inside this manor."

The view in front of him was Viscount Bast's Ahornblatt Manor, surrounded by maple leaves fluttering down like red snowflakes. They twirled lightly in the air, while the sunlight filtered through the gaps in the leaves, illuminating their fiery color, as if the whole world had been painted with the hues of burning orange and red.

Byrne walked forward slowly. The flame descendant maid who had once served him had already entered middle age and become the head maidservant of the manor. It seemed that everything had passed very quickly.

He entered the manor in silence, and all the guests waiting to be received recognized the man who entered. They all stood up, many even bowing excitedly in greeting.

"His Excellency Byrne! Good day!"

"It's an honor to see you, His Excellency Byrne!"

"Our hero, His Excellency Byrne, you have always been my idol!"

Byrne responded to everyone with a nod and a calm smile.

He no longer needed a separate reception room. Under the guidance of the flame descendant head maidservant, without any waiting, he headed straight for Viscount

Bast's study, enjoying treatment almost no different from the important members of the Lion clan.

The flame descendant head maidservant asked calmly and politely, "May I know who this lady is?"

Byrne nodded slightly and said with composure, "She is my friend, an emerald elf from afar. She has come with me this time to assist Viscount Bast."

"I see."

The flame descendant head maidservant nodded lightly, no longer asking further. She then led Byrne and Marzo to Viscount Bast's study.

"Byrne, you've finally come, haha. We'll be able to depart in two days."

"Hmm, and who is this beautiful elf miss?"

Byrne introduced her again, "She is Marzo, as you can see, a noble emerald elf, a friend of the Fischer family from far away. I've asked her to come as an assistant this time."

"Greetings."

Marzo spoke a cool hello, without adding any more words, and couldn't even feign respect for Viscount Bast.

"Noble elf, thank you for your arrival."

Viscount Bast smiled without minding Marzo's arrogance and impoliteness.

Byrne cut to the chase and asked, "So we are departing in two days? Are we still waiting for someone? Renzo? Abel?"

Viscount Bast shook his head lightly, explaining:

"Renzo is already here; he's resting in his room. As for Abel, that fellow simply can't come back from the front line, because the decisive battle of this war might erupt there."

Byrne fell into thought and couldn't help but remember Darren, who was still alive but missing, and muttered to himself, "A decisive battle?"

Viscount Bast nodded slightly to explain who else was to come.

"Hmm, our Acting Bishop Zayne Frosac is also coming. I've made a deal with him—he helps me break through to Monarch, and later, I will help him break through to Monarch."

Viscount Bast paused briefly, then continued smiling, "When that time comes, Zayne will no longer be an Acting Bishop but the true Tempest Bishop!"

"I see."

It wasn't exactly surprising. Byrne nodded slightly, knowing such mutual assistance between forces was common, and the exchange of favors and resources was something all families did.

In recent years, the powers of the church had also gradually been tainted by secular matters, no longer being purely divine-oriented Extraordinary organizations.

Viscount Bast was silent, not speaking for a long while, his eyes faintly reddening.

His body suddenly tilted to one side, his palm bracing against the wall, gasping for breath, shaking uncontrollably.

"What's wrong with you?"

Just then, Byrne suddenly felt something seriously amiss, as if the air around had become stagnant.

Marzo stepped back coldly, staring at Viscount Bast and saying, "Why is there such a strong demonic presence?"

Viscount Bast looked terrible, barely standing up and trembling. He murmured as if talking to himself, "Damn, can't suppress it anymore..."

"You should be careful. Demons... the demons of hell..." he could barely get the words out.

Byrne was momentarily stunned; he could feel the terrifying presence increasing steadily.

He had once seen Viscount Bast's trade with "Solar Gold" and knew that Viscount Bast possessed the Forbidden knowledge to make a Demon Contract, just never knowing what its price was.

So, was the price of signing a Demon Contract the possibility of being consumed by a demon's power from hell?

The air around was gradually getting colder, and Viscount Bast's body shook more violently, his eyes growing more bloodshot.

"Ah!"

The dark shadow behind Viscount Bast suddenly rose to stand, looking like a slender and gaunt ghostly figure, reaching out towards Byrne. Experience tales at m vll e'-

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

Chapter 233: Chapter 223: Exorcising Demons

The air in the room felt as if it had solidified, an icy temperature carried an unsettling chill, and with every breath Byrne took, his lungs felt as though they were being sliced by sharp blades. The concentrated malice spread through the air, permeating every corner like an invisible black fog.

The slender black shadow was the demon.

Demons are mystical beings that dwell in hell, evil entities without physical form. Their manifestations in the real world are nothing but projections from the realm of mystical studies; even if they are destroyed here, it does not affect their true form in hell.

The surrounding air was biting cold as the shadowy demon maliciously reached out with its shadowy hand, unhesitatingly clawing towards Byrne.

The threats Byrne and Marzo faced were not only from the slender shadow demon.

Another creature, black as pitch and resembling a cheetah, had also suddenly made its appearance in the room. It too was a demon, lunging out of the corner straight at Marzo.

Instantaneous Transfer.

In Byrne's hands now floated an invisible sand table, and in the next instant, the slender shadow demon abruptly appeared before Marzo, blocking the path of the pitch-black cheetah demon.

His intention was to have the two demons attack each other, but to his surprise, the pitch-black cheetah demon passed right through, crossing the body of the shadow demon.

"Huh?"

Byrne was astonished to see the cheetah demon nearly pounce on Marzo. However, the emerald elf exuded immense agility, retreating swiftly like a flying bird, twisting in mid-air, before lightly landing.

"Boom!"

The cheetah demon slammed into the ground ferociously but completely missed Marzo.

The ground was instantly shattered, the cheetah demon's strength was immense, but that wasn't even its most troublesome trait. What was truly frightening was the aura it emitted, reminiscent of both hell and the abyss, as if anything it touched would be obliterated in an instant.

Marzo quickly judged that she absolutely could not let that thing touch her—as one touch could kill her.

Taking advantage of the moment, Byrne glanced at Viscount Bast, and then he froze.

The stalwart old man had completely lost consciousness and lay feebly on the ground without moving, his aged body trembling continuously.

He had never seen Viscount Bast so defenseless, so vulnerably powerless, almost like an infant, soft and easily struck down.

It was only at this moment that Byrne fully realized Viscount Bast had truly aged.

Suddenly, the entire world seemed to topple over.

The slender black wraith-like shadow had, at some unknown moment, stretched out its hand, pressing swiftly down on Byrne's shadow. The instant his shadow was pressed, Byrne's world completely collapsed, and then he found himself falling toward the sky!

"What is this power?"

Byrne's entire body slammed hard against the ceiling, but instead of panicking, he leaned against it, gazing intently at the slender wraith-like shadow.

"Fire."

He waved his hand, releasing many fiery butterflies, swiftly engulfing the slender shade demon.

Times had changed.

A wave of heat enveloped him, almost suffocating with its scorching intensity.

These fiery butterflies were much hotter and more agile than when Byrne was only a "Mysterious Scholar"; they struck the slender wraith-like demon's body in an instant.

It caught fire!

The fiery power hurt the slender wraith-like demon, which, despite having no face or organs for speech, still emitted a sorrowful and mournful scream that made one's skin crawl.

"Swoosh!"

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Marzo's hand moved with incredible speed, firing a razor-sharp arrow, but it merely passed through the body of the cheetah demon, causing no damage.

The emerald elf stared at the demon expressionlessly, showing no sign of panic over her ineffective shot.

"I remember reading in a book that those creatures don't fear physical harm, they must be dealt with using other methods imbued with mystical concepts! Such as fire! Ice! Lightning!"

"Understood."

An arrogant smile once again graced the elf's face as she nimbly dodged the attacks time and again, then loosed another arrow.

Though this arrow looked no different from the previous one, the moment it struck the cheetah demon, it caused the beast to howl in pain and collapse to the ground, its effect even more pronounced than the flames Byrne had used.

"That is the breath of natural forces..."

Byrne's eyebrows lifted, continually suppressing the slender wraith-like demon with fire, and he immediately noticed that the second arrow fired by the emerald elf sprouted fresh green shoots, exuding a strong presence of natural life that permeated the entire room.

So, Marzo could directly infuse natural power into her weapons.

Suddenly, an arrow from Marzo aimed at Bast, but she gave up after Byrne glanced at her.

The battle between the two sides didn't last long; having found the knack, Byrne and Marzo quickly came out victorious.

They were always in control of their power, trying not to destroy the room as much as possible because there were many ordinary people in the manor, and if the two of them had gone all out, they could have killed a very large number of innocents.

Moreover, Viscount Bast himself was in a completely unguarded state at the time; if they had attacked without any scruples, they might have harmed Viscount Bast as well.

When the demons were thoroughly defeated, they emitted large amounts of black smoke from their bodies, which eventually dispersed and disappeared.

"How is he?"

Marzo calmly glanced at Byrne, who was helping Viscount Bast up, and inquired.

"It seems to be no major problem, he has just fallen into a coma for some reason, that's all."

Byrne shook his head indifferently, extending his hand to deliver a dose of medicine to Viscount Bast's mouth, then waited for him to wake up.

The remaining Extraordinary Exponents from Ahornblatt Manor began to arrive one after another, and Chief Renzo was the first to reach. He initially thought Byrne had made a move on Bast and it took him a few seconds to understand the general situation.

"What exactly happened here just now?"

He took a deep breath, his brows furrowed as he looked at Byrne and demanded an explanation.

"Why are there signs of battle in the room."

Byrne couldn't help but recall twenty years ago when Renzo had questioned him in the same way; deep down, he never really liked Renzo.

He nodded gently and said calmly,

"It might be the consequence of using some Forbidden rare artifact; he suddenly turned like this. I'm not very clear about the specifics; we need the Viscount to wake up and explain himself."

Finally, Viscount Bast opened his eyes again, looking somewhat confusedly around him.

He expressed his gratitude in a hoarse voice, "Thank you for saving me, Byrne, Madam Marzo."

Byrne immediately asked with concern, "How are you feeling now?"

Renzo also rapidly and anxiously said, "What exactly happened just now, brother?"

Viscount Bast laughed and said in a low voice:

"It's nothing too serious, just a backlash from the Forbidden rare artifact; you don't need to inquire about the details, I don't want to tell everything."

Everyone exchanged glances; since Viscount Bast had said as much, clearly if they continued to ask, it would be an unwelcome behavior.

Then, the old man issued another command.

"The rest of you may leave now, Byrne, you stay behind, I have a few words to say to you."

Viscount Bast looked into Byrne's eyes, and Renzo and the others could only obey the command, leaving the room one by one.

However, Marzo did not heed Viscount Bast's obligation and instead calmly looked at Byrne.

Byrne politely said, "Please step outside for a moment, Madam Marzo."

"Okay."

Marzo nodded slightly and turned to leave the room.

Afterward, only Byrne and Viscount Bast remained in the room.

After a long silence, Viscount Bast slowly stood up and then retrieved a bottle of expensive champagne from a hidden compartment of the bookcase, revealing a sincere smile.

"That elf earlier sure was arrogant. Byrne Fischer, would you care to hear my story? For some reason, I feel a bit like talking about something sentimental now."

"Mhm."

Byrne nodded, as he had always been curious about Viscount Bast, not just him but probably ninety-nine percent of the people on the East Coast were interested in the tales of Viscount Bast.

However, very few people in the world could truly enter Viscount Bast's heart.

When the champagne was gently tilted, the golden liquid flowed out, with bubbles dancing in the liquid, shimmering like precious gems emitting a faint glow.

The two of them sat face to face on either side of the table; after pouring the champagne, Viscount Bast raised a glass but didn't drink it immediately, instead gazing at it for a long time.

"It was over seventy years ago; one night, a common noble scion was born into the Leone family."

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

Chapter 234: Chapter 224 Bast Leone

A thousand years ago, the Ouden Continent was shrouded in darkness and chaos. At that time, every Extraordinary Exponent was a slave owner, and their battle groups fought each other wildly. City-states rose and fell, and almost all mortals were slaves.

It was not until a few hundred years ago that the Church re-established order, and only then did things take a turn for the better. Mortals, once akin to slaves, finally gained a meager and humble sense of dignity.

Because of the strict constraints imposed by the gods and the True Gods Church, the skirmishes among the nobles also became mild, and everyone understood that all souls would ultimately return to the gods. Violating the Church's edicts and killing another Extraordinary noble in life, without any doubt, was irresponsible to one's afterlife.

More than seventy years ago, it was an era when the Church and the gods silenced nations, and everything was still in order.

Even if many nobles waged war against each other, there were few real casualties among them. This low rate of noble fatalities was referred to as the mercy of the gods.

However, the commoners were not so lucky. Even among the gods, only the Lord of Salvation and the Silver Moon Lady cared for them. The other gods paid no heed to the existence of mortals.

At the time, the Lion clan was already a viscount family of the East Coast, one of the minor noble families that had migrated eastward following the Ten Great Families, and the original patriarch was a knight loyal to the Romann family.

Thanks to the grace of Duke Black Iron, he had gained enough resources to break through to high-level Transmutation. Of course, back then, it was still referred to as high-level Transmutation.

When the Cyart people migrated east to this place, they naturally encountered various conflicts with the locals, hence they adopted the most violent approach, slaughtering the East Coast Natives who did not worship the True Gods until they could no longer resist.

The external wars of that era's nobility were intense, and after decades of killing and madness, all those who reached the Monarch Level of the East Coast perished.

Their civilization was completely destroyed, and their ancient heritages were entirely eradicated by the Cyart people.

The remaining East Coast Natives either took to the sea or hid in the jungles, fleeing for their lives.

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The mother of Bast Leone was a woman from a knight clan who had married into the family. Plain in appearance, she was not an Extraordinary Exponent but a mortal with only low-level recessive bloodline powers.

The main wars of that age were about expelling the East Coast Natives and exterminating various mysterious creatures of the locale.

So, just like now, everyone greatly valued extraordinary power. Moreover, in that most feudal age, those without extraordinary power were inherently of extremely low status.

Even the offspring of nobles were no exception.

The old patriarch originally had a rather cold relationship with Bast's mother, and even after the birth of Bast Leone, he showed little affection towards this son.

Even though he was the eldest son, he did not receive any special treatment.

Because Bast Leone was a mortal.

Since bloodline power was not detected at birth, Bast was always treated as a useless mortal within the family during his childhood. Just like his mortal brothers and sisters, he became a dependant to the family's Extraordinary blood relatives.

Viscount Bast's eyes flashed with a hint of coldness, and his voice gradually turned chilly.

"Back then, I knew very well the beauty of power. All my brothers and sisters who had extraordinary power always got the best things. They could have whatever they wanted, and with just a casual command, we mortals had no choice but to obey."

"We were not really family, or as the scholars might put, in reality, whether one has extraordinary power or not, we were already fundamentally different species, hah."

Hearing this, Byrne frowned deeply, curious within, and finally couldn't help but ask, "But you clearly have bloodline power. What exactly happened?"

"A Magic Potion error," replied Viscount Bast.

"What?"

Byrne was stunned, finding it hard to believe, and after a pause, he continued, "Are you serious?"

Viscount Bast nodded earnestly, gazing into Byrne's eyes and said calmly,

"Indeed, a Magic Potion error. Hah, you wouldn't have thought, would you? The absurdity of the matter! That age was different from now. The Crystal Ball used to detect bloodline power was less reliable, with a high potential for detection error of several percentage points!"

Several percentage points.

After listening, Byrne fell into thought before asking again, "Then, didn't you go through the test again? I know that nowadays, the heirs of families are tested more than once."

"Yes! To avoid false results, every member of the Lion clan had a second chance to be tested!"

Bast nodded deeply, his lips involuntarily curling into a smile as he continued, "But I was that one-in-a-thousand unfortunate fellow!"

"Tested wrong twice!"

Byrne was astonished, never expecting the old man's life to be so magical, with such incredible events occurring.

He even couldn't help feeling that it was simply fate's cruel jest.

"Hahahahaha!"

As he spoke, Viscount Bast took another swig of wine, holding back his laughter no longer, as his smile grew more fervent, until he even started to cry with laughter.

"It's just too funny! A miserable decade and a half of my life, all because of a Magic Potion error! Hahaha! That's fate, right?"

"Indeed, quite amusing."

Byrne said lightly, shaking his head slightly. Looking into the old man's eyes, he remarked, "Many a time, the truth of things is indeed absurd, a mere unfortunate coincidence capable of ruining so much."

"Yes, that was when I realized what destiny truly is," he said. "It turns out that most people in the world are just pawns of fate, pathetically toyed with."

Self-mockery was plastered all over Bast's face, yet there was a certain strong ambition glinting in his eyes.

"However, I am different now, and even fate has become a plaything in my hands!"

Bast paused for a moment, the passion in his eyes fading as he continued, "My power was discovered by chance, on an insignificant night, when the few remaining Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents among the East Coast Natives slaughtered their way in."

"They set Fein City ablaze, no, it was still just Fein Town back then, with a massive fire."

He said, reflectively, "That fire was so tremendous, and since the main forces of various families were busy exterminating the nearby native tribes and were not in the town, the fire caused a horrendous number of casualties."

The flicker of flames still seemed present in Bast's eyes, the past never easily faded but lived within the memories of the survivors.

That night was like a bizarre fantasy under a colossal cloak of raging flames, with the fire casting its light upon each falling house, as if pushed over by a merciless demonic hand.

Dense smoke enveloped the area, blasts resounded unceasingly, and screams intertwined with the roar of flames to form a tragic and terrifying symphony; the fierce blaze danced in the night, like an uncontrollable demon indulging in its wrath and destruction.

The people inside the town seemed so small and fragile in the face of the relentless flames.

"I managed to escape at the first sign of danger, but then, shocking realization dawned upon me—my sick mother was still trapped in the flames! No one had helped her escape from her room!"

Viscount Bast's hand trembled slightly as his goblet shattered, the wine spilling over his withered palm.

"At that moment, I felt ashamed, angry, and anxious, and I rushed into the inferno, trying to save her..."

"But it was all too late!"

Bast took a deep breath, fell silent for a long while, his gaze seemed to look afar, as though recalling the various events of the past.

The fire back then was like a fierce beast, baring its fangs and claws, devouring everything into ashes, consuming the lives on the land.

Amidst the dancing flames, the sky was filled with dense smoke and ash, as if the end of darkness was quietly descending.

The boy walked out of the sea of fire, holding a burning body in his arms.

Under the horrified gazes of everyone around, he roared to the sky!

Viscount Bast's gaze drifted as he slowly said, "I should have died in the fire, yet I emerged severely injured, displaying physical abilities beyond those of a mere mortal."

"That's when my family realized there was something different about me."

Byrne had heard of the rare individuals who could reach the Beginning Level without taking a Magic Potion; from this perspective, Bast could also be considered one of the lucky ones.

"When that old man returned, the family conducted a third bloodline test on me, and finally, my power of Bloodline was discovered, to the astonishment of the whole family!"

He smiled as he took hold of Byrne's hand, his voice subtle as he said,

"You haven't experienced that feeling, being utterly despised by others and then later pursued by them. I want to tell you, it's the most marvelous experience in the world!"

Byrne had some understanding of a similar feeling, but he also knew that it definitely wasn't as intense as what Bast had experienced.

"From that moment on, I knew that becoming strong and excellent was the only foundation of everything!"

"Even if it's affection—even apart from my mother's love—all other love is conditional. If you are of no value, you can't attract love at all!"

His tone became increasingly passionate as he spoke louder,

"After that, I've been constantly striving to become stronger, seizing every opportunity to grow! Eventually, I became the head of the Leone family. Because my power is strong enough, I am the king of the Lion clan, the big picture in their hearts. Those weaklings are even willing to die for me!"

Viscount Bast said this with an unstoppable sneer, his eyes filled with intense mockery.

"Abel, Renzo, they had no respect for me decades ago, but now, everything is completely different."

Byrne sank into deep thought, as he had always been wondering who the arrogant siblings Bast mentioned could be, whether it was Abel and Renzo or not.

So it was indeed them.

Now he finally understood why Viscount Bast had always been so cold-blooded towards his kin; this man simply didn't believe in the connections brought about by blood ties.

Perhaps he himself couldn't trust him either...

Just then, Viscount Bast suddenly changed the subject.

"I've never told anyone else about this, Byrne, I'm telling only you, and that is during my attempt to break through to the Monarch, the Stars Embrace Order is very likely to come."

Byrne was slightly startled, seemingly in disbelief as he asked, "The Stars Embrace Order?"

Viscount Bast nodded slightly, saying, "Yes, I once cooperated with them, and they hold leverage over me, just as I hold leverage over them."

"We used to be able to check each other, but everything will be completely different once I reach the Monarch Level. Therefore, those heretics definitely do not wish for me to succeed in breaking through!"

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

Chapter 235: Chapter 225: Romann's Successor

"Stars Embrace Order?"

Byrne furrowed his brows, silently mumbling a name that had become as familiar as thunder, an organization that had been very active in Cyart for decades and had caused a great deal of trouble.

The most terrifying conspiracy was the Stars Embrace Order's attempt to murder a member of the Adley family from the Royal Family.

That was one of the heirs to the throne with the potential to ascend to Monarch Level, who could one day become Cyart's next ruler, yet he had almost been killed by the Stars Embrace Order, and it was only by great luck that he did not lose his life.

It was said that they worship an otherworldly god known as the "Chaos Constellation," and the followers who believe in him are utterly convinced that, after death, their souls will be transported to a new world within the chaos, to become part of the backbone of the "Chaos Constellation," attaining eternal happiness in the new world.

Therefore, followers of the "Chaos Constellation" are not afraid of death. As long as they adhere to the doctrine, they will see their impending death as a gift.

The head of the Stars Embrace Order was a mysterious person called "Black Starlight," with unknown strength, and nobody knew their true identity.

There were rumors, however, that he could very well be someone from one of the Ten Great Families.

In the decades since the gods fell silent and vanished, heretical cults around the world have been expanding rapidly, and the influence of the Stars Embrace Order in Cyart has been growing by the day.

They are extremely hostile to the nobility of Cyart who follow the True Gods, constantly seeking to cause various sorts of destruction. All of the True Gods Church loathe the followers of Stars Embrace, executing them on sight upon discovery.

Byrne sank into thought, as the Fischer family was assisting the Romann family in smuggling religious contraband, he was very clear about one thing.

Many large families outwardly hate heretical cults to the bone, but behind closed doors, perhaps they all have unclear cooperative relationships with them.

After all, those heretical cults command specialized resources, and not everyone wants their family to be under the control of the churches, especially in the chaotic times following the disappearance of the gods.

Viscount Bast slowly explained, "Those demons you just saw, did you see them?"

"I once sold that Forbidden knowledge to 'Solar Gold,' a special power that allows one to make contracts with demons."

Making contracts with demons.

Byrne had only read about such knowledge in some of the most ancient prohibited books.

Viscount Bast continued, "Demons are a powerful force. I believe the force itself is neither good nor evil, but rather that it's the churches that are too old-fashioned."

"In order to gain the Forbidden knowledge that allowed for making contracts with demons, I had to cooperate a bit with the followers of Stars Embrace. At that time, I saw their leader 'Black Starlight'."

Black Starlight, Byrne's eyes lit up with interest in this mysterious and unfathomable existence. He immediately asked, "What exactly is the person that legends call Black Starlight like?"

However, Viscount Bast's answer was very ambiguous.

"It's hard to say... or rather, I don't know."

After pondering for a moment, he said calmly, "Black Starlight claims to be a messenger of that god, and everyone seems to have a very different view of him."

"He is a very strange person, particularly fond of helping those who are lost. Many people are in debt to that mysterious person, and 'Black Starlight' is also exceptionally good at hiding his true identity; to this day, no one knows who he really is..."

Viscount Bast took a deep breath, he had rarely encountered anyone smarter or more watertight than himself, but "Black Starlight" was clearly such an existence.

"After I met him, I searched for clues about that mysterious person for a long time, but found not a single trace; it's as if 'Black Starlight' does not exist in this world and is merely a legend."

"If it weren't for the fact that I had seen him with my own eyes, I might think the same."

Byrne recalled that among those who surrounded and attacked Tempest Bishop "Thunderous Monarch," there were followers of the Stars Embrace Order, and the attackers of Earl Hovern also included figures from the Stars Embrace Order.

Even when Chris went out to seek the ceremony for advancement, he had encountered a very peculiar elderly follower of the Stars Embrace Order.

Those fellows were incredibly terrifying, infiltrating everywhere like water through cracks. In comparison, the followers of the "Last Blood" cult, another active organization in the Cyart region, were far too honest.

It is said that after many years of effort, the followers of "Last Blood" have found four "Witch Candidates," who are reincarnations of the soul shards of the Witch of Demise.

According to the ancient oracles passed down, all "Witch Candidates" will fight each other until only one survives.

She will have the honor of becoming the vessel for the resurrection of the Witch of Demise.

Ultimately, to witness the resurrection of the great being!

Since only one "Witch Candidate" can survive in the end, the three leaders of "Last Blood" turned against each other, each supporting a different "Witch Candidate."

They agreed that once the fifth and final "Witch Candidate" appeared, they would begin to kill each other frenziedly, without holding back.

Viscount Bast nodded slightly, took out another wine glass, poured himself a drink, and said calmly, "Without a doubt, compared to those self-amused witch followers, the Stars Embrace Order, which directly despises the nobility of Cyart, poses a much greater threat."

"Indeed, those people might attack us, just like they did to the Hovern family before."

Byrne nodded, then asked, "Breaking through might take one or two months, or maybe even longer, perhaps more than a year. Where exactly do you plan to break through?"

Viscount Bast revealed a fox-like smile again, and said slowly, "Hehe, that has been my most important secret all along."

The next day, afternoon.

Finally, Acting Bishop Zayne Frosac arrived.

He no longer looked young, but rather had become a middle-aged man with the aura of a theologian noble, his demeanor authoritative, sparing no smiles, and his expression very solemn.

However, he was not the last ally to arrive.

The final person to offer assistance was a powerful individual whom everyone could imagine showing up, yet some were still surprised by his arrival.

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This man was Aldrich Romann, the "Dragon Taming Lord" of the Romann family.

Aldrich Romann was a man with black hair, dressed in a light blue tailcoat, appearing even younger than Byrne on first glance - but that was because, as a Monarch powerful expert, his actual age was already over fifty.

He moved with a calm and steady gait, as if each step was taken with firmness and confidence, his gaze profound and clear, revealing lucid thinking.

"Greetings, everyone, I am Aldrich Romann, a friend of Viscount Bast."

"I came all the way to the East Coast specifically to assist Viscount Bast, to help the Lion clan, but also for the Romann family itself..."

Aldrich introduced himself, then smiled and began to make conversation with everyone present, creating a very harmonious atmosphere.

His speech radiated wisdom and maturity, unhurried and calm, with every sentence carrying a composed ease.

Byrne soon understood why Viscount Bast would support Aldrich becoming the new duke, as the contrast between Ariel and him was quite stark.

This was a highly seasoned and composed sage.

He suddenly noticed that Aldrich wore ten entirely different rings on his hands, each one emitting a special spiritual fluctuation.

Thus, Byrne quickly realized something.

All ten rings were Mysterious rare artifacts? And he could even feel that among the many rings, three were incredibly unique, as if they were powerful Forbidden rare artifacts!

The heir of the Romann family was indeed an extraordinary guy!

Byrne was utterly astonished; this was the first time he had seen such a display of opulence, carrying three Forbidden rare artifacts on one's person, this fellow's personal equipment exceeded that of a whole viscount family!

He immediately perceived the gap between the Fischer family and the truly top families; although the Romann family was a prominent entity even among the Ten Great Families, Byrne had not realized the distance between them was so vast.

"Thank goodness that prince did not fight to the death last time. If he had unleashed the full power of the Forbidden rare artifacts he was carrying, the outcome may not necessarily have been in our favor."

Back then, the prince knew that one of the three had died, and that the remaining two would not be able to defend themselves even if they desperately managed to take down Fein.

The more powerful the Forbidden rare artifact, the greater the cost of unleashing it, and Prince Conrad certainly had reservations.

"It looks like the person I've been waiting for has finally arrived, so let's go."

Viscount Bast said with a smile, finally deciding to lead everyone away from Ahornblatt Manor to the place he had chosen for his breakthrough.

When they stepped outside, they suddenly found that it was snowing in the sky.

Everyone was stunned by the white snowflakes landing on the maple leaves, even though it was still late autumn, snow had unexpectedly begun to fall.

The silent world was caressed by a gentle breeze, the snowflakes fluttering down like a dream, the fiery red maple trees covered in white snow, with glittering icicles hanging from their tops like exquisite crystal ornaments.

Everything became quiet and peaceful under the blanket of snow, the noise gradually fading, and the whole world seemed wrapped in a silver veil, exuding an ethereal beauty.

The distant mountains, too, became more majestic against the backdrop of the snow, as if draped in silver attire.

"Why would it be snowing at this time of year?" Renzo couldn't help but express his amazement.

Aldrich analyzed calmly, "This year's snow is somewhat unusual, coming much earlier than before, perhaps there is some mystical factor at play."

"A mystical factor?" Byrne murmured to himself.

"Never mind the snow, at least it's of no use to us," Viscount Bast spoke slowly.

"We're leaving."

Next, they finally learned where Viscount Bast intended to go.

He did not choose to make his breakthrough in his own manor but instead headed to a secluded valley far away, where something hidden was said to aid Viscount Bast's breakthrough to the Monarch Level.

On the way to the valley, every snowflake around them danced and fluttered like an elf, adorning the world with a poetic beauty that brought a sense of calm and delight to everyone present.

Byrne suddenly saw a scene that had appeared in a prophecy before.

Viscount Bast took a breath of cold air and eagerly outlined the future prospects with outstretched hands.

"Byrne, do you know? In a little while, we will completely change the East Coast Province, and not only that, but your family and mine will go even further!"

"In not too many years, with the support of the Romann family, we will become the unchallenged 'Iron Triangle' in Cyart, hahahaha!"

He gazed at Byrne without continuing, but Byrne clearly understood Bast's meaning.

This man had never forgotten the ideal he once spoke of—to become the new king of Cyart!

But was that really good for the Fischer family?

Byrne's gaze grew complicated.

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

Chapter 236: Chapter 226 White Bones Canyon

The cliffs in the valley were composed entirely of a jade-white substance, undulant and gleaming under the sunlight, filled with a slightly odd and mysterious vitality.

Byrne Fischer, Viscount Bast, Elf March, Renzo Leone, Zayne Frosac, and Aldrich Romann.

The six of them left Ahornblatt Manor and after several days' travel, they arrived together at the peculiar valley made entirely of white jade.

When they first entered the valley, except for Viscount Bast and Aldrich, everyone's eyes widened, even March showed a look of astonishment for the first time.

The red stream that flowed through the valley was clear to the bottom, gently trickling along. Red water droplets scattered on the white jade benches by the bank sparkled like embedded pearls.

In the depths of the valley bloomed flowers of all colors, which also seemed to have been carved from white jade, radiating an incomparable beauty and purity.

The whole valley was surrounded by white trees, which extended from the cliffs of the White Jade Valley as if they were guarding this magically carved landscape, forming an extremely beautiful still-life tableau.

The exceedingly aged Viscount Bast, leaning on his cane, said calmly,

"This White Jade Valley is a peculiar place my ancestors discovered. It is said that the caves here connect to a strange world, and outsiders must enter through a special method, just like the spots I led you through just now..."

He paused, then continued, "If you don't know the way in, you'll never be able to enter."

Although they had traveled for several days, winding countless times, Byrne had remembered the entire process along the way through "Profound Memory."

Next time, he could come to this valley on his own.

Byrne could tell that Viscount Bast trusted the few of them a lot to bring them here, because even Renzo of the Lion clan didn't know about this place.

Renzo stared blankly around for a long time and finally couldn't hold back his question, "I actually didn't know about the existence of this valley? Is it true that only the heads of our families are privy to this knowledge?"

Viscount Bast did not deny it and continued, "Indeed, you guessed it right. It used to be the case... but now I am willing to tell you, as I hope you can protect me here."

"Besides, once I break through to the Monarch Level, I hope to jointly explore the many years hidden secrets of this valley with you and find the entrance to that otherworldly connection."

"Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich Romann lightly caressed the ring on his finger and said calmly, "So, how exactly was this place formed?"

Viscount Bast answered, "Hmm, it is said to be a peculiar place created by a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert."

Everyone couldn't help but become reverent and were more cautious about their surroundings.

Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert!

Those who were regarded as demi-gods, nearly each one had left a bold stroke in various histories, legends, and even mythological stories!

Byrne had never seen a real Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert, and he even faintly felt that it was very likely there was not a single legendary figure who had reached Heavenly Enlightenment in the entire Eastern Four Kingdoms!

But on the Ouden Continent, there certainly were Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts.

For example, in the Seven Stars Empire, the emperor who was hailed as the "Military God," " Mightiest Knight," and in the Lorne Empire, the "Iron Blood Marshal" known as the "Unforgiving One," the "Celestial Saint" in the southern Terrara Church State, and the Popes of the Salvation Church and the Sun Church, they were all well-known Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts!

Besides the publicly famed legends mentioned above, there were certainly other Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts on the Ouden Continent, just that Byrne was not aware of them.

"Heavenly Enlightenment ..."

Aldrich narrowed his eyes and said calmly,

"That is indeed a far-off level; I wonder when amongst the Cyart people will emerge a legendary Heavenly Enlightenment, who may then change the whole pattern of the Eastern Four Kingdoms."

Renzo finally asked the question that had been on his mind, respectfully inquiring Aldrich,

"I've always been puzzled, why does the Lorne Empire, possessing powerful Heavenly Enlightenment experts and even hundreds of Monarch powerful experts, yet it never takes action against our small countries? Although they would colonize other continents

and even devise strange techniques for invading other worlds, they just don't make a move against us small states on this continent."

Before Aldrich could answer, Zayne took a deep breath and then calmly said,

"The doubtless reason is the checks and balances of the great gods. The servants in your house might occasionally kick your cat when no one is around or even steal a few pieces of cat food, but would they casually kill pets you are keeping without permission?"

So that was it, Renzo understood immediately in the next moment.

Byrne could understand this analogy well; if the Ouden Continent was a countryside manor of the gods, then the entities of the legendary Heavenly Enlightenment might be like the god's servants, and the ordinary Extraordinary Exponents comparable to all sorts of small animals.

As for the East Coast Natives, in theory, they were the mice hidden in the gods' house or the spiders on the web, all needing to be "cleaned and swept," so it was inconsequential how many died.

Renzo nodded, and Viscount Bast added from the side, "Indeed, they won't, but if the master of the house doesn't come back for a long time, things might be different."

His words carried a certain implication, prompting thoughtful looks among those present.

Viscount Bast continued, "This valley is actually a maze, often shrouded in fog, making it easy for us to get lost, so we must try not to separate and must remember this well!"

"And if we do get lost, there could be danger, because this valley is not really the White Jade Valley, but... White Bones Canyon!"

After these words were uttered, the expressions on everyone's faces changed.

White bones?

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They began to reassess the white jade within their view, falling into contemplation—could it be that those beautiful pieces of white jade were actually the white bones of the dead?

After a while, when Byrne and Viscount Bast were alone, he finally spoke up about something.

"Viscount Bast, actually there is something I really want to talk to you about."

...

His tone was very solemn and serious, as if he was about to reveal some significant matter.

Viscount Bast was slightly startled and looked toward the no longer young Byrne, asking calmly, "Hmm, what is it you wish to say?"

Byrne nodded slowly and continued, "It is that I have found the contingency plan left behind by the Eagle clan!"

"What?"

Viscount Bast's eyes trembled slightly with shock. He had always been wary of that man, "Black Hawk" Xavier, who although not a cruel man, was certainly very clever.

Byrne continued calmly:

"They somehow managed to steal the barrier spell and possess the ability to temporarily close the kingdom-protecting barrier, perhaps planning to draw in foreign powers to aid themselves at a critical moment..."

He took a deep breath, the murderous intent in his eyes gradually rising, his voice growing even colder.

"All this was discovered by Chris, who found a diary belonging to Xavier in a hidden safe house, recording many things, even the incident years ago when the Meyer family crossed the barrier to invade Nasir Town and killed my father, was indirectly caused by them!"

"What did you say?" Bast was stunned on the spot.

Byrne nodded, saying confidently, "Yes, the Eagle clan had a deal with the Meyer family back then. In exchange for a Forbidden rare artifact, they agreed to let them come in and plunder the East Coast."

Bast closed his eyes, silent for a long time, finally digesting all the information.

"So it was like that, I really didn't expect it... I'm sorry, Byrne, I was completely unaware of such a thing, the spell for the barrier could very well have been leaked by the Lion clan."

Viscount Bast paused for a moment and then continued:

"The barrier spell was originally with Earl Hovern. Back then, our relationship was very good, and Earl Hovern was willing to entrust me with the spell, but unfortunately, as time changed, we ended up as enemies."

"Perhaps it was even earlier, leaked from Earl Hovern."

Byrne shook his head, his eyes calm as he spoke:

"Hmm, it is very possible. But regardless of where the spell was leaked from, it doesn't matter now. Since Black Hawk 'Zavier' himself is already dead, and the Eagle clan is under your control, this matter is in the past."

Suddenly, Bast's expression turned very cold, and he said very seriously, "Byrne, if you wish, I can let you kill all the remaining members of the Eagle clan!"

Byrne was silent for a long while, shook his head calmly, and still said, "There's no need for that, since the main members of the Eagle clan are dead, I can't be bothered to exterminate the rest."

Viscount Bast nodded slightly, saying, "Hmm, that's consistent with your character."

Byrne paused for a moment and then continued, "However, I will never let go of the Meyer family, the direct perpetrators!"

Viscount Bast couldn't help but express his emotions, saying, "Yet the Meyer family is very powerful. Even if our two families combine forces, we couldn't overcome them. Furthermore, if they win the war and become the new king of Rhea, even the Romann family would have no way to deal with them."

Byrne seemed to agree with the old man's statement, but his eyes always glinted with an uncertain light, his fingers clenched as if he was considering something particularly important.

"Yes, we'll have to become even stronger. It might be that I may not be able to destroy the Meyer family in my generation, but one day, someone will."

They talked a lot more after that, their relationship over the years growing ever deeper, almost unbreakable.

Eventually, Viscount Bast began to prepare for his breakthrough in a cave in White Bones Canyon.

He gazed at the mouth of the cave for a long time.

"Byrne, you had better pray for my success, haha..."

"If I fail, use the last of your life to save me, that's what you have always been meant to do."

"If you're unwilling to do so..."

"Then let us both die here!"

At that moment, Bast's eyes were unmasked with malice, many demon shadows flitting around him, he had long become a true member of the demons.

The old man entered a hibernation-like state, oblivious to the outside world, repeatedly exerting his mental and life force to try to push open the palace doors embedded in his bloodline.

If he could successfully sit upon the throne inside the palace, it would manifest in the real world, becoming a domain that symbolizes the realm of Monarch powerful experts.

He fell into a special state of sleep in the cave, a process that would continue for some time, its duration completely uncertain, but stronger individuals tended to open the doors faster.

It is said that in history there have even been geniuses who broke through in just one day!

But there are far more who suffer for a long time without success and die as failures, like Earl Hovern who suffered such a tragic fate.

"It has begun."

Aldrich spoke in a calm, low voice, as the strongest and highest-ranking among the five helpers, he naturally became the leader of the five.

"During the following period, let's guard at various places around the valley, and greet each other daily. If we notice any suspicious persons or objects, notify the others immediately!"

Byrne nodded slowly, his eyes full of conflict, hesitation, and turmoil as he watched over Bast's place of slumber.

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

Chapter 237: Chapter 227 Foggy Murder Trap

Ten days later.

Fog descended.

In the White Jade Valley, a thin mist gradually took shape.

Tiny droplets and ice crystals floated between the valley, shrouding it in a soft white veil. The distant peaks appeared faint and elusive, making Byrne and the others feel as if they were in a dreamlike world.

The winding paths were entwined with the mist, and the trees became hazy and tranquil under the dim light.

At sunrise or dusk, the sunlight would filter through the mist, rendering the valley even more peaceful and mysterious.

Byrne stood quietly on a stone in the White Jade Valley, gazing at the increasingly fantastical surroundings and spoke softly, "As long as no one leaks the news, those evil cultists won't come here."

"Viscount Bast should be very safe, then it's up to his own efforts."

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Byrne was aware of one thing, the possibility of Viscount Bast's breakthrough success was only fifty percent.

Theoretically, a fifty percent chance was already quite significant; many Extraordinary Exponents attempting breakthroughs didn't have such high assurance. Yet, the possibility of failure was equally terrifying.

Most of the failures resulted in death.

Would that old man succeed?

Byrne couldn't help but ponder, how much longer do we need to stay here?

The "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich Romann, a Monarch Level being, and Zayne Frosac, who had reached the Metamorphosis Phase, had both managed to convert spiritual power and life force, completely nullifying the need for food to sustain life.

When hungry, they simply consumed spiritual power. When they felt too exhausted from the overuse of spiritual power, they would take a short rest. Converting one to the other continuously, they maintained their vitality.

However, Byrne, Renzo, and Marzo still needed food to live.

Viscount Bast, having planned for a long time, had already stockpiled plenty of food in the valley, even enough to last the three of them for more than half a year.

The only problem was that the food tasted terrible.

After only ten days, Marzo deeply regretted coming to this place.

Not for any other reason, but simply because she was completely tired of those easily stored foods.

"It's really, a little too disgusting... I can't stand it."

Marzo initially remained expressionless, unaware of the seriousness of the situation. It wasn't until she attempted to use the power of Nature to grow fruit in the valley that she became truly shocked.

"It's not working? Why is that?"

She quickly realized that there was not even a bit of soil here, so her power of Nature couldn't possibly create any plants.

All the white peaks, cliffs, and the ground were comprised of white jade!

"No, that's not right, according to what that guy said, they're not white jade, but white bones, just without the essence of the dead."

Marzo fell into thought, murmuring to herself.

"Why is there no essence of the dead? It's completely puzzling, a valley made of bones."

Having lived for a very long time, she was experienced and had encountered much, yet the common knowledge of arcane studies ceased to be effective before the remnants left by those of Heavenly Enlightenment.

Even the existence of Monarch powerful experts could be understood, but those referred to as demi-gods, the legendary remnants of Heavenly Enlightenment, were not something Marzo could comprehend.

Byrne calmly reminded at her side:

"We have already made 'The Oath'; no one can leave before the breakthrough is complete."

"Aldrich Romann, many people call him the 'Dragon Taming Lord,' the man most likely to inherit the Duke's title from the Romann family. He is also willing to spend a large amount of time and effort to protect Viscount Bast."

"I really don't know what kind of price Viscount Bast has paid to have the 'Dragon Taming Lord' stay here."

Previously, when there was no fog, Aldrich would quietly sit on a rock without speaking for a long time.

He possessed an extraordinary calmness and never seemed to be in a hurry or show anger, rage, or other negative emotions.

Byrne was interested in the Romann family and had specifically investigated them, especially the rumors and intelligence regarding the heir Aldrich.

It is said that he is an extremely meticulous man, adept at strategizing. He might fail due to being unprepared for sudden incidents, but his plans once laid out, have almost never been defeated.

He couldn't help but say, "Lord Aldrich is a formidable figure. It's said that even those much stronger than him could likely lose if they agreed to a rematch."

Marzo snorted and muttered, "Is that guy really so strong? I don't believe it. What if Duke Black Iron wants to fight him? Could he possibly win?"

Suddenly, they heard a voice from afar, that of "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich.

"Actually, the first truth of never losing a scheduled fight, is to never provoke those you cannot afford to provoke."

Byrne and Marzo looked at each other, surprised that despite the great distance and the inability to see any figures in the mist, their conversation was still overheard by that person.

Moreover, the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich could even transmit his voice over to them.

Marzo nodded slightly, her voice instinctively lower, "Thankfully, such a person is our ally, not our enemy."

The two exchanged glances, Byrne slowly shook his head with seriousness.

"Indeed."

Byrne also nodded calmly.

He silently looked at the sky for a long time without speaking.

Days passed by quickly once again.

At night, the moonlight shone on the valley, casting creepy shadows as if the valley hid unspeakable secrets and emanated a sinister aura.

As the night wore on and the Blazing Sun rose, the sunlight pierced through the mist, throwing dazzling lights as if the whole world were shrouded in a layer of mysterious fog.

In the white valley, the distant peaks seemed to be enveloped in thick mist, and the trees around looked twisted and elusive under the hazy light, as if hiding some strange power.

Heavy silence dominated the region, even the air seemed thin and dense, with irregular contours of white jade rocks and winding paths gradually disappearing from sight.

In the environment of dense fog, Byrne's hearing became even more acute; faint sounds from a distance were more profound in the low-visibility conditions.

Suddenly, Byrne realized that Marzo, who had just been nearby, had disappeared without a trace, and he had not noticed at all.

She seemed to vanish into thin air.

"Hmm?"

He suddenly remembered something Viscount Bast had said: the area would become dangerous after the fog set in. Could something have really happened?

"Where did she go..."

While Byrne was pondering, he suddenly heard voices of people talking nearby.

"This is the place, right? But it took us so long to find it."

"Yes, this is indeed the spot, if the information we received is correct, Viscount Bast should be in this valley."

"I hope the time and effort we've spent coming here won't be wasted in the end, He will be watching over us."

Intruders?

He became alert all at once, but did not move rashly, instead maintaining stillness in the thick fog.

After a moment of thought, Byrne calmly deployed his Body Double.

Thus, a man identical to Byrne materialized out of the dense fog that surrounded them.

It silently walked towards the vicinity, taking over the observation of the surroundings for Byrne's original body and moving towards the source of the voices he had just heard.

Go.

Byrne's expression unchanged, silently applied the "Full Concealment" invisibility effect on his Body Double, making it completely undetectable in the fog.

As it approached, Byrne's Body Double discovered three black-robed heretics!

He immediately realized those people were from the Stars Embrace Order!

The dense fog made it extremely difficult to see, so the three heretics were completely unaware of Byrne's presence.

And with the "Full Concealment" invisibility, Byrne's Body Double, though very close, had no chance of being detected by the others.

Path of Knowledge wasn't one known for combat prowess on the God Pantheon stairway, yet no one could deny its strengths and the functional, extraordinary powers it provided.

Soon, Byrne overheard shocking words through his Body Double from the mouths of the three heretics.

"The Cyart noble we ambushed just now really gave us a hard time! We even lost a number of our men because of it. What should we do next?"

The ambushed Cyart noble?

Who is it?

Who died?

Byrne was immediately astounded!

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

Chapter 238: Chapter 228 Byrne! You betrayed me!

...

"Who was the Cyart noble that died?"

Byrne felt a huge shock in his heart, which soon calmed down as he took a deep breath.

"Another thing, how did the Stars Embrace followers manage to get here?"

White Bones Canyon was a place left by Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts, and outsiders couldn't possibly reach the true entrance here without following the steps in the fixed routine.

Yet, those Stars Embrace followers had indeed made it inside.

Question after question surfaced in Byrne's mind, then a word emerged from deep within.

A traitor?

Among the six of them, someone had leaked information, no, to be precise, among the five people other than Viscount Bast, there was someone who had divulged how to enter White Bones Canyon.

"It's not me, so who among the remaining four could it be?"

Byrne sank into deep thought, carefully considering, and felt that the least likely was the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich.

That man was the heir to the Romann family, and his strength was very formidable within the low-level Monarchs; he alone had enough power to kill all the others.

So it wouldn't be Aldrich; he didn't need the Stars Embrace followers to do anything for him.

He felt it was also unlikely to be the arrogant and cold Marzo, but it wasn't impossible since he knew very little about the mysterious emerald elf.

Marzo could even be a fake name.

"Zayne Frosac, Renzo Leone, they could also betray us, but Renzo is from the Lion clan after all, which makes it a lot less probable. Could it really be Zayne?"

Byrne took a deep breath; could it really be the Acting Bishop Zayne Frosac?

But upon further thought, it didn't seem likely; the idea of an Acting Bishop conspiring with heretics was terrifying just to consider.

He suddenly pondered thoughtfully and finally realized who the informant was.

"So that's how it is."

Byrne watched the three Extraordinary Exponents and quietly pondered.

"Among those three Stars Embrace followers, there's only one low-level Transmutation, while the other two are just high-level Beginning, killing them would be a breeze."

He slowly reached out his hand, intending to launch a lethal attack, but then he thought of something else.

"But it might also be worth observing them a little longer; they could become useful pawns."

Then Byrne disappeared into the thick Fog, planning to search for other allies, with special attention to the conditions of Marzo and Viscount Bast.

Aside from them, the person he cared about the most was Zayne Frosac, the man he'd known for decades, who, despite his innate pride, had always been very good to the Fischer family.

However, in the pervasive white Fog, it was nearly impossible for Byrne to find anyone, and he vaguely sensed the terrain changing around him.

"If the surrounding terrain is changing, then my memory of the canyon isn't very useful."

After walking for a long time, Byrne remained alert, constantly sending his Body Double ahead to scout, not maintaining "Full Concealment" due to its high consumption of the warfare Spell.

He remained cautious yet didn't encounter anyone for tens of minutes.

Eventually, in the thick white Fog, Byrne discovered a cold body on the ground.

Upon closer inspection through his Body Double, Byrne's brows quickly knitted together.

What happened?

That was Marzo's corpse!

The emerald elf, Marzo, lay on the ground with wide-open eyes as if she had encountered something terribly frightening, her graceful body utterly devoid of life.

Byrne's heart was disturbed; he hadn't expected Marzo to die here. So what exactly had happened?

All along, even though he didn't know much about Marzo, he knew that she was a very vigilant, smart, and experienced elf.

This individual had managed to traverse the continent alone and wander through the Eastern Four Kingdoms; she wouldn't have easily made a mistake in a place like this.

"Could she have encountered a powerful enemy at the Monarch Level?"

The terrifying possibility took Byrne's breath away. If there were indeed Monarch Level beings among them, he could only hope to encounter the "Dragon Taming Lord" soon.

He cautiously checked Marzo's body using his Body Double.

Then Byrne could confirm that the body was a genuine elf corpse without any traces of disguise; it was Marzo, and there were no curses or traps set upon it.

"..."

Byrne silently for a long time, could only give up on arranging the body for now and moved on.

He had to find the others as soon as possible, and they needed to be alive.

Time passed quickly, and Byrne, not having found anyone in a few more hours, remained on alert. In the silence, faint voices drifted, like whispers of Specters, bringing an indescribable sense of distraction.

Suddenly, he heard a very familiar voice nearby.

"Hahahaha! You disgusting creatures, dare to come here and mess with my affairs!"

Full Concealment!

...

...

He cast the war spell on his Body Double again, and the next moment, the invisible Body Double began to move forward.

Soon, Byrne discovered a ground strewn with bodies clad in black robes, all of whom were followers of the Stars Embrace Order, and each had met a particularly gruesome death.

Many had even been reduced to pulp, and a number of them had died in confusion.

As the Body Double drew closer to the source of the noise, it saw an old man a few meters away, Viscount Bast!

"Hahahaha! Just one more left, why don't you come out, you coward!"

Viscount Bast's condition was strange; his flesh undulated under his tattered clothes, his body moving oddly, making him seem very unstable.

He had forcibly interrupted his breakthrough process, yet hadn't died during the attempt and had somehow come around, still trying to reach the throne within the palace, his body trembling continuously.

"Could it really be such a situation?"

Byrne quickly realized what was happening—Viscount Bast must have been on the verge of a successful breakthrough, having pushed open the door and only one step away from sitting on the throne!

Because the pressure from the "door" had dissipated, he hadn't died.

But because he hadn't sat on the "throne" to control the power of the domain, it had resulted in his current bizarre state.

Theoretically, as long as he returned to a state of silence, he could go back to that "palace" and successfully ascend to the Monarch Level!

"You turtle, why don't you come out? Why do you keep hiding around there?"

The aberrant Viscount Bast let out a cold laugh and cursed.

Byrne was stunned for a moment and even thought Viscount Bast was cursing at him, but he quickly realized there was actually another person nearby!

According to what Viscount Bast had just said, that person should also be a follower of the Stars Embrace Order.

"So many of your Stars Embrace Order have died, don't you, as the deputy leader of this team, want revenge? Or do you intend to keep hiding like this forever, hahahaha!"

"If you keep on being a coward, you will never be able to return to the embrace of that disgusting thing!"

Bast's mockery was very malicious, particularly targeting the enemy's faith.

The deputy leader?

Byrne frowned slightly, quickly realizing that there was a more powerful enemy in the valley—the leader of this team.

In his exceptional state, Viscount Bast almost seemed deranged, his entire body shaking uncontrollably, with his pupils turning white and black intermittently, as if he was about to mutate.

"I'll soon be sitting on the throne, and then all who betray me will die! All of you! You know nothing, hahaha!"

His emotions became wildly unstable, but he remained vigilant of his surroundings.

Suddenly, the deputy leader of the Stars Embrace Order made his move amidst the pervasive white fog.

He was a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent!

Byrne realized that the deputy leader was a high-level Transmutation expert, and a sense of dread filled him because this meant there might well be a Monarch Level leader among those from the Stars Embrace Order who had come.

The follower of the Stars Embrace Order in the black robe silently released a kind of black smoke that quickly wafted over, mingling with the white mist.

"Hahahahahaha!"

Viscount Bast laughed wildly, showing no fear of the approaching black smoke!

Continue your adventure at [m|v-l'e](#) -

"Lord Bast!"

Byrne's Body Double suddenly revealed its true state beside Viscount Bast, crying out and then seriously preparing to face the enemy.

"Byrne!"

Viscount Bast roared with excitement upon seeing Byrne's Body Double.

The black smoke that was about to strike contained some kind of power capable of devouring everything, filled with despair.

It was likely neither Bloodline power nor a Spell, nor any Forbidden rare artifact, but rather heretical power temporarily borrowed from an otherworldly god by evil cultists through sacrifice.

Unlike the Dawn Church, however, the powers that the heretics held were one-time or temporary.

After that, the heretics had to provide a steady stream of sacrifices to maintain their power.

Byrne's true form finally revealed itself, summoning a meteorite without hesitation through the power of runes!

In the next moment, a huge, heavy meteorite engulfed in flames fell from the sky, hurtling towards Viscount Bast!

"It's you!"

Viscount Bast sneered with a malicious laugh, roaring.

In his aged hand appeared a giant sword; he swung it rapidly, emitting fierce cyan Sword Qi that instantly swept away the black smoke and also completely shattered the massive meteorite.

A shower of stone fragments rained down from the sky, striking upon the sturdy body of Viscount Bast.

He glared at Byrne, a look of intense disappointment on his face. His recent uncontrollable laughter subsided as he said coldly:

"Such an idiot indeed, did you think I wouldn't discover you? I can see the trajectory of fate, so invisibility and doubles are meaningless against me."

"Byrne! You betrayed me!"

...

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

Chapter 239: Chapter 229: Turning Against Each Other

Byrne's gaze was icier than it had ever been as he stared at the mad old man in the white fog.

He slowly stepped back, maintaining a distance that was conducive to both attack and defense.

The man with streaks of gray in his hair was extremely vigilant, constantly on guard, observing his surroundings with almost no blind spots.

Viscount Bast's power of Bloodline was the "Bronze Lion," which was far superior to his own in close combat, so he must keep a sufficient distance.

The deputy leader of the Stars Embrace Order also kept his distance, his voice betraying confusion.

"Eh? Infighting?"

The three of them stood in a triangular formation in the dense white fog that severely limited visibility.

Any rash move by either party would lead to a significant shift in the situation.

Viscount Bast laughed heartily and said slowly with a cold face, looking in Byrne's direction, "You betrayed me, Byrne, I knew long ago that you would betray me!"

His facial muscles twisted in rage as he bellowed, "You damned fool, to think I trusted you for so long! Byrne! Are you not a man of loyalty and honor? How dare you stab me in the back?"

Byrne's Body Double still stood not far from Viscount Bast, who paid it no heed, having long known that it posed no significant threat.

Moreover, since it was within his line of sight, it actually made him feel more at ease.

The Body Double, identical to Byrne, spoke calmly, its cold eyes betraying the gravity of the revelation it was about to make.

"The one who opened the barrier and helped the Meyer family invade Nasir Town was you!"

The moment the Body Double uttered these words, the madness in Viscount Bast's eyes disappeared entirely, and his expression became extremely solemn.

"Ah, you really are too foolish, Byrne, to think like that... I've said it was Xavier who stole the Spell, who helped the Meyer family. Didn't you find his diary too?"

Viscount Bast paused briefly, then smiled and continued in a softer tone, "Byrne, could it be that Black Hawk Xavier left something that misled you?"

He slowly extended his hand towards Byrne's actual location, musing aloud, "It's alright, I can forgive your stupidity, Byrne. Come and help me."

However, Byrne did not move closer, instead, he continued speaking.

"That diary left by Black Hawk Xavier, it was also pre-forged by you, wasn't it, Bast? To mislead me, you deliberately assigned me the task of searching for Xavier's so-called fallback plan."

"If you had told me outright that everything was Xavier's doing, I would certainly have become suspicious. But discovering the diary on my own is entirely different because everyone tends to believe the 'truth' they find for themselves."

Viscount Bast's eyes gradually turned colder.

In fact, Byrne had nearly been deceived, truly thinking the one who had stolen the Spell, briefly opened the big barrier, conspired with the Meyer family, and allowed them to invade Nasir Town was Black Hawk Xavier.

But one day, out of habitual caution, he decided to test whether the letter was a forgery, so he analyzed "Xavier's diary" with the Deconstructive Perspective.

Through the power of the Deconstructive Perspective, Byrne discovered something odd: the ink on the diary was of a type commonly used by the nobility in Fein City, not the specialty ink produced in Phelps Port.

That wasn't necessarily a big deal; maybe Xavier just happened to use that ink.

But just to be safe, he compared the handwriting in the diary and quickly discovered more discrepancies.

Although the handwriting was disguised very well, almost ninety percent similar to Xavier's own, it still wasn't right. Only Byrne, who possessed "Profound Memory," could detect that ten percent difference.

Bast's tone became very icy, devoid of any emotion, like a demon masquerading as a human.

"You really are a dog that won't be tamed, Byrne."

Byrne took a deep breath and slowly shook his head, "I've always been hesitant, until... you sent someone to infiltrate the Fischer family."

Viscount Bast gave a sinister smile and said:

"Exactly, that was Renzo's idea. Can't I be vigilant against you heretics?"

Byrne remained silent without answering immediately; indeed, he had not been mistaken. Although that man didn't know everything, he had pieced together clues and guessed the Fischer family's most significant and closely guarded secret.

So he could not let him go!

"Heretic, it's really unexpected, your Fischer family seems like the foolish offspring of false gods, yet you actually worship some deceitful being..."

Elsewhere, the deputy leader of the Stars Embrace Order murmured to himself, not expecting the Fischer family to actually worship some deceitful being.

However, he was well aware that anyone who didn't worship the Chaos Constellation was undoubtedly just an ignorant fool yet to understand the true nature of the world.

There was an icy resolve in Bast's eyes. Renzo had once said that no matter how good his relationship with Byrne might be, their offspring might not feel the same way.

So he followed Renzo's advice and used the method he had always used most frequently: sending trained subordinates disguised as orphans, merchants, and servants to infiltrate the Fischer family from within.

Soon, Viscount Bast began to notice some strange clues, which were substantial enough to be used as leverage to destroy them.

He was smart and had long noticed that something was very wrong with the Fischer family—for instance, the destiny's trajectory of every single person in the family seemed to change.

Combining this with past events, Viscount Bast gradually formulated a guess in the depths of his heart that was ever nearer to the truth. Continue reading at [m|v-l'e](#) -

Then, the subordinates he sent out began to die one after another.

For a time Viscount Bast suspected whether Byrne had discovered he was testing them and whether Byrne had decided it was time to turn against him.

So not long ago, he self-directed and acted out a play, pretending to suffer from a demon's backlash, in excruciating pain, and completely unguarded.

In reality, as long as Viscount Bast's demons were fed the corpses of extraordinary exponents in time, they would never riot or backlash.

At that time, he deliberately pretended to be weak and put on a show, but Byrne was always wholeheartedly assisting him, without any intention of harming him, which made Bast feel relieved once again.

Add to that the fact that Byrne later took the initiative to reveal the forged journal of Xavier and completely believed in his own inducement, so he trusted the man once more.

"Who would have thought, Byrne, you've become smarter and better at disguising yourself since before!"

He burst into laughter and continued to say:

"Renzo was right, loyalty isn't eternal, even if you can be loyal to me for the time being, your descendants, your family, may not necessarily be loyal to the Lion clan!"

"And you yourself are a betrayer! Byrne, you actually colluded with the people from the Stars Embrace Order, huh huh, so for the sake of killing me, you don't care about Zayne's life either, do you?"

Byrne remained silent and did not respond.

The person who brought the followers of the Stars Embrace Order was not him.

Taking a deep breath again, since he found out that Xavier's journal was a forged item, he actually felt enormous unease and confusion.

In fact, combining the fact that the journal was led to by Viscount Bast for Byrne to find, Byrne had already sensed that the person colluding with the Meyer family might be that old man.

But he didn't want to believe it, so he asked Chris to carefully investigate the whole truth.

The investigation wasn't very difficult because the scope was very small; the only people who had initially mastered the kingdom-protecting barrier spell were Earl Hovern and Viscount Bast.

Now, Earl Hovern was dead, and the last direction of the investigation was only...

As a result, Chris brought back the truth.

Indeed, decades ago, a caravan from the Meyer family had secretly arrived in Fein City and Viscount Bast had been missing for a full month afterward, with no clue as to where he had gone.

Now in hindsight, he very likely went to Rhea and subsequently made some sort of deal with the Meyer family.

It became apparent, therefore, that later on, Viscount Bast kept his oath and helped Meyer invade Nasir Town.

"I've been in great pain recently because your collusion with the Meyer family indeed indirectly led to my father's death, but afterward, the Fischer family indeed rose to power with your help."

In Byrne's eyes were the most sincere emotions—complex, conflicted, and not easily clarified.

"Debts of gratitude and hatred, I can't discard either end... but your recent actions have finally made up my mind, Bast Leone, since you've touched the core secret of the Fischer family, I can no longer hesitate!"

Bast's expression was calm, but within that calm seemed to be an anger like raging waves, startling many.

"Whether it's you, or gold, or certain others, you've all betrayed me one after another."

"Yet I'm not afraid of betrayal, because from the beginning to the end, I've always been alone."

He swung his giant sword, his words filled with the most terrifying malice; his tone was very calm, but it still made Byrne sweat on his forehead.

"Rest assured, Byrne, once you're dead, I'll smoothly reach the Monarch Level, and I myself will end all the grievances between us."

The silently hiding follower of the Stars Embrace Order suddenly transformed into black smoke to approach and launch a surprise attack at an astonishing speed, while the originally berserk Viscount Bast instantly became utterly calm.

He was prepared and violently swung his blade, the next moment unleashing a terrifying Sword Qi, astonishingly powerful and precisely cutting the black smoke in two.

"Ah!"

The follower of the Stars Embrace Order screamed in terror, half of their body falling to the ground, struggling for a moment before dying completely.

In just an instant, Bast had easily killed a top-tier Transmuted enemy!

Byrne watched the scene quietly, his expression icy, maintaining the highest level of vigilance.

The old lion suddenly turned his head and looked coldly at Byrne, who was summoning a large number of fire birds. His gaze was sharp, crazed, and ruthless, as if to say, the next one would be you!

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

Chapter 240: Chapter 230: The Full Picture

Some time ago, within the Lion clan's estate, following a vote with the Scales of Conviction, Chris and Byrne were left alone.

Chris, who had already finished observing his surroundings, spoke in a calm tone, "There is no surveillance within the manor."

Byrne nodded in understanding, knowing that Chris was alerting him to be wary of the Lion clan, as in recent times indeed, spies from the Lion clan had been rooted out by Lilian and other Extraordinary Exponents of the Path of Divine Sacrifice and were secretly dealt with.

Although no significant intelligence was leaked, Bast knew them all too well, and the old man was too clever; it was very likely he would guess something. Continue your adventure with m|v-l'e -

For instance, the deep secrets of the Fischer family.

Thus, in the recent defense of Fein City, Byrne began to silently observe the demonic traits exhibited by Bast, preparing for a future battle with the Lion clan.

However, it was merely preparation.

Byrne had never made up his mind about waging a deathly struggle against Viscount Bast.

He discussed Lilian's thoughts with Chris before bringing up a more important topic.

"Chris..."

Byrne was silent for a long time, then his tone suddenly dropped, and a light flashed in his eyes as he asked firmly, "Chris, have you found anything about the matter I asked you to look into?"

"Yes," Chris nodded slowly, his gaze remaining indifferent.

After Byrne had looked through all the materials, he couldn't help but express his realization, "So it was you after all. Is this the mockery of fate...?"

Byrne took a deep breath, the results of Chris's investigation should be quite accurate, after all, if it wasn't Xavier who opened the big barrier, then the only suspects would be the deceased Earl Hovern and the alive Bast.

And then Bast had intentionally led him to search for Xavier's diary.

"..."

He just felt dizzy and heavy-headed; closing his eyes, he could hardly stand. Why did it end up like this, that a person so important in his eyes turned out to be the indirect enemy who caused his father's death?

"Hahaha... Fate..."

Byrne took another deep breath and suddenly all the pieces came together. Bast had always been such a presence; if he could skillfully procure "Solar Gold," it was just as likely he could attract other external forces, and he would not care the slightest bit about how many people died in Nasir Town.

Was his father's death really Bast's fault?

He was caught in a deep internal struggle.

Bast, who had no knowledge of the Fischer family at that time, had inadvertently killed his father through an act of destiny that led to a terrible outcome.

No, I must avenge my father! My vow from that time will not change!

But should I betray him, considering the massive help and favor Bast has shown the Fischer family? How could I betray him?

Yet the old man was already probing; he would certainly plot, as he did with Garcia and Xavier, to infiltrate the Fischer family with his pawns.

Byrne remained silent for a long time.

Chris suddenly spoke up indifferently, "If he truly breaks through to Monarch and sends people to probe the Fischer family again, do we continue to kill his men?"

Upon hearing this, Byrne suddenly broke out in a cold sweat, looking into Chris's eyes and gradually understanding.

Their family and Bast had a fundamental conflict!

To that man with demonic traits, he would never allow anything on the East Coast that could potentially be out of control, and the situation of the Fischer family was something that couldn't withstand any further probing!

Chris continued, "If he discovers the various aspects of the Lord of the Lost, what will he do?"

Byrne understood Chris's point; would that man, upon discovering the truth, refrain from taking action against the Fischer family due to sentiment?

Or, would he be the type to join the Dawn Church and worship the great Lord of the Lost, or would he mercilessly crush the aggressively proselytizing Dawn Church without regard for his feelings?

Deep down, Byrne was well aware that Bast was the kind of person who could kill his own descendants, and friendship was the least reliable thing of all.

He couldn't bet the entirety of the Fischer family's fate on Bast's thoughts.

"Also..."

Chris's voice was calm and cold, piercing Byrne's heart like nails.

"You owe nothing; you've already paid with your life... and your Destiny's Trajectory should work on the door of Monarch, shouldn't it?"

"If his breakthrough is about to fail, he will beg you to use your lifespan to save him."

Byrne was taken aback, slowly lifting his head, realizing the truth. Back in the Spirit Realm, Bast had already put him in a moral dilemma.

And this time, he would resort to the same tactic.

If he hadn't found out the truth and was indeed facing the man who was like a second father to him at the brink of death, even if the other party didn't have to plead desperately, just a look of pain would be enough for him to use his lifespan to save Bast!

Everything would develop just as Bast wanted!

"I understand," Byrne took a deep breath and said, "You're right; we really don't have much time."

"Even if you, Chris, can't reach the 5th Rank within ten years, and if Bast truly advances to Monarch, then for the following decades we won't have any chance to resist him."

"We absolutely cannot let him break through to Monarch status, but how do we stop him, how... can we kill him?"

Byrne took a deep breath, his mind still in turmoil, and said calmly:

"Bast Leone is very powerful, and there are many formidable members among the main members of the Lion clan, plus he has close ties with the Romann family and the Tempest Church. No doubt, killing Viscount Bast without exposing us as the murderers is a very difficult task."

Before Chris could reply, Byrne started planning on his own:

"We're pressed for time, so we only have the moment of his breakthrough, by that time, I will go find Marzo to join us... Chris, I will deliberately tell them you are not on the East Coast, you must follow us according to the message I leave behind."

Chris nodded, silent.

A few days later, Byrne and Marzo arrived at Ahornblatt Manor.

When the phenomenon of demon backlash occurred, deep inside Byrne's heart, he began to ponder immediately, concluding that it was very likely a test by Viscount Bast.

So he and Marzo honestly eliminated the demon, without doing anything out of the ordinary.

"How is he?"

Then, Marzo looked at Byrne calmly as he helped Viscount Bast to his feet.

Byrne did not give the signal to strike, so Marzo could only let the matter drop.

He was very clear at the time that if they really acted, they would not be able to disassociate themselves, and they needed a much more secretive place to kill Viscount Bast.

Besides, Bast might not have truly lost his power at that time.

After hearing about Bast's childhood, Byrne was completely convinced of the man's nature, someone cold to the bone, who would trust no one.

If he were to successfully break through to Monarch, he would never allow a power full of secrets and so close at hand to exist; he would only pose a huge threat to the Fischer family in the future!

Upon arriving at White Bones Canyon, Byrne took the initiative to talk about Xavier's diary to lower Bast's guard.

Both Marzo and Byrne were very wary of the existence of the "Dragon Taming Lord"; Byrne even once had the thought of abandoning the action, as that man was simply too thorny.

"Thank goodness such a person is our ally, not our enemy."

Marzo said at the time, completely sarcastically, for they both knew that the "Dragon Taming Lord" was not an ally at all, but rather would be the biggest obstacle to killing Bast.

"Indeed."

At the time, Byrne also nodded calmly.

He silently gazed at the sky, continuously pondering in his heart when the opportunity would come to make a move.

If it really wouldn't work out, then he would just give up for the time being.

The dense fog of White Bones Canyon, the sudden appearance of the Stars Embrace Order, brought a turning point to everything, only Byrne didn't expect that Marzo would die—actually, up to now, he still found Marzo's death very suspicious.

As for who leaked the information to the Stars Embrace Order, he already had a guess.

Byrne kept moving through the white mist, looking for Bast's trace, knowing this was his last chance; finally, he witnessed the scene just now.

So, Byrne resolved to make his move!

"Bast Leone, you often say destiny is your pawn, but aren't we both being fooled by destiny?"

Byrne kept moving, silently observing the distance, well aware that by his own strength alone, he could not defeat that man.

Even with power on the same level, their combat strengths were not in the same league.

How many Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents in the world could defeat Bast in a one-on-one fight?

"Ha..."

Bast breathed heavily, his muscles bulging beneath his clothes, his eyes shifting back and forth between black and white, as he began to laugh hysterically with his hair disheveled!

"Hahahaha! Ridiculous! The ones fooled by destiny are only you all, never me! Destiny is but a stepping stone to me, and the corpses of all of you shall champion me as the new king!"

"That is your fate!"

A nature-infused arrow suddenly shot out from the darkness, speeding across a vast distance in an instant, arriving next to Viscount Bast!

His reaction was incredibly fast, his gigantic sword swung in an attempt to deflect the arrow.

However, Byrne had already initiated "Instantaneous Transfer," swiftly moving the arrow forward a notch, successfully bypassing the giant sword's block.

The arrow struck deep into his flesh, the emerging natural aura instantly taking root and sprouting, those plants voraciously consuming Bast's blood and flesh!

Marzo, she was indeed not dead, was it feigned death or a body double? This person even deceived themselves!

A mix of shock and joy bubbled inside Byrne; now it was three against one!

"Hm, looks like everyone's here! Good!"

Bast's eyes turned cold, he took a deep breath, and the air around him instantly chilled, turning sinister. He released several ferocious and terrifying demons filled with deadly killing intent, without any hesitation!

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