

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 241: Chapter 231 Demon Lion

Byrne felt as if countless eyes were watching him, an invisible intrusion upon his nerves that sent a chill down his spine.

Strange whispers and clicking sounds emanated from the white, thick fog, as if something not belonging to this world was silently descending, spreading a deep, unfathomable, and eerie atmosphere, which involuntarily made his innermost being shudder with fear.

Suddenly, demon after demon swarmed in, their blood-red eyes glowing as they danced in the shadows, the piercing shrieks resonating like grating music, permeating an aura that seemed to tear at the soul.

The outlines of demons coalesced in the gloom, waving their sinister claws, and tainted the surrounding fog with an eerie hue.

Viscount Bast had summoned a total of four types of demons, and each demon possessed its own special power.

There was a slender, strange ghostly shadow, a fierce and powerful pitch-black panther, a giant three-headed demon wolf standing dozens of meters tall, and finally, an abomination swollen like a decaying corpse—Giant's Outlook.

The four demons each charged in two different directions, with Marzo facing the "Pitch Black Panther" and "Three-Headed Demon Wolf", while Byrne had to contend with the "Strange Ghostly Shadow" and the "Giant's Outlook".

"All are demons I have encountered before, plus there's a type of body-double demon that he once used on Renzo—I'll have to be wary of that as well."

Within the depths of his mind, Byrne pondered continuously, time and time again using shape-shifting to increase his distance, evading the demons' onslaught.

Each demon possessed power at least on par with mid-level Transmutation, and some were even trickier than the average mid-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent. Byrne also had to be vigilant against Viscount Bast himself, which made the battle quite challenging.

"Byrne, I underestimated you!"

Bast's fury never subsided, aware that Byrne and that emerald elf both were formidable high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents, much stronger than that disposable member of the Stars Embrace Order they had just faced.

Moreover, Byrne Fischer likely also had some forbidden techniques at his disposal, such as those derived from the worship of a false god, which were indeed worthy of caution.

However, he was not clear about which false god the Fischer family worshiped, so he couldn't speculate about what special powers Byrne might hold.

Nonetheless, Bast had always observed Byrne's methods, aware that the man's power mostly consisted of various auxiliary abilities: invisibility, body doubles, spatial displacement.

As for direct attack options, there seemed to be only the creation of fire and the summoning of meteorites, with the fire not being very powerful and the meteorite attack requiring a long buildup.

As for the elf, her power of Bloodline that included natural forces was indeed troublesome, seemingly especially effective against demons.

Bast could distinctly feel the seed within his body swiftly taking root and sprouting, wreaking havoc on his viscera and flesh, causing continuous internal damage.

Were it not for his ability to transform mental power into life force, he would gradually be marching toward death.

Both of these adversaries were quite thorny, but they likely hadn't reached the Metamorphosis Phase yet, unable to use their spiritual power to continually heal their wounds, so exchanging blow for blow would be to his advantage!

He finished analyzing the course of the battle in just an instant.

Bast furrowed his brows, keeping a vigilant watch around him, knowing that he also needed to be cautious of another matter.

That was the possibility of other enemies emerging from within the fog at any moment.

He was well aware that Byrne was a cautious man. Since Byrne had premeditated to kill him, he would not entertain the possibility of overcoming a stronger foe with lesser strength. It was very likely that Chris also had followed into the White Bones Canyon.

"Heh heh, Byrne, tell me where Chris is? Did he follow us in?"

Bast shouted loudly at Byrne while reshaping his flesh to expel the seeds from his body.

Byrne didn't respond; he was engaged in battling demons, and he was very cautious deep inside, after all, the Viscount Bast's strength was formidable.

He possessed strength, speed, and defensive power that had all reached the pinnacle of Transmutation Level, coupled with a vast array of demons with bizarre abilities under his command, and the giant sword's Sword Qi was exceptionally powerful. Other potential Forbidden rare artifacts could not be underestimated either.

Furthermore, Viscount Bast could see into Destiny's Trajectory, allowing him to lock onto Byrne's location. Hiding was thus futile for Byrne.

And most critically, that old man's combat intelligence was absolutely not low!

The next moment, Byrne saw Viscount Bast charging towards Marzo!

His speed was incredibly fast and he quickly closed in on Marzo.

Natural auras continued to extend around her, and although the two frightful demons hadn't been able to bring down Marzo, Bast joining the fray immediately plunged her into a life-threatening predicament!

Byrne wanted to free himself to save Marzo, yet he found that his own situation was also quite dire.

The ability of the Strange Ghostly Shadow caused him to fly uncontrollably into the sky, and it was obvious that in such a state, he would become extremely vulnerable.

Then there was the demon like the "Giant's Outlook" corpse. The flames released by Byrne were nearly incapable of inflicting any real damage!

Facing just two demons was already quite a struggle for him, but he still needed to save Marzo. If Marzo were killed, he simply could not withstand alone.

"Sorry, elf lady, but you're the best point for a breakthrough."

With a characteristically evil smile on his face, Bast, now fully embracing his demonic nature, spoke with both malice and mockery. His giant sword was not an alchemy-enchanted weapon, but a powerful Forbidden rare artifact.

"Giant Sword," Forbidden rare artifact No. 3154.

It could be utilized as a normal weapon, and with every use, it could randomly consume a bone and then unleash a tremendously powerful Sword Qi!

The Stars Embrace Order acolyte had just been inadvertently struck by that massive Sword Qi, instantly losing his life.

Although the random consumption of a bone sounded like a considerable cost, Viscount Bast had already reached the "Metamorphosis Phase." He only needed to expend his spiritual power to rapidly heal from physical damage, so the bone would instantly recover as it was consumed.

However, spiritual power at the Transmutation Level was naturally limited, and naturally, Viscount Bast couldn't use the "giant sword" without any restraint.

The initial blows he struck as he closed in on Marzo—although fierce and incredibly swift—did not release any Sword Qi. Only when Marzo seemed to be a bit insensitive to the distance, did he suddenly unleash a strong surge of cyan Sword Qi!

If Marzo's combat experience had been less extensive, she would have been slain in an instant!

Luckily, the emerald elf possessed hundreds of years of combat experience, far surpassing even Bast, and narrowly avoided the attack by a hair's breadth.

In her pale palm, she released a mass of plants that obscured the surrounding space, preventing the other two demons from attacking her.

The very next moment, the cheetah demon burst through the plants, viciously biting into Marzo's head and tearing it apart, as a copious amount of red blood sprayed from her delicate neck.

"Ughhhh!"

The emerald elf stiffened, her limbs futilely struggling, appearing as though she was already powerless to resist.

The Three-Headed Demon Wolf, with lightning, flame, and frost in its maw, simultaneously bombarded the cheetah demon and the emerald elf, instantly rendering her body broken and battered.

"Marzo?"

Byrne was taken aback for a moment, unsure whether Marzo had died from that, but deep down he felt she wouldn't have been so easily dispatched.

"Pop."

Accompanied by a crisp snap, the emerald elf's body grew from small to large out of the greenery on one side, swiftly appearing unharmed, though weariness filled her eyes.

Byrne abruptly looked back at the "Marzo" who had just perished, and then remembered the corpse he had found initially.

So it was, a false death Body Double created through natural forces! It had managed to deceive them so convincingly!

"Hmph!"

Bast, having anticipated this, immediately pursued her. He then furiously swung his sword, releasing a powerful Sword Qi to try to slay Marzo. By this point, the emerald elf showed a look of terror, evidently the Body Double's consumption was too great, and she could no longer dodge the attack.

Instantaneous Transfer!

Byrne timely activated the Power of Consecution!

The next moment, Marzo had switched places with Giant's Outlook.

The frenzied Sword Qi that came hurtling towards them struck Giant's Outlook's body, eliciting a pitiful scream from the latter.

That fearsome body, which had initially been immune to Byrne's flames, now shattered under the impact of the blow, though it was not yet completely destroyed.

"Byrne!"

Viscount Bast, infuriated by the interruption, roared madly!

The next instant, the two terrifying demons attacked Marzo again.

At the same time, Bast unhesitatingly rushed towards the emerald elf, seemingly determined to slay her first!

Marzo had recovered a bit, but facing the simultaneous attacks of the three, she already had little capacity to fight back.

Just then, Renzo suddenly appeared nearby and ran towards Marzo's position at full speed.

"Brother! I'm here to help you!" .net

Bast frowned tightly and did not hesitate to change his attack target, switching hands to swing the "giant sword" toward the so-called "Renzo."

The violent Sword Qi swept through the Fog!

The figure of "Renzo" undertook a stark transformation into Chris, who in the blink of an eye dodged the ferocious strike of the Sword Qi, nimbly leaping to a nearby spot and coldly fixed his gaze on the shaking and sneering Viscount Bast.

Since Viscount Bast had not truly broken through to the Monarch Level, his body trembled continuously, and the flesh under his clothes started to rupture, his state deteriorating more and more.

His mind also began to descend into madness, with his nearly icy rationality gradually diminishing.

"Hahahahaha! Good! You all came, all of you!"

"Then die right here!"

The very next moment, without any hesitation, Viscount Bast activated another Forbidden rare artifact.

The black mirror that had appeared several times materialized out of thin air, still targeting the emerald elf closest to Bast, instantly causing a look of bewilderment to appear in her eyes.

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

Chapter 242: Chapter 232 You're Becoming More and More Like Me

Viscount Bast Leone!

"The lion like a fox," "The man like a demon," "The crafty fox leading a pride of lions," "The current ruler of the East Coast."

People have many ways to refer to him, some out of fear, some with admiration, and some in mockery, but regardless, everyone has to admit that Bast Leone is indeed a true powerhouse.

Ever since he acquired the forbidden knowledge of "Demon Contracts" because of the existence of the Spirit Realm, his overall strength had increased tremendously, and he had possibly become the strongest Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent in Cyart in a hundred years!

Even when three high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents teamed up to fight against Bast, deep down they all understood that they had no certainty of defeating him!

The black mirror had already appeared in front of the emerald elf, making her thoughts gradually hazy.

The increasingly deranged old man spoke again.

"Three against one, or rather, three against five... So, do you actually have the advantage or are you at a disadvantage?"

While speaking, Bast had already cruelly advanced to kill the emerald elf.

Chris's expression was calm, showing no intention of rescuing Marzo, and without hesitation, he directly attacked Bast.

Dark Fire of Sin burned fiercely on him, as the multitude of sins Bast had committed over the decades were countless, and the flames were extremely ferocious and terrifying.

"Flames, huh..."

Viscount Bast's physical defenses were strong, and those Fires of Sin initially only caused him minor injuries, but he realized there was something odd about them.

He knew he could not afford to worry about that and had to kill one first to break out of the three-against-one situation!

The next moment, Byrne used Instantaneous Transfer to rescue Marzo again, suddenly his head grew heavy, and he knelt on one knee.

"It's reaching the limit..."

He could feel his Spiritual Power being overused, so he almost collapsed to the ground.

And just then, Theo in Nasir Town sensed something was off, and through the ability of "household management," he timely transferred his Spiritual Power to Byrne.

The moment he knelt on one knee, the attack of the tall and thin phantom demon arrived. Byrne soared into the sky in an instant, then that invisible powerful force suddenly disappeared, causing him to fall toward the ground from a hundred meters high.

Shape-shifting!

Byrne's Spiritual Power was running low, so he used "Shape-shifting," a lower version of "Instantaneous Transfer," to break free, consuming less Spiritual Power while ensuring he wouldn't be severely injured from the fall.

Bast watched as the elf disappeared, his giant sword swinging at nothing, then grinned viciously and nodded at Chris!

"So that's it, because Zayne Frosac is also here, Byrne wouldn't bring something that might threaten everyone... I see, the one who summoned the disciples of the Stars Embrace Order is you, right? Chris Fischer."

"Of all the people in the Fischer family, you are the one who makes me the most uncomfortable."

Chris looked at Viscount Bast with a very indifferent face, calmly staring at him, without a trace of emotion.

Bast took a deep breath and tried to suppress the killing power of the black Fires of Sin by using his ability to transform mental power into life force, but found that they seemed endlessly burning, with no pause whatsoever.

Strange flames, why can't the injuries they cause be healed?

His face finally changed, and he glanced at Chris's eyes subconsciously, only to find that the world around him had become different.

Chris, consuming almost half of his Spiritual Power, launched the powerful "Eyes of Conviction" at Bast, who had accidentally seen his pupils!

In the illusion, countless evil spirits and ghosts seemed to return from the underworld, madly rushing towards Bast, many of whom were his friends and relatives. Their expressions were disbelieving, hysterical, angrily accusing Bast of his insanity and heartless cruelty.

Illusions.

Viscount Bast was exceptionally cold-hearted and was not swayed at all, quickly trying to break free from the illusion.

Marzo and Chris did not miss the opportunity and simultaneously moved to kill the stupefied real Viscount Bast.

However, several demons blocked their attack in time, preventing them from reaching him.

Bast's body trembled slightly for a moment, then the next moment he had returned to normal, the demons' blocking had been successful.

Just then, he heard the sound of an invisible battle bugle and sneered, "What ability is that? Your family truly has a plethora of strange powers!"

Byrne had activated the battle bugle, drastically reducing the resistance of their allies while significantly enhancing their attack capabilities.

Bast swung his giant sword, paying particular attention to Chris, knowing deep down that his battle skill was the strongest among the three.

The combined fight power of the three was no less than that of five high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents.

Chris was silent and ruthless, wielding his blade with the speed of a violent storm, unstoppable, his battle skill so perfected that each fluid motion contained infinite lethality, each strike forceful and sharp.

Viscount Bast's swordsmanship with his giant sword was also incredibly skilled, coming to life as it crisscrossed from left to right, making it very difficult to predict.

Marzo's arrows were sinister and malicious, always shooting out at the most critical moments; Bast had to be fully alert at all times.

Finally, Marzo supplied the coup de grace with "Giant's Outlook," and the next moment, the composed Chris suddenly severed the throat of a "cheetah demon" attempting a sneak attack.

The remaining two demons could only play a supporting role, unable to alleviate Bast's situation, and so he gradually fell into a massive disadvantage.

The next moment, Chris's rune power "Countdown Timer" finally activated!

Time around them instantly froze.

Everything seemed to be fixed in place, leaves suspended in mid-air, mist no longer spreading, all life falling into silence.

Tiny water droplets formed crystal clear in the air, birds stood still mid-flight, their poses etched into the sky.

There was no sound, not even the faintest breath seemed to vanish without a trace; time appeared to be frozen by a mysterious force, creating an eerie tableau.

"Huff..."

Chris took a deep breath; this "Countdown Timer" had already been set in advance, so the duration of the frozen time was unusually long.

Six seconds!

For a full six seconds, Chris rushed forward at the first moment, swinging his blade to sever Viscount Bast's head, then without any hesitation eradicated the remaining two demons with the flame-entwined blade.

By the time he finished everything, his spiritual power was almost entirely depleted.

Time resumed its normal flow!

"Pfft!"

A torrent of blood spurted from the neck's severed stump as the body swayed and toppled; Viscount Bast's head flew through the air, the eyes wide open in death.

"Is it over?"

Marzo and Chris, watching the demons vanish and Viscount Bast's body fall, couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief in their hearts.

"Be careful, he's definitely still alive!"

Byrne suddenly bellowed!

He knew that the demons under Viscount Bast's contract weren't limited to just four; in fact, there was one final demon, with the unique ability to substitute death.

Viscount Bast had once used it to help Renzo survive an attack from a Monarch powerful expert.

The headless corpse suddenly jerked upright, and a ghastly, terrifying voice came from its belly.

The headless demon lion swung its giant sword repeatedly, releasing one Sword Qi after another, enveloping almost every corner around.

The power of a dozen Sword Qi was formidable, leveling everything in the vicinity, and Chris, who was closest, could not completely avoid it, being thrown by the terrifying Sword Qi on the spot.

"..."

The black "thorns" activated, spreading out across Viscount Bast's body.

The "resurrected" Viscount Bast quickly grew back his head but was already drenched in sweat, panting heavily as he tried to rid himself of the "thorns."

He failed!

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!"

The emerald elf suddenly loosed three arrows in rapid succession, all striking Viscount Bast's body. Although the rapid-fire decreased accuracy, missing vital points, the seeds still rapidly grew within him.

The Fire of Sin unquenched, the seeds growing, entangled with the restraining black thorns, Viscount Bast, weighed down by the mounting injuries, still had a look of unyielding determination in his eyes.

His mental power had not yet been completely depleted; he could still continue to heal himself.

Battle Skill 5 - Berserk Attack!

Viscount Bast suddenly accelerated, leaping with tremendous force towards Marzo, and the emerald elf just managed to lift her bow to block, only to be sent flying.

At this moment, Viscount Bast's face appeared composed, his eyes held a chill and rationality beyond ordinary men. He suddenly turned his head, glaring at Byrne as if wanting to strike again.

"..."

By then, Byrne's spiritual power was overtaxed; he was nearly exhausted and could only watch Viscount Bast approach while preparing his own final attack.

"..."

Viscount Bast moved closer without a word, his approach reminiscent of a demon, as if about to engulf the entire world.

But just after taking the fifth step, his body staggered and he knelt down calmly on one knee, trembling all over.

The Fire of Sin.

The inextinguishable black flames seemed to burn endlessly, causing irreparable damage, and Viscount Bast's mental power had finally reached its limit.

"It seems you've won..."

His expression was calm, but he couldn't delay the inevitable. Enjoy exclusive adventures from mvl

Amidst the scent of fresh flowers, they began to grow from the flesh and the black flames, as the old man struggled and trembled in pain.

Eventually, the black flames of sin completely dissipated, and the dying, aged body of Viscount Bast was covered with ample blossoms, kneeling on the ground.

Byrne took a deep breath, staggering forward slowly, knowing the old man posed no further threat.

Utilization was real, emotions were real, interests were real, threats were real, tests were real...

His body shuddered, hearing the old man's last words, his vision blurred with a hint of barely discernible mockery.

"Is this the result of toying with destiny? Byrne, my Destiny's Trajectory allowed me to see the paths of fate from birth. Thinking myself above fate, to control everything, little did I expect fate to bring Fischer to Nasir..."

"Your father, to die indirectly at my hands, heh..."

"Byrne, but I know that's not really why you wanted to kill me."

Byrne's body trembled, but inside he grew even colder, looking at the old man whose eyes held a certainty.

"The truth is, you're becoming more and more like me, Byrne."

The dark-haired man standing in the dense fog, like a lonesome shadow, his outline faint, his gaze seemingly lost in the distant future, or perhaps sunken into memories of the past, finally settled intently on the present.

"Mmm."

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

Chapter 243: Chapter 233 "Dragon Taming Lord

The flames that burned the sins had long since turned to ashes. The elderly Bast Leone lay with his eyes closed, serenely amongst the myriad of flowers strewn on the ground. Delicate petals swayed gently in the fog, releasing their enchanting fragrance, a sea of flowers where roses, tulips, jasmines, and other varieties interwoven with dazzling colors, filled with vividness and vitality.

Byrne sat on the ground in silence for a long time, his thoughts more chaotic than ever before. Bast Leone was right; the real reason he killed him wasn't because of his father's vengeance but because Bast Leone would inevitably pose a threat to the Fischer family in the future.

So he had struck first.

Although from an outsider's perspective, avenging his father was the natural course of action, only Byrne knew deep within his heart that today's events stemmed from a choice between family and emotions.

He slowly stood up, took a deep breath, and suddenly found that he couldn't stop the tears flowing down his cheeks.

For some reason, Byrne realized they were the last tears he would ever shed.

Then, he calmly found the severely injured Chris and Marzo, took out potions to heal them, and proceeded to take away various Forbidden rare artifacts belonging to Bast Leone.

The first was that frequently seen black mirror.

It was a Forbidden rare artifact that Viscount Bast had used multiple times, capable not just of bewitching a specific person but also of serving as a conduit to the Spirit Realm, leading to the land of the Alchemy Council, and even separating into fragments to give to others. It could be said to have many significant functions.

Next was the extremely large black giant sword, which Byrne even suspected weighed several tons—likely impossible for an ordinary Extraordinary Exponent to wield proficiently.

"So heavy."

When Byrne actually picked up the giant sword, it automatically shrank, eventually becoming the size of a chopstick. No wonder Viscount Bast had carried it all this time without anyone detecting its presence.

After securing the two Forbidden rare artifacts, Byrne quickly searched the bodies of the Stars Embrace Order's followers, eventually taking two Treasure-class mysterious rare artifacts from the second-in-command's body.

"Where is Aldrich?"

Marzo's hair was disheveled, yet she still looked absolutely gorgeous, and she shook her head calmly, "I don't know. I never caught sight of him."

She paused before continuing:

"This valley is shrouded in mystery. I was right beside you, but suddenly I was transported elsewhere. I believe it might at regular intervals undergo random relocations in time and space."

"Had I not previously planted a harmless seed on you, I'm afraid I never would have found you."

Byrne glanced at Marzo, nodded gently, and then turned to look seriously at the silent Chris.

"Chris, why did you conspire with the followers of the Stars Embrace Order?"

Chris answered, "Otherwise, there would be no chance, and it wouldn't have ended well."

His response left Byrne speechless, forced to admit that it made sense.

Indeed, without the people of the Stars Embrace Order, it would have been very difficult to bring the matter to a close, and they wouldn't have been able to explain Viscount Bast's death.

But once the followers of the Stars Embrace Order arrived, everything became much easier to explain.

Chris's strategy was successful, but Zayne Frosac might suffer as a result, which made Byrne feel uneasy deep inside.

However, after contemplating the situation, Byrne didn't say much or reproach Chris, merely nodding gently.

After dealing with Viscount Bast's body and faking injuries, they left the place.

"Let's go, I hope Zayne isn't in trouble," Byrne said slowly.

The three of them then moved together, and to prevent anyone from being unexpectedly transported away again, they proceeded hand in hand.

After an unknown period, they occasionally encountered stray followers of the Stars Embrace Order and killed them without hesitation, but they never found the Dragon

Taming Lord or Zayne Frosac. Instead, they ultimately stumbled upon the body of Renzo.

Renzo's corpse was in bad shape, battered and lifeless, lying there with eyes wide open.

"Renzo is also dead..."

Byrne was silent for a moment before adding, "The followers of the Stars Embrace Order who claimed to have killed a Cyart noble, it must have been him. Zayne and Aldrich are probably still alive."

"At least we haven't found their bodies."

Chris said calmly, "I still hope nobody is capable of killing the 'Dragon Taming Lord.'"

Everyone fell silent. If such a powerful existence did appear, they would be completely unable to contend with it.

All the mysterious rare artifacts on Renzo's body had been taken, so they continued moving forward, not knowing how long they walked, never reaching the end of the white fog.

They even began to wonder if this white fog was infinite when suddenly, without warning, the surrounding fog began to disperse gradually, revealing White Bones Canyon before their eyes again, and the three of them simultaneously let out a sigh of relief.

Then they heard a very loud noise.

After the dense white fog had dispersed, the area of White Bones Canyon seemed to have shrunk suddenly, and the three of them saw a terrifying scene ahead.

"There!" Marzo raised her beautiful neck and immediately shouted.

A battle between two Monarch powerful experts!

The young man dressed in the black garb of the Stars Embrace Order, who was obviously the leader of this group of heretics, possessed the power of a wind bloodline, constantly compressing the wild winds around him into massive shockwaves that destroyed everything before him.

The terrifying wild wind, like a raging giant beast, swept in, howling as it scoured the white ground, carrying endless might and destructive force; the jade-made trees swayed uncertainly under this rampage, like a ship tossing on tumultuous waves.

When Byrne and the others faced the residual power of the wind, they had no choice but to close their eyes tightly, trembling all over, as if facing the end-of-days scenario of the sky falling, appearing exceptionally small and incredibly fragile, as if confronting the merciless fury of nature.

"So powerful!"

Byrne couldn't help but sigh; each strike was massively powerful, and a direct attack would suffice to kill him outright.

However, the Stars Embrace Order man was completely suppressed by the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich!

A black dragon, and a red dragon, both flanked "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich, and both giants possessed the strength of low-level Monarch Level!

Although the extraordinary power of mysterious creatures was much weaker than that of Extraordinary Exponents of the same level, the two Monarch Level giant dragons could still rival a truly powerful low-level Monarch expert!

The fearsome giant dragons were like moving mountains, their huge bodies covered in thick and smooth scales that reflected the sunlight with a grim metallic luster.

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Their eyes were bright and seemed to peer into the depths of the soul; their claws were like iron hooks, capable of tearing apart rocks. With every landing of their massive claws, the ground would tremble continuously.

"Wuu!"

The red dragon breathed out searing flames, burning fiercely, showcasing the power of raging flames of destruction!

"Arrgh!"

When the black dragon roared, the entire valley trembled, leaving behind a trace of desolation and silence in its wake.

The presence of the two hundred-meter-long dragons, along with their extremely terrifying dragon might, made Byrne and the others' bodies subconsciously shudder helplessly.

"Troublesome false god followers, Cyart's cold-blooded nobility!"

The leader of the Stars Embrace Order looked very serious, Summoning the terrifying wind shockwaves, again and again, trying to destroy Aldrich, but he was never able to break through the defensive power of the two powerful dragons, instead having to constantly dodge attacks, avoiding flames and sharp claws.

Finally, he decided to use the temporary power bestowed by the otherworldly god "Chaos Constellation."

That power could only be used once, it had to be used at the right moment!

The man muttered to himself, raising his hands high!

Black shadows suddenly emerged in mid-air, as if about to open a gate, and the indescribable aura instantly made everyone tense, even Aldrich's eyes sharpened in an instant!

However, the "Dragon Taming Lord" gave him no chance to continue, stretching out his hand without hesitation, and then the rings of his two Forbidden rare artifacts lit up simultaneously.

The next moment, a grey light petrified the body of the leader of the Stars Embrace Order completely to stone, followed by a phantom hammer shadow, as mighty as a fist of a god, which descended from the sky and in an instant, utterly pulverized the petrified leader of the Stars Embrace Order into dust!

Aldrich, having used two Forbidden rare artifacts, had his hair turn slightly white and calmly coughed up a mouthful of fresh blood, but quickly transformed it with spiritual power and repaired the injuries within his body.

"You've worked hard."

He waved his hand calmly, the two dreadful dragons nodded gently, and then they disappeared into thin air the next moment.

With a flicker of wisdom in his eyes, Aldrich walked calmly through mid-air, stepping steadily towards the three who had been watching the battle on the ground.

"Have you seen others?"

Byrne nodded slightly, walking up with a serious expression and said,

"We didn't find Zayne, but we saw the bodies of Renzo Leone and Bast Leone..."

"Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich suddenly looked up, gazing into Byrne's eyes for a long while before saying in a low voice, "Byrne, who killed Bast Leone?"

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

Chapter 244: Chapter 234: Sealing the Valley

"It was the followers of the Stars Embrace Order; when we arrived, a melee had already erupted..."

Byrne's tears couldn't stop flowing down as he went on to accuse the Stars Embrace Order amidst sobs and trembling, as if he held a deep, grinding grudge against those people!

Marzo looked at Byrne beside her without changing her expression, clearly feeling that something much deeper had changed within the human male.

It was an interesting change.

In some ways, although he was quite capable before, he had never been a truly frightening person, but now there's a very dangerous air in the deepest depths of his gaze.

Lord Aldrich stood with his hands behind his back, listening casually to the whole story, and then he nodded slightly.

"Take me to have a look."

"Um, of course."

Byrne's expression was one of pain; he took a deep breath and then said, "Please come with me, Lord Aldrich."

It didn't take long for them to return to where the bodies of Renzo and Viscount Bast lay. Lord Aldrich squatted down twice to check the bodies thoroughly before nodding lightly, not raising any doubts.

Byrne remained in an agitated state. Lord Aldrich, unaware of their intricate conflicts of gratitude and resentment, naturally didn't suspect anything, even with all his intelligence.

And as for Bast's death, Lord Aldrich's mood didn't change much, as if the relationship between the two wasn't that good either.

There was only one thing he wondered about.

"Why is he here, as far as I know, this one should be a genius of your family, Chris Fischer, right?"

Chris didn't answer; Byrne slowly nodded, calmly responding, "In fact, it was Bast's arrangement. He wanted Chris to follow behind us, not to act together with us immediately."

"The point was just in case, to avoid anyone secretly tracking us. Unfortunately, we still let people from the Stars Embrace Order sneak in, and in the end, an oversight led to a grave mistake!"

He took a deep breath, then sighed deeply again.

The sorrowful emotions were not fake but seven parts true, leaving no clues for anyone to notice.

"I see."

Lord Aldrich nodded and said nothing more; instead of burying the bodies right away, they continued to look for the last person and eventually found Zayne Frosac, who was still alive.

The Acting Bishop of the Tempest Church, Zayne, looked ghastly pale, severely wounded, and close to death, hiding in a concealed corner of the canyon.

"You've finally come, save me..."

"Don't worry, you won't be harmed."

Lord Aldrich quickly used the healing power from a green ring to stabilize his injuries; though it was a top-notch rare treasure, it couldn't heal Zayne completely, but it at least enabled him to recover.

"Thank you."

Zayne breathed a sigh of relief, slowly transforming spiritual power into life force to heal himself, and said,

"You finally came; I thought I was going to die here. Damn, I carelessly took two slaps from a Monarch powerful expert. If I hadn't been transported suddenly to another part of the valley, I might have really died!"

So that's how it was.

Byrne and the others learned that Zayne indeed was an unlucky person, having encountered a Monarch powerful expert of the Stars Embrace Order right away and nearly dying from just two hits.

If it weren't for reaching the Metamorphosis Phase and having a trump card, Zayne might have been killed on the spot.

But in a sense, he was also lucky; when he was about to be killed, he was suddenly transported elsewhere and managed to hide.

Just then, Lord Aldrich, who had been constantly looking around and up into the sky, slowly rose into the air, stepping gradually upwards until he stood aloft for a long time, seemingly observing something.

Finally, he looked increasingly grave as he descended back in front of everyone and said, "There's some very bad news; I've realized something... We probably won't be able to leave here for quite some time."

Lord Aldrich paused for a moment, then continued,

"Because this valley has no exit, and the dome is covered by some kind of barrier. Although birds fly over, those birds are also creatures of the valley, not animals from outside."

"This valley is now completely cut off from the outside world!"

"So, we probably won't be able to leave here for a while, at least until we find a way out."

Byrne and the others were stunned, finding it hard to believe.

Zayne immediately asked anxiously, "Wait a minute, when we entered this valley, it wasn't enclosed. Why can't we leave now? Could the entrance have disappeared?"

Lord Aldrich frowned and replied, "You're right, the entrance has vanished. There are walls all around, and I can't fly out."

Everyone looked at each other, not expecting Viscount Bast to have left such a contingency.

Especially Byrne and Zayne, who were very emotionally volatile; both of them had heavy burdens to carry, and not leaving for a long time would definitely cause problems.

Zayne paced back and forth, frowning deeply until he finally couldn't hold back and burst out cursing, "Bast! You despicable old thing! If you failed your breakthrough, did you intend for all of us to be buried with you?"

Everyone's expressions were grim; facing a predicament with no clear resolution in sight, no one was sure when it would be solved, considering the valley was a place created by a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert.

In the end, Byrne figured it out. Having gone through much hardship, he had become much steadier, knowing that the most important thing was to deal with the situation at hand.

"Lilian, Christine, Karno... and Darren, you must hold on," he said.

Chris silently gazed toward Nasir Town.

Marzo furrowed his brows and immediately said, "Then what are we going to eat if we have to stay here for a long time?"

Aldrich raised his hand, the index finger of his right hand adorned with a yellow ring that was slowly starting to glow.

"I do have a way, but it will require the cooperation of your power of Nature,"

Six months later.

In the basement of Fischer Manor.

Lilian, dressed in a black robe, looked anxious. First, she glanced at Vanessa, and then she turned to look at the young Karno and Christine, with more anxiety bubbling up inside her.

"Father told me they would be back in a few months at most, but they have yet to return."

Vanessa nodded lightly and said, "Yes, Chris said the same thing. I believe he wouldn't break his promise without good reason."

"Could something have happened?"

Karno finally voiced the thoughts lurking in everyone's hearts.

"..."

All four fell silent, not speaking again for a long while, each feeling the unease writhing deep within their hearts; they all knew too well that the most likely scenario was that something had gone wrong.

Only because old butler Theo possessed the ability of "household management," could they be sure that Byrne and Chris were not dead and were still more or less in a normal state, which prevented them from falling into despair.

But where exactly were they, what had they encountered, and when could they return?

Not a single person had a clear answer.

Lilian sighed and said slowly, "You all leave first; I am going to pray here and hope to receive divine guidance."

Once the others had all left, Lilian took a deep breath, knelt before the sacred object, and silently prayed for a long time.

The Spirit Realm.

"Hmm, it's finally starting to take shape, but it's going to take a long time to fully complete it. My first attempt at creation certainly lacks experience..."

Karl, unaware of the passage of time in the mortal realm, had been in the Spirit Realm for quite a while, only occasionally responding to sacrifices. He was now shaping the rough outline of a young girl, reminiscent of Irene's younger form from when they first met.

Why create the figure of a young girl instead of the adult Irene? Because the larger the body, the greater the energy required to shape it.

He had considered whether to fashion his first Divine Envoy into a fairy the size of a palm, but soon realized that the human form was the most suitable for a human soul, and thus he compromised in the end.

In the important city of Ceri within Rhea.

Two armies faced each other, a great battle imminent.

Everyone's emotions were on high alert; the air was charged with the tension of static electricity. Each person was ready to face the onslaught of fierce conflict at any moment. The tense atmosphere burdened both sides with heavy pressure while also awakening deep courage and resolve within them.

Tens of thousands of soldiers from Carnia, Rhea, and Cyart, along with a dozen well-known Monarch powerful experts, gathered here.

The old Rhea king, withered like a dried corpse, sat immobile on his chair.

Having lost the hearts of his people, among the nine Monarch powerful experts in his own camp, five were Cyart Monarchs, and the Rhea People especially despised the Cyart people. As a result, some of his subordinate families had even defected during this period, and ordinary citizens were no less than scornful of the old Rhea king.

Duke Black Iron stood by the Rhea king's side, his presence more imposing, like an impregnable fortress of black iron, commanding respect from any onlooker.

Savoie was also among the troops, standing behind Abel Leone.

"Years of war, and both sides have seen many a Monarch fall, fighting more fiercely than ever. Today, it seems the battle will finally be decided."

The Meyer family, along with numerous other nobles allied with Carnia, had won people's hearts. Their faction had a total of ten Monarch powerful experts, and the two leading Middle Rank Monarchs were Prince Conrad of Carnia and the head of the Meyer family for the past fifty years, the initiator of this war that affected the eastern part of the continent.

The Marquis Blood Flames of the Meyer family! The first knight of the east! The savior of Rhea!

"Skyfire" Flamme Meyer!

The valiant redhead knight was young, handsome, and tall, clad in shining armor and holding a sword with a sharp silver blade. His red hair gleamed in the sunlight, vivid and intense like flames on the battlefield.

"We have finally reached this moment; the ultimate victory of the Rhea People is near. The future of this kingdom will be shaped by all of us together!"

Marquis Blood Flames's powerful voice instantly spread throughout the entire army, uplifting everyone's spirits.

"Gentlemen, the time to judge the wicked king has come! We are the true people of Rhea, and for the sake of our children, we will never surrender to him and the Cyart people!"

"Follow me to a battle to the death!"

His resolute eyes revealed an unyielding courage and firm determination, and his every gesture and the conviction in his words ignited the hearts of the people, inspiring both deep emotion and awe.

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

Chapter 245: Chapter 235 "Skyfire"

Head of the Meyer family, Marquis Blood Flames, "Skyfire" Flamme Meyer.

He had always been the national hero of Rhea, the number one knight in the East in many Rhea hearts, and for decades, the idol of many people in the Eastern Continent.

Upright, noble, courageous, humble, and resolute, all the knightly virtues were reflected in "Skyfire" Flamme.

The famous Blood Flames Knight Order, Rhea's strongest knight order, didn't actually swear fealty to the Meyer family. All fifty-two of its extraordinary exponents followed only the commands of Skyfire alone, and if Flamme were to disappear or die, the Blood Flames Knight Order would likely disband on the spot.

Those Blood Flames Knights hailed from all over the Eastern Four Kingdoms, attracted by their admiration for Skyfire and stayed because of his charismatic personality.

Among those followers was even one Monarch powerful expert, who originally dominated a region, but pledged allegiance to join the Blood Flames Knight Order after being defeated by "Skyfire" seven times.

There were many stories about "Skyfire." He once stood up for a mother and daughter, killing a more powerful and prestigious clan member of a major household. He had carried a dead friend's body thousands of miles just to take him home.

For years, Skyfire had been wiping out heretics and bandit groups throughout Rhea, completely exterminating the powerful and troublesome cult of the undead, earning the love and welcome of the Rhea People.

When the Meyer family first initiated the rebellion, Skyfire and the Blood Flames Knight Order fell into a trap and were besieged, with dozens of them surrounded by tens of thousands of troops in a city for several months, nearly reaching the brink of despair.

Eventually, various noble families jointly persuaded the old Rhea king to negotiate with the Meyer family, with many young people inside the Royal Family who admired Skyfire also not wanting to kill their childhood hero.

The old Rhea king hesitated for a long time and finally wavered internally, fearful of a full-scale rebellion from the nobility, leading to a greater civil war, and thus both sides ceased hostilities and negotiated.

However, later on, the old Rhea king began to covertly target those families that had helped Skyfire Flamme, attempting to break them one by one, which resulted in their complete betrayal.

The second civil war was an all-out, comprehensive war in Rhea, where not only did all the Rhean nobles pick their sides, but even three of the countries from the Eastern Four Kingdoms got drawn into the conflict.

The old Rhea king once questioned Flamme Meyer about why such a man filled with glory would betray his own, forsake his pure loyalty, and wondered if he was no longer a true knight.

Skyfire drew his blade to answer.

"My loyalty is not to the evil king on the false throne, but to the people of Rhea!"

"The Spirit Realm descends, technology revolutionizes, the world has already drastically changed, our nation can no longer afford to stagnate!"

Rhea was the least civilized among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, with the weakest Royal Family's control over local powers. Local feudal lords often waged war against each other, and Rhea was frequently mocked by other countries as a "loose" nation.

The people of Rhea lived in misery, suffering frequent massacres, and the introduction and popularization of new technologies such as the steam engine were also very concerning.

Flamme Meyer had realized early on that he must unify his homeland thoroughly and change the status quo to bring peace and prosperity to the tragic Rhea People.

"That young man sure is full of himself, hmph."

Duke Black Iron stood at the vanguard of the entire army like a blade, towering in the sky and gazing at the distant "Skyfire Knight" without a trace of fear on his face.

In his life, he had dealt with countless strong opponents and defeated innumerable so-called heroes, with no shortage of room for one more among the vanquished.

Even though the enemy's high-level combat power was greater in number, war was not won by simply having more people. Duke Black Iron understood that well.

"We will be the victorious side."

The old man in black armor had piercing and powerful eyes, as if he could see through time and the human heart. His face, covered with wrinkles, each one signifying the wisdom accumulated over years, never once bowed down.

Duke Black Iron might be the world's most unyielding old man, weathered by countless trials, yet he never once lowered his head. For over a century, challenges surged at him like raging waves, yet he always plowed forward, unyielding, like the strongest steel, with no challenge capable of destroying him.

His pace had slowed, but his inner fortitude and will remained as solid as a rock.

"No matter the vicissitudes of life, the Romann family will stand unwavering like an indestructible steel bridge."

Duke Black Iron's fierce belief earned him the title "Black Iron," and even the Cyart people held him in a higher esteem than the Cyart King deep in their hearts.

He was a witness to a century of Cyart, as well as a tenacious legend, whose very existence was the best interpretation of resilience, perseverance, and faith.

"Flamme Meyer! This is our third encounter, and it might also be the last!"

The voice of Duke Black Iron spread throughout the surroundings, sharp as a weapon of unparalleled edge.

"Since I am a bit older and your elder, let me make the first move, you youngster of the Meyer family!"

The old man's entire body was instantly covered with a dazzling obsidian armor, shimmering with profound brilliance like the constellations, while a pair of wings, carved from obsidian, sprouted from his back, each feather twinkling with a dark luster.

His eyes were incredibly profound, crystal clear like obsidian, containing endless power and wisdom, the ancient divine radiance.

That was the strongest demi-god Bloodline power of the Romann family, the "Obsidian Angel"!

The Marquis of Blood Flames from the Meyer family nodded lightly, saying in an extremely respectful manner:

"Duke Black Iron, you are the only Cyart person I admire. It's my honor to clash with you once more!"

The blade in "Skyfire" Flamme Meyer's hands also ignited instantly, as nine colossal dragon heads emerged in the sky, unleashing mighty roars that made the surrounding temperature seem to rise.

A Forbidden rare artifact, number 715, "Dragon Flames"!

Flamme Meyer murmured to himself, "Duke Black Iron, let us end this war together, a war that will put an end to all conflict in Rhea."

The smaller the number of the Forbidden rare artifact, the higher the price required, and at this moment, he had paid some heavy price, which just wasn't shown in public.

Within the army of the Cyart people, Daybreakers like Savoie, Colonel Abel from the Lion clan, and others held their breath, each person realizing that the decisive battle was about to begin.

Duke Black Iron slowly reached out his hand.

The next moment, a cascade of obsidian fell from the sky, sweeping in like a tidal wave and flickering with a profound and dark glow. As these obsidian stones descended from the heavens, they were like countless constellations falling, tracing beautiful arcs in the sky, dyeing the entire heavens with a deep hue.

As the nine-headed dragon slowly unfurled its massive wings, a scorching breath rapidly spread out, each scale gleaming like a red gem, reminiscent of the sunrise over a turbulent river.

In the nine long dragon necks, raging flames bloomed, like thousands of fierce fires interweaving, each flame bearing the power of endless destruction, and the eyes of "Skyfire" were like fiery meteors in the night sky, deep and bright yet filled with uncontrollable rage.

"For the Rhea People! For Meyer! For glory!"

As he soared into the sky, the flames that formed from the nine dragon heads traced a magnificent arc behind him, turning the horizon a bright red, instantly changing the complexion of the sky and the earth.

The moment the attacks from both sides intertwined, all the Monarch powerful experts present made their move, while the other Extraordinary Exponents took up their respective duties, following commands and directing the soldiers, who in turn supplied sustenance through spell inscriptions to the Monarchs. Soon, shouts of alarm rose, and gradually, some were drained dry and perished on the spot.

The clash between "Skyfire" Flamme and Duke Black Iron was undoubtedly the most intense, and aside from that, the strongest combatant was Prince Conrad, transformed into the Dragon of Despair, while the old Rhea king was his opponent.

However, having paid too high a price in using Forbidden rare artifacts in recent years, his strength had greatly declined, and he could only barely parry the other's assaults.

The expression of Duke Black Iron was very serious, clearly knowing that achieving victory in this war was not an easy task for the Cyart side.

But, so what?

Several days later, the war finally came to an end.

News of victory came from the north to Cyart, and soon the entire place erupted with jubilation, with people waving flags, singing, and dancing in celebration.

The whole country was bathed in joy.

At the same time, the people within the borders of Rhea were also cheering, for they too had received good news—the Meyer family had won! They had successfully defeated the Rhea king and vanquished the hateful Cyart people!

They held the great expectation that from now on, the Rhea People would be able to live happily ever after!

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

Chapter 246: Chapter 236 Rhea's Division

In the Daybreakers, the Extraordinary Exponent who had advanced the furthest along the Path of Nature was Ray.

He was very tall and well-built, having raised a large white dog since childhood.

After awakening to the Path of Nature and becoming adept at agriculture, Ray was promptly thrown by Byrne into the Fischer family's botanical garden, where he had to hasten the cultivation of Extraordinary materials.

Today, after repeated toil, Ray had finally mastered the 1st Rank Power of Consecution and earned the qualifications to step onto the Path of Nature's 2nd Rank. So, he took his dog and walked back to Nasir Town.

Upon arriving at the Nasir Town Manor, Ray had just stepped through the outer gate when he was swiftly greeted by Mr. Theo, the tall, trim old butler.

"I already knew you were coming from the letter, Ray. Not bad, stepping onto the 2nd Rank while you're still young. You might go even further than I have," he said.

"That would be my honor!" Ray said with a smile, nodding, feeling a hint of excitement deep within him.

"Yes, Ray, come with me. Madam Lilian will not return for a few days, so you will stay in the manor for a while," the imposing old man said, his demeanor stern and his movements precise. He had served the Fischer family for decades, always commanding great respect.

"Of course, Mr. Theo."

Despite being a Daybreaker, Ray held Mr. Theo, a Proselyte, in high regard. Conversely, he was not too fond of the somewhat hypocritical Yeager, nor the densely populated cities.

Dressed in a roughly hewn fur coat, Ray hardly looked like someone from a civilized society, resembling more a native of some small local place.

The servants of the Fischer family gazed at him oddly, though being well-mannered, none would say anything offensive outright.

"Woof woof woof!"

Molly, a large white dog taller than a child, sat obediently beside Ray, tongue delicately hanging out, tail wagging without cease.

However, no sooner had it stepped within the manor than it suddenly sensed a terrifying scent. Its eyes sharpened, and the dog began to shiver all over, refusing to go any further.

"Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid!"

Ray immediately crouched down to hug and comfort the large dog, while Mr. Theo, incapable of understanding the affection for animals, watched impassively.

"Whimper..."

The big white dog's face turned cowardly, and lowering its head, it began to act coyly with its master.

"It can't come inside, as having a bunch of dog hair around the estate would be quite the mess," Mr. Theo stated.

"Ah! Can it really not come in?"

Hearing that his dog Molly couldn't enter, Ray was struck as if by a Heavy Strike, staring in dismay, and then he met with the stern gaze of the old butler.

Recalling his last visit to the manor and the experience of attaining the Power of Consecution in the basement, he remembered indeed that Molly had not been allowed to enter; however, he had emerged quite quickly.

So Ray clenched his teeth and said earnestly,

"Mr. Theo, I can't leave Molly alone outside for too long. How about this: until Lady Lilian returns, I'll stay outside with her."

"You mean, you want to live outdoors here?"

"Yes!"

Mr. Theo was a bit speechless, but still nodded gently, saying calmly, "Suit yourselves."

Molly breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Theo glanced at her. This white Samoyed seemed quite smart.

The old butler, Mr. Theo, calmly returned to the manor, then gave orders to several servants.

"Move a bed and some essentials outside. Mr. Ray wishes to stay outside for a few days, but I don't want his outdoor living to be too miserable."

The servants nodded hastily, holding Mr. Theo in high regard, although one inquired, "Mr. Ray, why not simply find a place to stay in town instead of living outside the estate?"

"He might be a bit silly and didn't think of that," the old butler said nonchalantly.

Though Mr. Theo was past seventy, he remained hale and hearty.

He felt he had neither the chance nor the time to advance on the Path of Authority's 4th Rank and had ceased to long for more power, feeling quite content with his current life deep down.

Now, Mr. Theo's daughters also had children; one even married into nobility. These grandchildren, born as Blood Receivers, could be considered a small Proselyte family led by Mr. Theo.

Many small families now revolved around the Fischer family, with the most prominent being the Dagger Brotherhood's Shelby family.

The current Shelby family and their Dagger Brotherhood had expanded into every town within the four-town territory.

When Mr. Theo next met Ray, he said expressionlessly,

"Lady Lilian will be back soon. She recently went to Fein City to exchange information with the Lion clan and learn the specific details about the front lines."

"Alright, I understand," Ray responded promptly.

Then Mr. Theo went to find Vanessa. With the older generation of Byrne and Chris missing, in Lady Lilian's absence, he could discuss any family matters only with Vanessa.

As for Christine and Karno, although they were growing up, at the moment, both were still adolescents and of little use in managing family affairs.

When Mr. Theo found Vanessa, she was pacing in the study, pondering over some family orders.

Seeing the old butler, Vanessa exhaled and asked,

"Hasn't Lilian returned yet?"

Mr. Theo shook his head gently, calmly saying, "No, she must finalize the war details in Fein City before returning to Nasir Town. But, judging by the time, Lady Lilian should be on her way now."

Vanessa sighed, realizing more than ever the importance of the railway.

"It's a pity. If the railway were fully operational, using that steam locomotive, theoretically Lilian could be back in Nasir Town in less than a day."

The "Byrne Railway," spearheaded by the Fischer family, was still being busily constructed, destined to connect Fein City and Nasir Town, passing through Chevron Town along the way.

In time, traveling from Fein City to Nasir Town would become much easier, greatly reducing the spatial distance between the two locations.

Actually, railways had already been constructed in Carnia and Vallere, the latter built with the help of Lorne citizens, so the Byrne Railway would not be the first railway in the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

Yet at least, it would be the very first railway throughout the entire Cyart.

Although this railway wasn't very long and the terrain it passed was mostly plains, the construction speed had been slow due to the lack of experience.

It would still take a few more years before the "Byrne Railway" could be fully completed.

Now, with the most industrious Byrne Fischer missing, the rest of the family could only play a supporting role, and the main technical guidance still came from a Priest who was preaching from the Reforging Church.

The people of the Reforging Church held many strange technologies, which they said were knowledge bestowed by the great God of Reforging, heralding a brand-new era that anyone could learn, and spreading such knowledge was the purpose of the Reforging Church.

"Eh, why are you living here?"

The sight of Ray setting up a small hut outside the manor immediately attracted the attention of many, and so did Karno, holding an iron flask.

The young Karno, with his silver hair shining brilliantly under the sun and his eyes extraordinarily pure, possessed a naturally carefree temperament.

He had always been an outlier in the inward-looking Fischer household, spending his days indulging in food, drinks, and fun, seeking various amusements.

However, everyone knew from Byrne that such behaviors would not affect Karno's ascent on the God Pantheon stairway, so no one could really reprimand him.

A girl followed Karno's side, Sunbelle, who had stayed at Fischer Manor half a year ago due to an injury and, after relentless efforts, finally became Karno's personal maid.

In some sense, Sunbelle had finally succeeded in her first step!

She revolved around Karno day in and day out, doing her utmost, offering warm concerns, and fulfilling any request of Karno's even if it meant pushing herself.

Sometimes, the mischievous Karno would have her buy four different items from the north, south, east, and west of Nasir and then instruct her to sell them to four people who absolutely didn't need them, making Sunbelle cry out of frustration.

Yet she still finished such unreasonable demands in the end, developing blisters on her feet without uttering a single word of complaint.

Sunbelle was well aware that her appearance didn't stand out within such a large family like the Fischers, so she could only try even harder to please Karno.

No matter what, Sunbelle did not want to leave the Fischer family!

Furthermore, she wanted to go one step further, and what she now dreamt of was to become Karno's lover!

That wasn't a loss or a hardship at all; Karno's sunny, handsome appearance had already captured the hearts of many young girls.

Yet the thirteen-year-old boy seemed to have no thoughts or concepts about such matters, and Sunbelle's shy attempts to flirt with him twice bore no fruit.

Over half a year, although she cried secretly when feeling helpless and even thought about giving up, the young girl always kept a smile on her face around Karno.

She believed that as long as she persevered, she could become Karno Fischer's adored one, and that boy had the chance to become the future head of the Fischer family!

Humph, by then, wouldn't she become the next Lady Vanessa?

"Hahahaha! So it was because of the dog issue! How amusing!"

After hearing Ray's explanation, Karno couldn't stop laughing, rolling on the ground, completely devoid of any noble etiquette.

Ray coughed, feeling a bit embarrassed.

He noticed that the girl next to him was always watching Young Master Karno gently. She was probably his personal servant, her eyes seemingly filled with a bit of affection.

Sunbelle asked curiously, "Um, Mr. Ray, why do you have to live here? If dogs aren't allowed in the manor, couldn't you just find a hotel to stay in town?"

"Uh, it does seem to be the case!"

Ray was completely stunned, and Molly, sticking out her tongue, rolled her eyes, as if in disdain for her owner's intellect.

When Ray had moved his things back to the manor and went to stay in town, Karno, who was watching the show from under the shade, spotted the old butler approaching.

"Miss Sunbelle, please get the snuffbox from the third room on the second floor."

"Yes, Mr. Theo."

From under the shade, after Theo sent Sunbelle away, he calmly turned and said to Karno, "That girl Sunbelle has many thoughts in her mind. Is it really okay to let her stay by your side, Young Master Karno?"

Karno squinted, smiling casually, and said, "Let her stay. She's very hardworking after all. I don't actually dislike her, and so far Sunbelle hasn't done anything harmful, has she?"

"Having many thoughts and ambitions doesn't necessarily mean it's a bad thing."

The youth paused, raised a finger, and shook his head as he said, "Humans are like wine with impurities, never as pure as water once they grow, so everyone has different flavors and impurities, some tasty, some not, but as long as it's not poisonous, I think it's all right to have contact and have a taste."

Hearing this analogy and reasoning, Theo couldn't help but regard the silver-haired youth more highly, sensing his gradual maturation.

"Hmm, Young Master Karno, you seem more mature than I thought. You are truly your father, Lord Chris's son."

Karno giggled, resting his hands behind his head, eyes closed, and said, "Hey, don't put it that way, Mr. Theo. Don't call me Lord Chris's son; in the future, ah, please refer to him as Lord Karno's father!"

"Hehe."

Several days later, Madam Lilian finally returned from Fein City.

She would prepare a ritual, help Ray grasp the 2nd Rank of the Path of Nature, and also bring back the details of the post-war situation to everyone as soon as possible.

"From now on, Rhea will be in a state of fragmentation, and it is likely to last for some time."

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

Chapter 247: Chapter 237: "Bird Expeller" The Power of Consecution and Darren's Return

In the basement of Fischer Manor, the new ritual had not yet begun.

Vanessa, with her arms crossed, looked at Lilian who stood not far away and calmly said,

"I don't know if you've noticed, but actually, in the last decade or so, the amount of extraordinary materials seems to have been continuously decreasing. There might even come a day when they become exhausted..."

Lilian nodded slightly, not disagreeing with Vanessa's view, and seriously said, "Indeed, I can feel that the resources of extraordinary power in the world are gradually diminishing."

"The reason for this is that everyone's demand for extraordinary materials has increased, and the number of Extraordinary Exponents is also growing. However, the growth rate of the 'raw materials' that make up extraordinary materials just can't keep up."

Since the Spirit Realm descended decades ago, the demand for extraordinary materials worldwide had further increased. And because of the legend about the resurrection of the demon god, the major churches had prohibited private breeding of magic beasts, so the supply of extraordinary materials had been in a steady state of decline over the years.

Originally no one had considered that there would come a day when the resources of extraordinary materials might be exhausted, yet the reality was now in front of them. Perhaps in a hundred years, or maybe just several decades, the sources of certain extraordinary materials would vanish.

Lilian then looked toward Ray, who was not far away, and suddenly said with a sense of anticipation,

"Ray, maybe your Path of Nature can help us solve the problem of diminishing extraordinary materials, otherwise sooner or later we will not be able to get the right extraordinary materials."

"Ah? Me?"

Ray was a bit simple-minded and didn't grasp what Lilian was asking; he was still worried about his dog waiting outside.

He scratched his head and then said, "So, you want me to breed magic beasts? I remember that kind of thing is strictly prohibited by the church."

"Heh, as long as it's not discovered, it's not considered a violation, and besides, should our status really fear further defying those False God Churches?"

After saying that calmly, Lilian shook her head and continued, "Never mind, let's first get you up the next step of the God Pantheon stairway. For the 2nd Rank of the Path of Nature, you will be the first to set foot on it."

She gazed intensely at Ray, saying fervently, "The great Lord of the Lost will bestow a gift upon you, be grateful for it all your life!"

The Path of Nature.

Its 2nd Rank is named "Bird Expeller."

The Bird Expeller's image in the Spirit Realm is that of a scarecrow, meant to scare away birds, yet covered from top to bottom with various birds instead.

The "Bird Expeller's" physical enhancement is 15, and the increase in Spiritual Power is 10, which seems more inclined for melee fighters among the Consecution Extraordinary Exponents.

In reality, the Bird Expeller's ability is not of the melee type. Ray obtained only one Extraordinary trait, which is "Avian Affinity."

An Extraordinary Exponent with "Avian Affinity" can establish a very good natural closeness and favor with all kinds of bird creatures, including magic beasts. By offering small favors they could even delegate many tasks to the birds.

While it may not sound like a powerful extraordinary force, it could have a huge effect if one encounters a strong avian magic beast.

Its biggest advantage is that there is no "Class Restriction." In theory, "Avian Affinity" could even work on avian magic beasts at the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, though whether or not such powerful creatures exist anywhere in the world is unknown.

When Lilian left the basement, she heard a servant say someone was looking for her.

It was a man with a face full of scars, frowning, without any reverence, looking at Lilian.

"The war has ended, and Darren has not died yet. Will he ever return?"

The man, anxious in tone, was "Old Dog," the sole Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent in Darren's small team back in Rhea.

Half a year ago, Old Dog, badly wounded, ran to Cyart and took a long time recovering before he cautiously made his way to Nasir Town to find the Fischer family.

However, by that point, the defense battle of Fein City had already officially started, and his intelligence was no longer of any importance. Hence, Old Dog simply stayed with the Fischer family, quietly waiting for Darren's return.

Old Dog was always contemplating whether Darren might have died, but all members of the Fischer family were adamant, insisting that Darren was still alive.

Now, the war that persisted for years had finally come to an end.

Old Dog couldn't help but expect, wondering whether or not Darren would return to Nasir Town. Was he dead or alive?

"Darren! Is he still alive? Can he return?"

Lilian remained silent for a while, then shook her head and said, "He's certainly still alive. As for where he might be, and when he can return, I do not know..."

Outside a village on the border of Cyart, a battered cart made its way silently towards the south. A farmer doubling as a coachman, tempted by the large sum of money promised by the Iron Mask Man, was planning to take him to Nasir Town.

"Finally back, tsks."

The Iron Mask Man lay calmly on the cart, looking up at the pale blue sky.

He let out a breath and yawned.

"A bit dull, huh, the war just ended abruptly like this. Heh, it wasn't interesting enough."

During Darren's escape, he had been caught by the enemy's lieutenant, and just when he thought he was about to face death, Destiny's Trajectory suddenly came into effect.

Suddenly, a person appeared and saved his life.

However, that was all – he was merely saved from death.

The woman couldn't interfere with the war because of the church's lack of authority, and still handed him over to the Rhea army, after which Darren was imprisoned for an entire half-year.

After the war ended, just before the exchange of prisoners of war between both sides, he escaped all on his own.

"I don't know what the family has turned into now, if they can still recognize me as I am..."

Darren took a deep breath and then fell into a heavy sleep at the back of the carriage.

"Humph."

After some time, the carriage came to a quiet stop, and the driver in front, with a very cold expression, turned and coldly snorted at Darren lying at the back of the carriage.

"I've finally waited for you, bloodline of the Fischer family, Darren Fischer; I'll make you a sacrificial offering to the gods!"

He was a follower of the Stars Embrace Order, though not dressed in the Order's garb, but in fact, he had joined the Stars Embrace Order for more than twenty years. By killing Darren Fischer, he would have a chance to advance to Transmutation!

"The great constellations have issued a supreme oracle that every bloodline of the Fischers must be sacrificed to Him."

"The Fischer family is destined for destruction!"

"You will be the first!"

The carriage driver cautiously approached, drew out his knife, and stabbed ferociously. The next moment, the cold blade passed through without any sensation of touching flesh or blood.

He was momentarily shocked, then heard the Iron Mask Man's chuckling voice come out.

"So our family has caught your attention, sounds interesting, at least it makes things lively again."

"Why didn't you die?"

The carriage driver stared at the Iron Mask Man lying above him, utterly stunned.

Darren laughed out loud and then suddenly pressed his hand on the carriage driver's face, igniting flames that rose high, causing the driver to wail as his entire face was scorched by the searing fire.

"Aaaaaaagh! Aaaaaagh!"

"Hahahahaha!"

Darren burst into manic laughter as he saw several more followers of the Stars Embrace Order approaching, seeming to enclose him gradually.

"Good, good! The more who come, the better!"

The next moment, Darren ethereally extended one hand into the driver's body, then extracted a blood-drenched spine with a nearly insane yank to use it as a weapon.

"Hahahahaha! Come at me, all of you!"

Darren sneered, brandishing the spine as a weapon at the slowly approaching followers of the Stars Embrace Order, who stood there agape with fear, unable to move.

A few days later.

At Nasir Town, in front of Fischer Manor, stood a carriage reeking of corpses.

Darren, covered in burn scars, removed his Iron Mask and sat at the back of the carriage, a bone still in his mouth, gazing at his family's manor.

He was finally back.

"May I ask who you are... Aaaaagh!"

"Quick, get someone! There's a monster!"

The servants who came to the manor gates were greeted by his terrifying, fierce countenance and the horrid pile of corpses in the carriage, prompting them to panic.

Darren remained calm, silently waiting for his family to arrive.

As the doors of the residence opened, a woman in a black robe came out and was immediately moved to tears upon seeing Darren, unable to control herself.

"Darren!" Find more to read at mvl

Lilian rushed up without hesitation and embraced her brother, Covered in the stench of blood and gore and marked with burn scars, she was overwhelmed with emotion, and warm tears flowed down her cheeks.

"You're finally back, I missed you so much, it's great, Darren, it's good you're back!"

Darren inhaled deeply and smiled for the first time in years as he felt a true sense of relaxation.

He hugged his younger sister tightly in return.

"Yeah, I'm back."

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

- Chapter 248: Chapter 238: 3rd Rank "Blood Dancer

Chapter 248: Chapter 238: 3rd Rank "Blood Dancer

Inside the grand hall of Fischer Manor.

"You've finally returned, Darren."

Vanessa smiled gently, nodding her head, and even Theo, who was usually stern, showed a smile.

Having finally returned to the Fischer family, Darren felt an unprecedented sense of relaxation deep within his heart, like a string that had been taut for years finally had the chance to loosen.

His important family members were all gathered around him, celebrating the safe return of a loved one, and Lilian and the others were visibly moved.

"Felix, this is your father."

Among Darren's three women, only Fayer was in Nasir Town, and she excitedly brought the young Felix to meet his father whom he hadn't seen for many years.

Dressed neatly in a small tuxedo, Felix looked up at Darren's fearsome face, and couldn't help but feel a deep fear inside, causing him to instinctively take a step back.

But after a moment of hesitation, he still bravely stepped forward, saying respectfully:

"Father, hello, you, you've finally returned, we all missed you very much."

Darren looked down thoughtfully at the boy who was trembling slightly and filled with fear but still forcing himself to maintain proper etiquette, then showed a smile more terrifying than any demon's.

"Hahaha, Felix, you actually resemble Fayer more than you do me in terms of personality."

Felix didn't understand what that meant, but Fayer instead revealed a smile, gently saying:

"There's nothing wrong with being like me, right? Or do you dislike my personality? By the way, Darren, can't you let Lilian heal your face? You scared the child."

Darren chuckled and reached out to gently pat the boy's head, laughing to himself:

"Oh, this face of mine, I deliberately asked Lilian to heal it later. I wanted to experience for one last time... the gaze of others fearing me."

"Too bad, none of you are afraid of me, haha!"

Afterwards, Darren looked towards Lilian. She nodded slightly, and the next moment she released the power of the Spirit-returning Tree to quickly begin healing Darren's gruesome and ugly face.

Flesh regrew, skin healed, and what was once a horrifically burned scar turned back into healthy skin; Darren was reborn, his features restored as if he had undergone a metamorphosis.

"Ah?"

Felix watched in astonishment as his father, who once resembled a monster, gradually transformed into a tall, handsome man, a feeling of wonder stirring deep inside him.

"Father!"

He couldn't help but call out excitedly.

Darren's bright eyes gleamed with a shrewd light, and the skin that had been aching for so long was finally healed, the pain vanishing.

It was a long-missed sense of comfort that caused him to moan several times.

"So refreshing! Hahahahaha!"

Seeing his son's reaction, Darren couldn't help but laugh. Then, he suddenly crouched down and hugged his son tightly, saying loudly:

"Hahahaha! What's the matter, lad? You only care about appearances? Your father has become more handsome, so now you dare to come closer?"

Felix's face reddened with embarrassment, and his eyes looked anxious as he hastily said, "No, no, that's not it, Father, sir! Uh..."

Christine in her wheelchair shook her head and said, "It's good that Darren has returned."

Karno smiled and rested an arm behind his head, squinting his eyes and jokingly said on the side: "Felix does take things seriously; he's quite fun to tease. Oh dear, he's likely to be teased often in the future, considering there's more than one joker in the family."

Everyone couldn't help but laugh, as in truth, no one would really blame a young child.

"I'm sorry, please forgive me, I'm sorry..."

Felix bit his lip tightly and eventually couldn't hold back any longer, beginning to cry on the spot, but even in his crying, he dared not weep loudly, merely shedding silent tears.

"Alright, alright, I'm not blaming you, Felix."

With a smile, Darren comforted the child, knowing that this little guy had been raised by Fayer to be too serious, a simple case of what you might call a "good student."

Hehe, actually, it wasn't such a terrible personality trait.

At least it was much better than his own when he was a child, hahahahaha!

Afterwards, Darren asked Fayer to take the crying Felix away, then turned his head to look at Lilian and asked, "Is there still no definite news on Father and Uncle Chris?"

Lilian nodded gravely and said:

"Yes, not only have Father and Uncle Chris gone missing, but Viscount Bast, Acting Bishop Zayne, and the Romann family's heir, the 'Dragon Taming Lord' Aldrich, have also disappeared... oh, and Chief Renzo as well."

She almost forgot about Renzo; compared with the others, the chief of police in Fein City wasn't that big of a figure.

Lilian continued:

"For more than half a year, which actually isn't the longest breakthrough time on record, so everyone still hasn't given up hope, thinking that perhaps the breakthrough to become a Monarch isn't over yet... The more important reason is, neither the Lion clan nor the Romann family had the resources to search for them before the war ended."

"Now that the war is over, the Lion clan and the Romann family will likely attempt to find people in various places along the East Coast, since those who disappeared are all important members of their families."

Darren nodded slightly, deep in thought, and began to smile optimistically:

"I don't think we need to worry too much. Father and Uncle Chris both possess ample wisdom and have rich experience in dealing with situations; they won't easily come to harm."

"It's possible they're just trapped somewhere, just like I was initially."

Lilian thought for a moment, then shook her head and said, "I prayed to the great Lord of the Lost, and the divine oracle I received also indicates that they are trapped somewhere, so there's no need for too much concern."

"I believe in the judgment of the great Lord of the Lost."

As Byrne and Chris had both prayed, Karl knew after receiving the prayers that they were trapped in White Bones Canyon; however, he did not know the exact location of that place, and Byrne and Chris could not explain clearly in their prayers, so he had no way to guide the members of the Fischer family to rescue them.

But Karl faintly felt that the place posed no great threat to Byrne and Chris; on the contrary, it might even present an opportunity.

"I have already mastered the Power of Consecution of the 'Specter' at the 2nd Rank of the Path of Shadow."

Darren looked at his sister anew, smiling as he prepared to step onto a new rank.

"Good!"

Lilian nodded earnestly, her heart filled with joy. The Fischer family was sorely lacking in combat power at the time, having one more person stepping onto the 3rd Rank was very important!

Darren continued:

"Oh, by the way, my power of Bloodline might breakthrough to the Transmutation Level soon, and I'll need the next stage of fire-type cultivation heritage and a Magic Potion to assist the breakthrough."

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At that moment, Vanessa suddenly said:

"Hmm, my casting ability might also have the potential to breakthrough to the mid-level Transmutation, but it's not very stable yet; it might take a few more years to truly reach it."

Everyone couldn't help but look at Vanessa, realizing that with Byrne and Chris absent, she was on the verge of becoming the strongest member of the Fischer family.

Lilian sighed and continued, "I've only recently developed a second devout follower on the island, a native who had been hard to tame by our great faith. It'll take more time for me to break through to the 3rd Rank."

Darren nodded gently and said, "That's okay, we just need to keep working hard. By the way, I'm going to see the old dog in a bit."

He paused, then added calmly, "Speaking of which, hasn't a half-elf come to Nasir Town?"

Lilian was startled, then shook her head.

"I see..."

Finally, Darren stepped onto the 3rd Rank of the Path of Shadow!

The 3rd Rank of the Path of Shadow.

"Blood Dancer"!

In the Spirit Realm, its image is that of an old woman bathed in blood, constantly dancing with a crazed smile on her face.

Darren took a deep breath and clenched his fists, feeling a noticeable enhancement in strength. His physical fitness increased by 35, and his Spiritual Power also increased by 35.

He acquired an Extraordinary trait "Blood Spirit Body," allowing every drop of his blood to be automatically manipulated by Spiritual Power, enabling rapid self-healing of flesh wounds at any moment, although this would continuously consume his Spiritual Power.

In simple terms, it was similar to the effect of "mental power transforming into life force" during the Metamorphosis Phase, but the downside was that the consumption would be much greater, and it couldn't be used too frequently. It also couldn't repair bones.

Besides the Extraordinary trait "Blood Spirit Body," Darren also acquired the Extraordinary power "Arrows of Blood" and the Ritual Spell "Blood Dance."

Arrows of Blood allowed Darren to manipulate the blood he touched with his skin and release it like arrows, a type of rapid long-range attack.

He tried it, cutting a small wound on his finger with a blade and then flicking drops of blood with his hand. Instantly, the blood transformed into arrows and struck the surrounding walls, leaving several deep holes.

"What are you doing here! Try it when you go out!"

In the basement, Lilian's face turned dark, and Darren immediately admitted his mistake, stating that he hadn't been able to control himself for a moment.

"Hmm..."

He pondered silently. The blood arrows were fast and precise, easily surpassing a hundred meters in range.

However, their ability to inflict damage was just a bit stronger than a flintlock, which probably wouldn't be effective against enemies with strong defenses.

The last Extraordinary power was the Ritual Spell "Blood Dance."

He needed to collect the fresh blood of at least ten people, use it to draw a rather intricate Array on the ground, and then perform a complicated, cumbersome, and bizarre dance over it for many hours to Summon a Specter he had killed in the past to serve his whims.

Any Specter killed by the "Blood Dancer," no matter how strong in life, could be revived by the "Blood Dancer." They retained most of their power from life, although the duration of their presence depended on the "Blood Dancer's" Spiritual Power.

If Darren went to great lengths to summon a powerful Specter of Monarch Level, he couldn't ensure that the Monarch Specter could execute even a single full-strength attack completely. Basically, all his Spiritual Power would be drained instantly.

Darren smiled contentedly and mused to himself while stroking his chin:

"Although it's complex, strenuous, and the duration is short, a summoned Monarch powerful expert could easily kill any Extraordinary Exponent below the high-level Transmutation with a casual strike."

"Okay, now the question arises, where am I going to find a Monarch powerful expert to kill?"

Of course, that sort of thing was probably impossible!

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

Chapter 249: Chapter 239 The Sea God is about to Awaken

The White Sea was almost calm, hiding a large island that always maintained its concealment.

On the island, thick fog often enveloped the land, reducing visibility to a minimum, while light gray clouds occasionally shrouded the heads of the people, blocking the glaring sunlight in the distance.

The sea breeze gently blew, bringing a moist scent, and people could feel the salty humidity permeating the air.

On the periphery of the island, a seemingly boundless forest stretched far into the distance, the heavy mist intertwining with the trees to form a tranquil and hazy sight.

Occasionally, the rocks at certain parts of the island would emit a deep rumbling sound, and with the tide's ebb and flow, the waves continuously crashed against the seaside rocks, creating echoing sounds.

In the center of the island stood a gigantic Sea God statue that resembled a monster, with six limbs and three fish tails, wielding a huge trident in its hands. Although it was merely a sculpture, the authority it exuded felt palpably oppressive.

The White Sea natives all knelt on the ground, their expressions frantic, as they prayed fervently to the great Sea God.

"Oh mighty Monarch of the seas, Sea God, please bless us!"

"Hurry, drive away those Cyart people from the west!"

"And the Winged Folk and glacier inhabitants from the east, kill all the Winged Folk! Expel the glacier inhabitants!"

The priests also prayed, while occasionally glancing forward.

Underneath the gargantuan Sea God statue, there was a transparent protective bubble, and inside it lay a middle-aged man in a sky-blue robe with his eyes closed.

The High Priest Sky Blue had been gravely injured by the "Thunderous Monarch" years ago and had been in a slumber ever since because of a Forbidden rare artifact.

Suddenly, his fingers started to twitch slightly, and then he opened his eyes.

"He's awake, finally awake! Hahaha! Finally, he has come to!"

"The High Priest Sky Blue has come to!"

The sight stirred the priests into almost uncontrollable cheers; the Sea God Cult's only Monarch powerful expert had finally awakened!

What a relief! The Sea God Cult, which was on the brink of destruction, finally had a future again!

"..."

Among the many priests of the Sea God Cult, only Priestess Cyan Blue's thoughts were complex.

She had secretly converted to the great Lord of the Lost and was now undercover within the Sea God Cult; she had thought that the Sea God Cult's demise was only a matter of time, but she never expected that the High Priest Sky Blue, who had been comatose for years after the "Thunderous Monarch" had injured him, would actually awaken!

"What about Sage Dark Blue?"

After emerging from the bubble, the High Priest Sky Blue's first inquiry was about Sage Dark Blue.

The oldest among them, Priest Deep Blue, stepped forward slowly and replied with a heavy tone, "Sage Dark Blue, he was killed by Viscount Bast. Please, accept my condolences!"

Everyone knew that Sage Dark Blue was the High Priest Sky Blue's twin brother, and their relationship was unimaginably close.

The High Priest Sky Blue was silent for a long while before calmly responding, "I see."

"But he hasn't completely passed away. Dark Blue is my twin brother; a part of his soul resides within me, so as long as I am alive, I can revive him in a special form."

The priests were stunned, having never imagined such a possibility.

The High Priest Sky Blue continued, "It's not something strange because the souls of twins are one and the same, and the method of rebirth from mutual life is a piece of Forbidden knowledge Dark Blue had explored in the Spirit Realm."

"He had foreseen the possibility of an accident befalling him or me; hence, the other twin was to act as an insurance."

At this point, Priestess Cyan Blue's thoughts started to scatter in disarray. This was bad!

The Fischer family was currently in a weakened state, and if the two most important figures of the Sea God Cult both returned, then Nasir Town on the East Coast would eventually become a target of the Sea God Cult!

By then, what should she do?

"Cyan Blue?"

Suddenly, she heard the High Priest Sky Blue calling her.

"Ah?"

Priestess Cyan Blue was startled and took a moment to respond.

The voice of the High Priest Sky Blue continued, deep and mysterious.

"You don't seem very happy?"

Cyan Blue was suddenly horrified inside, for everyone around her was beaming with excitement, some even unable to control their own laughter. In contrast, the lack of a smile on her face along with a touch of anxiety was all too conspicuous!

She hurriedly lowered her head and quickly explained, "It's nothing, High Priest, nothing at all. I just feel that the situation of the Sea God Cult is very critical. Even with your awakening, many issues are not so easily resolved."

"So, I am worrying about the future of the Sea God Cult!"

"Oh."

The voice of the High Priest Sky Blue was devoid of sorrow or joy. He offered no further response.

Cyan Blue secretly heaved a sigh of relief, feeling she must inform Priest Lillian of the Dawn Church about Sky Blue's awakening and the imminent revival of Sage Dark Blue.

Even though the situation had become somewhat perilous, she firmly believed that the great Lord of the Lost, worshipped by the Dawn Church, was a True God and would not be defeated by the so-called Sea God, come what may.

Just then, the voice of High Priest Sky Blue came again, his somber words causing Priest Cyan Blue's face to undergo a dramatic change.

"The Sea God is about to awaken, I have a premonition..."

What?

The Sea God is about to awaken?

The priests were all so excited that they struggled to maintain control, while Cyan Blue trembled uncontrollably, overcome by terror.

The Sea God!

If it truly awakens, the entire White Sea might collapse and be destroyed!

According to legend, the God of the Ocean possesses the power to turn heaven and earth upside down!

The waves it stirs are as high as mountains, and its surging spray becomes white waterfalls, tumbling toward the shore; its roars and bellows are like storms sweeping across the land, instilling fear in people's hearts; under its command, the tumultuous ocean waters roar like an enraged beast, displaying boundless strength!

In the basement of the Fischer family, Darren was holding a fire-red, exquisite envelope bearing the mark of the Holy Grail from the Adley Royal Family.

"It's an invitation from the Royal Capital."

The envoy of the Cyart King was temporarily staying with the Fischer family and would not leave for a few more days. Moreover, he had brought a very important letter.

It was an invitation from the Royal Capital, celebrating the victory of this war. The Cyart King was about to hold a grand triumph ceremony, and invitations were sent out to the many families that had contributed to the war.

Essentially, every family with the rank of Viscount or above was allowed to send several family members to attend the ceremony in the Royal Capital.

Darren smiled, clasped his hands in front of him, holding the invitation between his fingertips, and muttered to himself,

"Speaking of which, the situation in Rhea is rather interesting. Although both sides are vigorously claiming victory, the people of both countries should come to their senses in time."

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The great battle had been devastating, with both sides suffering the death of half their combatants, which ultimately brought both to their senses, leading to negotiations for peace.

Prince Conrad was continuously scheming, hoping for the Cyart people and Rhea People to continue fighting. However, "Skyfire" Flamme Meyer was keenly aware that the Carnians were up to no good.

Those villains cared not if the Rhea People bled dry; war continuing would do no good for him, and the Rhea populace could not endure any longer.

In the end, three of Rhea's four provinces were seized by the Meyer family and the many rebellious nobles.

The old Rhea king retained only the power over a single province, the largest one, and it was not taken from him due to strong support from the Cyart people.

Overall, the war was won by the Meyer family. Yet from the perspective of the Rhea People, there was still one province co-ruled by the inept old king and the Cyart people—indeed, a rather distasteful matter.

The old Rhea king was essentially a puppet and wouldn't live much longer. The so-called "rightful Rhea king" who would follow was, obviously, someone to be selected by the Cyart people.

Of course, the Meyer family and those Rhea nobles would never acknowledge him. At this very moment, Marquis Blood Flames "Skyfire" Flamme was preparing for his coronation.

Meyer will become the new Royal Family of Rhea!

Both sides had won the war, but neither had won it completely.

"Shall we go? Who will go?"

The few in the Fischer family looked at each other, finally making a decision.

They had to go, for the Fischer family was still in need of connections with the upper echelon families. Within the Eight Great Families in the Cyart Kingdom, only a few had ties with the Fischer family, and the only ones with exceptionally good relations were the Romann family.

A few days later, Darren, Karno, and a dozen of the Fischers' followers, together with the Cyart King's envoy, headed south, leaving the East Coast Province and then passing through the Emerald Lake Province.

Eventually, they made their way to the southern boundary of the kingdom, to the Cyart Royal Capital located in the Elphinia Province!

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

Chapter 250: Chapter 240 Emerald Lake Province

The leader of the team that left Nasir Town was Darren Fischer, while the dozen or so followers included the teenager Karno Fischer, Sunbelle, and two young Daybreakers.

These two young Daybreakers, who walked the Path of Forging and the Path of Calamity, had both stepped onto the 2nd Rank.

There are two types of Blood Receivers in the entire Dawn Church, the Daybreakers raised from the orphanage, and the Proselytes who joined the Dawn Church through other ways.

Among them, the number of Daybreakers was as many as thirty or so, while there were about a dozen Proselytes, and in total, the fifty or so individuals constituted the entire extraordinary exponents of the Dawn Church.

In total, fifteen Blood Receivers successfully ascended to the 2nd Rank, while those who reached the 3rd Rank were few and far between.

The Cyart Kingdom is comprised of five provinces, with two of them located in the north, namely the East Coast Province at the northeast and the Ahornblatt Province at the northwest.

The East Coast Province is the smallest of the Cyart Kingdom's provinces, roughly one-tenth the size of the entire Cyart, containing only Fein City and Phelps Port.

Ahornblatt Province lies in the northwest of the Cyart Kingdom, a bit larger than the East Coast Province, with poor natural resources and a long history of poverty.

The only prominent family existing in Ahornblatt Province is the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family.

Situated below the East Coast Province and Ahornblatt Province is Glenborough Province.

Glenborough Province is elongated, located at the center of Cyart, and used to suffer from frequent famines. It was the largest yet least affluent province during the early years of the kingdom's founding.

In the past few decades, however, Glenborough Province has developed quite rapidly.

Despite its land area being nearly three times that of the East Coast Province, most of it is occupied by four major families: the "Shattered Giant" Hovern family, the "Fog Wayfarer" Abernathy family, the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family, and the "Wasteland Beast" Frosac family, with a small exclave belonging to the Romann family.

As a result, it is a province where hardly any small families exist.

The southern provinces of the kingdom are Elfeniania Province and Emerald Lake Province, with the southwestern Elfeniania Province located directly beneath Ahornblatt Province, and the southeastern Emerald Lake Province situated right below the East Coast Province.

Elfeniania Province is very affluent, most of its land owned by the "Blood of Salvation" Adley Royal Family. The religious atmosphere here is intense, with the majority being followers of the Salvation Church, and they harbor prejudice against the followers of other True Gods Churches.

The Adley family has always steadfastly sided with the Salvation Church, firmly believing they are descendants of the Lord of Salvation, though the Salvation Church has never formally and publicly acknowledged this claim.

In Emerald Lake Province, the two major families are the "Ruins Song Spirit" Middell family and the Romann family, to which the Fischer family pledges loyalty.

The Fischer family's route to the Royal Capital is actually spoon-shaped; they need to first visit Banyoles City in Emerald Lake Province to meet the Duke Black Iron of the Romann family, and then proceed to the Royal Capital to attend the celebration ceremony.

If they're in luck, they might even travel to the Royal Capital with Duke Black Iron.

Emerald Lake Province is the most beautiful environment among all the provinces in the Cyart Kingdom.

When the Fischer family traversed the thick primitive forest and waded across the crystal-clear streams, they reached this marvelous land, where lush trees were abundant and well-scattered.

The streams were full of crystal shards, twinkling with colorful light, like natural gemstone channels, and the air around was incredibly fresh.

"Boom."

The high waterfall cascaded from the cliff top, raising sprays of water that fell like a curtain of rain, creating enchanting light and shadow effects, with mist forming spectacular rainbow bridges.

"Beautiful place, hehe," Darren said, spotting a clear stream flowing slowly not far away, adding a touch of soft color to the surroundings, and went over to kneel down for a big gulp of water.

Sweet and invigorating, utterly refreshing!

Karno couldn't help but squint his eyes and laugh, "This is Emerald Lake Province, truly the most beautiful place in Cyart; our journey here is like entering a fairy-tale world."

"If I have the chance, I want to live in this kind of place forever."

Darren chuckled, walked over, and gave Karno a slap on the back of his head.

"Forget about it! Being born into the Fischer family means you'll be working for the Fischer family your whole life!"

Sunbelle and the Daybreakers looked at the two key members of the families with an unrestrainable respect in their eyes, while the curiosity and admiration filled the hearts of the other family members around them.

The Fischer family's traveling group soon officially arrived at the city where the Romann family's main house was located, in Banyoles City situated on the eastern shores of Emerald Lake.

A tall Daybreaker from the Path of Forging sighed and said,

"If we had come straight by boat from the port of Nasir Town, and then landed from the port here, we would have saved many days. Alas, you two insisted on traveling by land."

Darren laughed heartily and said, "There's plenty of time before the celebration ceremony, so a few days' delay is no big deal, haha, and if we had taken the boat, we wouldn't have been able to pass through Glenborough Province."

He paused, then added, "Glenborough Province, that province completely divided by the four major families, I've always wanted to see it with my own eyes. After all, it is Cyart's largest province, its area nearly making up a third of the entire kingdom's land, extremely important."

The Daybreaker from the Path of Forging asked, "So what does Lord Darren think after seeing it?"

Darren nodded gently and said, "Indeed, it is a land of fertile soil. Although it was a poor place a hundred years ago, it has now become the most important grain-producing area with a very large population and vast farmlands."

He looked around and calmly shared his knowledge:

"Emerald Lake Province, though not populous, does have a large number of mysterious creatures. The Romann family originally made their fortune by trading a vast amount of high-level transcendental materials."

The Daybreaker from the Path of Forging nodded lightly and said:

"Yes, Emerald Lake Province is deliberately preserving many areas where people are not allowed to cultivate, expressly for the reproduction of these mysterious creatures."

Darren said with a smile, "We can't just finish it all at once and leave nothing for those who come after us. The Romann family of Emerald Lake and the 'Ruins Song Spirit' Middell family certainly understand this principle."

Karno had an indifferent attitude all the way, quietly humming a tune.

Darren had originally thought Karno quite similar to himself, but soon realized that he was utterly different.

The man had an unusually broad-minded and carefree mentality.

Heh.

Well, I am exceptional!

Banyoles was a very clean city, that was everyone's first impression. The next thing that struck them was the abundance of plants here; it was probably a place that elves would greatly enjoy.

Because not only was the air in Banyoles fresh and the trees lush, but there were also vines on many of the houses. The sides of the roads were lined with all kinds of roses, forming a colorful and fragrant corridor that delighted the senses.

Passers-by were filled with curiosity about the Fischer family and their retinue.

"I understand now why some have said that Banyoles hasn't changed much over the last few decades; it's because Duke Black Iron doesn't want this city to be changed by those steam engines."

Sunbelle, who was part of the group, had eyes sparkling with astonishment as she exclaimed:

"Banyoles is like a garden, so beautiful. There really is such a city, so unexpected! I thought all cities in the world were as chaotic and dirty as Fein City!"

Karno squinted his eyes and said, "I've heard that Banyoles refuses permanent residence to outsiders and also rejects the introduction of steam engines, which is why it has remained beautiful. However, by doing so, it might gradually fall behind the times."

Finally, the Fischer family and their entourage arrived at the Romann family residence.

"Hmm, thank you for your efforts, members of the Fischer family."

As they reached the front gate, they immediately encountered an exceedingly large welcoming party, nearly a hundred strong. Even Duke Black Iron himself had personally come to greet them.

Beyond that imposing and proud old man, the stunning "Stars Mortal" Ariel was also in the group.

Duke Black Iron!

The most legendary figure in all of Cyart! Find exclusive stories on mvl

His eyes were as deep as always, as if he could see into the deepest recesses of a person's heart. The old man's very existence was a testament to the rise and glory of the Cyart Kingdom!

Darren stepped forward with a smile and said,

"Good day, Lord Duke Black Iron, it is my honor to meet you."

Everyone showed the utmost respect to Duke Black Iron, and Sunbelle was even trembling slightly, sensing the innate commanding presence of the old man, which elicited a deep-seated fear from within.

It was as if facing a "natural predator"!

"Darren Fischer, is it?"

Duke Black Iron gazed into Darren Fischer's eyes, and for a moment their eyes met.

The old man revealed an inscrutable smile, nodded slightly, and said calmly, "I have met your father, Byrne. You resemble him somewhat, but you're also different."

Darren replied with a smile, "Well, that's how it is between father and son. Although there might be resemblances, at the end of the day, they are completely different individuals."

Duke Black Iron nodded gently, turned, and headed back to the residence, saying very calmly,

"You have come from East Coast Province, a long way indeed; you must be tired. Come in and rest. Your presence at tonight's Romann family banquet will certainly make it more festive."

"That's wonderful, Lord Duke, thank you for the invitation!"

Darren smiled, knowing that there would be a lot to discuss at Duke Black Iron's evening banquet, most importantly, the whereabouts of the "Dragon Taming Lord."

Without a doubt, the life or death of that man was more crucial than the survival of the entire Fischer family!

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

Chapter 251: Chapter 241 Romann Family Banquet

The Romann family's banquet was extremely extravagant; the entire hall was adorned with dazzling crystal chandeliers, emitting a soft golden glow. The extended long tables were covered with exquisite tablecloths, complemented by delicate silverware and porcelain, and filled with various fine dishes, their rich aroma wafting to the nostrils, tempting the appetite.

The melodious sounds of the violin accompanied by clear singing voices enveloped the hall in a comfortable atmosphere.

The guests attending the banquet wore luxurious attire, the gentlemen's formal wear stood out distinctively, while the ladies were dressed in splendid gowns, adorned with precious jewelry, draped in beautiful capes and shawls.

They conversed with one another, responding with laughter; everything appeared opulent and splendid.

And after dusk completely fell, fireworks burst forth in the night sky above the hall, virtually instantaneously lighting up the pitch-black sky, illuminating all of the Romann family's glory.

Sunbelle stared up at the fireworks, dumbstruck. She had never attended a banquet of such caliber and was extremely excited. Then, she turned her head and saw Young Master Karno looking at her.

"Let's dance!"

She took the initiative to invite Young Master Karno to dance, and he smiled, lifting his head.

"Yes! Let's start dancing then! Hahahaha!"

Although it was just a private family banquet of the Romann family, hundreds of high society members were in attendance. Darren finally got to experience the depth of a top family up close.

It was indeed a family banquet.

Those several hundred people from all over the Emerald Lake Province were all relatives with ties to the Romann family.

How could it not be a family banquet?

Among those people were even several viscounts, church Priests, and even Bishops, each of whom would converse in private with Duke Black Iron for a long time before it was Darren's turn to approach.

The old man glanced at him, with no trace of nonsense, and spoke in a condescending tone, "Tell me everything you know about Aldrich now."

Indeed, the most legendary figure in the kingdom, Duke Black Iron.

Darren, merely standing by the old man's side, could feel an oppression as tangible as reality, as unsettling as standing on the edge of a blade.

He was secretly excited by that dangerous aura and nodded with a smile, saying,

"Your Grace, what we know is as follows..."

Darren recounted almost everything he knew, except for the secrets that absolutely couldn't be revealed, while Duke Black Iron listened with his eyes closed, expressionless.

When Darren had finished speaking completely, Duke Black Iron opened his eyes and nodded slightly.

"Since he went missing six months ago, my people have also investigated in the East Coast Province, but unfortunately, they could only approximately determine the range of Aldrich's disappearance but could never find his exact location."

"However, Aldrich is a very clever person, even more outstanding than me in some respects. He shouldn't run into any major trouble, at least I know he certainly hasn't died yet."

Oh?

Darren was slightly taken aback. So it was, the Romann family also possessed the ability to determine whether their family members were alive or dead?

Next, Duke Black Iron still began discussing the next topic.

"Regarding the secret mission I entrusted to your family, the Fischers must continue to carry it out, understand?"

"Yes."

Darren nodded seriously, knowing that the other party was referring to the task they were given to smuggle the prohibited substance "Ashes of Death" from overseas.

That was the Romann family's covert request, and now that they were aware of it, they had to keep doing it indefinitely, only in such a way could they remain deeply tied to the illustrious Romann family.

There was no turning back now.

When Darren Fischer left, Duke Black Iron was silent for a long while, until another black-haired old man approached his side. Read chapters at mvl

If Byrne were here, he would be shocked, for that black-haired old man was none other than the perpetually mysterious "Black Lion"!

Duke Black Iron inquired calmly,

"How's the investigation into the Words of Tranquility going, the one I asked you to do recently?"

The Black Lion sighed, "If it weren't for the investigation of the Words of Tranquility, I might have been able to accompany Bast and Aldrich. Perhaps then, they wouldn't have run into any mishaps."

Duke Black Iron shook his head slowly, scoffing, "Heh, perhaps you would have been caught up in it as well."

Years ago, the Black Lion had spread a rumor that Lucius of the Fischer family was actually a bastard child of the Romann family, a rumor many still firmly believe to this day.

In fact, a child of the Romann family had indeed been lost in the East Coast Province.

But he knew very well that Lucius was not that child of the Romann family.

Because the Black Lion himself was that person!

Years ago, Bast's father found him and then reported the matter to his uncle, Duke Black Iron, who then, following Duke Black Iron's orders, raised the Black Lion as a foster son.

From the beginning, the Lion clan had been a pawn of Duke Black Iron.

The Black Lion reported respectfully, "The Words of Tranquility are indeed taking actions in Cyart, they are expanding their influence in various places, and it seems they want to... to Summon Him!"

"At that time, the entire nation could be annihilated!"

After the banquet, Darren returned to his prepared room and became lost in thought.

"I didn't expect that Aunt Irene would actually die."

Long before he set out, Darren had already known of Irene's passing.

When he had just returned to the family, he thought Aunt Irene was out on an errand, believing that the only members of the family in crisis were his father and Chris.

But it wasn't long before Darren became aware of the fresh hatred committed by the Meyer family.

"Those Rhea people will pay the price sooner or later, I swear to you, Aunt Irene."

He took a deep breath and then put on the rusty Iron Mask.

Although his appearance had completely recovered, Darren did not discard the Iron Mask he had worn for years. He knew that once he set foot on Rhea land again, he would have to wear the Iron Mask for years to come.

And by that time, he would become the nightmare of all Rhea People!

In another room, the silver-haired Karno was sound asleep, snoring heavily.

He was the complete opposite of the brooding Darren, carefree and heartless, as if he had no cares for any grudge and never thought about anything too burdensome.

"Hmm?"

Karno groggily opened his eyes and quickly saw Sunbelle undressing and standing by the bed.

The girl, wearing only a tight bodice, covered her body with her hands, took a deep breath, and red-faced, she lay down beside Karno.

His eyes widened, then slowly narrowed as he muttered, "This isn't necessary."

Embarrassed and rigid, Sunbelle shivered slightly as she said, "I'm cold, hold me."

She didn't know much about the affairs between men and women, having only heard about it from the unrefined servants in her small family. Back then, the plump cook had laughed loudly while Sunbelle, still a little girl, listened in a daze.

Lying on the bed, Sunbelle felt extremely shy, yet she didn't want to retreat and leave just like that.

On the bed, Karno held the quilt motionless, and Sunbelle, wearing only her bodice, also remained still.

Karno just wouldn't hold her and out of curiosity asked, "Do you know what to do?"

"I don't know..." Sunbelle shook her head repeatedly.

"Actually, I don't know either."

"Ah..."

The Fischer family educated their members about sexual knowledge at the age of fourteen, and Karno was still a few months shy of that, so he truly was unclear about what to do; he had heard only a little about it.

"Then, let's just forget it..."

With a red face, Sunbelle muttered, looking down. She realized that Karno hadn't touched her at all. She felt somewhat happy about that, yet also a bit disappointed.

Young Master Karno really is a good person, but am I really that unappealing?

He said softly, "You're not frightened by my arm, Sunbelle. I appreciate that about you."

Following that, Karno placed his withered and ugly arm between them—the only flaw on the young man's handsome body.

Looking at that withered arm, Sunbelle calmly said, "My grandmother was also disabled. Her arm was burnt in a fire, much like yours. I lived with her when I was small and got used to it early on, but eventually, she passed away..."

Her expression turned somewhat sad; back then, her family simply didn't have the money to treat her grandmother's illness.

"I see."

Karno responded with a gentle tone.

"I really am a bit cold..."

"Hahaha, then let's split the blanket half and half."

Karno finally shared the blanket with Sunbelle, giving her half, and she immediately felt much warmer. She quickly noticed that he still did not seem to want to touch her.

"Don't you like me?"

"It's okay."

She was a bit displeased and asked, "What does 'it's okay' mean?"

Karno thought for a moment and seriously replied, "It means I don't dislike you."

Sunbelle stared at the charming, handsome face and suddenly, without thinking, hugged the young man and lightly kissed his lips.

"I want you to like me."

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

Chapter 252: Chapter 242: The Triumphal Ceremony

For certain reasons that would not be explained to outsiders, Duke Black Iron, who had always been like a brother to the Cyart King and considered a legendary hero by the people, stayed at home and didn't come to the Royal Capital to participate in the triumphal celebration.

His publicly stated reason was that the consecutive years of campaign had taken their toll, and he needed to adjust his emotions and state.

However, "Stars Mortal" Madam Ariel followed the Fischer family and left for the Cyart Royal Capital.

At last, Darren and his companions arrived at the Cyart Royal Capital. They saw carriages moving ceaselessly along the vast streets, and busy people shuttling back and forth, forming a picture of hustle and order.

Museums, theaters, and other landmark buildings stood throughout the city, along with the towering Royal Clock Tower, which showcased the glorious history and prosperous present of the Cyart Royal Capital.

"This is the Cyart Royal Capital! That's the Royal Clock Tower!"

Many members of the Fischer family were excited, as all Cyart people possess an indescribable longing for the capital.

After alighting from the carriage, Darren also silently took in everything here.

Indeed, it was a very nice big city; the Royal Clock Tower at the center of the city was particularly tall and prominent. It was said to be the first building erected by the Cyart people, created to record the time of the Cyart people's existence for the gods.

Would the future Nasir be as bustling as the capital?

He murmured to himself, "The Cyart capital is a nice place indeed, much more prosperous than Fein City and not as dirty and disordered, either. It's evident the city's managers are quite adept at planning."

Ariel also descended from her family's carriage with composure and explained:

"That's not exactly true. A decade ago, the capital was actually so crowded with an influx of outsiders that, following a courtier's suggestion, the Cyart King built several towns near the capital, which alleviated the population pressure significantly."

That indeed seemed like a solution. Darren nodded slightly, inquiring, "I see. Who was this courtier? A blood relative from which major family?"

Ariel's radiant beauty attracted much attention, and the presence of the Romann family's crest on the carriage made everyone who saw her bow respectfully, their eyes filled with reverence.

She glanced at Darren and explained, quite indifferently:

"The courtier was a silver descendant court mage and might be considered part of the Adley Royal Family, though she did not marry into the Royal Family; she's still deeply involved."

"She is possibly one of the few silver descendant Monarch powerful experts on the Ouden Continent. Blessed with talent and intelligence, she managed to reach the Monarch Level within a brief lifespan, which is quite an achievement."

Silver descendant, huh?

Darren was momentarily stunned. Since childhood, he had heard of a powerful silver descendant court mage in the Cyart court, and now, he was about to meet the character from the stories.

Silver descendants had short lives, with only a few prodigies having the chance to become Monarch powerful experts, yet that did not change the inherent issues of their race.

He smiled and asked, "So, Madam Ariel, what's the name of this silver descendant court mage?"

Ariel answered without hesitation, "'Silver Poet' Aphrodus."

She still hoped to foster good relations with the Fischer family. The past coercion was a bit too off-putting; she would have to be gentler in the future.

Ariel had also reflected on her temperamental nature. Her inherited practice was tied to emotion—the stronger her wrath, the more powerful her spellcasting. Thus, she often resorted to anger to resolve problems.

As a result, she found herself getting angry subconsciously too often.

Unfortunately, Ariel was well aware that the elder did not want someone so emotional to inherit the family leadership.

Unless she became the only remaining Monarch powerful expert in the family.

Silver Poet.

"I will remember that."

Darren nodded to show he took the name to heart, the Silver Poet, an intriguing nickname.

At that moment, the silver-haired youth Karno laughed heartily and couldn't help asking a question, "I've always wondered, why do so many Extraordinary Exponents have nicknames? Is it because their names are hard to remember? Hahaha!"

Ariel looked at the young man for a long while before continuing to explain:

"Actually, the common folk like giving nicknames, and many nicknames are not even coined by the masses but rather by some idlers within the church." Read exclusive chapters at [mVL](#)

Karno was taken aback and puzzled, "You mean people from the church?"

This was the first time he had heard such a thing.

When Darren heard "church," he couldn't help but remember the person from the church who had saved him in Rhea, someone who was said to be headed to the East Coast eventually.

In the future, he could have more exchanges with her, which would greatly benefit the Fischer family.

Ariel nodded and continued:

"Many clergy in the church hold idle positions, lacking Extraordinary power and having nothing to do on a day-to-day basis—indeed, one could say they are just a bunch of lazy gluttons."

"Then there's a group from various True Gods Churches, who call themselves 'Chroniclers.' They engage in lots of nonsensical activities, such as frequently bestowing nicknames on various Extraordinary Exponents."

She paused, her expression becoming intriguing:

"Basically, half of the Monarch powerful experts have their nicknames coined by these 'Chroniclers.'"

Ah?

Both Darren and Karno were surprised, as they had not expected the existence of such an organization within the church.

"These 'Chroniclers' are indeed extraordinarily idle, spinning their wheels. They sponsor many scholars and artists in making random things, and thanks to them, over the millennia, we've seen the emergence of many new things like ice cream, sparkling wine, and various theories in mathematics, physics, and alchemy."

"Well, then I am quite grateful for their 'random meddling.'"

Darren stroked his chin calmly, indeed there were many rich families that lacked extraordinary powers, and after growing tired of mere eating, drinking, and merriment, they might engage in activities that seemed meaningless.

But these activities might not be truly meaningless, they could gradually change the world instead.

Karno squinted his eyes and muttered, "So that's how it is, I also want to become a member of the 'Chroniclers,' but is it okay if I don't join the church?"

Darren laughed heartily, unable to resist saying, "You rascal, you just want to live a life of eating, drinking, and playing, just loafing around waiting to die, right?"

Karno cheerfully explained:

"Everyone's path is different. What's wrong with eating, drinking, and merriment? After all, a lot of things depend on fate. Who says loitering around waiting to die will certainly lead to a bad life? It might even be more comfortable."

What he meant was that he could still grasp the Power of Consecution even if he loafed around waiting to die, but he couldn't articulate this in front of Ariel.

Darren couldn't help but wonder, if faced with a life-or-death crisis, whether Karno would still be as carefree as he is now.

If he could, then Karno truly was an incredible person.

But he still bluntly said, "Karno, I don't know why, but I kind of dislike people like you who seem to have no obsessions at all, caring about nothing. We are standing on opposite ends of the world."

"All right."

Karno shut up, promptly noticing that Darren's mood was terrible; although Darren could be very relaxed in front of others, he always felt irritated after chatting too much with himself.

A few days later, the Cyart victory celebration finally began.

The people in the city square gathered together, filled with anticipation for the grand celebration on the stage in the middle of the square, which was decorated with gorgeous wreaths and streamers, and shone with dazzling lights.

As the pleasing music started, trumpets and drums filled the air, soldiers lined up neatly, and the brave Cyart warriors, wearing their battle robes, stood on the stage with colorful flags fluttering in the breeze.

When the procession welcoming the victors appeared, the crowd erupted into deafening cheers; their marching steps were strong and resonant, speaking of their fearless valor and joy of victory.

The victors, dressed in splendid attire with laurel crowns on their heads and holding sharp blades as symbols of honor, signified their glorious achievements.

The Fischer family finally saw the Cyart King standing on the high platform.

He wore a luxurious royal robe, a crown on his head, and held a fiery red scepter; his demeanor was dignified, and his words were precise and forceful.

"The victory of the Cyart people was foreseeable, as we are superior to the Rhea people, a fact known to all. I will prove to people that the Cyart will rise again, and we will become the most splendid nation on the Ouden Continent!"

"Blessed by the gods, everyone present believes that the future of the Cyart people will be an undefeated future!"

At the victory celebration, the rousing speech of the Cyart King praised the heroes' feats in the war, fireworks blossomed in the sky, drawing spectacular arcs that lit up the entire city.

The short, stout man on the left side of the Cyart King, wearing glasses and not looking like a person of stature at all, completely ignored by the public, was none other than the widely known "Useless Prime Minister."

On the surface, Cyart had established a system entirely imitating the Lorne citizens, but the Cyart King did not truly want to hand over power to others. So, whether it was the cabinet or this Useless Prime Minister, they had no real power or presence.

The person Darren was most concerned with, aside from the Cyart King, was the short, silver-haired woman standing on his right side. Her delicate face had a gentle expression and showed no signs of aggression.

The silver descendant court mage.

Silver Poet.

White Bones Canyon.

"Still haven't found a way out."

Byrne slowly shook his head, looking at the lush field before him, quietly contemplating a way to leave.

"The Dragon Taming Lord," Aldrich, invoked the earth through his mysterious rare artifact "Ring of the Earth", combined with the power of Nature from the emerald elf Marzo, planted a field in the valley that could produce enough crops to sustain the five people trapped there for hundreds of years.

Actually, at first Marzo was a bit annoyed. She wondered why Aldrich had such a thing and didn't use it from the start, so she wouldn't have had to eat those awful dry rations.

However, even with the food issue resolved, they were still anxious; none of them wanted to be trapped here forever.

Only Aldrich had a good attitude, from the start more determined than anyone else present, as if it didn't matter even if they were trapped here for a lifetime.

He always meticulously organized tasks for everyone, never showing even a hint of negativity.

Byrne couldn't help but hold the heir of the Romann family in even higher regard, no wonder he had been designated as the heir. The "Stars Mortal" compared to him seemed like a temperamental child.

"No way to leave, are we going to stay here for a lifetime, ahhhh!"

Zayne, kneeling in the field, yelled out, his mental state very bad, almost like he was going mad as he kept pulling his hair. He prayed to the Tempest Overlord almost every day, but there was no response.

He didn't like eating plants, preferring meat and fish instead. After half a year of seeing fruits and vegetables, he felt like vomiting them out.

"Don't worry, there will always be a way."

Byrne gently nodded to reassure the other, although it didn't seem very effective.

He turned to look for Chris, who had been disappearing a lot lately, not knowing where he had gone.

"Chris, Chris, where are you?"

As he searched for Chris's trace in the valley, suddenly, fog began to rise around him again!

Hmm?

After more than half a year, the fog appeared once more, memories of the past instantly flooding his mind, and Byrne instinctively went on alert!

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

Chapter 253: Chapter 243 The Mad King of Cyart

...

The scenery within White Bones Canyon all became hazy and mysterious, as if placed in an extraordinary and surreal world. The moist air was filled with faint mist, making everything seem light and soft, as if time itself had stopped within the white fog.

"Chris?"

Byrne searched for a long time amidst the thick white fog but failed to find anything notably out of the ordinary.

He also failed to find Chris.

Last time, it was Marzo who suddenly disappeared beside him; this time, Chris had vanished. His heart couldn't stop pounding; he felt that the whole situation was not that simple.

After searching for a while, Byrne's innermost thoughts were suddenly filled with the voice of Viscount Bast for some unknown reason.

[Byrne, you have wronged me...]

[It's you who have wronged me ahhhhhh!]

"Hmm?"

Byrne furrowed his brows deeply, not spiraling into a mental collapse or emotional chaos from the appearance of a voice, but he became more vigilant indeed.

The voice of Viscount Bast appeared more frequently, yet still, he remained unmoved. Later on, he heard other deceased voices, like that of sea merchant John, Priest Azure Blue of the Sea God Cult, the voices of the siblings, and even his father's voice.

The voice of Lucius surged through Byrne's mind as though he was just behind him, as if Byrne only needed to turn around to see him.

[Byrne, save me.]

[I am in such pain, Byrne, why won't you come save me?]

[Turn back, look at me, Byrne, I am your father!]

[Only you can free my soul.]

Byrne was completely indifferent.

Deep within, he was very clear that those voices of the deceased were just things to bewitch him.

[Byrne!]

[Why did you abandon me?] Find your next read at [mVL](#)

[Why didn't you come back to save me then?]

"Lucius" kept roaring behind him, but he could not be swayed.

Byrne took a deep breath and calmly responded:

"Stop speaking these useless words. I am unsure of the Viscount's condition after death, but my father's soul will definitely return to the glorious Lord of the Lost; how could you capture and torment him?"

The souls of the Fischer family would all return to the great Lord of the Lost; each soul would find peace, something they have always firmly believed in!

"And my father sacrificed himself willingly..."

With tearful eyes, he said, "So, how could he ever resent us for not going back to save him?"

Byrne's gaze turned icy, his face expressionless, but the anger deep inside him was about to burst forth. This eerie valley dared to play such a "prank" using his father!

He simply wanted to destroy this place!

It was at this moment that the dense white fog began to disperse, and those voices also faded away.

Suddenly, Byrne saw Chris's figure, as if he had been just hundreds of meters away from the start, very close to him.

The silver-haired man stood calmly on one side of the canyon, staring at the tall walls, as white as jade, completely motionless.

"What's wrong?"

Byrne let out a sigh of relief and then walked over, reaching out to grasp Chris's arm.

He saw that Chris's gaze was very tranquil, and he did not speak for a long time.

Finally, Chris nodded and said:

"Tranquility."

What did he mean?

Byrne was slightly taken aback, and for a brief moment, he couldn't understand what Chris meant. It seemed as if he felt something about the valley; tranquility...

He paused for a moment, then quickly asked:

"Could it be that this valley is related to the Path of Tranquility's Godly Pantheon stairway?"

Chris nodded lightly but did not continue to explain; instead, he maintained his silence.

Why would that be?

Byrne was puzzled and after a long pause, he murmured:

"A valley of bones left by some Heavenly Enlightenment Powerful expert is related to the Path of Tranquility's Godly Pantheon stairway?"

"Perhaps, this will be Chris's opportunity!"

—

Cyart Royal Capital.

...

It was made of pure white marble, with stained glass windows that resembled embedded gems, and its pristine spires stood tall and proud. The palace's entrance was framed by a grand, classical archway, and the porch above was adorned with exquisite reliefs and splendid frescoes.

Those attending the celebration stepped into the palace as if entering another world, with bright crystal chandeliers hanging in the spacious hall, the floor laid with magnificent and grandiose carpets, and the walls decorated with exquisite murals.

The palace's beautiful garden was laid out with care, the pools shimmering with light, surrounded by lush trees and flowers bathing in the sunlight, making it seem like a mystical land from a fairy tale.

The triumphal celebration ended smoothly, and during the three-day banquet held in the palace, the Cyart King and the nobles drank and exchanged toasts, solidifying the loyalty of nearly every noble to their mighty and brave monarch.

Darren of the Fischer family also had the opportunity to be granted an audience with the Cyart King, as the family's factories had contributed to the army, allowing him to exchange a few words with the Cyart King.

However, that was the extent of the Fischer family's status; the grand families and the key figures of the True Gods Church took up most of the Cyart King's energy and time.

Once the banquets were entirely over, the Cyart King sat alone in the great hall of the palace, sitting quietly on the throne.

A voice resounded, slightly hoarse and feeble.

"Hehehehe..."

"We have finally won."

"It wasn't easy, but so many have died, so many lives..."

His face was pale, his eyes showed exhaustion and concern, and his shoulders, which should have remained firm, drooped slightly, as if bearing the heavy burden of the entire nation.

Even dressed in a sumptuous royal robe, his posture lost its former dignity, revealing a sense of helplessness and fatigue. Despite trying to hide his weariness, deep down he still struggled.

"But have the Cyart people really won? We've spent several years, gone through so much, lost so many people, just to end up controlling a single province.

"It's simply not enough, nowhere near enough!"

"Those Cyart people cannot have died in vain!"

His body trembled, and suddenly he could not help but roar, his face gradually taking on an expression of madness.

"Hahahahaha!"

The next moment, the normally rational Cyart King's eyes became crazed, his expression shifting unpredictably, now furious, now full of laughter, and at times, even breaking down into tears.

"I still have a chance to correct the mistakes..."

"As long as I can complete that ritual, I will ascend to high-level Monarch, and then the Cyart people will be safeguarded, and there will be no danger to this realm."

He took a deep breath, his eyes revealing a fierce gaze as he murmured to himself, "Heh, even the Carnian would not be our match."

"This is the only way, isn't it? If I don't do this, when Romann passes away, I'm afraid I won't live many years either..."

"Both of us will die in a few decades, and by that time, who can protect Cyart?"

He finally convinced himself thoroughly.

Rather than letting the Cyart people become fodder for the Last Blood or Stars Embrace Order, or slaves to the Rhea People, my course of action is without doubt the best!

The court mage "Silver Poet" walked in slowly, the silver descendant woman bowed her head calmly but didn't ask with due reverence:

"How have you considered it?"

The Cyart King looked at Silver Poet, seemingly having convinced himself completely, and nodded slightly, speaking in a deep voice:

"Let's begin preparing for the ritual then, they sacrificed themselves for all Cyart people, not for my selfish desires, I believe they would understand."

"The Cyart People are always on the battlefield, and it's inevitable to make sacrifices in war, isn't it?"

Silver Poet fell silent for a while, then nodded and said calmly:

"Very well, merciful and mighty Cyart King, you have made the right choice."

"He will answer your prayers, and great power will tear apart the Rhea People and all other enemies of the Cyart people."

The Cyart King's expression suddenly became filled with exhaustion as he muttered to himself:

"Merciful, what an ironic term you use."

He slowly took out a golden and beautiful Holy Grail, it radiated and shimmered with dazzling light, containing an incredibly extraordinary power.

"My mind has become muddled, Forbidden rare artifact number ninety-three, indeed just one use brings an unbearable cost, it's a pity that when I was stabbed by the 'Black Starlight,' I had no other choice..."

"The power they carry is so strong, but the price is so terrifying, so daunting, if only there were a way to be immune to the price."

Silver Poet slowly shook her head, frowned, and said:

"You are being too greedy, such a situation is absolutely impossible, the very nature of forbidden power means a terrible cost, even false gods must make sacrifices for it."

Since the Church was established ten thousand years ago, all historical records to this day indicate that no one has been able to avoid the cost of using Forbidden rare artifacts.

And only a very few people, like Silver Poet, know that even the so-called "True Gods" have to pay a price when using Forbidden rare artifacts, because that is a law of the world, which even They cannot violate.

Greedy?

The Cyart King scoffed, shouting:

"If we were never greedy, then the Cyart people should have been dead long ago! If we weren't greedy, how could we have wrested the lands for survival from the hands of the East Coast Natives?"

"Our mistake is only that we were not greedy enough!"

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

Chapter 254: Chapter 244: The Third Tier "Flaming Knight

Three years had passed, and the railway from Nasir Town to Fein City was half-built; the town buildings that had been destroyed by the Rhea army were completely repaired.

The workers harbored doubts about their own creations, and many mysterious rumors emerged, leading numerous farmers to suspect that this contraption might be part of a heretical ritual, and they secretly reported the railway construction to the Church.

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The Priests of the Church acknowledged their reports and, in turn, informed the Fischer family.

Then, Darren, Lilian, and others would summon those who made the reports.

Who dares report against me?

After Darren returned to the Fischer family from the Royal Capital, he officially became the acting family head. He first followed the advice of Colin, a family merchant, to take out loans from various families on the East Coast and several major banks.

At the same time, they were inspecting the shipyard that the Lion clan had snatched from the Eagle clan in Phelps Port. Soon after, the Fischer family also established a brand-new shipyard.

The Fischer family specialized in the production of new steam-powered ships, heavily promoting and selling them, not just on the East Coast, but also to the families of Cyart.

At banquet after banquet Darren announced that these ships would completely replace the old wooden ones, representing the new era.

The crowds were buzzing with talk, but after seeing the reality, they couldn't help but believe his words, as the steam-powered ships indeed had much stronger maneuverability.

Even though many veteran captains felt the new steam ships were "things without real souls," they still couldn't hide their advantages.

And some within the Church were somewhat dissatisfied with the Fischer family, feeling they were promoting the concepts of the Reforging Church.

But no amount of reasons could stop the shipyards from gradually bringing profits to the Fischer family.

The situation of the Lion clan wasn't optimistic. Viscount Bast and Renzo disappeared suddenly, and Colonel Abel became increasingly irritable and anxious after returning from the war, unable to sleep normally, and constantly taking medications.

He would often attack people around him on impulse, even killing his own personal servant, only to be filled with remorse afterward.

Everyone began to fear Colonel Abel, and he always felt that those around him were out to harm him, and even privately speculated that his brother Bast and Renzo might have been murdered by the Fischer family.

Members within the Lion clan also felt he might be slightly mad.

The Fischer family would never plot to kill Viscount Bast!

Colonel Abel's former deputy was Fischer's Daybreaker, Major Savoie.

He had overtaken Archibald, reaching the 3rd Rank of the Path of Calamity!

The 3rd Rank of the Path of Calamity.

Consecution "Flaming Knight"!

The image of the "Flaming Knight" in the Spirit Realm is of a formidable knight, body engulfed in flames, flesh flying about, eyes full of murderous intent and rage.

Upon becoming a "Flaming Knight," the enhancement of physical attributes is 45, and the increase in Spiritual Power is 25.

He has three Extraordinary traits, namely "Knight's Body," "Flame Immunity," and "Fire of Fury."

The easiest to explain is "Flame Immunity"; once one becomes an Extraordinary Exponent of the "Flaming Knight" Consecution, they will never fear flames again, and no matter how powerful the opponent is, they cannot harm the "Flaming Knight" with pure fire.

Furthermore, "Fire of Fury" means the body of the "Flaming Knight" can emanate flames and release a fiery shockwave within a few dozen meters.

However, "Fire of Fury" can only be effective when there is anger in the depths of the heart; if calm or dejected, the effect will be no more than a small flame.

Yet, the upper limit of "Fire of Fury" is quite high. Although there hasn't been an extreme case, the Fischer family speculates that in a state of extreme anger, it could even have a destructive power comparable to the 4th Rank.

The effect of "Knight's Body" is simple and effective: it can enhance one's own physical attributes by thirty percent.

It sounds ordinary, yet the effect of "Knight's Body" is lifelong, and the benefits it brings become higher in the later stages!

After the ritual was completed, when Darren learned of the various abilities of the "Flaming Knight," he said with a smile, "Very strong!"

"If the goal is purely combat, then the Paths of Calamity and Conquest are the most suitable for head-on battles. Hmm, the Path of Conquest leans towards one-on-ones, while the Path of Calamity is undoubtedly great on the battlefield."

Major Savoie claimed that his Extraordinary bloodline was that of the "Flaming Cheetah," a not so powerful bloodline ability.

The reason he could reach the "Flaming Knight" before Archibald was simple, as he often had opportunities to set fires on the frontlines.

After assimilating the power of Consecution, Major Savoie unknowingly completed the promotion ceremony. For a long time, he didn't even know which act of arson had culminated in the completion of the ceremony.

This stroke of good luck almost drove the stuck Archibald mad with envy.

Finally, Archibald also completed his promotion, eventually finding the ritual for the "Flaming Knight" and recording it.

"In the same battle, set fire to at least one building and burn to death a minimum of five people, repeat three times, and you can complete the promotion ceremony of the 'Flaming Knight'."

In order to complete the ceremony earlier, Archibald had been providing protection for his family's ocean trading business, always excited whenever encountering pirates and White Sea natives who were shortsighted.

Eventually, he was also promoted to become a "Flaming Knight."

Lilian finally cultivated the third devout person among the natives, allowing her to ascend to the 3rd Rank of "Preacher."

Meanwhile, the Fischer family learned of a dreadful piece of news.

That was the awakening of the High Priest Sky Blue of the Sea God Cult, along with the possible revival of the deep and far-sighted Sage Dark Blue, or rather, it could be said that the latter had never truly died.

Fortunately, the Sea God Cult soon became entangled in a dispute with the eastern Winged Folk and did not have the chance to turn their hands against the East Coast, which greatly relieved the Fischer family.

But their sense of crisis rose once more.

At the same time, the Fischer family also began planning a trip to the island that harbored the treasure desired by the Lord of the Lost, located deep in the eastern seas, which required passing through the main territory of the Sea God Cult to reach.

When the time came, they might also have to deal with glacier inhabitants and Winged Folk.

In the past, the Fischer family did not have enough opportunity to retrieve it, but now, with the internal and external cooperation of Priestess Cyan Blue, the situation could change.

With their connection to the "Mighty Angel," the Fischer family began to trade frequently with the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family of the western Ahornblatt Province.

The youngest daughter of Patriarch Jones, another Monarch powerful expert, was known as the "Furious Angel."

She was a mad combat enthusiast who had once committed atrocities that led to censure by the Salvation Church and Silver Moon Church and bore a hugely negative image among the public.

The "Dark Night" Romann family, the "Wasteland Beast" Frosac family, and the "Wrathful Angel" Jones family shared a cordial relationship.

The Fischer family was one of the relatively important members on the "big ship" captained by Duke Black Iron, and the three allied families recognized the considerable potential of the Fischer family.

Even though the most outstanding Chris Fischer had gone missing and likely died, the remaining members of the Fischer family still possessed huge potential.

During the Triumphal Ceremony, Darren also made the acquaintance of the patriarch of the "Wasteland Beast" Frosac family, the "White Giant Beast."

The "White Giant Beast" appeared to be a very old man with white hair, seemingly the oldest among all the Monarch powerful experts, and he was also blind.

Due to his poor condition, the "White Giant Beast" had not gone to the Rhea front lines in the war a few years ago.

However, he was actually decades younger than Duke Black Iron and even had an ample lifespan left, with a long time to go before it would end.

The reason his physical condition had deteriorated to such an extent was because he had used terrible Forbidden rare artifacts. The Frosac family had two very powerful Forbidden rare artifacts, which were numbered 943 "Holy Bone," and numbered 526 "Book of Fate."

The cost of the former caused the "White Giant Beast's" body to age completely, while the cost of the latter led to his permanent blindness. Neither consequence could be cured, which was why the patriarch of the "White Giant Beast" was so devout, always praying at home to the gods, hoping to find some relief.

Duke Black Iron, White Giant Beast, Mighty Angel, Dragon Taming Lord, Stars Mortal, Claws of Wasteland, Furious Angel.

The aforementioned seven were the main members of the "Black Iron Forces" as referred to by numerous nobles of Cyart, being the only group that could stand on equal footing with the Adley Royal Family within the country.

The "Fog" Abernathy family and the "Flaming Blood" Castleton family's "Blood Mist Alliance" were slightly inferior.

The Hovern family and Middell family mostly maintained an ambiguous stance. The former's main heirs had been imprisoned, already on the verge of being disowned due to treason, while the Middell family clung closely to the Salvation Church and mostly leaned towards the Adley Royal Family.

The situation had been delicate for the past few years. After that war in Rhea, the number of Monarch powerful experts among Cyart's great noble families had decreased from twenty-one to only fifteen.

Yet to everyone's astonishment, not a single one of the seven members of the Black Iron Forces had died! Only the "Furious Angel" had been in a long-term coma due to the use of a powerful Forbidden rare artifact, nothing more!

This led to a rapid increase in suspicious rumors about Duke Black Iron over the years.

Many people even believed that he might have had private communications with the previous Marquis Blood Flames of Rhea, now the Blood Flames false king, using the war to eliminate dissenters.

Moreover, in recent years, there had been no meetings between the once brotherly Duke Black Iron and the Cyart King, which fueled endless speculation.

The Fischer family had also discussed such matters privately.

Lily inquired, "Do you think Duke Black Iron truly harbors thoughts of rebellion?"

Darren shook his head slowly, smiling as he spoke,

"Such matters are utterly unimportant."

"Hmm? Why are they unimportant?" Lily looked at her brother.

A hint of malice gleamed in Darren's eyes as he continued,

"Because what the old man thinks is utterly unimportant; the important thing is that Duke Black Iron already possesses such powerful strength, so the Royal Family of Cyart, the Adley Royal Family, will inevitably be wary of the Romann family."

"What follows is that any individual in the 'Black Iron Forces' who might potentially break through to Monarch will definitely be the focal point of attention from the major families and churches of Cyart. Such delicate balance could be broken at any moment!"

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

Chapter 255: Chapter 245: Realization

White Bones Canyon.

The dense fog lifted for the fourth time, and Chris calmly looked at his palm, feeling that he had successfully grasped a considerable amount of the Power of Consecution.

The Path of Tranquility was absolutely related to death.

The mystical atmosphere, or "Spirit Aura," contained within the mysterious valley of white bones was very conducive to digesting the power of the Path of Tranquility.

So that's how it is.

He nodded slightly and then couldn't help but ponder one thing.

This valley, transformed from white bones to white jade, was actually a relic left by Heavenly Enlightenment, which meant that Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts had the ability to create similar areas.

Then, were there other similar places in the world, special regions even more suitable for Extraordinary Exponents on the God Pantheon stairway to grasp power?

Chris felt certain that such places exist.

Obviously, if the Fischer family wanted the Extraordinary Exponents of the Dawn Church to quicken their mastery of the God Pantheon stairway, it was evident that they needed to find more similar places.

Without doubt, this was very important intelligence.

Whether one could take this information out from here was another matter entirely.

In the valley's fields sat a thin man with a full beard, his eyes incredibly tranquil, his expression more composed and calm than ever before.

Zayne's mindset had finally settled, fully accepting the fact that they were trapped in the valley and might spend their entire lives here.

He often gazed up at the sky, lost in contemplation.

"I've never, like now, cast away all thoughts and worries."

"This feeling, it's really wondrous."

"Things that required utmost importance in the past, concerns deep within my heart, now gradually matter less to me."

Zayne was born into the Frosac family, one of the East's Ten Great Pillars, and a member of the Eight Great Families of Cyart.

He never suffered hardship from a young age, always leading a life of privilege, enjoying the finest resources and growing step by step.

The strongest power of Bloodline of the Frosac family stemmed from an ancient magic beast, the "Wasteland Beast," and both the family head, "White Giant Beast," and Zayne's uncle, "Claws of Wasteland," inherited the powerful ancient bloodline of the "Wasteland Beast."

However, Zayne, although an Extraordinary Exponent, awoke not with the bloodline of the "Wasteland Beast" but with an oceanic type of Bloodline power, originating from the high-level magic beast "Deep Sea Whale Shark."

For a small family, awakening the bloodline of a high-level magic beast would no doubt be impressive, but in a major clan, it was rather uncomfortable.

"Deep Sea Whale Shark" was a Bloodline power capable of releasing Water Element Spells, and it also endowed its bearer with considerable strength and defense.

Not the best card to have, but Zayne's cultivation talent was quite good within the family, and could even barely be called a genius by some.

The only issue was that the Frosac family lacked a Monarch legacy of the oceanic type, and in order to obtain such a Monarch legacy, he chose to join the Tempest Church.

As for how devout he was to the Tempest Overlord, Zayne himself wasn't even sure.

By his early twenties, Zayne had reached the powerful stage of high-level Transmutation, and even began to approach the Metamorphosis Phase, becoming an Acting Bishop, an existence above millions in the East Coast Province.

His journey had been easy, earning the envy and jealousy of countless others.

In the years following the death of the "Thunderous Monarch," Zayne was laden with the Frosac family's great expectations; everyone held unlimited hope for him.

But years had passed since then, and Zayne still showed no sign of breaking through to Monarchy, even gradually being caught up by those with lesser talents than his own.

Chris, that guy was even a little more talented than him, okay, there's always someone like that, let it go.

However, Viscount Bast, who was nearly at death's door yet suddenly on the verge of a Monarch breakthrough, placed significant psychological pressure on Zayne.

Was he truly a genius or just a waste?

Zayne had reviewed the church's historical records and was very clear about one thing deep within his heart—over the years, many had reached the Metamorphosis Phase, but regardless of talent, the actual number of Extraordinary Exponents who successfully completed metamorphosis and achieved Monarchy was scarce.

At this most crucial step, they were no longer just competing for resources and talent; luck, opportunity, and even temperament were all vitally important elements.

Gazing at the night sky and the beautiful moon, stars twinkling faintly in the darkness like scattered diamonds.

The moon hung high, bright as a silver platter, casting down a soft glow.

Under the moonlight, everything became peaceful and harmonious, the world steeped in a dreamlike atmosphere.

Suddenly, an idea dawned on him, and he understood an important truth deep in his heart.

He might never leave this valley, and didn't the same apply to his journey towards the Extraordinary? Wasn't that similarly out of reach?

"I might never achieve Monarchy in my lifetime."

But what of it?

Once he understood everything, Zayne felt an immense relief, as if heavy locks in his heart suddenly shattered, and he quietly bowed his head.

Suddenly, as if falling asleep, he sat motionless in the fields with his eyes closed.

The people in the canyon gradually could no longer sense his presence.

"Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich was the first to approach Zayne, staring calmly at the man before him, nodding lightly.

He spoke indifferently:

"A thirty percent chance, not high but not low either, now it all depends on your effort and luck."

In the forests outside Nasir Town.

The dismembered corpses of many evil cultists lay scattered across the ground, a dispute unfolding beside the bodies.

Lilian of the Fischer family looked troubled, and the man standing in front of her was Colonel Abel of the Lion clan.

Colonel Abel was different from before, no longer the stern and meticulous man, but having become somewhat crazy, his eyes filled with a beast-like ferocity.

Lilian was holding a white wooden box, accompanied by a dozen members of the Fischer family.

She nodded slightly and said, "Of course we can give it to the Lion clan, but the Fischer family also needs certain compensation."

"After all, we put a lot of effort into getting this! It can't just be given away for nothing."

Colonel Abel slowly shook his head and responded, "But I had my eye on it a long time ago, you just happened to make the first move."

Lilian found it hard to understand why Abel was picking a fight, and slowly said, "You just suddenly showed up after we had taken action, and besides, we are closer to Fischer territory."

"..."

Colonel Abel fell silent for a while before suddenly saying with a cold voice, "I don't care about that; in any case, it should belong to our Lion clan!"

Just then, more people arrived at the scene, and the subordinates from the Fischer family immediately bowed respectfully.

"Patriarch."

Darren arrived at the scene of the dispute and immediately saluted Colonel Abel, his tone unusually respectful.

"Colonel! Long time no see!"

"It's you, Darren..."

Colonel Abel, seeing Darren who had once been his adjutant, grew misty-eyed as he recalled the many things they had experienced together on the battlefield.

But his body started to tremble slightly as if the memories of the war had touched a deep, sensitive scar within his heart.

"What's this?"

Darren walked over to look at the object in his sister Lilian's hands and asked, to which Lilian promptly replied.

"A Mysterious rare artifact, Treasure class, but its effect is very good, quite valuable."

"What effect?" Darren continued to inquire.

Lilian went on to explain, "It allows one to continually absorb moonlight to steadily recover life force, a healing type of Mysterious rare artifact. In just a few hours, it can completely heal grievous wounds."

Although its effect was nowhere near that of the "Spirit-returning Tree," its existence was still precious since she couldn't always be beside every member of the family.

A top Treasure class rare artifact, huh?

No wonder.

Darren nodded slightly and smiled as he acknowledged the silent Colonel Abel, continuing to question his sister.

"Why are you having a dispute? Where exactly did this Mysterious rare artifact come from?"

Lilian took a deep breath and said with a furrowed brow, "Based on intelligence, we intercepted a group of evil cultists disguised as farmers, and then we obtained this Mysterious rare artifact. But suddenly, Colonel Abel came saying we should hand it over to him without any compensation."

Darren was taken aback, not expecting Colonel Abel to behave so indecorously. The families had such a good relationship; there was no need for such 'robbery.'

Still, after pondering, he nodded slightly.

"It's fine, just give it to him, Lilian."

Lilian still felt uncomfortable deep inside, but she nodded regardless.

However, Colonel Abel, with reddened eyes, took the object but continued to complain unrelentingly.

"Darren, Lilian, I know what you're thinking. The Fischer family believes that with Bast and Renzo gone, the Lion clan is no longer above you."

"Am I right?"

Lilian remained silent while Darren smiled calmly and shook his head, saying, "Don't say that, Colonel Abel, you are my superior, and you always will be."

After Darren finished speaking, he tried to embrace Colonel Abel, but he was snubbed with a cold snort.

After Colonel Abel left, Lilian could no longer contain her frustration and said, "What's wrong with him, he seems off."

"Abel's condition does seem very strange."

Darren also felt that the man was different from the strict Colonel he remembered, and as the acting head of the Lion clan, it didn't make sense for him to be so odd.

"But actually, in one matter, Abel was right, that is, the influence of the Lion clan is waning, and they themselves are worried about it."

"If it had been Bast standing there, you probably wouldn't dare to quarrel, even if it were you, right?"

Lilian slowly nodded, admitting to herself that even though Colonel Abel was a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, she didn't feel threatened, not as feared as Viscount Bast.

She didn't really believe that offending Abel would lead to any serious conflict with the Fischer family. And even if things did come to a head, Lilian wasn't afraid of the Lion clan as it was now.

"Has the intense anxiety and unease overwhelmed him? Or is there another reason?"

Darren fell into deep thought, realizing there might be a significant reason behind Abel's change that shouldn't be ignored.

A week later, Colonel Abel, having returned to Fein City, suddenly awoke in the middle of the night.

"Ah, ah, ahhh..."

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The man kept taking deep breaths in the room as sweat trickled down, his head shaking as he looked around.

Something felt very wrong.

In the room, it seemed as if something was watching him!

"Who is it!"

"Who the hell is it?"

Colonel Abel started to roar, yelling:

"Come out already, is it Fischer's people? Who are you? Why are you tormenting me!"

In a dark corner of the room, a shadow quietly watched Abel.

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

Chapter 256: Chapter 246 Night Watcher and Denouncer

"Save me."

"Save me..."

"Ahhhh! Save me ahhh!"

Abel, in the darkness, suddenly awoke, his eyes filled with terror, and he instinctively tried to clench his fists.

What happened?

His cool sweat had unknowingly covered his back, and after taking deep breaths and trembling for a long time, he finally realized that it had all just been a dream.

"Just what is going on? Why have I become like this?"

There must be a problem!

Taking a deep breath and gritting his teeth, Abel didn't even dress properly before leaving the Lion clan alone under cover of night.

He wanted to seek help from the church, but instead of going to the Tempest Church, he turned and walked towards the Salvation Church cathedral.

However, just as Abel had left the family estate and hadn't walked far, his eyes suddenly became bewildered, and his willpower gradually dispersed from his mind.

Shortly after, four figures slowly emerged from Abel's shadow.

The man in the lead was in his thirties, with long white hair reaching his waist, dressed in a black tailcoat, eyes tightly shut, covered with a black eyepatch.

A plain piece of paper appeared beside him, and black, wriggling text began to emerge on the white sheet.

"You're still lacking a bit."

Two men and a woman stood behind the white-haired, blindfolded man, all looking at Abel, who stood there in a panic, his body trembling slightly.

The paper continued to show emerging text.

"Lacking a bit more, he would have broken free of control. My Mental Magic is still not strong enough."

The white-haired man was in his early thirties, with two men and a woman standing behind him.

The most conspicuous of the men was over two meters tall, muscular as if he were a black iron tower, his skin dark, head hairless, silent and uncommunicative.

The other man was a frail old man with a hunched back, pallor so poor he looked as if he was about to die, with slightly pointed ears, clearly a half-elf.

The woman looked ordinary, wearing glasses, like any normal female student, except her hands, feet, and neck were adorned with silver rings, which seemed to be some kind of alchemical tool.

Paper also appeared beside her, with text emerging on it.

Their communication was entirely silent.

"Painter, we need to complete 'Mr. Brandy's' mission, to clandestinely take control of the Lion clan, and we cannot afford any mistakes."

The white-haired man, referred to as "Painter," nodded slightly, and his thoughts emerged on the paper.

"Don't worry. Thanks to 'Madam Ice Wine's' efforts, our people have successfully spread across the entirety of Cyart, and soon taking control of the nation will just be a matter of time."

The woman asked, "But aren't the False God Church and the Stars Embrace Order both major problems?"

The "Painter" pondered for a moment before expressing his thoughts in wriggling text.

"You're right. Actually, 'the Last Blood,' which refers to the people of the witch cult, are also an issue because they've set their sights on 'Madam Ice Wine' herself."

"And their reasoning is quite substantial, as 'Madam Ice Wine' is one of the incarnations of the soul shard of the five witches."

All three displayed shocked expressions—could it be that a high-ranking member of the Words of Tranquility Order, "Madam Ice Wine," was also one of the incarnations of the soul shard of the Witch of Demise?

They had heard of the schism within the witch cult, with their leaders separately backing different reincarnated witches. It was said that once the witches have fought each other down to the last one, one of the factors of destruction from prophecy, the Witch of Demise with god-like powers, would fully resurrect, and in an instant bring about the world's end.

"Do not fear. Mr. Brandy and Madam Ice Wine must have considered countermeasures," the white-haired "Painter" said with confidence.

The woman then inquired on the paper about another matter.

"In the East Coast Province, apart from the Lion clan, the most influential family is the Fischer family. How are we going to deal with them?"

The "Painter" slowly shook his head, promptly providing his answer.

"There are so many formidable opponents we have yet to face. The Fischer family, having lost their strong family members, is not worth our attention. We just need to manipulate that sick lion to easily prune them."

The outer walls of the Salvation Church's cathedral were inlaid with gemstone-colored materials, twinkling with silver gleams under the night sky and moonlight, while the huge stained-glass windows inside displayed breath-taking artistry.

The walls were embedded with countless beautiful gems, the soaring vaulted ceiling was gilded, and enormous chandeliers set with crystals spread a soft glow.

A wooden Salvation Holy Grail was placed on the altar, flanked by candles and miniature icons, and surrounded by thick carpets rather than ornate floors.

A curious phenomenon, indeed—the closer one got to the position of the Lord of Salvation in the church, the less opulent it became.

A young woman in silver-white clothes sat calmly in a chair, hands pressed together, head bowed in prayer to the Lord of Salvation.

"I wonder if the new Tempest Bishop will agree to our request to more rationally form the 'Night Watchers' and eliminate the heretics who have been increasingly troublesome over the past decades. That's our mission."

She murmured to herself and went on:

"Those evil cultists have already made moves against Cyart and will target the other Eastern nations as well. The reason I left my homeland of Lorne to come to the East was to drive them all out."

The woman took a deep breath and said:

"Great Lord of Salvation, please protect your tenacious and kind-hearted followers."

"The Night Watchers will change the people's despair and cries."

Six months later, two brand-new church internal organizations emerged one after another.

In response to the growing number of evil cultists and the escalating incidents of heresy, aside from the Reforging Church, the Five Great True Gods Churches each drew internal elites to establish the "Night Watcher" and "Denouncer" organizations in major cities of every province in various countries.

The members of the Night Watchers mainly came from the Salvation Church and the Silver Moon Church.

The members of the Denouncers came from the Sun Church, World Order Church, and Tempest Church.

Neither the Night Watchers nor the Denouncers had extra tasks or responsibilities; their sole mission was to exterminate all heretics!

Moreover, the major True Gods Churches had convinced the kings to grant considerable authority to the Night Watchers and Denouncers, allowing them to arrest and interrogate anyone with sufficient evidence without approval, even the nobles of a kingdom were no exception.

However, the subsequent trials still needed to be conducted jointly by the high-level officials of the church and the kingdom; the Night Watchers and Denouncers only had the power to capture people and could not directly pass judgment.

Unless the targets' resistance was too fierce...Not only did they refuse to surrender, but they even dared to fight back, in which case there was no alternative!

People were filled with curiosity and awe at the birth of these two organizations; not knowing what the church intended to do, they just knew that these two organizations were probably similar to the inquisition, and definitely not to be trifled with.

The distinctions between the two powerful organizations constructed by the churches were apparent.

The Denouncers were granted greater authority by the Sun Church, Storm Church, and World Order Church, and their modus operandi was more violent; they could act without considering too many consequences, and didn't even have to care about the life and death of ordinary people.

Moreover, each member of the Denouncers had a special mystical tattoo proving their identity, which required the activation of spiritual power to become visible, and they did not have a unified uniform nor a fixed office location, keeping everything about themselves highly confidential.

Although the Denouncers were few in number, each official member was truly elite; the minimum requirement to join the Denouncers was to have reached the Transmutation Level.

On the other hand, the Night Watchers had a larger overall number, including the logistics personnel who were just ordinary people. The Night Watchers organization even had five or six times as many people as the Denouncers.

Their overall organizational structure was more complete, and the regulations they had to follow were much more standardized; indiscriminate killing during battles would result in severe punishment.

The Night Watchers wore uniforms of silver, and the badge on the chest indicated which church they belonged to. They even had an internal hierarchy with fifteen ranks.

Actually, the Five Great True Gods Churches, excluding the Reforging Church, initially only wanted to establish one organization.

It's just that they argued for several years over whether to establish the "Denouncers" or the "Night Watchers".

In the end, due to significant differences in philosophies, they simply split and each formed their own organization. Still, regardless of the structure and rules, the final ideology of both the Night Watchers and Denouncers was entirely consistent.

That is, to eradicate all heretics outside the Six Great True Gods Churches!

It was only natural for Fein City to have both the Night Watchers and Denouncers divisions too.

The few and secretive Denouncers kept their identities under wraps and did not announce who they were in a grand manner, whereas the Night Watchers established their offices semi-publicly next to Fein City Police Department.

Mormir was still one of the deputy chiefs of the Fein City Police Department, and even as Chief Renzo disappeared without a trace, it was still not his turn to assume the new chief's position, which was taken by a member of the Lion clan instead.

The Night Watcher Chief of Fein City began meeting with the nobles of East Coast Province in turn, not only the viscounts, but also the barons to gather as much intelligence as possible.

Darren, representing the Fischer family, came to Fein City to meet with the Night Watcher Chief. Seeing the other party, he smiled at first sight.

"We meet again, Madam Carly; it was you who saved me years ago."

Before him, the young black-haired female, Madam Carly, the Night Watcher Chief, had saved Darren from being killed by the Rhea People back then.

"Indeed, we haven't seen each other for several years. I saved your life because I was coming to Cyart. I hope you remember the favor you owe me."

Carly was dressed in silver-white clothing, with golden short hair, and emerald eyes, exhibiting a rather authoritative beauty typical of the Lorne nobility.

"Lord Darren, if you have any information concerning heretics, you can report it to me," she said.

She paused and then continued, "No, I should say you must report it to me, as that is the church's directive. I hope for successful cooperation in the future."

Darren nodded slightly and said with a smile, "Of course, we will fully comply with all reasonable requests from the church."

"I hope there are never heretics on the East Coast!"

"Really? I hope so too, even if it would put me out of a job," Madam Carly paused before adding, "I lost my parents to a heretic's sacrificial ritual and was fortunate to survive, so I harbor intense hatred for their existence."

"I hope the Fischer family will never cooperate with those people. Do you understand?"

"Of course!"

Darren nodded gravely and then left the office with a smile.

Night Watcher.

Denouncer.

Hmm...

He could clearly sense the determination passed down within the False God Churches. The Fischer family would have to be even more cautious in the days ahead.

Not long after Darren left, Abel Leone walked into the Night Watcher's office building. With a confused look in his eyes and a bewildered expression, he found himself outside the office without realizing it.

What am I doing here?

Abel was somewhat puzzled, but still located Madam Carly, the Night Watcher Chief, in the office.

He hesitated for a moment, then got straight to the point with her, "Madam Carly, I want to report the Fischer family."

"They are the heretics!"

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

Chapter 257: Chapter 247 The Investigation of the Night Watcher Captain

A gentle breeze swept by, and as the sun rose, it cast an orange-red glow through the clouds on the horizon, illuminating the entire town.

Early-risers on the streets hurried on their way while the stalls in front of various shops gradually opened, as shop owners busily prepared for the day's business. Birds sung cheerily atop the trees, infusing the morning with a sense of vitality, enveloping the town in an atmosphere of tranquil serenity.

Nasir Town.

A black carriage was parked in the town, and a handsome mature man with a commanding figure stepped out, pulling open the carriage door and descending with steady steps.

His black tailcoat was crisp, and his brooding eyes took in everything around him, followed by three Night Watcher teammates of starkly different ages.

Lewis was the captain of Fein City's first Night Watcher group, a Middle Rank Bloodline Knight of Transmutation.

He wasn't a Cyart, but a Vallere citizen. In fact, all the Night Watchers in every city were transferred from outside the area.

It was a church policy to prevent locals and local nobility from colluding, which meant that the Night Watchers of any given city could never employ natives.

Although it was his first time in Nasir Town, Lewis had just stepped down from the carriage when he could clearly sense that this town was different.

Its development was perhaps a tad too impressive.

Having only toured for an afternoon, Lewis couldn't help but marvel, able to feel the town's booming growth.

"Among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, I thought Vallere and Carnia were the most developed nations, never expecting that Cyart too had numerous fine places," he remarked.

Having strolled for a while, Lewis's subordinates also nodded in agreement.

"Indeed, Captain, this town called Nasir looks fairly decent. Though it doesn't compare to Fein City in population or size, it can barely be considered a small city now."

Over the years, Nasir Town's population had surged, and various industries had developed.

Before Byrne disappeared, he had speculated that once the railway construction was completed, Nasir Town could become a burgeoning city in short order.

Lewis took a deep breath, tasting the saltiness of the seaside, and murmured to himself, "Seaside towns hold such charm for an inland person like me; I feel like staying on indefinitely."

However, they weren't here for a leisurely vacation but on orders from Colonel Abel to investigate the Fischer family's situation due to his report.

Meanwhile, Chief Carly would covertly investigate the Lion clan.

Many said Abel's mental state had become abnormal, and the Night Watchers suspected this might be connected to extraordinary powers or even the work of a heretical cult.

"Let's hope both our investigations turn up something, no, it would be better if they didn't find anything at all."

Lewis sighed and shook his head. Unlike the overly fervent Chief Carly, he felt mere duty in his job as a Night Watcher.

If they found special circumstances, Lewis would take them seriously, but if they didn't find anything after a thorough investigation, he'd leave immediately without further fuss.

Arriving in their hotel room, the Night Watchers commenced a meeting about the following matters.

"In at most one month's time, we need to uncover some clues, but if we don't find anything within that month, we're free to leave."

"Overtime is out of the question."

Lewis muttered to himself, then was overheard by his only female subordinate.

The woman grasped his arm, exclaiming, "Captain Lewis! We must strive for God's sake! Keep it up!"

"Alright, alright, got it," he replied.

Lewis took a deep breath and said with a hint of helplessness and weariness, "We mustn't reveal our identities. During this time, we can't wear our uniforms, and we need to operate covertly."

"Let's start with the ordinary folk around us, see if they know anything. Oh, and during this period, we shouldn't make contact with any Extraordinary Exponents to avoid alerting the Fischer family."

He paused, then continued, "Although it's very likely there are members of the Fischer family among the commoners."

"But such things are unavoidable."

Firstly, Lewis began his inquiries at the hotel where they were staying, tipping the waitress a little extra that evening before starting his questions.

"Hello."

The slender, frail-looking woman was a dragon descendant with a listless face, expressionlessly saying, "Sir, my name is Lily, a waitress at this hotel. Please call me at any time if you need assistance."

"To be clear, I will not have any... physical contact with guests."

Lewis took a large sip of wine, sizing her up with the courage of alcohol, noting the rare grey scales on her skin, and her clean, neatly-trimmed grey hair reaching down to her waist.

"Miss Lily, I'd like to inquire about some small matters," he said.

Lily's eyes brightened immediately as she nodded, "What is it? I'll tell you anything for a tip!"

Lewis nodded lightly, then narrowed his eyes, smiling as he said, "Well, it's about some things concerning this town. Have you heard of any strange happenings, like disappearances or mysterious rumors of that sort?"

To prevent the possibility of the townspeople sending warnings, Lewis did not directly target the Fischer family but first inquired about the local peculiarities.

That's from experience; often, where heretics take root, there would be noticeable occurrences such as disappearances or strange phenomena.

Because heretics, in order to acquire sacrifices and cast various Ritual Spells, have no choice but to abduct locals and create all sorts of mysterious incidents.

Thus, those with experience in investigating heresy always start from these events.

"Why would you ask about such things?" the waitress was stunned.

Lewis laughed heartily and pulled out a booklet filled with all sorts of messy things, then said, "Because I'm a scholar who is very interested in extraordinary events, I have always been in pursuit of the mysterious."

The waitress pondered for a moment before carefully saying:

"Disappearing population? There hasn't been any in the last few years, but strange occurrences, those have indeed happened, like the bar next door losing meat every night."

"Meat disappearing? Go on?"

Lewis wrote down many things Lily said, and then, before the end of the workday, he took a subordinate with him to the bar next door to start an investigation.

However, they quickly discovered that the culprits were merely the local cats and dogs, and that's how investigations often go—most of the time they end in vain, but that didn't discourage them much.

In the following days, the Night Watchers inquired among the townsfolk around them and even attempted to use money to bribe them.

And Lewis's female subordinate, disguised as a begging vagrant woman after a change of appearance, was actually the most likely target for the heretical cult due to her guise as an innocent woman.

Put simply, it was fishing.

However, the Night Watchers investigated like this for half a month, and still, they came up empty-handed.

They even inadvertently solved a murder case in Nasir Town and nearly exposed their real identities.

"Let's call it off; let's go back."

One evening, Lewis suddenly spoke out as he looked at his team.

His female subordinate was a bit agitated and said, "The Fischer family shows no anomalies? Mr. Lewis, do you want to conclude so quickly? After all, we have made much effort."

Lewis slowly shook his head and calmly said:

"No, whether they have anomalies or not I don't know, but continuing the investigation this way will yield no results."

"There are only two possibilities. Either they have managed the entire town so flawlessly that they have been fooling us all along, or they truly have no issues."

"But regardless, our investigative actions have likely already been noticed, and there will be no more results to come, maybe even leading to misdirection and danger."

Lewis thought silently, considering the most dangerous and frightening possibility that the Fischer family might have had their eyes on them since the moment they entered the town.

And every move of each person was controlled by that mysterious family, who wouldn't easily reveal any flaws.

Lewis laughed heartily and said:

"Anyway, the conventional investigation won't be hopeful. Only by raiding that manor to check for strange underground chambers or heretical sacred objects might we achieve some results."

His female subordinate calmed down, took a deep breath, and said:

"But we need evidence to raid, right? Even as Night Watchers, we can't do that kind of thing just based on a report, especially when the other party is the actual ruler of these four towns."

Lewis's eyebrows raised as he chuckled:

"Hehehe, if it were those from the Denouncers, they would dare to do so."

His subordinate's complexion changed slightly, having heard that many within the Denouncers were once clergy who committed sins and were now authorized to atone for the church through service.

Lewis's hand rested under his chin as he spoke calmly:

"There are many rumours about the Fischer family; their rise was rapid, and family members have displayed a variety of different extraordinary powers."

"Throughout the decades, those who opposed them all died one by one, the family is terrifying, perhaps even more so than the Lion clan."

"We must be fully prepared to confront them head-on, otherwise, the best course is to leave."

Inside the underground chamber of the Fischer family, family members watched through the barrier "Black Mirror" as the Night Watchers left Nasir Town, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

The waitress playing the role of the inn's waitress was actually Rishia, who had been responsible for monitoring them this whole time.

Vanessa frowned deeply, saying, "The Night Watchers have finally left; I've been on tenterhooks all this half month."

Darren slowly shook his head and said, "Don't worry, in the future there will be all sorts of investigations on us, so worrying is of no use."

"But more important than those is that we continue forging our own path."

A subtle smile appeared on his face.

"I can sense the Power of Consecration at the 3rd Rank is digesting very slowly, we need to do something about it, hehe."

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

Chapter 258: Chapter 248: The Fourth Seal!

Aphotic Sea.

Dense black clouds obscured the sky, and even the daytime of this sea area seemed like an endless night.

The waves were surging, raising gigantic swells. The black, turbulent tides in the lightless waters were particularly terrifying, while the pitch-black sea, void of even a sliver of sunlight piercing through the clouds, evoked a sense of boundless despair.

On the steamship, however, the members of the Fischer family all breathed a sigh of relief because they had finally embarked on the journey back to Nasir.

Lilian and Vanessa were communicating, with Vanessa still holding a black glass box that contained something radiating a faintly gloomy aura.

The crewmates didn't dare to approach the black glass box, feeling a strong sense of ominous foreboding from whatever was inside.

Lilian placed her hand gently on the box and calmly said, "We've finally traded for it."

"Though we have paid a lot of bottled sunlight and almost an amount equal to the Fischer family's profits over several years, as well as five treasured rare artifacts and many specialty goods from the land, in the end, we've made a huge profit."

Vanessa shook her head lightly and said, "I think the other party also believes they've made a profit. In truth, it's just a matter of each getting what they need."

Nowadays, the profits from trading bottled sunlight nearly accounted for half of the Fischer family's annual profits.

It was undoubtedly a business of exorbitant gains.

Vanessa muttered, "The technique for bottling sunlight is gradually becoming common. We can't earn this exorbitant profit for more than another decade or so. After that, we'll need to find a new point of profit."

She suddenly had a suggestion and said,

"Lilian, how about our family establishes a company?"

"A company?"

Lilian was slightly startled before fixing her gaze on Vanessa, wanting to hear her proposal.

Actually, she had some understanding of companies, because there were indeed quite a few companies around in Cyart these days. It was said that companies existed in Lorne two to three hundred years ago, but they had only become popular in the eastern realms in recent years.

Vanessa nodded lightly and continued to speak:

"Yes, the Fischer family's industries are growing too vast, and I always feel that the current model won't last much longer."

Lilian inquired,

"How would a company, as you mention, operate?"

Vanessa slowly shook her head and answered, "Well, I don't quite understand it myself. We'll need to go back and discuss the specifics with everyone. I think Colin should have a better grasp of these matters."

Colin was the family's merchant and knew a lot about business.

Lilian no longer asked, but instead gazed out at the sea.

The surrounding ocean air was permeated by a salty, putrid sea breeze, and in the darkness, it seemed as if something was twisting, as if it was an aura emanating from an unknown abyss.

Within the aphotic waters, derelict shipwrecks floated about. These sunken vessels were like silent witnesses to eerie events, quietly adrift in the darkness. Birds appeared to shun this part of the sea, and not a trace of life could be felt nearby, leaving the Fischer family's crewmates to hear only the distant echoes and the howling of the wind.

"Thank goodness we're heading back."

No one wanted to stay in the Aphotic Sea any longer than necessary, as even a day's stay could leave a person feeling uncomfortable and full of fear.

At last, they returned to Nasir Town, and soon after, Lilian organized a new sacrifice.

"Great Lord of the Lost!"

"I offer it up to You!"

"Please grant the Fischer family more power!"

From the black glass box, a withered and pale hand was taken out, its fingers still trembling slightly as if it still possessed full vitality.

"Hand of Aging," Forbidden rare artifact number 1756.

Its effect was to instantly deprive the touched person of fifty years of their life!

The cost of using the "Hand of Aging," however, was that the user would permanently lose a third of their physical fitness, and so the price was also quite significant.

The Aphotic Sea Overlord who traded the "Hand of Aging" was known as the "Wind Demon."

She was an elderly female, and the real reason she was willing to sell it was that the cost of using the "Hand of Aging" was too great: killing a thousand enemies at the expense of eight hundred of her own. Given that the "Hand of Aging" required contact to be effective, its practicality was not all that great, making it a regrettable item even among the Forbidden rare artifacts.

Clearly, not everyone could ignore the biggest drawback of Forbidden rare artifacts like the people of the Fischer family could. Most had to consider the cost of using such artifacts.

It was said that the world's single-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifacts had been locked away for many years, untouched because no one dared to use them.

For the release of such a level of extraordinary power would result in a fate for the user more frightening than death itself.

Therefore, this powerful Forbidden rare artifact, the "Hand of Aging," had become less effective in the hands of the "Wind Demon," and she was more willing to trade it away.

Karl absorbed spiritual power, and deep within, he could clearly feel that the fourth seal had been loosening over the years.

This Forbidden rare artifact would become the final explosive to completely shatter the fourth seal!

Lilian and the others watched as the "Hand of Aging" completely turned to dust and quickly vanished from sight.

He took a deep breath, and something in his mind began to churn, the powerful force erupting, instantly destroying the fourth seal. The spiritual power of the "Hand of Aging" acted like the fuse of the explosive, igniting the whole charge!

Finally, Karl felt it.

With the shattering of the fourth seal, more memories surged in.

"This memory is very precious."

Karl quickly discovered with surprise that the newly unlocked memory contained extremely important information: it was the ceremonies for all steps from the first to the fifth of the God Pantheon stairway!

"This saves a lot of trouble, as the followers of the Fischer family and Dawn Church won't have to scurry around headlessly searching for the rituals."

At the same time, Karl found that he could now hear the prayers of the many worshipers more clearly.

[Save me, great Lord of the Lost!]

[Lord of the Lost, I hope You can grant me power!]

"I heard that You are the true deity, can You resurrect my mother..."

Throughout the entire continent, there were sporadic voices rising up, which he could fully perceive.

Moreover, Karl suddenly gained a new ability to consume Spiritual Power and create strange black mist.

At first, Karl didn't understand the black mist's mysterious forces.

But soon, he found that he could release the black mist into the real material world and apply it to people and objects without harm.

Karl calmly enveloped Lilian in the black mist, and the girl was very excited, eager to know what would happen.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost!"

Taking a deep breath, Lilian said, "Thank you for Your blessing."

Karl remained silent.

In fact, he wasn't very clear about what the black mist could actually do.

The next moment, Karl's mind suddenly filled with countless points of light, all from people across the Ouden Continent who had prayed to him.

So that's how it is.

Understanding the purpose of the black mist, Karl then gave a divine oracle to Lilian to prepare her disguise in advance.

Lilian quickly took an alchemical mask with a concealment effect, without any doubt or question.

Karl had completely grasped the usage of the black mist and projected his intangible will onto a point of light anywhere in the world.

The next instant, Lilian vanished into thin air, leaving the other members of the Fischer family stunned, with no idea what had happened.

"Why did Lilian disappear?"

"I don't know!"

Lilian looked around in confusion, realizing she had left Nasir Town and was suddenly in a completely different place.

The surroundings resembled a village ravaged by war.

Decrepit houses collapsed into rubble, thick smoke still rising, and the ground was left with ashes and scorched earth where once lively streets now held only broken memories.

"Where is this place?"

Wearing the mask, she pondered for a moment and then noticed in the distance a trembling, wolf-eared half-orc boy on his knees surrounded by several soldiers.

Then, something that amazed Lilian happened.

The wolf-eared half-orc boy looked at her and immediately asked:

"I've been praying to Him, sister, are you the great Lord of the Lost sent to rescue me?"

So that's it, she suddenly understood everything.

"My being here is indeed by the will of God."

Lilian stepped forward sincerely and embraced the half-orc child, staring at the soldiers surrounding them.

"Who are you?"

The soldiers, sensing the ill-intent, replied uneasily:

"We are the Carnian military! He's an evil cultist! What are you doing?"

Lilian was completely stunned.

She could hardly believe it!

Had she traversed thousands of miles in an instant and come to Carnia, the northern country?

Without a doubt, this was a miracle!

Lilian's face lit up with excitement and a joyous smile as she looked at the soldiers, proudly stating, "I have taken this child under my protection."

Of course, the soldiers were unwilling to back down, exchanging glances before the leader shouted:

"Fine! It seems you're also an evil cultist who worships that Evil God! Burn her!"

Lilian hesitated not a moment to unleash her extraordinary power!

Thunderous Voice!

An immense sound burst forth, and several soldiers fell unconscious in an instant.

Aside from the leader who was a Beginning Extraordinary Exponent, the rest of the soldiers were ordinary people, and she resolved the fight with a single move.

After rescuing the child amidst the ruins, Lilian cradled him in her arms to comfort him.

"Don't worry, child, the great Lord of the Lost will protect you."

The wolf-eared half-orc boy stared blankly, fixing his gaze eternally on Lilian's beautiful eyes.

"Sister, where do you come from?"

Lilian softly stroked his head, smiling as she replied:

"I come from another place where many people believe in the great Lord of the Lost; we are all brothers and sisters."

"Remember, if you keep your faith in the great Lord of the Lost, one day, you may also receive the same powerful strength as I have."

"Yes, Alger remembers," he murmured.

She calmly stroked the boy's head, noting his name, her reverence for the great Lord of the Lost growing deeper within her heart.

"I don't know how long I can stay, but no matter what, even if I leave today, we will see each other again."

Now that the present Lord could wield such great power, the Fischer family could one day traverse the world, establishing a great faith-based kingdom without borders!

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

Chapter 259: Chapter 249 Countdown Clock

Karl observed his surroundings through the perspective of Lilian.

That was Carnia, a nation situated to the northeast of the continent, traditionally considered one of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

"It seems the climate is a bit colder, and the level of civilization is slightly better than Cyart's, but there is no qualitative difference," he thought.

He knew that Carnia, the strongest among the Eastern Four Kingdoms, was a country with severe hero worship.

Nobles and countless commoners alike, the majority of people venerated Carnia's founding monarch.

Even the observers within the various churches had given that founding king a fairly recognized nickname, "Divine Might Titan."

He silently calculated the time, wanting to know how long Lilian, whom he had sent over, could stay.

Though invisible to anyone, the black mist acted like an intangible tether, existing not just in reality but also in the Spirit Realm.

The black mist connected two locations in the material world through the Spirit Realm.

Although the distance was vast in the material world, the two points in the Spirit Realm were compressed, meaning the spiritual power he eventually consumed for the black mist's transport distance was always the same, no matter how far.

"As long as it's within the bounds of the Claud World, no matter where I send someone, the spiritual power consumed is exactly the same."

He found that after Lilian stayed for more than thirty minutes without faltering, the naturally maintained black mist began to show signs of dispersing and required a continual replenishment of spiritual power to maintain.

Therefore, Karl tried supplementing spiritual power, allowing Lilian to continue her stay in that nation called Carnia.

"Hmm, another hour has passed, and the consumption of spiritual power is still bearable," he surmised.

By maintaining it for an hour and calculating the consumption, Karl came to a rough conclusion.

"With the spiritual power I have now, if I only maintain the connection of the black mist for one person, I can completely sustain it for over ten days with some to spare."

He paused for a moment, continuing to ponder.

"However, if the number of people being transported increases, the consumption I need to maintain the connection of the black mist will, quite naturally, multiply by much more," he reasoned.

What would happen if he did not supplement the spiritual power?

Karl contemplated for a moment and decided to try.

The transfer of spiritual power was interrupted.

After a while, the connection, or perhaps the bridge, constructed by the black mist in the Spirit Realm, gradually vanished.

Consequently, in Carnia, a strong pulling force manifested beside Lilian.

She tried to hold onto the half-orc boy, but her body gradually turned into black mist. In the next moment, an arm vanished into thin air before his eyes, followed by a leg.

"I am leaving!" she exclaimed.

Lilian instantly understood she was about to return to Nasir, and before leaving completely, she still left behind five Gold Coins, three bullets, and a flintlock.

"Alger, we will meet again. Do whatever it takes to survive..."

After a thought, she still refrained from inviting the other to Cyart, not wanting to easily disclose information about her family.

The wolf-eared boy stared blankly as the sister who had suddenly appeared and then disappeared just as suddenly, looking somewhat lost.

A flame of belief ignited deep within him!

The wolf-eared boy silently knelt down, eyes closed, and began to pray.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, thank you for saving me. I shall devote my life to repaying your grace, hoping that you can shelter more people."

He picked up the flintlock, three bullets, and the five Gold Coins, and left the village to embark on his own path.

"I've pretty much figured out the new abilities gained after the Seal was broken," Karl considered.

In his mind, as if there was an invisible map, the entire Claud World lay wide open to view, and within the Ouden Continent, there were clearly many White Gold points.

Those White Gold points were the diverse believers from all over the continent who had prayed to him and genuinely harbored at least a bit of faith deep inside.

The more devout the believers, the brighter the light they were ultimately able to display; as for those who were not as devout, their lights were faintly dimmer.

In the East Coast Province, nearly a hundred points were highly concentrated, nearly merging into a constant flickering patch of light.

Undoubtedly, that light patch was attributed to the Fischer family and the followers of the Dawn Church.

The real cluster of light, in fact, stemmed from an island already occupied by the Fischer family.

The island, controlled by Lilian, saw its indigenous people forced to convert and pray to the Lord of the Lost. A portion, over several years of teaching, had begun to develop some faith.

Each White Gold point in itself was considered a "teleportation point" by Karl; he could build "bridges" in the Spirit Realm with that thick black mist, then transport a believer to another's side.

"Interesting, so I've become what they call... a teleportation array?"

Karl delved into his thoughts and immediately realized the formidable aspect of this ability. As long as his followers were spread across the world, they could enable followers, including those from the Fischer family, to suddenly appear and disappear anywhere globally.

They could reach any place to do many things, then vanish without a trace, and no one would ever know why the "followers of the Lord of the Lost" suddenly appeared or where they were from.

"It's a pity that I only have a few hundred followers on the Ouden Continent and a few thousand on that island in the White Sea."

"It would be better if there were more."

He silently pondered.

"But, one must not be too hasty,"

If the Dawn Church's headquarters were discovered by the True Gods Church, the entire Fischer family would be exterminated in an instant, and decades of development would be undone overnight.

When Karl once again released the Seal, a tremendous change occurred in the Spirit Realm.

All who were exploring the Spirit Realm at that time couldn't help but lift their heads in utter horror, witnessing the black cross in the sky emitting intense bursts of light!

The next moment, an aura that seemed capable of obliterating everything made all things lose their color, sending shivers deep into the souls of everyone present!

"Could that thing possibly be the legendary Lord of the Lost...?"

"He has once again triggered a phenomenon, and we have once again experienced the terror in our souls."

"Up to this point, many have captured so-called followers of the Lord of the Lost, but alas, not a single one is truly needed by the churches, and to this day, no one has obtained the Divine Power of the Lord of Salvation."

An old man in a blue robe gazed at the black cross in the sky, feeling an illusion of soul destruction for a moment, and thus lowered his head, daring not to continue looking.

"Once again, huh."

He was the head librarian of the Sapphire Library, the foremost among the Six Great Libraries, who had come to the Spirit Realm decades ago, continuously seeking ways to break through to the next level.

Till now, although the librarian had figured out a fair number of methods, he hadn't found a path that was a hundred percent certain to make him more powerful.

In truth, he also understood that pursuing an absolutely secure method was pure fantasy.

"Perhaps, that approach might have the best chance of working."

One of the librarian's avatars, which he had placed in various parts of the Ouden Continent, made a very special discovery.

And that very special discovery was related to the ominous black cross in the sky, also known to the people of the church as the Lord of the Lost.

"Byrne, huh? Heh."

The librarian fell into deep contemplation, pondering whether to take a gamble, and the more he thought about it, the more he noticed an almost endless restlessness stirring deep within his heart.

In the capital of the Lorne Empire, located at the center of the continent, the aged voice of the Pope resonated within the grand cathedral of the Salvation Church.

"It has happened again. It's practically the Countdown Timer to world destruction."

"There are only six Seals left, which is to say, only six countdowns remain. Afterward, this world will be completely destroyed."

Another young male voice in the cathedral responded.

"Is there really no way to stop it?"

The Pope, clad in a white robe, spoke quietly, "We can have a chance by exterminating all the followers of the Lord of the Lost, at least according to the last divine oracle left by the gods."

An urgent female voice then asked:

"Your Holiness, what exactly must we do? We've established the Night Watchers and the Denouncers to broaden our search range as much as possible, but so far, we have had no results."

The Pope slowly shook his head and said quietly:

"Don't worry, they will soon emerge. A heretical cult that has existed for at least several decades cannot hide forever."

He paused for a moment, then inquired about another matter from the two voices.

"There is another issue, the Last Blood Church, also known as the witch cult, how are they faring?"

The responder paused briefly before speaking, "Four of the five soul shards of the witches have been born, and the heretics supporting them have already begun their internal strife. Your Holiness, what should we do?"

After considering for a while, the Pope finally said:

"It's simple; we must try our best to find two of the witches and then keep them imprisoned forever. As long as the final victor never emerges, the Witch of Demise will not be resurrected."

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

Chapter 260: Chapter 250: Return to the Family

The atmosphere in the underground ritual site became somewhat solemn as everyone pondered what that scene meant; Lilian's sudden disappearance left everyone utterly shocked.

"Where on earth did Lilian go?"

Christine, seated in her wheelchair, furrowed her brows with clenched hands.

"There shouldn't be anything wrong, don't worry," Vanessa said softly from the side.

The Fischer family members in the ritual site awaited anxiously, as if the Spiritual Dragon, which seemed a bit larger than upon its birth, was wailing worriedly for its suddenly missing master.

"Wu wu wu wu..."

The Spiritual Dragon looked at the transparent sacred object bottle and continued wailing, as if it were praying as well.

Unlike others, Darren shook his head without a hint of worry and laughed as he said to the anxious crowd:

"Everyone doesn't need to worry about Lilian. Think about it carefully; would the great Lord of the Lost not protect His most devout follower?"

"All our efforts will be acknowledged, she must have been bestowed with more of His attention to disappear so suddenly. When Lilian comes back, she will return bearing the gifts of the Lord."

Everyone felt a bit more at ease indeed, that reasoning held true, the great Lord of the Lost would certainly treasure His most devout followers.

Finally, a thick black fog emerged in front of them.

To their astonishment, part by part, Lilian's body began to materialize in front of them; the pious, even fanatical girl had returned to the familiar surroundings of the ritual site.

Karno couldn't help but ask, "Li... Great Priest? What just happened?"

"I experienced..."

She did not answer but seemed to be suddenly reminded of something, and tears flowed down her face as she knelt down and prayed.

Lilian took a deep breath.

"Great Lord of the Lost!"

"My father and Uncle Chris, please use that tremendous power to bring them back!"

"Even if it's just for a brief reunion, I long to see them, to see my father!"

Since the great Lord of the Lost was gradually regaining strength, it signified that the day He truly revived, bringing dawn to the whole world, was ever nearing.

He could use Divine Power to transport Himself thousands of miles away.

Then, the great Him could surely bring back Father and Uncle Chris!

Lilian was convinced of this in the depths of her heart!

From childhood, Lilian hadn't actually spent much time with her father Byrne; as a little girl, she lived more with Vanessa and Irene.

As she grew up, father and daughter—one with an intense and fanatical character, the other conservative and cautious—often clashed over the direction of the family's growth.

However, that did not mean Lilian did not love her father.

She knew that whether it was her father or her mother, they were the best people in the world for her, willing to sacrifice their lives for her!

Due to their frequent interactions, Lilian's yearning for her father wasn't as intense as it could have been, but in recent years since her father disappeared, she had increasingly missed his strong presence.

Great Lord of the Lost!

Please listen to my prayers!

Please bring them back!

"I beseech You..."

Darren and the others exchanged looks; they didn't know what Lilian had gone through, only that she wasn't praying in vain, that her prayers must signify something.

The flame of the candles flickered in the basement as the Fischer family members all began to pray, hoping that longing and faith could produce a great miracle, bringing Byrne and Chris back.

Karl gazed silently at the Fischer family.

Yes, he could indeed make it happen.

White Bones Canyon.

Byrne and the others gathered together in silence, their gaze fixed on Zayne Frosac, who was still making a breakthrough in his consciousness.

They had been waiting here for a long time, pondering daily whether Zayne would succeed in his breakthrough.

The conclusion they reached was not optimistic.

Because Zayne had made no preparations in advance, he didn't even know he would experience a breakthrough here, so the likelihood of success was at most thirty percent.

At first, that's what everyone thought, but gradually Zayne's body started to tremble, and his flesh became unstable.

Aldrich shook his head and reassessed, estimating his chances of success to be only twenty percent.

"Twenty percent chance, that's far too little."

Aldrich spoke very calmly, "It's a pity, the tower about to be built might collapse at any moment, truly a shame."

"Twenty percent?"

A four out of five chance of failure was indeed significant, Byrne pondered silently, looking towards the man he had known for over a decade, and an idea began to form in the depths of his heart.

Putting that idea into action would undoubtedly be the right and beneficial thing for both Zayne and the Fischer family.

The only one to be sacrificed was himself.

"..."

He was slightly stunned, could this be destiny? Zayne happened to be by his side, trapped in a predicament of breakthrough, with the strings of fate guiding the development of everything.

[Go to a place where no one is.]

It was at this moment that Chris suddenly lifted his head, and Byrne could also feel it clearly.

That voice, devoid of sadness and joy, inexplicably grand!

How could one possibly forget!

But Aldrich and the others had no clue at all; both he and Marzo didn't hear anything. Hence, Chris and Byrne exchanged glances.

Byrne looked at Aldrich and said respectfully,

"I'm sorry, we have something to attend to and need to leave for a bit."

They had lived and been together day and night for years, and had already developed quite a bond.

Moreover, Byrne had found that Aldrich was a very reasonable person.

Aldrich glanced at the two brothers and slowly nodded, saying, "Just be safe."

He felt that everyone could have secrets and didn't intend to interfere much with Byrne and Chris.

Immediately after, Byrne and Chris hurried to a distant part of the canyon, making sure even the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich couldn't sense their situation, and then they finally stopped.

Byrne couldn't help but ask, "Chris, was that voice truly the great Lord of the Lost?"

"Yes."

Chris nodded quickly, not denying it.

What would happen next?

They looked at each other, each feeling a surge of emotion deep inside.

Finally, there was a turn of events!

No matter what was to happen next, Byrne felt it would be better than the monotonous days and nights in the canyon. Of course, it would be best if they could leave directly and return to the Fischer family.

In the next moment, the increasingly thick black mist emerged abruptly all around them.

They were immediately rooted to the spot, unable to move at all, clearly feeling the presence that made all things lose their color, and an immense fear involuntarily surged from deep within their hearts.

Byrne took a deep breath, still instinctively feeling fear, but also a great joy in his heart!

The great Lord of the Lost!

He must have come to rescue us from here!

In the next moment, their bodies slowly dissipated within the black mist.

When they came to their senses, Byrne and Chris had already appeared in the underground sacrificial chamber of Fischer Manor, surrounded by the family members they had longed to see.

"Chris!"

"Father!"

Vanessa and Chris hugged each other, closing their eyes, pressing tightly together.

When they opened their eyes again, their eyes were full of longing and affection for each other. Vanessa revealed a radiant smile with a hint of solace in the embrace, and their eyes conveyed deep emotions, as if time had paused at that moment.

Eventually, Chris took the initiative to kiss Vanessa.

Meanwhile, Karno, Christine, and others watching this scene all had smiles on their faces, feeling true joy from the bottom of their hearts.

Lilian also hugged her father Byrne without hesitation, tears streaming down her face.

"Father, you have finally come back!"

Darren watched his father with calmness, and a joyful smile soon appeared on his face.

That's wonderful.

Father had finally returned!

He breathed a sigh of relief. The Fischer family had been too weak over the past few years, and to say they were tattered would be quite accurate.

But the return of father and Chris would completely change everything.

A radiant smile appeared on Byrne's face, his eyes filled with infinite tenderness and care, he caressed his daughter's hair and hugged her tightly.

All of a sudden, Lily realized their time was limited, so she didn't hesitate to release her father and quickly wiped off her tears, saying,

"I'm sorry, there are things I must clarify right away. That black mist won't last for long; you will go back, back to where you were."

It won't last for long? We will go back to where we were?

Byrne was stunned for a second, then he thought of Zayne Frosac and suddenly felt it wouldn't be so bad to go back to the canyon.

Up to now, their bonds had grown much stronger.

Because they couldn't just leave them there.

Chris and Vanessa continued to embrace, while their children could hardly bear to watch any longer.

It was then that Darren suddenly asked, "Father, where have you been all these years, and what has happened?"

Byrne's gaze swept over everyone present, he nodded slowly, and said very seriously,

"Yes, I will quickly make the situation clear to you, and I also hope that everyone will help us think about how to leave that canyon."

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