

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 261: 251

By the time Byrne had fully explained the ins and outs of the entire affair, everyone present was stunned.

Viscount Bast was dead!

And it was by Byrne's own hand!

Since the only ones who knew about that dreadful deed in advance were Byrne and Chris, the members of the Fischer family looked at each other, their hearts shocked.

"White Bones Canyon?"

Christine pondered for a moment, then had her elder brother Karno take her out of the basement first. She wanted to go to the Fischer family's study and would return after a while.

Karno asked subconsciously, "Alright, what are you going to do?"

Christine shook her head, with no time to explain too much, she said:

"Nothing much, you'll know soon enough."

Vanessa couldn't hold back any longer, frowning, she looked into Chris's eyes and said, "For such a big decision, why didn't you hold a family meeting and vote on it?"

Chris didn't speak, just kept staring into Vanessa's eyes as if he couldn't move his gaze away.

Vanessa sighed and, still frowning, said, "Is it really good to kill Viscount Bast?"

Lilian thought for a while, then agreed, "I do think that guy was troubling; Father's resolve was right."

"Viscount Bast is dead too..."

Darren became thoughtful, as he had actually admired that old man in the past.

He revealed a dangerous smile, looking at his father with a very special gaze, and said:

"I never expected this, Father, that you could make such a decision! But I can understand, since grandpa was indirectly killed by Bast, then you have every reason to do it!"

"Those enemy families, we can't let even one go, whether it's the Meyer family, that black dragon, or that Robert Taylor from the Taylor family that father once mentioned!"

Byrne was slightly stunned; decades had passed, and his hatred for Robert Taylor had diminished, but the man's words still lingered vividly in his memory.

"The stupidest time for a person is when they ask, 'But you promised me'," he murmured nostalgically, unable to help feeling some nostalgia for his own naïvety in the past. But since Robert had left owing him fifteen Gold Coins, the purity in the depths of his heart had become ever scarcer.

Now, very little sincerity remained.

Byrne took a deep breath and muttered to himself, "Decades have passed, I wonder if Robert Taylor is still alive in this world."

The Fischer family members were abuzz with discussion, Byrne remained silently composed until finally saying, "Anyway, that has been several years ago."

"Let's focus on the future."

The black mist emerged again, both Byrne and Chris knew their time had come, about to return to the White Bones Canyon from the Fischer family.

Chris tightly held Vanessa's hand.

Just then, Karno returned with Christine.

She said out loud immediately:

"Regarding the situation of the canyon, I've found a possible solution; I wonder if it can be considered!"

Everyone's gaze turned to Christine as if by some unspoken agreement.

Karl, who had been silently observing everything, felt annoyed; why did she have to speak at the last moment? Still, he reluctantly sent a bit of Spiritual Power their way, allowing Byrne and Chris a bit more time before returning to the canyon.

The girl Christine, in her wheelchair, under the watchful eyes of the family, also with a serious gaze, hurriedly took out a white book before Byrne and her father left, and threw it towards her about to disappear father:

"There's no time to explain now! The details are all in this book!"

Chris caught the book with one hand, nodding lightly to his children.

Once Byrne and Chris had disappeared, Darren looked at Christine and asked:

"Christine, how did you find that book?"

The girl spoke very seriously to everyone:

"I remember, about three years ago, I accidentally came across a book related to the Tranquility Songster. That thing should be related to the White Bones Canyon that Uncle Byrne described."

Aside from Christine's mother Vanessa and Karno, everyone was a bit surprised.

Lilian couldn't help but ask, "Christine, you remember something you glanced at years ago for so long?"

Christine replied calmly, "I can remember anything I've seen, though my legs don't work, my eyes and brain are still functioning."

Darren muttered, "That means you were supposed to walk the Path of Knowledge, weren't you?"

Lilian glared at her brother, annoyed, "Why would you say that, Darren, are you questioning the judgment of the Lord of the Lost?"

He immediately laughed and apologized decisively, "Sorry, that was my mistake."

In the White Bones Canyon, as the black mist dissipated, Byrne and Chris both returned to the canyon.

Chris slowly extended his hand, calmly reminiscing Vanessa's scent, for a long time without speaking a word.

"Zayne might fail!" Byrne suddenly shouted!

They could all clearly feel a strong aura emanating out, even expanding to encompass the entire canyon!

But this was certainly not a good thing, as one of the signs of a Monarch powerful expert was the ability to fully control their own aura, only those in the Metamorphosis Phase tended to lose control frequently!

Byrne pondered for a moment, taking a deep breath.

He glanced over at Chris nearby, wanting to ask his advice on whether he should use up his lifespan to save Zayne.

But the moment he thought to inquire, Byrne had already come up with a definite answer in the depths of his heart.

He walked calmly over to where Zayne, Aldrich, and Marzo were.

Marzo's expression was calm; she had long grown accustomed to the life and death of the short-lifespan species, and even after years of association, she didn't have much of a liking for Zayne, so she was not overly worried about him.

Aldrich looked somewhat regretful, but he did not show much emotional fluctuation; rather, his constant calm was somewhat frightening.

"What did you go and do?" Marzo asked Byrne, her voice as calm as ever.

Byrne replied irritably, "It's a secret. If it weren't a secret, I wouldn't have gone so far away."

Over the years, he had become quite familiar with Marzo.

Byrne took a deep breath and gazed intently at "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich, saying very seriously,

"Mr. Aldrich, I would like to make a deal with you."

Aldrich nodded lightly, his voice steady as he said, "Speak."

Byrne's eyes were filled with determination as he very seriously and solemnly stated the trade he wanted to make,

"I have a way to help Zayne Frosac achieve Monarch! However, that method will consume a great deal of my own lifespan, and I want you to keep this method a secret!"

"I promise that when the time comes, I can help Amos Romann from the Romann family, the 'Blazing Fire,' ascend to Monarch!"

When Chris heard that Byrne was also intent on helping "Blazing Fire" Amos Romann ascend to Monarch, his eyes widened slightly.

He thought of his sister.

Aldrich gazed at Byrne, quickly digesting that startling information.

"A method of ascending to Monarch by consuming lifespan, indeed very covetable. So, with such a huge price, what do you want in return?"

Byrne answered immediately, without a moment's hesitation.

"Please establish 'The Oath' with me. I want you, 'Dragon Taming Lord' Aldrich Romann, to assure that the Romann family will help the Fischer family unify the East Coast!"

Aldrich frowned slightly, then said calmly, "You haven't forgotten about the Lion clan's existence, have you?"

Byrne's stance was determined as he continued, "Now that Viscount Bast and Renzo are dead, the Lion clan will have no rising trends for at least several decades. Let me be frank—if Chris and I can get out of here, the remaining members of the Lion clan can only become vassals of the Fischer family!"

"Of course, if we fail to get out, everything naturally becomes void."

Aldrich examined Byrne for a long time, his gaze appraising. Over the years, he had come to recognize the potential and abilities of Byrne and Chris.

Finally, the graceful man nodded slowly.

"Byrne Fischer, your points are valid, and indeed, it would be a good choice for the Romann family to hand over the East Coast to Fischer," he said with a serious yet contemplative tone.

"In the shortest ten years, at most twenty to thirty years, Cyart will eventually fall into chaos, so the Romann family must recruit all that can be used, and potential talents are the most important resource."

He slowly extended his hand, and Byrne reached out as well, their words murmuring.

In midair, two invisible sparks emerged and collided with each other, vanishing without a trace.

The Oath was established.

Aldrich extended his hand towards the collapsing Zayne, saying, "Very well, Your Excellency Byrne, please demonstrate for me."

"Hmm."

Byrne slowly sat down beside Zayne Frosac, placed his hand on his shoulder, and closed his eyes.

The next moment, he imagined the presence of a palace, recalling through "Profound Memory" the feeling he had in the Spirit Realm, thinking of helping Zayne push open the gateway.

Before he knew it, Byrne found himself in another world.

It was a fantasy world contained within Zayne's bloodline, where everything around was clear azure blue, the sky was light blue without sun, moon, or constellations, and the water that washed above his shoes was cool to the touch.

In front of him stood tall blue doors that echoed with the sound of waves. Zayne's face, veins bulging, trembled as he tried to push them open time and again, but to no avail.

His strength was diminishing.

"Zayne!"

Byrne stepped forward resolutely, reaching out to help Zayne push the tightly closed doors.

"Creak..."

The doors budged.

Zayne looked in utter astonishment at Byrne, whose hair was gradually whitening, moved beyond belief, and after a long time, his lips trembled as he said,

"Thank you!"

Byrne was very weak, nodding lightly, without saying a word.

Zayne then turned his gaze to the inside of the door, where there lay a palace constructed entirely of transparent seawater, with many fish swimming about, and the transparent water slowly rising at the center.

He stepped forward, standing on the ascending waters.

That was his palace's throne!

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

Chapter 262: Chapter 252 Alliance and "Scholar

Drops of seawater emerged and surged from the surroundings, hanging scattered in midair, occasionally sending out vibrations from the center with Zayne as the focal point.

"Is he going to succeed?" Marzo looked surprised.

At this moment, Chris, Aldrich, and Marzo all gazed at the miraculous scene before them, deep down knowing that indeed there had been a turning point.

"It seems he is going to succeed."

Aldrich suddenly noticed that Zayne's flesh and blood gradually liquefied, turning into transparent seawater as the man slowly transformed into a new Monarch powerful expert.

"So that's how it is."

He saw Byrne Fischer's hair gradually turn white and his expression grow solemn.

"This is his method; indeed, it's a tremendous consumption, aging decades in just a blink of an eye,"

The next moment, an immensely powerful force and aura burst from Zayne's body instantly, like a mountain roar or tsunami, making Marzo and Chris take serious notice.

However, the terrible aura and power quickly retracted, and the numerous droplets of water suspended in the surrounding air vanished without a trace.

Everything seemed to revert back to the beginning.

Aldrich smiled, very clear about what had happened, signifying that Zayne had completely taken control of his power, officially taking his place on the throne in his own palace.

Becoming the king of the power of Bloodline inherent in him!

He nodded and said, "Well done, Zayne Frosac, congratulations on stepping into a new world."

Phew...

Zayne slowly opened his eyes, his appearance fully restored to his youth as if he were still a man of about twenty years old.

He gently extended his hand, and a vast amount of seawater suddenly followed his intent, instantly surrounding thousands of meters, except for Byrne and the others who remained in the air, not swallowed by the seawater.

Zayne controlled every drop of water with ease.

The seawater even contained marine life such as fish, and Byrne also opened his eyes to a scene like being in the calm sea, knowing all this matched the "palace" within Zayne's bloodline!

The Monarch's domain!

"So that's it, I understand it all, this is the power within my bloodline...."

A smile appeared on Zayne's face as he closed his eyes again, clearly perceiving everything within the seascape domain.

He could draw the life force and spiritual power from all living beings within all the seawater in the domain and also provide life force and spiritual power in reverse, to those myriad creatures immersed in the water.

In addition, for defense, Zayne's body could instantaneously liquefy and merge into the entire body of water, immune to most conventional forms of attack.

Meanwhile, his bloodline awakening of "Deep Sea Whale Shark" also came with three water attribute spells; even without opening the domain, he could cast them.

They were the long-range attack "Water Droplets," the mid-range "Waterfall Assault," and finally "Ice Seal," used to control targets at close range.

Furthermore, the power of Bloodline increased Zayne's bodily capabilities and spiritual power by several folds.

Now, his strength, resistance to blows, and speed were all completely enhanced.

Zayne suddenly exhaled, his face shining with irrepressible joy!

Then, unable to restrain his true feelings, he excitedly embraced the exceedingly weak Byrne beside him.

"Byrne Fischer, thank you for saving me! And you also helped me open the door, reaching this palace; I swear by the Tempest Overlord, Zayne Frosac will surely repay you!"

Byrne inhaled deeply, feeling his hair had turned white, realizing that every use of the "key" ability probably consumed a decade of life.

Could he use it once more, or twice?

Definitely no more than that.

With a feeble smile, he said weakly,

"I won't say too many insincere formalities. I hope that the Fischer family can unite the East Coast within ten years. Lord Zayne, please help me."

Zayne nodded without hesitation; he was already over forty and naturally understood that Byrne's sacrifice was impossible without any demands.

If Byrne had made no requests, Zayne would have been the one to feel scared.

"I understand your thoughts; rest assured, Byrne, not just as an individual, but the entire Frosac family owes a great debt to the Fischer family."

Byrne nodded lightly, closed his eyes, and silently rested, feeling completely exhausted and unwilling to move a muscle.

"Don't just sleep like this."

At that moment, the expressionless Marzo slowly crouched down, took his hand, and conveyed the power of Nature to heal him. Byrne's physical condition immediately improved a lot.

"I have a very important question."

Aldrich suddenly spoke up, calmly asking, "Byrne, using this special ability, you roughly consumed a decade of life, right?"

"Hmm."

Byrne nodded gently, not denying it.

Aldrich pondered for a moment and continued, "If you could become a Monarch, significantly increasing your lifespan, you could then use that ability more often, am I right?"

As expected, he noticed this point; Byrne nodded gently again and then said, "That's correct, Lord Aldrich."

"However, with my condition, becoming a Monarch is difficult. Maybe after helping 'Blazing Fire,' I will have died, given my lifespan is not much."

"You are very smart, Byrne."

Lord Aldrich revealed a smile and continued:

"Then how about this? Our Romann and Frosac families, along with the 'Furious Angel' Jones family, the three great families, should first find a way to muster all our strength to make you achieve Monarch."

"How about that?"

Zayne also quickly calmed down, realizing the importance of Byrne's power, pondered for a moment, and then nodded and said:

"Indeed, Byrne, your power is extremely important to every great family and should be utilized to the greatest extent."

"No wonder, I finally understand..."

His eyes suddenly lit up, and then he muttered to himself: "No wonder Bast started to treat you well without any reason, offering help to the Fischer family, heh."

The power of Nature restored Byrne, and deep in his heart, he, of course, knew the massive temptation his power represented.

"Lord Aldrich, Lord Zayne, I hope we can establish a new Oath."

He looked at the two Monarch powerful experts earnestly and said very seriously:

"My special power will be primarily available to the Romann and Frosac families to help the Extraordinary Exponents of your families who are in their Metamorphosis Phase ascend to Monarch."

"At the same time, you must also guarantee to keep my secret, aid the Fischer family as much as possible, and help me personally reach higher ranks."

"The East Coast Province will completely belong to the Fischer family in the future; once our family faces a significant mortal threat, both the Romann and Frosac families must act together to protect us!"

An Oath must have equivalent conditions to be established, meaning that the two families would also have to give up a lot of things.

Byrne couldn't help but contemplate whether if Bast were willing to establish an Oath of equivalence with him, many things might change.

Zayne nodded without hesitation, and after some thought, Aldrich nodded gently, the look in his eyes towards Byrne filled with more appreciation.

"Hmm, I think your terms are acceptable."

Chris watched Byrne in silence, the alliance was actually a win-win situation for the families involved, and the only one making a sacrifice was Byrne himself.

The original Byrne wasn't without a chance to normally enter the 5th Rank, or even reach higher rankings with a possible extension of his lifespan.

But under the current circumstances, even if Byrne truly attained the next rank, he probably wouldn't have much time left to proceed further.

The only one to sacrifice was merely Byrne himself.

Perhaps for him, it was an excessively beneficial deal.

The Oath was re-established once again.

Byrne took a deep breath, revealing a genuine smile, and then said:

"Speaking of which, Lord Aldrich, there is something I have always wanted to ask you about."

His tone gradually became serious and earnest.

"There is a black dragon within Cyart's territory that can transform into a human; it plays 'games' with certain people, providing unforgettable punishments to those who lose in the games... Do you know of this black dragon's existence?"

"Hmm, I have indeed heard Black Shadow mention it," Aldrich pondered for a moment and nodded slightly.

The "Dragon Taming Lord" had tamed two powerful giant dragons, one called Red Flames and the black dragon named Black Shadow.

"Really?"

Byrne's eyes instantly lit up with excitement and without hesitation, he struggled to rise and continued to ask:

"Lord Aldrich, please tell me! Where exactly is that black dragon?"

Lord Aldrich was silent for a while, not directly addressing the black dragon's matters, but instead, he stared into Byrne's eyes and asked solemnly, "Actually, I would very much like to know why you are looking for it?"

Byrne no longer hesitated and answered truthfully:

"That black dragon killed many people whom my father held in high regard. Seeking revenge against it was Lucius Fischer's lifelong wish, but it is a pity that my father never had the chance to accomplish it!"

"So, as my father's son and a member of the Fischer family, it is my duty to continue seeking revenge!"

"Revenge?"

Lord Aldrich sighed, his expression slightly saddened, and said calmly:

"Byrne, I personally do not approve of revenge, but I understand that perhaps this matter has already become one of your life's motivations, and it would be futile for me to try to stop you."

Byrne was taken aback; it was rare to hear a noble speak of "not approving of revenge."

Because bloodline vengeance is a necessary rule to uphold the family, and for Aldrich himself, a member of a great family to not approve of it, it was utterly inconceivable.

Lord Aldrich slowly extended his hand, and the silver ring brightened up as he continued:

"Since we are now deeply bound allies moving forward together, I will tell you everything about that black dragon."

"Then, follow me."

The next moment, Byrne felt as if everything around him was shattering and reassembling. Suddenly, he and Aldrich found themselves alone in a strange place, a vast space filled with ancient charm, towering bookshelves over a dozen meters high crammed with various types of books everywhere.

"Is this a library?"

Byrne was utterly astonished. Aldrich nodded slightly, smiling and saying, "Yes, this is my private library, accessible only to a very few privileged individuals."

He paused, then explained:

"I remember your nickname is 'The Raven,' Byrne. Actually, I completely dislike the 'Dragon Taming Lord' title that entirely covers my personal preferences. I prefer the former nickname of 'Ring Scholar.'"

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

Chapter 263: Chapter 253 Aldrich's Ideal

Byrne looked up at the imposing bookshelves and myriad of books, feeling a surge of excitement deep within.

For a moment, he transformed into a true scholar, unable to resist making an inquiry.

"Is this all knowledge?"

However, against Byrne's expectations, Aldrich shook his head. Then the middle-aged man calmly extended his hand, and the books left their shelves in droves, swirling around the two men.

He watched the books circling in the air around him and spoke slowly with indifference:

"The tomes stored on those bookshelves, most of them are not the knowledge you imagine. They are primarily my various research works, as well as a lot of intelligence, rumors, and information."

Aldrich paused, then continued:

"I am indeed a scholar, but my most important observation is on people and nations, and I have little interest in knowledge that has no practical use. You might say that I'm a pragmatist."

"That intelligence and information are all things useful to the family and to me personally."

Byrne quickly grasped the other's meaning. So that was it—the "Dragon Taming Lord," the "Ring Scholar" Aldrich Romann, was in fact the intelligence chief of the "Dark Night" Romann family.

Then it struck him, no wonder Aldrich had the reputation of "never losing a duel," since achieving this required mastering two fundamental things.

One was not to provoke those who you could never beat, to prevent all your flashy preparations from ending in an instant defeat.

The other foundation was to always be prepared, to grasp all the enemy's intelligence in advance, only then could one truly be without fault in battle, winning with the weaker against the stronger.

"It seems you've understood."

The middle-aged man, who had always been composed and proper over the years, nodded gently, his hand now holding a wine glass that had been nearby, filled with fragrant red wine.

He looked at Byrne, his gaze pondering something.

Byrne immediately asked:

"So, Lord Aldrich, you have intelligence on that black dragon, right?"

"Did you kill Bast Leone?"

Aldrich suddenly asked a fatal question without any warning.

Mr. Byrne froze for a moment, then knitted his brows, shaking his head with a serious tone, "What are you talking about? I can't understand. Lord Aldrich, you very well know that Viscount Bast was killed by someone from the Stars Embrace Order."

"Lord Aldrich, we have been in close association for several years; why would you suddenly ask such a thing? Could it be that you do not trust me?"

"Please don't be upset, my apologies, His Excellency Byrne."

Aldrich immediately apologized with a gentle tone and continued with a smile.

"I just felt you had the motive and the opportunity, but regardless of the truth, I have no evidence, and our two families need to work together for many more years, so the truth doesn't matter anymore."

"It seems you still suspect me, Lord Aldrich. When you mention motive, are you referring to that special ability of mine?"

Byrne gave a wry smile, shaking his head and speaking solemnly, "I don't think I have any such motive. If I was willing to sacrifice my own lifespan to save Zayne, would I kill Viscount Bast just because I don't want to give up my lifespan?"

"Lord Aldrich, I have great respect for you, and I hope that you can respect me as well!"

Aldrich remained silent for a while, then nodded very solemnly.

"I understand. No matter what, I will not bring up this issue again."

Byrne nodded slightly, indicating he would no longer be angered by the matter.

His innermost feelings were in turmoil! Years had passed, and it was unexpected that Aldrich was still pondering the cause of Bast's death in secret!

Just now, he had thrown a question like a bombshell. If Byrne had shown any unnatural expression or reaction, it might have led to unfortunate consequences.

Nevertheless, the meaning revealed in Aldrich's words was also worth pondering.

Regardless of the truth, it seemed that he had already promised not to pursue the matter further, because Byrne's unique ability was extremely precious, and the alliance between the families was the most important issue at present.

"This is it."

Suddenly, Aldrich reached out and pulled two clean, smooth sheets of paper from a book floating nearby.

"All the intelligence you need about that black dragon is right here on these two sheets of paper. Byrne Fischer, the decision to seek revenge is yours to make."

Byrne was silent for a moment, but he couldn't help voicing his doubts.

"Actually, I'm quite curious, Lord Aldrich, why don't you agree with revenge?"

Aldrich looked at him again, seriously explaining his own philosophy.

"Well, to put it simply, I prefer to establish a kingdom with more order and law, whereas private vengeance is a representation of chaos, and chaos is the source of all disasters and destruction."

Byrne was slightly startled, then immediately asked, "A nation of order and law, are you a follower of the World Order Church?"

However, Aldrich immediately denied this, calmly stating his viewpoint.

"No, I am not a disciple of the World Order Emperor. I just share some similar ideals with them. In fact, the orderly state I want to build is very different from the type that the World Order Church wishes for, which completely serves the Extraordinary people."

The more Byrne listened, the more intrigued he became, and then he further inquired, "I am quite curious, what exactly are the differences between your envisioned orderly state and that kind of order?"

Aldrich pondered for a moment, then provided an explanation:

"I want to establish a dual-order state where Extraordinary people and commoners can coexist. Because of their power advantage, Extraordinary people will inevitably be the superiors, a fact no one can change. Yet, even commoners who hold no power should retain a certain dignity."

"Currently, the laws and order of Cyart are often only nominal. Byrne, let me ask you, if a member of a noble family wanders in the slums of a city and takes a fancy to an underage girl, then publicly takes her away and forceful rapes her—"

He paused for a moment, then continued:

"What punishment would he face?"

Byrne didn't even have to think, he answered very honestly, "If it doesn't cause too much of a stir and the matter isn't blown up, it's very possible he would face no punishment at all."

Commoners live like weeds, while nobles possess immensely great power, also controlling the military, legal, administrative and other powers of a region, and even the Church tacitly acknowledges the Extraordinary people's superior status.

Hence, when the Extraordinary nobility commits any wrongdoing against commoners, as long as it is not too excessive, then there is no chance of them being brought to trial.

The status of the extraordinaries is exceedingly transcendent, with no restraint or oversight.

As long as it is well concealed, not to mention raping an ordinary common girl, even human trafficking and massacring villages in private, are actually things that have been done by Extraordinary nobility.

Especially during war times, such atrocious deeds are even more frequent, Byrne has seen far too much already.

Aldrich nodded his head, saying:

"Yes, such vile acts are actually happening every day on the Ouden Continent, you and I are very clear about that. But what's more obvious to all of us is that even if we feel uncomfortable with evil deeds, if we wanted to intervene, we couldn't manage it fully, right?"

Yes, everything he said was correct, Byrne was silent for a long time, then inquired:

"Lord Aldrich, there is still something I don't understand, why do you care so much about the lives of commoners?"

"Good question, but it's also a question that doesn't need an answer. Why can't I care about them?"

Aldrich revealed a smile and drained the red wine from his goblet.

"As a Cyart person, I wish that all my fellow Cyart people can live a bit better, isn't that very normal?"

Byrne took a deep breath and continued:

"But as you've also said, even if we want to take care of it, we absolutely cannot manage it all; it's difficult even to discover crimes, let alone the subsequent trials."

"Hmm, that's why the country of Cyart needs reform."

Aldrich's words made Byrne contemplate internally, whether the Romann family remains loyal to the Royal Family.

"Moreover, I have always been searching for a ritual spell or similar power that can strictly monitor criminal behavior in various cities and villages, it's just that so far, I have found none."

Byrne listened quietly, his thoughts inevitably drifting to Bast's ambitions and ideals, thus he maintained a reserved attitude towards Aldrich's statements.

He felt one should not listen to what a person says, but rather watch what they do, only then can one see with clarity and understanding.

Of course, although that's what he thought deep down, on the surface Byrne still nodded and smiled, saying:

"I see, Lord Aldrich is a respectable idealist, truly wanting to change Cyart. I admire your thoughts from the bottom of my heart."

Then, he turned to look at the two pages that contained information about that black dragon, but after only a brief glance, he nodded and set them down.

"I've already memorized it, thank you."

The black dragon's name was "Black Ash," and it was a Monarch Level powerhouse...

Byrne took a deep breath; the most important thing now was to see which book Christine had found.

Did it contain any record of a way for them to leave this place?

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

Chapter 264: Chapter 254 Tranquility Songster, Lord of White Bones

At the final moment before they returned, Christine gave them a book at the last minute, which bore the title "Tranquility, White Bone, Path of the Dead" on its cover.

Author, Anonymous.

Unable to explain its specific origin, Byrne and Chris could only study this book privately, which was filled with occult studies, in another part of the canyon.

"You haven't read it?"

Chris looked at Byrne with a bit of surprise, an uncommon expression for him.

He knew how much Byrne loved to read, and Byrne should have read most of the books in the several libraries of the Fischer family.

And if he had read them, Byrne should have been able to remember them.

"Indeed, I have not."

Byrne slowly shook his head and said, "Just as you said, I have read most, if not all, of the books in the Fischer family's collection, so the answer is simple. This 'Tranquility, White Bone, Path of the Dead' must have entered the Fischer family in recent years."

"During the time we were trapped in the canyon."

He began to flip through the pages of the mysterious book in his hand, gradually furrowing his brows.

According to the contents of "Tranquility, White Bone, Path of the Dead," in the infinite multiverse, there were a total of twenty-four great otherworldly gods.

They possessed a terrible force unparalleled by other deities, capable of easily making heaven and earth repeat and worlds succumb!

The author of this book was a follower of one of these otherworldly gods.

The name of that otherworldly god was...

"Tranquility Songst..."

Just as Byrne was about to utter that name, the temperature around them suddenly dropped, as if everything had become very quiet, and all sounds had abruptly disappeared.

Chris's expression also became extremely grave; he did not dare to make frivolous movements, as if he might die at any moment.

What happened?

He inhaled sharply, not daring to continue speaking.

What's going on?

Byrne slowly shook his head at Chris, and just as he was about to speak, he suddenly noticed that the terrifying atmosphere around them was gradually subsiding.

They finally exhaled in relief.

After pondering for a moment, Byrne muttered to himself,

"It seems that His complete name also contains a very strong mysterious power. We must not speak it aloud. Let's substitute it with 'Songster' for now."

He continued reading on, as the contents of the book were crucial for determining whether they could leave this place.

The Tranquility Songster was one of the twenty-four great otherworldly gods.

He was also an otherworldly god.

The time He represented was two o'clock in the early morning every day.

Furthermore, the Tranquility Songster represented death and stillness, being the absolute master of the world of the dead. In the deepest part of all living hearts, He was imagined as an elegant gentleman wearing a white bone mask.

It was said that whenever the Tranquility Songster descended into the world, the entire country would fall into a dead silence, everything would come to a halt, and people's souls would sink into the world of the dead.

The followers of the Tranquility Songster had one thing in common: they refused to speak unless necessary, and in their lives, they tried as much as possible not to make even the slightest sound.

Therefore, a person who talks incessantly and likes noise could never be a faithful follower of His.

The Tranquility Songster they worshiped possessed extremely powerful strength.

It was a force unimaginable to the living.

The Songstress' ballad was silent and still, and when He truly began to sing, the entire world would completely die in utter silence.

"Otherworldly god..."

Byrne and Chris exchanged glances; they both had a concept of the otherworldly gods.

Those beings called "otherworldly gods" were all extremely mysterious and possessed terrifying powers, and their followers were often mad, fearsome, and bizarre, filling people with dread.

The Stars Embrace Order's worshiped "Chaos Constellation" was undoubtedly also a fearsome otherworldly god.

If the contents of those books were real, they all had the power to destroy heavens and obliterate the earth.

However, most of the books exaggerated the descriptions of the deities.

Byrne and his companions were completely unable to discern whether these otherworldly gods were different from powerful mystical entities like the Sea God, which could also be called gods.

Was it that they were more powerful than the Lord of Salvation, the Tempest Overlord, and other deities, or were they weaker?

The one thing the Fischer family could confirm was that the great Lord of the Lost was the most powerful deity, and all other gods besides Him were nothing but false gods!

Byrne muttered to himself:

"The Words of Tranquility Order is a congregation that venerates songsters and spans various worlds. They worship death and silence, seeking 'peace of mind' as their ultimate pursuit."

"Peace of mind..."

He paused, feeling very strange, and continued disjointedly:

"They desire a peaceful death, which is odd, isn't it? It's strange that there are people who consider 'death' the ultimate goal in life."

After a long contemplation, Chris calmly said, "It's not necessarily that strange."

Byrne was taken aback, perhaps only someone like Chris could understand. Chapter Discover:

After all, he was one who walked the Path of Tranquility.

Byrne flipped through the book in his hands, continuing:

"This page records something about bones. Around three thousand years ago on the Ouden Continent, a Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert known as the 'Lord of White Bones' was the founder of the Words of Tranquility Order in this Claud World."

"He would turn the bones of friends and foes alike into objects as exquisite as white jade, imbued with strange magic power."

"It is said that since the foundation of the Words of Tranquility, the Lord of White Bones never uttered a single word."

"He wielded terrifying power, once attempted to Summon the Songster through a sacrifice, completely destroying an entire kingdom, murdering millions. In the end, he died at the hands of the former Lord of Salvation, failing to complete the final ritual."

"..."

Byrne continued to sift through the records about the Lord of White Bones, hoping to find something related to White Bones Canyon, but he found no relevant clues.

Eventually, he found a few sentences that might be useful, concerning something called the 'Path of the Dead'.

This was a special trial conceived by the Lord of White Bones, and only those who had undergone this trial were eligible to become Priests of Words of Tranquility.

However, because the mortality rate of this trial was too high, after a thousand years, the 'Path of the Dead' was ultimately abandoned by successive Words of Tranquility.

Byrne pondered for a while, a hint of excitement in his analysis: "This valley we are in might just be a so-called trial ground!"

"We just haven't really started the trial, so we keep circling here with no way out."

"If we can initiate the trial, complete it, we will have a chance to leave this valley!"

Then came the problem.

Byrne was eager to know how to truly initiate the 'Path of the Dead' trial of the Words of Tranquility, but this book just happened to not contain a complete record of that part, only a few disconnected strange terms.

"Tranquility," "white bones," "fog," "walls."

Damn it!

Why wasn't the most critical content recorded in full?

He took a deep breath, starting to contemplate how to truly initiate the trial.

As Byrne thought, he also wondered how he could communicate the matter to Aldrich and the others. How exactly could he explain so that those people wouldn't suspect that he and Chris had just left the valley.

Chris, with folded arms, thought for a moment, then nodded lightly.

Byrne froze, seeing the confidence in Chris's eyes as if he already knew how to formally start the trial.

"What should we do?"

Chris extended a finger and made a "shush" gesture.

Byrne immediately fell silent, realizing that the first step to starting the trial was to remain quiet.

That would be 'Tranquility,' of course.

Chris nodded gently, then bit his finger and wrote a sentence on his pale palm.

"Wait, let them join us in waiting for the fog to appear next time."

Wait?

Byrne sighed; although he disliked waiting, they had been trapped for years, so waiting some more hardly mattered.

So they found Zayne and Marzo, and Chris made the silence gesture again, then showed them the sentence he had just written.

"Chris, what do you mean by this?"

Zayne was stunned for a while, then Aldrich also made a silencing gesture, signaling not to talk anymore.

So he nodded lightly, holding his peace.

Marzo and Aldrich also kept silent. They remained quiet for many hours, almost half a day, and then it became difficult to keep up. Everyone looked towards Chris, who reiterated the sentence, asking them to wait until the fog appeared.

Everyone's expressions changed; that might mean waiting for months!

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

Chapter 265: Chapter 255 Path of the Dead

Everyone ultimately decided that they couldn't just keep their mouths shut forever.

Because that really wasn't something a normal person could endure.

However, Chris could.

The others decided to wait for the fog to appear before they would start to keep silent, and Aldrich and the rest couldn't help but take the opportunity to ask Byrne and his companion why they would do this.

"Because this is the way to break the curse of the canyon, we might be able to leave this place by doing this."

After Byrne finished speaking, he fell into thought and then looked at Chris and immediately said, "This method was Chris's idea. He has basically figured everything out, it's just that he doesn't like to talk, so he won't explain to us exactly how he came to that conclusion."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "This valley and Chris's disposition are very well matched, perhaps we can trust him."

Aldrich and the others turned their gaze to Chris, who had no intention of speaking or explaining.

Yes, they all understood this man's character.

He really was a person too lazy to talk and explain, there was no need to force this stubborn guy.

Regarding the book, Byrne didn't mention a single thing.

Since he couldn't explain its origin, it was better not to let it take root in their hearts, just push everything off onto Chris.

If a reason couldn't be fully explained, one would just say "Chris is too lazy to explain." This excuse might not work for others, but it was completely sufficient for Chris.

After all, he was just that kind of odd person.

Aldrich murmured to himself:

"I see, remaining silent in the fog, and then, what else do we need?"

Byrne looked at Chris.

Then, Chris demonstrated exactly what needed to be done next.

He picked up a piece of white jade stone from the ground, then walked to the wall they had admired before, always holding the stone and pointed at the wall that seemed to be special.

"Hmm..."

Aldrich fell into thought, his brows knitted tightly, still somewhat puzzled, while Marzo and Zayne also couldn't make sense of it.

But Byrne, having read the book, suddenly had an epiphany.

It dawned on him!

Could it be that Chris meant they should maintain a tranquil silence, holding the white bone turned to stone, and when the fog arrived, finally enter the wall!

Although still not very clear or certain, he felt it was highly likely this was it.

Another month passed, and at last, everyone waited as the canyon was once again enveloped in dense white fog!

All fell silent immediately, picking up a piece of white jade stone transformed from a white bone off the ground, and then to avoid being transported away, they all joined hands in front of the wall.

They waited solemnly.

After a long wait,

in the fog, the light once again became hazy and soft, the clarity of their vision kept decreasing, and white enveloped everything around them in a dreamlike atmosphere.

The nearby wall was becoming blurrier by the moment, only the silhouettes of people faintly visible in the mist, while the various "white jade" was shrouded in fog, losing its edges and details gradually.

The world became mysterious and quiet once more, beautiful yet eerily strange.

Chris, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly lifted his head, carrying the piece of white jade stone, and walked toward the wall.

The next moment, he disappeared.

The rest of the group looked at each other, without hesitation, immediately followed, and one by one, they too disappeared in front of the wall.

Before completely entering the wall, Byrne thought for a moment, then left a bit of his clothing in the canyon.

In their field of vision, everything seemed to transform in an instant, and all that just happened felt like an illusory bubble.

Byrne even felt a dizziness like he wanted to vomit.

They had all arrived at...

Another world.

This was a world of white, where people seemed to be in an endless, pure canvas.

The white sky was incredibly pure, as if a snow-like sea of white flowers covered the earth. Distant trees, houses, and mountains were all adorned with clusters of white flowers, turning into a pristine whiteness.

There was apparently no sun in the sky, yet sunlight streamed down directly, and the white petals glistened with dazzling light, like countless diamonds scattered in every corner of the world.

In the silent environment, they felt the air was fresh and cold, as if they could find tranquility in their hearts amidst the boundless white.

Byrne's emotions stirred, for everything he was seeing was familiar to his mind; it was possible that where they stood was the legendary world of the dead!

In any era, people naturally had a strong curiosity about the world after death, the destination of the soul, always exploring, wanting to understand all the relevant information.

Therefore, many mystical books mention the world of the dead, with different descriptions, but indeed, many mainstream opinions suggest that the world of the dead is an extremely quiet and peculiar place, where almost everything is white.

Byrne couldn't help but look at the people around him and noticed that Chris and Aldrich were constantly gesturing for silence, warning those nearby.

It was clear that in this world, one absolutely must not speak; one had to maintain a state of tranquility.

They had stepped onto the Path of the Dead!

The group kept moving forward on the white Path of the Dead, trying to find the exit from this realm of the dead to reality. However, it seemed that their surroundings never changed; everything remained so peaceful and tranquil.

Suddenly, Byrne had a feeling. Since the Path of the Dead was the place for the trials of the Words of Tranquility Order, then there must be obstacles and dangers!

They might encounter some horrific monsters!

And in this silent place, creatures adept at stealth attacks were the most troublesome!

"Ah!"

Just at that moment, Zayne let out a startled cry!

He had been attacked by some invisible creature!

And after Zayne made a sound, his slim body vanished from sight, as if erased from this world! Chapter Your:

As expected, in the silent world of the dead, one must not make any sound at all!

The rest of the group immediately spread out, remaining fully vigilant in the white sea of flowers, for the attacking creature was invisible, which made it difficult to guard against, and one had to stay completely focused.

As for Zayne, surely he wasn't dead, was he?

No one was quite certain, and there was no way to be sure for the moment.

Byrne's brows furrowed tightly. Indeed, just as he had guessed, monsters appeared on the trial of the Path of the Dead.

Hmm, that's right, this is the Path of the Dead.

Perhaps many of the dead were there to hinder their progress?

Marzo's eyebrows furrowed as she suddenly saw many dead creatures emerging from all around, many of which resembled skeletons, pale all over, and they were moving steadily towards them.

She quickly took out her bow but was shocked to find that she couldn't summon the power of Nature at all.

Does this world completely reject the force of life?

Byrne, seeing the dead, knew the situation was becoming increasingly dangerous.

Then he saw something very astonishing—a huge spherical monster suddenly appeared in midair. It was tens of meters tall, completely black, covered with terrifying red skulls and purple tentacles.

Marzo was stunned, trembling all over, her eyes filled with disbelief.

"Why?"

The elf made a sound.

The next moment, she disappeared.

Byrne and the others could feel it—the last-appeared spherical tentacle monster exerted an incredibly frightening pressure, wielding a power they absolutely couldn't contend with!

"Let's leave this place first!"

Byrne took a deep breath.

He had to make a sound, and then he too disappeared.

Aldrich stared at the many monsters, deep in thought.

Hmm.

Why did these creatures suddenly appear?

And, the expression of that emerald elf earlier was somewhat off.

She looked as if she recognized that creature.

Could it be?

Lost in deep contemplation, Aldrich conducted a mental experiment and, the next moment, his theory was confirmed.

"So that's how it is."

After speaking, Aldrich too vanished from sight.

At this moment, only Chris was left here, facing the approaching monsters alone.

After a long silence, he finally spoke, his words even slightly hesitant, for it had been a long while since he last spoke.

"Farewell."

Finally, they all returned to White Bones Canyon, enveloped in the thick white Fog.

Aldrich took a deep breath and, frowning, immediately asked, "Who just now couldn't help but let their mind wander?"

Byrne was taken aback and said, "Ah?"

The next instant, he had an epiphany, finally understanding what the trial of the Path of the Dead was all about.

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

Chapter 266: Chapter 256: Skeleton Dragon, White Jade Blade

All true followers of Tranquility knew that the silencing of words was merely the most superficial matter, and not what they truly sought to pursue.

The Words of Tranquility aimed for deep inner peace.

After returning from the world of the dead, they looked at each other in dismay.

While the progression of events had not been smooth, the situation was still fairly good, at least no one, including Zayne who had been attacked, was injured.

Zayne examined his body and after some thought, he said gravely to the others:

"The situation is not good. An unseen monster appeared suddenly, and even I failed to react in time, despite my greatly enhanced perceptive abilities from before."

Byrne took a deep breath, looking somewhat embarrassed as he said, "Fortunately, you weren't hurt."

However, Zayne shook his head slightly and continued even more seriously:

"My body automatically liquefied the moment it was struck, so there was no harm, but had it been before my ascension to Monarch, perhaps I would have been seriously injured."

So that was it; Zayne was unharmed because of his Extraordinary trait.

Byrne's heart tensed even more, meaning that if someone were to get hurt or die in that white world, they would truly be injured or dead.

He really didn't know, what would happen if one died in the world of the undead?

Byrne wasn't sure, and he didn't even want to know.

Aldrich looked at them and warned gravely, "Absolutely do not let your mind wander. In that place, all kinds of terrible thoughts can become reality, especially anything to do with monsters."

Byrne immediately asked with active curiosity, "What about positive thoughts?"

However, Aldrich shook his head as if he had anticipated Byrne's question, and he also seemed to have figured out who had been recklessly imagining things.

"No, I tried thinking positively, and it just didn't work. I hoped that ten kilograms of Gold or a Forbidden rare artifact would suddenly appear beside me, but nothing happened."

He paused, then continued:

"But then I started imagining ten kilograms of vicious Gold bugs appearing around me, and they promptly did."

Zayne frowned, saying somewhat displeased, "So that place only makes bad things happen, not good things. It's kind of..."

Aldrich nodded again, still speaking calmly, "Yes. Nevertheless, we still have to try this path. We've been trapped in the canyon for so many years and just now, for the first time, there appears to be a chance for change that might let us escape."

"Let's go in one more time before the Fog dissipates."

After reaching this conclusion, everyone nodded seriously.

"Alright."

"That thing just now..." the emerald elf suddenly spoke up.

Byrne was well aware that she was referring to the creature with tentacles and a head; Marzo's reaction was very odd, as if she recognized it.

At this moment, her brows were tightly furrowed, clearly filled with fear, her body trembling slightly.

Byrne noticed this and asked Marzo softly, "Are you alright?"

"It's nothing, really, I was just recalling some matters from centuries ago," she replied.

Marzo shook her head slowly, sinking into deep silence, seemingly unwilling to fully explain the matter.

Seeing this, Aldrich and the others did not press her further.

Byrne continued, "If you don't want to talk about it, Marzo, I won't force you."

"Mhm."

Marzo nodded and looked up into Byrne's eyes for a long while, her beautiful eyes captivating even through the dense Fog.

Byrne felt strangely bemused. What was going on with her now?

She suddenly became sarcastic.

"Byrne, you've aged a lot, short-lifespan species are like that, heh."

Byrne was now grey-haired, his face marked by very evident wrinkles.

He could only respond with a wry smile and a light nod, then continued, "If I can make further progress, I can regain my youth. Don't worry, there's still a chance."

Marzo scoffed and said, "There will never be a chance, just die already!"

Byrne became pensive, sensing something amiss in Marzo's mood. Had it been decades ago, he might have had no clue, but now he was beginning to grasp the hidden meaning behind her words.

He shook his head and said:

"Let's focus on finding a way out first, then think about other things... This time, let's all avoid any wild thoughts, cough cough."

Though he said that, Byrne soon realized that the one with the wildest thoughts was actually himself.

Aldrich nodded, issuing a stern command.

"Alright, silence!"

So, everyone held the white jade stones of silence, maintaining their quiet, and after a while, they once again approached the wall.

Once again, heading to the world of the undead.

Before long, Byrne and the others saw the peaceful white sky again,

And the Tranquil field of white flowers.

You must not think of anything terrible, Byrne admonished himself.

They moved forward once more, preserving the Tranquility within their hearts, refusing to entertain any wild thoughts.

Chris managed this easily, while Aldrich, Byrne, and Marzo also barely managed it, but Zayne's active and complex thoughts couldn't avoid straying.

He furrowed his brow, forcing himself not to think about certain things as much as possible, but the more he forced his mind to be empty, the more he thought of random matters.

[Zayne!]

Suddenly, he heard a sharp scream rise from the depths of his heart, his eyes widening with shock, and he turned around with a drastic change in expression!

Everybody else turned around because of Zayne's reaction.

Except for Marzo, everyone was stunned.

The "Thunderous Monarch" undead stood not far away, his body emanating black thunder, his face like a withered zombie, staring at them with eyes full of terrible resentment and hatred!

He didn't speak a word, but the sound of thunder kept echoing in the depths of Zayne's heart!

[Why?]

[Why do you abandon me and go?]

[I have always been fighting for you all, but what about you? What about you, Zayne? You vowed to avenge me, but you did nothing!]

[It's not like that!]

Zayne couldn't help wanting to yell back, but he refrained from speaking and instead responded in the depths of his heart:

[I couldn't reach the Monarch Level before, and the war with Rhea kept me so busy, I simply had no spare strength for revenge!]

[I will take my revenge! I have already sworn it!]

The lightning around the Thunderous Monarch flashed brightly, but in the tranquil world, it didn't make any real thunder sound, yet the tone in the depths of the heart gradually calmed down.

[I see...]

Just when everyone thought that the powerful undead was about to attack, the Thunderous Monarch kept staring into Zayne's eyes, as if he saw the determination and faith within them.

In the end, the thundering undead nodded slowly, his inner voice filled with encouragement and satisfaction for the next generation.

[Continue on your path.]

The next moment, thunder roared in the tranquil world, and the Thunderous Monarch's figure disappeared from everyone's sight.

Zayne took a deep breath, his eyes moist, and he nodded with utmost solemnity.

I will continue on.

After exchanging glances, they continued on for a long while, and finally, there was a change ahead of them.

An odd door appeared in the distance, constantly changing color between black and white, crazily flickering.

Even though there was no evidence, joy sprouted deep in their hearts.

They felt that it was very likely the door through which they could escape from the world of the undead!

At that moment, countless white flowers scattered before them, flying into the sky, and a white skeletal dragon suddenly burst out from the still sea of flowers!

Its stature was nearly a hundred meters tall, with four forelimbs and three bone wings, and in one snow-white hand bone was a sinisterly designed long jade sword, with a hilt like the end of a shin bone.

The jade blade was tens of meters long, emitting a terrifying presence that was somewhat unbearable for everyone.

Byrne and the others were all stunned.

What was the deal with that sword?

The skeletal dragon wasn't the focus; everyone's attention was on the sword!

A Forbidden rare artifact? Or something else? Why did they feel such terrible, completely aversive aura from that jade sword!

The next moment, the skeletal dragon raised the jade sword high, and an atmosphere of death enveloped the area within a few miles, changing everyone's expressions.

They could feel the power in the sword winds; being hit by it would mean instant death.

Aldrich didn't summon the giant dragon, but used the power of the ring to make himself fly, dodging the enemy's attacks with extreme agility.

Zayne also transformed into liquid to avoid the attack and then released a deluge of seawater, engulfing himself and the skeletal dragon, only to realize that being had no mystical or spiritual power to draw from!

Then, the rest attacked in quick succession, only to realize that, no matter what, they could not kill the skeletal dragon.

No matter how many times its body was attacked, it would burn again and again, completely restoring itself!

"Let's get out of here!" Aldrich suddenly yelled and instantly disappeared.

Seeing this, the others understood that they couldn't stay, and one by one they called out and vanished.

Back in the thick white Fog, they fell silent, pondering over their next move, none speaking for a time.

Byrne thought to himself that the skeletal dragon was probably the last enemy blocking their escape from this place, but it was still unclear why it was an existence that couldn't be killed.

The thick white Fog could probably last a few more days.

All of a sudden, he felt that perhaps they should take the opportunity to return to the Fischer family, combine the strength of more people, and possibly turn the situation around!

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

Chapter 267: Chapter 257 Runes Replacement and Escape!

"Great Lord of the Lost, please allow us to return to the Fischer family, we wish to offer You mysterious rare artifacts!"

Avoiding the likes of Aldrich and others, Byrne knelt on the ground, silently praying.

The two forbidden rare artifacts he had obtained from Bast had never found the opportunity for a sacrifice, but now, because of that black Fog, he finally had the chance to return to his family.

In Byrne's heart, he felt that he at least had to offer the mirror and the giant sword to the Lord of the Lost.

Afterward, he and Chris would also be able to obtain the rune power contained within them.

Having already stepped onto the 4th Rank, Byrne had long been able to obtain a second rune power, only he had never had the chance to do so.

He prayed again, from the depths of his heart.

Great Lord of the Lost!

Please let us return to the Fischer family!

Chris also knelt on the ground, closed his eyes, and silently prayed to the god who sheltered their family.

However, after their prayers, they received no response whatsoever.

"What's going on?"

"It seems the Great Lord of the Lost is not responding to us."

Byrne felt somewhat disappointed, and Chris also shook his head slightly, sighing.

In fact, Karl didn't feel that he needed to respond to every request, at least he felt deep down that he definitely should not let the people of the Fischer family think of him as a mere tool.

In fact, he could clearly feel that although the members of the Fischer family still maintained reverence and worship, the hearts of some Daybreakers had undergone transmutation.

A few Daybreakers were more simply worshiping the power itself, rather than maintaining sufficient awe of him.

These people indeed still had a faint faith, but their light points on the virtual map were dim and lightless, as if they might disappear at any moment.

For example, the merchant Colin who had embarked on the Path of Contract, and Inna from the news agency, both of their faiths had become very faint.

Perhaps one day, the faith of Colin and Inna will completely disappear.

If it really came to that, Karl would refuse to provide them with more power.

Although he had not always cared much about the strength or weakness of faith, providing power to those who had no belief in him at all was unlikely.

Lucius was an exception, after all, at that time, the Fischer family really had no other pillar of support.

However, Karl was also very clear that the white Fog usually came only once every few months; if they didn't resolve the issue this time and let Byrne and others escape their predicament, he would not know when the next opportunity would be.

The next moment, the black Fog appeared once again beside Byrne and Chris.

Only, it wasn't them who were transported away, but the forbidden rare artifacts they were carrying that disappeared; the mirror and the giant sword that Bast had carried were all transported by Karl to Lilian's side.

Byrne and Chris looked at each other and finally breathed a sigh of relief. Although they had not returned to their family, the Great Lord of the Lost had accepted the sacrifice of the forbidden rare artifacts.

"It seems the Great Lord of the Lost has His own plans!" Byrne earnestly said.

On the Fischer family's side.

Lilian, in the cellar, did not call for others, but immediately proceeded with the sacrifice, offering the giant sword and the mirror in entirety to the Great Lord of the Lost.

"Great Lord of the Lost, they must have been offered by my father and Chris, please rescue them from their plight!"

"Could it be that we have not done well enough, so You continue to give them trials and tribulations?"

She bowed her head, sinking into deep thought, appearing more helpless than ever before.

Here it comes!

Then, Karl greedily absorbed the Spiritual Power, fully consuming the Spiritual Power from the mirror and the giant sword, experiencing a thoroughly delightful happiness that reached every part of his soul, yet he did not feel any sign of the 5th Seal loosening.

Clearly, the more advanced the stage, the more Spiritual Power was needed, and he had long since accepted this fact.

Byrne and Chris didn't have to wait for long, the thick white Fog had not yet dissipated.

Finally, Byrne felt a new power emerging, no, not just one, but two!

Green and grey light swirled within his eyes, as he gained new rune powers!

Karl not only transferred the power of the meteorite but also extracted the power of the giant emerald sword and the Hand of Aging, passing the authority to Byrne.

Byrne's ascent on the God Pantheon stairway is the Path of Knowledge, which severely lacks stable offensive power for its Extraordinary Exponents. However, the Sword Qi of the giant sword's emerald wind, with a power close to that of the meteorite and capable of multiple attacks at a faster rate, is much better.

With Byrne's current Spiritual Power, he can unleash twelve strikes of Sword Qi in one battle, each with power equal to half the strength of a meteorite but much faster in speed.

As for the power of the "Hand of Aging," it is incredibly potent, able to strip lifespan with a touch—an extraordinary power no doubt well suited to be combined with "spatial-type" rune power.

As long as Byrne performs instantaneous movement, he can achieve unimaginable feats in combat through the "Hand of Aging" at close range.

Theoretically, even the legendary Duke Black Iron of the Cyart people would not dare to withstand a single strike from Byrne!

Byrne took a deep breath, deeply moved within his heart.

Everything for the Fischer family was bestowed by Him, and the family should return the favor as much as possible.

He looked towards Chris and said, "Speaking of which, do you find it strange that our Lord has not let us return to the Fischer family?"

"I think this may be a trial, a test, He hopes that we rely on our own strength and wisdom to escape this predicament!"

Byrne pondered deeply, when suddenly his eyes lit up.

"In fact, I've realized something. No matter how high the standing of a priest from the Words of Tranquility Order might be, their strength at best would be at the Monarch Level. An extraordinary exponent of that caliber could never defeat the skeletal dragon we just faced."

"Therefore, I think the last challenge of the Path of the Dead is not about strength, but wisdom."

Byrne understood more and more that the first challenge of the Path of the Dead was patience; one aiming to become a priest must be able to wait in the valley for the dense white Fog that comes every few months.

The second challenge was to maintain a tranquil mind, to prevent wandering thoughts on the Path of the Dead.

As for the last challenge, it was... wisdom!

The Path of the Dead, which only bred misfortune due to errant thoughts.

So that's how it is.

He took a deep breath, already confident in the precise answer to pass the trial.

Byrne nodded slowly and said to Chris while looking at him intently, "I've figured it out, let's head to the Path of the Dead quickly. Who knows how much longer this white mist will hold."

When they managed to return after much difficulty, they saw the elegant Aldrich looking at them and saying calmly, "I have found a way to get through the final challenge."

Byrne was slightly startled, then immediately said, "I have thought of it too."

Then the two looked at each other and nodded lightly, both realizing that they were thinking the same thing.

Just then, they suddenly noticed that the thick white Fog around them was beginning to dissipate, so they made their way to the wall without hesitation and in silence.

Finally, they arrived once more at the Path of the Dead.

They traversed the seemingly boundless sea of white flowers once again.

Finally, they saw the pristine skeletal dragon and its mighty white jade sword once more, still emanating a terrifying oppressive force!

Even the power possessed by a Monarch powerful expert seemed insignificant before that blade!

Aldrich and Byrne exchanged looks again, nodding to each other as they conceived their plan in their minds.

After a few breaths, two terrifying beasts suddenly fell from the sky!

One was like a black giant ape, its muscles throbbing like rock, while the other was a serpent monster with seven heads, extremely massive, stretching hundreds of meters from head to tail!

It worked!

In the imaginations of Byrne and Aldrich, these beasts were very hostile to humans, but even more so to dragons and the undead, which is why both creatures attacked the skeletal dragon the moment they appeared!

In the silent world, the three monsters fought frenziedly. The skeletal dragon wielding the greatsword was suppressed, but it could not be killed, as any "injuries" would automatically heal.

They took this opportunity to approach the gateway, and as Chris turned back one last time, he looked calmly at the white jade greatsword in the clutches of the skeletal dragon, deep in thought.

Now was not the time, but one day he would return to take that sword.

They entered the gateway together, leaving the Path of the Dead, the next moment feeling the world spinning, as if everything around them was collapsing and reconstructing.

Byrne felt as if everything in his perception had vanished.

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

Chapter 268: Chapter 258 Mr. Brandy and the "Snacks Merchant

Fein City.

Within the Lion clan's manor.

A few days ago, several members of the Night Watchers came to the manor as guests, claiming to inquire about certain matters in Fein City. Their real purpose was to investigate the specific situation regarding Colonel Abel Leone, but after several days, they returned empty-handed.

The investigating members of the Night Watchers nodded to each other; a deputy captain smiled at the manor's butler and said steadily,

"We truly apologize for the disturbance these past few days. We have learned much about the murder case in Fein City and we appreciate the cooperation of His Excellency Abel. Now we shall take our leave."

The butler immediately nodded and said with a smile, "The Lion clan will cooperate with all of the Church's actions. We have always been loyal and devout believers in the divine."

The Night Watchers left the manor calmly, exchanged glances for a moment, then boarded their carriage. However, they didn't leave immediately; instead, they stopped on another street.

From the manor's study, sounds akin to wailing and roaring could constantly be heard.

"Ah, ah, er, ahhh!"

Colonel Abel Leone's mental state was in very poor condition.

Wearing his pajamas, he smashed his hands against the walls, creating cracks. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was breathing heavily as if in dire need of more air due to the constant tightness in his chest.

He felt as though he was drowning, always on the verge of being "submerged" by an invisible force.

Who will save me?

Colonel Abel finally realized that he no longer had a chance.

Although he had held on for a long time, he still had not been saved.

The Night Watchers who were openly investigating had pretended to leave, but in reality, someone was still closely observing every move Colonel Abel made from the shadows.

The woman hiding in the darkness was the Night Watcher's 3rd Squad Leader, and just like Lewis, she was an Extraordinary Exponent of mid-level Transmutation.

The 3rd Squad Leader was exceptionally skilled at hiding, so confident in her ability that even high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents would fail to detect her – and indeed, they had not.

Concealed within a floor mirror, her form obscured, she steadfastly watched every action of Colonel Abel, not once relenting in her surveillance over the past several days.

In fact, during this time of covert observation, the Night Watcher's 3rd Squad Leader felt increasingly certain there was something wrong with Colonel Abel.

"His condition is certainly problematic, but the specifics are quite strange. We in Fein City might struggle to solve it. It seems we'll need to request a true Monarch powerful expert from another parish..."

Just then, Abel's expression suddenly changed. The man who was on the verge of collapse now wore a smile filled with arrogant composure.

The 3rd Squad Leader froze for a moment, then realized something was terribly wrong!

In the next instant, he bit his finger without care for the pain, letting his bright red blood flow out, before starting to write neatly on his own face!

"Yes."

After writing a single blood-red word, Abel used his blood to write a complete sentence.

"Your thinking is correct. You absolutely need to request a Monarch Level strong expert to be able to fully resolve the issue."

The 3rd Squad Leader paused, her amazement turning to shock as she quickly realized she had been discovered by the hidden mastermind!

Just as she thought of fleeing, she suddenly saw a pale hand reach out as if plucking a fish from water, and incredibly pulled her entire body out from the mirror.

"Who are you!"

The 3rd Squad Leader, filled with terror, tried to struggle but found herself utterly immobilized; the disparity in strength was not even of the same dimension.

Abel continued to write in blood on his sleepwear.

When he realized he was running out of blood, he actually bit off his own index finger, allowing the blood to continue to pour.

"You've spiritualized your body, hiding in the shadows. For a Monarch who can transform life force into spiritual power, such hiding abilities are utterly pointless."

The 3rd Squad Leader's cold sweat flowed freely, her body trembling with fear, and then she saw a man slowly emerge from the shadow of Abel in front of her.

It was a young man wearing a white tailcoat, a top hat, and gold-rimmed glasses, looking like an elegant, young nobleman but exuding an air of terrifying presence.

Who is this man?

The young man looked at Colonel Abel beside him, who continued to write new words in blood.

"You may call me 'Mr. Brandy.'

The 3rd Squad Leader feigned calm as she asked,

"Mr. Brandy... what exactly do you want to do? Who is making you to do this?"

The young man remained silent and let the pale-faced Abel continue to write in blood.

"Nothing much. You don't need to know these matters. In fact, soon enough all of this will be irrelevant to you."

A great fear overwhelmed the 3rd Squad Leader, and the next moment, the young man's hand pressed firmly against her head.

"No!"

Ice-cold silvery liquid rushed into her eyes, nostrils, and ears, and even when she tried desperately to close her mouth, she couldn't stop the invasion!

As the cold liquid penetrated her body, it felt as though countless voices were roaring within the depths of her soul, causing her entire body to involuntarily tremble and shudder. After screaming loudly again and again, her spirit gradually diminished.

She didn't know how much time passed; the voices showed no signs of stopping.

She attempted to escape over and over, yet she could never break free, her entire being in unbearable agony until her soul was completely consumed by the silvery liquid.

When the 3rd Squad Leader reopened her eyes, Abel's finger had already been healed, and Mr. Brandy was standing beside him.

A piece of paper materialized next to him, upon which squirming black letters appeared.

"You've transitioned much easier than Abel in these three days,"

"He's a battle-hardened soldier and much stronger than you, enduring for so long before becoming my puppet..."

"It mainly comes down to power, I suppose. Although it's only a difference of one level, the resistance to my abilities is significantly greater. It seems like controlling this number and level of Extraordinary Exponents is the limit for me."

The 3rd Squad Leader stood in place, her eyes bloodshot, seemingly void of thought, just like Abel Leone who stood nearby.

After a while, several members of the Words of Tranquility emerged from Abel Leone's shadow.

They had long been aware of the Night Watcher's investigations but had not taken any action on their own due to the uncertainty of resolving it, instead waiting for Mr. Brandy's return.

Their paper pieces flew out too, communicating through text without making a sound.

The man leading them, with long white hair and a black eye patch, bowed deeply.

"The Tempest Church and Salvation Church do indeed pose a troublesome presence here, and the Fischer family is a minor hindrance. However, our target has changed; we no longer need to control the East Coast Province."

"We just need to wait for the completion of that ritual, and then everything will end, and everyone will find ultimate peace."

The Words of Tranquility have high standards for their Priests; one must be at the Monarch Level to serve.

"Mr. Brandy" is one of the Priests of Tranquility, and the important Forbidden rare artifact he possesses is still in the hands of a few ordinary members.

With that object in hand, Mr. Brandy could have a good chance of victory even against opponents who are also of the Monarch Level.

However, using a Forbidden rare artifact with a three-digit number comes with a huge price.

The last crawling text on their papers was identical.

"Praise the Songster."

"Praise the Songster."

At the Fischer family, Lilian held an unassuming box and said calmly,

"Colin, as usual, this money is to be given to the Lions, so make a trip to the Lion clan soon."

Even now, because there hasn't been an outright "falling out," the Fischer family still pays a large portion of its profits to the Leone family annually.

Those profits have always been more than what the Fischer family retains for itself.

So, when she heard that Viscount Bast had been killed by his father, Lilian felt a touch of excitement deep within.

Because she knew all too well that the powerful Lion unquestionably was a massive stumbling block to the continued development of the Fischer family.

"Hmm, I understand," Colin nodded slowly.

Lilian fell silent for a moment, then suddenly said,

"Speaking of which, Colonel Abel's mental state has been deteriorating over the years. I don't know what exactly is happening, but he certainly has a bone to pick with us."

Lilian paused briefly and continued, "Colin, at least for the current stage, we can't have any conflict with the Lion clan, do you understand?"

Colin was slightly stunned; the Great Priest's phrase "the current stage" was quite profound.

While the future remained unclear, he was very aware of one thing: the current Fischer family couldn't afford to offend the Lions.

"I understand,"

He nodded lightly, signaling that he would definitely complete the order.

In fact, just the previous night, Colin had successfully ascended to the 3rd Rank of the Path of Contract, known as "Snacks Merchant."

Power of Consecration "Snacks Merchant."

Its image in the Spirit Realm was that of a chubby, affable old man emanating warm orange light as he made snacks.

The promotion ritual involved selling to a hundred different people on the same day; doubtless, the difficulty was not high.

Karl had issued a Divine Command to inform Lilian of all the rituals for the first five steps of the God Pantheon stairway, hence Colin's rapid advancement.

Colin's physical attributes increased by 20, Spiritual Power increased by 50, and he gained two different Extraordinary traits: "Mysterious Olfactory Ability" and "Delicious Snacks."

The first was Mysterious Olfactory Ability, which entailed not just the typical sense of smell, but the special ability to detect many traces and intelligence clues in the mystical field.

For instance, Spirit Aura or residues of Extraordinary power, even the most concealed scents were now detectable by Colin.

Even a single drop of dried blood could reveal the owner's location miles away.

The other ability was "Delicious Snacks."

As a "Snacks Merchant," he naturally could create delicious snacks, with Extraordinary Exponents able to use Spiritual Power to produce various types of Delicious Snacks.

Biscuit-type snacks could restore life force, chocolate-type snacks could restore mental power, and bread-type snacks could replenish Spiritual Power, and so forth...

Additionally, these snacks could be maintained for several days, allowing anyone to carry them.

They wouldn't immediately disappear or lose their efficacy; only after days would the Extraordinary power within the "Delicious Snacks" slowly diminish, eventually expiring.

Their sustained effect was also very long-lasting, maintaining at least for several hours until fully digested. Furthermore, different varieties of "Delicious Snacks" could take effect simultaneously within one person's body.

Although almost devoid of direct combat ability, in a support role, "Delicious Snacks" is indeed a very potent Power of Consecution, and the effects of the "Delicious Snacks" would grow stronger as the Extraordinary Exponent became more powerful.

Extraordinary Exponents of the highest echelons of the Path of Contract could even create baked confections that might bring the dead back to life.

Of course, such mind-boggling feats had nothing to do with the present Colin.

He needed to organize a caravan to travel to the Leone family in Fein City to deliver a large sum of money.

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

Chapter 269: Chapter 259: No Regrets

Fein City.

Seated inside a carriage, Colin's hairline was receding more and more, and although not very aged, the years had left considerable marks.

He looked outside calmly, at the streets of Fein City.

Once again, he had come to this very familiar city.

Colin had bought houses both in Fein City and the four towns, in fact, over the years he had been running around various places in East Coast Province, most frequently visiting Fein City and Nasir.

If Nasir Town was his first homeland, then Fein City had long become his second.

"I am now completely different."

He was excited about the new powers he possessed. Although his Extraordinary trait had nearly no combat power, just relying on physical quality and the previous Extraordinary trait, those below Transmutation were definitely no longer his opponents!

Haha.

As an exclusive merchant of the Fischer family, Colin's status had always been not low, and those nobles had to show him fawning smiles in his presence.

But, when really facing those powerful Extraordinary Exponents, deep inside him still lingered dissatisfaction and longing.

That was people's hungry agitation for Extraordinary power.

That would never fade away.

He muttered to himself, "According to the contents revealed by the oracle, the next step on the Path of Contract is 'Arms Dealer', which sounds like a not very gentle Power of Consecution."

"If I can reach that stage, I will undoubtedly undergo more changes, become stronger, and even become skilled in combat."

Colin became increasingly excited, his face even flushing red, as he clenched his fists.

"In the end, even the position of a Monarch might not be unattainable. The 5th Rank of the Path of Contract, 'Banker' is my ultimate life goal!"

He took a deep breath, murmuring fervently.

"Great Lord of the Lost... I will offer up enough contributions to you, and I hope that you too will grant me more power."

Colin had always had faith in the Lord of the Lost, but as time went by, the secular array of erosions made that originally pure faith shallower and shallower.

He increasingly felt that receiving Extraordinary power from the Lord of the Lost was almost like a pure transaction.

Over the years, he had experienced too many human interactions and exchanges of interests, feeling increasingly that he owed the Lord of the Lost nothing, after all the work he had done for the Dawn Church.

After a decade of diligent service, gaining true power was also a matter of course.

No!

Colin took a deep breath, shook his head repeatedly, and immediately repented to the great Lord of the Lost.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please forgive my blasphemy and disloyalty... "

He was aware of his merchant nature, constantly evaluating the value of everything, and it had acted up again. It was just that on certain matters he would be better off not even entertaining the thoughts.

"Sigh."

Colin sighed, not going directly to the Lion clan but instead returning to his own home first.

In his home lived two gentle and beautiful lovers, along with two children he had always raised in Fein City.

Colin was rather fortunate, his fertility limit as an Extraordinary being was quite high, having fathered a total of four children in the recent years.

Following the notion of not putting all eggs in one basket, Colin raised two children in Fein City, while the other two were raised in Nasir Town.

As for Colin's lovers, he had two in Fein City, and including Nasir, he also had four lovers in the four towns.

Each of them knew of each other's existence, were responsible for raising Colin's children, and even had to write him a weekly summary, showing what they had all taken care of.

A total of six beautiful and gentle women, if Colin were not an Extraordinary being, he probably really couldn't handle it.

In fact, he knew none of the six women truly loved him, but Colin did not care; everything was just a transaction.

Colin liked transactions.

Because the so-called emotions between people are even more complex and indefinable affairs, devoid of right and wrong. Although there were often disputes during transactions, at least they were a little easier to control.

"I'm back."

He returned home with a smile, and the two gentle lovers immediately came to greet him.

They were all very intimate and cheerful, as if even more intimate than normal lovers.

After spending some time with the two children, Colin tested the enhancements to his physical constitution on his two lovers with a smile.

Throughout the entire night he tested this way until dawn, when he left the villa, still not having his fill, and pondered for a while before heading straight to the most famous newspaper in Fein City.

Arriving at the doorstep of the newspaper, the receptionist politely inquired, "Excuse me, sir, are you looking for someone or do you have some rumors to provide?"

"Hello, I am Colin, and I'm here to find your deputy editor, Miss Inna," said Colin with a smile, because most people were unaware of Inna's relationship with the Fischer family, he found another reason:

"I have important news that I want to publish through the newspaper. Because the situation is very serious, I must see Deputy Editor Inna."

"Ah, I see."

The receptionist paused for a moment, nodded lightly, thought about it, and decided to go report to someone.

Not long after, a lavishly dressed noblewoman came out from inside the newspaper.

She came to Colin's side with composure, as if she had never seen him before, and stared calmly for a while.

"I never expected that the Fischer family's exclusive merchant would suddenly find our newspaper. Mr. Colin, what is it exactly that you want to talk to me about?"

Colin bowed politely and said:

"How about we talk at the nearby café?"

The two of them quickly left the newspaper office in tacit agreement and arrived at a high-end café nearby, sitting in a private room.

Colin nodded lightly and said with a smile:

"Long time no see."

Inna immediately revealed a radiant smile.

"It has indeed been a while since we last met. Why did you come directly to the newspaper office to find me? Didn't Lilian and Byrne say that my identity is confidential, so I shouldn't have too much contact with people from the Fischer family?"

"Sorry, I just wanted to see you a bit..."

Colin fell silent for a while after speaking; he looked into Inna's eyes for a moment.

Many years had passed, but the sparkles in her eyes remained unchanged.

For some reason, Colin always felt that Inna was a very special person.

If he had a choice, he would almost want to see Inna every day, but unfortunately, due to the arrangements made by Byrne and Lilian, it would take a lot of effort for Colin to see her privately.

"What's the matter, Colin? Are you looking at me again?"

Inna said with a smile, continuing, "Colin, do you still remember when we were kids, my doll broke in the orphanage, and Hospital Director Irene fixed it for me."

"Yeah."

"I actually remember, at first you also wanted to fix the doll, because I kept crying, making it hard for you to sleep."

She laughed out loud and said, "It's just that your handiwork was so bad that I ended up crying even harder!"

Colin also laughed, nodding and saying, "Indeed, that's what happened. Back then, you were just an innocent and naïve girl, and I was just a clumsy little boy."

"Compared to your generation of Daybreakers, I was a few years younger, only you and I were close in age."

Inna sighed and said, "Ah, now I've grown up, even have my own child, but life has also become increasingly dangerous. I must constantly convey first-hand information to the family, without any negligence."

Her gaze turned sorrowful as she spoke silently:

"You know? Even now, I still get nervous as soon as I see people from the church, to the point of vomiting. Maybe my psychological endurance is just too weak, but I really can't handle it."

Colin remained silent for a long time. In all the Daybreakers, Inna was indeed the most ordinary one; she could be considered one of Hospital Director Irene's rare mistaken choices.

She should not have become a Daybreaker.

If it were up to Colin, he would wish that the woman in front of him could remain an ordinary person for the rest of her life.

Inna looked out the window at the sunlight and continued, "The time I spend playing with my son every day is when I feel the happiest... In those moments, I don't need to think about anything."

Colin suddenly said, "Right, I've brought some treats for you to enjoy."

He quickly took out a large amount of treats, so many that Inna was stunned.

"What's all this?"

"Official business, I think my 'Delicious Snacks' and your 'Perfect Digestion' can produce a certain, um, so-called chemical reaction."

"I see, you've been promoted! Congratulations!" Inna smiled from the heart and congratulated him!

Colin smiled and watched as she ate all those snacks.

Inna ate in a ladylike and adorable manner.

She smiled and picked up a strawberry cake, her eyes twinkling with anticipation, and gently bit off a small piece, the sweet taste flooding her lips.

Inna couldn't help but close her eyes, savoring the pleasure the strawberry flavor brought, and soon her cheeks puffed out, thoroughly enjoying the delicious moment.

The woman licked her lips, every hint of fruit flavor lingering on her tongue, her innocent smile like the sunshine of spring, her eyes brimming with happiness and satisfaction.

He watched this scene quietly, not speaking or shifting his gaze for a long time.

"It's really delicious."

In the morning sunshine, Inna smiled happily at him.

"Thank you!"

The good news is that "Perfect Digestion" can indeed be used with "Delicious Snacks," but unfortunately, it could still only digest one type of extraordinary power at a time.

Upon leaving the café, Colin took a deep breath and sat firmly in the carriage heading towards the Lion clan.

"No matter what, I have no regrets about becoming a Daybreaker."

Upon arriving at the Lion clan's manor, a butler came to greet him. Colin nodded, carrying a suitcase into the mansion, and the next moment his expression changed.

His "Mysterious Olfactory Ability" had activated, and he smelled many unusual and ominous Spirit Auras in the villa, causing his body to shudder involuntarily.

Damn!

There was something wrong here!

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

Chapter 270: Chapter 260 Prayers and Miracles!

Mr. Colin's mind was continuously pondering, how exactly he could safely leave this place.

Turn and run?

No!

There was something nearby watching everything, it could be some mysterious presence, or perhaps a powerful Extraordinary Exponent.

He couldn't make any overly abnormal moves.

He took a deep breath, and as usual, handed the case of money to the Lion clan's steward, then he saw Colonel Abel.

He had thought Colonel Abel might have completely lost his mind, possibly even resorting to sudden assaults on others, but the situation was very unexpected.

Colin was shocked to find that Colonel Abel seemed much more mentally stable than before, with only one finger injured and bandaged.

He spoke and communicated like a normal person, very politely!

Even possibly, more amiable than he had been years before.

Could it be that his illness was cured?

No, deep down Colin negated that thought, because according to the scent he detected, it was very likely that mysterious forces had caused major interference...

So, Colonel Abel appearing in a better mental state might just be a facade...

He took a deep breath, feeling fear rising deep in his heart.

During their conversation, his expression slightly solemn, Colonel Abel suddenly smiled and said,

"What is it with you, Mr. Colin? You seem to have been pondering many things."

Colin smiled slightly, his expression calm as he responded, "Colonel Abel, thank you for your concern. There really is nothing wrong, I just haven't been sleeping well lately."

"After all, every trip from Nasir Town to Fein City requires a long journey, it's not a simple trip."

"Hmm, I see."

Colonel Abel nodded slightly, then suddenly reached out to grab Colin's wrist, staring into his eyes for a long moment, then biting his finger and using the blood to start writing twisted characters on the wall:

"Mr. Colin, then please tell me, why has your heartbeat been so alarmingly fast since you entered the door? As if you could die at any moment?"

Colin's heartbeat instantly climbed again, understanding that no matter how much he tried to mask his demeanor and tone, it was useless, because he couldn't control his heartbeat!

Damn!

He had been targeted!

He merely attempted, and instantly knew that there was a huge gap in power between them, and he couldn't escape with his own ability.

Therefore, Colin could only try to calm down as much as possible to glean more information from the other party.

Frowning, he stared at the man before him and said,

"You're absolutely not Abel Leone, who are you? What are you doing here? You even attacked the regent of the Lion clan, aren't you afraid of the church's people?"

Colonel Abel revealed a smile full of cold sarcasm, then his bleeding finger continued to write.

"Why? I would indeed like to know one thing, why does every one of you expect to get information at the last moment?"

Colin froze, an even greater fear rising within him!

Then, he saw the words Colonel Abel continued to write: "But I've reached the limit of Extraordinary Exponents I can control, so let 'Platinum' manipulate you with Mental Magic."

Obviously, the "Platinum" Mr. Brandy mentioned was that man with white hair and a black eye mask.

Colin glared, full of anger, but completely unable to resist!

The next moment, "Platinum" with the black eye mask and long hair walked out from the shadows.

"Platinum" bowed respectfully, and writing appeared on the paper.

"Mr. Brandy, my Mental Magic level is insufficient, and I may encounter problems with people of strong will..."

"But since you have given the command, I will give it a try."

After tentatively exploring Colin's mind through Mental Magic, he suddenly looked surprised, even unable to help exclaiming aloud!

"Hey, there is something interesting inside his mind! It turns out the Fischer family..."

"Ah ah ah ah!"

Colin roared, trying to resist and pray but gradually becoming groggy, unable to think properly.

—

After a day's work at the newspaper office, Inna rode the carriage back home, cautiously entered a secret room within the villa, and began sorting through information useful to the Fischer family.

It took several hours before she finished organizing all the intelligence carefully.

And by morning, Inna would use the ability of "Daybreak" to deliver all that information to a young Daybreaker stationed outside Fein City.

The young Daybreaker would then be responsible for conveying the information to the Fischer family.

"Inna!"

She suddenly heard someone outside calling her loudly, pausing for a moment.

Her husband was still working outside and had not returned, Inna quickly saw her young son approaching, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"Mommy, someone is calling you outside."

"Mhm, go back to sleep, I'll see what it's about."

Inna gently soothed her son, had the servant take him away, and then walked toward the door with a furrowed brow. She opened the door and stepped out, looking at the man standing outside the villa's garden.

"Who is that?"

She glanced and faintly recognized that the figure resembled Colin, but why would he come to her place late at night? Could it be he had some important matter?

"Colin? Is that you?"

Suddenly, Inna felt something was off, frowned, and did not immediately approach.

"Yes, it's me..."

Colin's voice was filled with pain, his eyes bloodshot, his whole body trembling, seemingly trying to leave rather than get closer to the woman.

"What's wrong with you?"

Inna was slightly startled. Although she felt increasingly uneasy, her deep concern for Colin made her subconsciously want to move closer to him.

Suddenly Colin let out a loud roar.

"Don't come closer!"

He trembled as he gazed at Inna and managed to temporarily break through the mental magic, muttering a prayer under his breath.

"Oh, great Lord of the Lost, I, I beseech You, praying... I hope You can... save her!"

Colin cried, nearly hysterical in his screaming.

"Colin!"

Inna was shocked beyond measure and then saw a horrific scene: Colin's body ignited with silver-white flames, and he fell to the ground in agonizing howls like a white torch!

Colin was going to die!

The friend she had known for many years was about to die before her eyes. Inna was instinctively stunned, as strong chills ran from the back of her head to her extremities.

The next moment, icy-cold Inna did not hesitate and turned to run toward the garden wall—she had to get over the wall, to get as far away from her home as possible.

No matter what, she had to keep away from her son!

The only thought in Inna's mind was this, but suddenly she found she could not move.

A man's voice emerged from the depths of her heart.

[Heh heh, your willpower is even weaker. It's your turn to change...]

Karl.

He sensed it.

In the Spirit Realm, he heard the prayer.

Hope, salvation...

It was a prayer belonging to the Daybreaker, coming from Fein City in East Coast Province. Although faith was scarce and the light dim, Karl still extended his hand.

Display a miracle!

Suddenly, everything around them froze in place.

Whether it was Colin struggling and praying, engulfed in white flames, or Inna trying desperately to flee; or even other people in the villa, including "Mr. Brandy" and the followers of the Words of Tranquility hiding in nearby shadows.

At that moment, everyone stood still, no longer able to move.

It was as if a multitude of whispers rose, unnoticed by all in their suspended state, as darkness filled with despair engulfed everything, and all lost their color.

The black fog enveloped the bodies of Colin and Inna, and the next moment, they both vanished.

Both were transported to the Fischer family's basement, where Lilian was present.

She saw the black mist, so instead of being surprised, she immediately began to heal Colin. The severely wounded man clung to life.

He gradually regained consciousness, tremblingly said, "Thank you, great Lord of the Lost! It is You who saved my life!"

Even Inna took a deep breath, knelt on the ground, and prayed and repented to the Lord of the Lost, filled with gratitude while pleading for the great Lord to ensure her son was safe.

"Please, great One, you must protect him..."

Karl clearly felt that their lights were much brighter than before.

Indeed, he needed to show his power more to maintain the faith in people's hearts.

He understood this principle: some people need multiple confirmations before they can fully believe without a doubt.

Meanwhile, in Inna's garden in Fein City.

The black mists finally dispersed.

Mr. Brandy's frantic voice burst from the shadows around him!

"What's happening!"

"What just happened!"

The rest of the followers of the Words of Tranquility were confused and at a loss, while Mr. Brandy felt deep fear inside.

Could the source of that terrifying aura just now be the prophesied Lord of the Lost?

Lord of the Lost!

Mr. Brandy's face twisted up, his body shaking uncontrollably, completely losing his poise for a time.

Could His power actually extend directly into the real world?

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

Chapter 271: Chapter 261 Emergency Handling

Karl was very clear about one thing.

The black fog still existed in the Spirit Realm, and the connection that communicated between two places couldn't be permanently severed; it wouldn't be long before Colin and Inna would return to their original position.

Although it was an ability to teleport, there was a time limit.

Karl also knew that the family's secrets couldn't be allowed to leak out, and that he absolutely had to resolve the issue with "Mr. Brandy" once and for all.

Thus, in a rare act, he directly bestowed a divine oracle upon Byrne.

In fact, over the years, Karl had seldom given divine oracles to the mainstay of the family, Byrne, mainly bestowing them upon the Priest.

By doing so, he wouldn't make Byrne feel overly favored, fostering a desire to control both secular and divine powers at the same time.

The content of that divine oracle was precisely his request to Byrne on how to handle the matter.

At this very moment, Byrne and Chris had already left White Bones Canyon!

Mr. Brandy and the others walked out one after the other from Colonel Abel's shadow.

Still in fear, he took a deep breath, feeling very confused deep inside.

What was going on?

Was the sudden disappearance of those two people a divine intervention?

Was the Fischer family actually the main family of the Lost Cult?

The legendary Lost Cult was an exceedingly formidable and strong secretive organization; they had even sacrificed a town in Cyart and effortlessly killed a bishop of the Salvation Church who had come to pursue them.

The leader of the Lost Cult was even speculated to be a top-tier power exponent of high-level Monarch status.

Why had the Fischer family always seemed so low-key on the surface? Appearing so inconspicuous?

Mr. Brandy suddenly had an epiphany!

It was a disguise!

He had fully realized what was going on.

It was definitely a disguise!

Mr. Brandy still appeared calm on the surface, but deep inside he was completely terrified, feeling that he must leave Fein City as quickly as possible after knowing his enemy was possibly a top-tier strong presence of high-level Monarch status!

He took a deep breath, and the paper he held revealed squirming text, shown to the surrounding followers of Words of Tranquility.

"Cease all actions, we must withdraw from Fein City immediately!"

"I will describe this incident to the 'Silver Poet.' Although Cyart is a small country, I believe that neither I nor the 'Silver Poet' are likely to be a match for the secretive Lost Cult."

"Next, we must inform the leader who is in the Seven Stars Empire of all the circumstances."

Afterward, they hid in Colonel Abel's shadow, and Mr. Brandy, controlling Colonel Abel who had become a puppet, swiftly fled Fein City.

After the few people from Words of Tranquility left, suddenly, Colin and Inna left Nasir Town in horror and reappeared back in the same spot from just before.

"The great Lord of the Lost has saved us!"

Inna's face was covered in tears, she hugged Colin with uncontrollable excitement, then she came back to her senses.

She decided to take her son and leave her home for the time being, planning to return once the situation became safe.

Colin stood there, dumbfounded, experiencing everything.

Within him surged immense excitement, a feeling of gratitude and reverence like none before!

Great Lord of the Lost.

Thank you for saving me and Inna.

Perhaps, deep inside my heart, all this is still a transaction.

But what I will trade you is, my eternal loyalty!

Just a few dozen minutes later, "Mr. Brandy" at the edge of Fein City halted Colonel Abel's footsteps; he suddenly felt a very strong presence approaching.

What's happening?

Who is it?

Hiding in the shadow, he took a deep breath, warily focusing on the distance.

The space in the shadow wasn't big, about the size of a dining room, colored a gloomy grey, "Mr. Brandy" peered out coldly using Colonel Abel's vision.

A strong presence was drawing closer.

He could feel it.

Several kilometers outside of Fein City, Byrne, Chris, Aldrich, Zayne, and Marzo, who had just escaped from entrapment a few days ago, were on their way to Fein City.

Apart from Marzo, who wandered aimlessly, the rest could be considered as members of the upper echelons of Cyart society, yet at that moment, they appeared quite destitute.

Aside from Aldrich who still maintained basic cleanliness, the clothes of the other three were full of dust, for they had been too excited to control themselves since their escape, and the thought of cleaning their clothes or bodies had not crossed their minds.

Byrne took a deep breath, pondering, and realized the direction the other party had fled was this way. His pathfinding was not mistaken.

Soon, that person would encounter them, and it was crucial to ensure their swift demise.

Shut them up!

There had been more than one occasion when someone had found the Fischer family odd, and among them, a very small number had the chance to speculate about, or even discover, their secrets.

However, Byrne and his people always managed to deal with these situations in time.

After receiving the divine prophecy, he was very clear that he could not let the followers of the Words of Tranquility survive or speak!

So Byrne led a group of people into Fein City from this side.

Sure enough, when they were a few kilometers from the city, Zayne detected the traces of the followers of the Words of Tranquility through the moisture in the air!

More precisely, he sensed the anomaly of Colonel Abel, whose body was filled with strange, mysterious mercury.

His expression suddenly became grave.

"Everyone be alert, I've sensed the enemy, and that person has taken control of Colonel Abel. Yes, I will raise the barrier around Fein City immediately."

He muttered to himself, beginning the incantation to activate the barrier, and before long the big barrier surrounding Fein City had risen and unfolded.

"Indeed, I've discovered it as well."

Aldrich nodded lightly and calmly said, "Don't worry, as long as we're both here, there's no chance for the other side to escape."

In the next moment, a transparent water droplet emerged in the palm of Zayne's hand.

With his palm facing downward, the transparent droplet slowly hovered mid-air.

"Go!"

It shone like a pearl, radiating a faint light.

Almost instantaneously, the transparent water droplet shot through the canyon formed by trees and chaotic houses, crossing several kilometers in the blink of an eye.

"Boom!"

One of Colonel Abel's arms was shattered, and he stared ahead in horror.

The droplet of water shifted direction, plunging straight towards the shadow, and the followers and priests of the Words of Tranquility suddenly surged out from his shadow!

Mr. Brandy, hovering mid-air, held his top hat down with one hand, his demeanor serious.

The surrounding citizens were all stunned, watching the scene in disbelief and amazement, unable to comprehend what was happening.

Mr. Brandy, composed and calm, quickly issued commands through the squirming script on a piece of paper.

"We can't wait for the barrier to be fully deployed, escape now! Let's scatter and flee!"

However, just as the followers of the Words of Tranquility were about to flee, streams of water had already fallen from the sky, raining down on everything around them like numerous droplets.

Then, these droplets became more numerous, turning into a torrential downpour!

In an instant, the vast quantities of rainwater came together to form a massive water sphere, engulfing everyone present and then spitting the ordinary citizens back out.

Mr. Brandy could feel that the true body of the suddenly emerged powerful Monarch expert was hidden within those liquids, but for the moment was unable to pin him down and capture him.

Humph.

His expression grew more solemn.

Although both used methods of transforming and hiding their bodies, the Night Watcher's 3rd Squad Leader would not constantly change his position, while Zayne's figure continuously shifted within the water!

The followers of the Words of Tranquility began to show tormented expressions, feeling their life force and spiritual power continuously drawn away by the water, struggling with all their might.

Mr. Brandy remained silent, merely igniting flames the color of watermark on his body, creating a barrier against the surrounding liquid, keeping it at bay.

Following that, he opened his palm and released five Extraordinary Exponents, including Colonel Abel and the 3rd Squad Leader of the Night Watcher, all controlled by his Mercury Flow.

Among these Exponents, one had the power of Bloodline of thunder, while another could solidify liquid into ice; they quickly took action, affecting the surrounding liquid.

Thunder conducted rapidly, water froze into ice, and Zayne, who had become part of the liquid, was immediately subjected to a fierce electric jolt, causing slight paralysis, and then he was frozen by the Extraordinary power.

"..."

Mr. Brandy, with a look of disdain, reached out to end Zayne, but suddenly found the frozen Zayne shattered and once again liquefied.

Indeed, he had failed to trap him!

And right at that moment, he abruptly lifted his head!

An elegant man descended from the heavens and plunged into the water, reaching out to forcefully press down on Mr. Brandy's head, pressing him straight down from the water into the deep ground!

"Boom!"

With a mighty roar, the ground fractured wildly, and Aldrich inside the giant water sphere calmly watched as the heretic Monarch beneath him was unable to move.

Mr. Brandy, trembling, saw that the barrier around Fein City had been completely deployed and realized the direness of the situation. He was finally compelled to activate his most treasured Forbidden rare artifact!

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

Chapter 272: Chapter 262: Forbidden Rare Artifact 375 "Prisoner of Purification"

Aldrich effortlessly subdued his Monarch Level adversary with just one move, not relying on his own power of Bloodline but instead on a battle skill.

Battle Skill Three

"Falling Mountain."

The principle of "Falling Mountain" is quite simple, which is to consume a massive amount of one's own physical strength, gather an enormously great power at the palm of the hand, and suppress the target downwards like a mountain range.

Even powerful experts using "Falling Mountain" could directly crush and grind weaker ones to death.

Mr. Brandy could very strongly feel the surprising amount of power in Aldrich's palm.

So heavy!

Although the middle-aged man was also an Extraordinary Exponent of the low-level Monarch like himself, the gap in strength was very significant. Mr. Brandy couldn't help but recall the leader of the Tranquility Words!

Back then, he and Aldrich achieved the breakthrough to low-level Monarch at the same time, but his strength far surpassed his own, and now he was continuously advancing toward high-level Monarch.

Those genius strongmen who had hopes of reaching even higher levels could practically crush other opponents of the same level, even when they themselves were at lower levels of strength!

Even Zayne, who had become liquid in the massive water ball, could vaguely see red and black scales on Aldrich's face.

Could that possibly be the power of a dragon?

Zayne suddenly realized.

He significantly strengthened his physical strength and base power by borrowing the power of two giant dragons, making the battle skill "Falling Mountain" more effective and lasting!

Aldrich spoke indifferently.

"Who are you?"

The successor of the Romann family asked the other calmly and composedly.

In a dire moment, the strength of a Forbidden rare artifact was activated. The man who was unable to move under Aldrich's palm did not answer, but instead, his eyes emitted a silver light!

Mr. Brandy's Forbidden rare artifact with a three-digit number was 375.

It was named "Prisoner of Purification," a silver bracelet marked with an Angel symbol. If not covered, it would continuously emit silver light and even reveal the phantom of an Angel imprisoned.

Currently, "Prisoner of Purification" was in his stomach.

Because the previous Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent who carried the "Prisoner of Purification" wore it on the wrist and, before dying, had not managed to activate it in time, so his entire hand was chopped off by Mr. Brandy.

Therefore, he swallowed the bracelet into his stomach.

"Prisoner of Purification," being a three-digit strong Forbidden rare artifact, undoubtedly demanded a heavy price for its use. The user's lifespan would instantaneously burn away a full fifty years, and even Monarch powerful experts could not misuse it!

Aldrich suddenly realized that something felt very wrong with what was beneath his hand!

"Ah!"

At this moment, the powerful forbidden force was activated, and intense silver light burst from Mr. Brandy's eyes!

Suddenly, a huge silver light ball appeared in the sky a hundred meters high!

Shining brightly, dazzlingly brilliant!

It was like a silver sun!

It kept radiating an attractive force and silver light all around, making all the Extraordinary power in the vicinity disappear completely.

Under the illumination of the silver light, the giant water ball collapsed instantly, copious amounts of water leaked out, and even fish were seen scurrying away. The next moment, all of them were flying towards the sky together!

Aldrich, too, rapidly felt his own power dissipating in an instant, and his body, out of control, flew upwards. Everything around him was being drawn to that glowing orb!

Zayne was also drawn into midair and found himself unable to liquefy, yelling: "What's happening?"

Aldrich didn't reply.

He made a swift and clear judgment.

The enemy had activated some sort of Forbidden rare artifact, and that artifact generated a silver light ball in the sky, which then produced two potent Extraordinary effects.

The first effect was a wide-range neutralization of Extraordinary power, making it difficult for any Extraordinary power, at least up to low-level Monarch, to take effect.

As for the second effect, it was a powerful attraction. All things around were uncontrollably drawn towards it.

As for the fate of those who had been drawn in, he noticed that the trees and stones around him, as well as live people, all disappeared without a trace after being drawn into the silver light ball.

Carefully observing, Aldrich decisively found that the volume of the silver light ball was gradually shrinking.

So that's how it is. It seems its absorbing attraction has a limit.

On the ground, Mr. Brandy and those Tranquility followers slowly got to their feet, and although they were not drawn in, they also could not use their Extraordinary power under the illumination of the silver light ball.

Fifty years of full lifespan were consumed in an instant. Mr. Brandy's youthful appearance changed in a flash, with wrinkles visibly growing on his face.

He had had a considerable chance of aspiring to a Middle Rank Monarch future, but now his chances were slim!

Aldrich stretched out his left hand.

Among the ten rings on his hands, seven were treasured rare artifacts, and the other three were all Forbidden rare artifacts.

Many of them were not originally rings; they were transformed into rings by someone Lord Aldrich had commissioned using a Transmutation Spell.

The three rings on the little finger, ring finger, and middle finger of Aldrich Romann's left hand were respectively an ancient-looking jet black stone ring, a eye-catchingly dazzling gold ring, and a verdant wooden ring.

All of them were very powerful Forbidden rare artifacts.

The jet black ring was the number 779 "Black Eye-Pupil," which had the ability to "turn all living things in the line of sight into stone statues," and the cost of using it was the permanent, random loss of memories about a person known to the user.

The gold ring was number 3428 "Giant God"; it could conjure a powerful giant phantom, one strike of which could seriously injure a common Monarch powerful expert, but the cost of using it was to suffer the same amount of damage oneself.

Once, Aldrich had used them together to quickly kill a Monarch powerful expert from the Stars Embrace Order.

Now, after some thought, Aldrich fully activated the powerful force hidden within that wooden ring.

"Deep Green Forest"!

Although it was just a four-digit number 8276 Forbidden rare artifact, and its effect was far inferior to those with three-digit numbers, the power of "Deep Green Forest" was particularly suitable for this occasion.

The next moment, the verdant wooden ring emitted a strong light!

Suddenly, a vast, hundred-meter-spanning mini-forest appeared overhead and plummeted down from the sky, then was drawn in by a silver orb, continuously absorbed by the orb, as Aldrich and Zayne both clung to the giant roots of the forest, watching the entire forest being sucked away by the silver orb!

Aldrich felt a bit dazed; the price he paid was not great, merely a few days of ongoing dizziness.

In fact, many times, the Forbidden rare artifacts with lower numbers are more cost-effective.

Even the lowest Collectible class Mysterious rare artifacts had their uses; he had always thought so.

The strength of a power always depends on how it is used.

"Are you Aldrich of the Romann family?"

Mr. Brandy suddenly realized who the other person was and couldn't help but speak up!

The Words of Tranquility had naturally looked into the Monarch powerful experts of Cyart when entering, and "Aldrich" as the heir of the Romann family had a well-known reputation, always ranked among the top few threats, just below those mid-level Monarch experts!

He had heard about it before.

That man was the "Omnipotent Hand," who always had a preparation and an ace up his sleeve in battle!

After the silver orb devoured the entire mini-forest, it finally disappeared, leaving Aldrich and Zayne completely unharmed, a pity that it had also swallowed dozens of innocent citizens of Fein City.

"I am the person you mentioned. Now tell me, who are you?"

There was a faint hint of murderous intent in Aldrich's voice. For nearly a century, he had never felt anger or rage, the only negative emotion that could arise from the depths of his heart was a cold, merciless killing intent.

"Humph!"

Mr. Brandy was just about to speak when Aldrich suddenly approached him rapidly again, that mountain-like palm coming once more in front of his face, pressing him fiercely against the ground.

"Boom!"

The ground cracked instantaneously, and Mr. Brandy lying on the ground, once again found himself unable to move.

"Who are you, and what is your objective?"

Aldrich's face showed red and black dragon scales while remaining remarkably calm; he waved his other hand, and the head of the frail half-elf old man among the four Tranquility followers suddenly exploded, blood and brains spilling everywhere.

"Answer me."

"I will ask one more time; one more of them will die for each time you don't answer."

"Humph!"

Mr. Brandy was finally thoroughly infuriated, unable to maintain his composure. He erupted with all his strength, attempting to push himself up from under Aldrich's hand!

"Crack!"

The ground further cracked and crumbled, waves of white mercury wildly escaping from his body, formidable power pouring out from his limbs, but the harder Mr. Brandy tried to exert his strength, the more he felt his face being pressed down by an immense mountain!

He was exerting all his might!

Yet, he couldn't rise!

"Bang!"

The head of the female student-looking Tranquility follower wearing silver bracelets also exploded, equally as gruesome in death.

Now only two of the four Tranquility followers remained: the man with white hair and a black eye-patch and another man tall like a tower. Both of their faces turned unsightly, tremors running through their bodies.

Too strong!

They had fully realized the strength of the "Dragon Taming Lord." If this composed man continued to grow, he would sooner or later become a successor not inferior to Duke Black Iron!

Unable to rise from the ground, Mr. Brandy heard Aldrich Romann's indifferent voice once again.

"Who are you? What is your objective?"

He did not answer.

The man of faith in Tranquility was silent for a moment before regaining his calm, then he slowly began to speak, his voice low and malicious.

"Respected Lord Aldrich, I have a secret... about the Fischer family that you would definitely be interested in."

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

Chapter 273: Chapter 263: The Vow of Revenge!

"Lord Aldrich!"

When the battle ended, Byrne and Chris had hurried over from a distance. As soon as they arrived, they heard "Mr. Brandy" speak and knew this man definitely had no good intentions.

They couldn't let him continue speaking. Although there was no evidence, it would inevitably make Aldrich and Zayne overthink.

The situation was dire, Byrne's mind raced, trying to speak up and urge Aldrich to quickly kill that man.

"You've arrived,"

Aldrich gave Byrne and Chris a glance, then he heard the man in the white tailcoat continue to speak.

"The Songster will eventually descend upon this world, and all other false gods will utterly perish."

"All beings will obtain eternal peace in Tranquility."

"Lord Aldrich, actually, the Fischer family they..."

Byrne's expression changed!

This was bad!

Suddenly, Aldrich's body manifested Obsidian-like scales, and in an instant, he unleashed immense power of Bloodline, managing to blow up "Mr. Brandy's" body!

"Mr. Brandy" used spiritual power to restore his body quickly, but Aldrich blew him up again and again without stopping, even as his opponent was on the brink of death.

In the end, the Monarch powerful expert of the Words of Tranquility Order, "Mr. Brandy," was completely killed in front of them.

Not even an intact corpse was left behind.

Everyone was stunned.

Whether it was Byrne or Zayne, even Chris, none of them had expected Aldrich to act so decisively, abruptly killing a Monarch powerful expert right there.

The two surviving members of the Words of Tranquility Order were dumbfounded.

"Since what you were about to say is unfavorable to the Fischer family, better not say it... Remember, never say anything superfluous, because I absolutely do not want to listen," Aldrich said calmly. Since the families had formed an alliance through The Oath, he did not want to know too much, as it would greatly affect the various relationships within the alliance.

Those secrets might not bring any future benefits, but they were highly likely to damage existing beneficial relationships.

After all, every major family has its dirty secrets. It's not certain that the allies do not spy on one another, but actually knowing those secrets face to face would definitely be extremely awkward.

Byrne heaved a huge sigh of relief, the numerous lies and misleading stories he had been concocting in his head went unused.

He was truly grateful to Aldrich.

Aldrich's thoughts were clear and simple; he wanted to avoid any rifts between the allied families, no matter what dark secrets the Fischer family held, he had no need to know them.

The Romann family only needed Byrne Fischer's special abilities and the future support of the Fischer family's influence.

Nor could he ever guess just how terrifying and exaggerated the true secret of the Fischer family was; at most, he only thought it involved dealings with the heretical cult, just like the Romann family.

To this day, the Fischer family was still transporting Forbidden rare artifacts for the Romann family.

Aldrich raised his hand, casually executed the two remaining members of the Words of Tranquility Order without turning his head to look at Byrne and Chris, and said calmly:

"You don't need to explain anything, Byrne, I won't be curious about your secrets. After all, each of us has secrets... As long as we can confirm they are from the Words of Tranquility, there's no need to keep them alive."

"Thank you, Lord Aldrich," Byrne took a deep breath.

"Hmm."

Zayne also nodded his head, since Aldrich said so, let it be.

But he couldn't help questioning, "But you killed them all, what if they had some special arrangements? And you didn't find out the exact purpose of this group, right?"

"No worries, Zayne, one of my Mysterious rare artifacts can manipulate the bodies of those who have just passed away, and then I can ask three questions."

"Its only drawback is that it can only work on bodies killed by my own hands."

Aldrich slowly extended his right hand, as a gray-white ring lit up with a faint glow.

Such a convenient thing, Byrne thought deeply. Aldrich's reserves of Mysterious rare artifacts were truly vast, almost like one person could match the entire Fischer family.

He sincerely didn't know what the Stars Mortal, Ariel, was thinking, to actually compete with such a character for the position of heir.

With a dark and spooky light igniting, one after another, the corpses of the members of the Words of Tranquility Order slowly stood up. They had hoped to find peace after death, but now they were disturbed and suffered immensely, wailing in agony.

Afterward, they were forced to answer Aldrich's targeted questions one by one.

"Across the city, we've drawn special patterns to activate Arrays for a great ritual..."

As they received the most crucial answer, everyone's expression slightly changed, the ultimate effect of a city-wide heretical ritual was certainly terrifying.

After pondering for a moment, Aldrich spoke:

"According to the oath made in the valley, the Romann family is to help the Fischer family. Your Excellency Bain, I found some Mysterious rare artifacts on these heretics, you can pick first."

He paused briefly and continued:

"If you choose the Forbidden rare artifact, then all the other items are ours."

"Alright."

Byrne nodded lightly and without hesitation took the "Prisoner of Purification," not bothering with the slightest bit of courtesy.

After being treated by Aldrich, the amputated Abel Leone slowly awoke, his bewildered gaze gradually sharpening.

The first sight that met his eyes was Byrne, bending over and gazing at him. He was taken aback at first, and then, with a trembling hand, he incredulously said, "Byrne? You've returned? Where's Bast?"

"Where's Bast! Where is he, did he achieve Monarch status? Where is he!"

The more Abel spoke, the more frantic he became, staring at Byrne, he even wanted to roar!

Byrne's expression gradually turned from calm to sorrow, struggling to keep his tears from spilling out of his eyes, his fingers trembling as he said:

"I'm sorry, Abel. Bast didn't make it, and we were trapped in that place for several years, not making it out until now."

"I see..."

"Such a person... he actually didn't succeed..."

Abel's gaze became vacant as he fell into deep thought, staring at the sky for a long while.

Although he had been mentally prepared for years, it was not until now that the dream completely shattered. He did not even want to think about how Bast died, or whether he was killed by someone from the Fischer family; all these things seemed irrelevant now.

The dead are dead.

No matter what, Bast's death meant that the absolute lead the Lion clan held on the East Coast was no more.

He could absolutely not reach the Monarch status.

The aspiration to be among the great families of the east was also no longer mentionable; the decades of hard work by him and his brothers, all their plans, came to an end.

The dream of the Lion clan had shattered.

It was only after a long while that he asked, very calmly:

"What about Renzo?"

Byrne replied with a grave look, speaking slowly:

"He was killed by the people of the Stars Embrace Order. Bast did not achieve his breakthrough in the end, and in fact, it was also because of the Stars Embrace Order. We will take our revenge for them..."

Chris was silent, sensing that Byrne had truly changed.

Every lie he uttered now was flawless in expression and eye contact. Unless someone already knew the truth, there was no way to guess they were falsehoods.

Aldrich also nodded and calmly stated:

"Yes, we can all corroborate that Viscount Bast and Renzo were killed by the people of the Stars Embrace Order, and I have already slain the person who directly plotted against them."

Zayne didn't want to speak, because the reason he had been trapped for years was Viscount Bast, and deep down, he had no fondness for the Lion clan.

Aldrich continued, "The Romann family promises to seek vengeance upon the heretics of the Stars Embrace Order for them!"

The reputation of the Romann family was extremely high, as was "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich himself. Abel was still willing to believe in Aldrich and, taking a deep breath, nodded and said, "I understand."

"Your Excellency Bain, thank you very much for saving me. The Lion clan will be forever grateful to you," Abel said.

Before they knew it, Abel Leone's tone towards Byrne was filled with courtesy and politeness, completely different from the arrogance of the past.

Byrne did not show any inward smile, but with a serious expression, he directly grasped Abel's hand.

He said earnestly:

"Rest assured, the Fischer family will certainly avenge Viscount Bast!"

After communicating with the arriving Night Watchers and the church's people, the group first headed to many hidden parts of the buildings in Fein City, where they discovered several special cursed inscriptions made with alchemically processed chalk.

Combined, these marks formed an array capable of affecting the entire city.

Aldrich was the most knowledgeable in mystical lore and soon frowned, his eyes filled with worry.

For the first time in years, the others saw him so deeply concerned; even during their entrapment in White Bones Canyon, Aldrich never panicked, but now he truly seemed nervous.

He spoke bit by bit:

"These patterns form the foundation of an array, which is itself part of a super-sized array. Looking at the symbols representing numbers, I can deduce that there are likely at least thirty arrays of similar scope..."

After a moment of silence and pacing back and forth with a heavy tone, Aldrich said, "That means the true scope of the complete array might cover most of the cities in Cyart..."

At this revelation, everyone's hearts were filled with tumultuous shock!

Zayne couldn't help but shout, "A national-scale massive array?"

"The Words of Tranquility Order, what on earth are those heretics trying to do?"

"Mad! That's right, they're all lunatics!"

The silent Byrne suddenly spoke, murmuring to himself:

"They might really be trying to summon an Evil God into this world."

Tranquility Songster.

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

Chapter 274: Chapter 264 "Rune Power: Angel's Cage!"

Aldrich continued speaking:

"Just now, when I was questioning those bodies, I also asked a few other very critical questions. You all must still remember their answers, right?"

Byrne didn't hesitate and nodded directly, then continued after Aldrich's words, "Of course, I remember. Those questions were indeed crucial."

"The first key question was about the mastermind behind the Words of Tranquility, and the bodies answered that it was the leader of the Words of Tranquility Order, the 'Wordless Elder'."

The Wordless Elder.

The leader of the Words of Tranquility Order is also a very mysterious existence, similar to the "Black Starlight" of the Stars Embrace Order, both operating around the world but rarely exposing their traces.

They hide behind the scenes, turn the world upside down, and at any moment could cause great turmoil.

"The second key question was about their target... to bring forth the Songster."

Everyone fell into thought; this answer was somewhat expected.

Byrne paused for a moment, then continued:

"The third key question was how they bypassed the big barrier to get in, and why the Monarch powerful expert you killed came to Cyart without being detected by the power of the big barrier."

Aldrich nodded slightly, calmly stating:

"The bodies' answer was 'someone inside Cyart facilitated their entry'."

The expressions of everyone were not good; obviously, for the people of the Words of Tranquility to set up Ritual Spells in various cities of Cyart, they must have colluded with the executives of the major families.

Which great family could it be?

When they interrogated the bodies, they asked directly who the traitor inside Cyart was, but they got no answer at all.

Because just when that most critical question was asked, those bodies suddenly became unable to make any sound, then painfully burned up, struggling and collapsing into nothing one by one.

Clearly, the followers of the Words of Tranquility had been prepared with some kind of Spell to thwart enemy interrogation.

It was impossible for the entire Order to be caught just because one person was captured.

For ancient Orders with a long history, each has its entirely different methods of secrecy.

For instance, the people of the Words of Tranquility were forcibly "tranquilized."

Confronted with all that had happened, Aldrich sank into deep thought, then looked at a few people and said:

"I need to go back and discuss this matter with the Duke immediately, um, and also need to report it to the Cyart King. With such a major incident, His Majesty the King must be informed."

Nobody objected, as Duke Romann and the Cyart King are the two pillars of the Cyart Kingdom; they must be informed of such a grave matter.

Zayne also nodded, speaking seriously:

"I must report the movements of the Words of Tranquility to all the major churches too. The situation is too grave."

Then he smiled wryly, speaking a bit awkwardly:

"A new bishop of the Tempest Church has arrived in the East Coast Province and I am currently recognized as missing, without any official duties. There'll be a lot of trouble to handle next."

Byrne nodded slightly, saying, "We're all the same. I also have a lot of trouble. Let's part ways here for now."

After years of association, their friendship had become quite good, with no barriers, and instead, they had fought side by side numerous times.

Upon parting, Byrne felt somewhat reluctant deep inside.

Aldrich was the first to leave, followed by Zayne. Marzo didn't leave immediately, but instead stood in place, pondering.

"What's wrong?" Byrne asked.

Marzo stood thinking for a long while, then, gazing into Byrne's eyes, she began to speak:

"I have something important to discuss with you. Come with me alone, Byrne."

Byrne nodded lightly, then he and Marzo went to an uninhabited area, with Chris tactfully not following.

Once they arrived at the uninhabited place, Marzo fell into an unusually profound silence instead of speaking.

Byrne didn't speak either, simply waiting calmly for Marzo to state her important matter.

Then the words of the emerald elf truly shocked him!

"Byrne, how about you take me as your lover? You've said it before in the canyon, haven't you, that you still have an allocation for reproduction, to bear another child for the family's sake."

Byrne was at a loss for words, staring at Marzo for a good while as the elf slightly frowned, arms crossed over her chest.

"What? You're not willing... Let it be known upfront, this is a trade, the Fischer family also needs to help me advance further."

She paused, then said bluntly, "For your family, acquiring elf bloodline would be good, right? After all, half-elves have longer lifespans."

"I just find it a bit too sudden."

Byrne knew that Marzo had some fondness for him but had not expected her to jump to... proposal? But she was the type of person who prioritized benefit, he supposed.

Marzo's words weren't roundabout, but very direct.

"Actually, whether from an emotional or a benefit perspective, our union would be advantageous for both parties. What do you really think?"

"I dislike dragging things out, Byrne. Let's make a decision right here."

Byrne subconsciously looked towards the earnest emerald elf.

Marzo was undoubtedly a beautiful elf, statuesque, noble and graceful, with her long hair like a light green waterfall, floating airily in the breeze.

Her eyes were like the starry sky, crystal clear and glinting with wisdom and mystery. Her skin was flawlessly white, emitting a faint glow, soft as moonlight.

The elven girl remained unchanged from decades ago, still giving off that exquisitely otherworldly and extraordinary aura.

He took a deep breath as the image of Margaret came to mind.

Because of the "Profound Memory," those memories had always been incredibly vivid, difficult to forget.

That woman looked deep into his eyes with her radiant gaze, reached out to caress his face, the love in her eyes nearly spilling over.

"Love me forever, Byrne."

He then recalled the joy and excitement on their faces as they held Darren and Lilian.

"It's wonderful, our children are healthy."

Finally, Byrne remembered the day the woman left, tears streaming down her face, unwilling to look at him, both remaining silent.

He shook his head slowly, with composure.

"I'm sorry, Madam Marzo, I cannot accept your proposal."

"..."

Madam Marzo sighed deeply and said helplessly, "I understand, let's pretend I never said anything."

At last, Byrne and Chris officially returned to Nasir Town.

Over the years, the town had changed a bit.

The population in each district of Nasir Town kept climbing, many residential areas began to get crowded, and inevitably, chaos ensued.

And also, due to the factories, the surrounding environment started to show signs of deterioration.

The Fischer family wanted to transform Nasir Town into a brand-new city while trying hard to prevent it from becoming the next Fein City.

They certainly did not want pollution and chaos to be Nasir Town's future, so they took control of everything from the start, which had been somewhat effective.

However, the booming population also brought many benefits, as all industries began to develop rapidly, and the profits for the Fischer family kept increasing.

Byrne and Chris came directly to the Fischer family without informing anyone.

Chris immediately went to find Vanessa in her room!

"Chris!"

Seeing her lover suddenly appear, Vanessa's tears flowed uncontrollably, her body quivering slightly.

Chris took a deep breath and without hesitation, reached out to hug Vanessa tightly. After embracing for a long time, Chris lowered his head and kissed his most beloved lover.

Then, they naturally fell back onto the bed behind them.

Vanessa, looking at that angelic face, had a voice choked with emotion.

"Promise me, don't leave me again."

...

...

...

"Father."

Seeing Byrne, both Lilian and Darren were also brimming with tears, knowing that this time he had truly come back.

Several years of separation had finally come to the time of reunion!

This time, the reunified family members didn't immediately exchange information but first prayed to the great Lord of the Lost, made sacrifices, and prepared a grand banquet.

During the sacrifice, they offered the powerful Forbidden rare artifact, "Prisoner of Purification," to the great Lord of the Lost.

Karl felt a surge of extremely strong Spiritual Power flooding in.

It was incomparable to the previous Forbidden rare artifacts, an immensely powerful Spiritual Power, and he suddenly discovered that within the "Prisoner of Purification," there indeed seemed to be a soul shard of a mysterious being sealed inside.

That mysterious being seemed to be the so-called "Angel."

Karl was not very clear about what kind of beings the "Angels" were, but many legends in this world spoke of Angels, and they seemed to possess extremely powerful forces, not inferior to the legendary Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts.

The Angels with the power to overturn seas and mountains were capable of destroying a city in one night, even completely annihilating an entire country!

The bloodlines they left behind were also called demi-god level powerful bloodlines!

"Very well, this is truly excellent."

"Keep up the good work."

Content, he granted the new rune power to Chris of the Fischer family.

Mr. Karl removed the "Reverse Stab" from Chris and then bestowed upon him the "Prisoner of Purification," a Forbidden rare artifact that could threaten Monarch powerful experts, undoubtedly a tremendous enhancement for Chris.

Subsequently, he expended a vast amount of Spiritual Power to upgrade the "Prisoner of Purification!"

Deep within Karl's soul, the spherical silver rune, shackled and sealed, gradually transformed into a silver six-winged Angel tightly bound by chains!

"Angel's Cage"!

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

Chapter 275: Chapter 265: Preparations for Advancing to the 5th Step!

...

The effect of the "Prisoner of Purification" is to create a shimmering silver sphere that continuously attracts and dissolves all designated matter in the vicinity, while its rays render most extraordinary powers ineffective.

Its weakness lies in the limited dissolving power of the silver sphere; as long as enough matter is dissolved, the silver sphere caused by the "Prisoner of Purification" will disappear without a trace.

The "Angel's Cage," a spirit rune based on a Forbidden rare artifact, undoubtedly possesses a force far more formidable than the "Prisoner of Purification"!

When "Angel's Cage" is activated, it will completely consume the user's remaining Spiritual Power and then create a polygonal silver cage, instantly stripping the chosen target within sight of their extraordinary power and rendering them immobile, unable to move even a finger.

As for how long the "Angel's Cage" can last, that depends on the amount of Spiritual Power consumed by the user and the number of targets, as well as their strength.

If Chris were to use "Angel's Cage," he could trap and strip a low-level Monarch powerful expert of their powers for at least ten seconds!

For the mid-level Monarch powerful experts, the effect would probably last only about three to four seconds.

"Prisoner of Purification" was originally a Forbidden rare artifact with a three-digit number, and after being enhanced by Karl's power, its might was further increased, making the present rune power "Angel's Cage" comparable to those top Forbidden rare artifacts numbered in two digits.

The most important point is that it comes without any terrible price.

A look of uncertainty and doubt flashed in Chris's eyes; he even vaguely felt that he could quite possibly join the Fischer family in a coordinated attack against weaker Monarch powerful experts.

He was lost in thought; there was only one recorded instance of a Monarch powerful expert being surrounded and killed by a Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent.

But the power contained in high-ranking Forbidden rare artifacts is so immense, it's unimaginable what the single-digit numbered Forbidden rare artifacts could do. Since they only require any Extraordinary Exponent to use, there definitely have been more than one Monarch powerful experts historically who have been desperately replaced by the Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents!

At night, the banquet officially began.

The dinner was held in a brightly lit banquet hall, with round tables laden with a dazzling array of food and drinks, and the whole hall was adorned with elegant decorations and exquisite arrangements.

Each guest was dressed in formal attire, engaging in conversation with one another, creating a joyful atmosphere in the banquet hall.

The numerous servants of the Fischer family served wholeheartedly, performing each etiquette with great propriety.

The Daybreakers and Proselytes from Nasir Town also came to attend the banquet; Archibald embraced Chris and sobbed.

"You bastard, you finally came back!"

"I fucking missed you to death!"

"Damn it!"

Old Theo couldn't help laughing as he hugged Byrne, who he had watched grow up since childhood.

"It's good to have you back! Hahahaha! Fantastic!"

He took a deep breath, his eyes still brimming with laughter, and noticed the wrinkles on Byrne's face, feeling somewhat pensive.

How many years had it been since he first taught that boy swordsmanship?

"It was hard on all of you."

Byrne replied with a faint smile.

The leader of the Dagger Brotherhood, Moore, walked in and bowed respectfully.

"Congratulations on your safe return!"

As the banquet continued, a violinist sat in the corner, gracefully playing classical music, while the center stage was occupied by elegant dancers twirling gracefully.

The violinist was also a Daybreaker who had embarked on the Path of Wholeheartedness.

Compared to Inna, he had an even greater talent for the Path of Wholeheartedness, loved music very much, and was even planning to attend the best music academy.

However, that academy was in the distant Seven Stars Empire capital, up north.

The banquet went on until midnight, and after all the family's servants had left, Byrne, eating fresh oysters and sheep's milk cheese, calmly recounted the various events that he and Chris had experienced over the years.

"The past few years have been tough on you all, and actually, Chris and I have been through a lot as well."

This time, his story was more detailed than what he had previously recounted, and there were more people listening.

However, many details were kept secret, such as the truth about Viscount Bast's death.

Upon learning of the alliances formed between the Fischer family and several other great families, everyone present couldn't help but get excited, and Archibald, Theo, and Moore, among others, all showed joyful expressions, their eyes alight with laughter.

But Byrne omitted the specific details, not revealing what he had sacrificed, but simply stating that he had made some sort of trade with certain things.

Darren frowned, vaguely sensing that the specific content of the trade was important, otherwise it wouldn't have been omitted from the discussion. Suddenly, the lobster pasta in his hand didn't taste as good as before.

Hearing the final Words of Tranquility incident, everyone fell into contemplation; Lilian murmured to herself:

"The Words of Tranquility Order?"

She pondered and after the banquet was completely over, in the basement of the family home, she talked with Chris and Byrne about the most pressing matter.

"During the time you were absent, I actually received a very important divine prophecy."

Byrne looked at his daughter, asking, "What is it? Lilian."

Lilian said with a serious expression:

"It came from our great Lord of the Lost, concerning the specific content of the rituals for the first five ranks of the God Pantheon stairway!"

...

Byrne was astonished beyond belief, and then his excitement surged to the point of frenzy, so much so that even his typically composed self nearly jumped up!

"You're serious! That's just fantastic!"

Lilian nodded gently and continued:

"Currently in the Fischer family, only father and Chris have reached the 4th Rank of the God Pantheon stairway, so I'm very curious about your grasp on the current Power of Consecution."

Byrne immediately said:

"I still need a lot of time, Chris, how about you?"

Chris nodded without hesitation, calmly acknowledging, "I'm ready."

Upon hearing this, Byrne and Lilian were both thrilled beyond words. As long as he completed the ritual to ascend to the 5th Rank, the Fischer family would be able to boast a powerhouse on par with a Monarch!

This was an achievement countless smaller families had dreamt of for a century!

An accomplishment Viscount Bast hadn't truly touched in his lifetime!

With the presence of a Monarch Level top expert in the family, the entire Fischer's situation would undergo a tremendous change, rising to join the upper echelons of society that the large families occupied!

To become a noble family with a Monarch powerful expert, aside from the Ten Great Families of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, there was no doubt the Fischer family would become a major rising star!

Byrne, with a smile, continued, "Fortunately, Duke Romann didn't force Chris to marry into the Romann family, they've tacitly allowed us to enter the circle of top nobility."

Lilian nodded and said, "Because the structure of the Ten Great Families for a century is bound to change sooner or later, why not start with us? They understand this as well."

"As long as Uncle Chris can reach the 5th Rank, we could become 'part of the banquet,' entitled to divide the resources of Cyart among ourselves!"

"Not just Cyart, but also the Eastern Four Kingdoms, no, we aim to establish a terrestrial God's Kingdom where the faith of the Lord of the Lost prevails. His radiance will cover every corner of the world, sooner or later..."

As she spoke, she became excited and her eyes sparkled with light.

Byrne took a deep breath and continued to inquire:

"Tell us now about the rituals for the Path of Knowledge and Path of Tranquility, without delay."

Soon, Byrne and Chris learned about the rituals for the two paths and the name of the 5th Rank for each.

The 5th Rank of the Path of Knowledge.

The name of the Consecution is "Ancient Researcher."

For an Extraordinary Exponent on the Path of Knowledge to become an "Ancient Researcher," they must fully master the extraordinary power of the previous four ranks and then complete the ritual—

Discover an ancient ruin never seen by anyone, excavate at least three extremely valuable ancient artifacts, and document a substantial amount of ancient knowledge to complete the ascension ritual.

Byrne, after reading about the ritual, fell into contemplation.

Without an oracle to reveal it, it would truly be hard to stumble upon the content of the ritual on their own!

How would a normal person think of archaeology when they have nothing better to do?

It's possible they'd never find the correct content of the ritual in their lifetime!

He took a deep breath, closing his eyes, and once again silently thanked the great Lord of the Lost deep in his heart.

If possible, Byrne didn't want to die either. He hoped to master the Power of Consecution of the 4th Rank and complete the ascension ritual for the 5th Rank within his limited lifespan.

To see the view from higher up!

Lilian then turned to look at Chris, who had been silent all along, standing on the other side.

"Uncle Chris, what follows is about the name of the 5th Rank for the Path of Tranquility and its ascension ritual."

Chris nodded lightly, and Byrne also quickly started to listen attentively.

He obviously knew that the most important thing for the family now was to assist Chris with the ascension ritual!

Whatever Chris's ascension ritual might be, even if it could lead to certain sacrifices, Byrne would without doubt mobilize the entire Fischer family and their allied families' power to fully support Chris's ascension!

This was of paramount importance!

Lilian understood the gravity as well and continued very seriously, not missing any conditions.

"The 5th Rank of Consecution on the Path of Tranquility is called 'Demon-Hunting Master,' and to ascend to 'Demon-Hunting Master,' the ritual you must complete is... to kill a Monarch Level mysterious creature or a mysterious existence of a different power system, but of equivalent strength, without the help of anyone stronger than yourself!"

Demon-Hunting Master?

Chris didn't speak, but pondered whether the title "Demon-Hunting Master," which sounded like a special sequence for non-human opposition, might be actually weak against humans?

He hoped to possess enough power in any situation.

Byrne was stunned.

"I see."

He tightly clasped each of his fingers, muttering to himself:

"The ritual requires the killing of a Monarch Level mysterious creature or existence, could it be the destiny of the Fischer family?"

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

Chapter 276: Chapter 266: Standing Above 1,000,000 People

A "mechanical monster" equipped with a cumbersome boiler and much coal, polluting the streets with its black smoke and rumbling noise, strode confidently onto the central thoroughfare of Fein City.

"Look! A monster!"

"A monster fostered by the Reforging Church, what on earth does it eat?"

"Does it bite?"

Many of the citizens lined the streets, watching and pointing, continually gossiping among themselves. They looked at the mechanical monster with new curiosity, surprise, and deep in their eyes, a hint of fear.

Standing amid the crowd was Karno, his silver short hair quite conspicuous. He examined the mechanical monster with great interest.

"What is that?"

Next to Karno stood Sunbelle, tall and proud, her figure striking. She paused for a moment before calmly nodding her head and replying,

"It's an automobile, Young Master Karno."

Karno nodded slightly, his gaze fixed intently on the "automobile," the mechanical monster, and noticed a Reforging Church Priest walking indifferently beside it.

The Reforging Church Priest, dressed in black and red robes, had a left arm completely comprised of complex machinery, three times larger than a normal arm, holding a slightly rotating mechanical scepter in his still flesh-and-blood slender right hand.

He swung the mechanical scepter in his hand, starting to introduce it to the surrounding people.

"Lambs, this is a new miracle shown by the God of Reforging! We may call it a 'mechanical automobile'!"

"Before long, in a few decades at most, they will replace horse carriages! The living flesh and blood of those animals will definitely not defeat the power of steel and steam!"

The expression of the Reforging Church Priest was cold, yet his voice was charged with enthusiasm.

The onlooking crowd felt even more curious and surprised. If "mechanical automobiles" were to replace horse carriages, what would become of the coachmen, and the Horse Carriage Association wouldn't allow it, would they?

Karno muttered to himself,

"The Reforging Church, huh? The principal religion of the East Coast Province is the Tempest Church, followed by the Salvation Church, and the other churches don't have much influence."

"It seems they really want to change the structure of the East Coast. Hmm, Uncle Byrne also holds the Reforging Church in high regard."

Karno shook his head slightly, no longer paying attention to the peculiar "monster" known as the "mechanical automobile," and turned to leave the street with Sunbelle.

Just then, a child raised his hand, asking the Reforging Priest loudly,

"Great Priest, what does this thing eat, being so big? Why does it keep farting black smoke; is it sick?"

"Yeah, what does it eat?"

"I've heard of a steamship that's similar to this thing. Apparently, they eat stones."

The crowd stirred with discussion, and some even thought the "mechanical automobile" was a "monster" that grew from consuming human flesh, although they did not dare to express such opinions openly in front of the Reforging Church Priest.

"Calm yourselves, fools, for only reason can evolve us,"

the Reforging Priest scoffed, silencing the crowd. Then he began to earnestly explain the operation principle of the "automobile," but it seemed that nobody understood.

That was of no consequence to him; he didn't expect the crowd to understand. All that mattered was that Byrne Fischer understood.

After the car was showcased in Fein City, the Reforging Church planned to gift it to His Excellency Byrne of the Fischer family, in acknowledgment of his continuous contributions to advancing education and knowledge.

Of course, it would be even better if Byrne Fischer would convert to worship the God of Reforging!

It had been five years since Chris and Byrne had returned to the Fischer family.

Karno, who was once a youth, was now a handsome young man. Despite having only one good arm, he was still dashing and charming, with an allure apparent in every movement.

Compared to others in the Fischer family, Karno's carefree demeanor, his unfathomable gaze, coupled with his status and position, attracted many beautiful women as well.

But none, including Sunbelle, could go further with him.

Unlike Darren, who was increasingly indulgent and could hardly remember the names of women, the cheerful yet ascetic Karno was more popular with women.

They chased after him as if pursuing the sole championship trophy, vying to become Karno's lover, to claim his first time.

In this time, many members of the Dawn Church had already advanced to higher Ranks of Consecution.

However, as the specific whereabouts of Black Ash had not been completely pinned down, the Fischer family was still making preparations, and Chris had yet to succeed in dragon slaying to ascend to the 5th Rank.

Colonel Abel had recontracted with the Fischer family under the pretext of repaying a life-saving debt.

To the astonishment of all, he unhesitatingly transferred important assets of the Lion clan to the Fischer family and completely annulled the annual tribute that the Fischer family was contracted to give the Lion clan, termed "profit sharing."

After five years, all the nobles of the East Coast Province were well aware that the current Fischer family was the true leader of the northern province of Cyart!

Byrne Fischer, Chris Fischer.

The two brothers had already risen above millions.

Karno and Sunbelle came to a hotel in the affluent district of Fein City.

It was the first luxury hotel in Fein City, designed by Viscount Bast, mainly for vacationing aristocrats and businessmen and not intended for profit.

However, after the luxury hotel was actually completed, Colonel Abel gifted it directly to the Fischer family.

After abandoning many important family industries, Colonel Abel felt a sense of relief. He left the remaining numerous affairs of the Lion clan to other family members and left the East Coast with his servants without hesitation.

Colonel Abel was headed to the scenic Emerald Lake Province in the south, to retire and enjoy the next few decades of his life.

Before he left, his eyes were filled with laughter as he calmly said,

"Those who keep fighting may not end up better than me. Hehe, who the real winner is by that time is uncertain!"

Someone came out of the luxurious hotel.

It was a short elderly man with graying hair, around fifty years old, dressed in a black tailcoat.

He was followed by more than a dozen well-known Brotherhood members, each a gang leader. Before the rabble of society's underbelly, they were "big shots," not to be trifled with by ordinary people.

This was Moore, the leader of the Dagger Brotherhood.

He was also one of the earliest Proselytes to join the Dawn Church. Now, like Vanessa, he was of the 3rd Rank, the "Hand of Judgement."

However, Moore was showing signs of surpassing her recently. He was about to completely master the power of the "Hand of Judgement" and began to plan for the 4th Rank of the Path of World Order.

Called the "Arbiter"!

Because a large amount of the Lion clan's industries in Fein City had been acquired by the Fischer family, and with Yeager and others inconvenient to appear formally, they had Moore and Karno manage those industries.

Moore was adept at management, and Karno was a legitimate member of the Fischer family.

Moore's Dagger Brotherhood had also expanded into the city of Fein; with the full support of the Fischer family, within just a few short years, it had easily conquered the other major gangs and leaped to become the largest faction in the East Coast Province.

"You have finally arrived, Young Master Karno."

Moore bowed slightly and nodded seriously to Karno.

"I am glad to see you, Young Master Karno!"

"It's my honor to see you, Young Master Karno."

These leaders, of course, all recognized every blood relative of the Fischer family, and they all bowed reverently and in turn greeted Karno Fischer.

Ordinary people who knew these gang leaders would be shocked at this scene; after all, they were "big shots" who wouldn't even grovel before city hall officials.

With a serious expression, Moore called three young men from the Brotherhood forward and said calmly,

"Young Master Karno, these three have been tested for several years. I believe they are qualified to advance further. What do you think?"

Five years ago, the radical Lilian had privately told Moore that he could develop some loyal members within the Brotherhood. If they could pass a series of tests, they could join the Dawn Church and obtain the Power of Consecration.

Moore, a solemn and serious man, had spent years carefully selecting three gang members suitable for entry into the Dawn Church.

Karno smiled and without hesitation said, "Moore, you know the rules best, so such matters should be decided by Lilian, not me."

Moore nodded and calmly said, "Yes, indeed. Let's pretend I never said anything. It was my mistake."

"You all step back, I have something to discuss with Young Master Karno alone."

Once no outsiders were present, Moore thought for a moment and inquired, "May I know, Young Master Karno, what brings you to Fein City today?"

"Do you need our help?"

Karno revealed a smile tinged with a mysterious light in his eyes.

"My visit to Fein City is coincidental, but I do indeed have something I want to accomplish recently— I wish to complete the advancement ceremony for the 3rd Rank of the Path of Revelation."

In those five years, he had effortlessly assimilated the extraordinary power of the 2nd Rank. He had only decided to go through the advancement ceremony recently due to his somewhat lazy character.

"Oh?"

Moore was slightly startled, then congratulated him with a smile, "Congratulations, you are finally taking this step and will formally step into the 3rd Rank of the Path of Revelation!"

"Once you reach the 3rd Rank, you will be truly distinct, just like a Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent!"

In his heart, he still remembered what Lady Lilian had said about the name of the 3rd Rank Power of Consecution of the Path of Revelation.

"Prophet".

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

Chapter 277: Chapter 267: The "Proficient One" of the Power of Consecution

Years ago, Karno had already ascended to the position of a "Proficient One."

His talent was comparable to Chris Fischer's; his advancement pace was in no way inferior to his own father's, which recently gained him increasing favor within the entire Fischer family.

What people originally thought of Karno as lazy and wayward, now they saw him as a true genius, his reputation suddenly reversed when he quickly stepped onto the 2nd Rank.

As long as you are excellent enough, even if you pass gas it will be explained with purpose, people will say it's because you absorbed more protein for a reason.

Not just within the Fischer family, within the entire Dawn Church, only Chris and his son Karno were in the fastest tier of advancement.

Moreover, due to the clarity of the advancement ceremonies, in theory, Karno's strength was growing faster than his father Chris's!

"Proficient One."

Its image in the Spirit Realm is an elderly woman with closed eyes, surrounded by many floating runes.

An Extraordinary Exponent who arrives at the "Proficient One" shall receive 20 units of Spiritual Power, as well as a 5-point enhancement to their physical qualities.

"Proficient One" will obtain an Extraordinary trait called "Spell Proficiency."

Upon becoming a "Proficient One," he will randomly obtain three spells in the first moment, and what the effects of the spells will be depends entirely on luck.

It could be those spells that come with numerous usage conditions, awkward restrictions, and terrifying costs, which you'd never have the chance to use once obtained.

Of course, it's also possible to get a spell with powerful effects.

Also, a "Proficient One" can use Spiritual Power instead of mental power to cast the spells they have acquired.

And every Monday morning, when the sun rises, the "Proficient One" can forget a known spell and randomly obtain a new one.

However, no matter what, the total number of spells the "Proficient One" can master at the 2nd Rank will not change.

As one climbs higher up the God Pantheon stairway, the total number of spells an Extraordinary Exponent from the Path of Revelation can remember will also increase.

That day, the Ferrero Circus arrived.

The famous circus, renowned throughout Cyart, came to Fein City in East Coast Province!

So many citizens, dragging their families along, headed to the area where the Ferrero Circus was located to watch the marvelous performances.

Inside the big tent, many spectators sat in their seats, full of anticipation as they watched the Beast Tamer performing thrilling feats with lions and tigers at the center of the stage.

The Ferrero Circus was extremely famous because the ringmaster was said to be a real Beginning Level Spellcaster.

The act of condescending to lead a circus when he should have been a knight made the ringmaster Ferrero scorned by high society, particularly the World Order Church despised such people.

But Ferrero himself didn't care in the slightest; instead, he used his spells, which lacked combat ability, to create programs that took the circus to the summit of Cyart.

In a secluded corner of the circus, sat a man with silver short hair, dressed in white clothes.

He was one-armed, wearing silver monocles, smiling as he sat behind a plain table, holding tarot cards, calmly waiting for the destined visitors.

After some time, the first customer finally arrived.

It was an old man reeking of alcohol, his clothes filthy, who stared at Karno for a long while before suddenly asking:

"What are you doing here?"

Karno replied politely, "Divination. You can try it, I am an absolutely accurate diviner."

However, the old man could not help but laugh derisively, saying loudly:

"Ha, I don't believe in such fate, it's nothing but a money scam!"

Karno shook his head, and continued:

"But as everyone knows, in this world indeed lie forces beyond mortal reasoning, mysterious and unfathomable powers, gods and fate are indeed real."

Upon hearing this, the old man burst into laughter, openly refuting:

"Yes, Extraordinary powers do exist, but they are all in the hands of Extraordinary Exponents! If you truly were one of those powerful Extraordinary Exponents, truly had that kind of power, how could you possibly be in a circus divining for money?"

Karno's eyes revealed an inscrutable smile, as he leaned back his head and said:

"Maybe I am an Extraordinary Exponent. How would you know if you don't try? Don't worry, I won't charge you now, you can come back and reward me after my divination comes true."

The old man scoffed, "Then when the time comes, can I not give you even a copper coin?"

"Of course, you can."

Karno nodded.

Hearing that he could get a reading completely free, the drunk old man sat down suspiciously.

"Is your divination really accurate?"

Karno nodded repeatedly and with his hands wide open, he loudly said, "Absolutely accurate, if my divination is not accurate, I could even compensate you with a Gold Coin."

The old man suddenly sobered up, his eyes widening, filled with joy he said, "Really! A Gold Coin?"

"Yes, I promise!" Karno nodded.

The old man became enthusiastic, continuing to say, "Alright, alright, I have nothing to lose anyway; start right away!"

Karno took out the tarot cards in his hand and feigned earnestness as he said, "Well, either you or I will draw three tarot cards and then place them face down on the table."

"You draw them, I can't be bothered to do it," said the old man.

The old man shook his head, not doing as Karno had suggested, then Karno nodded and continued to pretend to shuffle the tarot cards for a while before finally drawing three cards and looking at them, then displaying them one by one.

"Hmm, they are the 'King' reversed, the 'Wizard' reversed, and 'Death' upright..."

Karno was just pretending to divine for the old man, merely to complete the ritual, but when he saw the three tarot cards, he felt an odd sensation.

It was as if they were foretelling something.

The King reversed, the Wizard reversed, Death upright.

What did it mean?

However, he quickly dismissed his doubts and continued to smile at the old man, saying, "The result of the prophecy is here, tonight, your son will come to give you some money as a token of his filial piety."

"My, son? Hahahaha!"

The old man burst out laughing, laughing so hard he couldn't stop, shaking all over, even laughing to tears.

Karno immediately froze, feigning confusion and asked, "What, what's wrong, why are you laughing? Don't scare me, did I really calculate something wrong?"

The old man sneered and said loudly:

"Hmph, I don't have a son at all, you conman! Give me the gold coin!"

Karno pretended to be stunned, his body slumping in his chair, he murmured:

"It's over, I owe you a gold coin, it's bad, bad, sigh."

But he quickly posed as if making a last-ditch effort, stood up and said loudly, "No, I haven't lost yet, because my prophecy will only come true tonight!"

"So go home now! Wait, I mean, come back tomorrow morning to find me!"

The old man immediately got angry and yelled, "You're just trying to weasel out of it, where would I find you if I come back tomorrow morning?"

Karno's expression turned ugly, shook his head and said, "No worries, our circus won't leave until a week later, you will definitely find me, sigh."

The old man quickly remembered that was indeed the case, the circus was to stay a whole week to give the people around Fein City the chance to see the circus performances.

"Hehe, that's good, but don't you run away! I warn you!"

After the drunken old man left, the circus's ringmaster Ferrero, dressed as a clown, came over, bowing to Karno with great respect.

"Congratulations, Young Master Karno, you are soon to reach the 3rd Rank on the Path of Revelation!"

Karno turned around with a smile on his face and said:

"Ringmaster Ferrero, you yourself have recently climbed the ladder of a 'Gourmet', and you have great potential. You will reach the 3rd Rank eventually, just like me. By the way, didn't you say a few days ago that you want to leave the East Coast and perform elsewhere, was it the southern provinces of Cyart?"

The circus ringmaster Ferrero smiled teasingly and said, "No, we plan to go even farther north... to perform in Rhea."

At night, the drunken old man returned home.

He had never been married all his life, and though he had had intimate relationships, he'd always been childless. How could that absurd prophecy ever come true?

"Sigh."

The lonely old man sighed in his tiny room, a wave of melancholy in the depths of his heart. Whether or not he could get the gold coin actually didn't matter.

He truly wished the conman's prophecy could come true.

"Knock knock knock."

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Because the public order in Fein City wasn't very good, the old man approached the door with caution, not opening it.

"Who is it?"

The voice outside hesitated, but eventually mustered the courage.

"I, I am... I am your son, do you remember something that happened over thirty years ago in Nasir Town?"

The old man's eyes widened, he immediately opened the door, and a middle-aged man dressed flamboyantly stood outside awkwardly, with tears streaming down his face, and immediately embraced the old man.

"What's happening? What exactly is going on?" The old man became flustered, completely not understanding the situation.

The middle-aged man, with tears streaming down his face, said:

"Back when the Rhea People suddenly invaded, you were separated from mother. At that time, her family took her away from East Coast Province before she had the chance to say goodbye to you... Father, I've finally seen you!"

Disbelieving, the old man soon also burst into tears and hugged his son tightly.

His son pulled out ten gold coins and stuffed them into his father's embrace, and then took out fine wine to share deep talks with his father into the night.

Karno lay calmly on the rooftop, staring at the bright stars in the night sky, with the voluptuous Sunbelle lying beside him.

Both listened to the story unfolding in the room below. Sunbelle, unaware of the truth about Lord of the Lost, couldn't understand why Young Master Karno would do such a thing.

Was it just for fun?

She couldn't help but ask:

"This is the third time, you've done this kind of thing three times now, giving a wandering girl parents, bestowing sudden sight to a blind warrior, finding a son for a lonely old man. Is it interesting just to make those unbelievable prophecies come true, pretending to be a prophet?"

"I am not any kind of prophet, merely an astonishing conman."

Karno nodded with a smile and said:

"Indeed, it is very interesting, fulfilling the hidden desires in others' hearts, their disbelief gives me satisfaction... But don't laugh, Sunbelle, your dream... I'm definitely not going to make it come true... You dare kick me?"

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

Chapter 278: Chapter 268: 3rd Rank "Prophet"

The Path of Revelation's 3rd Rank.

"Prophet"

In the Spirit Realm, its image is that of a solitary black elder, whose specific gender is indiscernible, shrouded in white blindfolds with a constantly shifting aura of black and white.

Above the head of the black elder hovers a massive, profound eye, emitting unceasing radiance as if it scrutinizes all matters and gazes upon everything.

To become a "Prophet," one must first master the Power of Consecution of the first two Ranks of the Path of Revelation—"Enlightened One" and "Proficient One."

Furthermore, the "Proficient One" must complete a promotion ritual: within one week, they must alter the destinies of three people continuously, making their futures align with the prophecies they had previously set forth.

During Karno's advancement to "Proficient One," the Fischer family sacrificed a Class 2 Extraordinary Material known as "Dazed Light."

That was a light sphere that would brighten and dim intermittently, actually a special Extraordinary Material produced by an extremely rare plant from the Aphotic Sea. If it weren't for the Fischer family's maritime business in the Aphotic Sea, it would have been very difficult to obtain it.

However, when advancing to "Prophet," the sacrificed Extraordinary Material was the "White Demon's Eye."

It belongs to a demon from hell named "White Demon" that can foresee danger; it resembles a snowball filled with tiny tentacles, containing three hundred and sixty-one eyes.

The White Demon is quite weak, prefers to devour corpses, and its flesh tastes similar to human girls, serving as a primary food source for many powerful demons.

The only part of it that qualifies as a Class 3 Extraordinary Material is its main eye, the size of a fist, with those smaller eyes merely considered Class 1 Extraordinary Material.

Through trade with some Lorne citizens, the Fischer family acquired several White Demon eyes, including two main eyes.

"Prophet" is a highly pure Consecution, endowing an Extraordinary Exponent with 70% Spiritual Power and provides no enhancement to physical attributes.

Upon becoming a "Prophet," one would obtain three destiny spells—powerful and consuming of significant amounts of Spiritual Power.

A "Prophet" can make prophecies about the future in three ways.

The first type of destiny spell is the "Dream Prophecy," which often activates passively. For instance, a "Prophet" might see strange fragments in their dreams.

These fragments represent a future that is likely to occur, but many of the dream fragments lack logic and are difficult to interpret.

At the same time, "Prophets" can also ingest special drugs to induce dreams, attempting to actively seek glimpses of the future within the dream.

"Dream Prophecy" tends to focus more on predicting "dangers" and "opportunities."

The second type is "Tarot Prophecy," simply put, a "Prophet" can draw Tarot cards or other mystical cards to predict the future to some extent, and the meanings contained in these cards also need interpretation.

The results of "Tarot Prophecy" are more geared towards "career," "love," "fortune," and such aspects.

The last type of destiny spell is "Precise Prophecy," which yields much more accurate foresight than the previous two. The fates and futures deduced are difficult to alter without proactive measures.

However, only Spiritual Power is depleted by the first two prophecy spells.

But to cast a "Precise Prophecy," the "Prophet" must burn away their own lifespan, and the more important and accurate the foresight, the more of the "Prophet's" life is consumed.

In theory, "Precise Prophecy" can lead directly to the "Prophet's" death.

And regardless, fate has a way of playing tricks.

"Fate Behemoth"

It represents five o'clock in the morning.

It is also one of the great otherworldly gods.

It is the embodiment of fate itself—revered in human speech—a colossal spider in the void with countless limbs, manipulating the invisible threads of destiny.

Ultimately, it will mock all living beings equally.

A "Prophet" is but mere dust in the endless expanse of the cosmic river and can never truly control their own fate.

Emerald Lake Province.

The manor of the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich.

He paced back and forth in a study room that was not luxurious but filled with abundant, neatly arranged books, calmly pondering many events from recent years.

Years ago, Aldrich promptly returned to Cyart's southern province and reported the affair of the Words of Tranquility Order in full to Duke Romann and the Cyart King.

Duke Romann was then silent, contemplating something.

After hearing everything, the Cyart King flew into a rage.

"I will never allow those heretics to run amok in my kingdom!"

"Whatever the cost, I will fulfill my promise and lead the Cyart people to the pinnacle!"

He was vehement in his stance and took the matter very seriously, expressing on the spot that he would have the court mage "Silver Poet" pursue the Words of Tranquility Order with all her might.

Aldrich raised no objections, as he was quite familiar with the capabilities of Madam Aphrodus, "Silver Poet."

She is a silver descendant and genius who broke through to the Monarch Level in a limited lifespan, now the most trusted confidant of the Cyart King.

"Silver Poet" Aphrodus, a highly exceptional and wise woman, commands respect.

He had full faith in the abilities of the "Silver Poet," but the outcome was puzzling. After five long years, the Words of Tranquility Order seemed to have completely vanished.

Apart from a few insignificant individuals they initially caught, they actually didn't find anything. The True Gods Church over there also came up empty-handed.

Aldrich murmured to himself:

"It can be certain that within the Eight Great Families of Cyart, there definitely are members of the Words of Tranquility Order."

"Just what is going on that their whereabouts could be concealed to this extent, and even my 'Black Eyes' haven't been able to find any clues."

He continued pacing, deeply pondering everything.

"Those people from Words of Tranquility seem to have disappeared into thin air, and the runes that should exist in various cities, outlined with specially made alchemical chalk, also can't be found anew."

"All things have vanished without a trace or clue, as if Words of Tranquility never existed."

Aldrich sunk into deep thought and, after considering seriously, finally had a very bold yet utterly horrifying conjecture in the depths of his heart!

"Could it really be so?"

His gaze was extremely solemn, feeling in his heart that he must talk with Duke Black Iron.

"My lord."

A member of the Black Eyes entered the study, reporting the latest news to Aldrich with utmost respect, kneeling on one knee.

The secret organization Black Eyes has been the Romann family's intelligence organization for a century, initially founded by Duke Black Iron himself, and entrusted to Aldrich several decades ago.

"The black dragon has finally appeared. The traces of 'Black Ash' can now be fully confirmed. Lord Aldrich, do we need to notify the Fischer family?"

Aldrich nodded gently, saying calmly:

"Yes, go notify them. Also, remember the command I told you, for the time being, do not investigate the Fischer family."

His expression solemn, he continued, "I have reviewed the events of the past few decades and vaguely feel that in the East Coast secrets, there probably lurks a Monarch powerful expert with extremely formidable strength."

"He is likely secretly cultivating near Nasir Town, and has also reached some sort of agreement with the Fischer family, which is why the Fischer family could rise so rapidly in just a few decades."

Last, Aldrich spoke gravely, "Unless absolutely necessary, we definitely shouldn't disturb this hidden existence, or it will affect the relationship between the families."

"Understood, my lord."

As the largest province of Cyart Kingdom, Glenborough Province comprises a total of seven cities.

The "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family controls two of these cities, more than a dozen towns, and also possesses a very fertile piece of land in Glenborough, eighty percent of which is plains that produce abundant crops.

It is Glenborough's most crucial "grain storehouse," whose produce accounts for one-fourth of the nation's grain supply.

Rus City is one of the two cities under the control of the Castleton family.

It is not a city with very progressive reforms; the number of factories is modest, and the residents' lifestyles still closely resemble those of the past.

In one of the city's taverns, a drunken middle-aged man continued to drink while gambling away his money with a few of his "friends."

"Hahaha! Continue, let's go on!"

In the end, he lost all the money he had on him and bluntly stated he had no funds to pay his tab.

Then, the middle-aged drunkard was thrown out by the tavern owner.

The owner shouted angrily:

"Remember this, you bastard! If you want to come back, make sure to bring money to settle your debts!"

"Go to hell, hahahaha!"

The middle-aged drunkard staggered to his feet, turned around indifferently, and suddenly saw an old man in a black robe sneering at him.

It was an old man with yellow eyes, dressed in a black robe, whose pupils were snake-like and chilling to the bone.

"You are a thief, just now you stole many people's money, only they don't know it, right?"

The old man's voice was extremely cold and devoid of any emotion, like some mechanical being, causing the middle-aged drunkard to shiver and nearly sober up.

He stared at the old man, asking with a chill in his voice, "What do you want? I don't know you, if there's nothing else, get lost!"

The robed old man burst into laughter, his eyes fixed on the middle-aged drunkard with a cold and detached expression, "I want to make a bet with you."

A bet?

What is he trying to do?

The middle-aged drunkard shuddered, feeling as if he had fallen into a dark and icy abyss, instinctively filled with fear and resistance.

His voice sounded like that of a demon!

"If you win, I'll give you a pound of gold but if..."

"You lose."

"I will take away your most precious possession."

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

Chapter 279: Chapter 269: The Most Important Thing to You

The middle-aged drunkard's brow was tightly furrowed. After the mysterious old man in a black robe had detailed the gambling content, he turned around and left, then suddenly disappeared into the crowd.

After he left there, he kept murmuring to himself.

"I fucking didn't agree to it! Hmph, that old man, what on earth was that about? I didn't agree at all!"

"Damn it! Such a bet can't possibly hold up, can it? I didn't agree!"

Despite saying this, deep inside, he was still filled with fear because there were too many strange and mysterious powers in this world, and people generally preferred to believe they could exist rather than not.

Even though he hadn't agreed, the bet might have already been established, possibly involving some mysterious and terrible powers.

At that thought, the middle-aged drunkard shuddered.

He recalled the specific content of the bet.

"Until the new day arrives, do not come into contact with any liquid..."

What on earth is that supposed to mean?

The fear deep inside the middle-aged drunkard was profound. He took a deep breath and then decided to be as cautious as possible, avoiding any form of liquid during the time that followed.

It was the afternoon, with some time left until nightfall. He must hold on.

"Be careful!"

Suddenly, the door of a nearby room opened, and a plump maid threw the slop water from her bucket directly out from inside the house.

He was shocked and quickly dodged, narrowly avoiding being splashed by a single drop of water.

"Watch what you're doing, dammit!"

"Fuck off! You know how to dodge, don't you?"

This street was already a gathering place for outsiders, where the local customs were rough. The plump maid didn't hold back at all and shouted loudly back at him, prompting laughter from the surrounding citizens.

The middle-aged man was now completely sober. He took a deep breath, his brow furrowing deeply as he began to very carefully avoid various kinds of liquids.

"I need to be more careful, just go home. There are too many accidents waiting to happen outside."

He felt his pockets—the money he had stolen today was sufficient. It was time to go home.

However, after passing through the street, he saw several of his drunkard friends coming towards him, faces beaming with smiles, holding small kegs of liquor, swaggering towards him.

His drunk friends, reeking of alcohol, shouted loudly:

"Fancy a drink? Hahaha, let us treat you to a swig!"

"Come on, come on! Drink, drink, drink!"

The middle-aged man turned pale with fright, immediately backed away, and then took off running towards his home, no longer wanting to linger outside for another moment.

"Hey, why's that guy running off?"

The drunkards were utterly confused. They had never encountered such a situation before. Someone was offering him a drink and he refused?

"Huff, huff, huff..."

"Boom!"

As he ran, he kept gasping for air when suddenly he heard a clap of thunder. Looking up, he saw the sky darken, looking like it was about to rain any moment!

Fear instantly gripped his heart.

The sky had been clear just moments ago, so why did it look like it was about to rain all of a sudden? Why is this happening?

"Boom!"

The sound of thunder echoed as the sky filled with dark clouds.

Whether it was an illusion or not, the middle-aged man suddenly stopped, his astonishment peaked as he saw a pair of cold, gold snake eyes in the clouds above, their cool malevolence filling his heart with dread. A chilling terror spread to his fingertips in an instant.

It was staring down at the tiny humans below.

That was...

What is that thing!

"Ah!"

Nearing collapse, he screamed and ran, finally reaching his home in a matter of minutes, frantically pounding on the door.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

"Open up! Hurry up, it's Dad, I'm back! Open the door!"

After a moment, his thirteen-year-old daughter immediately opened the door, her face brimming with joy as she looked at her father.

"Dad, you're back!"

"Boom!" The sound of thunder came again.

The middle-aged man took a deep breath and quickly stepped inside, sweat dripping down as he soon noticed raindrops beginning to mark the ground outside.

"Whoosh."

It was raining.

He was terrified.

It was that thing's doing; it actually, actually managed to make it rain from the sky!

The middle-aged man firmly locked his door, determined not to step outside his home ever again.

"Dad, want some water?" his daughter asked, coming over with a glass of water.

He yelled out in fear:

"No, I don't want to drink anything!"

"Oh."

Time dragged on, and the middle-aged man felt utterly exhausted and weak. His body desperately wanted to sleep.

So tired.

Drunk, beaten, scared, running—he had reached the limits of his strength and couldn't keep himself up any longer, collapsing on the bed with his head spinning.

It must be close to midnight now.

Perhaps in another hour, he would win.

He finally could not resist the constant onslaught of sleepiness and could only turn his head to look at his daughter, saying, "Daddy needs to rest well, and you must not let anyone in before tomorrow, okay? Baby."

The little girl nodded and obediently said, "Okay, Daddy, I understand."

Upon waking up, everything would be fine—perhaps he really would get that pound of Gold, the anxious and fearful man longed to sleep, because as long as he fell asleep, he wouldn't have to continue worrying.

As in ordinary days, as long as he was drunk, all the bad things in reality would disperse like smoke and clouds.

As long as...

Eventually, the middle-aged man deeply entered the realm of dreams.

Unconsciously, he felt an icy coldness on his face, a sensation of dampness.

"Ah!"

The middle-aged man suddenly awoke and sat up, only to discover in shock that it was his daughter standing beside him, crying!

"Sob..."

The tearful young girl looked at her father, clutching some coins in her hand, and said in distress:

"Daddy, you've been working so hard outside, earning so much money, and you've even got injured, but I can't help you at all, I feel so useless."

"Can you, can you stop getting hurt, Daddy."

She looked at her father with heartfelt pleading in her eyes.

"I don't want you to get hurt, Daddy, even if we don't have bread to eat it doesn't matter, I can eat beans."

He numbly touched the tears on his face and was silent for a long time without speaking.

I...

All along, the middle-aged man had lied to his daughter, saying the money was earned from hard work, never admitting the fact that he was a thief.

She was proud of her father.

And she felt like a useless burden because of it.

But how could she be a burden?

Initially worthless himself, without a wife, family, or children, it was she who suddenly appeared at his doorstep, the infant in that snowy night, who gave him hope and courage...

It wasn't I who saved her but she who saved me.

Then, he realized something terrifying!

He had lost the bet and was about to lose the most important thing!

The next moment, without warning, the middle-aged man saw the cloaked old man standing behind his daughter.

"You lost."

His voice was extremely cold, devoid of even a trace of human emotion, as he slowly extended his scaled, aged palm and gently laid it on the young girl's head.

In the depths of his heart, a profound fear unlike any before surged, and he suddenly stood up and screamed loudly!

"No, no, no, no, don't! I beg you, give me another chance! No, no, no, no! Don't!"

In the blink of an eye, the daughter's body turned into a lifelike sculpture, still just as beautiful as when she was flesh and blood.

"Ah, no, no!"

The middle-aged man's tears poured out crazily, as he embraced his daughter's statue in agony, constantly pleading and repenting, hoping the cloaked old man would give him another chance.

"Hahaha!"

The cloaked old man laughed mockingly, paying no attention to the man.

The next moment, he pushed open the door and walked out, instantly transforming into a huge and powerful black dragon that took to the sky, leaving the city known as Rus.

Half a month later.

Dirty all over and completely insane, the middle-aged man cradled the statue of the young girl, muttering to himself as he sat on the street corner.

"Don't, don't... give me another chance... don't..."

His eyes were vacant and lifeless.

He looked like nothing more than a corpse that yet moved.

Many people cast sympathetic glances, but ordinary people would steer clear upon seeing the sculpture, daring not to provoke the powerful Extraordinary Exponents or the unfathomable supernatural beings.

"This is the place."

Two men emerged from the hustle and bustle of the street crowd, approaching the completely insane middle-aged man; one of the "old men" squatted down.

It was an "old man" with deeply etched wrinkles, a head full of snowy white hair, and eyes profound with wisdom.

And behind him stood a silver-haired, extremely handsome middle-aged man.

They were so distinctive, merely standing among the crowd highlighted their superior demeanor, inadvertently drawing the attention of all onlookers.

"Hello, I am Byrne Fischer."

The "old man" smiled, his deep gaze fixing on the madman's murky, confused eyes, as he continued:

"To get straight to the point, friend, I want to inquire about something... about a black dragon."

"That old lizard did something quite intolerable to my father, too. We've been looking for him for decades... hoping you can help us."

The insane middle-aged man remained unmoved, showing no reaction whatsoever. Byrne narrowed his eyes in thought.

It was only when Byrne whispered in his ear that he began to speak.

"Trust us, say all you know here, please understand one thing, it will be the only chance to bring your daughter 'back to life'."

Finally, a glimmer of lucidity emerged in the madman's eyes.

"What, what did you say?"

"Can she really come back to life?"

Byrne slowly nodded, he who had been squatting down stood up again, standing beside Chris like an inscrutable mountain.

"At least, I can assure you that your daughter is not completely gone."

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

- Chapter 280: Chapter 270: Volcano Dragon

Chapter 280: Chapter 270: Volcano Dragon

"If we fail, we will be counting on you, Madam Ariel, to save us."

In an inn at Rus City, Chris stood calmly by the window, maintaining his usual silence.

While Byrne smiled at the woman sitting at the table, hidden within a red cloak, his tone betraying reverence.

Ariel sat there, pondering for a moment, before looking at them impatiently and saying:

"Do you really have to kill that black dragon? And you insist on not needing my help throughout the process?"

"Yes."

Byrne nodded firmly.

"Both the former and the latter are matters on which our Fischer family insists."

"Stars Mortal" Ariel, an important member of the Romann family, had come to assist Chris and Byrne in fulfillment of an interfamily alliance.

According to Byrne, the Monarch inheritance that Chris had received could only be assured through killing.

Their chosen victim was a very odd black dragon, an archenemy of the Fischer family, responsible for the deaths of people important to Byrne's father, Lucius.

Revenge.

Indeed, a classic nobility drama.

Ariel did not wish to inquire further, sensing that members of the Fischer family were somewhat "stubborn"; grievances from the previous generation being remembered decades later, unlike the Romann family, who did not hold onto past hates with such tenacity.

They preferred to look forward.

Of course, amongst the many noble families, there were not a few like the Fischer family, sworn to revenge; so, her lack of surprise was expected.

"Fine, if your lives are threatened and you need my rescue, just look towards me, or notify me in some other way," she said coolly, nodding her agreement.

"As long as the enemy is not much stronger than me, I will come to save you by all means. Of course, if I too cannot handle it, I will make my exit first," Ariel promised.

After receiving the promise, Byrne bowed deeply, expressing his genuine gratitude:

"Ah, Madam Ariel, thank you for your assistance. I extend my preemptive thanks on behalf of the Fischer family."

Years of association had taught him that although Ariel was irascible and hot-tempered, she also possessed commendable qualities such as keeping her word and never betraying others.

In some ways, she was perhaps not mature enough, but her company gave Byrne a sense of ease and reassurance.

He took a deep breath and continued, "Next, we need to communicate with the Castleton family to prevent any chaos from arising."

"The famed 'Flaming Blood Proud Dragon' family, whose bodies, according to legend, also carry the blood of dragons."

A few days later, in the biggest casino at Rus City.

"I won, hahaha, I won again!"

Disguised, Byrne gambled in various casinos, and for seven straight days, he had won a fortune in Rus City's casinos!

"Heh, who dares to gamble with me now? Who else? Anyone who can beat me can take all the money I've won!"

Holding a deck of cards, Byrne mocked loudly dozens of times.

"I will not break the promise I just made!"

In those seven days, everyone from ranking officials to common workers in Rus City challenged him, yet not a single one of the hundreds of challengers could win against him!

That was, of course, because Byrne was using his extraordinary power without any restraint.

All sorts of people, disbelieving in curses, came to gamble against Byrne in the casino, but they invariably lost miserably and left swearing under their breath.

Occasionally, those who couldn't afford their losses would try to flip the tables, only to be escorted out by the casino's attendants, as violence was prohibited.

"Who else? A bunch of cowards, hahaha!"

Byrne deliberately laughed out loud, but no one from the surrounding crowd approached.

The gamblers looked at each other, not wanting to challenge him further; those who had been defeated more than once had formed a clear consensus deep down.

That is, the man they were facing was cheating using extraordinary power!

No matter how good someone's luck or skill might be, it wasn't possible to win over a hundred times without a single loss.

Knowing this, the gamblers understood that they should not offend him and naturally, didn't want to go on and continue giving away their money.

What people didn't understand, however, was why the big casino's owner, who was usually against the use of extraordinary power within his establishment, had not stepped in to stop this stranger's behavior this time.

The casino owner was the nephew of a Lord Viscount, and shouldn't have been afraid of an Extraordinary Exponent; everyone really couldn't figure out the background of that guy.

Still no challenger?

Byrne sighed deep inside. From the various clues they had pieced together, the black dragon known as "Black Ash" seemed to respond to those so-called "evil ones."

It was quite possible that it would suddenly appear nearby, forcing those who had committed sins to partake in a gambling game.

Both he and Chris, one constantly cheating at gambling houses, the other incessantly stealing at taverns, theoretically had a high chance of attracting it.

In fact, they didn't even need to make "Black Ash" come over and start the game; they just needed "Black Ash" to hear rumors and come closer.

Byrne had obtained an alchemical tool that could sense dragons from the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich, and even before searching for the other party, he had already set up those alchemical tools at many locations throughout the entire city.

If it came near to observe, Byrne would immediately know its location.

Then even if "Black Ash" didn't want contact with Byrne and Chris, it wouldn't have a choice!

However, several more days passed by, and Byrne and the others were still fruitless, then they received the latest information.

"Black Ash" had appeared in another city nearby.

The name of that city was Willowdale, the largest city in Glenborough Province, and also the base of the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family.

The Castleton family was one of the top four families among the Eight Great Families of Cyart, and the family head, Vlad Castleton, was the "Volcano Dragon," a mid-level Monarch powerful expert of Marquis rank.

Marquis Vlad had inherited the very powerful ancient dragon tribe's "Burning Dragon" bloodline power.

The Burning Dragon was one of the four Dragon Kings in the giant dragon legends of Claud World and was said to have Heavenly Enlightenment Level power. They once ruled the entire world.

Until the most powerful among the dragons, the "Sky Dragon," tried to ascend to divinity, which brought divine punishment. The deities brought everything to ruin, reshuffling civilization from that moment on.

Marquis Vlad was one of the four mid-level Monarch powerful experts of Cyart, a man very fond of warfare, hot-tempered, impulsive, cruel, and tyrannical.

He was almost a madman and even killed his own son in public during a quarrel!

However, some elders say that Marquis Vlad was not always like this and that his personality had completely changed due to the permanent cost he paid for using a forbidden rare artifact.

Besides the Cyart King, Duke Black Iron, and Marquis Vlad, the last mid-level Monarch of the Extraordinary nobility in the Cyart Kingdom was the family head of the "Fog Wayfarer" from the Abernathy family, "White Spirit."

That was an unusually mysterious being who always acted alone and had rarely been seen in recent years; the last appearance of "White Spirit" in front of people was during the Rhea war period.

To continue tracking "Black Ash," they soon hurried to Willowdale.

The two of them continued to follow their previous approach to attract "Black Ash".

"How much longer do we need to look for? I'll give you ten more days," said Madam Ariel, who was getting impatient.

If it weren't for Chris' imminent breakthrough to Monarch Level, which would greatly influence the power dynamic, as a Monarch powerful expert of the Romann family, it was rather beneath her dignity to be running around with two Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents.

Several more days passed, and Byrne was still completely empty-handed, without any sight of "Black Ash."

However, today he did have an "unexpected gain."

That day, as soon as Byrne arrived at the gambling house, he found it deserted, with a middle-aged man with a resolute face waiting for him.

"You, are you from the Fischer family?"

The middle-aged man in front of him was dressed in a robe, with black and red fabric sparkling faintly in the sunlight.

His face was weather-beaten, and there was a hint of brutality in his experienced eyes, giving off an untouchable, beast-like vibe, very resolute as if containing untold stories.

The middle-aged man stood with straight shoulders, as if bearing heavy responsibility, and his words revealed unshakeable determination.

For some reason, the next instant Byrne felt an overwhelming fear of death.

He immediately realized!

The middle-aged man in front of him was definitely a very powerful Extraordinary Exponent!

"May I ask who Your Excellency is? I am indeed from the Fischer family, Byrne Fischer," he replied with a slight nod, taking a deep breath, the sound of his voice revealing undisguised respect; deep down he mostly guessed who he was meeting.

In fact, when he came to this city, he already had a premonition that he would encounter some notable figures from the Castleton family.

He even had a contingency plan in place, informing Chris and Ariel about what to do if they encountered someone from the Castleton family.

"I am Vlad Castleton, the family head of the Flaming Blood Proud Dragon," Marquis Vlad stated his identity with casual indifference, sitting down slowly and pridefully said:

"Fisherman, I've heard that you have been looking for a black dragon around here. Truth be told, you're simply wasting your time; you're probably searching for something that doesn't exist."

"A nonexistent entity?" Byrne frowned deeply, also feeling that the situation with that black dragon was very peculiar.

Marquis Vlad stared at him with an oppressive look, and continued to speak:

"The legend of 'Black Ash' involves a powerful forbidden rare artifact."

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