

# From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

## Chapter 281: Chapter 271 I am Black Ash

...

Something that doesn't exist at all?

A powerful Forbidden rare artifact?

Is the situation with the "Black Ash" so unique?

After hearing this, Byrne immediately fell into deep thought. Anyway, it seemed that if he really could take down "Black Ash," the rewards would be tremendous, and the great Lord of the Lost would be very pleased.

Then, he continued to act very respectfully, slightly bowing his head as he said:

"Marquis Vlad, the black dragon is actually the sworn enemy of the Fischer family, and as the son of Lucius Fischer, I will never give up on taking revenge on it. Therefore, I must ask you about everything concerning 'Black Ash,' please tell me, what exactly is the existence of 'Black Ash'?"

A sudden furious shout came!

"Did I allow you to ask?"

Without any warning, Marquis Vlad's loud roar made Byrne suddenly unable to speak.

He fell silent.

Ever since, except for when Ariel got angry over the dispute for the heir, the Monarch powerful experts of the Romann family had been relatively nice to him.

Byrne had even started to forget about the gap in status between himself and the top-tier nobility.

Even ordinary Monarch powerful experts clearly had no face in front of Marquis Vlad, who had already reached mid-level Monarch status.

What more for someone like himself, who appeared to have no chance of advancing further, an ordinary Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent?

Marquis Vlad Castleton probably views me as I would view some unknown member of a baronial family, with no regard whatsoever.

"In any case, we don't need to talk so much, just come with me," said Marquis Vlad impatiently and coldly. Then suddenly, he stretched out a hand covered in fiery red scales.

"It's perfect to try and see if you can lure out that thing. Your arrival as a fisherman is my luck," he said.

"Marquis, are you intending to..."

Byrne's face turned pale with shock. He had just started to speak when he felt the world spinning, his entire body gripped forcefully by Marquis Vlad, carried along in his grasp. The next moment, the two of them turned into a fiery meteor streaking away from the casino, rushing out directly.

"Boom!"

The casino was almost half destroyed by the aftermath of the flames in an instant, but Marquis Vlad didn't care at all about the damage to the casino. A pair of fiery red wings sprung from his back, and in this manner, he flew out of the city with Byrne.

Byrne couldn't utter a single word as they swiftly left the confines of Willowdale City and arrived at an uninhabited area on the outskirts.

"Get down," Marquis Vlad said indifferently, casually tossing Byrne. His body fell uncontrollably onto the ground, the pain was intense all over him, and his bones nearly broke.

A hint of anger began to rise deep within him.

On the surface, most of the Extraordinary nobility maintained a certain amount of etiquette when dealing with "equals" among their own ranks, but Marquis Vlad Castleton was unduly domineering!

Having landed smoothly, Marquis Vlad simply looked at him and said calmly:

"What, you're not convinced?"

Without hesitation, Byrne forced a smile.

"Of course, I am convinced!"

"Hmph, it's clear that you are a spineless wretch," Marquis Vlad scoffed.

Old man, what do you want me to say? Byrne couldn't help but curse inwardly, no wonder the "Volcano Dragon" Marquis Vlad was famously difficult to deal with, such a person really was unbearable.

It seems that the rumor of him killing his own son in public was also true.

I must be more cautious not to die inexplicably at the hands of this irascible old man, Byrne thought.

The next moment, a boiling, fiery red blood appeared in Marquis Vlad's hand, which automatically fell to the ground.

The burning blood instantly ignited the grass on the ground, and the flames snapped and crackled, moving autonomously around.

With that boiling blood, he began to draw a special Array on the ground.

While drawing the Array, Marquis Vlad continued coldly:

"That black dragon, called 'Black Ash,' has actually existed for thousands of years. It once used a very powerful Forbidden rare artifact to protect its tribe and obtain great power."

"But after paying too much of a price time and again, the soul of 'Black Ash' was completely enslaved by that Forbidden rare artifact," he said with a cold laugh.

So that was it.

Byrne suddenly understood that "Black Ash" was a mysterious existence closer to a conceptual nature, rather than a magic beast or other mysterious creatures, with no physical existence in the material world.

He felt somewhat fortunate to have encountered Marquis Vlad; otherwise, he might never unravel the secret of "Black Ash" in his lifetime.

Marquis Vlad continued, "Because our family has always been skilled at hunting the dragon tribe, the legends about 'Black Ash' were also passed down."

"It has always been hunting people's fear, and now it's my turn to hunt it."

"That 'Black Ash' has come nearby is a rare opportunity for the Castleton family. Come, you are to witness my hunt... or perhaps, you can become bait."

...

Byrne remained silent, not deigning to speak; after all, speaking would only earn him scolding.

He faintly felt that Marquis Vlad Castleton's temperament was so irritable and his character so overbearing that it probably had something to do with the Fischer family and the Romann family.

After all, the Castleton family's relationship with the Romann family had never been good, whereas they formed the "Blood Mist Alliance" with the "Fog Wayfarer" family.

As long as he wouldn't die here, Byrne thought the situation wasn't too bad, and he quietly observed the unfolding events.

The array formed by the combination of flame and blood was now complete, burning fiercely, and special sounds began to emerge around it, as if they were the mumblings of people from ancient times.

After a while, Marquis Vlad abruptly stretched out his hand, and a lava sword made of flint was suddenly conjured, instantly slashing a ferocious wound across Byrne's chest.

Byrne was in immense pain and terrified, even thinking he might die on the spot!

What he didn't expect was that next, only a portion of his blood was drawn out, swirling around the tip of the lava sword.

Byrne asked, "Your Excellency Marquis Vlad, what exactly are you doing?"

Marquis Vlad sneered and said, "It's just a Ritual Spell, fisherman, don't be afraid!"

Byrne's chest still burned with pain, sweat streaming down his face nonstop, but the wound quickly sealed due to the high temperature.

The power of the magma.

Flame was undoubtedly the most common element within the power of Bloodline, but he was unclear about the difference between the Flaming Blood Proud Dragon's flame and the Meyer family's flame.

Marquis Vlad's eyes emitted a red glow as he lifted the lava sword in his hand, and the blood at the tip flew into the Ritual Spell on the ground; then he shouted loudly:

"Come forth, your nemesis lies here, 'Black Ash,' roll out of your hell now."

Byrne gazed at the array before him and suddenly had a strong premonition deep inside.

It was coming!

The fearsome black dragon that haunted his father's heart, like a nightmare!

It was also Chris's opportunity to ascend to the 5th Rank and a crucial moment for the Fischer family to rise and join the ranks of the prominent families of the Eastern Four Kingdoms!

It was even tied to some powerful Forbidden rare artifact.

Its existence was too important, no matter what.

No, it was not important at all...

Byrne was very clear.

The most important thing was for it to die by Chris's hand!

Wait, what if that thing was killed by Marquis Vlad? Byrne suddenly considered this possibility, his heart filled with panic, because Marquis Vlad, a mid-level Monarch powerful expert, had a not-low chance of success at killing "Black Ash"!

If Marquis Vlad really managed to kill "Black Ash," many of the Fischer family's plans would be ruined.

Suddenly, a chilling cold overtook him, as if a demon was about to make its appearance, and the surroundings instantly darkened, the day seemingly turning into pitch-black night.

In the incredibly dim environment, an intangible fear enveloped Byrne's heart.

As the chill invaded, the air seemed filled with an evil presence, instilling dread, while from a distance, came a series of eerie howls, making him frown and inhale deeply.

Just then, a profound crevice abruptly appeared on the ground, tearing the earth apart like a demon claw, emitting a terrifying crimson light.

The ground began to tremble, and copious black flames surged out from the deep fissure, as if the gates of hell were gradually opening!

Finally, an ancient voice emerged from the crevice, and a pair of eyes appeared amidst the mass of black flames.

"Who calls me forth?"

Byrne saw those serpent-like yellow pupils!

Within the pitch-black flames, there stood an old man in a black robe, his face cold, his eyes brimming with unabashed malice, gazing at Marquis Vlad and Byrne.

"I come from the depths of hell!"

"I am Black Ash the dragon!"

"You... "

The black-robed, snake-eyed old man gazed at Marquis Vlad and Byrne, with Marquis Vlad standing with his hands behind his back, silent.

And Byrne finally understood why he had never been able to find it; so it was, this creature was dwelling in hell all the while!

The old man in the black robe spoke with malice and disdain, coldly saying:

"You are the descendants of the servants of the Burning Dragon, hehehe, your ancestors betrayed it, devouring its flesh and blood to gain power, despicable and shameless..."

He looked into Byrne's eyes.

"As for you, you are the descendant of a cowardly gambler, just as pitiful and weak as your father, completely worthless."

A surge of rage exploded from deep within Byrne!

He looked at those serpent-like yellow eyes and spoke icily.

"Is that so?"

"I also know exactly what you are, a pathetic worm enslaved by a Forbidden rare artifact, an imposter playing dead, a lamentable creature about to meet its end right here!"

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

## **Chapter 282: Chapter 272: Abyss of Madness Gambling**

...

"Ha ha ha ha ha!"

Black Ash suddenly burst into loud laughter!

Malice filled the old man's eyes, almost overflowing, flickering with a cold intent to kill, as if peering into death and destruction!

His body began to swell around him, black flames continuing to burn at his feet, and his originally aged figure suddenly expanded, gradually transforming into a giant black dragon with a body length of over a hundred meters!

"You..."

"Should not have summoned me!"

Its scales were as dark as night, reflecting a chilling gleam, and its eyes deep as ancient dark pools, seemingly able to devour all that is just and hopeful.

The pitch-black dragon's massive wings unfolded, covering the entire dim sky, seemingly squeezing out all light into the furthest corners, each flap generating the roar of thunder, as if the dark itself was striking at Byrne and his companion.

"That's enough!"

Marquis Vlad suddenly spoke up, his voice full of imperiousness, clearly no longer interested in listening to the conversation between the two, his already thin patience completely exhausted.

"History, grudges, monsters... your thoughts are irrelevant to me."

Vlad Castleton's body began to swell, his voice deepening, as copious amounts of lava and flames erupted from around him.

"Because the thoughts and lives of others have always been of no importance to me! All along, I've simply taken what I needed!"

Marquis Vlad's body also began to grow larger, even more immense than Black Ash's, his scales shining with a deep red light.

Its expansive wings opened wide, as if covering the entire surrounding sky, each wing adorned with flames like red firelight, and on its back rose a massive volcano, with magma flowing like blood within it, carrying a mysterious glow that made the dragon's silhouette even more majestic and imposing.

When it exhaled a hot breath, flames and smoke entwined, forming a hazy seascape of fire around it.

"The Volcano Dragon" Marquis Vlad, inheriting the "Burning Dragon's" power of Bloodline, was naturally endowed with the power to manipulate lava, and its eyes flickered with raging flames, as if it could burn away all evil.

The volcano dragon he transformed into was even more than twice the size of the black dragon!

Two massive dragons appeared on the outskirts of the city, their roars echoing for hundreds of miles, and the people in the city could see the billowing red smoke emerging from the volcano.

Byrne immediately used his extraordinary power to move hundreds of meters away to dodge, yet hot waves still assaulted him relentlessly.

Although Black Ash was already a mysterious existence, not a mysterious creature, its combat power should fundamentally be similar to that of a dragon.

He calculated deep within himself that under normal circumstances, the combat ability of a low-level Monarch giant dragon was actually only about half that of a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent.

Additionally, since Marquis Vlad was a top-tier powerful expert among mid-level Monarchs, far stronger than a low-level Monarch, the actual gap in combat power between the two was huge!

Bad news!

Byrne was startled, knowing that the two probably wouldn't last a few moves before Black Ash would be killed directly by Marquis Vlad!

"What to do? With Marquis Vlad here, there's no chance of picking up the scraps even if I wanted to!"

Suddenly, a rift opened in the sky!

"The black Specter that has wandered for thousands of years, burn out before me, bow down!"

As Marquis Vlad, now the Volcano Dragon, spoke, flames burst forth.

He suddenly stretched out a huge claw, grabbing at the sky, and dragged out a lava sword tens of meters long from the abrupt crack, stabbing it rapidly into the body of the black dragon.

"Ow!"



Pierced by the lava sword, the pitch-black dragon couldn't help but howl in pain, spewing out large amounts of black flames to burn the opponent, but to little effect.

It took a deep breath, then fixed its gaze in Byrne's direction, suddenly issuing a roar like a curse.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

"Let's start a game!"

"Byrne Fischer! If you win against me, you will get everything you want from me!"

"But if you lose this game, you will lose everything!"

Marquis Vlad seemed to realize something, a terrifyingly deep roar bursting from within his huge maw!

"Don't run!"

He pulled out the lava sword, swinging it repeatedly in mid-air, manifesting dozens of scorching lava blades around him, poised to bombard the black dragon in front of him.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! The ritual has begun! No matter what, you will get nothing!"

Black Ash laughed maniacally, and in the next moment, both his body and Byrne's feet were enveloped by arrays formed of black flames; then both vanished.

Dozens of scorching lava blades had already bombed down, creating a massive impact of flames on the ground, with smoke billowing high!

But it was too late!

"Damn it!"

Marquis Vlad roared in fury, a massive wave of fire erupting from him at the center, scorching all the grass around instantaneously!

—

Silence.

It was so quiet all around.

The sky was still pitch black, and by the time Byrne fully came to his senses, he had already arrived at a lake.

He stood calmly on the clear water, invisible buoyancy preventing his body from sinking at all.

...

The pitch-black giant dragon soared in mid-air, its sharp teeth and fierce claws hiding the power to destroy everything—the voice echoed throughout the entire space.

"This is a gamble."

"And a game between life and death!"

This black dragon's "game ritual" seemed to grasp dark secrets, capable of weaving absurd death games in the void.

It hovered in the sky, gazing down at Byrne, and said coldly and mercilessly,

"Byrne Fischer, your father Lucius Fischer lost miserably, and you will be no exception."

Byrne gazed coldly at the black dragon without answering, the rage deep in his heart gradually suppressed, replaced by enough calm and steadiness.

Defeating the black dragon named Black Ash with his own strength was clearly very difficult.

So he took a deep breath and prayed earnestly to the great Lord of the Lost.

"Oh, great Lord of the Lost, please descend to help, look after your loyal Fischer family. We will offer everything as the best sacrifice to you; the Fischer family will dedicate our lives to your resurrection!"

After praying, his eyes filled with determination, he stared at the sky, utterly unconcerned by the terrifying pressure of the black dragon.

For some reason, Black Ash suddenly felt a tremendous pressure, a terrifying oppression that made it extremely uncomfortable all over.

What's going on?

It pondered for a moment but continued to say,

"So from now on, Byrne Fischer, for the next ten minutes you cannot be injured in the slightest, nor shed a drop of blood; otherwise, I win!"

"And if I win, I will take everything from you!"

Byrne suddenly felt a great fear surging from deep within!

What's going on? That feeling just now was like being forcibly bound by some kind of "The Oath."

If he truly lost, then Black Ash could temporarily gain extraordinary powers, becoming very powerful until it completed its "Judgment" on him.

Not a single injury, not a drop of blood!

Even though the pitch-black giant dragon was far from a true Monarch powerful expert, the gap in strength between them was still very clear.

Planning to withstand ten minutes without injury was nearly impossible!

To call it a game, a gamble? It was actually just one-sided play!

There was no fairness at all!

"Die, Byrne Fischer!"

The next moment, the soaring pitch-black giant dragon plunged down from the sky with great speed, the wounds caused by the lava sword always present on its body.

Its mouth spewed out massive black flames!

Byrne hurriedly used his extraordinary power, "Instantaneous Transfer," to move himself through space, dodging the attack with a vast and horrifyingly hot range!

However, he turned his head and looked at the black flames less than two meters away from him, took a deep breath.

"This guy's power is indeed not something I can confront!"

Ten minutes, how exactly to endure this near-death ten minutes?

He had to figure out a way to escape the onslaught within ten minutes!

"Hahahahaha, poor fisherman, coming to me was the biggest mistake of your life. You're just as pathetic as your father, die!"

The manically laughing Black Ash swooped down from the sky again, but at that moment it suddenly became immobilized, unable to move a muscle in the air, and Byrne too was fixed in place, completely unable to move.

Countless murmurs sounded, and black mist appeared all around. Everything in this space froze, losing its original colors, gradually leaving only black and white.

The gaze of the Lord of the Lost was now upon this place.

The next moment, a silver-haired man appeared out of the dense black mist.

All returned to normal in the world!

Chris, silent and not speaking, leapt up swiftly, swinging his black blade, gashing a deep and bloody wound on Black Ash's enormous body!

"Awo!"

Black Ash roared out loud, instinctively retreating hundreds of meters in flight, staring at Chris and Byrne in front of it with great alarm.

The two brothers stood together, gazing at it.

"Why?"

Black Ash suddenly went mad, screaming hysterically, gazing incredulously at Chris.

"Impossible, how can you interfere with our ritual! It can't be possible!"

"This has never happened in thousands of years!"

"Why!"

Because the great Lord of the Lost shelters us!

Byrne's eyes blazed with passion as he declared loudly without hesitation, "Next, we shall play a game with you on behalf of the Fischer family!"

"Within ten minutes, we will kill you!"

"The pitiful creature that should soar in the sky but is bound to hell, you are certain to lose! And then, you will lose everything!"

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

## Chapter 283: Chapter 273: Slay the Dragon!

A mysterious atmosphere enveloped the entire lake, where moonlight spilled onto the waters within this otherworldly space, creating a faint silver glow. The moon's reflection on the water seemed like a window to another world.

The giant black dragon high above had exhausted its spiritual power to completely heal those two fierce wounds.

One wound was from a lava sword belonging to Marquis Vlad; the other was from an attack by Chris.

It had consumed a great deal of spiritual power.

Byrne and Chris stood atop the lake's surface, fearlessly confronting the enormous black dragon!

Byrne's declaration that he would kill it within "ten minutes" actually had a good reason.

Because he knew very well that both sides could not stay in this space forever.

After ten minutes, the chance that the black dragon, burdened with hatred and sin, bound by a Forbidden rare artifact, would return straight to hell was very high.

Then, it would become very difficult for them to find each other.

So Byrne made the judgment that he must kill Black Ash within ten minutes!

Time was ticking away, he paused for a moment and quickly reminded:

"Chris, absolutely cannot let me get hurt, or else it will win the so-called ritual, and we will suffer very painful consequences!"

"We only have ten minutes, we must kill it within these ten minutes!"

Chris didn't speak.

He simply nodded slightly.

Countdown Timer.

The countdown began.

Soon, Chris's figure leapt up like a phantom, and his twin blades instantly turned into a whirlwind of flashing lights.

However, the silver-haired man was quickly swatted down from the air by Black Ash's claw.

Even though Black Ash only had half the strength of a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, its base values still far exceeded Chris's; it was still an overwhelmingly strong opponent that Chris couldn't face head on.

But Chris's action was just a probe, so he didn't suffer too many injuries.

"We'll go together!"

Byrne created a Body Double for dodging attacks, already making up his mind.

In the time to come, he would not keep evading but would join Chris in battle!

"Hmm."

Chris nodded again, not refusing.

He leaped into the air and launched another attack!

However, this time Chris unleashed his extraordinary power.

Black flames, the Fire of Sin, burst out instantly on Black Ash's massive body, causing it unbearable pain and to roar angrily, spewing black flames of its own.

Those flames swiftly enveloped the area, like a wave of fire about to swallow Chris whole.

However, Byrne used "Instantaneous Transfer" to move Chris far away, easily avoiding the black flames.

Worried that "Battle Chains" and the "Horn of Destruction" would lead to the ritual being deemed a "gambling failure," he didn't consider using them.

"Aaargh! Despicable mortals! Struggle!"

The roaring black dragon, filled with a murderous aura, suddenly plunged toward Byrne on the ground, but in the next moment, the human on the ground had already swapped places with the prepared Chris through "Shape-shifting."

The baffled Black Ash ended up face-to-face with Chris.

"What!"

Eyes of Conviction!

Chris once again activated his extraordinary power, judging the giant dragon that had done evil for thousands of years!

The black dragon, rendered immobile in an instant, fell straight from the sky, crashing onto the surface of the water, and causing a massive splash!

Byrne extended his hand toward the black dragon, unable to move, and bursts of emerald Sword Qi erupted, striking the proud and angry Black Ash without any chance for evasion, hurtling it into grave injury.

"Aaargh!"

"Damn humans!"

It struggled with difficulty to escape the illusion caused by its sins, continually exhausting its spiritual power to heal its wounds, its eyes filled with rage.

"Advantage is with us, thankfully most Monarch Level mysterious creatures do not have domains,"

"We will win!"

Byrne couldn't help remarking, then without speaking, he and Chris, one to the left and the other to the right, distanced themselves and attacked the giant black dragon from two directions!

But just at that moment, the black dragon suddenly soared high into the sky, beating its enormously large wings, and in no time it had risen to nearly a thousand meters high.

It looked down upon the two from on high.

Control of the skies.

Undoubtedly a very significant advantage.

Byrne and Chris immediately stopped, exchanging glances. Byrne shook his head, so Chris refrained from directly employing his trump card.

"Roar!"

The furious black dragon bellowed, loudly saying, "You descendants of a cold-blooded swindler, fishermen of the East Coast, you have provoked my wrath!"

"Witness! I shall make the true hell appear above your heads!"

Black Ash in the high sky chanted complex and obscure ancient incantations, continuously murmuring under its breath. Though it lacked domain power, every mature giant dragon is born with the ability to cast spells.

Among all the spells, those with the greatest power are known as "high-level spells," which have high casting requirements, but the power they unleash is also very strong!

And it was in command of a powerful high-level spell!

Byrne and Chris looked up to the sky, their vision immediately filled with dense dark clouds, the world as if enveloped by a shroud of grim darkness. Lightning flashed and thunder roared like the wrath of gods above, tearing through the chaotic space.

The force of nature was demonstrating its boundless power to mankind, like an extraordinary performance beyond the mundane realm, with fierce winds howling, tugging at the dark clouds, as if to engulf the entire world.

Electric light tore through the night sky, casting twisted, malformed shadows all around!

A terrible bolt of lightning struck down from the heavens, hitting Chris square on!

"Chris!"

Byrne couldn't help but roar, and then he saw Chris, severely injured, uncertain if he was dead or alive.

Chris, blackened all over, barely managed to stand up.

He was seriously wounded, but he still had the capability to fight!

Electric light zigzagged through the clouds, constantly splitting and releasing energy, a terrifying spectacle that made one's heart race!

The next moment, lightning from the sky instantly destroyed Byrne's body double!

"Use it!"

Although unsure whether the black dragon had other tricks up its sleeve, he immediately bellowed out loud!

Finally, Chris also knew they could not afford to delay any further.

Although using "Angel's Cage" would exhaust all of his Spiritual Power, if he didn't disrupt the opponent's large-scale thunder spell, Byrne was very likely to be hit.



By then, the ritual would be completed, and maybe everything would be over.

In the high sky, Black Ash suddenly saw... an Angel!

She was a graceful Angel, with deep and bright eyes, wearing a shimmering white robe, like the first ray of morning light, her long hair billowing in the breeze, like a soft golden waterfall, gracefully entwining her perfect visage.

Black Ash felt as if the beautiful Angel was smiling at him, and suddenly, it seemed as though the entire world brightened up, filled with warmth and peace.

Huge wings shimmered with gem-like radiance, unfolding like a blanket of white clouds, and the next moment they enveloped Black Ash from both sides.

It was completely unable to prepare any defense!

In the next instant, Black Ash was trapped under the multilateral silver cage formed by the Angel's wings, unable to move its enormous black body, and once again fell from the sky.

The threatening storm clouds that seemed poised to destroy the heavens and the earth also finally dissipated as the Angel confined Black Ash.

"Impossible!"

Black Ash roared madly inside the silver cage, its extraordinary power completely stripped away, its fear and desperation like a sheep ready to be slaughtered.

It could only watch as it fell from a kilometer high in the sky!

Chris knelt on one knee, his face looking terribly ghastly from the enormous consumption, but he knew he had to endure.

He took out a delicious pork floss bread made by the Snacks Merchant Colin and ate it, quickly regaining his Spiritual Power, while the old butler Theo also silently transferred his own Spiritual Power and life force.

Thus, Chris was soon able to recover more of his fighting strength.

"Boom!"

Black Ash finally crashed into the lake again, the sound like an explosion.

There was only one chance, and time was brief!

Byrne did not hesitate to unleash firepower, extending his hand to bombard the emerald-colored Sword Qi all over Black Ash, the powerful black dragon was hit hard all over its body, only able to regenerate itself as much as possible.

Clearly, it was nearly at its limit!

"Let this be the end..."

Byrne stood exhausted in front of the mortally wounded black dragon, his expression complex as he gazed at it.

In the "Profound Memory," he recalled all the past moments, including the talk that night and his own vows.

Finally, after decades...

The grudges the Fischer family had sworn to resolve were about to be concluded here, Father...

You must have seen it all from beside the Lord, right?

He unconsciously revealed a smile.

"Argh!"

"I will not be ended by the likes of you!"

The silver Angel's Cage finally vanished, and the crazed black dragon wanted to struggle in its death throes, roaring, raging, in despair, it suddenly opened its mouth wide and charged towards the powerless Byrne, trying to devour him in the most primal way!

Byrne calmly looked at it.

The acceptance in his eyes instilled a deep fear in the almost madly despairing Black Ash.

Could it really be that everything was already concluded?

At that moment, Chris's "Countdown Timer" finally took effect!

In the brief moment of time stasis, the dying black dragon's body lost its protective ability, and Chris, without hesitation, struck continuously until he completely severed the giant black head!

Time, returned to normal.

"Boom!"

The massive body of the black dragon collapsed with a thunderous crash!

The whole space shook violently as everything was on the verge of falling apart.

A dice constantly changing in six colored lights rolled to their feet.

Byrne and Chris both took a deep breath, instantly feeling an unprecedented power from the dice, undoubtedly, it was the most powerful Forbidden rare artifact they had ever seen!

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

## **Chapter 284: Chapter 274: Number 99: Soul Dice**

"Chris, do you see that dice? That's the thing restraining the monster 'Black Ash'!"

Byrne was quick to act, and as soon as he spoke, he rushed forward, bent down, and picked up the dice that was continuously emitting light from the ground, then without hesitation, he threw it to Chris.

"Take it back!"

Chris suddenly reached out and grabbed the dice. Black fog appeared around him once more, almost instantaneously transporting both him and the dice away, vanishing from sight.

Karl, who had been silently observing everything, also understood that they could not let the domineering Marquis Vlad see the dice, the forbidden rare artifact that had appeared. He would undoubtedly not give it up and would likely snatch it on the spot, even possibly going as far as killing everyone present.

Shortly after Chris had taken the dice away, Byrne suddenly noticed on the ground something palm-sized that resembled a cover, its presence previously unnoticed.

It looked ordinary and inconspicuous.

Only, for some reason, it looked familiar...

Before he had time to ponder it further, the strange space completely collapsed. His vision blurred as everything around him seemed to change.

"..."

When Byrne came to his senses, he found himself back at the site he had been transported from before, the place of the fierce dragon battle. The ocean-like bright flames were still blazing vigorously, lighting up and seemingly igniting the sky!

That's right, the cover!

He reached out abruptly to grab the cover on the ground, but his movements halted suddenly.

Marquis Vlad was already standing beside him, his foot gently pressing down on it.

Byrne had a very clear feeling inside that if he dared to continue reaching for it, he would undoubtedly be burned to death on the spot.

"Heh, let me see what exactly it is that's restraining it."

The look in Marquis Vlad's eyes as he gazed upon Byrne was still full of contempt and disdain.

"No trouble at all, Marquis Vlad. You're the truly industrious one here, brimming with zeal..."

Byrne felt the heat of the flames surrounding him and deep down he had already recognized what the object was, but he knew he could only let go, or he would die on the spot.

It was an ancient lamp cover.

In fact, the Fischer family owned its lamp base, and now that lamp base was no longer in the bank of Fein City. Byrne had moved it to an island overseas.

If the lamp cover was here, this meant that the lamp base must still be in the hands of the Meyer family, he pondered silently.

Marquis Vlad picked up the lamp cover that had fallen to the ground and examined it closely, his eyes gradually widening in disbelief.

"Why?"

He mumbled to himself, unable to comprehend.

"How can I not feel any power in it?"

"Strange, that's completely impossible."

Byrne just stood by without saying a word, but inside he was sneering repeatedly. Indeed, there was no power whatsoever in the lamp cover.

It was nothing more than a component part, otherwise, the Fischer family would have offered it to the great Lord of the Lost long ago, and many things might not have happened.

"Could it be that the real forbidden rare artifact is on you?"

After a moment of silence, Marquis Vlad suddenly reached out and grabbed Byrne's neck, his grip tight enough to make it difficult for Byrne to breathe!

"I haven't hidden anything..."

Byrne tried his best to explain while feeling exceedingly relieved that Chris had already taken the forbidden rare artifact away; otherwise, all would indeed have been lost!

After a few harassments, he harbored deep dissatisfaction and anger towards Marquis Vlad in his heart.

Regrettably, he was no match.

The next moment, what Marquis Vlad did infuriated Byrne even more!

"Hmph, I don't believe you!"

Suddenly, wild flames engulfed Byrne's clothes, hair, and eyebrows, burning almost everything he had on him, leaving next to nothing. Marquis Vlad looked at him incredulously from head to toe, examining the Byrne he held in his hands.

"You really have nothing? And you don't even have a single mysterious rare artifact on you?"

"Hmm... maybe you've swallowed it into your stomach?"

Thinking of this, Marquis Vlad raised his hand with the intention of piercing Byrne's abdomen. At that moment, Byrne was filled with immense anger, yet he was completely unable to resist.

Without power, people can't do anything; no matter how angry they are, they dare not show it.

"Let him go, Marquis Vlad!"

The sudden appearance of a female voice made Marquis Vlad halt his actions and then release the person he was holding.

"Ah, it's you."

Byrne breathed a sigh of relief and gratefully looked towards Ariel, who had approached from not far away.

How unpredictable life is; the 'Stars Mortal' Ariel, who had once threatened his life, now saved him.

"Romann family's lot, although I knew you had come here, I did not expect you to show up at this moment."

Marquis Vlad looked at Ariel with a somewhat emotional gaze, and finally snorted coldly.

"Humph, forget it, since this Byrne Fischer is indeed your Romann family's dog, I won't question it further."

He paused for a moment, looking towards the disheveled Byrne with calm disdain.

"Get lost."

Byrne silently stood behind Ariel without saying a word, very aware that for a Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent, saying anything at this point would be an act of self-degradation without any significance.

With composure, Ariel said, "Marquis, our party is in a hurry so we will not pay a visit. Sorry!"

Marquis Vlad took off and quickly left; he didn't even put out the surrounding fires.

Once Marquis Vlad had left, Byrne took a deep breath and genuinely thanked Ariel.

"I am very grateful for your rescue, Madam Ariel. The Fischer family will remember the protection of the Romann family."

"Heh."

However, Ariel's gaze towards Byrne was not so kind, as she calmly said, "That being said, have you made up your mind to support Aldrich?"

Byrne fell silent. Indeed, Ariel had saved him, but compared to the years of companionship, it felt somewhat less significant. In reality, his emotional connection with Aldrich was still deeper.

Moreover, for the Fischer family, placing their bets on Aldrich, the Dragon Taming Lord, was clearly a smarter choice than betting on Ariel, the Stars Mortal.

As a Monarch powerful expert, she was already exceptional, but she was still comprehensively behind Aldrich.

"Well, I won't make it difficult for you. No need to say more, let's go."

It was clear that Ariel was still not pleased, but she did not get directly angry this time. It seemed that now she truly regarded Byrne as an intimate ally of the Romann family, rather than "an attachment of lesser importance."

She didn't offer Byrne any clothes and simply left the scene.

Byrne first went to a nearby village to get clothes, leaving behind a few charred Gold Coins, then met Chris again at the inn, both visibly relaxed.

"Don't worry, I'm fine."

Byrne immediately showed a brilliant smile, knowing how much the Fischer family had gained.

From now on, along the East Coast, they would call the shots—there wasn't likely to be any other family ambitious enough to dare to challenge them.

And the Fischer family would truly step onto the biggest stage of the Ouden Continent!

Ariel remained calmly beside him, saying nothing. Byrne smiled and nodded.

"Let's go, Chris, let's go home."

---

The night deepened.

Nasir Town.

At the moment, in the manor of the Fischer family, most of the key members of the entire family, as well as many Daybreakers and Proselytes, were all gathered here.

They looked at Chris with expectation and anticipation, aware that an important moment was about to arrive.

"Finally, that man is going to ascend to the 5th Rank." Yeager muttered to himself, his expression filled with longing, hoping that he too might have the chance to reach the 5th Rank someday.

"This is great! Fantastic! Hahahaha!" Archibald was extremely excited.

Vanessa's face was full of smiles, genuinely happy for her husband.

The faces of the others were filled with anticipation, excitement, and envy.

Byrne, standing beside Chris, looked around at everyone gathered and then said with calm authority:

"The great sacrifice is about to begin; all of you, come with us."

Dozens of people moved together to the Fischer family's underground sacrificial site, where Lilian led everyone to kneel in front of the sacred object.

Each person showed utmost devotion, fully aware that the Dawn Church's journey to this day had not been easy. For decades they had struggled to survive until this moment.

The number of sacrifices, both open and hidden, was mounting.

And those still alive could only pick up the torch left by their predecessors and continue onward!

The time had come.

"Great Lord of the Lost!"

Lilian began praying earnestly, intending to offer the Forbidden rare artifact to the great Lord of the Lost before asking Him to grant new power.

"We have acquired another Forbidden rare artifact, fit to be an offering; we hope it pleases You!"

"Please save us and grant us more potent power so that we may establish Your earthly God's Kingdom amongst humanity!"

"We will eventually dedicate everything in this world to You, so that all things may bask in Your radiance!"

Lilian, kneeling on the ground, became increasingly emotional, her tears flowing uncontrollably as she clenched her fists.



Her greatest dream in life was to establish a grand God's Kingdom led by the Dawn Church, where countless people would bask in the Lord's glory!

Then, they saw the great Lord of the Lost respond!

In the transparent bottle of the sacred object, a black luminance gradually emerged, instantly causing everything around to fade away, leaving only the purest black and white.

Lilian, trembling, presented the Forbidden rare artifact that Chris and Byrne had recently acquired.

It was a six-sided die constantly emitting various changing lights!

Forbidden rare artifact number ninety-nine.

The Soul Dice!

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

## **Chapter 285: Chapter 275: 5th Rank - Demon-Hunting Master!**

...

That was an especially powerful Spiritual Power.

Even Karl couldn't help but treat it with special distinction, if the spirituality contained in the forbidden rare artifacts with triple-digit numbers was akin to a delicious and luxurious seafood feast.

Then, the experience brought by the forbidden rare artifacts with double-digit numbers was simply an unimaginable satisfaction of appetite for mortals!

No food in the real world could compare to that marvelous fulfillment and satiety!

He absorbed the Spiritual Power contained within the "soul dice" almost obsessively, as if even his soul was fully immersed in it, unwilling to let go for a long time, always savoring the aftertaste.

After absorbing a large amount of Spiritual Power, Karl was even pleasantly surprised to notice that the 5th Seal showed signs of loosening!

Unfortunately, is it still not enough?

He couldn't help but ponder.

"If I could get another double-digit forbidden rare artifact, or maybe two or three more triple-digit ones, the 5th Seal could be completely undone!"

However, as everyone knows, the smaller the numeric code of a forbidden rare artifact, the rarer and harder it is to come by.

He knew that even the current Fischer family would need to rely on some luck to obtain a new powerful forbidden rare artifact.

"Double-digit forbidden rare artifacts are probably in the hands of some real big shots in this world, right?"

After losing its Spiritual Power, the soul dice instantly transformed into a rune shaped like a dice.

Karl also fully understood the specific effects of this forbidden rare artifact.

First was its overly vicious cost!

Every time the dice were used, the Extraordinary Exponent would seem to pay no price on the surface, but in reality, a small portion of their soul was mortgaged to the dice.

The six sides of the dice represent six "games," namely "1·Combat," "2·Trivia," "3·No Touching," "4·Hiding," "5·Racing," "6·Luck Gambling," and the thrower could force themselves and a target within sight to randomly start one of these games!

The ultimate winner of the game would have powerful influence over the loser and their relatives and friends, such as petrifying an enemy within sight through mere thought.

Without a doubt, the effects of the soul dice were very strong, and those who knew the rules beforehand were more likely to win, making it possible to defeat opponents stronger than oneself!

However, the soul dice had a hidden, terrifying cost—the moment the user's dice rolls totaled over 21, they would completely lose their soul and become its slave!

Once made into its slave, they would be cast into hell, forever tormented by horrific black Blazing Fire, only by continuously initiating games of slaughter within the dice could they quench the flames for a while!

"Both the cost and effects have become weird; double-digit forbidden rare artifacts are not to be underestimated..."

"Now, I'm starting to get curious about what the effects of the single-digit codes are and what their corresponding costs will be?"

Karl was genuinely intrigued, and at the same time, very curious about their... taste.

After much consideration, he removed Darren's "Shatter" and then transferred the rune power of the "soul dice" to him.

The power of the "soul dice" suited people like Byrne and Darren, who frequently used their brains, but since the two forbidden rare artifacts that Byrne currently possessed also matched him well, Karl ultimately decided to bestow it upon Darren.

Inside the underground sacrificial chamber, everyone saw Darren erupting with continuously changing colors of light!

"Ah!" people exclaimed!

Christine, still without rune power, watched Darren with envy.

There, he was feeling the changes.

In Darren's right eye, a dice flickered, and in an instant, he understood the function of that rune power, and couldn't help smiling.

"So that's how it is... Thank you, Lord of the Lost!"

Good.

Karl was indifferent to Darren's reaction.

"The main event is coming next... Now, let's shape Chris into a truly powerful being."

Next, Karl did not hesitate to consume a large amount of Spiritual Power to directly upgrade Chris's "Countdown Timer"!

In Chris's eyes, the pocket watch spun rapidly, then it completely shattered, transforming into countless golden hour and minute hands flying about in his eyes.

Spirit runes!

"Rift Moment"!

At this moment, Chris acquired a newly upgraded power. Right now, he could bring time to a standstill at will.

The longer the stasis of time, the longer the subsequent cooldown; once the cooldown ended, he could use time stasis again!

The maximum stasis time was ten seconds, followed by a ten-minute cooldown period.

"Countdown Timer" required preheating before stasis, whereas "Rift Moment" was stasis first, then cooldown!

While the order has merely been reversed, and the maximum stasis time shortened, the practical effect it could have in battle has become incomparable to before!

...

"Heh, the advantage I have bestowed upon the Fischer family is finally starting to snowball,"

Karl was very pleased with what the Fischer family had done so far. His only regret was letting Marquis Vlad take away the "lamp" cover, which could only be reclaimed later.

"A miracle!"

"The great deities have granted us power once again!"

"It's thrilling every single time!"

The members of the Dawn Church kept worshiping and expressing their gratitude, overwhelmed with excitement!

Especially a few from the Fischer family who were the most moved, while Yeager and others were filled with immense envy. Deep in their hearts, they all knew that only the divinely favored Fischers could possess the power of runes, while they themselves would never have a chance.

At this very moment, Karl had already reached the Spirit Realm.

He deftly lit a brand new "constellation" and grafted it onto the Path of Tranquility.

In the "constellation", there existed a white-haired man in armor, holding a sharp sword. His expression was full of vicissitudes and vigilance, and runes swirled around his other hand.

5th Rank!

"Power of Consecution·Demon-Hunting Master"!

He, carrying a white radiance, returned to the real world.

The next moment, blinding white light filled the entire underground sacrificial chamber. The intense white light even surged faintly out of the underground, flowing in all directions throughout Fischer Manor!

"Ah!"

Everyone but Chris subconsciously closed their eyes.

Only he remained calm, stretching out his hand to accept that unprecedented powerful force!

So that was it.

All this time, he hadn't truly stepped onto the God Pantheon stairway.

From now on, it was the starting point of the divine path!

Chris took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and savored the transformation. Even someone as composed as he couldn't help but get excited, relishing the extremely powerful Power of Consecution!

He could now precisely control every inch of his body, every bit of energy, and accurately perceive the extent of his own strengthening.

Compared to the previous rank, the improvement in physical fitness and Spiritual Power gained from the 5th Rank was very obvious, totaling a fivefold increase!

Chris's physical fitness increased by 700, while his Spiritual Power grew by 300!

The 4th Rank "Sin Executioner" would appear as frail and powerless as a child before him!

At the same time, Chris also gained four brand new Extraordinary powers brought by the "Demon-Hunting Master," namely, "Nemesis of Monsters," "Flesh Spiritual Medicine," "Secret Spell Lake," and "Hunter"!

"Nemesis of Monsters" did not bring with it much knowledge but allowed Chris to instantly grasp the fundamental information of any 'non-human' entity he recognized, fully discerning the target's weaknesses.

"Flesh Spiritual Medicine" meant his blood would produce an Extraordinary effect, becoming a very special spiritual medicine that could heal most injuries and also act as a deadly poison against non-humans!

"Secret Spell Lake" brought him four spells: "Blazing Fire," "Bewitchment," "Shatter," "Telekinesis," and he would also possess great resistance to various psychic types of Extraordinary powers!

The final Extraordinary power was "Hunter."

It was a power that excited Chris, for with each kill of an enemy of the same rank or stronger, he would permanently absorb a part of the enemy's strength, converting it into physical fitness!

Theoretically, possessing "Hunter," he could grow without end.

Just as Monarch powerful experts would obtain "Domain," "Soul and Life Conversion," and "Flight," he also acquired several common abilities of a 5th Rank Extraordinary Exponent.

First was an extraordinary sense of perception. Any Extraordinary Exponent who had reached the 5th Rank could detect all nearby Extraordinary power fluctuations within several kilometers and clearly sense various anomalies and the undead.

They understood the essence of Spiritual Power and could physically interfere with entities from another world. In other words, they could touch the essence of the soul and also defend against direct soul-striking methods.

Then there was the special ability "Burning Soul." Any Exceptional Exponent who reached the 5th Rank could burn their soul temporarily to burst forth their strength and rise a rank temporarily.

Chris quickly realized that the power of the 6th Rank was akin to that of a mid-level Monarch, not a high-level Monarch. After "Burning Soul," he could temporarily raise his base strength to the level of a mid-level Monarch Exceptional Exponent.

The consequence was a permanent decrease in the upper limit of Spiritual Power, and a permanent reduction in his own strength.

The surrounding onlookers couldn't help but look at Chris in astonishment. Each one of them could feel a powerful aura that was still strong despite gradually converging.

Byrne pondered silently and then could describe that particular aura: anyone before him was like a prey that could meet death at any moment.

So that was it, an Extraordinary Exponent who mastered the Power of Consecution would also possess a very powerful aura upon reaching the 5th Rank.

His whole body was filled with immense power, and after experiencing such a metamorphosis, Chris silently opened his eyes.

"Great Lord of the Lost... I am now the sharpest blade of the Fischer family."

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

## **Chapter 286: Chapter 276 Shocking the Nation!**

Once the ritual had completely concluded, everyone left the underground chapel and began the banquet that followed. Meanwhile, Byrne and Chris ventured out alone, beyond the borders of Nasir Town.

Byrne quite strikingly noticed that Chris's appearance visibly rejuvenated, returning to the youthful state akin to that of an angelic boy.

Very good!

He finally breathed a sigh of relief. Although the Fischer family did not follow the Consecution of Bloodline power, ascending the God Pantheon stairway up to the 5th Rank still provided the benefit of extending one's lifespan.

The offering used for advancing to the 5th Rank on the Path of Tranquility as a "Demon-Hunting Master" was the "Shattered Soul Core," a Class 5 Extraordinary Material that Byrne had recently brought over from the Alchemy Council.

It was traded from the "Time Stasis Stone," originating from the Aphotic Sea, a product of many devoured and cursed souls together transformed by alchemy into Extraordinary Material, with each creation bearing considerable value.

By now, he could definitively confirm that the "Time Stasis Stone" was indeed a person from the Aphotic Sea; each time they acted, they brought rare specialties from the Aphotic Sea.

The old man made no attempt to conceal his location.

Perhaps he felt supremely confident, unconcerned about revealing it.

And now in the Alchemy Council, not only was Viscount Bast's "Dragon Crystal" missing, but "Star Metal," who had always been in search of the Lost followers, had disappeared as well.

No one knew where she had gone or why she no longer participated in the Alchemy Council.

Apart from the still enigmatic Council Leader, the only members remaining were "Mithril," "Time Stasis Stone," "Moon River Stone," "Spirit Essence," and "Solar Gold."

Almost no one cared about the whereabouts of "Dragon Crystal" and "Star Metal"; only occasionally would "Time Stasis Stone" express some regret, suspecting that they probably had died somewhere.

"But it doesn't matter, for I will always be here in the Alchemy Council, accompanying all of you... until the end of time," Time Stasis Stone said, his voice laden with profound meaning.

Byrne still remembered that the reticent Lady "Spirit Essence" had been one of the participants in the ambush of the Tempest Bishop, the "Thunderous Monarch." Yet, over the years, he had never brought up the matter.

And "Spirit Essence" was still as silent as ever, only occasionally making some trades.

To this day, Byrne still felt pressure when facing the inscrutable and sonorous "Solar Gold," a mid-level Monarch powerful expert.

However, looking at Chris standing not far away, a sense of confidence surged within him!

What did it matter if "Solar Gold" was a mid-level Monarch powerful expert? With the barrier of Nasir Town to rely on, Chris, having ascended to the 5th Rank, might very well defeat him!

The Fischer family now possessed a powerful trump card!

"Chris, we need to test something... how strong do you feel now?"

"Very strong," Chris replied, ever so calmly, as his lean and beautiful body slowly lifted off the ground.

"Flight" was not a common ability among Consecution Extraordinary Exponents of the 5th Rank. Nevertheless, a "Demon-Hunting Master" could perform aerial movements using telekinesis from their acquired spells, albeit at the cost of consuming some Spiritual Power; while Monarch powerful experts could fly without any consumption.

He tested his midair movement speed and found that if he wanted to increase his speed, the consumption of Spiritual Power would also be greater.

Even at the lowest speed, he could fly for a maximum of thirty minutes, while at full burst, he could probably not last more than five minutes, Chris pondered silently.



Byrne watched and took notes quietly. Compared to the average speed of low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, Chris's short-distance flight speed was not inferior, and he was even faster when bursting at full speed.

However, his long-distance movement would lag due to the consumption of Spiritual Power.

High in the sky, the serene Chris, like a judging angel, slowly stretched out his hand toward a nearby expanse of trees; his palm began to swirl with twinkling runes.

"Boom!"

The next moment, the entire tract of trees splintered into pieces under the force of an invisible shockwave!

He then changed the spell, and raging flames incessantly erupted from the center of his palm!

They scorched the clouds above, turning them into crimson fire-clouds!

"Compared to a low-level Monarch who specializes in flames, these flames are clearly at a disadvantage, yet they are much more potent than those of a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent," Byrne murmured to himself, making a judgment as Chris moved back in front of him.

"Wait a minute, you aren't planning to test it on me, are you?"

Byrne paused, quickly grasping the other's intent, while Chris, calm as ever, effortlessly performed a slight gesture that swiftly bewitched him.

When Chris calmly lifted the bewitchment spell, Byrne took a deep breath, shook his head, and said with a touch of helplessness,

"Hmm, the bewitchment spell should work on all Extraordinary Exponents below Monarch level, but my prediction is that your ability might not be effective against Monarchs of the same level."

After pondering for a while, he continued, "To sum it up, these spell abilities should just play a supporting role for you. After all, 'Demon-Hunting Master' is essentially a close-combat Consecution power... perhaps the effects of 'Fire of Sin' and 'Lethality' will be most useful."

Now, Chris's "Lethality" could affect low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, making the commonly used defense of "spiritual power conversion to life" recovery techniques among those low-levels useless.

"Also, as a 'Demon-Hunting Master,' you will have unexpected effects when facing non-humans."

Byrne thought for a moment and then added, "Facing a mid-level Monarch strength mysterious creature, the victory would probably be yours."

"Indeed," Chris nodded calmly in agreement.

Byrne finally displayed a broad smile, spread his arms wide, and continued,

"Chris! Next up, just as we planned, we'll inform the whole of Cyart in a month about you becoming a 'Monarch'!"

We can't announce it right away. We need to give Chris at least "one month of breakthrough time." After that, we can claim he's been attempting the breakthrough.

He paused and went on,

"In two months, we'll host a grand celebration for the Fischer family, and at that time, we will invite every major family across the nation to attend!"

----

A month flashed by, and one invitation after another was sent out, quickly spreading throughout all the provinces of the country.

"How is that possible?"

Within the Romann family, Ariel stood up abruptly from her seat in her room, still feeling a strong sense of disbelief deep inside her upon receiving the news from the servants.

Although she had always been aware that Chris Fischer stood a not-small chance of successfully reaching the level of a Monarch powerful expert, the news still struck her as incredibly unbelievable!

"The Fischer family is now our ally, not a vassal, Ariel."

Aldrich slowly walked in from outside the door, nodding calmly and continuing, "From now on, we can never underestimate them. In fact, we must absolutely not underestimate any large family that already has a Monarch powerful expert."

Without a second thought, Ariel immediately said:

"How did Chris get his inheritance? The Ten Great Families, the Church, and those few ancient orders almost monopolize all the inheritances that can reach the Monarch Level. Was the inheritance that led to Chris's promotion given by you?"

Aldrich slowly shook his head, explaining, "No, Ariel, that's not the case. In fact, I am very suspicious of one thing."

"Perhaps, there is a powerful Extraordinary Exponent hidden in Nasir Town, very likely possessing the strength of a high-level Monarch..."

Ariel was stunned for a moment, then instinctively shook her head:

"How can that be? There are only a handful of high-level Monarchs throughout the entire East!"

Aldrich closed his eyes, continuously reviewing the history of the Fischer family over the past decades, finding many clues.

"A powerful expert on the brink of death ends up in a coastal town, accidentally receives assistance from the Fischer family, and decides to conceal his identity, remotely controlling the Fischer family from behind the scenes as his own tool..."

"The most likely deduction I have made over this period is just this, the development trajectory of the Fischer family over the decades and the circumstances where they encountered disasters and were saved, all align with this theory."

Ariel fell into deep silence, unable to help but ask, "Could it be the Chairman of the Alchemy Council?"

Aldrich shook his head, saying, "I don't know."

"Regardless of what the real situation is, we have to be cautious in dealing with the Fischer family. You must always remember this in the future."

"What do you mean?" Ariel was startled, not understanding why he was telling her all this.

Aldrich looked at her with a profound gaze, saying seriously,

"I and the Duke have made a decision, Ariel, it will be you who will inherit the position of family head of the Romann family in the future!"

—

In the depths of the White Sea, atop the sea surface, the Sea God Cult had just once again repelled an attack from the Winged Folk.

The remaining members of the entire Sea God Cult were very exhausted.

The sea surface was littered with numerous corpses of the Winged Folk; they looked very similar to humans, except for the white wings on their backs and sparse white feathers along their limbs.

In the sky, the leader, High Priest Sky Blue, covered in wounds, took a long time before he could muster the spiritual power to heal himself.

If it were not for the glacier inhabitants and the Winged Folk being heatedly engaged in battle, forcing the Winged Folk to split their forces into two, the Sea God Cult would have stood no chance against their attack.

The Sea God Cult was close to being completely annihilated.

"No matter what, we won't have the energy to harass the East Coast Province in the short term. It's time to rest and recuperate..."

The voice of Sage Dark Blue emerged from within High Priest Sky Blue.

"And the truth is, we might be able to hold our own at sea with the help of the sea tribe, but aiming to conquer the East Coast on land is almost an impossibility."

High Priest Sky Blue fell silent, while his twin brother, Sage Dark Blue, continued to speak.

"Such a pity, I was the only one who disagreed with starting a war back then..."

Right then, High Priest Sky Blue suddenly received an incredibly unbelievable piece of news from a member of the sea tribe.

"How can that be?"

"Someone from the Fischer family has actually become a new Monarch powerful expert!"

—

In the Royal Capital of the Rhea Kingdom.

In a palace that could not be considered splendid, the "Blood Flames King," "Skyfire" Flamme, was calmly reviewing a series of documents.

At that moment, his spy emerged from the surrounding shadows, presenting him with a highly confidential letter.

"My king, please look."

The "Blood Flames King" Flamme nodded, took it, and fell into a deep silence for a long time after reading the contents of the letter.

"The Fischer family..."

Two members of the Meyer family had died at the hands of the Fischers.

He naturally remembered those people and would never forget them for as long as he lived.

But Flamme never imagined that one day the once meek and feeble Fischer family would leave the dining table to step onto the real stage and become "predators."

He said calmly and indifferently,

"Well done!"

"However, your ultimate fate will still not change, because the Meyer family will never forget its vengeance."

"Let us continue our struggle upon the stage."

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

## **Chapter 287: Chapter 277: The 9th Fischer Family**

In the eastern part of the Ouden Continent, noble families with Monarch powerful experts are known as the Ten Great Pillars families, among which a full eight great families have main veins or branches within the Cyart Kingdom.

These are the "Blood of Salvation" Adley, "Dark Night" Romann, "Fog Wayfarer" Abernathy, "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton, "Wrathful Angel" Jones, "Ruins Song Spirit" Middell, "Wasteland Beast" Frosac, and the nearly annihilated "Shattered Giant" Hovern.

They are called the Eight Great Families of Cyart!

At this moment, people from all over the Eastern Four Kingdoms who have received invitations, or learned of the event through intelligence channels, are very clear about one thing.

From now on, Fischer is the ninth great family of Cyart! Even if they only have a single "Monarch powerful expert," they still widen the gap in status with those families of the Transmutation Level!

The Fischers, who were once just pawns, suddenly became one of the players!

----

Under the blue sky and white clouds, the sunlight sprinkled on ancient buildings as a gentle breeze blew through the alleys and streets of Nasir Town.

Luxurious carriages arrived in Nasir Town one after another, and members of high society from all over the nation couldn't help but come to witness the birth of the ninth family.

They wanted to see the honor of Chris Fischer.

What kind of genius was this person?

Byrne had anticipated a large number of visitors and had already instructed the servants on arrangements, apart from the minor families closely related to the Fischer family and capable of receiving an invitation, all visitors of the baron's level or below would not be received at the manor. Instead, they would be gifted a gold bar and arrangements made for their accommodation in the town.

Although such actions might upset some high-pride minor nobles, if the Fischer family did not have such arrangements, countless minor families that did not receive invitations but still came to visit and offer gifts would overwhelm their estate with visitors.

Sometimes, lack of reception is not about arrogance, it's simply because of the inability to accommodate so many people.

All eight of Cyart's great families sent representatives to attend this nation-shaking grand ceremony.

In a carriage with a white base and cyan blue insignia, a clean-cut, fair-haired young boy looked outside, finding everything around him very novel.

The brown-haired young boy asked, "Father, is this the Fischer family?"

He paused before asking, "So what kind of family is Fischer? And what is the power of Bloodline they possess?"

The boy's father was a man dressed in a black tailcoat—a conspicuous sight mostly due to his eyes, one cyan blue and the other golden yellow.

The man with heterochromia slowly shook his head, calmly saying to his son:

"I don't know, Fischer is actually a very secretive family; they reveal very little and have always maintained a high level of privacy."

"I see," said the boy as he nodded. He was Amos Abernathy from the Abernathy family.

His father, Jayern, was a Monarch powerful expert known as the "Hunter in the Fog" from the Abernathy family, and his mysterious grandfather, who had not attended the banquet, was the head of the Abernathy family, the "White Spirit."

Jayern said calmly, "Amos, aren't you curious? Why don't the Fischers reside in the city but in such a small place instead?"

After a moment of thought, the young Amos responded, "Perhaps they plan to turn this into a brand new city."

Jayern shook his head and said indifferently:

"Yes and no. What's more important is that before they had a Monarch powerful expert, the Fischer family were still just one of the many pawns, not yet qualified to move to a bigger place."

"And now? Father," the young boy inquired again.

Jayern nodded affirmatively and seriously.

"Without a doubt, they are now the uncrowned kings of the East Coast Province."

----

In the manor of the Fischer family, the banquet was about to begin.

Sunbelle looked at each arriving guest, her heart feeling as if she were dreaming. With Chris's increase in strength, her own status had soared accordingly.

As the personal maid of an important family member, even when dealing with some minor nobility, they had to bow their heads in respect to her.

However, she quickly remembered something that made her a bit disheartened.

That was, Karno likely had little chance of inheriting the position of the family head.

In fact, he might not even outlive his father, Chris.

But even so, it seemed not a big deal—after all, Karno was already quite formidable...

She blushed and shook her head as she noticed the acquaintances among the guests and suddenly realized that the number of the Fischer family's vassals seemed to be increasing.

"Sunbelle."

Karno suddenly approached, smiling and saying, "Don't be nervous, the banquet will be over soon."

Sunbelle shook her head and said with a smile, "No, I'm not nervous at all; in fact, I feel quite excited!"

She took advantage of the moment when there was no one around to suddenly try to hug Karno, but he deftly avoided her embrace.

With a smile across his face, he teased, "Act like a lady, Miss Sunbelle!"

Meanwhile, in another corner of the manor, Yeager, Archibald, and members of the Dagger Brotherhood, including Moore, were also gathering together.

Over the past few years, Yeager had divorced his former wife and soon after married a female member of the Lion clan, and just a few months ago, he finally became the mayor of Fein City.

In the eyes of others, Yeager was an important figure within the Lion clan, not a member of the Fischer family. Only those within the Dawn Church were well-aware that Yeager was the number one seat among the Daybreakers.

He had already reached the 3rd Rank Swords Brandisher and even had the chance to aim for the coveted 5th Rank, making him the most respected "big brother" among all the Daybreakers.

All this time, Yeager had, in various ways, assisted nearly every Daybreaker.

"Long time no see, Mr. Moore, I didn't expect you to still be as sprightly as ever," Yeager said with a smile, nodding towards Moore. However, Moore and the others were quite aware that Yeager had no good impressions of the Proselytes.

For more than a decade, Yeager had been continually trying to secure more benefits for the Daybreakers, always putting forward suggestions that were indeed correct and aligned with the interests of the Daybreakers, also subtly influencing the decisions of the Fischer family.

This led to most of the Dawn Church's subordinate industries being in the hands of the Daybreakers, rather than managed by Proselytes.



Standing behind Moore were his two brothers, along with gang members who had joined the Dawn Church, and several descendants of Blood Receivers, all belonging to the Proselyte faction.

"Why do you always target us?" Moore asked Yeager in a low voice as he approached him.

Yeager shook his finger, indicating that there were foreign experts nearby, and he could not speak openly about certain words.

Thus, he took out a piece of paper and wrote down his response without hesitation:

"Because you are Proselytes and we are Daybreakers, it's as simple as that."

After pondering for a moment, Moore also wrote down a line.

"I don't understand."

Yeager laughed and said,

"If I am as good to everyone as I am to our own, then how can we differentiate our own people from others?"

Moore suddenly had an epiphany.

So that was it, Yeager's true intention was to rally a group of people and oppose another, just as a means to draw in those people.

He couldn't help but say, "You're quite an ambitious person, Mr. Yeager; just how far do you intend to go before you are willing to let go?"

Yeager raised his hand high towards the sky, where the Blazing Sun was making everyone sweat!

He said,

"Not until my feathers are completely melted by the sun and I fall from the sky to my death!"

----

In the center of the banquet hall within the mansion, not including Chris himself, there were no less than nine Monarch powerful experts present.

Aside from the Hovern family of the Eight Great Families, each of the other seven families had sent a Monarch Level Extraordinary Exponent, while the Salvation Church

dispatched a genuine bishop, and the Tempest Church was represented by the familiar face of Zayne.

Zayne was brimming with smiles, genuinely happy for Chris.

No fewer than nine Monarch powerful experts were conversing and smiling, and even those who were normally on good terms with each other engaged in polite formality.

However, everyone's focus still lay on the somewhat mysterious Chris Fischer.

By now, every person in Cyart was intensely curious, all longing to know everything about the Fischer family!

"Mr. Chris Fischer! I have a question for you," someone finally initiated.

All eyes turned towards the voice; it was a young man with brown hair who posed the question, accompanying "Hunter in the Fog" Jayern, a young master from Abernathy family, known as the "Fog Wayfarer."

Chris remained silent, neither confirming nor denying.

The brown-haired young man had a very innocent smile and asked with great curiosity, "May I ask, what kind of power of Bloodline do you actually possess?"

"Also, have you truly reached the Monarch Level?"

Everyone looked back towards Chris, each one inwardly filled with doubt. Yes, the secrets that the Fischer family had hidden for so long—what would the answer be?

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

## **Chapter 288: Chapter 278: The Gift of "Counterattack Shield" and the Steam Train**

Bringing up those two questions in such a straightforward manner in public was obviously a breach of etiquette; nearly no adult noble of Cyart would ever speak that way at a banquet.

However, a boy of around ten could very well speak in such a manner.

People believe that children are entitled to speak their mind without fear of reprimand.

The "Hunter in the Fog" of the Abernathy family, Jayern, immediately furrowed his brow and scolded his son in a low voice.

"Amos! What exactly are you saying? Don't you know the questions you're asking are impolite?"

"Sorry, father, I won't dare again..."

Amos immediately lowered his head, his face a picture of grievance, signaling he would not ask such questions again.

"It's alright, Lord Jayern, these are in fact not questions that cannot be asked," Byrne stepped forward, politely interjecting.

"Our Fischer family indeed harbors many secrets, which have always drawn considerable attention. It's only natural that people would be curious."

He looked at the boy and let out a chuckle, knowing full well that the youngster's sudden inquiry could very likely have been prompted by his father.

In truth, everyone present was eager to know these two matters, but they simply couldn't ask directly, nor could they attain answers quickly through other means.

Byrne surveyed the silent crowd and, without hesitation, brought out a well-thought-out explanation, calmly elucidating, "In fact, the power of Bloodline of the Fischer family comes from another continent."

"Another continent?"

Everyone was taken aback for a moment but then didn't find it too strange upon further thought.

Indeed, for those capable of bequeathing powers of a mighty Bloodline, crossing continents was not a difficult feat.

Byrne continued, "Therefore, the power of Bloodline possessed by the Fischer family belongs to none that you are already familiar with."

He paused for a moment before adding, "Our family's Bloodline is quite unique and manifests differently in each family member."

The crowd fell into contemplation. Could it be something like the power of a hydra?

"However, we prefer not to disclose the specifics of these Bloodline abilities, and I trust that you all can understand this."

"As for Chris Fischer and whether he has truly reached the level of a Monarch..."

Before he could finish his statement, an exceptionally intense aura burst forth from Chris, like a keen hunter locking onto every person present.

Those who were not Monarchs changed their countenance, while the nine powerful Monarch experts all appeared contemplative, sensing that robust aura which was competitive enough to contend with them on equal footing.

The aura was genuine—undeniable!

It seemed indeed true! Chris Fischer had reached the Monarch Level!

Unless, like the Earl Hovern of old, the people of the Fischer family were capable of fabricating an aura reminiscent of the Monarch Level through some special abilities.

But such cases were exceedingly rare.

A steady and profound voice rang out.

"For the Cyart people to gain a new Monarch-Level powerful expert is indeed our good fortune, and an even greater one for the Adley Royal Family!"

The speaker was a balding old man, exceptionally tall and stout, his eyes deep, always exuding an air of severity.

He was a member of the Adley Royal Family, a low-level Monarch known as "Boulder Sledge Hammer" Prince Baine, a distant relative of the current Cyart King, possessing terrifying strength and defensive power.

Like a moving fortress and in terms of sheer strength alone, he was said to be on par with a mid-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent.

Byrne's expression suddenly brimmed with upright vigor as he nodded solemnly,

"The Fischer family of the East Coast will undoubtedly become the bulwark of Cyart people in the northeastern region!"

"As long as we are here, the despicable, shameless Rhea People and the heretic adherents of the Sea God Cult shall never again set foot on a single inch of East Coast Province!"

Many listened and nodded in approval, with some younger attendees even etching the scene deeply in their memory, viewing Byrne through a filter of admiration.

Byrne's words weren't a fabrication, he simply wasn't as agitated inwardly as he appeared to be.

The recent event was quickly glossed over, and no one delved deeper into the Bloodline-related inquiries.

They remained curious about the Fischer family's Bloodline power, but they could never imagine that the system of power they stepped into was completely different.

After all, it was far too counterintuitive.

Just as one wouldn't entertain the thought that a delicious dish of unclear ingredients could be made of stones, they would only continuously speculate about the actual ingredients involved.

The banquet continued for several days before completely concluding, with each visiting family presenting gifts. Without a doubt, the gifts from Ariel of the Romann family and Bishop Zane of the Tempest Church were the most valuable.

"Congratulations! Chris, I'll be returning to the East Coast as a Bishop. From now on, let's work together to grasp control of the East Coast," Zane said with a smile, feeling in that moment he and Chris were poised to replace the legacy of the Thunderous Monarch and Earl Hovern!

Of course, he believed their alliance would have a better outcome.

The gift from Zane was not just a congratulatory offering but also included his gratitude to Byrne, a repayment for the man who had helped him reach Monarch status.

The two pieces of Level Five Extraordinary materials he gave were incredibly valuable, treasured even by major families.

And the gift Ariel brought also signified the Romann family's support for the Fischer family; it was a four-figure Forbidden rare artifact.

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

## Chapter 289: Chapter 278: The Gift of "Counterattack Shield" and the Steam Train\_2

After a moment of silence, she still said with disbelief, "I never imagined you guys could actually reach Monarch Level, it's truly inconceivable. Just a short while ago, the Fischer family on the East Coast was but a minor family."

The forbidden rare artifact was a small circular shield, No. 8271, named the "Counterattack Shield," capable of releasing a hemispherical protective barrier that could block and reflect incoming attacks, lasting for a few seconds.

The "Counterattack Shield" flaw was that it could only be deployed three times a day, and using it came at the cost of a year of one's lifespan. Another downside was that the "Counterattack Shield" had a limit for the amount of force it could withstand.

At most, it could fully block an attack from a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, but against stronger extraordinary powers, it couldn't provide complete defense.

In the family meeting that followed, Byrne looked at everyone and said calmly,

"In the coming years, let's devote all our efforts to developing and controlling the East Coast, creating a stronghold completely under Fischer control."

"Try to bring every minor family under our control, and as for the proposal by Lilian to develop new Proselytes..."

He paused for a moment, then continued looking at his daughter,

"I think it's time to put it back on the agenda, let's use the scales to vote again!"

The crowd was instantly fired up, as there were no longer any families on the East Coast that could compete with them, and their relationship with the Tempest Church was excellent.

Everyone understood that from now on, no one could stop the actions of the Fischer family on the East Coast!

The days of uncertainty were completely over!

---

The steam train slowly started, and the onlookers gaped, holding their breath as they watched the breathtaking scene.

Thick black coal smoke rose from the front of the steam train as the wheels began to turn slowly, the ground started trembling with a grinding noise, followed by the panting and roaring of the steam engine, as the train gradually gained power.

"It's moving!"

The people exclaimed!

As the furnace was lit, steam applied, and the engine roared, the sound of compressed air being released rapidly and the vibration of the train's body instantly intertwined.

Gradually, the train picked up speed and left the station.

The people at the station were fixated on the scene before them, and at that moment, someone in the crowd shouted out loud!

"Fischer!"

Then the rest of the people started chanting along!

"Fischer! Fischer! Fischer!"

Hundreds upon hundreds of people called out the name Fischer, feeling a profound sense of pride from the bottom of their hearts; the Fischer family was the honor of everyone in Nasir Town!

On the steam train, Byrne, his white hair full and his figure still erect, stood at the door greeting people with a wave as they grew distant.

"His Excellency Byrne!"

Almost everyone greeted him with a smile, and the people of Nasir Town cheered loudly, with many young people even running alongside the slowly accelerating steam train!

Inside the steam train's carriage, several members of the Fischer family were also seated there, including Christine, Archibald, Vanessa, and Christine's assistant.

They were all a bit unaccustomed since, aside from Byrne who had already gone through numerous tests, it was the first time for everyone else to ride on the steam train.

Chris had already been on the 5th Rank for four years.

"Hahaha!"

Archibald, his face full of beard, laughed heartily inside the carriage; after more than a decade of labor, the railroad finally completely connected Nasir Town and Fein City, the stronghold of the Fischer family!

Christine, seated in a wheelchair, had matured into a woman.

She was dressed in a black gown that resembled the night sky, exuding an intellectual aura, with silver hair that radiated mature charm.

A man with an honest face, dressed in a white military uniform, silently stood behind the wheelchair.

He was one of Bast's grandsons, Andre Leone, with the air of a truly noble knight, now serving as the assistant who helped Christine move around.

Christine flicked her hair, speaking calmly yet with an intellectual demeanor, "We need to build more railroads, yes, more railroads."

Archibald hesitated, then said,

"Miss Christine, it took us over ten years just to build a single railroad. Do we really need to build more? It seems like quite an excessive consumption of time, effort, and money, doesn't it?"

"Is this really good for the family?"

Deep down, he felt that His Excellency Byrne and Miss Christine had been somewhat brainwashed by the priests of the Reforging Church!

One railroad was not enough! They were obsessed with laying more and more track!

Christine, ever calm, looked at Archibald and said, "Over the years, I've read many books and learned a lot about the application of railroads in other countries. They will become lifeblood for cities in the future. If we want to make the East Coast prosperous, building railroads is essential."

"In time, provinces with a network of railroads will be far ahead of those without, and the gap between them will be like that between large and small families."

Archibald, having trouble understanding, also clear in his heart that if he were to debate with the shrewd and calculating Christine, he would lose ten out of ten times!

Enough of that!



So he nodded slightly, shaking his head in impatience and spreading his hands, "Alright, I don't quite understand these matters. Anyway, family matters are not for me to vote on."

Christine shook her head. She had always had a poor impression of Mr. Archibald, who was both rude and unwise, especially when he came up with all sorts of bizarre objections.

"Andre, take me to the locomotive. Mother, please wait here for me; I'll be back shortly."

"Yes, Miss Christine."

Andre nodded loyally, pushing the wheelchair to lead Christine away from the carriage.

"In the blink of an eye, Christine has grown up. I still remember how fragile she used to be," Vanessa suddenly spoke up, her tone full of emotion.

As for herself, she was gradually aging.

Christine, along with her wheelchair, arrived at the front of the train, biting her finger lightly, a habit when she was deep in thought.

Andre hesitated for a moment, but then reminded her, "Don't bite through your finger again, being too engrossed in thought isn't good."

Christine smiled, shaking her head slowly and speaking tenderly,

"Andre Leone, what did I tell you before? You just need to listen to me. As my legs and sword, you don't need to think too much."

Andre was momentarily stunned, then nodded, "Yes, I understand... Miss Christine, rest assured, I have long decided to pledge my loyalty to you, to give you my all, as that is my mission!"

"Even if you venture into hell, I will march alongside you!"

After more than a dozen hours, their group finally arrived in Fein City from Nasir Town.

Thousands of citizens at Fein City's train station awaited the arrival of the steam train, and when Byrne and the others of the Fischer family disembarked, the crowd immediately erupted!

Byrne looked calmly at the surrounding people, gesturing for quiet, then loudly announced a "major bombshell."

"War is about to begin!"

He pointed eastward.

"The sea to the east has always belonged to us, the Cyart people! We will exterminate the pirates and heretics, letting the glory of the Cyart people shine upon the sea!"

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

## **Chapter 290: Chapter 279: The Wise Do Not Fall in Love**

Fischer Manor.

By the window, Karno reached out to draw back the curtains and watched calmly outside. A young girl was holding a cat in the rocking chair, quietly conversing with her mother, Vanessa.

The strands of white in Vanessa's hair shone, her face full of smiles, nodding continuously.

She seemed to like that girl very much.

Perhaps the mother thought the girl was well-matched with her own family, Karno thought, even though his mother and father were not so well-matched.

Though advanced in age but still robust and healthy, Theo stood quietly behind Karno and said indifferently:

"Young Master Karno, let me introduce you."

"This Miss Sunny is a girl from the Frosac family, who enjoys painting and cooking. Her uncle is Bishop Zane, and both His Excellency Byrne and your mother hope you will take a look at her..."

He paused before continuing, "At least you should show up; otherwise, it would be very impolite."

Karno slowly shook his head, his tone very firm.

"I'm not interested in Miss Sunny, sorry, Mr. Theo, I have no intention of making marriage arrangements with a stranger. I will discuss this matter with my mother..."

Theo fell silent on hearing this.

Karno continued in an even tone: "I feel for the girl, having traveled all the way to Nasir, such a long distance."

Suddenly, Theo spoke in an elder's tone, frowning: "At the end of the day, how do you view the matter of marriage? After all, both Young Master Karno and Miss Christine are of age."

"Being part of the Extraordinary nobility, marriage is something you can't avoid."

Karno revealed a very gentle smile, turned around, looked at the white-haired Theo, and said patiently:

"Mr. Theo, you know, Uncle Byrne once said the final decision of marriage is ultimately my freedom."

He pointed toward the ceiling and said silently, "Moreover, someone like me might never reach a higher level if bound by such ties, which would be the greatest regret for the Fischer family."

...

Theo fell into silence. Young Master Karno's rationale was solid because nothing was more important than reaching a higher level, a consensus of the entire Fischer family.

Nevertheless, he still hoped for Karno and Christine, the twins, to have children sooner, as each descendant was crucial for the Fischer family.

According to Lilian's check-up, Christine, despite having withered legs, was still capable of childbearing.

But she also repeatedly put off marriage.

Karno suddenly asked, "By the way, how old is she?"

Thinking him interested, Theo immediately answered:

"Nineteen."

Karno nodded lightly and said with a smile, "Felix is eighteen, isn't he? I feel they might be quite compatible."

"How about he marries into the Frosac family instead of me, hahaha, that guy would certainly not refuse!"

Theo was completely stunned, not expecting Karno to suggest his own nephew take his place!

That guy!

With a smile on his face, Karno knew very well that Felix was utterly unlike him; he was a serious, proud fellow.

Taking a deep breath to control his temper, Theo asked, "At this point, there's something I want to ask you, Young Master Karno."

"Is it about Sunbelle?" Karno anticipated.

Theo said with deep meaning: "Yes, what exactly is she to you now: your servant, your lover, or the one you want to marry?"

Karno replied: "That sort of thing doesn't matter. Right now, my relationship with her is quite pleasant. Isn't that enough? And no, we indeed haven't had any intimate relations."

Theo emphasized again, "Pardon my bluntness, Young Master Karno, but as a legitimate member of the Fischer family, you categorically cannot marry an ordinary person!"

Karno didn't show impatience, only burst into laughter: "Hahahaha! How amusing, Mr. Theo, the Fischer family climbed to our current position from ordinary people in just a few decades. Do we really plan to completely separate ourselves from ordinary people?"

"My mother was also an ordinary person at the beginning."

Theo fell silent for a long while.

"It's not about that. It's for the benefit of the family."

"The family's benefit..." Karno murmured thoughtfully and sighed. He disliked troublesome matters.

Yet in life, how could one avoid dealing with various troubles?

Leaving the corridor and entering his room, Karno was met by a worried Sunbelle, who had been waiting for him. After a long silence, she couldn't resist asking:

"Young Master Karno, are you getting married?"

Karno shook his head and pulled out a bottle of strong liquor hidden under his bed, taking a drink.

"No, not yet."

Sunbelle let out a sigh of relief and sat on Karno's bed. Yet, she soon became anxious again, gripping her hands tightly, feeling very insecure deep inside.

Finally, she mustered the courage to ask the most crucial question again!

"My Lord... Karno! Why have you always rejected me, do you truly despise me that much? After all these years, I must clarify this matter. Answer me!"

Then she saw the look in Karno's eyes as he turned to her, a look that was complicated as if reflecting upon many things in an instant.

"It's not like that, Sunbelle, I just don't like being bound. Maybe that's my biggest flaw."

He took another swig of liquor and breathed deeply, speaking sincerely: "For me, forming a close relationship is actually a curse; love is the easiest way to fall into the abyss."

"Just maintaining a relationship where both people are happy might be a relief for both parties."

Sunbelle suddenly understood.

Young Master Karno's heart was like a bird, flying back and forth in the sky, never willing to land.

"Then what am I?"

She suddenly felt an unprecedented surge of anger, her whole body unable to stop trembling.

"All those things I've longed for, Karno, do you absolutely refuse to give them to me?"

"Is it impossible to become your lover because you don't want any responsibilities, you don't want a close relationship? You don't need the societal norms and constraints, because you consider them all a curse!"

"You are a free-spirited philosopher, and I am but a vulgar wretch, so it's no wonder I can't understand you, is it? I'm just a part of your 'happy life,' nothing more?"

Karno was silent for a long time.

To be fair, he indeed never wanted to respond to Sunbelle.

At the beginning, Sunbelle approached him purely out of self-interest, and he was content, thinking that as long as they were comfortable together, being happy was all that mattered.

But after years of companionship, the feelings and the relationship between the two had changed from what they once were.

Karno looked at Sunbelle, the girl who had accompanied him all these years and had truly fallen in love with him.

Yes, things were different now.

Suddenly, he exhaled, reached out, and grabbed Sunbelle's hand, as if to cry, his emotional barrier completely breaking down.

Sunbelle was stunned. It was the first time Karno had ever reached out to hold her hand on his own initiative.

The man looked calmly at the girl and continued,

"I suddenly realize that the 'curse' has already taken shape in the little things of life; I don't need to care about it anymore. Sunbelle, forgive me for not realizing this earlier."

Karno realized that he had fully mastered the power of the "Prophet" at the 3rd Rank.

He had thought that his choices would hinder the advancement on the Path of Revelation.

Was it true freedom to not resist after all?

He couldn't help but think of the name of the 4th Rank on the Path of Revelation.

"Unpredictable Sorcerer"

---

The new sea war finally began again.

After many years, the Cyart people were now the ones initiating the war, and the leaders were the Fischer family.

Now Chris had been appointed Earl Fisher by the Cyart King. The four towns of East Coast Province rightfully belonged to the Fischer family.

In fact, the entire East Coast Province was already under the de facto control of the Fischer family.

But it wasn't enough. The Fischers, seeking expansion, began to eye overseas territories.

After all, within the continent, certain actions always ran the risk of being detected, unlike on isolated islands, where they could commit the most outrageous acts without fear of discovery.

The Fischer family coveted the land overseas and a certain treasure that the Lord of the Lost had long desired to obtain.

The White Sea was vast, and what the Fischer family sought to devour was just the territory occupied by the Sea God Cult.

Moreover, they knew that in recent years the Sea God Cult had been struck another heavy blow, nearly collapsing and dissolving.

With such an easy target next door, why wait any longer to strike?

However, the Fischer family had several important problems to resolve before they could eliminate the Sea God Cult.

At that moment, a steamship floated on the sea.

Darren stood calmly on deck, gazing at the sky, then suddenly burst out excitedly,

"They're coming!"

A black dot appeared in the sky, drawing the crew's attention; it was a winged male of the Winged Folk!

The sight of the Winged Folk amazed everyone, as they were a tribe known to live on the eastern side of the White Sea and had never appeared on the Ouden Continent.

At least some of the older, experienced sailors had genuinely witnessed them before.

Before reigniting the war, the Fischer family decided to enlist the support of the great enemy of the Sea God Cult in hope of completely resolving the issue of the White Sea through one war.

With his wings fluttering, the Winged Folk seemed averse to the billowing smoke of the steamship but finally landed on deck, staring at Darren.

He asked calmly, albeit with difficulty and a stuttering voice,

"You, are, Cyart people?"

"Yes, and we seek an alliance!"

As soon as Darren replied, the Winged Folk asked again,

"So you, eliminate, Sea God Cult?"

"Indeed, but we need your help to force them out."

"Hmm..." The Winged Folk nodded, deep in thought.

Darren raised a finger and said with a smile, "Hey, those bastards always hide in the water, and when they can't win, they refuse to come out. Therefore every force fails to annihilate them. It's quite a headache for you too, right?"

"Yes." The Winged Folk nodded repeatedly.

Everyone was very aware that in terms of raw power, the Sea God Cult was undoubtedly the weakest compared to the Cyart and the Winged Folk among others.

However, they were allied with the sea tribe, and if overpowered, they could retreat to the depths of the ocean, leaving their pursuers without recourse.

A grin plastered on his face and a terrifying malice in his eyes, Darren said,

"In fact, it's neither realistic nor necessary to eradicate the Sea God Cult."

"We just need to find a way to completely deal with their leader, the High Priest Sky Blue. The rest will be scattered and soon unable to resist."

"This guy, he must die!"

He paused, then clapped his hands, "Without a doubt, the Cyart people need your cooperation to draw out the High Priest Sky Blue."

The Winged Folk fell into deep contemplation and finally nodded.

"Okay."

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



## Chapter 291: Chapter 280: The Fourth Tier "Black Knight

Darren continued, "Our plan is this: you Winged Folk will 'secretly transport' a Forbidden rare artifact, pretending to want to trade it with us Cyart people."

"Then, our trade 'accidentally' leaks out, which will lure the Sea God Cult to plunder this important Forbidden rare artifact."

The Winged Folk seemed contemplative, offering no reply.

He paused for a moment and continued with a laugh:

"Right, to ensure that we draw out the Sea God Cult, the Forbidden rare artifact must be a triple-digit numbered treasure, and you'll need to bring more Transmutation-level Extraordinary Exponents as escorts."

"If it's only a four-digit Forbidden rare artifact, it won't be attractive enough, and if the escorting force is too weak, or too strong, it won't be able to lure out that damned High Priest Sky Blue."

The Winged Folk silently considered for a long time, gazing into Darren's eyes, likely trying to determine if this Cyart person before them was trustworthy.

"Let me think... "

Darren was very aware that the Winged Folk were far from foolish, their slow demeanor mainly due to the language barrier.

This race lived all over the Nine Seas, including a significant portion of the White Sea's east coast belonging to the Winged Folk, while another large part was inhabited by the glacier inhabitants living around the great glaciers.

The "donut"-shaped great glacier split the Claud World in two, with the Ouden Continent inside the "donut," and on the outside, three distinct foreign continents, each with their own customs and climate.

"Good, trust, cooperate."

The Winged Folk nodded, their response stumbling and halting.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha! That's great!"

Darren, all smiles, wanted to embrace the other but was swiftly dodged, so he simply reached out to shake hands with the Winged Folk, and then they exchanged talismans that symbolized their alliance.

He narrowed his eyes and muttered, "Winged Folk, I hope our collaboration is pleasant."

After that Winged Folk left the ship, the Fischer family's steamboat didn't immediately return to the port on the East Coast, instead heading to a nearby island.

"Next, we must complete the 'Black Knight's' ascension ceremony."

By now, Darren had completely mastered the Power of Consecution of the 3rd Rank.

He was about to perform the 4th Rank ritual of the Path of Shadow.

To ascend to a "Black Knight," one must create enough slaughter, and the more powerful the target, the more complete the ceremony.

That island was under Sea God Cult's influence, and thousands of natives there worshiped the Sea God, so taking their lives was a reasonable act for Darren.

"Old Dog, bring out all the blood I need..."

After preparing, Darren casually donned his Iron Mask, waiting to reach the targeted island.

The Fischer family's steamboat carried more than just Darren as Extraordinary Exponents; alongside him were a dozen others who had come together.

They were Extraordinary Exponents summoned from various families along the East Coast, actually unaware that the primary goal of this mission was to assist Darren in his ascension ceremony, believing they were there to annihilate the Sea God Cult's living forces.

Among them, three others were also quite formidable.

One was "Old Dog," who had followed Darren from Rhea, another was "Daybreaker" Yeager, who also needed to complete his ascension ceremony, and the last was the emerald elf Marzo.

Yeager came quietly onto the deck, and upon seeing him, Darren said, "Mr. Mayor, you're not slow in advancing, I suspect even the 5th Rank is within your reach."

"Maybe it's because I've always maintained 'ambition,' which is what the Path of Conquest requires most of all," Yeager answered modestly with a smile.

Darren shook his head, replying, "Ambition is ambition, yet you mentioned ambition, Mr. Mayor, you really are hypocritical, ha ha ha ha ha!"

After pondering for a moment, Yeager responded impassively:

"Moore had mastered the 3rd Rank of Consecution before me, but his ascension ceremony is a bit complicated, so it's taken him several years and it's still not resolved."

Darren knew there was discord between Yeager and Moore, and actually, his father and others were all aware of these things, just that they hadn't bothered to intervene.

As long as neither the Daybreakers nor the Proselytes did anything out of line, there was no need for the direct members of the Fischer family to step in and administer justice.

Darren reminisced for a moment and said, "I remember the Ascension ceremony of the 4th Rank of the Path of World Order, 'Arbiter,' required an Extraordinary Exponent to justly judge a hundred sinful Extraordinary Exponents before ascension could be achieved.

Taking the time for 'a hundred Extraordinary Exponents' and 'justice' is quite necessary, many cases are very complex, and it takes a long time to investigate thoroughly."

He chuckled and continued:

"Those who follow the Path of World Order really are an unfortunate bunch, but luckily, even if they judge one person wrong along the way, it doesn't negate all their previous work, it still counts."

Just then, Old Dog brought a letter to Darren, who after glancing at it, frowned and said:

"Karno has temporarily left the family."

Yeager didn't seem particularly surprised, merely inquiring calmly, "Why?"

Darren was silent for a moment, then cheerfully said:

"That guy refused the political marriage with the Frosac family and asked Sunbelle to be his lover. Father and Vanessa were initially not too happy, but they eventually agreed to his decision, probably because... there was a bit of an accident later on."

When Yeager heard that the political marriage was rejected, he was startled and quickly said, "An accident? Frosac being refused for a political marriage could impact the Fischer family, couldn't it?"

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

## **Chapter 292: Chapter 280: The 4th Ladder "Black Knight"\_2**

Darren still laughed heartily and said, "Hear me out, that girl from the Frosac family, she actually fell in love with Felix at first sight!"

He nodded in pride, "I originally thought that my honest son might not be that attractive to girls, hahaha!"

Yeager fell into silence, finally understanding why the letter was urgently sent here, and then continued to ask, "Then why did Karno still decide to leave the family."

Darren continued to read the contents of the letter, speaking as he read, "Because he needs to leave his current environment to complete his ascension ritual. I really never asked what the 'Unpredictable Sorcerer's' ascension ritual is, so I don't know the specifics, but I can understand since many ascension rituals have all sorts of bizarre requirements."

He put down the letter, his brow deeply furrowed, and said:

"I really don't understand, why would someone like Karno, with such a smart head on his shoulders, fall seriously for a woman like Sunbelle?"

"No wonder there are so many people in the Dawn Church, yet to this day he is the only one who can walk the Path of Revelation; this path must be for those with strange ways of thinking."

Yeager smiled and offered a different perspective.

"I can understand a bit. After all, Miss Sunbelle's twelve years of companionship took up half of Karno's life. She cared for him daily, provided meticulous attention, and followed every one of Karno's ideas..."

"Without a doubt, she would not be so easily discarded from Karno's heart, at the end of the day because he is very kind."

Darren scoffed and retorted:

"Mayor Yeager, if it were you, would you make the same decision as Karno, going against your family's wishes for such a woman?"

Yeager revealed a meaningful smile and responded without hesitation:

"No!"

"Hahahaha! That's why you can't walk the Path of Revelation!"

Darren laughed heartily, feeling that he got along well with Yeager. As he continued to read the rest of the letter's contents, he suddenly said:

"Wait! When leaving the family, Karno didn't take a single penny with him, and he also took Sunbelle along. I'm suddenly starting to understand his thoughts!"

Yeager shook his head, picked up a telescope to look into the distance, and suddenly reminded:

"We will soon reach our destination, about another hour before we can land, Lord Darren, get ready."

He added seriously, "When we land, I also ask that you follow my command, Lord Darren."

Darren smiled, nodding and said, "Yes, I will. To coordinate with your ascension ritual, of course, you must also cooperate with mine, let's work together."

The group finally landed on the island, and Yeager immediately began to command everyone to start the battle.

The fourth rank of the Path of Conquest was "Commander," and he had to direct an utterly victorious campaign to complete the ascension ritual.

"The Cyart people are here!"

The natives of the island were thrown into a panic, overtaken by fear of the Cyart people.

Following their landing, Darren and his companions charged forward without holding back.

Soon they encountered the island's low-grade barriers rising up, two high-level Transmutation members of the Sea God Cult's Extraordinary Exponents, leading more than a dozen Beginning level and several hundred armed natives arriving.

The two sides quickly encountered each other in the island's jungle.

Yeager took a strange firearm from his bosom, using Spiritual Power to activate the "Flaw Detection Eye," instantly locking onto the fatal weaknesses of three Beginning level Extraordinary Exponents.

"Sword brandishing" activated!

"Bang," "Bang," "Bang!"

He raised his hand and fired continuously, three precise bullets instantly killed three Beginning level Extraordinary Exponents.

Darren immediately noticed the unprecedented firearm, and many on the battlefield were also stunned, never having seen a firearm that could continuously shoot, constantly firing bullets.

"What kind of firearm is that?"

In response to Darren's question, Yeager quickly replied:

"It's a gift from a Priest of the Reforging Church a few days ago... called a 'revolver', I think it will eventually replace flintlocks entirely!"

A revolver?

Darren deeply remembered this strange name.

He vaguely felt that if the development of weapons continued, the Extraordinary Exponents at the Beginning Level would become increasingly powerless on the battlefield.

Yeager commanded the Extraordinary Exponents belonging to the Fischer family, shouting loudly, "Spread out to avoid concentrated damage from the enemy, and make sure not to attack your teammates!"

Just then, a priest from the Sea God Cult bellowed.

"Kill them! Don't be afraid!"

Then bursts of lightning erupted from his body. Although he was a priest of the Sea God Cult, his power of Bloodline was lightning-type, and he instantly charged toward them with lightning.

"Very well, come on then! Let my ascension ritual reach perfection..."

Darren sneered.

He activated the Power of Consecution of "Blood Dancer" and raised his hand to release a stream of blood arrows!

The blood arrows were astoundingly fast, hitting the priest's body instantly and producing several weak blood holes.

And just as the lightning was about to strike Darren, an armored undead suddenly appeared. It was very burly, wielding a shield as large as a round table which blocked the entire expanse of lightning.

It was a powerful deceased at the high-level Transmutation Level, originally an evil cultist of the Stars Embrace Order, arrested by the Tempest Church two years ago. The Fischer family obtained him through a trade, having him killed by Darren, becoming one of the undead he could summon through "Blood Dance."

While still aboard the ship, Darren had already prepared the Ritual Spell "Blood Dance", summoning the shield-bearing undead right before landing.

"How is this possible?"

The Sea God Cult's priest was astonished. How could his high-level Transmutation attacks be so easily blocked by his opponent?

How could this be?

Darren's complexion gradually paled; he could not maintain this level of "undead" for too much longer.

"Aren't you going to take action?"

Suddenly, an arrow carrying wind shot out from nearby, hitting the priest's body instantly and causing severe damage to the Sea God Cult's priest!

"Ah, it hurts! Ahhh!"

The gravely injured priest wailed, his expression extremely twisted and obviously in immense pain.

He could feel the seeds germinating and taking root inside him, continuously growing, and he had to quickly use lightning to destroy those plants!

The priest took out a Treasure class object that looked like a pocket, intending to use it, but suddenly the pocket was knocked away by a blood arrow.

"You!"

Darren took the opportunity to fire blood arrows again, which were fast and highly accurate, albeit not very powerful. If they did not hit vital spots, they would not be very effective against Transmutation Level Extraordinary Exponents.

The new blood arrows struck the neck, wounding the priest of the Sea God Cult again, but his body was tough enough to survive still.

However, the severely wounded and furious priest's body erupted with thunderbolts shooting out in all directions, charging at Darren almost in a frenzy.

Darren turned and ran without hesitation, shouting loudly,

"Quick, quick, quick! Elf granny! Help! I can't beat him, I can't beat him!"

Another arrow shot out from not far away; the priest, prepared to dodge, suddenly discovered his body couldn't move at all!

Plants had emerged from the ground, unseen, and suddenly locked him in place. The priest's body was once again pierced by arrows, and the agonizing torment erupted within him once more!

"Good, good, good! Elf granny, you're the most beautiful! Thank goodness!"

With a smile on his face, Darren trembled as he maintained the large shield-bearing undead and rushed forward to deliver a blow with the massive shield, brutally smashing the injured priest's head!

The last of his Spirituality boiled over, and his sensations were very clear.

"The ritual was a success..."

Depleted of Spiritual Power, Darren breathed a sigh of relief and collapsed on the ground, fainting.

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

## **Chapter 293 Chapter 281 4th Rank "Commander**

Darren slowly awoke from a heavy coma.

He felt the cool touch of the breeze on his skin and the sound of the waves echoing in his ears, like a gentle song.



Opening his eyes, Darren saw a vast expanse of beach before him, glistening in the morning light, with ripples forming in the distant waters, seemingly calling out to him softly.

He lifted his fingers, caked with wet sand, and gradually remembered what had happened.

"So it turns out I fainted due to an excessive consumption of Spiritual Power..."

Taking a deep breath, he realized he was lying in an open medic tent, with the golden beach outside and a doctor inside, organizing medicines.

When Darren woke up, he found that the people around had already begun to tally the battlefield.

More than a hundred Cyart people from the steamship had easily conquered the thousands of White Sea natives on the island.

The soldiers that followed were picking through the spoils of war on the beach, some of which were rare jewels, while others were people.

Darren had no extra compassion to spare for this and was not at all surprised; most armies of the day resorted to a policy of "living off the land" for supplies.

In theory, the illegal practice of the slave trade never extended protection to foreigners outside the Cyart people.

After getting up and leaving the medic tent, he saw Yeager, who was outside, directing the people.

"You're finally awake."

The old dog was guarding next to the tent, and upon seeing Darren walk out from the tent, he became very excited.

"Darren, you're finally awake! That's great! How do you feel?"

Darren shook his head and muttered, "No major issues."

Then his mood brightened, and he said with a smile, "The promotion ritual is complete; let's head back home!"

The old dog nodded, cheerfully saying, "Sure thing!"

He had also joined the Dawn Church in the past few years, following the Path of Calamity, and had recently stepped onto the 2nd Rank, gaining the Power of Consecution known as the "Thunder Attendant."

Yeager, who had been directing the transportation of the spoils of war, looked over here and walked over with a smile, saying, "Darren, you've finally come to."

Darren listened to the sound of the sea breeze and smiled calmly, jokingly asking, "Our esteemed mayor, have you completed your promotion ritual?"

Yeager nodded lightly and said, "It's done, commanding a battle to complete victory... It's an easy ritual to achieve during wartime, but if I were in a peaceful nation, I might never have the chance to complete it in my lifetime."

Darren could relate, especially since some promotion rituals for the 5th Rank were either too bizarre or complex; oftentimes, only opportunity could help one to complete them.

"That's true, people often need opportunities for advancement."

He nodded with a smile:

"By the way, those who follow the Path of World Order might be a bit too rigid. I once suggested to Moore that he could manufacture a large number of criminals and try them to complete his promotion ritual. Yet, he rejected my well-intentioned suggestion. Oh well!"

Yeager was also stupefied, not having thought of using such a "trick" to complete a promotion ritual.

He immediately started thinking about whether a person born in a completely peaceful place could also create a not entirely genuine battle?

Would that be effective?

Anyway, this Darren Fischer was certainly someone with a "very agile mind."

Darren said with a laugh, "After we sort things out here, let's head back. I can't wait to possess even greater power!"

"Yes, same here."

Ambition filled Yeager's eyes.

"Lord Darren, you must be well aware that there aren't many people in the world who crave strength more than I do! I've never thought having ambition is something to be ashamed of."

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"Someday, I will reach the peak, and my descendants will become the leading family that serves the Fischer family!"

He clenched his fist, knowing he would become the first non-Fischer family member to reach the Extraordinary Exponent of the 4th Rank!

Stepping onto the 4th Rank of the God Pantheon stairway was akin to a high-level Transmutation, undoubtedly a status symbol among Extraordinary Exponents, and one of the top hundred powerhouses in the entire Cyart Kingdom!

Power!

Deep within, Yeager constantly reminded himself that he needed even more power!

When he lost his family in the war as a child, he vowed to himself.

"The process of gaining power may cost me some things, but without power, everything would eventually depart from me!"

He didn't want to stop here; becoming the first 4th Rank non-Fischer family member wasn't enough—he wanted to be the first to reach the 5th Rank Daybreaker!

Yeager took a deep breath, craving and echoing in his mind the name of the Path of Conquest's 5th Rank sequence.

"Silver Glory Knight."

---

After handling everything, the two returned to Nasir Town on the East Coast aboard a steamboat.

Although the train had only been in operation for a short while, the trade in Nasir Town was already increasing, and with the advent of the steamboat fueling the rapid development of the port, wealth was virtually chasing after the Fischer family at breakneck speed!

They voted to build new railways, connecting all four towns, and planned to expand the port in Nasir Town several times over, striving to surpass the port capacity of Phelps Port!

In fact, Nasir Town's population had already reached tens of thousands, nearly two-thirds that of Fein City, almost comparable to the number of people in Phelps Port, truly taking the form of a city.

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

## Chapter 294 Chapter 281 4th Rank "Commander"\_2

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Moreover, the quantity of building constructions for the town's expansion was numerous, covering a land area more than two to three times larger than the original area from decades ago.

Apart from the original eastern, western, southern, and northern districts, the Fischer family had established four new planned areas in Nasir for the incoming population from various places along the East Coast to move in and reside.

Somehow, more and more people began to refer to Nasir Town as Nasir City.

When Nasir citizens discussed Fein City, they no longer expressed any envy and some even started to look down on the inhabitants of other towns to some extent.

However, up to now, the Fischer family still hadn't officially announced that Nasir had become a city.

In those five years, the Fischer Manor was also expanded while retaining the original structures, and now it was significantly larger than before in terms of usable area.

The expansion went very smoothly, mainly due to the critical role played by a Daybreaker, the clockmaker from Fein City, Owen, who had reached the 3rd Rank of the Path of Forging, "Sculptor".

The image of the "Sculptor" in the Spirit Realm is an old man engrossed in carving stone, emitting a faint green glow all over.

The "Sculptor" enhanced their physical attributes by 30 and Spiritual Power by 40.

They gained two extraordinary abilities, which were "Barehand Blade" and "Stone Sculpting".

"Barehand Blade" allowed the Sculptors' hands to become as sharp as a blade and very precise and flexible, capable of performing various ingenious operations.

As for "Stone Sculpting", it involved using Spiritual Power to create one stone golem puppet after another, then issuing commands to them and directing them to work.

The "stone golem puppets" were impervious to blades and had the combat power equivalent to high-level Beginning Extraordinary Exponents; they would continue to operate for a day and a night before stopping, and as long as they were infused with Spiritual Power, they would maintain their active state.

Any Extraordinary Exponent with the Power of Consecution could activate the stationary "stone golem puppets", which would then obey the activator's commands.

Owen used the various capacities from the Path of Forging, along with the round-the-clock help of the "stone golem puppets", to complete the expansion of Fischer Manor in a short time. Enjoy exclusive adventures from empire

The underground sacrifices were also smoothly expanded, with a much larger area than before.

Tonight, another sacrifice was successfully carried out.

Upon leaving the basement, Darren entered the great hall, closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and sensed clearly the immense power he had received.

"Black Knight..."

He revealed a pleased smile, feeling deep inside that even though he wasn't a knight, his heart had indeed become dark.

The image of the "Black Knight" in the Spirit Realm is that of a Black Knight birthed from darkness, gender unknown, with a sword in hand from which red blood continuously flowed.

After becoming a Black Knight, Darren's physical attributes increased by 150, and Spiritual Power by 50, and he obtained two powerful Extraordinary traits.

"Black Armor", as a Black Knight, Darren could consume Spiritual Power to transform into dark armor, greatly enhancing his attack and defense capabilities.

"Black Tide", he could expend Spiritual Power to unleash a pitch-black force that completely nullifies the Extraordinary powers of those not much stronger than himself.

In simple terms, Monarchs and Extraordinary powers below the 5th Rank could all be invalidated by Darren.

These were two simple yet very practical Extraordinary powers.

Moreover, as his Bloodline Power had broken through to the level of low-level Transmutation and, combined, Darren's strength was undoubtedly among the top tier below the Monarchs.

What he lacked in rune power was certainly not much less than what Chris once had!

...

"Congratulations, Lord Darren, we have together climbed this ladder,"

Yeager stood beside with a smile, extending his good will toward Darren.

Having become a "Commander," he couldn't help but look at his own palms, feeling the transformation, the excitement deep in his heart like surging waves, unable to calm down.

The image of a "Commander" in the Spirit Realm was that of an ambitious middle-aged military officer, radiating golden-red light from head to toe and standing on a lion.

His physical fitness had increased by 100, and his Spiritual Power had also increased by 100.

Beyond that, "Commander" Yeager had gained four Extraordinary powers, namely "Issue Command," "Target Lock," "Boost Morale," and "Targeted Strike."

The "Commander" could "Issue Command" to Strengthen the humans within his line of sight.

The specific extent of enhancement depended on the amount of Spiritual Power expended, and anyone who had been Strengthened by "Issue Command" could hear the "Commander's" mental transmission, no matter where they were.

The "Commander" could "Target Lock" on a target in his line of sight, and thereafter, both he and all Enhanced Extraordinary Exponents could discern the target's location and render the target's invisibility and other disguising capabilities ineffective.

"Boost Morale" allowed all the Enhanced Extraordinary Exponents to shake off their current abnormal states, such as various Mental Magic spells.

The last Extraordinary power, "Targeted Strike," enabled the "Commander" to select a target within his line of sight to focus on, allowing all Enhanced Extraordinary Exponents to largely ignore the target's defenses when attacking.

Upon hearing this, Darren couldn't help but complain, looking at the always smiling Yeager and said, "The abilities you've gained are as complex as my father's, headache-inducing."

Yeager looked at his hands with fascination, as if beholding the Extraordinary powers he had received.

"Fascinating powers, aren't they? As long as His Excellency Bain and I fight side by side, a 'Commander' combined with a 'Monarch' could create an invincible combat force,"

"Moreover, we have many strong and powerful 'pieces'."

The white-haired Bain emerged with a notebook in hand, silently jotting down the abilities of the two men with a nod of approval.

"Not bad."

With great respect, Yeager bowed and said:

"His Excellency Bain, I am extremely grateful for the opportunity granted to me by the Fischer family, allowing me to receive the mighty power blessed by the Lord of the Lost."

Bain nodded and replied, "This is the reward for your continued efforts, Yeager. I know about your contributions to the Dawn Church and the Fischer family, and so does the great Lord of the Lost."

He calmly looked at the two men and slowly said:

"Seeing you both catch up fills me with joy deep in my heart. Even if I do not succeed in reaching the 5th Rank and returning to the side of the great Lord, I can rest easy."

Darren fell into deep silence, while Yeager smiled and said:

"Please don't say that, His Excellency Bain. I have always admired you and followed in your footsteps. A person like you can absolutely reach the 5th Rank!"

Bain remained non-committal.

He knew his body was aging more and more.

Bain could even vaguely sense that he had less than ten years of life left. If he could not fully grasp the Power of Consecration of the "Monarch" in his final years,

his future would cease to exist.

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

## Chapter 295 Chapter 282 Armory and the Purger

Fein City.

The crowd hustled through packed streets, hurrying to their jobs, with nearly every person having tasks to attend to.

After returning to Fein City by train, Mayor Yeager had a meeting with a Priest of the Reforging Church in his capacity as the mayor.

In the mayor's office, he took the revolver from his waist and placed it on the table in front of him.

"Clack."

As the revolver lay on the table, much like a steam engine symbolizing the dawn of a new era, Yeager spoke with a certain tone and a smile:

"We need more of the new-style weapons, firearms that can fire continuously like this one. I hope the Reforging Church can offer some assistance."

The Priest of the Reforging Church looked at the revolver, silent for a long while, then, with a calm gaze, he nodded at Yeager's eyes.

He said solemnly:

"The Reforging Church also hopes to spread various technologies, and we naturally welcome such a transaction. So, the most important question is, how many of these new firearms does the Lion clan need?"

As a son-in-law of the Lion clan, most people still thought of Yeager as one of the Lions, unaware that his true identity was that of an important member of the Dawn Church.

Even fewer knew that this mayor, who claimed to be an ordinary person, possessed great strength with capabilities not inferior to those of a high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponent.

He smiled and extended two fingers.



The Priest of the Reforging Church immediately asked, "Do you need two hundred new firearms? Indeed, soldiers armed with them would be able to kill Extraordinary Exponents of the low-level Transmutation tier."

However, Yeager shook his head with a smile.

"No."

The Priest paused, then asked more seriously:

"Could it be two thousand? What exactly does the Lion clan intend to do? With two thousand new firearms, and a dozen of the latest cannons, you could encircle and kill Extraordinary Exponents below a high-level Transmutation."

But Yeager shook his head again and continued:

"It's not that either."

The Priest of the Reforging Church fell silent again, furrowing his brow without speaking for a long time. Surely they couldn't want twenty thousand new firearms? Although the Reforging Church could manage that, it would be rather excessive.

Yet Yeager confidently stated:

"We need two factories capable of manufacturing revolvers."

The Priest was stunned, then burst into laughter, nodding in admiration:

"Hahaha! Your ambition is truly great. Spreading technology is something the God of Reforging wishes for, and we are willing to help you establish armament factories!"

"However, if that is the case, I am quite curious to know what price you are willing to pay?"

Yeager revealed a smile; he and the Lion clan behind him were not lacking in money, and spending more was not an issue if it could secure armament factories for the Fischer family.

"Money, resources, none of that is a problem."

He took a deep breath and said, "Apart from the new firearms, we also need to be able to forge other weapons and equipment. We need two new armament factories!"

Over the years, Yeager had used his authoritative convenience to turn many industries around Fein City into those belonging to the Fischer family and the members of the Dawn Church.

Many Daybreakers had developed very successfully in Fein City, of course, all thanks to his care.

Yeager was well aware of the situation he faced, maintaining a strict stance towards the Proselytes, but took great care of the Daybreakers who supported him, and tried to please the Fischer family as much as possible.

The last point was even more crucial for his ascent to power.

He offhandedly asked with a smile:

"Actually, I have always been curious about where all those novel technologies of yours come from. They seem to fall from the sky, utterly unfathomable."

The Priest of the Reforging Church suddenly showed a profound smile, his gaze ambiguous.

That smile made Yeager slightly startle, sensing that the other seemed to know many things, and that Priest appeared superior, as if he looked down on the rest of the world, including Yeager, for the secrets he possessed.

It was the look of someone gazing at the ignorant.

The Priest of the Reforging Church smiled and looked deep into Yeager's eyes and took on a serious tone:

"Of course, all technology has been bestowed by the gods. You've never heard a divine oracle, so you couldn't possibly understand..."

He paused, then continued:

"Let me tell you a secret, Mayor Yeager, perhaps the most important secret in the world. In truth, the great God of Reforging is the only True God still existing in this world!"

What did this mean...?

Yeager frowned slightly, feeling a peculiar sensation deep within.

The situation of the Reforging Church differed from other True Gods Churches, possibly hiding some more unsettling secrets. What could they be?

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In Chevron Town to the south of Nasir, a beautiful manor was nestled among the lush mountains and forests.

The surroundings of the mansion boasted a neatly trimmed lawn, adorned with exquisite fountains and sculptures, while a broad path meandered through the estate, leading to an enchanting garden and orchard. There, a variety of flowers blossomed and an assortment of fruits hung from the trees, filling the air with their fragrant aroma.

Within the mansion's corridor, Christine with her silver hair sat in a wheelchair, pushed along by a maid.

She still radiated an intellectual aura and looked very calm and composed.

The estate belonged entirely to her, and in fact, in recent years, not only she but also Darren and Lilian had acquired their own manors in different towns.

Both of them had taken money directly from Uncle Byrne to build their new estates, while Christine used the wealth income from her own subsidiary businesses.

After Chris had reached the 5th Rank, Christine had borrowed a sum of money from the family. Using the family's channels, she established a sizable theater in Nasir, two wineries, and a textile factory that provided her with a steady income.

A third of those profits were used to repay the family loan, another third was shared with the family, and the final third was for her personal use.

She was adept at calculation, yet by nature, she did not wish to be indebted to anyone, especially the Fischer family that had given her everything.

The maid wheeled Christine into the study, and soon another voice came from outside the door.

"Madam Christine, they're here."

Her assistant, Andre Leone, entered through the door, standing erect and looking loyally at the woman.

"Hmm, let them in," Christine said and signaled to her maid to leave temporarily.

After a moment, three individuals dressed in black coats arrived in the study one after another, tipping their hats respectfully to Madam Christine.

Christine looked indifferently at the three people, two men and one woman.

All three were Daybreakers originating from Nasir itself; two had embarked on the Path of Tranquility and one on the Path of World Order, and all three had successfully ascended to the 2nd Rank.

Moreover, the three also shared a special status granted jointly by Christine and Byrne.

"Purgers."

Over the past five years, the Fischer family's influence had spread throughout the entire East Coast. The Dawn Church had nearly a hundred Daybreakers, and the number of Extraordinary Exponents from smaller families who followed them was several times greater. As for non-extraordinary followers, their numbers reached into the thousands.

As the team grew in size, the difficulty in management rose sharply, and some "phenomena that always occur in human societies" became inevitable.

Christine nodded and confirmed:

"I've read the investigation report you submitted earlier, continue with the investigation. Just as I said, apart from Byrne and my father Chris, no one on the East Coast can obstruct you."

"Understood," the Purger on the Path of World Order responded with a nod as the other two preferred action to words, making him the de facto leader of this trio.

Even though, in terms of combat capabilities, he was the weakest.

Christine paused briefly and then said, "Be careful not to alert the vermin and beasts."

"Yes, we understand," they replied.

After the three had left the study, Andre stood by the side, while Christine spoke to herself calmly:

"Both the family's power and the church's influence are growing. Merely continuing to decide matters through family meetings might no longer be suitable for the entire collective."

She paused for a moment, then spoke earnestly from her wheelchair:

"With more and more members, it's clear that we need some definite rules..."

Just then, Christine realized she had fully mastered the Power of Consecution of the "Butler" at the 2nd Rank.

However, she felt not a hint of joy but rather a bit downcast.

"Karno and I are twins, yet he has even grasped the Power of Consecution at the 3rd Rank, and I have only just mastered... the 2nd Rank," she mused, unable to hide her deflation, as everyone's talents varied on the God Pantheon stairway.

Karno and her father were both geniuses unmatched by anyone within the Dawn Church.

But Christine soon shook off her dejection. In fact, she cared more about ensuring the smooth operation of the Fischer family and the church than her personal strength.

"Lilian and Darren are too extreme in their thinking, Karno is an utter freak, and those outside the family can't be trusted. If Uncle Byrne really passes on, I must be ready to take his place to run the family."

Because of excessive idolization, the new generation of the Fischer family and many within the Dawn Church blindly worshipped the legendary Byrne, not even contemplating the possibility of his ascension failing.

Yet Christine was somewhat cold-blooded in this respect, unhesitatingly factoring his potential failure into the possible future and starting to prepare a series of contingency plans.

She was well aware that as long as the revered Lord of the Lost was in this world, no matter what, the Fischer family and the Dawn Church would not crumble.

But she must make them even stronger!

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

## **Chapter 296 Chapter 283 4th Rank "Shepherd**

White Sea.

The Dawn Church had been in control of the isolated island for over a dozen years.

Inside a dilapidated wooden hut, a reticent middle-aged man was sharpening a knife.

His frail body leaned slightly forward, holding a sharpening stone carefully restoring the sharpness of the blade, the sound of friction between the blade and the stone continuously emanated.

Just then, a dark-skinned youth walked in from outside.

The middle-aged man also stopped sharpening his knife.

"Uncle."

"Do you really still worship that self-proclaimed god, the sea monster?"

The eyes of the dark-skinned youth were red with emotion as he questioned his trembling uncle; the middle-aged man raised his head to look at the youth, his eyes filled with complicated emotions.

The youth continued, "It's just a monster, not any kind of deity at all, it can't protect us!"

"You..."

The middle-aged man slowly rose to his feet, raising the knife and pointing it towards the youth.

For over a dozen years, the island had been controlled by the Fischer family, and a new generation of White Sea natives had largely accepted the new faith.

Especially in the past five years, since Lilian, taking a series of suggestions from Christine, used the Fischer family's enormous wealth to accomplish many things.

She not only preached on the island and built grand statues of the gods but also established a school there, while also providing periodic treatment for the more devout natives' physical ailments.

Simply put, it meant giving those natives with sufficient faith and loyalty a completely different treatment from their fellow tribesmen.

So, the new generation on the island, as well as those natives who changed their faith, began to believe more and more spontaneously in the great Lord of the Lost.

Whether it was the entrance allocation for the school, "Spirit-returning Tree" usage slots, or the distribution of many living resources, they were all treasures to be cherished.

Among the ten thousand White Sea natives on the island, only the very best could compete for them.

The middle-aged man holding the knife approached the youth, his voice almost a growl.

"You don't understand the divine!"

The youth stood firm, eyes wide open, without retreating half a step, he said:

"What's so good about worshiping that monster? Is it really good to offer living people as sacrifices every year? Sacrificing fishermen from the East Coast wasn't enough; you even sacrificed my parents to it..."

The middle-aged man suddenly raised the knife, his demeanor nearly manic.

Suddenly, a dozen Dawn Church guards armed with flintlocks rushed in, led by a Daybreaker who had stepped onto the 2nd Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice, the Listener.

The youth took a deep breath and pointed at his uncle.

"I want to report, he still worships the sea monster, he destroyed school facilities a few days ago, he's the one who killed two church guards and a student!"

The uncle's eyes widened, incredulously looking at his nephew while gripping the knife tightly.

The Daybreaker scoffed loudly, "The noise during your escape has already been discovered by 'Ears', and do you think you can hide your malice in your heart?"

"Even if he didn't report you, you wouldn't have escaped!"

The youth closed his eyes in pain.

The uncle suddenly roared, swinging the knife wildly, flames ignited on his body without warning.

"Sea God above all! Oh furious Sea God, one day you will utterly destroy all these remnants!"

Everyone was stunned momentarily, and the Daybreaker shouted while raising his gun:

"Be careful, he is indeed an Extraordinary Exponent!"

The youth opened his eyes in shock, but did not take a step back, instead standing there, staring at the flames burning on his uncle's body.

That flame was far too small, nothing compared to the great Lord of the Lost!

"Aaaaaaaaah!"

The uncle, waving the knife crazily, charged at his nephew, wanting to perish along with the traitor, but a dozen bullets hit him, instantly inflicting severe wounds.

Watching his uncle bleeding profusely on the ground, on the verge of death, the youth fell into deep silence.

He knelt down and said with utmost conviction, "Uncle, the Sea God Cult is finished, the so-called 'Sea God' is nothing more than a man-eating monster that has devoured my parents and many others' parents."

"Only the great Lord of the Lost is the sole way out for us, the White Sea people!"

The uncle shivered uncontrollably, struggling to extend a feeble hand to grab the youth's neck, a crimson bloodprint staining his neck.

That rough hand mixed with blood, however, fell to the ground.

The youth stood up silently, breathing heavily, feeling a piercing tinnitus.

Before long, he heard the Daybreaker speak.

"What's your name?"

"Ian."

"Come, I'll take you to meet that person."

"Alright."

Ian nodded slightly, finally getting the chance to meet that person.

That person held immense power,

with just one word, he could decide life or death for the tens of thousands on the island.

Ten years ago, that person suddenly descended with the people of the Dawn Church, completely altering the fate of the natives on the island.

The youth even often felt there might be no existence more terrifying than that person in the world!

Leaving the cabin, Ian followed the Daybreaker.

They arrived inside a massive cavern, where the boy only had to raise his head to see the many White Sea natives, still tirelessly constructing the grand statue of the Lord of the Lost.



The great Lord of the Lost, His majestic statue had been under construction for a full decade, and yet it was still not completed. The boy couldn't help but gaze at it, with tears welling up in his eyes, praying earnestly from the depths of his heart.

Great Lord of the Lost,

please grant us your kind protection.

We, the people of the White Sea, wish also to become your faithful believers, and hope for the opportunity to be favored by You.

I am Ian.

I beseech your mercy!

At last, the two of them emerged from the cave to an open area, standing outside a three-story villa with a faint resemblance to the architectural skeleton of the Fischer Manor, albeit on a much smaller scale.

The Daybreaker glanced coldly at the youth nearby and said, "Wait here, don't wander off."

Ian nodded calmly, "Alright, Mr. Daybreaker, I will follow your orders."

The Daybreaker then entered the villa to send a message, and after a while, the young man was finally permitted to enter the house.

"At last, the day has come..."

Ian was extremely nervous, he took a deep breath, and it took some effort to calm his emotions before he walked into the house somewhat guardedly.

He had seen that dignitary from a distance a few times before and knew her to be a woman of astounding beauty, fiercely loyal to the great Lord of the Lost, and possessed of incredible extraordinary power.

That dignitary was powerful, beautiful, and terrifying. Up to this day, too many islanders had been executed by her for their staunch belief in the Sea God.

Whenever the natives saw her, they felt fear in their hearts and knelt on the ground, full of dread.

Ian certainly did not want to be among those executed, and he was aware that the Sea God Cult was about to be completely annihilated, while on the White Sea, there were countless others like him. They should not have to perish with the monster of the deep sea.

Inside the villa, the hall was filled with many items and standing servants, but the figure of that dignitary was absent.

Although he couldn't see where she was, Ian still kneeled respectfully in the hall.

A haughty female voice emanated from a nearby room.

"Are you Ian?"

He immediately answered, "I am."

Inside the room, Lilian pondered for a moment before continuing, "Ian, I am aware of your situation; you are the White Sea native with the best academic results in the past five years."

"Yes,"

Ian nodded calmly.

He was born with a talent for numbers, finding the basic mathematics taught at school incredibly simple.

Lilian's voice came again.

"You have passed the final test and will be given a chance..."

"Whether or not you can seize this opportunity, whether the great One will ultimately bestow power upon you, that will depend on the extent of your devotion."

Ian was momentarily stunned, then overwhelmed with joy. He knew he had a very good chance of becoming a Proselyte!

So far, the number of Proselytes from the White Sea natives could be counted on one hand!

Then Lilian suddenly said, "By the way, I heard you enjoy reading and even engaged in book theft."

Ian felt as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over him, his body tensed immediately. After hesitating for a moment, he admitted the truth and nodded, "Yes, Lady Lilian, I very much enjoy reading, so I stole a math book once."

He quickly added, "I've already received the whipping for it, and afterward, I swore to the great Lord of the Lost that I would never steal again in this life."

"I see, you like reading books..."

Lilian fell into deep thought, finding it somewhat hard to accept that such a person could come from among the natives. However, she could indeed speculate on what rank within the God Pantheon stairway the book-loving youth outside might attain if he became a Proselyte.

After Ian left, Lilian in the room also closed her eyes, sensing the new power she had obtained the day before.

Recently, she finally ascended to the 4th Rank, becoming a "Shepherd."

The promotion ceremony to become a "Shepherd" involved aiding the god of one's worship in amassing a sufficiently large congregation. Lilian estimated that several thousand believers were required.

She couldn't help but feel wistful.

"Had the Fischer family been located in the central mainland, they wouldn't have come to the White Sea, a place lacking clear order. It's truly difficult to amass a large number of believers here."

As a "Shepherd," she acquired a physical strength of 30, a spiritual power of 170, and although she only received one extraordinary power, it was very potent.

The name of that extraordinary power was "Herder."

"Shepherds" can communicate with the souls of their deity's believers at the moment of their death, persuading them to willingly become spirits for their own dispatch.

The restrictions on "Herder" are numerous. The spirits can only follow a "Shepherd" for a maximum of three years, and a "Shepherd" cannot harbor souls stronger than themselves.

The number of spirits a "Shepherd" can dispatch is limited. At the 4th Rank stage of "Shepherd," one can shepherd a single spirit, but as their own strength increases, the number of spirits they can shepherd will also increase.

Engaging a spirit in combat continuously drains the "Shepherd's" spiritual power.

Lilian was deeply grateful to the great Lord of the Lost for granting her such a holy power!

If anyone in the order passed away while still yearning for the material world and wishing to serve Him, this sacred power would prove invaluable!

In the past year, many from the Fischer family had reached the 4th Rank. It could have been a coincidence, but certainly made everyone joyful.

Lilian looked up, praying fervently.

"Great Lord of the Lost, please protect my father and allow him to ascend that stairway."

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

## Chapter 297 Destiny's Trajectory "Fantasy Fellow

Phelps Port in the East Coast Province.

The port of Nasir was still under expansion, and Phelps Port remained the largest in the entire East Coast Province, with its magnificent coastline and the azure sea forming an idyllic scene.

At this moment, the port was under martial law, no longer open to fishermen, and numerous steamships and alchemical sail vessels were docked haphazardly in the harbor.

The dozens of extraordinary nobility families from the East Coast Province had already gathered their soldiers and concentrated them in the port's fleet.

Many residents of Phelps Port witnessed this from a distance.

An elderly man explained to his grandson on the shore:

"The spectacle of Phelps Port at this moment is like a prelude to the wars of years past, as our noble lords are about to wage war against the White Sea once again."

"Did we win that war in the end?"

"No..."

The fleet was led by the powerful Fischer family, along with several viscount families from the East Coast Province.

These viscount families were the Lion clan, the Iron Blood clan, the Sunrise clan, and the Donnerklaue clan.

After decades of ups and downs, the original structure of the seven great viscount families on the East Coast had now solidified into a dominant Fischer and the four strong contenders: Lion, Iron Blood, Sunrise, and Donnerklaue.

The once illustrious Eagle clan, Roarer clan, and Spirit Deer clan had by now all been picked apart and devoured.

Within the entire East Coast Province, the status of the Fischer family was beyond question, and no one dared to challenge their authority anymore.

Aboard the flagship of the Fischer family's fleet, the white-haired Byrne nodded quietly to the leaders of the four viscount families.

Many years had passed since the end of the last sea battle, when the Fischer family were mere followers in the fleet, unable to determine their own fate.

Yet this time, the initiator of the sea battle was himself.

Times had changed so swiftly.

"No, time actually moves quite slowly."

He gazed at the sea from the deck, remembering himself with a head of black hair, now turned completely white—perhaps time did indeed creep along.

Standing behind him, Viscount Iron Blood Oder, also with graying hair, bowed deeply and cheerfully said:

"Your Excellency Byrne, everyone is ready. Please give the order to set sail."

The head of the Donnerklaue clan, his hair also white with age, displayed a fierce hatred in his eyes. The previous maritime battle had decimated the Spirit Deer clan and left the Donnerklaue clan with heavy casualties.

Apart from his own rescue by Xavier, nearly all of his family members had perished.

"The day has finally come! How wonderful that I am still alive to see it through!"

Deep in his heart, he held an engrained hatred for the Sea God Cult, his old bones trembling almost violently as he cursed the sea.

"Sea God Cult, I will eradicate you! I want that so-called Sea God to be flayed and deboned, never to rise again for all eternity!"

Byrne listened to these curses, then glanced at the two young heads of the Lion and Sunrise families, and then at the two other elders, and said with deep emotion:

"The old men who once stood here, there are hardly any of them left, such is the capriciousness of fate."

Viscount Oder sighed and nodded, "Indeed it is so, some did not receive the protection of the gods and thus could not stand here again."

"We are the lucky ones, perhaps the Tempest Overlord and the Lord of Salvation are looking upon the Fischer and Iron Blood families with favor."

Byrne offered no comment, just a faint smile.

Out of the four viscount families of the East Coast, only the Lion clan, which had intermarried, and the Iron Blood clan, who persisted as allies, were closest in relation to the Fischer family.

"You didn't forget about me, did you?"

Suddenly, a strong presence emerged, as numerous droplets of water gradually coalesced into a frail human figure. Bishop Zane of the East Coast diocese, hands clasped behind his back, stood there smiling.

He nodded slightly toward Byrne, signaling his arrival.

Several viscounts also respectfully expressed their greetings to Bishop Zane.

"May the Tempest Overlord be with you!"

"Bishop, my lord!"

"You are finally here, Your Excellency."

"I offer you my respects."

Zane, as always, merely nodded and then approached Byrne, inquiring with a frown:

"Where is Earl Chris? Don't tell me he's not planning to come for a battle of this scale?"

Byrne smiled and continued, "He is not one for public appearances. You've known him for decades; you should be familiar with his character by now."

Zane could only nod in acknowledgment, having realized over the years exactly the kind of person Chris was.

His son was said to be just as peculiar.

He turned his gaze to the vast White Sea, murmuring to himself:

"This time, I must have my revenge."

"I have not forgotten the hatred of those years, not for a single moment!"

Back then, Zane had sworn vengeance for his mentor and friend, the "Thunderous Monarch." That oath held weight in the realm of the mysterious, and might create nightmare beings or other mystical entities.

If he were to completely forget his vow of vengeance, it would inevitably affect his future advancements.

Once reaching the lower echelons of Monarch level, an Extraordinary Exponent needed to ensure the-completeness of-y their mindset for each breakthrough, as any slip could lead to failure.

Byrne took a deep breath and said,

"Let's set out!"

After finishing communication with others, Byrne and the other members of the Fischer family gathered on their family's flagship, a steam-powered ship which Spellcasters had also enhanced with alchemical runes.

The Arrays formed by those alchemical runes could increase the flagship's speed and create a small barrier. Enemies coming aboard to fight would feel weakened due to the suppression of the small barrier.

However, it was still only a small barrier after all, only effective against Extraordinary Beings below the level of Monarch.

"Felix, be cautious in this battle,"

Byrne said calmly to his grandson, Felix. Time flew by, and now he too had become an eighteen-year-old adult.

"I understand," Felix replied seriously.

Unlike his father Darren, Felix was a serious and even somewhat stern person with no sense of humor and always acted dignified.

His features were very regular, with a heroic firmness to his countenance, his black hair slightly curled, his eyes deep with a glowing light, and his demeanor exuded nobility.

Compared to the previous generations of the Fischer family, Felix, raised by his mother since childhood, appeared more like a true noble. Even just standing there would convince anyone that he was an unquestionable upper-class figure.

"Grandfather, to be able to participate in this naval war, to exert strength for the family and for the Cyart people, but most importantly, to offer a portion of power to Him!"

Felix's demeanor was solemn, with a serious tone and not a trace of levity.

The Path of Forging he pursued had already brought him to the 2nd Rank.

Felix was adept at tinkering with mechanical things. The priests from the Reforging Church came to the family every other day, continuously persuading him to join the Church.

Byrne gazed at Felix and, for some reason, he saw the image of Erik in him.

"Sigh."

He sighed deeply, filled with emotion in his heart.

Erik had died in a naval battle, killed by the priests of the Sea God Cult. In the blink of an eye, so many years had passed...

Byrne suddenly felt he might truly be getting old.

Otherwise, why would he often feel nostalgic about time?

Darren came over and continued his father's thoughts, "Helen, you too, there's no need for you to do anything extraordinary. The most important thing is to ensure your own safety."

"I know."

Standing beside them was the girl, Helen, Felix's sister, fifteen years old, the second child born to Darren and his wife from the Oder family.

She was wearing a long blue dress, her hair in wavy curls, and looked like a very quiet and graceful girl, holding a sketchpad and paintbrush in her hands.

"I will try to document what happens next."

Helen was a girl sometimes shattered by tranquility, other times full of passion, with frequently fluctuating emotions, yet she had a talent for art and painting. Naturally, the Path of Wholeheartedness she pursued had also reached the 2nd Rank.

In fact, Lilian had discovered through the "Spirit-returning Tree" that Helen suffered from a special illness, which caused her to oscillate continuously between despondency and excitement.



She had considered treating Helen's condition.

But Helen herself refused.

"If so, wouldn't my artistic talent and my future on the Path of Wholeheartedness be completely erased? I actually don't consider it an illness, but rather a gift bestowed by the Lord of the Lost."

Apart from Felix and Helen, Darren's wife from the Oder family had recently fallen pregnant again, and it seemed another child would be born soon.

Under his strict control, there were no further pregnancies among his lovers.

Before departure, the Fischer family offered a sacrifice of the "Counterattack Shield" that the Romann family had gifted.

At that time, Felix prayed devoutly and solemnly stated his hope that the Lord of the Lost imbue his sister with the power of the "Counterattack Shield's" runes.

And Helen also hoped that the Lord of the Lost would bestow the "Counterattack Shield" upon her brother.

Its rune power, in the end, was given to Felix, the one who seemed more able to make use of it by Karl.

He also drew Destiny's Trajectories for the two.

Karl then found that Helen already possessed a special Destiny's Trajectory of her own, rendering it unnecessary for him to draw another for her.

The Destiny's Trajectory Felix received was "Heart of Resolute Stone," with the effect that he often gained more when fully focused on a task, which suited his personality well.

The appearance of the "Heart of Resolute Stone" was like a plain, terra-cotta stone, but it felt extraordinarily hard.

However, the Destiny's Trajectory that Helen was born with was astonishing, a very powerful one, and was in no way less valuable than the "Treasure Key."

"Fantasy Fellow."

It looked like a small crystal figure constantly dancing, surrounded by a fantasy-like snowfall.

Those with "Fantasy Fellow" as their Destiny's Trajectory could always maintain lucidity in their dreams, naturally gaining the favor of various mysterious creatures, while their Spiritual Power would grow at more than double the rate of others.

"Fantasy Fellow, huh..."

Karl quickly realized something. Helen might not progress as quickly as Chris and Karno, but her eventual achievements might not be small either.

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

## **Chapter 298 Luring the Snake out of the Hole**

The azure sea fused with the clear blue sky, forming a magnificent tapestry. Sunshine scattered across the sparkling surface of the water, shimmering like countless diamonds.

The Cyart fleet, which set sail from the East Coast Province, arrived at an island on the White Sea and soon forcefully landed, beginning their battle against the garrison stationed there.

"Help!"

"Sea God, aid us!"

"The Cyart people are here!"

The combat was almost completely one-sided. Bishop Zane was the first to enter the fray, annihilating the enemy forces with overwhelming ease.

"Kill those natives, and avenge the Cyart people!"

"They are all evil heretics, death is too good for them!"

A massive water sphere suddenly enveloped the battlefield, trapping numerous White Sea natives. Trapped in the water with no chance of resistance, they died in terror and desperation.

Zayne calmly absorbed the lives of the natives, showing no trace of compassion.

The morale of the Cyart people was extremely high. They believed that they were destined for victory in this battle, just like decades ago when they first set out to war.

The Fischer family also sent some of their members to join the battle, including Felix and Helen.

Byrne and Darren both felt there was no real threat in this engagement and saw it as an opportunity for an early exercise.

Members of the Fischer family would have to face the battlefield sooner or later, so they might as well get accustomed to it early.

Although the siblings were on the front lines, only Felix killed a member of the Sea God Cult. Helen's face showed her discomfort throughout, clearly unprepared for the bloody scenes.

All she could manage was to reluctantly record the scenes unfolding on the battlefield with her sketchpad, the red hues of blood filling the entire sky on her canvas.

Darren stood protectively close to his children, hands clasped behind his head, ensuring their safety.

Occasionally, when an Extraordinary Exponent of the Sea God Cult launched a long-range attack, he would nonchalantly raise his hand and use the "Black Knight's" extraordinary power, "Black Tide," to nullify the assaults with surging black waves.

"How is this possible?"

The astonished heretical assailants were stricken with fear and killed by other Cyart combatants.

Darren casually observed his palm, squinting as he calculated.

"An extraordinary power that can nullify other extraordinary powers is indeed very useful," he mused.

He paused for a moment before adding,

"However, using the 'Black Tide' also consumes some of my Spiritual Power. At present, my total reserve of Spiritual Power should support me in nullifying the power of high-level Transmutation Extraordinary Exponents about a dozen times."

"The more powerful the extraordinary power I'm facing, the more of my own power it will consume to nullify it with the 'Black Tide'."

Darren shook his head.

"If I were to face a Monarch powerful expert, even a single defensive stand against their strike would likely expend all my effort."

After killing a Sea God Cult heretic, Felix lowered his head slightly, taking deep breaths, his body swaying slightly.

"Felix, not feeling too good?"

Darren approached with a smile, patting his shoulder with an encouraging look.

"I, I'm fine," Felix stuttered.

While he wasn't as overwhelmed as Helen, Felix clearly hadn't fully adapted to the battlefield yet. His determination allowed him to endure, but upon hearing his father's words, he quickly shook his head.

Speaking earnestly and seriously, he said, "As a member of the Fischer family, it's my duty to eliminate the enemy! I cannot tarnish the honor of our family!"

"Well, I hope you can become the pride of the family," Darren replied casually.

However, when Felix heard this, he looked up, his expression moved.

Despite the few encounters with his father, deep down he yearned for acknowledgment from that man.

It was as if he'd found the purpose of his life.

Continuing with a smile, Darren said,

"There's something I need to make clear to you, Felix, regarding your engagement with Sunny Frosac. The Frosac family was initially not very keen on agreeing to it..."

Felix's countenance changed, and he lowered his head a bit, clenching his fists.

Of course, he knew why his love-at-first-sight engagement to Sunny was not approved by the Frosac family.

From a young age, his mother had repeatedly told Felix that as an illegitimate child of the Fischer family, he was innately inferior.

As an illegitimate son, he had to be more ambitious, more diligent, to earn a place alongside those who were born as true nobles, blessed by their legitimate birthright.

He'd heard those words over and over, fully aware of the awkwardness of his situation.

Watching his son's expression, Darren continued without reducing his smile,

"But you need to know something. In this world, power is everything, and your situation is not hopeless."

Squinting, he added,

"Felix, if you manage to reach the 3rd Rank before the age of twenty-five—that is, to declare that you've attained the Transmutation Level at a young age—then the Frosac family will also approve of your marriage. After all, that would mean you have the chance to reach the Monarch Level!"

"Father, I understand,"

Felix said, nodding earnestly, gripping his hands tightly.

He was determined to work hard, to excel, to rigorously study mechanical science, and to quickly assimilate the Power of Consecution of the craftsman's path.

He couldn't let Miss Sunny down, nor could he bring shame upon his mother or the Fischer family!

I am of the Fischer family's bloodline!

To Darren's surprise, Felix's hands were tightly clenched, and because of the excessive force, his entire body was trembling.

He pondered over his son's condition.

Such high self-esteem and a strong character could lead to a breakdown if faced with major setbacks in life, yet it's also possible to overcome such setbacks and achieve great success.

Darren smiled, for although he hadn't yet seen the future, he firmly believed Felix would be the latter.

After all, he was his son!

In the distance, the horizon separated the sky and the sea, merging at the edge of one's sight.

The battle on the island was nearing its end.

It was then Chris appeared in the battle.

He was indifferent and silent, and when slaughtering those at the Transmutation Level, it was as if he was crushing mere ants, effortlessly killing his enemies with every casual move.

The enemies could not even ascertain from where Chris initiated his attacks.

The remaining natives surrendered in terror, only the most devout heretics resisted till the last moment.

After the Cyart people had thoroughly suppressed the island, Chris once again disappeared, and Zayne returned to the church's ship, lacking interest.

"Not a single priest from the Sea God Cult among these enemies, barely an opponent to take seriously. Where the hell is that bastard, High Priest Sky Blue?"

The influence of the Sea God Cult was always weak, mainly because of their disgusting tactics.

This group, in alliance with the sea tribe, continually raided and harassed Cyart fishermen and sailing vessels, and when the Cyart people sought to eliminate them, those scoundrels would, in advance, cooperate with the sea tribe to hide under the sea.

Although it was fortunate to eliminate an island this time, the sea tribes' communication under the sea is swift, and the rest of the islands within the territory of the Sea God Cult had surely organized the villagers to be ready to "dive" and hide at any moment.

Even though Zayne himself had reached the lower levels of Monarch strength, he dared not venture alone into the deep sea, for combat with the endless sea tribes would be unpredictable.

Some ancient things hidden in the deep sea always incite fear.

On the flagship of the Fischer family.

Upon announcing that the battle was temporarily over, Byrne nodded calmly, addressing the family:

"It seems our first step in the strategy has been achieved. I believe the Sea God Cult will soon receive the message through the sea tribe, and the Winged Folk should be on the move as well."

"Next, if our predictions are correct, High Priest Sky Blue will take action."

----

On an island deep in the White Sea, within a massive cave, many Sea God followers were prostrate in prayer, while High Priest Sky Blue and many other priests of the Sea God Cult were in a meeting.

High Priest Sky Blue hovered in mid-air, looking much older than before, yet his eyes still held firmness and devotion.

He believed that once the Sea God awoke,

All the current perilous situations could be completely overhauled! The Sea God Cult's role was to continue avoiding battle and persevere!

Priestess Cyan Blue knelt down reverently and spoke with her head lowered, "They have reached this area of the White Sea, ten days' voyage away from us."

The High Priest Sky Blue in mid-air remained silent, frowning and listening.

Priestess Cyan Blue paused briefly before continuing,

"High Priest, the Winged Folk to the east have been stirring recently. They appear to be escorting something significant, likely a three-digit Forbidden rare artifact, purportedly to trade with the Fischer family."

The tone of Priestess Cyan Blue was calm as she indifferently continued,

"The Winged Folk will pass near us."

After pondering, High Priest Sky Blue replied,

"Passing near us, I see... Let me intercept them then."

Suddenly, Sage Dark Blue inside him interrupted,

"What if that group and the Forbidden rare artifact are bait, and there's an ambush?"

High Priest Sky Blue shook his head calmly and said,

"Impossible, according to sea tribe intelligence, Chris Fischer, Zayne Frosac are far away, and the Cyart navy is distant from us, they cannot reach our rear to attack us."

He paused before adding,

"Hmph, it's unlikely they could suddenly cross half of the White Sea and appear before me, right?"

Sage Dark Blue also knew that would be implausible.

"I meant the Winged Folk."

High Priest Sky Blue said, "The Winged Folk are currently at loggerheads with the glacier people, so they probably can't spare enough strong fighters. But you make a good point, we should still take precautions. Inform that lady."

He continued,

"Sage Dark Blue, the Winged Folk do not know that you have also recently broken through to the Monarch Level. If they really send someone to assassinate me, they might not necessarily succeed."

Priestess Cyan Blue was taken aback, having not expected that Sage Dark Blue had actually achieved the Monarch Level!

That was important information unknown to the Dawn Church!

What to do?

She couldn't help but worry. If two Monarch-level powerful experts acted together, things might not go smoothly, and if they couldn't take down the Sea God Cult soon, once the Sea God awakened, all would be lost for her!

For some reason, Sage Dark Blue still felt a vague discomfort that made him uneasy.

But in the end, he agreed with High Priest Sky Blue's decision. After all, the Cyart people near the Cyart coast and the Winged Folk in jeopardy could not, theoretically, ambush High Priest Sky Blue and himself.

"Go ahead then,"

Sage Dark Blue continued, "Obtaining a three-digit Forbidden rare artifact would increase our odds of victory in the upcoming battle."

Even feeling the enemy lacked the ability to stage an ambush, Sage Dark Blue still insisted,

"Regardless, we must take some preventive measures in advance; notify that lady."

High Priest Sky Blue nodded heavily, his eyes blazing with zeal as he spoke loudly, "The White Sea people will not submit; only the Sea God's children shall reign over the seas!"

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



## Chapter 299: Divine Weapon Descends from Heaven

The overcast sky loomed, stripping the White Sea of its usual clarity and vitality.

Thick clouds hung low, as if enveloping the ocean and blurring the view with a sinister haze; the ripples on the sea's surface no longer shimmered with sunlight but appeared dull and silent instead.

Deep in the ocean, it seemed to harbor endless profound secrets.

"Hoo."

White wings cut through the air,

as over a dozen silhouettes whooshed past overhead.

A squad of Winged Folk, with wings on their backs, flew in formation at a steady pace through the somber maritime skies.

The Winged Folk were actually a kind of half-orc, naturally lighter than humans and capable of flight.

Although on land, the Winged Folk's combat abilities were inferior to humans, their mastery of flight gave them a distinct advantage in actual combat.

They were almost entrenched in each of the Nine Seas, having always been one of the two dominators of the Nine Seas, while the other was the glacier inhabitants encircling the glaciers.

Circling around, the vast glacier area that separated the Claud World was, in fact, no smaller than the Ouden Continent, and the numerous glacier inhabitants were, essentially, also divided into many fine subdivisions, forming many city-states; however, to outsiders, all glacier inhabitants looked the same.

They had very special eyes with violet pupils covered with a layer that always seemed to be frosted over, which was their most distinctive feature.

The leader of the Winged Folk suddenly let out a call in midair.

He conveyed his commands through his cries.

Get through here quickly, and don't let the Sea God Cult's people discover us!

The squad of Winged Folk flew through the air, their white feathers still highly conspicuous against the gloomy sky. The leading Winged Folk carried a special black box in his hands, containing important triple-digit Forbidden rare artifacts.

Forbidden rare artifact No. 992, "Song of Sunrise."

Its form was a spherical light resembling a musical note that would continue to emit sound unless contained.

The people around would hear a woman's singing, but depending on their age, the voice they heard would differ, harmonizing with the age of the listener.

To use it, one must strike the note to produce a sound symbolizing the dawn, and at the same time, everyone nearby would be cured of negative statuses, friend and foe alike.

The Extraordinary Exponent who used the "Song of Sunrise" would also pay a corresponding price, losing their hearing for an entire year each time it was used.

However, this price was not permanent, and in fact, it was considered quite cost-effective among Forbidden rare artifacts.

Just then, the Winged Folk were shocked to see a vast expanse of seawater suddenly appear in the distant sky.

It was doubtlessly an extraordinary sight.

The sea seemed to weave together with the sky, becoming boundless and creating a visual illusion that it was like a lake in motion, charging through the heavens!

The group of over a dozen Winged Folk immediately panicked. They communicated rapidly with one another through cries and began to scatter in all directions.

"Hmph."

The High Priest Sky Blue stood atop that patch of water, commanding it fiercely as he flew over, subsequently releasing a surge of invisible mist from the water that rapidly spread towards the fleeing Winged Folk.

His power of Bloodline was the "Crimson Poison Spirit," a red, jellyfish-like, soft-bodied high-level magic beast that lived deep in the sea and was naturally very toxic.

The High Priest Sky Blue's domain allowed him to express the characteristics of his power of Bloodline through toxins; he could manipulate the seawater, turn it into mist, and then infuse the mist with deadly poison.

The spreading poison fog was colorless and invisible, hard to avoid, and any ordinary Extraordinary Exponent who came into contact with it would instantly experience agonizing neural pain and die miserably.

Besides, he possessed an extremely strong regenerative ability—his life force was stronger than that of an ordinary low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent.

"Ah!"

The Winged Folk, touched by the mist, instantly writhed in agony and fell from the sky with despairing wails.

The High Priest Sky Blue, standing on the floating water, flew down and quickly snatched the descending black box, without hesitation, and swiftly took it away.

As he was about to return, he quickly noticed something strange.

Priestess Cyan Blue was nearby.

"Eh?"

To come and go as he pleased, High Priest Sky Blue had not brought the other priests with him, and he had not expected Cyan Blue to be there.

What's going on?

Priestess Cyan Blue stood on a deserted, uninhabited island nearby, alone.

She was a woman advanced in years, her forehead covered with white-streaked hair, revealing the sediment of time, her wrinkles woven together like the chapters of an old book.

High Priest Sky Blue descended not far in front of Cyan Blue to ascertain the reason for her presence.

The two on the sandy beach locked eyes.

In Priestess Cyan Blue's eyes flickered resilience and composure, betraying the depth of her inner world.

"Why are you here, Cyan Blue?"

High Priest Sky Blue asked directly, but Priestess Cyan Blue didn't answer; instead, she responded in a very subtle tone,

"High Priest, you came from that island to a place without any barriers, without the sleeping sea... the sleeping magic beasts, right?"

"Sleeping magic beasts?"

High Priest Sky Blue was taken aback, not expecting to hear Priestess Cyan Blue refer to the Sea God as a 'magic beast'.

He didn't get angry but instead narrowed his eyes and calmly said, "You betrayed the Sea God?"

"Do you know, Cyan Blue, that there are certain things that absolutely must not be done? The price will be something you cannot afford... death!"

At this moment, Priestess Cyan Blue's face revealed a strange and fiercely grim smile.

"You are wrong! Sky Blue, Sage Dark Blue, those who will truly die are you! Definitely not me!"

She took a deep breath and raised her palm.

"Because I! Have already seen the True God!"

By that moment, Priestess Cyan Blue had already ascended to the 3rd Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice, obtaining various new extraordinary powers, deeply devout and full of reverence for the Lord of the Lost in her heart.

Even facing a Monarch powerful expert, Priestess Cyan Blue felt no fear.

The soul of Sage Dark Blue resided in his elder brother Sky Blue's body, and facing the strange situation at hand, he gazed at the seemingly mad Cyan Blue and fell into deep thought.

Being a wise person, Sage Dark Blue instinctively sensed that something was amiss.

From her gaze, it was clear that Priestess Cyan Blue was still rational, but there was also a peculiar confidence in her eyes, as if she were sure that Sky Blue would die there.

What exactly was going on?

"Die, Cyan Blue."

High Priest Sky Blue couldn't be bothered to argue with her and simply cast an invisible toxic mist with his hand, intending to let Priestess Cyan Blue die in agonizing pain.

Cyan Blue immediately knelt down and started trembling as she prayed.

"Great Lord of the Lost!"

"I have fulfilled Your mission!"

"Please bring down Your miracle, make Your enemies fear and tremble, let them die in despair!"

No sooner had she finished speaking than she got contaminated with the toxic mist, instantly feeling severe pain all over her body.

"Ahhhhhh!"

High Priest Sky Blue couldn't understand and simply frowned.

However, Sage Dark Blue within him seemed to have realized something and shouted with alarm,

"Be careful! Something is wrong!"

Suddenly, all things lost their color, everything came to a complete standstill, and with a bizarre sound, black mist emerged all around.

All members of the Dawn Church who had reached the 4th Rank appeared on the lonely island through the black mist.

The one leading them was none other than Chris, who had reached the 5th Rank, his strength placing him among the true ranks of the powerful.

When the black mist dissipated, Chris looked at High Priest Sky Blue with a cold expression, and the latter felt a chill all over, as if targeted by a natural predator.

High Priest Sky Blue cried out in disbelief,

"Impossible, why did you suddenly appear here!"

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

## **Chapter 300: Three Monarchs Ambush Fischer**

High Priest Sky Blue's face was filled with disbelief as he stared at the five people who had suddenly traversed nearly a thousand miles to arrive, unable to help himself from bellowing loudly!

"You actually have such a method?"

He couldn't help but ask:

"Exactly how did you do it? Could it be that you paid a heavy price, using some kind of powerful Forbidden rare artifact?"

At this very moment, Sage Dark Blue within him reminded, "Calm down, it doesn't matter, there's only one 'Monarch-level' among the enemies, and that lady has also arrived."

"The situation is three against one, things will develop just like they did in the past..."

The terrifying invisible toxic fog had already enveloped Priestess Cyan Blue. She continued to pray, suddenly gripping her own throat in immense pain, her eyes continuously widening, her body shaking uncontrollably.

"Uh, ah..."

She convulsed uncontrollably, curled up on the ground, pain seemingly manifesting throughout her entire being.

The aged High Priest Sky Blue stood by calmly, prepared to watch her, the betrayer, die in agony, with no intention of attacking further.

He said coldly:

"Hmph, a betrayer's death is nothing to lament!"

"Buzz."

High Priest Sky Blue heard the sound of a Gold Coin.

In Byrne's hand was a gold coin, already flicked into the sky, and the next moment, the agonized Priestess Cyan Blue swapped places with the gold coin, bringing her, still struggling, to the side of the Fischer family.

Yeager concentrated on the enemy, saying with a fighting spirit, "Don't be afraid, the great Lord of the Lost shelters us."

Lilian's eyes gleamed with the verdant light of the Spirit-returning Tree.

"Let the divine relieve your pain."

The next moment, the terrifying poison inside Priestess Cyan Blue began to subside gradually, her trembling, pained body also returned to normal. In just a short span of a dozen seconds, she was completely cured and stood up from the ground again.

"Just a dozen seconds to relieve my poison... How is this possible? Just an Extraordinary Exponent at the Transmutation Level, could it also be using a Forbidden rare artifact?"

High Priest Sky Blue was once again filled with shock, feeling everything happening before him was too unbelievable.

His own potent toxin, could it really be neutralized by an Extraordinary Exponent at the Transmutation Level in a short time?

Theoretically, it was almost impossible, but facts were facts, and he could only accept it.

No big deal, the heart of High Priest Sky Blue was not completely shaken yet.

Lilian, having used the power of the Spirit-returning Tree, frowned slightly and immediately reminded her family members around her.

"It's a potent poison, even using the power of the 'Spirit-returning Tree' requires a dozen seconds to completely cure it, even more difficult than Limb Regeneration."

After the narrow escape from death, Priestess Cyan Blue knelt on the ground and laughed uproariously.

"Hahahaha! I'm not dead! Not dead, thanks be to the great Lord of the Lost, please allow us to completely annihilate that monster from the depths of the ocean, haha!"

The members of the Fischer family all looked alarmed, except for Lilian, who felt that everything was in God's control, and wasn't too concerned.

However, Byrne knew the situation at hand was delicate; the family had completely come to the edge of the cliff, and they no longer had the option to escape.

Indeed, the mental state of this Priestess Cyan Blue was unstable, as she was one who had converted after experiencing some extreme events. Perhaps because she had no intention of betrayal, she also hadn't suffered divine punishment.

"To have such a loophole in the Blood Receiver system... "

He took a deep breath.

If High Priest Sky Blue or Sage Dark Blue were allowed to escape, or if they were able to convey this information to others, things could turn very bad, and the Fischer family might even face destruction!

The expression of High Priest Sky Blue was very complex.

"So you are people of the Lost Cult, that explains it... This way, many things make sense."

He didn't feel any fear, rather there was disdain and excitement deep inside him.

Good.

It will be good for you to ambush me!

"Not bad, I thought the Winged Folk would come, but it's just you... Very good."

Chris stared deep into the eyes of High Priest Sky Blue.

He remained silent but still poised, ready to launch an attack at any moment.

Apart from Chris, the other four, Byrne, Lilian, Darren, and Yeager, had all arrived at the island through the black mist.

They were almost all in battle readiness. Except for Darren, who wore an Iron Mask, making his expression indecipherable, the rest were all very serious.

Ambushing a Monarch powerful expert!

It was undeniably a major event, not something anyone could afford to take lightly, or let their guard down.

Lilian, holding a sacred object, knelt on the ground, closed her eyes, and began to pray.

"Great Lord of the Lost."

"Please grant us victory."

"We will offer the flesh and power of our enemies as a sacrifice to You, so You can rise again from the fall! To become the ruler of the world!"

Karl's consciousness rose higher, gazing calmly at the battlefield from above, deeply understanding how terrifying his newly mastered abilities were in strategic terms.

As long as he had a place that belonged to his own followers, he could air-drop Extraordinary Exponents from a great distance to strike.



It was undoubtedly an extraordinary mystical maneuver, incomprehensible and unpredictable to the enemies, who could only remain shockingly incredulous.

Chris, through telekinesis, caused himself to float high in the sky, fully unleashing the aura of a Demon-Hunting Master, which made both the High Priest Sky Blue and Sage Dark Blue quite uncomfortable.

They were like prey being watched!

There was simply no way to escape the lock-on!

At that moment, Chris was the first to sense something was wrong and abruptly discovered that inside the High Priest Sky Blue, the concealed Sage Dark Blue also possessed the aura of Monarch Level.

When everyone first learned of the resurrection of Sage Dark Blue through the Forbidden Knowledge of the Spirit Realm, they were all very surprised, and still found it unbelievable even upon seeing it with their own eyes.

Could there really exist such a peculiar phenomenon as "two souls in one" in this world?

The Forbidden Knowledge of the Spirit Realm was varied and bizarre, perhaps truly anything was possible.

"Be careful."

Chris calmly warned everyone from the Dawn Church.

"Dark Blue has opened the gates of the palace."

Byrne and the others were deeply shaken, staring incredulously at High Priest Sky Blue.

The aged high priest sneered, with a ghostly shadow gradually emerging beside him—it was the soul manifestation of Sage Dark Blue.

"Dual Monarchs?"

Byrne furrowed his brows deeply, unconsciously glancing at his daughter, Lilian.

He couldn't help but say, "Lilian, the situation is just slightly unfavorable, don't recklessly use 'that'..."

Regardless, Byrne never wanted his daughter to leave him; if he had to choose a family member to sacrifice, he hoped it would be himself.

Lilian fell silent, not speaking.

She considered that although she had known through Priestess Cyan Blue that Sage Dark Blue had resurrected, no one had heard that he had already reached the Monarch Level.

And the rest of the Fischer family were mostly unaware of one fact: there was still another powerful expert of Monarch Level lurking from afar.

Only Chris noticed that.

That existence might have been even stronger than High Priest Sky Blue, the one Chris needed to be most wary of, as the opponent possessed some sort of terrifying aura.

Therefore, Chris shook his head and continued to speak:

"Three Monarchs."

The members of the Fischer family all froze upon hearing this, their faces a picture of astonishment.

An enemy of Monarch Level outside their field of vision?

No wonder that High Priest Sky Blue was completely unfazed, not panicking, but instead sneering incessantly.

Six of us against three powerful Monarch experts?

Can we win?

A strong sense of fear surged in Byrne's heart, knowing the game changer was likely the "brain trust," Sage Dark Blue, and he too apparently had the idea and preparation to "lure the snake out of its hole."

The imminent battle was going to be extremely difficult, likely leading to the annihilation of the Fischer family's main fighting force!

At that very moment, the hidden Monarch powerful expert made the first move.

Fire-red clouds suddenly appeared all around, coalescing and surging towards the members of the Fischer family.

Byrne's expression drastically changed as he immediately recognized the fire-red clouds—that hidden Monarch powerful expert was one of the assailants who had ambushed and tried to kill the Thunderous Monarch years ago!

Moreover, it was highly likely that this was the silent "Spirit Essence" from the Alchemy Council!

Although there had been little communication, Byrne always felt that "Spirit Essence" was very dangerous, even having a vague sense that even if she was less powerful, her fearsome nature was no less than that of "Solar Gold."

"Be careful! The one hiding is the most threatening one!"

While everyone was shocked by the fire-red clouds, High Priest Sky Blue also released an invisible, colorless, but extremely poisonous fog, which floated along with the fire-red cloud towards them.

The two special types of fog merged, rapidly becoming scalding hot, and then exploding with a bang!

"Boom!"

The furious explosion instantly formed a sea of fire, engulfing the members of the Fischer family in a flash.

The fire spread rapidly, devouring all surrounding objects, forming a vast area ablaze with flames that shone with a dazzling bright hue. As the fire's intensity increased, the heat generated in the inferno caused the surrounding air to rise steadily, creating strong currents.

Yes, in that battle decades ago, High Priest Sky Blue discovered something.

When his poison fog combined with that lady's fire cloud domain, it triggered something called a "chemical reaction," leading to a very violent explosion!

And the power of the explosion was immense, enough to instantly inflict heavy damage on Monarch Level Extraordinary powerful experts!

With the aid of his brother, "Sage Dark Blue," High Priest Sky Blue couldn't help but sneer, feeling certain in his heart that the members of the Fischer family were doomed.

He gazed at the sea of fire before him and said aloud:

"Oh, frenzied Sea God Sovereign! Today is truly a lucky day bestowed by you! We will soon be fortunate for your sake, ready to vanquish our powerful foes on this very spot!"

"Let us offer you the freshest bait!"

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

