

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 301 Dying Words

Karl stood at the highest point.

Silently, he looked down upon the entire island, observing everything from a god's perspective.

Don't disappoint me.

Seas of fire raged fiercely, spreading rapidly with howling winds, as the explosion just moments ago set ablaze a sea of flames dozens of feet high, like a fiery beast devouring everything around it!

"Ha, ha..."

Atop the cliff, Byrne's eyes bled as he trembled and knelt on the ground.

With all his strength, he had barely managed to transfer the people of the Fischer family beyond the reach of the fiery explosion to the cliff.

The view from the cliff was wide, suitable for the use of abilities with a vision-based range limit.

In his stomach were the Delicious Snacks he had consumed in advance, and the Hymn Verse applied before the battle; meanwhile, Theo and Christine, from afar, were also contributing, continuously restoring Byrne's Spiritual Power through the "household management" ability.

"I pray to you..."

When the massive explosion and flames had engulfed them, Lilian had already taken out the sacred object to pray, and she had not stopped even now.

"Don't use it!" Darren, who had sworn to protect his sister in earlier years, immediately shouted.

Lilian hesitated for a moment, then nodded slightly.

And in that life-and-death moment just now, Yeager had fearlessly activated his "Commander" ability, giving Chris an "Issue Command" to strengthen his power once again.

After being transferred, he immediately imposed a "Targeted Strike" on the High Priest Sky Blue, his eyes filled with seriousness and excitement.

"It's not over yet?"

The High Priest Sky Blue's gaze turned toward them, realizing they were not dead and had suddenly Instantaneously Transferred far away.

"Chris!"

Byrne suddenly roared, wanting to cast "Horn of Destruction" on Chris, but he was just too spent, with his Spiritual Power still in recovery.

The slightly restored Spiritual Power was only enough for one last "Instantaneous Transfer."

Chris, who also had the Hymn Verse, Bravery Verse, and Delicious Snacks' enhancements, waited silently for the right moment to strike.

They could Instantaneously Transfer such a great distance?

"Dark Blue, it's your turn to attack!"

The High Priest Sky Blue frowned slightly, secretly activating a Forbidden rare artifact that could temporarily boost the power of Bloodline, decisively sacrificing ten years of life to emanate an even stronger lethality around him.

And at that moment, Byrne suddenly collapsed unconscious, unable to move, while using his last Spiritual Power to abruptly place Chris right in front of the High Priest Sky Blue!

As Chris approached, the High Priest Sky Blue also retreated.

"You indeed came!"

The High Priest Sky Blue reacted swiftly, retreating and extending a hand toward Chris, as Sage Dark Blue within him also activated his Bloodline power.

However,

time seemed to stand still.

An invisible force covered everything around, and the High Priest Sky Blue, who was still retreating, suddenly couldn't move, his eyes still filled with vigilance.

Chris made a quick judgment; the fiery clouds were a very long-range strike, and that hidden Monarch powerful expert was at a great distance, not enveloped by the time stop.

He could still sense the invisible toxic mist surrounding the High Priest Sky Blue; before he had moved in, the High Priest Sky Blue had already preemptively enveloped himself with the invisible virulent fog!

To touch his body, he would have to immerse himself in the poison mist.

And Chris detected something different; the poison mist might have been released forcefully by the High Priest Sky Blue, and combining his sense of smell with knowledge of monsters, he judged that its toxicity was even stronger than the poison from the Cyan Blue Priests earlier.

It could even kill a Monarch powerful expert in a short period of time!

"..."

Chris's eyes were indifferent as he plunged into the poison mist without hesitation.

The blade's light in his hand flickered like a shooting star across the night sky, fast and agile, winding and twisting. As the blade danced, his figure seemed like a phantom, flickering uncertainly, as if the blade's light had become an extension of life!

From the beginning to the end, he was looking at a dead man!

Chris, having become a "Demon-Hunting Master," could feel that those with Bloodline power were essentially mutating themselves, turning into half mysterious creatures or beings.

I can hunt them!

Gaining power and characteristics also means acquiring corresponding weaknesses.

He could determine the source of the High Priest Sky Blue's Bloodline, clearly knowing what its abilities and weaknesses were.

So Chris knew for sure that the other was as good as dead.

His attacks had a "Lethality" effect on low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, making the High Priest Sky Blue's recovery abilities completely ineffective!

The hidden Monarch powerful expert was not idling; he launched another terrifying red fiery cloud that fell from the sky to Strike the people of the Fischer family on the cliff from a distance.

Having accumulated enough power in a short span, it pressed down overwhelmingly. Yeager's expression changed drastically as he looked up, unable to help but speak.

"This is bad!"

Darren immediately shouted, "You just support Chris, don't mind anything else!"

At the first second, Chris made contact with the poison mist.

At the second second, he felt his breathing constricted, clearly knowing that the toxin had spread throughout his body.

At the third second, his body showed obvious signs of decay, his face ashen.

At the same time, Darren unleashed the Black Tide with all his might, the powerful black force surging into the sky like a tidal wave, barely holding off many of the searing flames from the massive fiery cloud!

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

Chapter 302 Dying Words_2

But still, he couldn't completely block it.

Even though he had exhausted all his Spiritual Power and knelt on the ground dizzy, a few flames still fell from the sky.

Darren's eyes widened beneath the Iron Mask, as if recalling once again the time his face was burned and disfigured, almost unable to imagine the pain everyone would soon suffer.

No!

He wanted to muster more power, but couldn't summon even a bit, filled with rage and frustration but not passing out.

Pure-colored beams of water light shot into the sky, finally extinguishing the remaining flames.

It turned out that the Priestess Cyan Blue by his side had already transformed into a water being of pure color, using her power to extinguish those remaining flames.

"Good..."

Upon seeing this scene, Darren was so dazed that he finally collapsed on the ground.

At that moment, time on the other side resumed normally!

Everyone witnessed a shocking scene: the leader of the Sea God Cult, the High Priest Sky Blue, infamous over the White Sea, suddenly turned into a cloud of crimson blood mist, dead beyond doubt!

Could this really happen?

The Monarch powerful expert lurking in the dark was even more astounded, unable to comprehend what had just happened—how a Monarch could be killed so swiftly in a short exchange!

What on earth had taken place?

Had the High Priest Sky Blue been completely immobilized on the spot by some kind of binding power?

At that moment, Yeager noticed something: Chris's body was already covered with poison sores.

His beautiful visage was utterly destroyed, on the verge of death, experiencing unparalleled severe pain throughout his body, yet he endured silently without making a sound.

"Save him quick!" Yeager shouted.

A verdant glow appeared on Chris, the dreadful poison was gradually suppressed and neutralized, and the horrific sores slowly vanished. His previously grotesque, rotting features were once again transformed into something of cold, cruel beauty, like a murderous angel.

Lilian was drenched in sweat, frantically using up her energy to invoke the power of the Spirit-returning Tree! The poison was much stronger than before; completely healing Chris would take at least a minute and would drain her strength completely!

After hearing her brother Darren speak, she did not glance even for an instant at the flames that would destroy her, focusing entirely on saving Uncle Chris.

Although both sides had clashed several times, with the High Priest Sky Blue fallen and even the Fischer family members facing near annihilation, the entire battle lasted only about a dozen seconds.

Yeager transmitted his thoughts to Chris through "Issue Command".

[The man is hiding too well; I can't use "Target Lock" on that Monarch!]

But Chris had already caught the man's scent.

Then, suddenly, he swung his sword behind him, striking the body of Sage Dark Blue and severing the man's left arm in an instant!

The melancholic and handsome Sage Dark Blue, unbeknownst to anyone, was already standing behind him.

Blood spurted out, and the slender arm was sliced off by the tremendous force!

When meticulously dismembering the High Priest Sky Blue, Chris had been searching for Sage Dark Blue's hiding spot to no avail, so he kept pondering on what form the enemy might exist in.

Or after the High Priest Sky Blue died, would that enemy called Dark Blue perish or would he appear?

Due to insufficient knowledge in mysticism, Chris truly did not know the answer and had no choice but to assume the opponent would resurrect and show himself without hesitation.

"Lost disciples, just what kind of monsters are you?"

The brooding, handsome man with purple hair had a somber expression. His slender right hand held a cyan-blue slender scepter that pressed down without any concern for his grave injuries.

Heavy!

Chris felt as though a kilometer-high terrifying tsunami bore down on him. Frowning deeply, he had no choice but to immediately counter with the blade, wielding the special weapon given by the Romann family.

A deafening "boom" resounded!

The ground beneath his feet cracked immediately, and he was pressed to his knees.

Extremely heavy!

The power of Bloodline of Sage Dark Blue was the "Tidal Spirit," different from that of his older brother, representing a special mystical presence, the very concept of tidal phenomena.

His power contained the mighty force of the tide—the further the distance from the enemy, the weaker the effect, and each strike stronger than the last!

"Chris Fischer, I will remember you forever; you are a powerful Cyart heretic..."

Sage Dark Blue's expression was calm as he lifted his scepter high without hesitation, with more power than before!

The scepter's force was terrifyingly great, yet also extremely fast, and the scepter itself was a top-tier treasured artifact, possessing a significant mystical allure. These two factors combined made it impossible for Chris to dodge!

He could only defend with the weapon again. After another thunderous roar, his whole body knelt, almost lying prostrate on the ground.

"Boom, boom, boom!"

The earth-shattering roar sounded once more, and the ground beneath both figures completely shattered.

Yet both Sage Dark Blue and Chris had extraordinary stability; their bodies remained firm, and their expressions calm.

At this moment, the Monarch powerful expert who had unleashed the flaming clouds from afar had rushed onto the island and was quickly closing in to within a few hundred meters of Chris.

It was a tall, middle-aged man in fiery red clothes, with deep tear tracks on his face and scales indicative of a dragon descendant.

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

Chapter 303 Dying Words_3

...

Although he was indeed one of the two external allies who ambushed the Thunderous Monarch that year, he was not the "Madam Spirit Essence" Byrne had always dreaded.

His flames could turn into a kind of ultra-high temperature thread within a distance of three hundred meters, and although it reduced the area and distance of the attack, the lethality of the searing threads was greatly increased!

"Die."

The middle-aged man's voice was deep, and with a raise of his hand, a dozen or so fire-colored threads, too fine to be seen by the naked eye, flew out and instantly swept toward Chris's body.

Finally.

I've lured you out.

Chris raised his head expressionlessly, and his cold eyes unleashed the power of the Eyes of Conviction on Sage Dark Blue!

Because the power of the "Angel's Cage" would forcibly consume all Spiritual Power, he chose to use the Eyes of Conviction at this moment!

Sage Dark Blue instantly froze on the spot, his expression plunging into deep disorientation.

Sins.

An endless sea of sins.

The things he had done, the countless families he had destroyed, the innocent lives he had taken, all surrounded him in his illusion!

Though Sage Dark Blue possessed a resolute will and would soon free himself from their grip, that bit of time was enough.

Chris immediately stepped aside from his staff, his agile body attempting to dodge the dozen or so fire-colored threads, but he was still a step late; his body was severed, losing a leg and an arm in an instant.

The intensely focused middle-aged man, on the verge of killing Chris, got struck by a splash of pure water light on his face. Although the wound was nearly negligible, his vision was obstructed, preventing him from finishing off Chris completely.

Priestess Cyan Blue watched ferociously from the sidelines, and although it was of little use, Yeager still cast "Target Lock" on the middle-aged man.

"Damn it!"

The middle-age man immediately retreated to regain his distance, and upon restoring his vision, was shocked to discover that Chris's limbs had already regrown in the next second.

At the same time, he decapitated Sage Dark Blue straightforwardly with his black blade.

That wound was fundamentally irreparable due to the "Lethality."

The moment the head rolled, Chris destroyed the body thoroughly, leaving no chance behind.

The persistent bane of the East Coast, the one who had schemed and attacked the East Coast back then, causing Irene to lose a great deal of her lifespan, killing that Thunderous Monarch, the object of Zayne's immense hatred, Sage Dark Blue...

He was finally dead for good.

"How is this possible?"

The middle-aged man was utterly stunned. That Chris Fischer, his recovery rate was on par with that of the "Wrathful Angel," the head of the "Mighty Angel" family!

At that moment, Lilian had also completely exhausted her strength and fallen into unconsciousness.

"You chose wrong," Chris said flatly. If the man had attacked the other five again, he might have been able to achieve more, but attacking him was an unwise choice.

However, from the middle-aged man's perspective, the decision he had made was the correct one.

With the only "Monarch powerful expert" temporarily restrained, all he had to do was focus fire and kill Chris to secure the victory, and the remaining few were not to be feared.

What Chris didn't realize was that if the middle-aged man truly attacked the Fischer family members again, Karl, who had been silently observing the battle, would release the "connection of the black mist."

Apart from Cyan Blue and Chris, the others would immediately be forced to return and would not die as a result.

Chris's cold, merciless gaze settled on the middle-aged man, making him feel a tremendous sense of fear, like a harbinger of death himself.

"You..."

In the decades since his ascension to become a Monarch, he had never felt such fear!

...

As a Monarch powerful expert who had fled from the Seven Stars, the middle-aged man had always felt deep down that there were few adversaries in the Eastern Four Kingdoms worth his fear.

But now he thought he was wrong!

Was that person really just a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent?

Chris remained silent, knowing deep inside that the battle was about to come to a complete end.

In order to prevent the enemy from having reinforcements, he decided to unleash the "Eyes of Conviction" to kill that enemy, for he didn't want to lose his combat strength and hadn't chosen the "Angel's Cage."

"It's not over yet!"

The middle-aged man bellowed, staring wide-eyed. However, just by looking at Chris, a deep fear gripped his heart, and his hands trembled slightly. That man, who seemed a blend of angel and grim reaper, possessed abilities that were both bizarre and powerful.

He had no idea how to triumph!

Suddenly, both of them noticed something: a hundred meters away there was a dark blue box, continuously emitting an aura akin to a vast sea. It appeared and opened without warning, empty inside, yet a strong sense of suppression emanated from it.

Chris's pupils constricted, feeling fear for the first time from a presence other than the Lord of the Lost.

What was that?

Could it be a highly ranked forbidden rare artifact?

The sense of danger was too intense!

He was instantly faced with a choice!

Should he cast "Angel's Cage" on it, attempting to disrupt its effects, or use "Eyes of Conviction" on the middle-aged man?

Chris instantly understood he could only choose the latter, because if he lost all his Spiritual Power, it would mean they would all be killed by that middle-aged man!

The middle-aged man recognized the box too, as it was the reward given to him by the Sage Dark Blue of the Sea God Cult.

It was said to be a powerful forbidden rare artifact.

"Hm?"

The middle-aged man was clearly taken aback because he didn't feel the forbidden rare artifact taking effect, and how could it be activated if the Sage Dark Blue was already dead?

Karl too had noticed the box by then and suddenly had a strange sensation.

"Strange, what is that, also a forbidden rare artifact?"

The dark blue box, undoubtedly with an aura of ocean, also bore the essence of a forbidden artifact, and inside it contained something more akin to...

Some kind of ritual?

After a moment of thought, the middle-aged man seemed to realize something and began screaming frantically!

"Dark Blue! You bastard, you've plotted against me!"

He then fell into confusion because of the Eyes of Conviction.

Chris prayed that he hadn't made the wrong choice!

At the same time, an incredibly terrifying aura burst out from the box, causing Chris and everyone else who was awake to involuntarily widen their eyes in a fear that came from the depths of their hearts!

Every single person was rooted to the spot by an intense fear!

Chris wanted to cast "Angel's Cage" on the box again, only to find his body completely immobilized, unable to move even an inch.

What was that?

He took a deep breath.

Had he, made the wrong choice?

The indifferent voice of the Sage Dark Blue came from the empty box.

"We willingly sacrifice our souls to be Your bait, O sovereign of the seas, ruler of all, the Sea God, please resurrect immediately!"

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

Chapter 304 Sea God Awakens

Cataclysmic changes had already taken place over the White Sea.

The gloomy sky loomed over the ocean, with dark clouds growing denser, signaling nature's most violent omen. Suddenly, the dim sea surface began to roil restlessly, as if an ancient behemoth, struggling in its slumber, frantically sought to rise.

With the roars of the raging waves, rows of pitch-black surges slowly rose, attacking the many islands upon the White Sea with destructive force.

Fierce currents ravaged everything in their path, tearing the once calm ocean into myriad spreading disasters, surging toward the coastal regions with anger.

Countless fishermen knelt on their boats, some hoping the Tempest Overlord would save them, while others prayed for the Sea God's mercy.

In the northern seaside city of Carnia, there stood a colossal Tempest Church temple, with a dome a hundred meters above the ground, housing an immense statue of the Tempest Overlord.

The Cardinal of the Tempest Church stepped out from the temple at a leisurely pace, surrounded by worshipful followers.

"The Cardinal has emerged!"

"We praise you from the heart, emissary of the Overlord!"

"Praise be to you, Cardinal!"

He was a tall old man in a cyan-blue velvet robe, with white glasses, standing placidly in the midst of the temple.

He didn't even glance at the surrounding devotees but looked toward the southeast.

"The White Sea..."

As the position of Pope of the Tempest Church had been vacant for many years, the affairs of the Tempest Church had been decided by three Cardinals over the past decades. This tall old man in the cyan-blue robe was responsible for the East of the continent and was also the most senior member of the church, having long stood at the center of power.

His name was Kirill Ivan, from the Thrums Dukedom, known to the people as "Pitch Black Tidal Surge."

The old man's gaze swept towards the distance, and he felt a rising tide in the depths of his heart.

He stretched out his hand, pointing toward the White Sea in the southeast.

The hundreds of devotees constantly kneeling outside the temple turned in unison, all looking in that direction.

"That self-proclaimed Sea God monster has awoken again, and this time, its period of lucidity will likely be even longer," he said.

"Some cities along the White Sea may be swiftly destroyed because of this."

He took a deep breath, prepared deep inside to sacrifice his own soul and fortify the Seal against the Sea God, readying it to enter slumber once more!

He must set off to the White Sea immediately, otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginably severe!

"Pitch Black Tidal Surge" Kirill was acutely aware that in an age after the silence of the gods, among the Eastern Four Kingdoms of the Ouden Continent, there was simply nobody capable of countering a beast with the power of Heavenly Enlightenment!

Should he stand idly by, in just a few years, the entire east of the Ouden Continent would likely become part of the vast ocean, and no terrestrial life in the Eastern Four Kingdoms would survive!

"Let's go, to the White Sea," he declared.

Simultaneously.

In the imperial capital of the Seven Stars Empire, the world-renowned city praised as the "City of Flowers," "City of Romance," and "City of Arts," Venlo.

It was a city that intoxicated the senses, filled with unique charisma and prosperity, its elegant architecture, rich history, and legacies of the past era celebrated worldwide.

At the central location of "City of Arts" Venlo was a resplendently golden palace.

Beautiful golden clouds spread on the ground as the foundation of the palace, with the opulent palace sitting atop them like icing on a golden cake, dozens of meters above the ground.

People needed to climb up the white stairs to reach the golden clouds and enter this palace filled with artistic ambiance.

Deep within this glistening palace, a man with a stern face, white hair cascading over his shoulders, strikingly handsome and flawless skin, sat upon the throne.

He was the highly revered emperor of the Qi Yao People! The likely strongest Bloodline Knight in the world! The "Military God" who had led the Qi Yao People to resist the encirclement of the Lorne citizens singlehandedly!

Miller Corsica!

He had been sitting with his eyes closed but suddenly opened them, revealing profound and captivating eyes, thoughtfully gazing eastward, the urge to rush over emerging from the deepest reaches of his heart.

"No, I can't go east yet..."

The Seven Stars Emperor slowly shook his head, calmly addressing a female servant at his side:

"There is still power left there from Them, it's a forbidden zone for the Heavenly Enlightenments."

"You go in my place."

The servant bowed with near-perfect grace, elegantly replying:

"Certainly, Your Majesty."

The Seven Stars Emperor fell into deep contemplation.

"Why exactly are the Heavenly Enlightenments forbidden to go there, what is so special about the east of Ouden Continent?"

Apart from the Cardinal of the Tempest Church and the Seven Stars Emperor, many others across the Claud World felt the change simultaneously, gradually becoming aware that some mighty ancient being had awakened!

"That so-called 'Sea God' beneath the White Sea?"

"A monster from the last epoch has awakened, huh..."

"Before They left, we humans lived in constant anxiety, barely able to catch our breath. After Their departure, the world's trend toward increasing chaos has indeed become inevitable."

Over the White Sea, violent tsunamis surged fiercely, one after another, engulfing hundreds of fishermen into the boiling tumult, awakening a fearsomely powerful existence!

"Roar!"

A terrifying roar suddenly spread across the White Sea!

Like a black iron curtain, the tsunami billowed up, obliterating all the numerous creatures it touched. Many islands belonging to the Sea God Cult were also mercilessly submerged.

The indigenous people on the islands stared at the ever-rising waves, the terrifying tsunami surrounding the islands, every person plunged into the deepest despair.

A faithful old believer knelt on the ground, weeping loudly.

"Why!"

"We are your followers, the masters of the oceans, our Sea God! Why do you not care for our lives at all!"

"Please, stop this!"

The tsunami crashed down violently.

The buildings on the islands were crushed like card houses, and the wailing natives struggled helplessly in the tsunami, with screams and sobs rising and falling, while the sea fog, tinged with saltiness and the stench of fish, swirled about, making the nature-initiated assault unbearable for humanity.

Residents along the coast in East Coast Province saw the ocean's mad color change; the clear daylight turned dark and gloomy in an instant.

The terrifying typhoon was about to roar and attack the numerous coastal towns, with murky waters churning out countless fish corpses, as if it were the prelude to the world's destruction!

On the uninhabited island where the two Sea God Cult leaders, High Priest Sky Blue and Sage Dark Blue were utterly laid to rest, the Sea God was about to awaken; their sacrifice accelerated the process.

All members of the Fischer family and the middle-aged man were immobilized, only able to watch the horrifying changes in the sky and experience the destructive force of nature firsthand!

Dark clouds filled the sky, and thunderstorms followed.

The thick, dark clouds enveloped the sky, turning day into dusk. With the thunder's rumble, lightning slashed the clouds, sketching out stunning flashes.

Suddenly, the downpour that fell like bullets hit the ground, splashing countless tiny droplets, as the wind began howling and violently tugging at the trees.

Darren finally came to but found he couldn't get up at all, only able to witness the terrifying scene before him.

He could feel that the power of nature was so magnificent; in the center of the thunder and the storm, he felt a feeling of being consumed by helplessness.

Are we done for?

The faces of the Fischer family members turned pale; aside from a few devout believers, fear began to rise in the hearts of those who were still conscious.

Darren felt that fear, and a smile surfaced under his mask.

"Hahaha!"

He simply couldn't control himself, the more fearful he was, the louder he laughed!

The next moment.

Fear peaked!

Including the middle-aged man, everyone saw that suffocating, unprecedented terror.

In the sky, the black clouds neared the island, hiding some enormous creature within, with blazing red eyes and massive limbs, resembling a mountain concealed within the clouds!

Could that be the so-called "Sea God"?

And then, in the next moment, Darren and the others suddenly saw black mist appearing all around, and everyone but Cyan Blue began to dissipate within the black mist.

It was the great Lord of the Lost!

He had come to save us!

A huge arm made entirely of rolling thunderclouds stretched out from the black mist – that was the "Sea God's" body, accompanied by a mad rush of lightning that surged towards the disappearing black mists!

Several from the Fischer family disappeared from sight; the "Sea God" hadn't caught up.

But the thundercloud arm still bore down!

Huh?

Karl, who'd just sent the Fischer family back, was possessing Cyan Blue, and then he saw the so-called "Sea God" not only didn't flee but also approached him?

That was something not even the many mysterious entities in the Spirit Realm would do.

Had it lost its mind?

"No, no, no, no!"

The immobilized middle-aged man wailed for mercy, desperately yelling:

"Sea God! I am willing to become your slave, your follower, do not destroy me!"

He watched the approaching thundercloud arm, as the despair deep within him was about to break free.

It's over!

"Save me!"

His last, exhausted shout changed nothing.

The middle-aged man closest to the site was touched by the massive thundercloud arm, and his body disintegrated in an instant; then Cyan Blue was touched as well.

At that moment, Karl also felt the so-called "Sea God" touching him!

And then naturally, he greedily absorbed the contained Spiritual Power, and excitedly discovered that the "Sea God" had an amount of Spiritual Power that was larger than any he had absorbed before!

It...

The taste was really so intoxicating!

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

Chapter 305 Devouring the Sea God!

"Ao!"

The monster lurking in the dark clouds roared with a dreadful power beyond human imagination, frantically struggling and desperately trying to kill the being that was devouring its power.

Even ten Monarch powerful experts would easily be ground to dust before such boundless and infinite force.

Yet, no matter how great the power the Sea God used, capable of destroying armies, even sufficient to annihilate entire islands, it couldn't harm Karl in the slightest.

Karl even had to divert his attention to carefully discern whether the other party was truly attacking him.

It seemed there was an attack.

"Ao!"

The Sea God roared incessantly!

All of a sudden, it felt an intense fear.

An immense fear!

In ten thousand years, although occasionally bested by some powerful beings, it rarely felt so utterly powerless. Among the plethora of memories, only when facing the incarnation of the Tempest Overlord had the Sea God felt what true fear was!

Now, it was experiencing that true fear once again!

And the Sea God was acutely aware that this time, the fear was far greater than the last!

What on earth was that?

Why did it feel like a mere mortal in the face of It, just as mortals feel before itself?

Could it be that it, the Sea God, was to be devoured by an even more terrifying "Great Sea"?

"Ao!"

The Sea God roared madly, and the sea surrounding the island capsized instantly, churning violently, soon to engulf the entire deserted isle!

Karl only felt a joyous sensation constantly surging from the depths of his soul.

"This time, I feasted greatly without needing a Fischer's sacrifice, all thanks to you for actively 'seizing' me..."

"I am very happy."

In this life-and-death moment, the Sea God, initially driven mad by severe injuries, finally regained more clarity.

[Do not...]

Karl suddenly heard a voice and realized it was the Sea God's plea, yet he had no intention of paying attention to it and continued greedily drawing upon the Spiritual Power.

Just as fishermen never heed the wishes of the fish.

[Ao!]

As the plea was futile, the Sea God roared in madness, and the frenzied sea rose high, finally completely submerging the deserted island, yet all in vain.

It could feel a terrifying black cross-light!

That power, in an instant, made all things lose their color as if bringing an end to everything, and all would face the ultimate, final doom in the presence of It.

No exceptions.

Karl could tell that the 5th Seal had significantly loosened!

Good, with just a bit more time, he would be able to fully break through the 5th Seal!

Although he had taken a long time between breaking the third and fourth seals, now it seemed, he would break the fifth one much faster!

Just as he was about to burst into laughter, he suddenly realized his consciousness began to retract, fearing the next instant would bring him directly back into the bottle.

What's happening?

Karl quickly discovered the cause; so focused was he on drawing power, he hadn't noticed that Cyan Blue had accidentally died off completely, turned to ashes, leaving no support for his possession.

Yet noticing was of no avail, as he truly had no means to save Cyan Blue.

Karl's mark remained upon Cyan Blue's soul, the proof of a devout person.

Her soul began flying towards the vortex that suddenly appeared in the sky.

Cyan Blue's soul not only saw the Sea God and Karl but also acutely perceived the Sea God's embarrassed rage and helplessness, thus her heart rejoiced immensely!

"Oh great Lord of the Lost..."

"Thank you for accepting me..."

"I am willing to serve as your slave for eternity..."

The black fog completely vanished, and Karl's black light also disappeared.

"Ao!"

The Sea God wailed loudly, the dense black clouds around the sky gradually dissipated, and the majestic form made of thunderclouds also sank deep into the sea, fleeing without hesitation to the deepest parts of the endless ocean...

"It can't be said to be all for naught, but rather 'just missed it,' right?"

A flash of black light flickered inside the bottle upon the flagship.

Karl had returned.

His heart was immensely complex. Certainly, he was very pleased, but when the 5th Seal was about to be undone, he was suddenly sent back, inevitably bringing about feelings of dejection.

"It's almost like..."

He pondered for a moment, continuing to mutter to himself.

"It's like having a succession of delicious meals, each taste more delightful than the last, pushing your anticipation to its peak. Then, just as you're about to savor the most renowned and closing main course, you are suddenly kicked out of the restaurant by the owner."

After considering the whole situation, Karl felt even more depressed and helpless deep inside, but there was a piece of good news—he had felt a kind of new power forming.

It seemed to be the "Power of Authority" inherent to the Sea God.

Even though it was only a small part, Karl now had an enormous affinity with sea water and marine life, capable of controlling the weather at sea to a certain extent and manipulating a considerable number of marine creatures.

"As long as I have followers on the sea providing me with 'support points,' I can control the marine weather conditions and the various creatures in the sea within a few miles around them. Unfortunately, manipulating marine weather and creatures still requires consuming some Spiritual Power."

He quickly realized how important this power truly was.

Obviously, given enough time, the Fischer family would gradually become the dominant force of the White Sea!

And undoubtedly, the true dominant force!

"Hmm, let's give it a try."

Karl in the bottle consumed a thread of Spiritual Power and attempted to change the nearby weather.

—

The members of the Fischer family abruptly returned to their family's flagship. Except for the still unconscious Byrne and Lilian, the rest of them were still sweating coldly, unable to forget the cataclysmic scene they had just witnessed.

"We survived."

Yeager muttered to himself, kneeling on the ground and constantly praying to the great Lord of the Lost.

A smile curled at the corner of his mouth, feeling nothing but extreme joy at being alive.

Darren nodded lightly and said calmly,

"Yes, we survived... under the protection of the Lord of the Lost."

Underneath his Iron Mask, he was still smiling, yet his heart was growing heavy. This event had clearly once again spiraled out of control, and many unexpected things had happened.

Darren turned his head to look at his unconscious father and at Uncle Chris, who was silent.

Uncle Chris was truly powerful, even capable of a nearly certain victory without any risk, if he were just facing two low-level Monarchs.

That was also the confidence the Fischer family had in their plan to ambush High Priest Sky Blue.

And the father, too, had grown through experience, his wisdom deepening... but that wasn't enough to overcome all the unforeseen incidents.

Yet without such an ambush, killing High Priest Sky Blue was nearly impossible. As soon as too many Monarch powerful experts approached, he would be able to use the information from the sea tribe to get early warning and then dive thousands of meters into the Dark Blue Sea.

In that pitch-black deep sea, it is said, lurk many ancient magic beasts of Monarch Level.

Darren pondered.

So, what should he do?

If one day it fell to him to control the Fischer family's authority, how exactly would he protect everyone?

Darren fell into deep contemplation, the smile gradually fading from his face, murmuring to himself.

"I can utilize the experience I gained from gathering talents in Rhea once again..."

"Information is crucial. If we could have known the movements of that middle-aged man in advance, or if we had been aware of the situation in the Dark Blue, things would have turned out very differently..."

He was very clear about the darkness, evil, and desires deep inside people's hearts.

So, let's build on that foundation.

Finally, he decided to establish a new secret organization, an unofficial intelligence agency to assist the family. The new members of these secret organizations wouldn't be aware of the existence of the Lord of the Lost. They would just think they were serving some very powerful Extraordinary Exponent.

As long as enough information was gathered, any decision made by the Fischer family could be more assured of success!

Darren slowly stretched out his hand, a hint of Black Tide power emerging in his palm. Deep inside, he had already decided on the name for the organization.

It would be called "Black Tide."

Just at this moment, the physically drained Lilian gradually woke up from her slumber, her body trembling slightly as she slowly opened her eyes.

"Great Lord..."

She uttered with a rare girlish voice.

"Did you protect us once again?"

Lilian on the deck was helped up by Darren. She calmly looked at the sky behind everyone when suddenly, she noticed a gorgeous rainbow appearing.

She felt something in her heart and understood one thing clearly—the beautiful rainbow was a scenic masterpiece crafted by the Monarch's own hand.

"Look."

Lilian stretched out her hand towards the horizon.

Chris, Yeager, and the others turned their heads to look.

"Uh..."

Byrne finally awoke from his deep unconsciousness and immediately realized that all the people of the Fischer family were looking out of the ship, also raising his head to look.

"Beautiful."

The rainbow shone with vibrant and colorful light under the sun, like a magical bridge stretched across the blue sea, its vivid colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and purple interweaving in an artful and splendid display.

The sea breeze gently brushed the cheeks of everyone, adorning the waves caused by the sea water around the rainbow, delineating a harmonious and peaceful painting.

Everyone quietly felt the magic of nature, as if they were in a dream-like world.

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

Chapter 306 Displaying Miracles

In a dimension unknown to anyone, the intangible Karl was gazing at the rainbow phenomenon he had created using the Sea God's authority, ethereal and enchanting, incredibly magical and beautiful.

The first thing he felt was how interesting it was, and he clearly knew that he could do even more.

"It's not just at sea, as long as it's near the coast, I can wield the Sea God's power of authority."

"A favorable situation, I no longer need to rely entirely on the Fischer family..."

Karl couldn't help but consider a possibility.

What would happen if he devoured more mystical beings in the future? In the Claud World, not only the Sea God, born as a collective concept of the ocean, existed, but also various false gods.

"I'm starting to look forward to it."

Then Karl gave Lilian an extremely important oracle.

"I have heard the oracle!"

Lilian suddenly became excited, her previous exhaustion swept away in an instant, she got up as if energized, and said to everyone:

"The great Lord of the Lost shelters us all! He has grievously wounded that lowly sea monster that claimed to be a deity and absorbed its power to control the oceans, from now on the seas shall be our domain!"

Upon Lilian's words, the family was tremendously invigorated.

She took a deep breath and continued:

"Also, He wishes for us to seek out mystical beings..."

"Those monsters who claim to be gods will all be food for our master, the time to devour them is nigh!"

Byrne took a deep breath, unable to completely hide the joy in his eyes, and said as calmly as possible, "Order the troops to return to port."

On the boundless sea glistened golden specks, like countless pearls inlaid on azure satin.

The Fischer family convened an impromptu family meeting on the flagship to review the issues and situations of this operation and to discuss future matters.

Meanwhile, during the Cyart army's retreat, they suddenly encountered numerous attacks from the sea tribe, undoubtedly making it a troublesome affair for the seafaring Cyart people.

"The sea tribe is coming to breach the ships!"

"Quick, have the spellcasters use 'Walking on Water' to fend them off!"

"Don't worry, we have a Monarch powerful expert amongst us, everyone stay calm!"

As everyone scrambled, preparing for battle, they witnessed a stunning scene:

To their amazement, the sea tribe, in their tens of thousands, who were fiercely charging, suddenly split apart as if manipulated by some force, without any intention of actually attacking the Cyart people.

What was happening?

Amidst their astonishment, the Cyart army's people turned to praising and praying to the gods.

"Praise the gods!"

"Surely the Tempest Overlord has blessed us!"

Only on the Fischer family's flagship was their gaze complex, knowing full well the source of this phenomenon was the He whom the family worshipped.

But the rest of the world, in their ignorance, could not perceive His greatness.

Lilian shouted excitedly, "It was the great Lord of the Lost!"

"Silence." Chris suddenly spoke up coolly as a reminder.

After a while, they saw Bishop Zayne coming to the flagship, his expression one of pleasure.

"Perhaps it really was the protection of the Tempest Overlord; the sea tribe did not attack. Byrne, I will spread the word among the people that the Fischer family is blessed by the vast Tempest Overlord, and we shall be invincible in the wars to come!"

Byrne, filled with joy, stepped forward excitedly and said:

"Thank you, Bishop Zayne... Your wish shall also be granted, to completely eradicate the Sea God Cult."

Zayne nodded lightly, spoke earnestly, "I must kill the High Priest Sky Blue of the Sea God Cult."

Byrne smiled faintly, not revealing the truth but knowing deep down with Bishop Zayne's propaganda, the Fischer family's status would rise even higher, their position on the East Coast would be unshakeably secure!

Upon the peaceful sea, with the sky and clouds reflecting each other, it resembled the painter's most perfect palette, the ocean surface shimmered, and a gentle breeze spread the ripples far and wide.

Since the Sea God's awakening and the terrifying rampage, and the deaths of two key figures of the Sea God Cult, three years had now passed.

On the sandy beach of an island in the White Sea, Ian, a White Sea native who had converted to the Dawn Church, stood tall.

Now a tall and lean young man of nearly 1.8 meters, his demeanor was calm, with an innate air of a sage.

In the vast expanse of clear skies over the ocean, time seemed to slow, lengthening serenely.

The tall and lean young man was immersed in this harmony and tranquility.

In Ian's eyes, it was not just the ocean but also an extraordinary and eternal painting of beauty.

This was his cherished homeland, the White Sea.

Now, to the outside world, he was the new Priest of the Sea God Cult, and he also claimed to be the successor of High Priest Sky Blue, the spiritual leader of the many natives of the White Sea.

In three years, all the remaining priests of the Sea God Cult met the same fate, assassinated by the power of the fake-spirit card wielded by Chris, and Ian, supported by the Fischer family, became the new leader of the Sea God Cult. On his first day as a priest, he swore to the cult's followers that he would lead the White Sea natives to defeat the Cyart people.

But in reality, he had become a proselyte, successfully reaching the 2nd Rank on the Path of Knowledge as a "Pharmacist."

Ian was remotely controlled by the Fischer family, in essence a puppet leader.

The Fischer family had held several meetings and decided to manage the Sea God Cult's territories through this guise for the time being, because directly replacing the Sea God Cult was difficult, met with great resistance, and would bring about immense trouble.

Ian was their chosen proxy.

Had Cyan Blue not sacrificed himself years ago, this position would have been his to take over.

At this moment, Ian on the beach was surrounded by hundreds of Sea God Cult followers, who had already secretly decided to overthrow Ian here and appoint a new Priest to take over.

It wasn't that Ian had exposed his true identity, but that he seemed too weak, likely lacking the strength of the Transmutation Level, utterly unworthy of being a Priest.

"You are simply unworthy of being the High Priest of the Cult!"

The leader among those followers was an Extraordinary Exponent of the mid-level Transmutation, in his forties, with the chance to reach high-level Transmutation in the future.

He walked up furiously, pointing his finger at Ian and said,

"I am the one chosen by the Sea God! Ian, go into the sea yourself and be embraced by the belly of the Sea God—that is an honor and a destiny for you!"

Ian calmly watched the hundreds of dissenting followers gathering before him, knowing deep down that he was betrayed by someone close.

Among these followers, there were more than thirty Extraordinary Exponents, and at least half of them could kill him; his own followers were nowhere to be seen at this moment.

They had either betrayed him or been controlled.

Everything seemed to have reached a dead end.

It didn't matter.

He nodded lightly and, looking at everyone who was staring at him, said, "I won't argue anything because I am the person chosen by the Sea God."

"Undoubtedly, we have been oppressed by the Cyart people to the brink of life and death, and the future must be corrected by me, rectifying the already chaotic world."

"Everything is the choice of the Sea God, and you are about to witness it."

Having said that, Ian turned without hesitation and walked towards the vast ocean behind him.

The hundreds of rebelling Sea God followers silently watched the scene, and the leading Extraordinary Exponents knew very well that the man would die once he entered the sea, as he had no ability to survive in the ocean.

Ian closed his eyes and silently prayed in the depths of his heart.

O great Lord of the Lost.

Please protect your people.

I will make all the children of the White Sea your most faithful servants.

Please grant me mercy!

Finally, he walked step by step into the seawater, his tall and lean body completely submerged by the ocean, disappearing from sight.

The leading rebel sneered, saying, "It seems our Sea God did not protect him."

"From now on..."

Just as the leading rebel was about to continue, suddenly someone beside him shouted,

"Look over there!"

The next instant, everyone saw a sight so astonishing, it seemed exaggerated!

They noticed a school of fish swimming unnaturally in the water, at times forming whirlpools, at times creating beautiful patterns, as if displaying extraordinary power within some divine oracle.

Suddenly, Ian, who had sunk into the sea, resurfaced!

He calmly stepped on the backs of the fish, and with each step he took, the school seemed to sense Ian's intentions, twisting like dancers and gradually forming a brand-new "staircase"!

With the staircase formed by the fish under his feet, Ian walked towards the shore with a calm and devout expression, his demeanor serene.

The spellbound Sea God Cult followers all kneeled down, terrified out of their wits, praying and begging for mercy.

"A miracle! Sea God, please forgive us; we did not know he was the one you chose!"

"A true miracle! It's a miracle! Your Majesty Sea God, we were deceived!"

"The Sea God protects him; Ian should indeed be our only Priest!"

The leading rebel was stunned for a moment, then suddenly bellowed,

"No, he must have used some kind of powerful Mysterious rare artifact, it's just extraordinary power, definitely not the protection of the Sea God!"

Above the sky, suddenly dark clouds gathered, casting a heavy shadow over the entire sky, as if even the earth trembled before it.

The leading rebel stared dumbfounded, trembling all over.

"What's happening?"

Suddenly, bolts of lightning sliced through the clouds like blades, and the rumbling sound of thunder was deafening, as if the gods themselves were roaring in anger!

Amidst the interwoven electric light, the earth seemed engulfed by this endless rage, all turning dark and majestic. The unexpected lightning and thunder shattered the tranquility, igniting lightning that terrified all insignificant beings!

Fierce lightning struck down, and amidst the flash of white light, it charred the leading rebel to a crisp on the spot!

After witnessing this scene, everyone was utterly convinced that the man was the favored one of the Sea God, and as Ian walked back from the ocean, everyone knelt before him in adoration, even willing to die for him.

"The Sea God has chosen me, and I will protect you in place of the great Him."

Ian slowly opened his arms, raised his head, and couldn't suppress the excitement deep inside.

O great Lord of the Lost!

Once again, I have witnessed Your mighty power!

Undoubtedly, You will always be the master of the White Sea! The people of the White Sea will become Your most faithful servants!

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

Chapter 307 The new city district, Black Tide, Reincarnate Prev

Nasir Town.

A whole year had passed since Ian had taken complete control of the Sea God Cult, and there was no doubt that the development speed of Nasir Town had taken another step forward.

The frequent raids of the Sea God Cult were no longer a problem, and various pirates along the coast had been easily swept away by Karl. With his protection, the fisheries and maritime industries of the East Coast flourished.

As time went by, people increasingly believed in one thing—that the Fischer family was truly protected by the vast Tempest Overlord!

How great was the Fischer family! They not only defeated the heretics of the White Sea but also completely eradicated the fearsome pirates.

The fishermen fully felt that, over the years, the weather at sea had become increasingly good, and no one had perished in the sea due to violent maritime weather anymore.

With the security and environment of the White Sea greatly improved, not only the citizens of the East Coast but also many surrounding powers and countries changed their original trade routes to sail through the White Sea instead.

After all, completely safe seas were almost non-existent in the Nine Seas. The western part of the White Sea, which was originally a benign environment, had been a barbaric battlefield shunned by many due to human factors; now, it was completely devoid of danger.

If it were not for the Winged Folk and glacier inhabitants still controlling vast territories and continuing large-scale wars, it would likely have only been a matter of time before it became a sea of trade.

Ian also seized a crucial opportunity, starting to change the strategies of the White Sea natives, ordering them not to plunder the various ships passing by anymore but instead to engage in various maritime trades.

Even a reform of this magnitude, involving his identity starting a war, still met with some resistance. However, Karl soon displayed several more marine miracles, and no one opposed Ian's commands any longer.

To many outsiders, however, the natives of the White Sea were nothing more than monkeys, with no need at all to trade with them—slaughtering was the only necessary action.

Yet, those who wished to deal with Ian's subordinates in recent years were mostly struck dead by sudden lightning, further strengthening Ian's authority.

Under Karl's established "Mandatory Safety Zone Rule," the natives of the White Sea and outsiders could finally be forced to trade "peacefully."

Ian had long been a devout person, yet his current strength did not even match that of a Bloodline Knight of a high-level Beginning.

But was strength really important for becoming the High Priest of the Sea God Cult?

Not important.

Because it's clear to everyone that within any cult, the favor of the god is always the most important!

Starting many years ago, Nasir had surrounded old Fourth District with four new city districts. The area of these new districts was much larger than that of the old four districts, with virtually the area of any new district equalling the total of the old Fourth District.

After decades of construction led by the Fischer family, the entire area of Nasir had greatly increased. In fact, it had become a true city, not only comparable to Fein City but even surpassing some.

Byrne, who had burned through his lifespan and was sixty-one years old, looked very elderly, like a seventy-year-old man, but his eyes still possessed profound and steady wisdom.

He was a living legend in the eyes of many, and the stories of Byrne and Chris were widely spread throughout the East Coast and had even been adapted into operas.

At least locally in Nasir, the grand opera at the theater run by Christine was a very popular program of the Fischer family's legendary saga.

Of course, some content that couldn't be spoken of was officially cut out.

Byrne and Chris's popularity had risen to an exaggerated degree. Within the East Coast Province, both were heroes that in no way were inferior to Duke Black Iron.

Privately, people would even directly say that not even the Cyart King deserved the loyalty of the East Coasters as much as the two brothers did!

In the past year, Byrne felt that it was no longer good to refer to the old Fourth District as East, South, West, and North City Districts, and the four new districts still under construction were always referred to by the residents by numbers, which was not good as they lacked official names.

Therefore, he gave new names to the eight city districts.

First, the wealthiest old North City District. Byrne initially searched for many meaningful names and finally decided to name it "Lucius District."

The reason for choosing this name was self-explanatory.

He then renamed South City District and West City District to "Blue Sea" and "White Gold" respectively.

The originally poor East City had long shed its slum status, and its residents were gradually able to live normally.

Its new name was "Amber."

As for the names of the four new city districts, Byrne named them "5th City District Nebula," "6th City District Flourishing Blooms," "7th City District Luminosity," and "8th City District Tidal Waves," respectively.

The people of the four new districts also prided themselves as Nasir citizens.

However, those born and bred in the old Fourth District of Nasir mostly harbored a certain thought.

Could those newcomers living in the four new districts, that is, in the suburbs, really be considered as Nasir citizens?

Every time these newcomers also called themselves Nasir citizens, the native born and bred Nasir citizens always felt somewhat uncomfortable.

Byrne remembered the example of establishing a school to help him grasp the Power of Consecution, so he gathered the Extraordinary Exponents of Path of Forging and Path of Authority, ordering them to massively participate in the entire planning process of establishing and naming the new city districts.

Sure enough, his thinking was completely right. The Extraordinary Exponents who embarked on these God Pantheon stairways, through the act of constructing new city districts and planning urban developments such as naming, further mastered the Power of Consecution.

In his study, he said to a Daybreaker:

"It is decided; start preparing for a grand festival from now."

"Next month, the Fischer family will publicly declare that Nasir is no longer just a port town but a truly flourishing seaside city!"

Nasir's 6th City District, Flourishing Blooms District.

Within a hidden room of a newly opened tavern, several illegal superhumans gathered.

Since most of them had criminal records and concealed identities, they all seemed somewhat nervous as they arrived here.

After a while,

a young woman dressed in a black robe and wearing an Iron Mask entered the room through a secret passage in the wall, and casually took a seat in front of the others, giving a slight nod.

"So you've all arrived?"

"I'll be leading this gathering of Extraordinary Exponents, trade your extraordinary materials and information now..."

They nodded respectfully and immediately said, "Thank you, Tide Master, for your help."

Once the trade was completely finished, most of the illegal superhumans left.

Only the host and a middle-aged woman with brown hair remained in the room. She looked up at the young woman in the black robe with the Iron Mask.

"The information you asked me to inquire about last time, I investigated it, and this is what I found."

She handed over an envelope, anxiously giving it to the young woman in the black robe with the Iron Mask.

After examining the information inside, the young woman nodded slightly.

"Good, you seem to have qualified to go further."

She had actually known what the true information was all along, and sending the middle-aged woman to gather it was merely a test.

"What's your name?"

She also knew the middle-aged woman's name but still asked, seeking to test her sincerity.

"I am a Vallere citizen, Carol."

Finally, after a year of tests, Carol was granted an important opportunity. She successfully joined the secret intelligence organization "Black Tide."

She even came to an underground secret hideout, a complex mini-palace, where in one of the secret rooms she met the leader of "Black Tide," a tall man wearing an Iron Mask.

They all called that man "Tide Master." He was a man of great power, who controlled vast resources, and many even suspected that the Tide Master was a Monarch powerful expert.

No one knew that the "Tide Master" who had been appearing publicly all along was actually Darren's most trusted subordinate, the old dog who had ventured through life and death with him from Rhea.

And the true leader of Black Tide, the "Tide Master," was in fact Darren himself.

Disguised as the "Tide Master," the old dog sat in his chair, gazing at Carol and said calmly,

"Congratulations, from today on, you are one of us."

"Black Tide doesn't serve any power or secrets, all we seek is money, gathering information then selling it, that is what the organization does."

"Do you understand?"

Of course, he was lying.

The real situation of Black Tide was that it was an external intelligence organization of the Dawn Church, but the only ones in Black Tide who knew this were him, Darren, and a few other Daybreakers who had been planted to help.

Carol nodded repeatedly, saying loudly, "I understand, of course I understand!"

"I joined Black Tide for more resources!"

The old dog nodded, pretending to be profound,

"Good."

"Being a smart person, you should know the price to pay if you betray us."

Just then, Karl suddenly possessed the body of the old dog, as he sensed a subtle anomaly.

The middle-aged woman...

He could clearly feel a mark belonging to himself upon her.

What's going on?

Such marks had always only been found on the souls of those devout who had passed away.

Karl finally recognized the woman's soul.

"So it's Narda?"

Yes, he realized that the woman's previous life was that of the devout woman swayed by Irene on her deathbed, the mother of the Moore brothers, Grandma Narda.

Interesting.

Karl studied Narda carefully, noting that her appearance differed greatly from her previous life but recognizing similarities, and his interest in the souls' life, death, and reincarnation in the Claud World grew.

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

Chapter 308: Past and Present Lives Prev

Carol is a Vallere citizen.

Vallere is the westernmost country among the Eastern Four Kingdoms. The root of their national tragedy lies in their geographical adjacency to the massive and powerful Lorne Empire, which dominated them many years ago.

The ten noble families of the Eastern Four Kingdoms were all losers a hundred years ago, driven to the east by the Lorne citizens from the central continent. The Lorne Empire officially rose to prominence a hundred years prior and became undoubtedly the strongest empire in the Claud World within a short century.

In the past few decades, the last beloved King of Vallere mysteriously disappeared, and the remaining members of the Vallere Royal Family also met with enigmatic deaths in succession.

The current King of Vallere is from another family, a complete puppet who obediently follows every command of the Lorne citizens!

Although the Lorne citizens have brought Vallere many new buildings and facilities, enabling rapid development of the whole nation, they have also unabashedly seized the chance to firmly grasp many of Vallere's industries and resources, creating a terrifying

monopoly and infiltrating and controlling the upper echelons of Vallere society as their puppet group.

Many insightful people in Vallere were unwilling to be conquered by the Lorne Empire and thus formed a secret force, the "Vallere Restoration Army". Under the leadership of a Monarch powerful expert, they began to assassinate puppet figures remotely controlled by Lorne people everywhere.

A few years ago, Carol was one of the members of the "Vallere Restoration Army".

Her siblings were suddenly captured by a Lorne Monarch powerful expert during an assassination operation, and her colleagues and superiors were all interrogated and killed by the Lorne people without exception.

After Carol narrowly escaped, she had no choice but to flee the country under the cover of night. She intended to escape to the strongest of the northern four countries, Carnia, but instead, she ended up arriving at Cyart in the south by coincidence, dodging the pursuit of the Lorne citizens.

"The Lorne people are indeed too powerful; they will one day unify the entire continent. One might even say that if it weren't for the restraint from the Seven Stars and the Church, the Eastern Four Kingdoms would have completely fallen a long time ago..."

She was very grateful to the Emperor of the Seven Stars Empire. Without the substantial help of the Qi Yao People, the Vallere Restoration Army wouldn't have been able to resist any of the Lorne people's schemes.

Lorne and Seven Stars are archenemies. As long as one can cause unhappiness to the other, they would go to great lengths to do so.

However, no matter how desperately the Vallere Restoration Army struggled, they were ultimately nothing more than an insignificant chess piece in the multi-layered power games of the two great empires.

After several weeks of deep contemplation, Carol's fears had completely taken over her heart, and she had no desire to return to her homeland.

She decided to completely give up the idea of restoring her country and live undercover in Cyart. But to survive, she needed a lot of money, so she began looking for ways to earn it.

Finally, by a stroke of fate, Carol learned of the existence of the Black Tide and subsequently became a member.

She had no idea that her chance arrival in Cyart might have been influenced by some mysterious factors.

Karl found it intriguing when he noted that Carol's past life had been Grandma Narda.

He had previously speculated about the phenomenon of reincarnation of souls in the Claud World, but actually seeing an example still felt quite interesting.

"Moreover, it seems that those marked by me will gradually draw closer to me again..."

"As if there is some mysterious force of attraction..."

He could understand this kind of thing, as the souls that were devout in their past lives would naturally come closer to him after reincarnation.

But this made Karl more and more amused.

"Perhaps this is what mortals often refer to as 'fate'..."

"Because of destiny, their souls will ultimately follow me again."

"Is it that dream again?"

In the dimly lit room, Carol slowly opened her eyes, feeling mentally exhausted as she crawled out of bed.

Her head was a bit heavy; she got out of bed to drink a glass of water.

"What on earth is going on?"

Sitting on the bed, Carol pondered deeply. Ever since coming to Nasir, she had always dreamed of a place similar to Nasir.

Yet, the Nasir in her dreams seemed different from the current one.

In that dream, Carol also saw His Excellency Bain and Lord Chris in their younger days, which she found completely absurd deep inside.

"I don't know His Excellency Bain and Lord Chris of the Fischer family at all, so why would I dream about them?"

"And at that time, I probably wasn't even born yet, so how could I have been to this place?"

She shook her head, muttering to herself:

"That dream is just too absurd and unbelievable."

At that moment, Carol suddenly heard noises coming from outside the door.

It sounded like someone was calling her name!

Her expression tensed up, and she took a deep breath, fearful that it might be the Lorne pursuers arriving.

Only after a long while did she cautiously open the door to find that a letter had been placed on the floor.

After picking up the letter, she learned that she was soon going to meet a truly influential figure.

"A truly influential figure?"

Carol felt a bit stunned and then noticed the Black Tide's insignia on the envelope, which prompted many thoughts in her mind.

"Isn't the 'Tide Master' already a big shot? Is there someone else behind the secret organization, the Black Tide?"

"What's going on?"

She did not know the truth, but felt a terrifying sense of envelopment and subconsciously started swallowing her saliva.

The next day, Carol once again met the young woman who had brought her into the Black Tide.

"Hello, Madam Carol."

The young woman nodded; she was a member of a minor noble family born in the land of the Four Towns, inherently an ordinary person without extraordinary power, seduced and recruited by Lilian years ago to join the Dawn Church.

"Hello..."

Before Carol could continue speaking, the young woman took her away, and they silently made their way to a ship at Nasir Port.

"Get on the boat; there's a VIP waiting for you."

After hearing the young woman's words, Carol nodded nervously and boarded the ship.

She soon met a big shot!

It was Mr. Theo from the Fischer family, the butler!

Though he was not a noble, his status on the East Coast Province was still revered, with even several viscounts treating Mr. Theo with great respect.

After all, the old man was the butler of that powerful family.

"Hello, Mr. Theo, may I know why you have summoned me?"

Mr. Theo said calmly, "No, the person you are to meet is not me... What kind of VIP would I be?"

Carol's heart skipped a beat; she found it hard to imagine someone bigger than Mr. Theo.

Soon, she heard a voice coming from not too far away.

"You are Carol, right?"

It was a woman's voice; Carol nodded repeatedly, curious about who the other party could be.

"Hmm... His command is never wrong and is the first truth that we absolutely cannot violate, so, Carol, make your choice. After hearing what comes next, you must become one of us."

Carol was stunned, and then listened as the woman revealed many terrifying things!

Originally, Carol, who should have gone through years of observation and three years of trials, was fast-tracked to become a Proselyte within a few months.

She learned about the existence of the great Lord of the Lost.

And then, she became a Proselyte.

The reason Carol was fast-tracked to become a Proselyte in such a short time was simple; the great Lord of the Lost himself had personally issued a divine decree to Lilian.

Since the great Lord of the Lost had issued a divine decree, all those observations and trials, undoubtedly, became unnecessary.

Even if Carol tried to run away, Lilian would activate the entire Dawn Church to capture her and force her to join the Church.

Of course, if Carol harbored any thoughts of betrayal, she would still be exterminated by Karl.

In fact, Karl wanted to conduct an experiment to grant the soul—once Narda, now Carol—access to the God Pantheon stairway on the Path of Divine Sacrifice again.

Indeed, after observing her retaking the path of the divine, he discovered that Carol's grasp of the Power of Consecution came quickly, certainly much faster than in her previous life.

"It seems like every time she wakes up from a dream, the Power of Consecution is somewhat digested, I see..."

Karl quickly realized the reason; the essence of the Power of Consecution was the power of the soul, unlike the power of Bloodline that followed the physical body.

Since their souls remained unchanged, the understanding of that part of the Power of Consecution theoretically wasn't lost after reincarnation.

"It's only after death when the carried Spiritual Power was absorbed by me, and after reincarnation, the feeling of grasping the Power of Consecution is 'forgotten'..."

"So those reincarnations, as long as they recall more of their past through dreams, can grasp the Power of Consecution more quickly."

Through a series of research on Carol, Karl basically figured out the mechanism of reincarnates.

It seemed indeed beneficial to believe in him, and those who were reincarnates had a "special number" that allowed them to catch up quickly after "rebooting."

"Interesting world."

"Can the new life born from the cycle of the soul really be considered the same person as their past life?"

"And how do all these rules operate so precisely?"

He couldn't help but ponder an inconceivable thought.

"In this world full of mysterious existences, is there a 'god of death'?"

What would it taste like?

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

Chapter 309: The Lion of the Knight

"Time flies so fast, in a few months I'll be thirty..."

In the private estate of Christine, the study was filled with the rich Lorne classical style furniture, including a solid wood desk with carved patterns, heavy bookcases, and a classical writing desk. Sitting in her wheelchair, Christine sighed.

She suddenly felt that time was indeed fleeting.

Unconsciously, nearly thirty years of life had already passed by.

She had step by step ascended, and she was about to fully grasp the Power of Consecution of the 3rd Rank.

She had discovered that servitude, even when the object of her service was her entire family, could effectively help her master the Consecution power of the Path of Authority.

"However, it will still be Butler Theo who will advance before me, after all, he has fully mastered the Power of Consecution of the 3rd Rank and only needs to complete the initiation ritual of a 'Glorious Knight'."

To advance to a "Glorious Knight," one must first complete the corresponding rituals, which means practicing the various codes of knighthood.

Each country's chivalric codes slightly differ, and the eight chivalric codes widely known in Cyart are "Courage," "Honesty," "Generosity," "Humility," "Mercy," "Honor," "Sacrifice," and "Devotion."

Only by fulfilling these can one achieve advancement.

"Speaking of the knighthood initiation ritual, if it were you, it might be easily completed..."

Christine's thoughts turned to the man standing nearby unconsciously.

Her sharpest sword, the man of noble knighthood temperament, Andre Leone, stood quietly in the study, calmly listening to Christine's words.

"Yes, Miss Christine, time always passes so swiftly, like a bird that never stops flying..."

"But no matter how far time travels, I will accompany you, replacing your legs and continue walking on."

Andre spoke of his feelings calmly, having stayed by Christine's side for many years without seeking any reward, but wholeheartedly planning and fighting for Miss Christine.

He was the grandson of Viscount Bast, the most talented person of his generation in the Leone family, inheriting the strong bloodline of the Bronze Lion and also an outstandingly upright man in character.

Originally the Lion clan even hoped Andre could lead the family back to prominence, yet it was unexpected that the man would be moved overnight by Christine and wish to become her guard, her blade.

People could not understand why such an outstanding man like Andre would not properly inherit the Lion clan, but instead become the protector of Christine Fischer?

Even though the Fischer family was very powerful, he should not so humbly rely on others, at least for the proud lions, it was unacceptable.

"Love at first sight."

When the members of the Lion clan asked him the reason, Andre answered calmly with his own.

Everyone was shocked, although Miss Christine was indeed beautiful, she was, after all, someone with a severe disability. They wondered what Andre was thinking to fall in love at first sight; could it just be to climb the ladder of the Fischer family?

Andre said seriously:

"I have already fallen in love with Miss Christine, she is like a broken butterfly, never having whole wings, yet always wanting to fly high."

"People think Miss Christine is a cold person, but I see a spirit of devotion deep in her heart."

"In fact, she has never thought of herself but always dealt wholeheartedly with her family, loyally and strongly for others."

Everyone had just heard that Miss Christine was skilled at scheming and rather cold-blooded towards outsiders, yet Andre saw so many merits in her.

His father, the new patriarch of the Lion clan, after deep contemplation, made a suggestion.

"Andre."

"Why not simply propose a marriage alliance? With our relationship to the Fischer family and adding some bargaining chips, you still have a good chance of marrying Miss Christine."

However, Andre shook his head and replied earnestly:

"I am not yet familiar with her, and she has already contributed a lot to her family. To marry a man she doesn't love is something I do not wish to see."

Andre's candid response left everyone in the Lion clan utterly speechless.

However, Christine initially did not acknowledge his unsolicited following and instead gave Andre three extremely difficult tasks to handle.

Verbal loyalty was meaningless to her; she felt that it was impossible to discern whether Andre was good or bad deep inside in a short period of time, after all, Andre was a descendant of Viscount Bast and might have hidden great ambitions deep in his heart.

So Christine decided to test this man.

"If you can accomplish all of them, I will allow you to follow me," she said.

The first task was to test his wisdom. Christine asked Andre to thoroughly investigate the sensational case of the Snow Night Murderer.

The murderer was very clever, orchestrating several incidents that looked like accidental deaths, and at the same time, framing three people who intended to kill, making them scapegoats for his own crimes.

Ordinary people would think the incidents were accidents. Clever ones might uncover the "truth" behind the accidental deaths upon first investigation and would at most arrest the three heavily suspicious scapegoats with motives for murder.

However, Andre not only identified the murderer's true identity from minor doubts but also pursued the felon through the snowy landscape for seven days and nights, ultimately capturing him alive.

The second task was a test of courage. Christine asked Andre to lead a team on a long sea voyage to obtain a Class 4 Extraordinary Material from the perilous Aphotoc Sea.

It was indeed a very challenging task, yet Andre spent a full two years and managed to achieve it, even bringing back two pieces of Class 4 Extraordinary Material in the end.

The third task was to test loyalty. Christine required Andre to stay by her side for a year without speaking, to obey any command, without any defiance.

However, Andre did not agree immediately.

"The commands I can complete must not go against my principles," he stated calmly.

"Miss Christine, I hope you can respect my principles. I never kill innocent people, I will always respond to the calls for help from women and children, and I will not harm my own family and friends without reason," he explained.

Christine, in her wheelchair, nodded gently, and spoke just as calmly, "If that's the case, then leave. You are not suitable to be my subordinate. Hmm, you have failed."

Everyone thought Andre would persist or even beg desperately, given how much he had already invested and his apparent deep affection for Christine.

But contrary to everyone's expectations, Andre just nodded, turned around, and walked away.

In the end, he was called back by Christine.

"Although you didn't pass the test in the end, I agree that you can become my sword," she said.

"You have won."

At that moment, Christine felt she had also passed a test posed by Andre Leone.

If Andre had ultimately agreed to her and flawlessly completed the test, she would of course have made him a trusted subordinate, but that would have been the extent of their relationship.

After dealing with many family affairs, Christine on her wheelchair said calmly, "The time is about right. Andre, let them in."

"Yes, I understand."

Andre nodded gently, calmly opened the door, and went out to notify the three visitors who had not been waiting long.

Soon, the three "Purgers" walked in, wearing brown coats and revolvers at their waists, each bowing courteously to Madam Christine.

The leading Purger from the Path of World Order took a deep breath and presented a stack of documents to Madam Christine with great solemnity, saying:

"Madam Christine, here is the task you entrusted to us. After several years, we have finally completed it thoroughly, and it was no easy feat."

"Fortunately, all three of us managed to survive in the end."

Over the years, the trio had collected various intelligence and evidence across the East Coast, narrowly escaping being silenced several times, barely making it to this day.

Now, at last, it seemed their efforts were going to pay off.

Christine looked over all the documents indifferently, while everyone waited silently. After more than an hour had passed, she nodded seriously:

"Andre, go and invite my uncle His Excellency Byrne, my mother Vanessa, and Mr. Moore here," she instructed.

"These matters must be handled by my uncle His Excellency Byrne, as for my mother and Mr. Moore, they will together carry out the ceremony to ascend to the 'Arbiter' title of the 4th Rank."

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

Chapter 310: The Birth of Nasir City!

A few days later.

In the public square of Nasir City, nearly ten thousand people gathered around, anxiously waiting, as they looked at the white-haired yet still vigorous Byrne Fischer on the stage.

Until today, that man had nearly become the spiritual leader of the many Cyart people on the East Coast. Now, Byrne stood tall on the stage, holding his speech in hand and looking at every citizen around him.

Finally, he spoke very solemnly,

"Today! The Fischer family will officially announce a piece of news, the esteemed Cyart King has already issued an order of approval, from now on, Nasir will cast off its status as a town and officially become a new city in the East Coast Province!"

"We all firmly believe that Nasir City will develop better and better, and every Cyart person will feel proud of this city!"

"From now on, every year on this day, our Fischer family will hold a city celebration for Nasir! People will forever remember this historic and great day!"

After the approval of the Cyart King, Nasir finally shed its title as a town and officially became the third city of the East Coast Province.

In the streets and alleys of the city, people cheered with great enthusiasm.

They excitedly waved flags that symbolized Cyart, fully engaged in the celebration activities, an atmosphere of sheer joy permeating the air, with laughter and cheers weaving into song.

Young people beamed with radiant smiles, they sang and danced, linking arms and joyfully forming circles to sing out loud. Children ran about cheerfully, scattering colorful paper confetti, weaving in and out of the crowds in play.

Every corner of the city was brimming with boundless joy, and even the street vendors joined in the celebration, setting out special promotional products to share the happiness with even more people.

From sunrise to sunset, this city was filled with vitality, its citizens greeting the promise of a wonderful tomorrow with cheers and exuberance.

When night arrived, the festivities were still underway, and Byrne Fischer quietly left the open-air banquet.

"Let's go."

He sat in the carriage, with the aging Theo as his coachman.

The carriage moved out.

Night had completely fallen, but Nasir was still celebrating its birth.

The two of them arrived silently at Fischer Manor.

In the great hall of Fischer Manor, most of the family members were already gathered, and seated in the center among everyone was Chris's daughter, Christine Fischer.

She wore a black dress, sitting in a wheelchair, with Andre standing by her side, alongside those three Purgers.

Andre's features bore some resemblance to Bast, and Byrne unconsciously glanced at him, shaking his head slightly.

Darren complained, "Do we really have to hold a family meeting today? Isn't it the city's celebration day?"

Christine immediately said, "It's precisely because today is special, and family members will return in full force, that I chose this day to clarify the issues that we'll be facing next."

Byrne nodded as well, saying, "I think it's very necessary."

"Christine has discovered some issues over the years, issues that our family has overlooked. If it weren't for her investigation, those problems would have continued to go unnoticed."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "Today, we gather everyone here to resolve those issues."

Christine said, "At the end of the day, it's because we developed too quickly and the corresponding management systems haven't caught up."

Vanessa nodded gently in agreement, indeed it was so.

The East Coast had a population of over a million, and they had been in actual control of the entire province for less than a decade; it was natural for various oversights to occur.

Looking at everyone who had arrived, Christine then said to the lead Purger,

"Bring the person over."

"Yes, Miss Christine."

The head of the Purgers nodded and then left with the other two. After a little while, they brought an old man who was approaching sixty.

"Who is he?"

"I don't recognize him at all."

"Does anyone know who this person is?"

Aside from Byrne, who possessed "Profound Memory," no one in the Fischer family had any idea who the old man was.

Byrne calmly said, "He is the grandson of John."

After saying that, he too was slightly stunned; the sea merchant John's grandson had also become an old man with graying hair, time indeed passed too quickly.

Most people vaguely remembered who John was; their sea merchant family was one of the many smaller families that now followed the Fischer family. The descendants of sea merchant John had never become Proselytes.

As their family had rich experience in sea commerce, and due to the friendship between Byrne and John from years ago, the Fischer family left some of the less important sea business to be managed by people from these smaller families.

Christine asked sternly, "Do you know what you have done to be brought here?"

The old man pondered for a moment before lowering his head and saying, "I confess, over the past few years, I have been switching the fish caught by the family boats with others. I didn't dare to touch the extraordinary materials, but those regular fish have indeed been replaced by me a lot..."

It wasn't long before the old man clarified his guilt. In the White Sea, there are several types of fish that look quite similar, only some are highly valuable, scarce, and coveted delicacies of the nobility, while others are cheap and abundant run-of-the-mill species.

Secretly, the old man had been swapping several species of fish for years, earning the difference in price and covertly pocketing quite a bit of money.

Byrne looked towards Vanessa and Moore from the Path of World Order and nodded, "It's up to you two to hand down the sentence."

Although it wasn't expressly stated, the family members all understood it was for the advancement ceremony of the two.

"I confess, accept the sentencing, I confess to it all..."

The old man was led away, disheartened and lost, leaving everyone exchanging glances, feeling that such a minor issue didn't warrant summoning everyone.

The second person brought in was equally unknown, a middle-aged man with a burly build.

As soon as the middle-aged man came forward, he immediately ran towards Moore, knelt in front of him, and desperately tried to embrace his legs.

"Save me! Save me! Mr. Moore, you must save me!"

Moore, with his hair graying, looked at him sternly and calmly inquired, "Who are you?"

The middle-aged man shouted, "Mr. Moore, your brother Quayle is my closest friend! I am practically your brother too!"

Moore shook his head and confirmed, "You're not from the Dagger Brotherhood, are you?"

The middle-aged man hesitated for a moment, then replied, "Indeed, I'm not. I met your brother at a casino, we've been close as brothers ever since!"

"Shut up!"

Christine suddenly interrupted, commanding, "Tell us about the sins you've committed!"

"I, I..."

The middle-aged man hesitated for a long time, completely daring not to speak.

Christine scoffed and said, "Then forget it, I'll say it. He has been using his relationship with the Dagger Brotherhood to harm several families in Fein City, even set fire to a brothel, burning it to the ground, directly causing forty-seven deaths on the spot."

"Most importantly, in the eyes of others, he is 'a man of the Fischer family.'"

Everyone's expression shifted slightly, bullying the weak was all too common, but no one expected this man to go such lengths.

Moore was taken aback for a moment, not expecting that this friend of his brother could cause such a mess.

And what was most frightening was that he was completely unaware of these events!

Christine, in her wheelchair, looked towards Moore and nodded, "Of course, Mr. Moore was unaware, because even the Dagger Brotherhood wouldn't dare to look into your brother, right? Every time this man committed a crime, he would get utterly drunk with your brother."

"Actually, this matter isn't that significant, it wasn't even uncovered by the Purgers, but rather discovered by the rumors that Andre found."

Andre nodded, stepped forward, and began explaining to everyone, "Here's what happened."

"In the brothels of Fein City, there's been a tale circulating. It's said that there's a burly Bloodline Knight who, each time he gets drunk, beats the prostitutes in the brothel, even once beating a pair of sisters to death. That's why the prostitutes are all terrified of catching that Bloodline Knight's eye..."

"I investigated this matter and discovered that the man who killed the prostitute sisters did not merely 'accidentally' kill them. He often had the lower-ranking members of the Dagger Brotherhood cover for him, then broke into residential houses..."

He paused, his eyes filled with a cold, murderous intent.

"Based on my investigation, the residential houses he broke into always had beautiful and healthy young girls, and afterward, those houses would be set on fire, leaving no survivors."

Vanessa listened with a face full of disgust, even feeling a bit nauseous. The middle-aged man's behavior was truly like that of a beast!

Of course, compared to Vanessa's rage, most of the people present were not concerned with the moral issue, but rather the destruction this man had caused to the peace and security of the East Coast Province. If word got out, it could severely tarnish the Fischer family's reputation.

Andre continued, his voice cold, "One time he drank too much, killed many people in the brothel, then simply set a big fire to cover up the truth."

He paused and added,

"In the end, that incident was resolved by the intervention of Mr. Moore's brother, who paid a rare and treasured family heirloom as the price."

Everyone couldn't help but glance at Moore, the leader of the Dagger Brotherhood. He nodded calmly and said, "Even if it's my brother, he won't escape punishment. Those gang members who colluded with him will also be tried."

Christine ordered the Purgers to take the middle-aged man away and stated, "These matters are like little holes gnawed by ants; they do not affect the Fischer family much in the short term, but over time they will inevitably become harmful."

The status of these two was not high, and the damage they caused was not considered colossal. However, what Christine was about to address was the crux of her announcement.

The last person the Purgers brought in caused many people to freeze, especially Byrne.

It was someone whom almost everyone had seen multiple times, frequently attending various celebrations and banquets in Nasir City.

Byrne looked at the very elderly, frail scholar, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He glanced subtly at Christine and said, "What on earth are you doing? Mr. Straitor, he was my teacher at the military academy, a well-known academic focused on his studies."

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

Chapter 311: Institutional Innovation

The atmosphere in the hall grew more solemn.

Everyone's gaze turned to the elderly scholar, over eighty years old, radiating an academic aura.

Though advanced in years, with a slightly bent back, his murky eyes still held a glint of sharpness.

Every member of the Fischer family was well aware that he must have committed some sin to have been brought here by those Purifiers.

For most of the family members, it was actually their first time learning of the Purifiers' existence.

Their feelings were complicated, none of them held a good impression of those who wielded significant authority and acted in secrecy, whose main job was to report on others.

Although many knew in their hearts that such people existed, for the Fischer family and the Dawn Church, it seemed to be an inevitable presence.

But due to an instinctive psychological defense, everyone felt uncomfortable at the mere sight of them.

Scholar Straitor glanced at Byrne and calmly nodded, "It's been a long time since we last saw each other, Byrne. I didn't expect you to have aged so quickly."

"Heh, anyone who didn't know better might think you and I are of the same age."

Byrne remained silent for a moment, took a deep breath, and spoke in a low voice, "Our relationship is not just that of a teacher and student, but also of pen pals for decades. Mr. Straitor is a well-known philanthropist and scholar, and his character is there for all to see. Surely you've made some mistake."

Christine in her wheelchair shook her head, then turned to look at everyone:

"Mr. Straitor used to be Uncle Byrne's teacher. He has maintained a good relationship with the Fischer family for decades, and everyone here has had some interaction with him. Mr. Straitor originally lived in Fein City, but moved to Phelps Port in the Southern East Coast Province over thirty years ago."

"Then he began a series of evil acts."

Her tone was very calm, as if she felt not the slightest indignation toward Straitor's evil deeds, merely stating them objectively as evil.

"Thirty years ago, he founded a secret society mainly comprising illegal Extraordinary Exponents called the 'Sage Academic Society.' Most of these extraordinary people were Spellcasters, not Bloodline Knights."

"Their ultimate goal was to create the legendary Philosopher's Stone."

The majority of people present didn't understand what the Philosopher's Stone was.

They looked at each other in bewilderment while Byrne furrowed his brows, as many things came rushing to his mind.

Christine continued, "In this process, Mr. Straitor trafficked numerous people, all for the ultimate goal of alchemy, the perfect Philosopher's Stone."

She paused for a moment and added, "By the way, accompanying Mr. Straitor is a low-level Transmutation Spellcaster of the Mental type, his colleague, very adept at trafficking people."

Scholar Straitor suddenly spoke up, "A perfect Philosopher's Stone does exist."

"We found a centuries-old parchment that was authored by the legendary curator of the Sapphire Ancient Library."

The Ancient Library?

At the mention of the Ancient Library, everyone was momentarily taken aback.

The six Ancient Libraries, each with tens of thousands of years of history, were legendary entities, supposedly established at the very advent of Claud World civilization

to collect nearly all extraordinary things such as "Extraordinary materials," "Mysterious rare artifacts," "Extraordinary Bequests," "mysterious creatures," and even "Extraordinary Exponents" themselves.

They were said to be mysterious organizations born at the beginnings of civilization, with long histories even predating the great churches, handed down through generations to this very day.

Straitor continued, "The curator of the Sapphire Library had conducted many experiments a thousand years ago, confirming the existence of the Philosopher's Stone but unclear about its composition."

"And according to the contents revealed on that parchment, the curator of the Sapphire Library once reached worlds beyond Claud, and in those other worlds, he saw the true, perfect Philosopher's Stone—the ultimate goal of alchemy! The world's most beautiful substance! Capable of fulfilling all of mortal desires! Far more valuable than a human life!"

His tone stayed as calm as possible, yet there was a burning passion in his eyes.

Upon hearing this, everything became clear to everyone present.

Mr. Straitor must have used many living people for his experiments, resulting in a considerable loss of lives.

Yet, everyone was skeptical about his ability to create the Philosopher's Stone, something that only existed in legend.

Christine spoke, "To gather funds, Mr. Straitor and his Sage Academic Society began to amass great wealth through the trafficking of people, victimizing not only many natives of the White Sea but hundreds of Cyart people from the East Coast as well!"

There was a moment of silence; trafficking the natives of the White Sea typically went unregulated, but undoubtedly, trafficking one's countrymen was a heinous crime!

Being the organizer, Straitor deserved to be executed publicly by the church!

Christine paused briefly, then looked at Byrne.

"In that Sage Academic Society, there were many of Uncle Byrne's classmates and friends."

While Chris was nominally the head of the family, he was not present here.

Everyone turned to Byrne, who effectively managed various affairs.

Even if everything about it was illegal and immoral, if he decided not to pursue those people, the matter could be glossed over.

Because he had power on the East Coast.

Byrne took a deep breath and his eyes filled with disappointment as he looked at his teacher.

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

- Chapter 312: Institutional Reform_2

Chapter 312: Institutional Reform_2

"Mr. Straitor, even if you are my teacher, I cannot allow you to get away with this."

Straitor sighed and said,

"Byrne, you have not yet seen a perfect Philosopher's Stone; you do not understand its allure. Human life is truly meaningless. Their ability to bring about the Stone's creation is already the most wonderful conclusion."

Straitor's eyes, as they looked at Byrne, held madness, and he suddenly started screaming!

"Let me go, I cannot die like this! If I can't produce a perfect Philosopher's Stone, then those people will have died in vain! It absolutely cannot end like this!"

Byrne shook his head solemnly and then instructed two Purgers to take his teacher away, while the old man still stared at the sky, yelling and shouting.

"The Philosopher's Stone, it is the whole meaning of alchemy!"

Byrne couldn't help but subconsciously wonder.

The Philosopher's Stone.

That alleged perfect alchemical tool, is it really that miraculous?

Christine continued, "There are definitely many other threats to the family or the East Coast. Sadly, we are very short on manpower, and what we have discovered is certainly only a fraction."

In her wheelchair, Christine looked seriously at her family members.

"That's why I hope to increase the number of Purgers."

"In fact, aside from that, I have a whole set of reform plans, which I'd like to put to a vote. I very much hope it will be approved."

Everyone finally understood what the real issue was at that moment.

The smart ones in the family could see that Christine's actions that day had Byrne's silent consent. The old man who had supported the family for many years was well aware of the crimes of the three and was absolutely clear about Christine's reforms, so the reform plans would almost certainly pass.

Christine presented a complete set of reform plans, mainly targeting two aspects where the Fischer family, having become a major clan, was lacking.

The first aspect was organizational structure. Currently, the structures of both the Fischer family and the Dawn Church were not clear enough, leading occasionally to confusion over authority and responsibility, with family members even being able to directly withdraw money from the family.

Christine thought this was a very bad situation. She believed that family members should receive dividends at regular intervals annually and not take money at will.

Moreover, if family members wanted to invest the family's money, it needed to go through an investment review at a family conference. Profits from investments should not be monopolized; they should be distributed back to the family according to certain ratios.

She wrote down many detailed items in her recommendations, such as the rights and responsibilities that should belong to both the patriarch and family members.

Another issue was that she wanted to implement a strict ranking system for Daybreakers and Proselytes. In her designed structure, all Blood Receivers are divided into ten levels, from Level One to Level Ten, with Level One being the lowest and Level Ten the highest.

The treatment and rights that members of the Dawn Church at each level enjoyed were also different.

The determination of the levels mainly relied on "merit", "seniority", and the "number of steps they have taken on the God Pantheon stairway". Any misstep would permanently affect the rating, and of course, the greatest fault was irreverence towards the gods.

According to Christine's design, currently, all Daybreakers and Proselytes do not meet the standards of Level Ten, and the only one who satisfies the standards of Level Nine is her mother, Vanessa.

Once someone becomes a member of Level Nine within the Dawn Church, the Fischer family patriarch can grant that person the right to vote in family council meetings, though he can also choose not to do so.

With both experience and merit, the outstanding Mayor of Fein City, Yeager, Butler Theo, and the leader of the Dagger Brotherhood, Moore, are three Level Eight Blood Receiver members.

Yeager and Moore have both helped the church to establish its external forces, while Theo has followed the family through life and death since Lucius's era.

People like Archibald, Old Dog, Colin, and Ian all have a uniform assessment of Level Seven members, as is the captain among the three Purger.

Without a doubt, members of Levels Seven, Eight, and Nine are the backbone of the Dawn Church.

Inna's qualifications are quite old, but as a Daybreaker, she has always been somewhat indifferent and neglectful, and so far, her mastery of the Power of Consecution is minimal; her final assessment, therefore, is Level Six.

The money and dividends from Extraordinary materials she receives each year amount to only half of what Yeager, another Daybreaker from the same period, gets.

Most Daybreakers and Proselytes are now rated between Levels Three to Six, and according to the structure designed by Christine, the first three levels are quite easy to advance through, typically requiring the completion of one, two, or three ordinary missions to successfully move up, to motivate newcomers.

And as long as one can become a Purger responsible for internal investigation, they will be promoted to a Level Six member immediately, for they are a "special group" of members after all.

The second aspect is the reward and punishment system.

The reward and punishment system was divided by Christine into three parts: the first consisted of the primary members of the Fischer family, that is, the favored clan with the

brand on the back of their hand, for whom she drafted the "Fischer Family Behaviour Norms Suggestion Draft."

The second part involved the many Blood Receiver members of the Dawn Church, which include Daybreakers and Proselytes. Christine borrowed many contents from the doctrines set by Irene to write a "Detailed Suggestion Draft of the Blood Receiver's Commandments, Rewards, and Punishments."

The third part consisted of those who were not members of the Dawn Church but served the family as followers and minor clans, to whom she provided the "East Coast Code Suggestion Draft."

All three parts were vast in content and scope, so Christine had not finished them completely; she had just set a tone and framework, with the details left to be completed and passed by the entire Fischer family.

As everyone began to peruse the documents Christine had spent years writing, they finally understood deep down that her reputation for being "calculating" was indeed very fitting.

Suddenly, while looking at the document in his hand, Darren asked a question.

"Christine, based on your 'East Coast Code Suggestion Draft'... from now on, we are to put an end to the trafficking of natives on the East Coast as well?"

Christine did not respond, but instead turned to look at Byrne.

Darren then also turned to look at his father.

"Yes, I hope so. From now on, not even the natives from the White Sea should be freely trafficked in the East Coast Province, after all, the White Sea natives are now part of our external forces," Byrne said.

Byrne took a deep breath, his gaze firm as he looked at all members of the Fischer family, understanding deep within that he could finally eradicate the remnants of that cancerous institution from the East Coast.

"The existence of slaves will no longer be present on the East Coast from this day forward!"

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

Chapter 313: 4th Rank "Arbiter"

In the study of the Fischer family manor, Christine was reporting a series of situations to Byrne, with Andre pushing her wheelchair from behind.

The main focus of her report today was about the current state of affairs concerning the Fischer family and the Dawn Church.

Christine, in the wheelchair, held a stack of documents and spoke calmly:

"First is the situation of the Dawn Church, the current total number of Blood Receivers is three hundred thirteen, the number of Daybreakers is two hundred one, and Proselytes amount to one hundred twelve."

"Those Blood Receivers who have reached the 3rd and 4th Rank amount to a total of seventy-seven, but for the rest of the Blood Receivers, reaching the 3rd Rank is largely a matter of time, as the first three ranks don't require any inherent talent to be achieved."

She paused momentarily before continuing her report:

"Currently, the subordinate forces of the Dawn Church primarily include 'Black Tide', 'Dagger Brotherhood', 'Sea God Cult', and 'Purgers'."

"Among them, the 'Purgers' are the most unique."

"After our recent adjustments, the number of 'Purgers' responsible for internal inquiries has increased from three to twenty-three, still under the original captain's charge, and they will report directly to you and me in the future."

Although Chris was the nominal head of the Fischer family, he had no interest in managing family affairs, and everyone had grown used to treating him like a silent and cold blade.

"They will be granted special privileges, as long as we authorize them ahead of their investigations, they can issue any command to all non-Fischer family direct members within the Dawn Church, though they must provide explanations afterward."

Byrne, standing in the study with his hands clasped behind his back, nodded and said calmly, "Such privileges are necessary; without them, they would be hamstrung and unable to uncover anything."

After pondering for a moment, Christine added, "Actually, I have a suggestion."

"That is to allow these 'Purgers' to give their subordinates the status of followers of the Fischer family, considering them as members of the peripheral followers of the Fischer family."

Byrne thought for a while and then nodded, "That's not unreasonable."

Christine nodded and continued:

"Then, there are the peripheral followers who are unaware of the core secrets."

"There are a total of seventy-five families of Extraordinary nobility on the East Coast that follow the Fischer family, comprising four viscount families, seventeen baronial families, and fifty-four knight clans."

"In addition to the Extraordinary nobility, there are thirty-nine other forces following the Fischer family, mostly merchant families, but what makes them special is two covert organizations that have submitted to us."

Christine paused before saying, "The two covert organizations are 'Zero Sorcerer Association' and 'Rust', both of which were discovered by Black Tide, and their strongest Extraordinary Exponents are only at the mid-level Transmutation."

Byrne nodded, aware of the two small covert organizations; the former trafficked Extraordinary materials and ran a black market in Fein City, while the latter conducted bounty hunter business at Phelps Port.

Christine flipped to the next page and continued, "Excluding the professional army of four thousand, there are currently five hundred seventy-five individuals following the Fischer family, where one hundred fifty-two are Extraordinary Exponents."

Those individuals following the Fischer family came from all sorts of professions, and as peripheral followers, they were generally treated the same as Blood Receivers from the 1st to the 3rd Rank.

Some of them, upon selection and after three years of observation and testing, could become Proselytes and be absorbed by the Dawn Church.

The current Fischer family and the Dawn Church have become undeniable juggernauts of the East Coast, even holding a record in the distant Lorne Empire.

Byrne felt that when compared to the topmost clans, not all of the prominent families in Cyart were necessarily stronger than the current foundation of the Fischer family.

After a brief silence, Christine said, "By the way, there's something that needs your presence... it's Rishia's funeral."

Byrne was taken aback for a moment, then nodded gently.

He was very familiar with that dragon descendant woman who had embarked on the Path of Divine Sacrifice.

If not for her bloodline, Rishia might have been the best choice to become a Priest of the church; she had even fully mastered the 3rd Rank of the Path of Divine Sacrifice two years ago.

But today, he had suddenly learned of her death.

Having already experienced the death of acquaintances too many times, Byrne still nodded with a touch of emotion.

"It's indeed that age..."

Rishia lost thirty years of her life due to the sacrifice, so naturally, she passed away now in her middle age.

"I still remember when that child was younger, she was responsible for cleaning the sacred object for a long time."

He paused before asking,

"How did she pass away?"

Christine said calmly, "She passed away naturally in her sleep."

"Alright, I understand."

At Byrne's age, he inwardly felt that dying peacefully in one's sleep was quite a good thing.

He looked at his own reflection in the mirror, old and wrinkled, his hair snow-white. He looked like he could be in his eighties or nineties, obviously not long for this world.

However, his daughter Lilian, who had also sacrificed decades of her life, might even pass away before him...

Byrne took a deep breath.

Alas.

He had to admit something, that given Lilian's lifespan, it was very difficult for her to reach the 5th Rank...

Christine put down the document she was holding and continued, "One last thing, Moore has completed his promotion ceremony."

Byrne nodded and said,

"Alright, I understand. Go and tell Lilian to prepare for the sacrifice."

The somber weather hung over the funeral, the heavy clouds seeming to draw the falling raindrops together, making the earth appear even colder under the helpless, grey sky as if mourning for the lost life.

People dressed in black gathered quietly around the cemetery, their faces filled with sadness and pain.

The funeral proceeded slowly and solemnly, with the wind gently blowing through the branches as if lamenting the passing of the deceased, and the distant church bell tolling in silence for the soul of the departed.

The grief felt even heavier under the overcast skies.

Many people attended Rishia's funeral. Although she was a cold-natured Daybreaker, her heroic sacrifice to save her family was still vividly remembered by the Fischer family and even frequently recounted in sermons.

Darren stared silently at the scenes of sorrow and then looked at his sister, Lilian.

She probably did not have much time left either.

The sister whom he swore to protect with all his heart was destined to die before him, and the great Lord of the Lost was about to take her away.

He took a deep breath, still somewhat unwilling to accept this fact deep inside.

"Lord Darren."

The slightly shorter Moore, leader of the Dagger Brotherhood, approached and took off his hat to greet Darren.

Darren nodded lightly and said,

"Moore, congratulations on reaching the 4th Rank... Perhaps you have a chance to step onto the 5th Rank and not go like she did."

"Really? It's not certain."

Moore shook his head calmly, very clear about his own situation.

In fact, everyone knew that, reaching the 4th Rank at this age, it was very difficult to aspire to the 5th Rank, they were virtually racing against time, night and day.

The 4th Rank of the Path of World Order is named "Arbiter."

Its image in the Spirit Realm is that of a male judge holding a gavel, draped in black, red, and white.

After becoming an "Arbiter," one's physical condition improves by 90, and Spiritual Power increases by 110.

The two extraordinary powers granted to an "Arbiter" are "Sin Reading" and "Sentencing."

The ability of "Sin Reading" enables the Arbiter to instantly know what sins the target has committed by simply looking at them, with absolute accuracy, and the more Spiritual Power consumed, the more will be known.

As for the second extraordinary power, "Sentencing," it involves wielding the magic word spell, based on the enormity of the sins, to execute various mystical domain punishments.

For instance, depriving the target of a certain extraordinary power, forbidding flight or invisibility, or sealing a Mysterious rare artifact, and even taking away the target's senses or life is quite possible.

However, the more grave the sin for which the "Arbiter" metes out punishment, the more Spiritual Power it consumes.

The stronger the power of the target receiving the penalty, the more Consecution power is spent in execution.

The biggest weakness of the "Arbiter," without a doubt, lies in dealing with those who are truly good; their extraordinary powers are virtually ineffective against such individuals.

Yet, for the "Arbiter" to confront those who are exceedingly wicked, the task becomes much easier.

"Being able to become an 'Arbiter,' I am already very content,"

Moore took a deep breath and said calmly, "I dare not hope for more."

Karl silently observed the funeral. A few days ago, he felt the death of Rishia and knew that his mark existed on her soul.

"You will come back."

No need to fear death, for those who believe in me, in the afterlife will still be gathered around me.

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

Chapter 314 Bloodline Sublimation!

Spirit Realm.

The blood-colored sky enveloped this magical world, as if the entire sky had been dyed a deep red. Huge crystal stone chunks floated in the air, flickering with pink light, seemingly possessing some mysterious power to influence the entire environment.

The towering plants burned like flames, yet they were not destroyed by the fire itself. Some trees stretched high into the clouds, emitting an intoxicating red fragrance, and their leaves continuously shimmered with a deep red glow. When a breeze caressed the branches, the leaves rippled like red ripples.

Under the blood-red sky, the rivers were no longer clear blue but transformed into deep red fire rivers. Along their banks grew crystal grass that sparkled with red light, reflecting dazzling rays thanks to the color of the sky.

Unique cities and villages were built from vast amounts of red crystals, which radiated a warm and mysterious glow, shining brightly under the blood-colored sky.

The people of the Fischer family gathered here again, about to perform the Blood Awakening Ceremony once more.

The so-called Blood Awakening Ceremony is a special ritual to guide the awakening of the hidden powers within a person's bloodline from the Claud World and their complete sublimation.

In the eyes of the world, that was an impossible feat!

Whether it was awakening a latent bloodline power to become dominant or elevating a low-level bloodline power to a high level, it all seemed too incredible and astonishing!

That unbelievable ceremony was the forbidden knowledge given by the great Lord of the Lost!

Byrne calmly looked at his daughter.

Lilian nodded gently, saying, "I am ready."

This time, the Blood Awakening Ceremony performed by the Dawn Church was not only to awaken the bloodlines of a dozen individuals within the church but also to sublime the bloodlines of several people who already possessed the power of Bloodline.

Only members of Level Five or above in the Dawn Church were qualified to participate in the Blood Awakening Ceremony. Without a doubt, this privilege could greatly motivate the enthusiasm of the people in the Dawn Church.

The presider of the Blood Awakening Ceremony had no other choice, it was Lilian.

Those participating in the Blood Awakening Ceremony had already stepped onto the temporarily drawn altar, all feeling uneasy.

Most people still found it unbelievable that bloodline powers could be induced artificially; such a thing was indeed too bizarre and dreamlike.

Yeager, a participant in the Blood Awakening Ceremony, took a deep breath and said, "If this kind of thing were to be exposed, it would probably drive the Ten Great Families into madness, no, even the Seven Stars and Lorne would be obsessed, desperately fighting for it."

Lilian raised her hand, signaling everyone to silence their prayers, as the ceremony was about to begin.

She knelt on the ground, speaking with a pious and serious expression:

"Great Lord of the Lost, please bestow the mighty force contained within our bloodlines, guiding the Fischer family to change the old world, and grasp the power we should not possess!"

The patterns drawn with various blood on that altar gradually emitted a red strange glow, just like a flowing boiling river, with numerous Class 1, 2, 3, and 4 Extraordinary Materials gradually converging, finally dissipating completely as faint specks of light!

Praying, Darren took a deep breath and said with a smile:

"Thank you, great Lord of the Lost!"

Felix and Helen, who also participated in the ceremony, sincerely thanked the great Lord of the Lost as well.

The Blood Awakening Ceremony had begun—the sublimation of Bloodline!

The blood-colored rivers on the ground kept boiling, and all participants of the Blood Awakening Ceremony felt a stabbing pain throughout their bodies, which then turned into a warm current.

"Child of the giant," "the world is about to be destroyed," "Andersen," "awaken"...

Once again, Darren seemed to see his ancestor.

And he very realistically saw the scene of that ancestor devouring the Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit, all the while, some strange silver-white text writhed on those forebears, assisting the merging of the magic beast's Extraordinary power, gradually transforming it into the power of an Extraordinary bloodline.

"What happened in ancient times, they could actually absorb the magic beast's power into their bloodlines through devouring..."

Pondering incessantly, he suddenly could fully feel that his power, stemming from the common magic beast bloodline "Blazing Fire Lizard Spirit," was able to evolve!

The lizard within his bloodline, which burned with flames, seemed to have grown into a robust earth dragon, its eyes bursting with majestic raging flames!

Darren distinctly felt that his ability to precisely control fire had become much stronger than before, even to the point where he could freely shape the fire into various forms.

Originally, he thought the newly born high-level magic beast bloodline power did not actually exist in the world; it was on a higher level indeed, but suddenly in his mind, he knew its name.

This high-level magic beast was called the "Furious Flames Dragon."

Byrne looked at his son with satisfaction and said calmly, "It's just elevating the power of Bloodline from ordinary magic beasts to that of high-level magic beasts. Although it consumes a large amount of Extraordinary materials, it's ultimately something we can achieve. However, if we want to go further and reach the level of ancient beasts, it becomes incredibly difficult."

Felix and Helen also awakened their Bloodline powers.

The only difference was that the Bloodline powers they awakened were different. Felix's awakened power was that of a high-level magic beast, the Crystal Jellyfish, from his grandmother Margaret's family.

The Crystal Jellyfish could provide the power of light. Felix tried extending his hand, and a bit of light emerged from his fingertips.

He immediately showed a joyful smile.

On the path of the Bloodline Knight, Felix was just at the low-level Beginning stage, so the Bloodline power of the Crystal Jellyfish could at most be used for lighting, and there was little improvement in his physical condition.

But Felix was really excited. He believed that as long as he continued to work hard and practice, tap into his potential, he would become powerful someday!

"This is really, so great, I must become stronger..."

Then, no one would look down on me and my mother again.

The source of Helen's awakened Bloodline power was from the "Blood Claw Falcon" of the Iron Blood Order family, and not only did she awaken her Bloodline power, she had also elevated it from the ordinary "Blood Claw Falcon" to the advanced "Dark Magic Eagle" through the recent Blood Awakening Ceremony.

Byrne looked at his granddaughter and asked with a smile, "I know the Blood Claw Falcon can enable one's back to grow wings and hands to turn into iron claws, but Helen, I'm very curious about what effects your elevated Bloodline power has?"

Helen pondered for a moment, and the next second, a mass of darkness slowly rose from behind her, wriggling continuously, and finally, in front of everyone's eyes, it transformed into a giant magic eagle.

It enveloped Helen and took flight, soaring in the bloody sky before descending back to the ground.

Helen turned to look at her grandfather Byrne and explained cautiously,

"Grandfather, I can summon a magic eagle made from the darkness in my heart, which cannot be interfered by physical forces, and it could also attack the enemy's spirit directly. Oh, and it can carry me in flight too."

Byrne nodded, feeling that Helen's Bloodline was somewhat special, "I see, so after your elevation, your Bloodline power has become the summoning type, huh?"

Helen stroked the pitch-black eagle, saying very cherishingly, "It seems so. However, I can feel that it's still very weak... actually, it's also a part of me."

She paused and then explained, "Perhaps the more negative emotions I accept, the stronger it will become."

Yeager's awakened Bloodline power came from his once knightly father who died in war.

It was an ordinary mysterious creature, the "Iron-eating Grass," which, after guidance from the Blood Awakening Ceremony, was awakened and then elevated to the Bloodline power of a higher-level mysterious creature, the "Predator."

The so-called "Predator" is a type of tree that exists in the forest, one of the many dangerous mysterious creatures; it uses its vines to seize and devour all living things around it.

Darren looked at his children and suddenly found that their powers were completely different, interestingly one of light and the other of darkness.

He said to his father Byrne, "I actually find it incredible because the powers that emerge after Bloodline elevation don't have an actual physical origin, but they still manifest..."

Byrne speculated calmly.

"Is there a possibility that all magic beasts originally stemmed from an extremely powerful existence? Then, over time, they degenerated and split into different species?"

Darren was stunned and said in disbelief, "Are you suggesting that 'Furious Flames Dragon' and 'Dark Magic Eagle' could actually exist?"

"Yes."

Byrne nodded slightly. Although there were no records of 'Furious Flames Dragon' and 'Dark Magic Eagle' in various accounts, the absence of records doesn't mean they never existed.

They might have lived on other continents or became extinct in history.

"In ancient times, there were indeed too many things buried in dust, and we are completely oblivious to them."

After the Blood Awakening Ceremony concluded, Byrne and the others returned to the real world, where they immediately received a very important piece of news.

The message was sent by High Priest Ian from the Sea God Cult in the White Sea.

"That's great."

Byrne nodded slightly, a glint of happiness in his eyes.

The Sea God Cult had completed the recovery of the remnants and relics of High Priest Sky Blue, Sage Dark Blue, and that middle-aged man, three Monarch powerful experts!

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

Chapter 315: Three Forbidden Rare Artifacts! Prev

The sea surface sparkled, and a gentle breeze blew, bringing with it a hint of coolness.

Ian stood calmly on the beach at the edge of the island, surrounded by many followers of the Sea God Cult.

Gazing into the distance, he could see a swath of azure sea stretching to the horizon, with pristine clouds drifting across the blue sky, as if it was the most perfect palette between heaven and earth.

The followers of the Sea God Cult worshipped devoutly, yet none knew that their leader, High Priest Ian, was actually a core member of the Dawn Church.

That was truly the ultimate irony.

All they knew was that the living conditions of the residents of the White Sea had indeed improved significantly during this period: there were fewer outsiders calling for their deaths, and they had also obtained many resources through trade.

Although they were still far from a time when everyone in the White Sea could be well fed, the people were confident that this year, fewer would die of starvation in the winter.

Furthermore, High Priest Ian was the most divinely blessed priest of his generation.

Deities often performed miracles around him, and at least a few thousand natives of the White Sea had witnessed them with their own eyes, so people secretly called him "the man favored and loved by the Sea God".

With closed eyes, Ian pondered for a long time before suddenly opening them and turning to say to the surrounding followers:

"Hand over their relics to me, and you all may step back."

"I will return their relics to our Sea God."

The followers all stepped back, leaving only three people by Ian's side—on the surface, they were his personal guards.

But in reality, all three were Blood Receivers of the Dawn Church, including one who had reached Daybreaker status of the 3rd Rank.

"Let's go."

After a while, Ian led several Blood Receiver guards of the Dawn Church onto a wooden boat to set out to sea.

A few hours later, they arrived at a nearby island where Lilian had been waiting.

"Well done, Ian."

Lilian, with her hair dyed black, nodded. She calmly looked at Ian, who had grown up without her realizing it, and stretched out her hand as if to a child.

"With this great achievement, you should soon be able to rise to a higher rank."

"It's not my merit—it's all thanks to Lord of the Lost's blessing, as you know. All destinies are determined by Him."

Ian bowed respectfully to Lilian and then presented the seven Mysterious rare artifacts he had salvaged.

There were four of Treasure class status and three of Forbidden class.

They were a ring emanating a dark purple glow, an empty Dark Blue box, and a completely transparent short sword.

Seeing those three Forbidden rare artifacts caused some stir among those present. For any family, a Forbidden rare artifact was a highly valuable treasure.

Not to mention three of them?

Lilian was well aware that they had belonged to High Priest Sky Blue, Sage Dark Blue, and the unnamed foreign middle-aged man.

"Very good."

She nodded with satisfaction.

"The great Lord of the Lost will surely be pleased with the sacrifice to come. You have all done quite well."

Ian nodded, then took out two more items and said with a respectful bow:

"Oh, and Great Priest, we have also salvaged a waterproof letter and a special token, both of which I believe are quite important and need to be personally delivered to you."

"Oh?"

Lilian nodded, received them, and began to examine them, her brows furrowing deeply soon after.

The waterproof letter contained communication between the Sage Dark Blue and the Stars Embrace Order, who had conducted several transactions between them, with the Sea God Cult's Mysterious rare artifacts being taken away by the Stars Embrace Order on several occasions.

In the letter, both sides also mentioned another mysterious person.

"Her."—Words of Tranquility.

Sage Dark Blue and the Stars Embrace Order mentioned in the letter that "her" ambitions were immense, so the two sides should prepare in advance against Words of Tranquility.

"Ambitions of Words of Tranquility..."

Lilian sank into thought, recalling the followers of Words of Tranquility she had encountered years ago. In recent years, Words of Tranquility seemed to have suddenly vanished.

Had "her" ambitions come to an end?

As for the special token that had been salvaged, it was unfamiliar to her—an object that appeared to be a silver-plated disc with the word "Imperial Guard" inscribed on it.

"What is this?"

She froze for a moment, then suddenly remembered that the middle-aged man's accent leaned towards Seven Stars. Legend had it that there were twenty-five mighty "Emperor's Imperial Guards" by the side of the Seven Stars Emperor, each possessing the powerful strength of Monarch Level.

Not only were they exceptional in individual strength, but they were also masters of coordination, creating significant contributions in multiple wars, even inciting fear among the Lorne citizens.

Could it be that the middle-aged man was one of them?

"If he truly was an Imperial Guard of the Seven Stars Emperor, that makes the situation rather special."

...

She took a deep breath and remembered the mightiest knight of the civilized world, the "Military God" of the Seven Stars Empire, His Majesty Miller Corsica, and couldn't help but feel a tingling sensation on her scalp.

The indisputable strongest being on the Ouden Continent.

If it weren't for that person who defied fate itself, the Lorne citizens would have long since completely conquered the Seven Stars.

"Since he is a member of the Seven Stars Emperor's Imperial Guards, why did he appear in Cyart... Traveling from the far north of the continent to the southeast, what exactly is his purpose?"

Lilian couldn't figure it out, as the information she had was simply too limited.

"But no matter what, fate is arranged by the great Lord of the Lost, and since He has arranged all this, there's no need for me to worry too much..."

She slowly shook her head.

"Ian, you did very well, this is all we need."

Lilian showed a smile, gently patted Ian on the shoulder, and said firmly:

"Don't worry, the great Lord of the Lost will surely guide the children of the White Sea through."

—

After returning to Fischer Manor, Lilian couldn't wait to start a new ritual.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost..."

Karl received the seven mysterious rare artifacts very quickly.

He felt an intense joy, for after having devoured a substantial portion of the Sea God, he was only one step away from breaking through the 5th Seal.

Now might just be the moment to break through the last barrier!

He absorbed the four treasure class mysterious rare artifacts in an instant, without even feeling anything special, Karl immediately understood that his threshold had become higher.

"Because absorbing them felt similar to consuming various foods, indeed, after absorbing high-quality 'gourmet food,' the threshold naturally increases, and the rune power condensed within them is quite ordinary and uninspiring."

"Indeed, it's time to look at the main attractions."

The three forbidden rare artifacts each had their differences.

The ring glowing with dark purple light was the "Ring of Telepathy," number 886.

The effect of the "Ring of Telepathy" was simple and yet extremely powerful: it could temporarily raise one's extraordinary power by a level! The duration was roughly around two minutes!

Some treasure class mysterious rare artifacts did have similar effects, but they were ineffective on Monarch powerful experts.

Read the latest on empire

Only forbidden rare artifacts could allow Monarchs at that level to receive such a significant temporary boost in power.

The cost was ten years of one's lifespan!

In terms of cost-effectiveness, it was actually very high.

"Back then, Great Sage Sky Blue temporarily raised the toxicity by a level, nearly poisoning Chris to death... However, Lilian's 'Spirit-returning Tree' is indeed very effective."

The totally transparent short sword was "Sword of Assimilation," number 5821, from the middle-aged man who was suspected to be a member of the Seven Stars Imperial Guard.

Its effect was quite special; the user had to sacrifice two years of their lifespan and then stab the "Sword of Assimilation" into someone's body.

In the next month, the person who was stabbed would gradually become more and more like the holder of the "Sword of Assimilation". If the other person's willpower was not strong enough, they would eventually become a clone of the holder of the "Sword of Assimilation."

"But those who have ascended to Monarch have sufficient willpower, otherwise they wouldn't have been able to push open the gate... So it can only affect the weak."

"The middle-aged man didn't use it in the fight because it was simply not necessary."

Karl pondered, then checked the last forbidden rare artifact.

The strangest was that empty box, number 2241, which was named "Dying Words."

The user could leave a spell they wish to use in the box in advance, and if they were to die, that spell would automatically activate and its effects would be greatly enhanced.

After activating "Dying Words," even the most ordinary fireball could have the terrifying power to destroy a village. Unfortunately, there was still a limit to the enhancement; ordinary Monarch powerful experts could not rely on the power of "Dying Words" to affect those at the level of Heavenly Enlightenment.

It was with this that Sage Dark Blue successfully managed to awaken the Sea God, who was already close to awakening.

The cost of using this forbidden rare artifact was a portion of the user's soul.

"Indeed, forbidden rare artifacts are good stuff, and after my absorption, when they become rune power, the cost will become... free."

Soon, he was eagerly absorbing the three forbidden class mysterious rare artifacts, and a vast amount of Spiritual Power rushed into him.

"It's that feeling again!"

Karl immediately felt an extremely pleasant sensation, as if first the aroma from the "food" itself hit his nostrils, quickly arousing his appetite, followed by a wonderful stretch that filled him, the delicate texture and rich flavors made him unable to resist indulgence.

The last three courses of "feast" also reflected the tenderness of the meat, the freshness of the seafood, and the crisp, juicy freshness of the vegetables; each bite was like enjoying a banquet.

Immersed in this indulgent experience, Karl suddenly sensed something.

"It's enough!"

The surging Spiritual Power finally destroyed the tottering Seal!

The 5th Seal, broken!

...

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

Chapter 316: 5 Seals!

...

The imposing glaciers resembled giant, frosted mountain ranges, their splendor and serene beauty awe-inspiring.

The thick layers of ice exhibited a hue of blue, crystal-clear and lustrous, while above the glaciers hung a tranquil and mysterious sky, spreading out like an endlessly extending, breathtaking tapestry.

The great glacier was not an isolated world, many residents dressed in fur clothing, with the distinguishing characteristic of frost in their eyes, lived in its towering and frigid high reaches.

They constructed delicate ice houses and created crystal-like structures with magical craftsmanship, constantly facing the harsh environmental challenges of the glaciers.

All the glacier inhabitants held everything about this place in awe.

That was the great glacier that separated the whole Claud World!

If the great glacier were to completely melt into water, many cities along the coasts of the continents would be destroyed with it.

And on the great glacier, there were hundreds of tribes and city-states, already possessing civilizations distinct from those on the four continents.

According to ancient mythology, an ancient god was sealed within the great glacier, and if it were ever to awaken one day, it would certainly bring about the complete destruction of the world!

Suddenly, a violent earthquake spread through every corner of the great glacier, causing many people to shiver uncontrollably.

"What's going on? What happened?"

"It's here again! The earthquake is here again!"

People swayed from side to side in terror, clearly feeling the vibration of the whole world.

"Look over there!"

Suddenly someone shouted!

All eyes shifted in that direction!

"The glacier is collapsing!"

Amidst a series of rumbling noises, the sky seemed shaken by the thunderous noise as well, the clouds gradually tearing open, and the silent glacier began shaking violently, as if responding to a long-accumulated internal pressure.

Suddenly, like a massive wave, an ice wall roared forward, and shattered ice shards tumbled down, sparkling like diamonds.

Large chunks of ice, mixed with crimson rocks, tumbled together, forming a powerful and earth-shaking force.

"The glacier is collapsing!"

People screamed in utter horror!

The crumbling ice blocks thundered like nature's own song; they cascaded down like mountain torrents, seemingly about to destroy all living beings.

The surrounding air seemed even colder, with snowflakes and ice dust mingling and rising into the air, spreading among the shattered fragments. Sunlight filtered through these glittering pieces, scattering rainbow light, and adding a dazzling beauty to the terrifying scene.

This was a symphony of nature's collision! Fierce and magnificent, people couldn't help but marvel, developing a newfound respect for the power of nature!

The terrible disaster continued for several hours before it finally stopped.

How many lives had the frightening earthquake claimed?

They didn't know.

All they could do was pray to the "Ice God", whom the majority of the glacier inhabitants worshipped, hoping that the callous deity would no longer punish the people.

Suddenly, the inhabitants in the northern part of the great glacier noticed something extraordinarily peculiar!

"Look, what is that thing!"

They looked towards a split glacier in the distance, which revealed a presence of despair...

An eye.

Or rather, a pupil.

People were shocked to discover in the cracked glacier a pupil that was incomparably larger than any city or island!

The colossal pupil within the glacier was like a mysterious and captivating portal to the universe, made of sparkling colorful crystals and transparent blue ice, emitting a faint blue light, as if guiding those who saw it towards the entrance of another mysterious world.

The glacier inhabitants trembled and knelt, their tiny bodies insignificant compared to the giant pupil, mere dust in comparison.

It was so majestic, emitting a stunning mystical aura, hinting at an inexplicable magic power, as if it held insight into the endless mysteries of the glacier.

"What in the world is that?" Enjoy new tales from empire

People murmured in fear.

"If that's a giant, and if he were to stand up, wouldn't he be taller than the sky itself?"

The giant eye revealed inside the glacier seemed to gaze into the ancient times, as if telling a mysterious tale about time.

When sunlight poured down, penetrating the thick ice, illuminating the area where the eye was located, the colors in the giant's pupil began to take on deep amber.

It seemed to remind people of a world once inhabited by a giant, which held secrets never known to man.

It was a history not passed down to this day!

—

Fischer Manor.

In the basement,

the family was in a state of panic, faced with a scene they had never witnessed before!

...

All souls abruptly left their bodies, arriving in the Spirit Realm.

They knelt on the ground, witnessing a black cross radiating light, creating a massive vortex in the skies above the Spirit Realm!

"What on earth is that!"

Byrne stared at the vortex in the sky, his heart stealthily filling with fear.

The great Lord of the Lost.

Have You further restored Your power?

"Great Lord of the Lost, congratulations..." Lilian murmured to herself, her eyes brimming with excitement.

Meanwhile, many Extraordinary Exponents in the Spirit Realm stared at this scene in utter astonishment.

That black cross of light, the legendary peculiar existence.

It had been a long time since it had shown any change.

What exactly was happening?

The next moment, the vortex gradually shrank, and wave after wave of energy ripples appeared on the black cross, like a vigorous and burgeoning impact, continuously spreading throughout the entire Spirit Realm!

"Bang!"

One wave, two waves, three waves – a full dozen waves of energy ripples spread across the Spirit Realm, and all Extraordinary Exponents were captivated by the scene, unable to avert their gaze.

The breakthrough of the third Seal and the fourth Seal were actually separated by a long interval,

but the breakthrough of the fifth Seal happened much sooner than Karl had anticipated.

He could feel a vortex opening deep within his soul, constantly gathering various mysteries, and certain memories that shouldn't exist began to be recalled.

More accurately, they surged forth!

"What are these..."

It seemed like memories from many, many years ago were churning in Karl's mind, and he struggled to ponder their meaning.

"Pain."

"My head hurts so much..."

Karl felt pain while he couldn't help but wonder, wait, he didn't even have a head, so why the severe headache?

He subconsciously analyzed those memories and suddenly saw someone leading many Extraordinary Exponents in battle in a world like ruins.

In the next scene, he saw some people worshipping a giant black symbol with deep reverence.

In another scene, he saw two very powerful armies clashing, fighting furiously, with mighty warriors falling one after another.

And in all those scenes, people were always shouting one term.

"Demise!"

What was that so-called "Demise," and what did it have to do with him?

Karl pondered.

Could it be that he used to be a "God of Demise"? No, that wasn't right... he was Shen Ling previously.

He still remembered he was a transmigrator, once an ordinary person from the blue planet, and theoretically, those memories were non-existent!

Where did they come from?

The recovered memories were fragmented, just bits and pieces, and he couldn't fully understand their meaning, but deep inside he felt something important was gradually drawing closer to him.

Half of the ten Seals had been unlocked.

And when all the Seals were completely unlocked, what would happen? Even Karl himself had no clue.

He only understood that the more Seals he unlocked, the stronger his power would become!

Who exactly sealed me?

Was it the deities of Claud World?

He vaguely felt that this was unlikely.

Question upon question, Karl had no idea how to answer himself.

He knew that no matter the situation, there was only one thing he needed to do, which was to continue letting the Fischer family and the Dawn Church unlock the remaining five Seals, as usual.

"As long as the remaining Seals are all unlocked, theoretically I should be able to remember everything."

"At that time, all doubts will be resolved."

Karl decided to refocus on the present.

He could fully sense that he had gained new "power," starting with the details of the rituals for the 6th Rank and the 7th Rank of the God Pantheon stairway.

"By mastering the power of the 6th Rank and the 7th Rank, I can reach a level equivalent to a high-level Monarch..."

Besides, Karl had mastered a completely different new ability!

It was a power capable of creating miracles!

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

Chapter 317: 301 Prev

The center of the Ouden Continent.

The Capital of the Lorne Empire.

It was the city of a thousand cities, the metropolis of metropolises, the city ablaze with the brilliance of countless stars, the most central city in the world.

Mercado.

At the highest level of a towering white spire, stood an old man clothed in a white robe, surrounded by objects floating about him, like miniature constellations, with an enormous crystal ball in front of him.

He was one of the few Guardians of the Lorne Empire, holding a highly revered status within the nation.

The position of Guardian was limited, always having only four or five of them, constantly reporting directly to the council of the Lorne Empire, and even the Emperor of the Empire could not command them.

This generation of Guardians totaled five, and the old man in the white robe was one of them, his code name being "Dust of Aether".

"It has been observed once again."

"One of the six elements that bring about the end of the world, and the most terrifying of them all..."

"This matter is of utmost importance, we must summon the high ranks of the empire, even the threat of the Seven Stars is incomparable to it, those who are still fighting for power and profit are fools."

The old man shook his head, and said with great resolve to the apprentices around him:

"The paramount matter we have to address now is to find a way to save this world that is on the verge of collapse."

"The council must accept the fact, that the gods have left, the world has been abandoned..."

Once, when Karl received the self-sacrifice of devout individuals, he could only transform their lives and other such things into "pure weapons".

However, now he found that he could make more varied choices.

After Karl broke through the 5th Seal, he realized he could respond to the sacrifices of the devout with "miracles".

The specific form of the miracles was not for Karl to decide, but rather, the deepest "wish" within the heart of the devout at the moment.

He could expend Spiritual Power to turn this "wish" into reality.

Karl soon discovered that as long as he expended enough Spiritual Power and the devout sacrificed enough, he could theoretically fulfill any wish.

Indeed, any wish could be fulfilled, which is why they were called "miracles"!

He felt a tinge of excitement.

"To go from purely 'Descending Divine Punishment' to 'Descending a variety of miracles' is undoubtedly a tremendous enhancement."

But there was one problem, Karl couldn't directly try out the new power.

After all, this form of sacrificial offering traditionally required a large "consumption of people", and he felt it really wasn't necessary to attempt it unless it was crucial.

"To fulfill outlandish wishes like bringing the dead back to life would require an enormous cost, even reviving the most ordinary person would essentially consume everything from another person, and reviving someone powerful would require many times more energy."

"In some sense, it could indeed be considered 'equivalent exchange'."

For example, if Chris were to die, even by sacrificing all the currently devout followers, he still couldn't be revived.

Stay connected through empire

And once the soul had reincarnated, the difficulty of revival would increase even further.

Karl felt that the greater the "distortion of reality", the greater the consumption of Spiritual Power and the sacrifice of the devout.

Just when Karl thought he temporarily didn't need the power of "miracles", a few days later, he received a prayer from a devout follower.

It was the High Priest of the Sea God Cult.

Ian.

The White Sea.

On an island inhabited by thousands of natives, an air of death surrounded the people, and despite the scorching weather, a chill still lingered in the hearts of the islanders.

"Oh great Sea God, please protect us, do not let my child die!"

Inside a certain straw hut, a native woman of the White Sea cradled her child who lay unconscious with a high fever, her whole being was extremely weak.

She pleaded desperately.

However, there was no response whatsoever.

A strange plague had suddenly descended upon the entire island; over fifty people had already died, and even Ian could only watch those who were isolated from a distance.

"Sea God, why won't you save us?"

The White Sea natives afflicted with the bizarre disease felt the desperation and fear within them nearly boiling over, yet no one could save them.

From a distance, Ian and others gazed at the place where the diseased resided, with hundreds of Sea God followers always by his side.

"What should we do?" he muttered to himself.

If he were to ask Madam Lilian for help, would she truly come to heal these people?

An elderly member of the Sea God Cult lowered his head reverently and said,

"Many have already died, and the remaining might also perish. We simply cannot tell if they are infected!"

"High Priest, why don't we just do it the old way?"

Ian fell into deep thought, naturally aware of what the old method entailed.

For thousands of years, any island that experienced a plague would be completely slaughtered by the Sea God Cult, wholly cutting off the possibility of the disease spreading.

"..."

He knew this method was correct, after all, the consequences could be unimaginable if someone ill secretly fled and sought help on another island.

But Ian hoped to change the fate of this island!

Because his mother was born on this very island.

In fact, though Ian had never told anyone, deep down he knew that many people on the island were his distant relatives.

"Begin, High Priest!"

The people on the boat urged Ian on, but he suddenly knelt down.

"Great God of the Ocean, please show us a miracle!"

Outwardly, Ian was praying to the Sea God, but deep in his heart, he was praying to the mighty Lord of the Lost.

He was willing to sacrifice his own life to save theirs, hoping to rescue them and eradicate the plague!

"Please completely erase the plague and save those who believe in You!"

"For this, I am willing to make a sacrifice!"

Karl listened to his plea.

So that was it.

The plague.

If it were the Karl of the past, he would have had no way to respond, but now, possessing the ability to perform "miracles", things were entirely different.

He answered Ian's plea!

As usual, Karl saw a cyan blue light shine from the chest area of Ian, with a pale cyan sphere symbolizing the soul appearing.

And around the soul, light emerged—pure white, pink, cyan blue, deep red, orange yellow—representing completely different things.

He extracted a portion... memories, just as he had in the past.

Karl could feel that these memories were trivial to Ian, merely comprised of boredom, pain, and other overwhelmingly negative and insignificant memories from his life.

If it were the original Karl, he probably would not have been able to distinguish them so clearly, but now he possessed more control and could clearly identify which specific memories he was extracting.

The next moment, those cyan blue lights representing memories appeared in the sky.

Only Ian and a few Daybreaker guards nearby could clearly perceive this scene, their faces alight with fervent devotion and excitement as they began to exclaim loudly.

The surrounding Sea God followers saw the High Priest's sudden extreme excitement and also became exhilarated, all chanting the name of the deity!

Though the god in Ian and his people's hearts was entirely different from the one in the followers' hearts.

An invisible hand of thought tossed the cyan blue light towards those afflicted by the disease.

In an instant, all the malice within the plague was entirely erased, and even those who had been on the brink of death began to recover gradually.

The members of the Sea God Cult witnessed this incredibly miraculous event! Everyone rejoiced wildly, sending out endless gratitude to the Sea God, while deep inside, Ian kept thanking the mighty Lord of the Lost.

He couldn't hold back his tears as he silently expressed his gratitude.

Thank you, mighty Lord of the Lost, for it is with Your protection...

"that we have the chance to break free from the same tragic cycle."

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

Chapter 318 Chapter 302: Pouring One's Heart Out

Miss Christine's private estate.

In the study, Christine sat in her wheelchair, the desk in front of her piled high with various documents that concerned the happiness and stability of many in the family.

She read each one carefully and earnestly, making decisions, sometimes spending a long time consulting with others over issues in a document.

Day turned to night, and night turned to day, as Christine remained busy.

Just then, someone knocked at the door.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

"Come in."

No sooner had Christine spoken than she realized it was Andre who had come in. She paused, having forgotten when exactly Andre had left earlier.

"Weren't you in the study all this time?"

Andre looked slightly startled and said,

"I just stepped out to get something, don't you remember? Do you need to take a break?"

Christine fell silent for a moment, then shook her head and said, "There's still so much work to do, I can't stop now. Maybe you could bring me some energy medicine later."

The energy medicine that Uncle Byrne had invented decades ago was widely used as a food additive in many products and had become a best-seller throughout Cyart.

Christine preferred to chew the energy medicine directly, rather than consume it in the less effective food products that contained it.

"Miss Christine, I have some envelopes here with the latest information about the family and the Church. It's necessary to report to you."

"Go ahead."

Andre's chosen Path of Consecution was the Path of World Order; he had now successfully reached the 2nd Rank.

"First, it's about the Dagger Brotherhood..."

Christine listened silently while Andre calmly reported the many situations that had occurred recently. Suddenly he said,

"Right, Lord Darren feels that his 'Black Tide' has been making one-sided contributions to the family. He is hoping to defer the loan he borrowed for another year."

Christine on the wheelchair displayed an indifferent face, without any hesitation she shook her head and calmly said,

"No, tell that Darren to pay me back on time, not a penny less. As the Fischer family grows larger, its members need to abide more strictly by family rules. If he truly can't afford the payment, I'll deduct it directly from his family dividends."

Andre nodded and continued to speak in a calm and indifferent manner,

Experience more on empire

"One of Uncle Archibald's grandsons has impulsively killed an innocent person in a tavern in Nasir City, causing quite a stir. He hopes to settle the matter with a monetary fine."

Uncle Archibald, hmm?

Christine pondered for a moment. Publicly murdering an innocent citizen in Nasir City was quite a serious issue, which could easily lead to public outrage.

So, she shook her head firmly and said,

"That cannot be allowed. This matter must be dealt with according to the rules; arrest that person for trial."

Andre looked at his princess again and nodded.

"Understood."

Christine sighed.

Deep inside, she knew all too well the consequences of her decisions.

That somewhat ignorant man, Uncle Archibald, who had always watched her grow up and always treated her own father as his own brother, would from now on no longer have the same good relationship with her as before.

But Christine felt that she had to enforce the rules that had been set not long ago.

Otherwise, what was the point of their existence?

Andre was silent for a while before he continued to speak.

"There's one more thing, Lord Darren's third child was born the day before yesterday, his name is Archer. But he didn't invite you to the celebration..."

Christine froze, then nodded her head.

"Darren didn't invite me? It seems he anticipated that I wouldn't allow him to defer his loan repayment. That's fine; I don't have the time for such troublesome matters anyway.

"Now, Uncle Byrne must master the Power of Consecution of the 4th Rank as quickly as possible, and I'll take care of the tedious matters of the Fischer family."

Recently, Uncle Byrne had handed many responsibilities over to Christine, almost freeing himself completely to focus solely on the Path of Knowledge.

That was what she had actively requested.

Having said that, Christine took a deep breath and picked up the next document to read, but somewhere deep inside, a sense of grievance began to swell up.

Damn it, why am I feeling these unnecessary emotions?

She shook her head, trying her best to cast away distracting thoughts, when suddenly she felt darkness envelop her vision, and then she fainted.

When Christine woke up, she found herself in bed, with Andre, who looked at her with a gentle expression, and Lilian, who watched her with concern, at her sides.

Lilian quickly frowned and spoke in a reproachful tone,

"You haven't eaten for many days, and you haven't slept, have you? It's quite unheard of for someone of your caliber, an Extraordinary Exponent, to faint due to physical weakness and emotional stress. Honestly, it's my first time seeing this in decades."

Christine said with a wry smile,

"Sorry, I forgot. There's just been too much lately, and it's never-ending... it's literally never-ending..."

"I didn't expect to be so weak, even as an Extraordinary Exponent."

She faintly realized a truth, that the curse on her legs seemed to affect her overall physical condition.

Although she and the old butler Theo were both Court Attendants of the 3rd Rank, his physical condition was far superior to her own.

Lilian looked at the numerous documents on the desk and remembered what she had heard. In fact, after that family meeting, her father had handed over most of the family's daily affairs to Christine to handle.

And Christine took many things more seriously than others, even digging up old matters, sometimes creating several times more work for herself out of thin air.

Hard work is a good thing, but is this really for the best?

Lilian thought for a while and then decided to speak some truths.

"Christine, there's something I have to tell you. Actually, more and more people in the family have come to dislike you, not just because of the 'Purgers' that you established, but also because of some of your own actions that have led to widespread aversion..."

"Recently, many people have been saying behind your back that you are cold-blooded and unsympathetic."

Christine nodded and said, "Well, they are quite right, and these are all things I had agreed upon with Uncle Byrne beforehand."

Lilian was stunned; she hadn't expected that her father had actually made such an agreement with Christine.

Christine continued, "Those punishments and stern decisions could slightly tarnish Uncle Byrne's image in the eyes of the family members. There's no need for him to do them; I can take on that role."

"I think of the family as a machine, a precisely operating machine..."

"The priests from the Reforging Church have said that for a machine to run smoothly, it needs to consume lubricant, and the family is just like a finely-tuned machine. Sometimes I think, why not let myself be that lubricant."

She paused, then calmly recounted the reality.

"I have very little talent, and I'm afraid I'll never reach the 5th Rank in my lifetime, so my individual extraordinary power is completely insignificant to the whole."

"I truly believe that the most important thing is to keep the entire family operating smoothly."

"Everyone has their most suitable place."

Lilian sighed with relief and said, "Christine, you really have been working hard."

"I won't try to persuade you any further, since everyone has their own beliefs."

"If only Karno could be a bit more like you and care more about the family..."

When the twin brother she had not seen for several years was mentioned, Christine's face also showed a hint of nostalgia as she shook her head and said,

"He and I are completely different. I understand this better than anyone in the world. The concept of collectivism does not exist in his heart; nor is he like me, a realist. He does not agree with the various rules and constraints of the world."

"But deep down, I still don't dislike Karno, not only because we are twins, but also because I know that in the end, Karno will be of help to the Fischer family."

Cyart's largest province, Glenborough Province.

In recent months, rainfall in Glenborough Province had significantly decreased, leading to a severe drought. Large swathes of land started to crack, crops in the fields withered, and livestock lacked sufficient water and food.

People's lives were severely affected, facing shortages of drinking water and food. Many families had to rely on a limited daily supply of reserve water, starting to dig deep wells in an attempt to find more underground sources.

In an unremarkable small village, the village chief gathered everyone to collectively brainstorm how to solve the problem of survival.

"If it doesn't rain again, I'm afraid many of us will die this year."

"What a pity, the old lord passed away suddenly two years ago. The new lord is a child, and there's no one to take care of us."

"What shall we do?"

As everyone was discussing fervently, a determined-looking middle-aged man raised his hand and said with deep eyes, "I think for this matter, we still need to seek help from the church."

He was Ebner, the hunter of the village, also considered by many to be the most mature and collected man there.

The village beauty, the village chief's daughter Alice, also nodded her head continuously, agreeing:

"Extraordinary Exponents have the ability to create something out of nothing, to conjure water out of thin air. I think if we just ask the Great Priest of the church for help, the situation of the village can be quickly resolved!"

After pondering for a while, the village chief at last said, "Well, it seems this is the only thing we can do now. Although I feel that the church might not send anyone to save us... we have to try anyway."

"So, who is willing to leave the village and seek help from the church?"

"I am willing."

The steady Ebner nodded, raising his hand to volunteer, and the villagers cheered him on. Then Alice said she really wanted to go too, but was immediately scolded and refused by the village chief.

"Alice, what on earth are you thinking? How could I possibly let you leave the village?"

The hunter Ebner also spoke frankly, stating that it would be indeed difficult to navigate through mountains and valleys with a normal girl, and Alice, after hearing this, could only leave helplessly.

Recently, due to the drought, the number of bandits in Glenborough Province had increased, and traversing mountains and valleys to reach a place they had never been was inherently dangerous. The villagers were all a bit scared.

For a moment, no one spoke.

The old village chief was a bit disappointed.

Just then, a young man in his twenties slowly raised his hand.

"I'll go as well."

The old village chief looked at the particularly handsome young man and fell into thought.

He had arrived in the village a year ago, claiming to be a refugee who had fled from a nearby area. He had used his last money to buy a piece of barren land and began to toil day after day.

What made the villagers most curious, though, was the presence of a woman alongside the man when he first arrived. She was an extraordinarily beautiful woman who seemed out of place among them, always persuading the man to leave.

But after about half a year, the beautiful woman suddenly left the village without a trace, leaving the man to stay behind alone.

After hesitating for a moment, the old village chief still smiled and said, "Alright, Karno, then you can go as well. It's time for you to contribute to the village."

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

Chapter 319 - 303 Seeking Salvation

At last, the village chief finally made a decision; a total of four villagers would set out together, and the leader would, of course, be the composed hunter Ebner.

Everyone trusted Ebner deeply, after all, he was the most skilled archer in the village. It was said that he had a small amount of orc blood, which gave him much greater strength than the average person.

There were simply no such things as carts in the village, so the group shouldered their food and set off on foot from the village.

On the way out of the village, Hunter Ebner's expression became grave, and he said with all seriousness to everyone:

"Glenborough has been quite chaotic recently, everyone must be careful and vigilant, constantly on the lookout for bandits."

There was no doubt that the drought would lead to food shortages, and food shortages would in turn lead to survival difficulties, causing many ordinary farmers to have no choice but to leave their homes, eventually becoming bandits and robbers wandering from place to place.

They had now become a major scourge in Glenborough Province, and even though the local Extraordinary nobility and churches conducted periodic clean-ups, they could never be completely eradicated.

After all, as long as the root cause of the food shortage wasn't resolved, bandits would continue to emerge, or rather, every farmer on the verge of starving to death in their hometown could become a potential bandit.

The group of four quickly began to cross mountains and passed through areas without paths, a very difficult process during which their food supply dwindled.

A villager sighed and said:

"If only we had a railroad here too... I heard that in East Coast Province, there's something called a railroad that allows people to sit on something called a train, a large cart that moves very fast!"

Ebner shook his head and said calmly, "The railroads and trains the outsiders talk about, I think those are nothing more than stories, how could such incredible things exist? They must all be exaggerated."

The other two villagers, excluding Karno, looked at each other, feeling that it could indeed likely be the case.

If you think about it carefully, how could there possibly be trains that travel between two cities in a short time?

What kind of powerful horses would it take to pull it!

Karno smiled and stayed silent from beginning to end.

The resupply of food quickly became less and less, and they looked as though they were going to starve.

Fortunately, they had the experienced hunter Ebner, who used his bow and arrows to kill several wild rabbits, successfully enriching the food supplies for the four of them.

However, while camped and eating roasted rabbit, he would frown and say, "It's just our good luck... Many hunters who have starved to death didn't lack skills, but rather there wasn't enough game..."

Karno had always been reticent during the journey; now his face was covered with stubble, not even close to the handsome charm he had three or four years ago, yet his demeanor and appearance remained quite outstanding among the others.

Every night when they made camp, Hunter Ebner often stared at him.

"What is it?"

Holding a stick for roasting meat, Karno turned to Ebner with a smile on his face.

The light of the campfire pierced the darkness, casting his gaze deep and mysterious, and also making the expressions on his face more vivid.

Ebner shook his head and said firmly, "Nothing, it's just that I've found you a bit strange this past year."

He waved his hand and continued to say:

"You don't really look like a farmer, though."

Under the faint firelight, where shadows intermingled, the contours of Karno's face were outlined.

"If you say I don't seem like a farmer, what else could I be then? Ebner, what exactly do you think I look like?"

Ebner furrowed his brows, feeling increasingly that the young man named Karno was odd.

He did not respond immediately.

Karno, beside the campfire, continued speaking calmly.

"Ebner, do you believe 'identity' is shaped by culture and social background? For example, is the identity of each person determined by their group, society, and cultural environment... Put simply, if someone is born a noble, must they necessarily only be a noble?"

Ebner seemed puzzled and asked back, "Isn't that the case?"

Karno smiled, his eyes holding a detachment from the mundane.

"Perhaps we could see it differently—each person's identity is established through their actions and choices, not by external factors."

"How a person is born does not decide who they are. Instead, it's the various decisions they make throughout their life that ultimately determine who they become."

He looked into Ebner's eyes and went on:

"So between these two diametrically opposed views, which one do you think is more correct?"

Ebner stayed silent for a long time, then slowly shook his head and said:

"I don't know, but now I suddenly realize who you remind me of—you're like the old witch living near another village, who often speaks of fate to strangers, also speaking in riddles that are hard to understand, just like you."

Karno laughed out loud and nodded, "Alright, alright, hahaha, I actually thought you might say I resembled a philosopher."

Ebner was silent for a while and then asked back, "What's a philosopher?"

"A bunch of people who've eaten too much."

Ebner firmly shook his head and said with conviction, "Then you're definitely not one, given the privations you've endured; even the woman who followed you left because of that."

Karno fell silent for a long time and then spoke calmly:

"Actually, she didn't leave me entirely for that reason, Sunbelle," he said. "She said I'm not someone who belongs to anyone and that in the end, I won't be able to give love to another."

"Perhaps she was right,"

"I am very selfish."

Another reason was that Sunbelle was unable to conceive... Whether it was fate's mystery or some other reason, years went by without Sunbelle getting pregnant.

Had she been able to bear children, there still would've been hope, but after several years with no child and not even a sign of pregnancy, it was certain that Karno would not return to the family.

So, Sunbelle gave up on staying by Karno's side.

She chose to ask for a resignation compensation from the Fischer family and returned to her hometown to start a new life.

Karno calmly wrote a letter to the Fischer family, requesting someone to take Sunbelle away, while he continued to stay in the remote village.

In the years away from the family, he actually lived quite happily, quite freely, and didn't think of going back there at all.

Of course, Karno also made a promise that if the Fischer family encountered a situation that absolutely required his return, he would rush back to his family no matter what.

After all, the extraordinary powers he possessed and his life for the past twenty-some years were wholly given by the Fischer family and the great Lord of the Lost, and Karno was very clear on one thing—he had the responsibility and duty to repay the family and Him.

After several days and nights of hurried travel, the few villagers finally arrived at a nearby town and immediately went to the Salvation Church located there.

"This is the place..."

They appeared somewhat nervous, but they eventually made it inside the church and met with the deputy of the Salvation Church priest, immediately stating that they were farmers from a nearby village and had come for help due to the drought.

"Please, great Lord of Salvation, save our village!"

After a moment of contemplation, the deputy hesitantly replied, "The Great Priest will meet you at an appropriate time."

The villagers waited with tired and anxious hearts. Finally, in the afternoon of the following day, the Salvation Church's priest met with them.

It was a middle-aged, obese priest who squinted and asked:

"So what is it you want, water or food?"

Ebner and the others immediately replied:

"We need both, we need everything! Sir! Whether it's the water source to solve the drought problem or the food to resolve this month's sustenance, our village is in great need!"

The obese priest laughed heartily and with contempt he said:

"Hahahahaha, you wish for too much, truly insatiable. The great Lord of Salvation does not like greedy people. Go back!"

Ebner and the others looked at each other, bewildered. They had come so far, how could they just return like this?

The obese priest had already stood up, preparing to leave.

Drawing in a deep breath with a raspy voice, Ebner pleaded earnestly:

"Sir! Please save us! There are hundreds in the village waiting to eat, many children too! If we return like this, many won't survive the year!"

"Hmph, you are not worthy of salvation!" the obese priest left without looking back.

Karno knew very well what was happening. The obese priest before him was merely a high-level Beginning Extraordinary Exponent; he simply didn't have the ability to solve the drought.

Let alone a high-level Beginning, even those of high-level Transmutation could not do it.

The villagers begged desperately, but to no avail. Their food supply from the village was about to run out, and they were completely at a loss. Whether to return or not, the end would be tragic either way.

Suddenly, Ebner had an idea.

"Let's go, I'll take you to meet someone..."

"The village chief told me there's a powerful, secluded Extraordinary Exponent somewhere. He will surely find a way to help us... to revive our village from death and solve all problems."

His voice was hoarse as he spoke, yet the other two villagers beside Karno were ecstatic, though they found it a bit odd, it was the only option left.

"Let's go, Karno."

Before leaving, Ebner looked toward Karno who had been silent all this time.

"Don't worry, I will solve all the problems."

The group left the town, and after several days, they arrived in an uninhabited forest, stopping beside a hidden cave.

It was as if a secret of nature itself—the trees wrapped in vines nearly entirely concealed it from view as the morning light filtered through the leafy canopy, casting dappled shadows around the cave.

"Ebner, where is the secluded Extraordinary Exponent you mentioned?"

After one of the villagers asked, Ebner took a deep breath and knelt down.

On his knees, eyes reddening, he called out with all his might:

"Please save my village, save my wife and daughters! I have brought the offerings! Great one of the Stars Embrace Order, please meet with me!"

Karno looked calmly towards the cave, sensing a chilling cold to the bone.

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

Chapter 320 - 304: 4th Rank "Unpredictable Sorcerer Prev

Something dark seemed to be surging within the depths of Ebner's heart.

He felt strange, very strange—the unprecedented sensation was both unsettling and exhilarating.

That dark entity welling up inside him seemed to be what was known as malice.

In reality, Ebner had never done anything bad in his decades-long life, not even harbored ill will towards anyone; it was today, truly left with no alternative, that he decided to lead the other three traveling companions to this cave.

Before the group had even set out, the elderly village chief had sought him out for a private word.

At that moment, he had been tidying up herbs at the entrance to his home when the old man approached, leaning on his walking stick.

"Ebner."

The village chief's usually clouded eyes revealed an uncommon sharpness, his frail, wrinkled hand resting on Ebner's shoulder.

"There's something I need to discuss with you in detail, and it must only be known between you and me, absolutely not to be disclosed to others."

After a long hesitation, Ebner asked,

"Respected village chief, may I ask what it is?"

After Ebner's question, the village chief's eyes flickered with a profound hesitation for a long while before he finally spoke earnestly,

"In truth, the people of the Salvation Church will not care about us."

"What?"

Ebner was startled because the chief's tone was firm, as if they already knew the outcome without needing to try.

He shook his head in objection,

"I think we should still have faith in the church. Besides, if we don't trust the church, who can we trust? Aside from praying for protection from the Lord of Salvation, whose rescue could we possibly receive?"

"This is our only option, Great Village Chief."

The old village chief shook his head, certain of his view, and continued,

"Ebner, you simply don't understand, but I often deal with the nobles, and I roughly know that the Extraordinary Exponents are entirely different from one another, so ordinary priests cannot save our village."

Seeing Ebner still hesitant, the old man suddenly dropped a bombshell.

"The nearby village has already begged the church in town, and in the end, they received no help. The incompetent priests merely told them to keep waiting for death..."

When Ebner heard this, an overwhelming sense of desolation and despair surged from the depths of his heart.

How could this be?

If the old man's judgment was correct, the Salvation Church would definitely not rescue them.

But if that was truly the case, what would become of his wife and daughter? How long would the drought last?

How long could they hold out?

The village chief paused for a moment before continuing with a cold snort, "Moreover, over the years, that church we once knew has grown increasingly shameless; they probably no longer care about the lives of common folk."

Ebner immediately said,

"But if that's the case, what can we do for our village?"

Ebner's heart was filled with anxiety. He didn't know what to do but was determined to find a solution!

After all, his wife and daughter were at home—if they ran out of water and food, his family's survival would be a significant concern!

Could it be that he really had to resort to becoming a bandit with his wife and daughter?

His heart felt cold, but he could think of no better option, so he shouted out loud.

"No, I must go to the Salvation Church no matter what, at least to try."

Ebner was resolute, and the old village chief sighed, slowly shaking his head as he said,

"Then you go ahead and make your attempt. If you succeed, then all will be well. But if you fail, you must do as I say and find someone here."

The village chief then took out a parchment scroll, detailed with a simple map that marked a cave. While others might not find the place, Ebner, familiar with the wilderness, certainly could.

Ebner felt something was oddly amiss and cautiously asked,

"What am I to do there?"

"Sacrifice."

The village chief's voice was like sharp, biting frost, sending a shiver down Ebner's spine.

"What did you say?"

The old man squinted his eyes, smiling as he said,

"I will choose three people to accompany you. Either they are outsiders, or they are edge-case individuals in the village without relatives, essentially unimportant, and they will be your 'offering' to carry with you."

The more Ebner listened, the wider his eyes opened in shock! He could hardly believe that the unremarkable old village chief would do such a thing!

"As for your task, it's to 'deliver the offering' to the Stars Embrace Order..."

"The Stars Embrace Order!"

Ebner felt as if struck by lightning. Of course, he had heard of the Stars Embrace Order and knew very well that it was a heretical cult that the Salvation Church was particularly keen to apprehend.

He stretched out a trembling hand and said loudly, "This cannot be!"

"Do you know, if we really collude with the Stars Embrace Order and it gets discovered, we could be put on the gallows!"

The village chief suddenly let out a sly chuckle, then began to dance around somewhat maniacally.

"Hahaha! So what if I face the gallows? Death by hanging is still better than dying of thirst or starvation! The latter might be even more painful!"

He suddenly stopped and stared at Ebner, who was hesitant but had not refused. He revealed a devilish smile.

"Ebner, think of your wife and daughter; you know what you must do!"

"That is the only correct way, Ebner. We need you to save everything..."

Knelt on the ground, Ebner's eyes were bloodshot as he took a deep breath.

For the first time in his life, he was releasing malice towards someone.

The two villagers, excluding Karno, stood rooted to the spot, totally unaware of what was going on.

"Ebner, what are you doing?"

"What in the world is going on here, and where is this person who can save our village?"

However, Ebner completely ignored them, just staring coldly at Karno.

Although he wasn't completely clear about the specifics, his instincts as a hunter told him one thing: Karno was the person to be most wary of.

That outsider named Karno, the feelings he gave Ebner were not at all like those of fierce creatures such as tigers or lions but rather like a giant magic beast tens of meters tall passing by him at a slow pace...

Entirely harmless, but still capturing attention.

That sense of being an unshakable behemoth made one feel deeply uncomfortable inside.

Karno calmly looked toward the cave and then heard the hunter Ebner shout as he drew his bow.

"All of you, get in the cave now; no running away and no looking back, whoever dares to run gets shot!"

The other two were terrified, while Karno didn't say anything. Eventually, all three entered the cave under Ebner's coercion.

Ebner coldly watched Karno, always vigilant for any sign of retaliation from the man.

After traversing through the cave, the four of them arrived at a vast space and soon encountered numerous mysterious figures in black robes standing around a hidden altar.

The atmosphere was incredibly eerie; a heavy silence enveloped everything, as if even the smallest noise was devoured.

The leader of the black-robed figures slowly nodded and spoke:

"Very well, your village will be saved."

One of the robed figures approached the four of them, then turned and nodded to the leading figure.

"Great Priest, this is marvelous. With four new sacrifices, I believe the constellation we follow and uphold will be very pleased!"

Four?

Ebner was stunned for a moment before shouting, "Wait, hold on, I am not a sacrifice!"

"You are not?"

"Hahahahahaha!"

The many robed figures burst into laughter as if they had heard a very pleasant joke. Ebner stood there dumbstruck, not knowing what to say, while the other two villagers were so frightened that one wet his pants and the other knelt on the ground, begging for mercy.

Karno had not spoken a single word from beginning to end, just calmly contemplating.

He had long heard that the followers of the Stars Embrace Order often preyed on the lower echelons of Cyart society, recruiting followers and selecting sacrifices from the destitute farmers.

His father had once encountered a follower of the Stars Embrace Order, who initially claimed to be a refugee from the countryside and later committed a terrible act against his father.

Now, Karno felt that the old village chief of that village must also be a member of the Stars Embrace Order.

A horrifying evil was spreading inexorably through the lower strata of Cyart society, and the various natural disasters and calamities only accelerated this spread. The number of followers of the Stars Embrace Order swelled continuously, and the churches did little to effectively stem the tide.

"Hmm, a Transmutation and seven Beginnings, is it?"

Karno took a deep breath, showing no sign of panic in the face of those robed figures.

In fact, he had already been promoted to the 4th Rank "Unpredictable Sorcerer."

At the time of Sunbelle's departure, Karno had already completed the promotion ceremony.

"Experience the unfathomable vicissitudes of fate..."

Initially, he didn't like Sunbelle at all, even refusing to accept her. But when he gradually grew fond of Sunbelle and then suddenly found out she couldn't bear children, combined with his own lifestyle which she couldn't accept, he slowly lost her.

Karno had no desire to go back and accept the power when he completed the promotion ceremony six months ago.

However, Karl was not going to let the Fischer family's "savings bank" slip away, so he sent a divine revelation to Lilian. Then, through one of Lilian's sacrifices, Karl still endowed Karno with the power of the 4th Rank of Consecution.

He still couldn't go against his own orders and also had no intention of betrayal, which for Karl was good enough.

Even if Karno made no contributions, when he died, his Spiritual Power would still be payable to Karl.

The power of Consecution "Unpredictable Sorcerer."

It was indeed the 4th Rank of the Path of Revelation.

The "Unpredictable Sorcerer," in the Spirit Realm, is an enigmatic figure holding a peculiar pendulum, his face indistinct.

Karno's physical fitness increased by 20, his Spiritual Power by 180.

Additionally, he gained three entirely different extraordinary powers.

These were "Weaving of Destiny," "Lock of Destiny," and "Illusory Mirror Image."

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