

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 321 305

"Catch them."

Following the command of the priest, numerous figures in black robes surged forward in the underground space.

But to their shock, they discovered faint spots of light appeared on Karno's body, thin threads that looked like ribbons, twinkling with a white light that was not dazzling yet very clear.

Then, those pale threads of light instantly flew in all directions, tightly binding many of the figures in black robes.

"Is that man an Extraordinary Exponent?"

The figures in black robes were horrified as they tried to tear off, to cut the threads on their bodies, only to realize they couldn't even touch them, as if they were on a completely different layer.

"What's going on?"

"What are these things?"

The Priest of the Stars Embrace Order, who moved faster and was not entangled by the pale threads, decisively ordered, shouting loudly to the people around, "Kill him!"

Karno calmly spoke, "I advise you not to do that, for fate can have great ups and downs."

However, the figures in black robes completely ignored his advice.

What followed was a flurry of attacks, some driven by extraordinary power, and still others produced revolvers and hand crossbows, intending to kill Karno outright without any hesitation.

Yet, in the next moment, something astonishing happened.

Instantly, several mysterious figures in black robes screamed in agony, dying on the spot, while Karno, who was bombarded with numerous attacks, emerged completely unharmed, standing serenely in place.

The black-robed priest murmured in astonishment, "How can this be possible?"

"What happened?"

Ebner was stunned, similarly staring at Karno, completely unable to comprehend what had just happened.

He wasn't particularly surprised by the revelation of Karno being an Extraordinary Exponent, yet that miraculous display shook Ebner to his core.

Karno remained silent, for what he had just used were two of the three extraordinary powers of the "Unpredictable Sorcerer."

They were the "Weaving of Destiny" and the "Lock of Destiny."

The ability of "Weaving of Destiny" allowed him to link his own "fate" with that of the black-robed figures', causing them to suffer the same harm as himself within a minute.

And "Lock of Destiny" momentarily froze Karno's "body" at that previous point in time, so he would immediately revert to his original state after taking any damage.

Even though the "Weaving of Destiny" and "Lock of Destiny" consumed a significant amount of spiritual power, when used correctly, they could have very powerful effects.

The powers of the "Unpredictable Sorcerer" were formidable and unforeseen, consuming a lot of spiritual power, too. Had it not been for the "Path of Revelation" nearly maximising his spiritual power limit, Karno might have been completely drained.

Even so, Karno now had less than half his spiritual power remaining.

"Who exactly are you?"

The priest of the Stars Embrace Order asked angrily, but Karno simply smiled and extended his hand, casting the spell "Sword of Thunder," which he had drawn through the Power of Consecration of the "Proficient One."

Electricity crackled from his palm, and with a thunderous blast, he swept across the room in an instant—everyone but the swift mysterious priest perished under the flickering thunder.

"..."

The black-robed priest quickly turned around and attempted to escape through another cave leading from the underground space without uttering a word.

He hoped to escape successfully, but was suddenly shocked to find another Karno standing there, immobilizing him with surprise.

"What's going on?"

"Could all this be an illusion?"

The silver-haired Karno stood guard there, while the Karno from behind had already caught up, calmly using a weaker version of the Sword of Thunder to knock out the priest, opting not to kill him directly.

Because Karno still needed to interrogate this black-robed priest about many things regarding the Stars Embrace Order, so he couldn't kill him outright.

The final extraordinary power brought by the "Unpredictable Sorcerer" was the "Illusory Mirror Image," which allowed him to create a special mirror image that could simulate any person or object.

This special mirror image didn't possess a real entity, but it could speak, and what's more, it could be precisely maneuvered by Karno from kilometers away.

It was somewhat similar to the extraordinary power "Body Double" of the "Mysterious Scholar," but not quite the same.

After dealing with all the people of the Stars Embrace Order, Karno calmly approached Ebner.

At this moment, Ebner couldn't stop the cold sweat from flowing, his whole body trembling uncontrollably as he stared at Karno, his palms continuously sweating.

After pondering for a long time, he still lacked the courage to attack, yet he didn't want to beg for mercy either. His only option was to glare and ask:

"Who exactly are you?"

Karno smiled slightly, calmly extending his hand to pat Ebner's shoulder.

"I just wanted to make an attempt, Ebner. You have always been kind to others, never committing any misdeeds or acts of evil, but now you've suddenly awakened to 'evil,' desiring to kill a fellow traveler to save your village... All this has turned you from a good person in people's eyes into a villain, all because of your choices."

Continue reading stories on empire

"Such is the unpredictability of destiny, isn't it? You originally wanted to become the hero who saved your village, and thought the church could save you, but in the end, you were forced to become a sacrifice for a heretical cult."

As Ebner listened, his heart became inexplicably tangled; he took a deep breath, feeling that the man before him had a profound and inscrutable aura, as if all his secrets had been laid bare.

"What exactly do you want to do? I don't understand."

Karno continued calmly.

"I just want you to know what truly defines you, and what choices you will make at a critical moment. I will save your village, and you will face many more choices. I will observe them all."

Ebner's eyes widened, completely unsure of what to do.

It seemed that everything happening was but an experiment in the eyes of that man.

What benefit did he see in observing these events?

What exactly did he want to do?

—

The sky over Nasir City was clear and bright, the azure dome above unmarred by a single cloud, the gentle sunlight shining over the entire city.

The distant horizon was sharply visible, and everything was filled with life and vigor, a gentle breeze bringing fresh air and a faint scent of the sea.

The people living in this city always felt peaceful and comfortable.

The citizens of Nasir took great pride in being residents of this city.

In the city's new "6th City District Flourishing Blooms," many new and magnificent buildings had already been erected.

Two majestic stone columns, inlaid with the names of many who had sacrificed for Nasir City and the name of this university, proudly proclaimed the institution's presence.

In front of the gates stood a statue representing knowledge and wisdom, of a legendary polymath from the Lorne Empire, who was considered one of the founders of science and later canonized as a saint by the Reforging Church.

On either side of the entrance, lush trees and flowers were planted, offering a refreshing atmosphere.

Stepping through the gates, one would see a broad shaded avenue and cobblestone paths, flanked by rows of uniform, ancient trees.

After years of preparation, the higher education institution of Nasir City was finally fully established.

Its name, of course, was given by Byrne.

"Morning Light."

Morning Light University did not only consist of many dormitories; it also featured a museum, a botanical garden, a theater, a theological seminary, churches for the various True Gods Churches, a music academy, a science academy, and seven other faculties, five bookstores, as well as a large library.

The various buildings on campus represented heritage and the future, filled with knowledge and dreams, opening new doors for everyone who stepped onto its grounds.

Truth be told, Byrne wanted to make Morning Light University even larger, but alas, even with the astonishing financial resources of the Fischer family and the backing of the Dawn Church, maintaining and constructing a more extensive higher education institution was not feasible.

Morning Light University was open to the entire Cyart for enrollment, currently confirming two enrollment models: one was for the members of high society who could afford the high tuition fees, who could secure places through donations; and the other was through an examination process, where commoners achieving excellent results could also gain entry.

At present, Morning Light University had already recruited well over a hundred professors from throughout the nation, mostly scholars recruited through various connections Byrne had activated, even enlisting the help of the Tempest Church and the Romann family, each of whom was genuinely talented and had been personally tested by Byrne.

In fact, if it weren't for the benefit it provided to Byrne in mastering the Power of Consecration of the 4th Rank, the entire Fischer family would not agree to spend such a fortune to build a higher education institution that burned money every day.

Byrne, now over sixty, stood at the entrance, staring at the culmination of his life's wishes, suddenly feeling a sense of carefree completion deep in his heart.

"The power of the 4th Rank, I have completely mastered it..." he took a deep breath and murmured:

"What I need to do next is to complete the ascension ceremony."

"Great Lord of the Lost, please bless my ascension to the next rank, I still want to continue watching over them."

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

Chapter 322 - 306: Grandparent and Grandchild

The extreme eastern part of the White Sea.

This area is a special sea region within the White Sea, near the border between the "Spectral Sea" and the "Aphotic Sea."

The Nine Seas of the Claud World consist of the White Sea, Aphotic Sea, Void Sea, Moon Sea, Inner Sea, Sea of the Sky, Dragon Sea, Berserk Sea, and Spectral Sea.

The "Spectral Sea" is the most dangerous sea area among the Nine Seas, and in fact, the "Aphotic Sea" is also very dangerous. Under normal circumstances, outsiders rarely enter these two regions.

However, the Fischer family had been doing business with the "Aphotic Sea" for many years and had already become quite familiar with the route.

Under the gloomy sky, a thick fog enveloped the distant ocean, making the visibility completely hazy and unpredictable, concealing all that lay beyond.

The sky, shrouded in twilight, gradually lost the brilliance of the day, and dark clouds filled the dim sea area, blocking most of the remaining sunlight. Only a weak afterglow struggled to shine on the sea surface.

The deep sea water under the increasingly dusky sky exhibited an eerie beauty with a bluish-black hue, hiding endless mysteries and unknown dangers.

The steamship of the Fischer family was sailing on the bluish-black, profound waters.

They had finally achieved a certain degree of control over the White Sea.

Today's Fischer family could finally head to that special sea region Karl had indicated, to salvage the thing that was so attractive to Karl.

In just a few more hours, they would reach the island hiding the treasure.

"We are already very close to that position."

On the deck, the white-haired but still robust and upright butler Theo nodded calmly, informing everyone.

He remained the most experienced person in sailing in the family.

From being a retired boatswain to the Fischer family's head butler, the changes of more than half a century occasionally made Theo somewhat sentimental.

By now, his descendants had also formed an influential family of Blood Receivers.

Byrne nodded and said, "Good, everyone can go about their business for now. I'll have someone notify you when it's time to gather."

On the Fischer family's ship, there were not only key family members like Byrne and Chris but also more than thirty Blood Receivers from the Dawn Church.

Felix stood on the deck, silently gazing at the back of his ancient grandfather.

Over the years, he had always regarded his grandfather Byrne Fischer as his greatest idol!

Felix had heard from his father that his grandfather had no particular talent nor resources and could completely be described as self-made, bringing the Fischer family to its current status.

He hoped to become a person like his grandfather Byrne.

And Felix believed there was no shortcut to becoming such a legendary figure; there was only one thing he could do.

Work hard.

His talent was not as great as his sister's, it was only slightly above average, so to become strong and successful, he had only one choice: to constantly make up for it through hard work.

Just as an Extraordinary Exponent of the Path of Knowledge needed to keep reading and disseminating knowledge to accelerate their advancement.

An Extraordinary Exponent of the Path of Forging only needed to study and use various craftsman techniques and spread the craft technology to continuously increase the speed of mastering the Power of Consecution.

Felix had been delving into various mechanical crafts, and his Destiny's Trajectory was "Heart of Resolute Stone," whose effect was to obtain greater benefits while focusing on doing something, thus compensating for many shortcomings in talent.

He took a deep breath.

Just as his mother had said, he, should not let anyone look down on him.

The evening was setting in.

Felix remained in the cabin, tirelessly tinkering with a mechanical clock.

Spread out on the workbench was a piece of soft velvet, and the young man carefully placed the delicate mechanical clock on it. He took out a tiny screwdriver, meticulously opened the metal back of the clock.

Felix spent some time closely observing the clock's internal structure, earnestly checking every component, then he gently picked up the mainspring and began to slowly wind it, ensuring it was correctly inserted.

After that, Felix carefully adjusted the balance wheel and escapement mechanism, ensuring the clock's smooth operation.

He used a magnifying glass to meticulously inspect every detail, making sure everything was in order.

Only when he was certain that all parts were correctly in place, did Felix gently close the clock's metal back and tightened the screws with the screwdriver.

Then, he wiped the clock's surface of fingerprints and dust, and placed it back on the middle shelf of the display cabinet with great care.

As Felix carefully turned the hands of the clock, it began to emit a gradually even ticking noise,

"Whew, another one finished..."

Felix sighed with relief.

He could feel that the 2nd Rank Power of Consecution had been mastered a bit more.

"Good, in a few years, I'll be able to reach the 3rd Rank..."

Even though his speed of mastering the Power of Consecution couldn't compare to his sister Helen, nor to the two geniuses in the family, Granduncle Chris and Uncle Karno.

But Felix was quite satisfied with his progress.

He felt that all he needed was to work a little bit harder.

The ship was still swaying with the current. Felix took a deep breath, stood up, and planned to leave the cabin to breathe in some fresh air outside.

Then he would take another energy potion and continue assembling and tuning new mechanical items.

When Felix came onto the deck and took a deep breath, he didn't feel the freshness of the sea breeze, but instead felt extremely oppressed.

Because this was the boundary close to the Spectral Sea and the Aphotic Sea...

Under the cover of night, the pitch-black ocean was so quiet that one could almost hear a faint breathing.

He stared into the dark, unfathomably deep waters.

The dark ocean was turbid and hallucinatory, filled with the unknown, and carried a chilling sense of terror.

Felix always felt that deep down there was something mysterious and malevolent, tormenting him from within, gradually making him feel oppressed.

A deep fear that seemed poised to completely devour him into darkness.

Suddenly, Felix thought he heard a "song."

What was that?

The so-called song seemed like a profound low chant—as if a spine-chilling scream coming from the deepest darkness of the unknown!

"Felix."

Suddenly a steady voice called out, bringing Felix back from that atmosphere.

He turned his head in a daze and saw his white-haired grandfather, Byrne, standing next to him, smiling at him.

"Felix, what are you doing here? Be careful, we are approaching the Spectral Sea, and at any time the dead could appear in the waters. They can bewitch men's minds, even make the sailors jump into the sea," Byrne said with a smile. "I remember mentioning this before... If you fall in from here, you're certainly done for."

Felix bowed his head slightly, speaking respectfully and humbly:

"Sorry, grandfather, I just wanted to relax a bit. I didn't realize the deck could be so dangerous."

Grandfather Byrne was always busy, and the time Felix could talk with him alone was scant. Each opportunity felt profoundly enlightening.

Byrne suddenly said:

"Felix, I can see that you have always carried a heavy burden in your heart. Can you talk to me about it?"

"..."

Felix was silent for a long time, at a loss for words, not sure how to express himself.

In fact, he didn't need to say too much; Byrne could clearly see his grandson's thoughts and said calmly with a smile: "Felix, I've noticed that you seem to always want others' approval."

After another long silence, Felix then said, "I just feel that I should do better. I've always been very dissatisfied with myself."

Byrne shook his head slightly and said, "It's good to want to improve oneself, but there's something you should know, Felix, and that is you shouldn't seek evaluations from others."

"Hm?"

Felix found his thoughts completely seen through by his grandfather. Indeed, he had always sought the approval of his father, mother, grandfather, and other family members.

He even sought the approval of the Frosac family, which stood behind Sunny, whom he had fallen for at first sight.

And he didn't think there was anything wrong with that.

The white-haired Byrne sighed and continued to speak, "Don't beg for it. What others don't want to give you, no amount of pleading will make a difference. And if they do want to give you something, you'll get it in the end, even if you don't want it."

Felix was silent for a long time, then bowed deeply, saying earnestly, "Thank you, grandfather, I will keep it in mind."

Byrne patted his shoulder and smiled, saying, "Actually, the Frosac family has already agreed to your marriage with Sunny."

"Really? But I haven't yet reached the 3rd Rank..."

Felix's face showed joy.

"Don't worry about not being worthy of her, Felix."

Byrne spoke calmly, "Someone as hardworking and earnest as you will shine brightly sooner or later. I approve of you very much."

Felix shook his head, speaking seriously, "My abilities are insufficient, nowhere near comparable to other members of the family..."

Byrne, still smiling, shook his head and calmly said:

"Actually, everyone in the family has their own strengths and weaknesses. Your father, Darren, has quick wits, but he's impulsive with a strong personal desire; Christine devotes herself fully to the family, yet she is too cold, neglecting personal relationships; Karno is a genius, but utterly unable to blend into the group; Lilian's dedication is unparalleled, but she thinks too extremley..."

"Even the powerful Chris has his inability to socialize."

He paused, then went on, "Apart from the great gods, no one in this world is perfect. You and I must accept this fact."

"However, as long as we all come together, we can ensure our Fischer family continues to thrive."

Felix repeated subconsciously after hearing this.

"All coming together..."

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

Chapter 323 - 307 "Time Stasis Stone

...

The dark clouds in the sky remained dense, and the blue-black hue of the sea evoked a deep-seated fear in people's hearts.

Finally, after dozens of hours, the Fischer family's steamboat arrived at the designated area that Karl had pointed out, and the island hiding the mysterious treasure completely came into everyone's view.

It was an oddly shaped island, resembling a giant upright coffee cup. The parts that touched the water were all cliffs and sheer drops. Observations made by a "Bird Expeller" Blood Receiver controlling a bird revealed huge hollows within the cliffs.

"It's a good thing we only got here now, otherwise it would have been rather difficult to climb up here,"

said Byrne, standing on deck, then he turned to look at Chris standing beside him.

Chris nodded slightly and then stretched out his hand to perform his secret technique: telekinesis.

Following that, both he and Byrne took off, their bodies quickly ascending at high speed.

Reaching the top of the cliffs, standing at an altitude of several hundred meters, they looked down to see the "coffee cup"-like island was entirely pitch black inside, as though it were a giant black hole that could absorb all light.

It was like a Bottomless Abyss, and just standing there was enough to make one desperate to imagine falling down into it.

Byrne spoke without a trace of fear, "Right below us is that which the great Lord of the Lost desires..."

"Mmhmm,"

Chris, still youthful in appearance, nodded lightly.

The two brothers stood side by side, yet they seemed as distant as grandfather and grandson.

Chris was acutely aware that Byrne's time was running out.

Byrne pondered, murmuring to himself, "Should we go down now, or... hmmm, for safety's sake, let's bring a few more people down with us. It will be safer if we all move together."

As soon as Byrne finished speaking, Chris nodded and the two of them flew back to the ship using telekinesis. Then Chris brought Yeager and Lilian, who had attained the 4th Rank, back up with him.

Apart from Chris, representing pure martial prowess, the remaining three—Byrne, Yeager, and Lilian—possessed extraordinary powers with great functional capabilities.

Their combined strengths could handle the majority of dangers.

Lilian looked down at the pitch-black "Bottomless Abyss" beneath her feet, clutching tightly the transparent bottle that the Fischer family considered a sacred object, and closed her eyes.

She silently prayed.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, please bless us... The Fischer family will soon retrieve the treasure You yearn for."

"I sincerely hope it will be the offering among the many we have presented that brings You joy."

The prospect of bringing yet another offering to Him stirred excitement within Lilian.

Yeager bowed his head slightly, gazing into the fathomless abyss, and took a deep breath.

His reason told him that descending could be dangerous, but it also told him that as the leader of the Daybreakers, he had no choice but to descend, without hesitation.

"Huff..."

He had no choice but to follow down; there was no other option.

The four had been enhanced by Poetic Verses Magic, and after consuming several Delicious Snacks, they quickly took flight with Chris's telekinesis, heading down toward the "Bottomless Abyss."

It was as if they were continuously falling, falling, forever falling into the abyss.

The darkness around them grew thicker, all light seemed to gradually fade away, as if they were truly entering into pure darkness.

All of a sudden, Byrne said, "Let's hold hands."

Before the encompassing darkness could swallow everything, they quickly joined hands, fearing the loss of contact with one another.

The four continued their silent descent.

They could even clearly hear each other's breathing.

Still falling...

Finally, it seemed as if everything vanished, and they could see nothing but darkness; no light existed, and the world was engulfed in utter silence.

Even with their eyes open, they could only feel darkness enveloping them, as if losing the sense of their own existence, their bodies seemingly dragged down by an invisible force, every breath becoming laboriously heavy.

Lilian couldn't help but speak out, "How much farther until the end?"

As soon as her voice came out, it felt odd—there was completely no response from anyone.

Lilian was stunned for a moment; she was sure she had been holding her father's hand, but it was as if the sensation in her hand had totally vanished.

What had happened?

It seemed like she was still plummeting...

...

It felt like an endless fall, plunging deeper and deeper, when a sudden terror took root in the depths of her heart.

Had she tumbled into a bottomless pit, doomed never to reach an end?

Her mind seemed to have plunged into an abyss without a bottom, enveloped by boundless solitude and despair. In the dark abyss, time seemed to slow down and stretch out endlessly, without a conclusion.

This oppression brought about a captivity that couldn't be shaken off, as if bound by darkness, unable to escape.

Clinging to the sacred object at her chest, her inner fear finally subsided. As long as the sacred object was still there, the great Lord of the Lost was by her side—there was no need for panic.

Great Lord of the Lost, please protect me...

Prayer.

Lilian silently prayed, deeply believing that the great Lord of the Lost would not abandon her, that all fate was ultimately arranged by Him.

It seemed like a long time had passed when Lilian suddenly heard a voice repeatedly asking questions.

"Who are you?"

"How did you get in here?"

"Can you save me?"

In the darkness, it seemed to be the voice of an old man, making Lilian alert and quite excited. Although she had no solid footing and her body seemed to still be falling, she felt that this place was more than just a bottomless pit.

Lilian didn't answer the questions directly but asked one in return.

"Who are you?"

"I... Who am I?"

The old man's voice fell silent for a moment, then said in a hoarse and despairing tone:

"I am a specter trapped in the abyss, a wanderer in the chaos of time, and a pitiful monster with an endless lifespan."

"Time for me has turned to stone, causing me to forget my original name long ago."

"Of course, you may also call me... Time Stasis Stone."

Time Stasis Stone?

Lilian suddenly fell into deep thought, feeling as if she had heard this name somewhere before, and she also realized something.

Her "Bizarre News" Destiny's Trajectory might have come into effect here!

She was caught in a very special situation, potentially dangerous, but possibly an opportunity as well.

However, no matter what, Lilian breathed a sigh of relief, for it must be an arrangement of the great Lord of the Lost!

So she boldly inquired:

"Time Stasis Stone, what is this place, and how can I stop falling... Is this place truly a Bottomless Abyss?"

Suddenly, the self-proclaimed "Time Stasis Stone" old man burst into loud laughter!

"Hahaha, this is not a Bottomless Abyss but an ancient ruin created by the gods!"

"A ruin?"

Lilian was momentarily stunned, then filled with utter joy.

The promotion ceremony for an "Ancient Researcher" was to find an ancient ruin that no one had ever seen, then unearth at least three highly valuable ancient objects, and record a large amount of knowledge from the ancients to complete the promotion.

The original plan of the Fischer family was for her father, Byrne, to venture into the dangerous Spirit Realm, to explore the secrets of that colossal crystal palace.

The place where the "Spiritual Dragon" appeared.

However, what Lilian hadn't expected at all, was that within this island there also lay an ancient relic from the past.

But her heart immediately tightened.

Since this place was a relic left by a false god, it probably harbored immense danger!

Could her father and the others be in trouble?

No, with the great protection of the Lord of the Lost over her family, it was impossible for them to come to harm.

Just then, the "Time Stasis Stone" spoke up again.

"How about a bargain?"

"I assure you that if you can save me, I can grant you anything you desire!"

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

Chapter 324 - 308: The Ancient Secrets

"As long as you save him, you agree to all my demands?"

Lilian didn't believe a word the other party said. How could there be such a good deal? Besides, the very idea of "being able to fulfill all demands" sounded unreliable.

Could this elusive character really help the great Lord of the Lost make a full recovery?

Impossible!

Clearly, that was not something that could be done.

However, in order to gather more information and get out of the current predicament, Lilian continued to ask:

"How do you want me to save you?"

The elderly voice continued to respond.

"Quite simple, all you need to do is perform a ritual... Come, cut your own flesh, let the blood linger on your body, and then recite a spell with me."

It was a deep, hoarse, and ancient voice, sounding like a whisper from the depths of hell.

It was full of temptation and malice, chilling to the bone, each syllable carrying an irresistible lure, echoing like a call for the fallen lurking in the darkness.

However, Lilian, experienced in the art of manipulation, couldn't help but chuckle coldly after hearing this and said calmly, "I won't do something so absurd, especially a ritual that might invite uncertain consequences."

"Your promises are too much like a scam. How could I possibly take them at face value?"

The old man seemed to be angered, and a snort came through the voice.

"Hmpf, then stay in this bottomless pit forever, never to escape!"

Soon the voice disappeared, leaving Lilian feeling as if she was the only one remaining.

She took a deep breath, trying to step around, but still felt a strong sensation of weightlessness and couldn't see any other members of the Fischer family.

What exactly was going on?

Lilian always felt something was very off. It didn't seem like she had actually fallen into a bottomless pit; instead, it felt like she was trapped in a peculiar and wondrous state.

"What in the world is happening?"

The darkness gradually filled Lilian with a sense of confusion and loneliness, as if she were in a bottomless and distant abyss, creating a profound sense of oppression.

Byrne suddenly realized that everyone around him had disappeared.

It seemed like he was still falling continuously.

All around him was boundless darkness, as if he was in the quiet ceaseless void of space, where all light seemed to have been swallowed by this darkness, time appeared blurred, and there was no sense of direction.

He remained calm, not succumbing to fear, and cautiously used his "Mirror Deflection" from his extraordinary powers to protect himself, then used "Full Concealment" to become invisible, and finally summoned a Body Double to cushion beneath his feet.

With "Body Double Byrne" and the "Deflecting Mirror" underfoot to absorb the impact, Byrne felt that even if he were truly to crash hard to the ground, he wouldn't be the first to endure the damage.

As long as he wasn't the first to sustain fall damage, he could use his ability to teleport to solve the problem of impact.

Byrne's Body Double stood emotionlessly as a "stepping stone."

However, a long time passed again, and Byrne in the darkness still had no perception of hitting the bottom.

"Am I going to end up on the other side of the world?"

Faced with the strange situation, he quickly began to contemplate how to break the deadlock, deep down not believing that this was truly the so-called bottomless pit.

"Something's not right, could it be..."

Byrne frowned slightly, trying to use his Deconstructive Perspective to analyze the composition of everything around him.

Suddenly, he pinpointed the source of the anomaly, realizing that his senses had been led astray; the so-called sensation of weightlessness was merely an illusion, in fact caused by being surrounded by various "Mysterious substances."

Under the Deconstructive Perspective, the true nature of these "Mysterious substances" gradually came into focus.

"So that's it."

Byrne, who had read many books, immediately looked up and through his "Profound Memory," recalled details about it.

Turned out the surrounding darkness was actually a substance mentioned in the books as "Black Condensed Cloud." They appeared no different from ordinary dark clouds and would often gather in the dark depths underground, inducing hallucinatory effects upon anyone who approached.

They had actually arrived at the bottom of the island, but because they fell into the "Black Condensed Cloud," they got the sensation of perpetually falling.

"The books record that this material fears fire."

Byrne took a deep breath and then extended his hand to release a flame.

Letting the surrounding darkness dissipate.

The light from the flame passed through its flickering body, gradually illuminating everything around, under the fascinating glow, the darkness was no longer a lengthy curtain, but retreated like frightened Specters, and the incessant light and heat from the fire acted as if it were life force battling the darkness finally causing the darkness to collapse without an attack.

The sensation of weightlessness vanished in an instant, and he quickly saw the dark clouds around him, retreating as if alive.

And when the dark clouds were completely gone, the faces of the few people trapped inside were revealed.

Chris calmly stood in place and looked at the other three around him.

Lilian took a deep breath and immediately looked at her father, asking, "What on earth is going on? It felt like I just fell into a bottomless pit."

Yeager, who was squatting on the ground, also stood up and asked with a frown, "What exactly happened just now?"

"The situation is like this."

Byrne explained the situation to everyone, and after listening, everyone turned their eyes towards the periphery of the black clouds that were gradually dissipating before taking note of the environment inside the island.

Yeager exclaimed in shock, "What a vast space!"

The underground space inside the island was wide and boundless, seemingly extending to the dark abyss at the end. The towering vault supported the entire space, with a faint light from the outside world emanating from the hole in the middle.

The light cast mottled shadows through cracks and holes from unknown depths, painting the walls a pale and mysterious hue.

The ground was covered with ancient stones and decaying ruins, mercilessly showcasing the ravages of time.

The members of the Fischer family felt a desolate presence permeating the air as if time had stood still in the underground space, forever imprisoning this area in the distant past.

Occasional faint echoes nearby, like ancient murmurs, spread out and reverberated throughout the immense underground space.

In the distance, one could vaguely see some blurry structures, seemingly relics buried by time or unknown buildings from a distant era. This vast and open underground space appeared like a frozen ancient legend, filled with many unsolved mysteries.

Yeager took a deep breath and said, "This seems to be a relic, right?"

He immediately turned to Byrne with excitement and said, "Congratulations, Your Excellency Byrne! You may very well complete the promotion ceremony right here!"

Lilian also showed joy, while Chris had a less obvious reaction, though happiness still seeped through the depths of his eyes.

Every member of the Fischer family hoped that Byrne would continue to live, and they certainly didn't wish for that man to leave just like that.

Lilian immediately said, "This is indeed a relic, and it is also one that is well known to people, the remains left by the so-called false gods. Just now I heard a person who claimed to be 'Time Stasis Stone' say so."

Upon hearing about the existence of the "Time Stasis Stone," Byrne was immediately taken aback and said:

"Wait, did you just say 'Time Stasis Stone'? You heard the voice of 'Time Stasis Stone' here?"

He had a strange feeling as if the people from the Alchemy Council were suddenly connected to the other people in reality, a sensation of unreality.

Lilian nodded seriously, noticing that her father's mood wasn't quite right.

"Hmm."

She quickly recounted her recent experience.

After listening, Byrne took a deep breath and quickly said, "You might have all forgotten, but I have told you before that the 'Time Stasis Stone' is a member of the Alchemy Council."

"Back then, Viscount Bast was also a member of that Alchemy Council..."

"He used to sell extraordinary materials from the Aphotic Sea and the Spectral Sea, I never thought that he would be trapped here... Although I have known him for a long time, I still don't know whether the 'Time Stasis Stone' is actually a person."

Byrne fell into deep thought. The people from the Alchemy Council were not to be trifled with, and suddenly encountering the "Time Stasis Stone" here, he didn't know whether it was a good or bad thing.

However, regardless, the goals they absolutely had to accomplish now seemed to be only two.

The first thing was to find the treasure that the Lord of the Lost wanted.

And without a doubt, the second thing was to complete his own promotion ceremony.

"Let's go, to find what we are looking for."

The group continued on their way. The black clouds would immediately recede when they met the flames, like living creatures.

The ancient ruins were grand and empty as if slumbering in the arms of time. The majestic remains of the old walls lay across the ground, exuding the aura of ancient years. The four members of the Fischer family could feel the glory and grandeur of the past from within the towering ruins.

Old stone pillars were embedded with symbols of ancient cultures, displaying the splendor of bygone days. The silent stones showed dazzling marks of civilization, along with numerous totems and murals eroded by wind and sand, allowing a glimpse into the prosperous scenes of the past.

Byrne looked at the squares and streets hidden among the ruins and couldn't help muttering to himself, "It's like a city."

"Why would they build a city here?"

The faint winds that continuously echoed within the ancient ruins broke the tranquility, as if transporting the four back to an ancient and mysterious era.

Soon they saw a massive crystal wall blocking the way, on which were depicted two incredibly large gods.

The first deity had an androgynous appearance, holding a sword and shield in each hand, clad in powerful-looking full armor.

On the other side of the wall, there was another god, weaponless, with eyes emitting a silver-white glow and a frail body aflame with fire.

Lilian immediately exclaimed in astonishment, "Those are the images of two false gods... Order and Redemption!"

Byrne analyzed, "It seems like the two false gods are confronting each other. Could it be they once fought here? Or did the people in this ancient city witness their battle?"

Everyone was startled upon hearing this, suddenly feeling that it was a possibility.

Could it be that this ancient city was indeed once a battlefield for gods?

Just then, something that stunned the four members of the Fischer family happened—the two massive murals started flickering with light, and finally, two silhouettes of the gods emerged in mid-air.

Their colossal figures, towering a hundred meters high, stood facing each other in the air, and they even began to speak!

"You know, the end is coming..."

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

Chapter 325 - 309: Words of God

An invisible force enveloped everything around, as if a massive mountain lay across the land, making people feel incredibly heavy and oppressed.

The members of the Fischer family stood frozen in place, daring not to move.

The presence of two divine apparitions made the air around them seem to solidify, a powerful and oppressive aura washing over them, making it difficult for several of them to even breathe.

The divine pressure was like the endless starry sky, deep and vast, compelling them to marvel at its boundless power and existence.

This tremendous pressure made Byrne and the others acutely aware of their own insignificance and helplessness, as if the entire world was completely under Their control, unmatched by anything else in the world.

Byrne took a deep breath, and a strong sense of dizziness gradually rose in his mind.

"Is that a false god?"

He truly felt that in front of those two huge apparitions, he and the others were like ants, insignificant, and their bodies completely immobilized!

The people of the Fischer family only heard one sentence, "You know the end is coming," before they could no longer hear the rest due to the immense power contained in those words, causing all of them to feel dizzy and unable to concentrate, until, one by one, everyone except Chris fell into unconsciousness.

Even Chris was unable to focus and decipher those words, his mind echoing with sounds like continuous explosions, and he could hardly stand.

"..."

At that moment, the unconscious Lilian was still holding tightly to the transparent bottle.

The black light in the sacred object flickered faintly.

Karl's consciousness followed the few members of the Fischer family.

He was completely unaffected as he observed the specific content of the exchange between the two divine apparitions.

Those two apparitions must be the "Lord of Salvation" and the "World Order Emperor," and They were two of the True Gods in the Claud World.

The Lord of Salvation, one of the two most influential True Gods, boasted the largest following among all deities, with only the Blazing Sun matching Its number of followers.

Together, the followers of these two Gods accounted for half of all of the True Gods' followers.

The Salvation Church had always considered itself the leader among church powers, often resolving conflicts between nations.

Meanwhile, the World Order Emperor, skilled in combat and maintaining the world's order, was very conservative; it was said He despised all change and wished for everything in the world to remain unchanged.

The Lord of Salvation spoke in a tone that was very cold, calm, as if devoid of human emotion.

"You know, the end is coming..."

The voice of the World Order Emperor sounded like that of a battle-hardened middle-aged man, full of strength, excitement, and flames.

"Of course, I am aware that the inevitable end is coming!"

"Yet, are we truly to abandon the future of the Claud World and depart like this?"

The response from the Lord of Salvation was already very calm, bland.

"When the flames reach a house, only by leaving in time can life be preserved. Those who insist on staying will only share the house's fate of destruction."

"It's utterly meaningless."

The World Order Emperor was silent for a long time.

"Perhaps, we could still think of a way..."

The conversation between the two divine apparitions halted there, sinking into prolonged silence.

The end, huh?

Karl inexplicably felt that he had some subtle connection to the "end" mentioned by Them.

"What exactly is this so-called end? Will It destroy this world?"

"And, have those gods really left this world? Did They leave anything behind..."

Many mysteries, Karl couldn't find answers to them all at once.

He truly felt that if anyone in this world knew about his origins, understood who he was, and why he had been sealed, and who exactly had sealed him...

Then those gods likely held the knowledge.

Yet, if he truly encountered Them, would he be attacked by Them? Karl felt a strong desire to communicate with Them, yet also felt a tinge of resistance.

The divine apparitions gradually dissipated.

The myriad points of light were the transient traces left behind by Their appearance.

Chris, barely holding on, finally sighed in relief when those several colossal specters vanished.

He actually couldn't have held on for much longer.

The oppressive might of the Lord of Salvation and the World Order Emperor was simply too suffocating!

When Byrne and the others gradually came to, Chris immediately gestured towards the giant specters on the stone wall, then shook his head, signaling everyone not to look anymore.

The members of the Fischer family instantly understood and turned their heads away, no longer gazing at the shadows of the two divinities.

Byrne immediately said, "Don't look, if you gaze at Their mural for too long, those specters will appear, and we simply cannot endure it..."

Deep inside, he couldn't help but ponder, for whom were those images intended?

Perhaps only the Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert could read it.

Why would the True Gods leave such things in this ancient city?

Byrne didn't understand; he was yet unable to unravel the mystery within.

"What is the End?" Chris suddenly asked out of nowhere, but no one could respond.

They had never heard of the existence of "the End," only Byrne, having read many books on mysterious realms, was aware of a theory called "the Six Elements that Destroy the World," which came from an ancient prophecy.

"The Elements of Destruction," any one of them could potentially lead the Claud World to complete ruin.

But no book could clarify what exactly the Six Elements that destroy the world were, yet at this moment Byrne was considering that perhaps the so-called "End" was one of them.

Byrne calmly said, "Let's not stay here for now, we can't do anything about that mural, let's go see other places."

Everyone nodded, still harrowed by the specters of the two false gods, feeling the shock of facing an absolute power, something they couldn't forget in a lifetime.

The so-called "Sea God" was simply unworthy of mention in Their presence.

The group decisively left the mural behind and started to search for the things the Lord of the Lost was looking for in the ancient ruins, as well as the extremely valuable ancient items and vast knowledge for Byrne's ascension ceremony specter.

For safety reasons, Yeager cast "Issue Command" on the three of them.

"Found it!"

After bustling about for a while, Yeager suddenly called out, then excitedly shared his discovery with the other three through the "Commander's" "Issue Command."

"I've found ancient knowledge and artifacts, likely useful for the ascension ceremony!"

The group immediately joined Yeager and saw a black slab that was constantly emitting an aura of magic power, and it was engraved with many ancient characters that were completely indecipherable.

Byrne took a deep breath and stepped forward to examine it closely, his mind's Spirituality beginning to boil.

"Indeed, it's effective..."

And just at that moment, a familiar voice suddenly echoed deep within Byrne's heart.

"Please save me, I will grant you everything..."

"I am a Specter trapped in the Bottomless Abyss, a wanderer amidst the chaos of time."

"Please release me!"

The voice was all too familiar, and Byrne immediately knew the source of that voice.

The Time Stasis Stone!

The trade partner of the Alchemy Council he had dealt with for many years, he never expected its true form to be in such a place?

Byrne stood still and said calmly, "I'm not going to perform that ceremony."

"After all, who knows what might happen afterward, or rather, your temptation is simply too rudimentary."

He smiled faintly, shook his head, and continued.

"Wandering Specter, your stakes are too nebulous. If you could offer something more substantial, I might consider figuring out a way to help you escape."

"For instance, finding someone else to perform the ceremony for you."

After a moment of contemplation, Byrne said, "You should be quite familiar with this place, right?"

"There is an important treasure hidden within this ancient city; I need you to tell me its location and everything about it."

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

Chapter 326 - 310: Civilization Fragments

Byrne had read close to a thousand tomes on the mystical arts and could roughly guess the purpose of the "Time Stasis Stone".

If one hoped to rescue a cursed undead or a spirit trapped by similar extraordinary power, it would often require a ritual to find a living person to replace it.

Scapegoat!

If they had readily believed what the other party said and casually conducted the ritual, they might by now have become the scapegoat for the "Time Stasis Stone".

The voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" was full of doubt, tinged with hesitation.

"A trade? Hahaha, why should I believe you?"

Byrne fell silent for a long while before responding indifferently,

"Because you have no other choice... and 'Time Stasis Stone', haven't you recognized my voice?"

When Byrne learned from his daughter Lilian that the other party was the 'Time Stasis Stone', he knew he must have already been exposed.

Since the "Time Stasis Stone" had been roaming as an undead watching over this place for many years, it would be impossible for it not to recognize his voice.

"Mithril, what a coincidence."

"Honestly, I was still doubting whether it was actually you, since voices can merely sound similar, but I truly didn't expect that you'd already become an old man on the verge of death... Ah, right, so many years have indeed passed, it seems I've grown insensitive to time."

He had indeed recognized my voice, he just hadn't been certain.

Byrne took a deep breath; sometimes, more honest negotiations are likely to be successful.

"Time Stasis Stone, you should be able to trust me, right? Of course, I won't conduct the ritual you spoke of, but I can find someone to do it. According to my guess, the person who conducts the ritual will most likely replace you as the prisoner, right?"

The old man's voice carried a chilling laughter.

"Hahaha... you guessed correctly. The greedy ones are destined to become the new prisoners, while I will attain rebirth and freedom."

"Mithril, to be frank, your proposal is quite tempting to me, but I can't just casually trust you. Let's establish The Oath instead, as empty promises are hard to trust."

Byrne nodded at the words of the Time Stasis Stone.

"You're right."

He also felt that establishing "The Oath" would be the safest approach, but now was not yet the time to do so.

Byrne planned to continue questioning, to explore how to establish "The Oath" in a way that would be more favorable to himself.

"Time Stasis Stone, what exactly is your state? Can you explain it to me?"

The old man fell into a deep silence.

"..."

Byrne immediately pressed on, "I hope you understand, 'Time Stasis Stone', if you can't clearly explain your situation, it will be hard for me to feel secure establishing an oath with you."

Finally, the voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" came again, as if the distant past accompanied the wind.

"I do not belong to your era. Thousands of years ago, I came nearby because of a battle amidst a storm, and descended here to evade Emperor Avray's pursuit..."

Byrne furrowed his brows and couldn't help responding, "Emperor Avray? Are you talking about the founder of the Lorne citizens, the man called 'Father of Lorne' in history?"

The "Time Stasis Stone" didn't refute, its tone filled with nostalgia.

"Indeed, it's him, but in my time, Avray was still a young man, I couldn't have imagined that he would achieve such greatness..."

Byrne was stunned for a moment and suddenly felt his Spiritual Power boiling even further.

He was surprised, then realized.

That's right, the "Time Stasis Stone" was practically a living ancient relic and a conglomerate of ancient knowledge, meeting it was indeed his fortune!

"It's just a pity that after hiding here, I was attracted by a Gold Coin... and when I picked it up, my blood, which had not yet dried up, made contact with it, which ultimately caused me to become an undead trapped by it!"

The old man said this and finally became impatient, shouting loudly,

"Quick! Help me escape from it, or find someone to replace me!"

His aged voice spread to every corner around them, causing everyone to pause slightly before Lilian immediately said, "It's him! The voice that tempted me!"

Byrne nodded slightly and continued, "What are you willing to offer?"

The old man's voice was filled with impatience, anger, and madness, "Didn't you say you wanted to know the situation here? I am willing to tell you all the information about this place! Let's establish The Oath quickly, Mithril!"

Byrne smiled and shook his head, continuing,

"What I want is not just that, having been trapped here for thousands of years, you have no other choice, so don't blame me..."

The previously impatient "Time Stasis Stone" suddenly fell silent for a moment.

"Insatiable greed, but somehow I don't see a problem with it, alright, Mithril, what else do you want!"

Byrne immediately said firmly,

"After you are freed, you must serve the Fischer family for one hundred years!"

Suddenly, a voice of furious rage reached everyone's ears.

"Hahahahaha! Insatiable, totally deranged, Mithril of the Fischer family! You are simply an evil demon without a bottom line! I have endured thousands of years of imprisonment, yearning for freedom to the edge of madness; how could I possibly tolerate any bondage! Do you want me to tear you to pieces!"

Byrne didn't think the other party had any room to resist and just continued to speak objectively.

"Then you can wait for another few thousand years, and we both know that the creation of 'The Oath' requires the principle of 'relative equality,' so you can also make some requests of your own," he added.

"Hmph!"

After a cold snort, the voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" finally calmed down.

"Fine, I have no other choice. Mithril of the Fischer family, I accept your demands and will now tell you what lies hidden here and about various matters concerning this ancient city."

"However, after my release, during the hundred years I serve your family, you must also fulfill one of my wishes, which, of course, will not go against the interests of your family and will also be within your capabilities. How about that?"

Byrne pondered for a moment and felt that the terms of the trade were quite favorable. If the other party didn't ask for anything, perhaps "The Oath" couldn't be established smoothly.

"Good, I agree. Now, let us establish 'The Oath'."

He continued, "I will help the 'Time Stasis Stone' escape from here, and over the next hundred years, I will fulfill one wish of his that does not harm the interests of the Fischer family and is within our means."

The voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" also came out: "I will serve the Fischer family for one hundred years, offering my knowledge and strength, loyally for the benefit of the Fischer family."

Two light blue lights suddenly appeared in the air, and then they merged into one.

The Oath was sealed.

Spiritual Power boiled!

Byrne secretly rejoiced, as expected, the soul of the "Time Stasis Stone" itself was an ancient artifact of value; it could be considered part of the ascension ritual!

"Good, now tell me where the Gold Coin that binds you is," he said.

Guided by the instructions of the "Time Stasis Stone," Byrne and the others soon found the Gold Coin that had bound the 'Time Stasis Stone' for thousands of years.

It was a dazzling Gold Coin stained with fresh blood. Although its existence spanned who knows how many years, the blood on this coin still maintained its vitality.

Byrne took a deep breath; this Gold Coin was undoubtedly a tremendous trap!

He could feel the potent Magic Power contained within it, as if it were the most top-tier alchemical tool, but that was probably just a disguise to lure Extraordinary Exponents.

Spiritual Power boiled again, and he knew that the black slate, the 'Time Stasis Stone's soul, and this bloodstained Gold Coin, three incredibly valuable artifacts of antiquity, were now all assembled.

The voice of the Time Stasis Stone emanated from the Gold Coin.

"I have long forgotten my own name," it said.

"I was once a Spellcaster wandering the Ouden Continent, but once I was hired, along with many others, to stand against Avray. The result was almost complete annihilation for those involved in the ambush, and I ended up trapped here."

"At that time, both Avray and I were low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents, and those who ambushed him were also of Monarch Level. Yet the power that young man possessed frightened me; it was not the strength a typical low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent could have..."

"He later naturally stepped into Heavenly Enlightenment, founding what could be called the great Lorne Empire."

This was all common knowledge, and finding it irrelevant to the ascension ritual, Byrne calmly said, "Everybody knows about those things. Why not talk about something we don't know instead?"

The voice inside the Gold Coin fell silent for a moment, and then the subtle voice of the Time Stasis Stone came again.

"Hehe, as far as I know, that Avray... might still be alive!" it said.

Byrne was taken aback and exclaimed:

"What, are you saying he's still alive? Although I know Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts have lifespans of over a thousand years, the historical records say that Emperor Avray perished long ago due to the Curse of the Evil God!"

Yet the old man spoke with unwavering certainty.

"I once released a kind of Forbidden rare artifact's power on him, one of its effects being the ability to sense his location permanently... And to this day, I still often feel his location changing!"

As Byrne was shocked, the members of the Fischer family present heard the voice of the Lord of the Lost inside their hearts:

[I sense it.]

[Right before you, that is an object containing the power of civilization!]

They were all left stunned, then turned to look forward.

In the transparent bottle.

Karl indeed noticed it.

Ahead by a few hundred meters, there resided that long-silenced piece...

of the civilization's shard!

So that was it, it was that object drawing me in, strange, it had no Spiritual Power, but it gave me a feeling of great importance.

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

Chapter 327 - 311 Completed

"Time Stasis Stone, let's not talk about that now, we have a more important task..."

With the oracle of the great Lord of the Lost, Byrne immediately understood what was most important and hastily interrupted the Time Stasis Stone's ensuing narrative.

The Time Stasis Stone couldn't hear the oracle of the Lord of the Lost, yet it sensed the group's expressions turn solemn suddenly.

"Okay."

Byrne nodded slightly.

He then gazed forward, took a deep breath, and signaled the other three to follow him as they moved on.

Thus, the members of the Fischer family slowly advanced.

In the vast underground ruins, a golden orb floated abruptly in mid-air, its brilliant golden light twinkling like an elf, emitting a warm glow as if it possessed endless power, irresistibly drawing one's attention.

Each strand of golden light within the orb shone like a star, dazzling and spectacular, making one feel as if they were in a dreamy world.

Byrne and the others were dumbstruck, as if they had witnessed an incredible miracle; the golden orb before them appeared to be the most beautiful existence in the universe, impossible for anyone to ignore.

Yeager was dazed for a moment, then murmured to himself, "What on earth is that?"

"I can feel a kind of endless power," Byrne took a deep breath and continued, "It's a tremendous aura, I can't believe its source."

The members of the Fischer family felt a boundless attraction to the golden orb, they were very curious, with no idea what it could be.

But everyone understood that it was undoubtedly an extremely important treasure!

Lilian was even more excited, believing the great Lord of the Lost would be very pleased with this new offering!

"..."

Just then, Lilian turned to look at her father, the excitement in her eyes barely concealable.

"It's okay, I have already spoken with the soul of the 'Time Stasis Stone,' he will become one of us... You needn't worry about the internal affairs of the family, go ahead," Byrne said, understanding his daughter's concerns about revealing too many family secrets.

Having received permission, Lilian took a deep breath, knelt down, and raised a transparent bottle in her hands.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost!"

"After so many years, we have finally found what you desired, and we will soon sacrifice it to you!"

"We hope you will be satisfied."

Suddenly, from within the blood-stained Gold Coin, the Time Stasis Stone's terrified shout echoed.

"How can it be, you are heretics?"

"Mithril, you deceived me!"

It shouted, filled with both fear and anger, furious at the turn of events.

"Why didn't you reveal your true identity before establishing The Oath? Damn it! Mithril, I don't want to have anything to do with the Evil God!"

It was furious and scared because having ties with the Evil God might lead to a fate more miserable than its current one!

To some terrifying Evil Gods, consuming souls was all too common.

Faced with the Time Stasis Stone's frantic questioning, Byrne hadn't had a chance to respond when Lilian rebuked with anger, "How dare you! The great Lord of the Lost is the only True God in the world, He is like the Dawn in darkness, and when He rises, He will bring light to the whole world!"

"If you continue to speak so recklessly, the Fischer family will surely find a way to completely destroy your soul!"

"..."

The Time Stasis Stone immediately fell silent, its extensive experience allowing it to fully sense that the girl was definitely a fanatical heretic.

And fanatical heretics, they are often unstable in their beliefs and typically follow through on their words in this regard.

So, the Time Stasis Stone was not afraid of Byrne, but it genuinely feared Lilian.

Karl's intangible consciousness floated in the air, quietly watching the four members of the Fischer family, and then gazed at the golden orb suspended in mid-air, feeling deep within that it contained a special power.

It was not any kind of Spiritual Power, but rather somewhat similar to the faint images of two gods.

What exactly was it?

He tried to use his intangible consciousness to make direct contact with the fragments of civilization and quickly discovered a familiar yet discomfoting power, and it was this very power that caused him discomfort, that was intensely drawing him in.

[Origin.]

For some reason, the word [Origin] emerged in Karl's mind.

He felt somewhat excited, a kind of deep-seated excitement from within, as if it were an ingrained instinct. Even though unclear about what was happening, it was still thrilling.

"Instinctive excitement... Could it be that I have some connection with 'Origin'?"

"Then, what is the connection between 'Origin' and 'Power of Demise'?"

[Origin]

[Demise]

They were like opposing entities, or two sides of the same coin.

"There are simply too many mysteries, and with the information at hand, it's still difficult to fully understand," he mused.

"What do Origin and Demise have to do with me after all?"

He watched in silence as the members of the Fischer family began to move.

Like always, the Fischers performed the sacrifice of the golden orb with practiced ease.

Lilian knelt on the ground, extraordinarily moved, with tears forming in the corners of her eyes.

"Oh, great Lord of the Lost, please accept our sacrifice," she implored.

Karl felt the presence of that golden orb of light, now close to him, as the power of Origin continuously emanated from it.

"Fragments of civilization..."

Although he had no memory to begin with, at the moment of contact, Karl could feel many pieces of knowledge automatically surfacing in his mind.

Fragments of civilization.

That golden orb of light.

It was a unique entity that came into existence with the birth of Claud World's civilization.

The fragment of civilization possessed a pure force of Origin, an incredibly powerful force that, along with the power of miracle, the Power of Demise, and the Spiritual Power deep within the soul, was actually one of the four fundamental forces of the multiverse.

Karl was plunged into deep contemplation.

"Indeed, it's a fine thing, a 'byproduct' born with civilization..."

"This power of Origin is formidable, seemingly inexhaustible, yet I cannot directly absorb it—it repels me; however, I can use it to create something..."

"Whatever is created from it will be extremely special, capable of continuous development and evolution. Hmm, it seems that it could serve as the foundation and seed for some massive entity."

Well done, Fischer family.

At the same time, the members of the Fischer family all breathed a sigh of relief.

They could all sense the satisfaction of the divinity.

Lilian shed tears and took a deep breath.

It was then that Byrne nodded again.

"Alright, Time Stasis Stone, continue... I want to know the history of this ancient city," he said.

He could feel his Spiritual Power boiling over, close to its limit.

But it lacked just a bit, just a tiny bit!

Three highly valuable ancient artifacts had been found, but there was still a great deal of knowledge from the ancient times missing, knowledge that was, undoubtedly, within the memory of the "Time Stasis Stone."

"Heh, I'm now in the same boat as you, unable to disembark," said the "Time Stasis Stone" with self-mockery, and then continued without hesitation to explain what it knew.

It turned out that the ancient city had already been deserted by the time the "Time Stasis Stone" arrived, and the "Time Stasis Stone," whose soul was tethered by Gold Coin, was able to drift endlessly, so over thousands of years, it had thoroughly observed every inch of the city.

From its careful observations, the most important history of the city was recorded on that piece of black slate.

He could understand some of the text on it, a special ancient script left from a former age, and could roughly infer that the city was originally a Holy City that worshipped the Lord of Salvation. However, the inhabitants of the city accidentally learned that the great Lord of Salvation would abandon this world in the future, leading to widespread panic among them.

Then, guided by some existence, the people of the Holy City secretly shifted their faith to a terrifying Evil God.

Next, the Lord of Salvation, in a fit of rage, destroyed the entire city...

The voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" continued to come through as the blood-stained Gold Coin vibrated faintly.

"That mysterious black slate with its inscriptions was actually the residents' plea for mercy, their last appeal for clemency."

"However, the end result was clear as day."

"The great Lord of Salvation didn't forgive them at all!"

Boom!

It was at that moment that Byrne finally felt it!

He had completed the promotion ceremony of the "Ancient Researcher"!

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

Chapter 328 - 312: 5th Rank "Ancient Researcher"

The wind from the past blew quietly, and the spirits of the deceased seemed to dance in the faint light, accompanied by the breeze.

Inside the ruins of the ancient city.

Several members of the Fischer family prayed silently to the Lord of the Lost, with Lilian kneeling on the ground, offering up a new Level Five Extraordinary Material.

"Star Realm Salamander"

It was a peculiar creature that existed in the constellation realms, appearing as an almost entirely transparent salamander that only flickered with various starlights when in danger.

Occasionally, it would stray into the material world, and the Fischer family had obtained this "Star Realm Salamander" through a trade with the Frosac family.

In reality, the Fischer family was also reluctant to use such a rare Extraordinary Material as an offering for sacrifice.

It wasn't that they were too attached, but because it would be quite difficult for anyone who later set foot on the God Pantheon stairway to find the same Extraordinary Material.

However, the key issue was that Level Five Extraordinary Materials were all highly prized, and it was good enough to have any at all, even for the Fischer family of the present day, who simply couldn't afford to be choosy.

After receiving the civilization fragment filled with origin forces, Karl felt very satisfied and was more than willing to grant Byrne the 5th Rank of "Ancient Researcher" and its Extraordinary Power.

"Fischer, you have indeed done well over the years..."

He valued Byrne highly, even feeling that Byrne was actually the most important pillar of the Fischer family today, as opposed to Chris, the martial faction.

Returning to the Spirit Realm with familiar ease, Karl once again used the spirituality of the "Star Realm Salamander," lighting up the twinkling "constellation" in an instant.

The chain of "constellations," symbolizing the Path of Knowledge and the God Pantheon stairway, was finally linked to the fifth shimmering "constellation."

The 5th Rank of the Path of Knowledge.

Which is the Power of Consecution, "Ancient Researcher"!

In the constellation was the figure of a middle-aged scholar, who crouched under falling rocks, still focused on observing through his magnifying glass while radiating red light.

A sphere of Spiritual Radiance, emitting red light, came before Karl.

"The 5th Rank..."

He calmly guided the sphere of Spiritual Radiance, symbolic of the "Ancient Researcher," back into the material reality.

At the same time, Byrne stared calmly at the huge red radiance, slowly extending his aged and lifeless palm to touch it, feeling a surge of power flooding into his body.

The next moment, an intense red light began to spread all around, and the voice of the Time Stasis Stone rang out again, filled with astonishment, panic, incredulity, and disbelief.

"What exactly is this, a kind of blessing from that Evil... God?"

"I can feel a powerful force contained within the soul!"

"What on earth is it!"

The Time Stasis Stone was so shocked it even began to fear.

The offering was still underway, and the other members of the Fischer family did not respond; Byrne kept his eyes closed, kneeling on the ground, while the other three turned their heads to look with hopeful anticipation at the old man with a full head of white hair.

For some reason, all three let out a sigh of relief at the same time.

Finally, Byrne had survived...

If Byrne Fischer were to pass away or disappear suddenly, everyone in the Dawn Church and the Fischer family would feel a deep sense of upheaval and confusion in their hearts.

Everyone had grown accustomed to Byrne's leadership.

His importance was self-evident!

Byrne could feel a very strong force had settled inside him.

"The 5th Rank..."

His originally aged visage visibly rejuvenated at a rapid pace, with wrinkles across his face and rough skin reversing in age, as the youth he had long lost gradually returned to his body.

He took a deep breath, looking at his hand now fair and elastic again, and suddenly felt that the so-called Extraordinary Power was indeed miraculous.

Mortals pursued Extraordinary Power by all means, priceless unless inherently blessed with lineage or spellcasting talent, leaving only certain Evil Gods to grant them fleeting Extraordinary Power.

And often, for that fleeting moment of extraordinariness, many mortals would not hesitate to cast aside their conscience, commit heinous acts, and even sacrifice their wives and children, ultimately losing their own lives in the process.

All because...

The temptation was so immense.

I once gazed at the extraordinary, how could I then give up on climbing?

But the Fischer family understood that the Lord of the Lost was different, as the power He bestowed was everlasting, precisely because He was the one true God in this world.

The "Ancient Researcher" at the 5th Rank provided Byrne with a massive increase of 800 in Spiritual Power and an additional 200 in physical prowess!

The improvement in physical prowess was substantial, to the point that now, even in pure hand-to-hand combat, he could easily defeat those melee-type extraordinaries of the 4th Rank!

But even greater was the increase in Spiritual Power; Byrne felt as if the small stream that once flowed through his mind had now become a vast lake.

It was an entirely different level of enhancement!

He murmured to himself:

"Now that I possess such immense Spiritual Power, the ability to use 'Instantaneous Transfer' is nearly at my whim, providing me with a tremendous advantage in mobility..."

Beyond the dual enhancement of his foundational abilities, the "Ancient Researcher" also granted Byrne two new kinds of extraordinary powers.

The first extraordinary power was "Summoning Ancient Projection." First, he needed to obtain the "remnants" or "relics" of something, then, after performing a not overly complicated Ritual Spell, he could summon a complete projection of the remnants or relics from the past.

The longer the existence of the projection from modern times, the longer it could be maintained after being summoned, and the more powerful the inherent force it possessed, the greater the amount of Spiritual Power Byrne would expend.

These "projections" had no will of their own; during the time they were summoned, they obeyed the commands of the Summoner completely.

Byrne immediately thought of how, before a battle, he could summon projections of some powerful beings, or even now, he could summon the... past of this ancient city.

"Summoning the projection of the ancient... Although it is said to be ancient, as long as it's something or someone that existed in the past, it should all be possible..."

Byrne couldn't help but remember his father and Irene.

He shook his head gently.

It was a pity.

After all, those were only projections, not true resurrection.

The second extraordinary power granted by the "Ancient Researcher" was the "Past-Peeking Eye," which Byron could activate by simply gazing at someone.

However, if the target's strength was greater than his own, additional Spiritual Power had to be consumed, and the stronger they were, the more would be expended.

In short, Byrne could understand a person's past through this extraordinary power.

And the weaker the person, the more of their past he could comprehend.

Byrne revealed a smile; doubtlessly, the "Past-Peeking Eye" was a powerful intelligence power, extremely important even if it didn't contribute to combat ability!

He knew all too well, the more information he had about enemies and allies, the more he could accomplish when clashing or negotiating with them!

"Impossible! Absolutely impossible!"

The voice of the Time Stasis Stone within the Blood-Stained Gold Coin was filled with disbelief, incomprehension, and utter shock!

For thousands of years, the Time Stasis Stone had never encountered such an outrageous event!

That fellow who was near death seemed to have inexplicably broken through to the Monarch Level!

Why did this happen?

"There's nothing impossible about it, this is a divine miracle!"

The rejuvenated Byrne Fischer slowly rose to his feet, his words filled with resolve and his eyes shimmering with a profound wisdom that signified the birth of a truly powerful being!

"Thank you, great Lord of the Lost!"

"I have felt the mighty power you have bestowed upon me!"

"The Fischer family will surely march towards glory, ensuring Your complete revival, and building the Kingdom of God that belongs to You in this world full of darkness!"

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

Chapter 329 - 313: The Cause of Fischer's Downfall

In the village, Karno lived quietly among the ordinary people.

Life in this village felt extremely relaxed, and he continually observed everyone, silently transforming many of the villagers in secret.

Karno was eager to know what ultimately determined a person's final make-up.

He would guide the villagers down paths where they must make choices.

As night fell, Karno gradually sank into a deep sleep, his mind at peace.

However, in his deep slumber, Karno suddenly experienced an extraordinarily lucid dream.

"Where is this?"

He was startled to find himself walking on a road drenched in blood, where at the end he could see a cold, iron throne, and sitting atop it was a skull stained black.

So it was—the Power of Consecution's "Prophet's" extraordinary power, the Dream Prophecy!

Karno instantly realized what he was witnessing; a Dream Prophecy often signified some type of "crisis" and "opportunity."

Blood, throne, black skull...

He furrowed his brows and continued to stride forward on the blood-soaked path, when suddenly he saw a man squatting on the ground, gnawing frantically on some kind of food.

Karno approached, and the man suddenly turned his head to look at him!

A shock went through his heart subconsciously, then he saw who the man was.

The man was in disarray, appearing extremely aged with white hair all over his head. Karno recognized him as his uncle, "Byrne"!

"Uncle Byrne?" Karno quickly realized it was an illusion within the dream.

However, such illusions definitely signified something, and it was certainly closely related to Uncle Byrne.

The squatting "Byrne," swallowing flesh, had a very withered abdomen as though he had not eaten for a long time.

He stared at Karno, muttering to himself.

"I am so hungry... I want to eat it all back, to consume it again, but all my flesh has been gouged out, I simply cannot eat it back..."

"I'm so hungry, I'm going to starve to death, my flesh has been fed to others, who can satisfy my hunger?"

"There's nothing I can do! There's nothing I can do!"

The very aged "Byrne" kept murmuring, his gaze vacant, then abruptly he lifted his head to stare at Karno and reached out abruptly to grab his shoulders.

"Why don't you let me eat you, Karno, you traitor of the Fischer family! Just like your father, a genius, admired and anticipated by all, but you have made no real contribution to the family!"

Karno took a deep breath and shook his head, "I won't."

"Byrne" paused for a moment.

"No matter what, the real Uncle Byrne would never harm me. Each family member is very important deep in the old man's heart."

"Is that so..."

The illusory "Byrne" seemed thoughtful and gradually disappeared.

After the phantom "Byrne" had completely vanished, Karno breathed a sigh of relief, his brows still furrowed as he continued to move forward.

"The end of this dream is here..."

Reaching the end of the blood-drenched path, he took a deep breath, trembling all over.

Because at the end of this road, Karno saw a very large pit below, filled with horrifying skeletons, twisted and contorted, and many of the dead had their eyes wide open, filled with intense unwillingness, pain, and despair!

And what shocked Karno the most was that all members of the Fischer family were in the pit, every single one of them dead... except for himself!

"Why is this happening?"

He suddenly woke from the dream, his body drenched in cold sweat.

Karno's heart pounded uncontrollably, unable to calm down. After swallowing saliva, he left the house to go outside, gazing at the moon behind the gloomy weather.

The sometimes dim moon in the sky seemed to carry a lethal intent, like some horrific yet beautiful monstrous creature, occluding itself now and then until its killing intent was fully exposed.

He made up his mind.

He would attempt to use the "Precise Prophecy" once!

The final destiny spell of the "Prophet's" Power of Consecution was the "Precise Prophecy," which predicted the future with greater accuracy than the other two kinds, although without action, it would be hard to change it.

However, the destiny spell of "Precise Prophecy" would burn the Prophet's own life span, and the more important and accurate the predicted future, the more life would be consumed.

Karno took a deep breath.

Life span be damned.

He bit open his index finger, allowing the blood to seep out, and crouched on the floor of his home to begin outlining. Soon, he had drawn an array made entirely of active, vibrant blood.

Afterward, Karno took a white candle and placed it in front of the array while he himself sat in the center, with no intention of lighting the candle.

The white candle symbolized all of Karno's lifespan.

If it were to burn out, or even fall to the ground, Karno would die immediately as his lifespan ran out.

So, what should he prophecy?

He closed his eyes, pondering. In the Dream Prophecy, every member of the Fischer family had died. Should he inquire about the cause of their deaths?

"Wait a moment, Uncle Byrne's cause of death seems to be different from the others?"

What exactly was going on?

Ultimately, Karno made an important decision.

He would ask two questions, the first solely about the cause of Uncle Byrne's death, and the second about the cause of death for the entire family.

The Spell was silently chanted in his mouth...

Flames suddenly appeared on the white candle!

Karno's body was struck with a sharp pain, a peculiar sensation of life peeling away from him that made him feel almost transcendently bewildered.

"What was the cause of Uncle Byrne's death?"

As he asked the question, the air around him seemed to freeze, and the night was filled with endless darkness and malice, with numerous eyes from the deepest abyss staring at the man's soul.

"Quick!"

Finally, after five years of his lifespan had been consumed, Karno learned the cause of Uncle Byrne's death!

The whispers and murmurs behind him answered him.

Karno absolutely could not turn back.

"To die from the exhaustion of all one's lifespan..."

He instinctively bent over, breathing deeply, constantly fighting the discomfort in his body, even feeling the urge to vomit, but he committed the predicted future to memory.

"Is it because of this reason..."

Karno knew he needed to persist a little longer, so he reluctantly straightened his back and continued to chant the Spell he had just used before calmly asking the next question.

"Why is the Fischer family going to be nearly wiped out soon?"

The flame burned further down the white candle.

His lifespan was gradually being consumed.

His hair started to turn white at the temples.

The next moment, Karno's eyes widened, and his whole body trembled with fear.

How could this be?

What on earth was that thing!

He saw a huge phantom!

It was a gentleman wearing a white bone bird mask, his massive form as if standing between the sky and the earth, embodying the ultimate representative of death, his mere presence commanding endless authority.

The entire world seemed to slow to a halt.

The next moment, it consciously turned its head!

Karno was struck with immense shock and disbelief, his eyes wide open!

Impossible, it was merely a phantom from the prophecy!

No matter how powerful the actual being was, theoretically it had nothing to do with it!

It was not a living creature, so why would it turn its head to look at him?

This was absolutely impossible!

He instinctively wanted to get up, but suddenly found that he was completely unable to move even an inch, as if frozen in place.

Karno's impatience grew inside him.

Yet, the moment he caught sight of those phantom eyes, he was engulfed by an unparalleled calm, as though a profound peace from deep within his soul had swallowed him.

The next moment, Karno lost consciousness completely.

So that was it, that thing was the reason the Fischer family was to be doomed.

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

Chapter 330 - 314 Sapphire

The Fischer family's ship gradually embarked on the homeward journey, and as they drew closer to the White Sea, the thick, black clouds that once enveloped the sky began to dissipate completely. The oppressive feeling of sailing under a dense curse slowly faded, and the unease deep within the hearts of those aboard receded bit by bit.

The large ship rocked gently beneath their feet, and within the simple-looking cabin, the rejuvenated Byrne placed the blood-stained Gold Coin on the table and said calmly,

"Now, I'll take you back to the Ouden Continent... 'Time Stasis Stone,' how does it feel to leave the island?"

"Huff..."

The voice of an old man came from the Gold Coin, trembling and shuddering, conveying an unmistakable excitement.

"I feel great, incredibly unbelievable, I even want to cry... Unfortunately, I can no longer weep."

"Anyway, Mithril, no, Byrne Fischer, I must thank you for saving me."

Byrne nodded slightly, smiling as he said, "There's no need for thanks, after all, bringing you out and promising to release you were both out of self-interest."

"Actually, I've been wanting to know something, Time Stasis Stone, how did you manage to enter the Alchemy Council, especially since you were trapped in such a place, what was the opportunity that allowed you to come into contact with the Alchemy Council?"

The old voice of the "Time Stasis Stone" came from the bloodied Gold Coin.

"I really didn't expect it, ah, your Fischer family turns out to be such a terrifying existence. After establishing 'The Oath,' you've shocked me all along..."

"Heh, the world is becoming crazier, isn't it?"

Byrne smiled, raised his hand, and said, "Nowadays, we are so-called 'fellow travelers.' Time Stasis Stone, you might as well be at ease and serve the Fischer family for a hundred years; you don't need to overthink."

"And, answer my question."

"Yes, yes, heh, alright, my master..." said the old man in the Gold Coin with a teasing tone.

The "Time Stasis Stone" had now fully accepted his predicament, not even finding it too terrible; after all, compared to an endless, indefinite hellish abyss, a hundred-year prison with an end in sight was not something unacceptable.

A mere hundred years were but a moment in time, and during these hundred years, he could come into contact with many things, no longer trapped in unending boredom.

"My Spiritual Body wandered around the ruins of that city for many years, especially in the first few decades, never resting for an instant..."

"Wandering, constantly wandering, not knowing how many years had passed, I encountered a very strange riddle."

A riddle?

Byrne's eyebrows slightly furrowed.

Then, the old man continued.

"Yes, a riddle... in the master bedroom of the city, there was a cellar, and deep within the cellar, there was a treasure."

"It was an extraordinary Gold cipher box, which I, though in the form of a Spiritual Body, could not pass through. Moreover, there were many blue runes on it, neatly and exquisitely arranged into thirteen rings; whenever I attempted to disturb them from the physical world, those runes would flash."

Hearing this, Byrne realized that it was an alchemical tool known as a "cipher box," and in recent years, followers of the Reforging Church had also invented similar devices, with mechanical locks and safes crafted for security.

Then "Time Stasis Stone" continued his tale.

"I found that each time I moved the runes, that ring would light up quickly, and then it was clear, all thirteen rings of runes had to be aligned with the correct answer to unlock the Gold cipher box."

"If I failed, it would trigger some kind of deadly trap..."

"Near the Gold cipher box, there were seven stone slabs with various strange stories painted on them. At that time, I quickly realized they must be clues for solving the riddle of the Gold cipher box."

"So, you solved the riddle through the stories on those seven stone slabs?" Byrne surmised and asked with a nod.

However, the answer from the "Time Stasis Stone" was unexpectedly unconventional.

"Not at all!"

Hmm?

Byrne was stunned, not expecting the turn of events.

The "Time Stasis Stone" said with nuanced emphasis,

"Normally, without solving the riddle or knowing the combination, aligning all thirteen rings of runes on the box would almost be impossible, and it would likely result in a death trap on the first failed attempt at decryption."

"But as you can see, my situation is a bit special, so I didn't fear the trap or the passage of time, thus I employed a simple and crude method... exhaustive search."

"..."

Byrne was left speechless and fell into deep contemplation; it made sense, perhaps for the "Time Stasis Stone," in that situation, solving the Gold cipher box too soon would actually lead to boredom.

Exhaustive search, huh...

The old man sighed and said,

"It's just that I'm a bit too lucky, alas, after merely a rough period of exhaustive search, I happened to open the Gold cipher box."

Byrne was curious to know just how long this "rough period of time" actually was.

It might have been even longer than the existence of the Fischer family.

"Time Stasis Stone" continued with some emotion, "Then the Gold cipher box crumbled on its own, vanishing without trace, leaving behind only the treasure inside it."

"Within that dissolving Gold cipher box, I found a dazzlingly brilliant blue gem."

"A blue gem?" Byrne committed this piece of information to memory.

"Yes, it was a special alchemical tool, and through the light of that blue gem, I came to that snow-capped mountain in spirit form, where I ended up meeting... the Chairman of the Alchemy Council."

"Time Stasis Stone," he said, and both he and Byrne fell silent for a moment.

For decades, Byrne had had numerous encounters with the Alchemy Council, but the chairman had always spoken very little, and his true identity was completely a puzzle. However, Byrne could very distinctly feel the oppressive presence of that entity, finding the power possessed by the chairman to be terrifying.

After ascending the 5th Rank, Byrne's perception of the chairman's strength became even more direct and clear.

He could feel distinctly that even a dozen of himself might not be able to defeat the chairman of the Alchemy Council.

Even after stepping onto the 5th Rank, he still felt like a naive child in front of the chairman's overwhelming pressure.

Byrne couldn't help but ask, "Time Stasis Stone, how much do you know about the chairman?"

"He has lived for at least a few hundred years, and his strength is quite possibly at the high-level Monarch, hmm, maybe even a step away from the Heavenly Enlightenment Level."

"Time Stasis Stone" paused for a bit, then continued, "Actually, it's more accurate to say that I can be sure his strength hasn't reached the Heavenly Enlightenment Level."

Byrne was stunned for a moment and asked with some confusion, "Why are you so certain?"

"Of course, it's because the gods have laid down rules, that no Heavenly Enlightenment powerful expert may come close to the territory of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, nor even make contact with the White Sea. I don't know the specific reasons, but such regulations have indeed been in place since my era."

Byrne had never directly heard such reasons, but he had long speculated about it since most regions around the world harbored Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts, except for the Eastern Four Kingdoms, which had none for thousands of years.

The reasons given by "Time Stasis Stone" might very well be the real ones.

But why would the gods impose such a restriction?

He did not understand, nor could he figure it out.

If that was the case, the chairman's power was probably close to that of Heavenly Enlightenment; such a level of power was extremely terrifying within the bounds of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

Even if all of Cyart's Monarch powerful experts were to stand against him together, it would probably be very difficult, and they would need to lead him into a trap and surround him before they could hope to succeed.

In fact, over the years, the chairman of the Alchemy Council had always been trying to create more powerful alchemical tools, but he never quite succeeded—instead, giving people like Byrne many useful cast-offs.

Could it be, as long as the chairman can create that stone, he would be able to break through to Heavenly Enlightenment?

After a long silence, he heard the old man slowly say,

"Not long from now, a new meeting will begin..."

"Actually, there are many extraordinary materials near the island, and I've conducted many trades with them, but henceforth, all those extraordinary materials will belong to the Fischer family. You've really reaped a vast harvest, which is quite enviable."

Byrne suddenly asked, "When it comes down to it, Time Stasis Stone, why have you always prevented us members of the Alchemy Council from setting you free?"

"You could have mentioned your plight at the meeting. Is it because of distrust?"

"Time Stasis Stone" gave a decisive answer.

"No, even with distrust, I would have seized any chance I could back then."

"In fact, it was because of the curse on that gold coin, which prevents me from making requests to anyone too far from it—an extremely sinister trap indeed..."

Several days later.

A new meeting of the Alchemy Council had already begun.

In the resplendent white palace, several people took their seats one after another.

"Mithril" and "Time Stasis Stone" were present at this meeting once again.

Byrne and the old man exchanged a glance, with an understanding that went unspoken.

Just at that moment, the youthful voice of "Moon River Stone" asked in confusion, "Eh, 'Solar Gold' isn't here?"

They realized that "Solar Gold" was conspicuously absent from the trade meeting.

The participants of this meeting were only the chairman himself, "Moon River Stone," "Spirit Essence," "Time Stasis Stone," and "Mithril."

No one knew the specifics of "Solar Gold's" situation, nor did they know if he would ever come back. The mysterious chairman revealed no information either.

"Perhaps he will never come back, and from now on, there will only be five of us..."

Byrne calmly looked at Spirit Essence, pondering deeply. The two others who had conspired with him to ambush the Tempest Bishop had already been dealt with, and she was the last one.

Someday, he would make Spirit Essence pay the price too.

Then he looked up at the chairman, high above, and at that very moment, that pressure seemed more palpable than ever.

Indeed, the chairman possessed an extremely powerful force, even making Byrne feel an oppressive sensation akin to facing a giant.

"All right, you may begin," said the chairman.

With the chairman's voice, the new trade meeting immediately commenced.

And by the time this trade meeting had concluded, the enigmatic chairman let all the others go but asked Byrne to stay behind.

Byrne furrowed his brows slightly and turned his head toward the mysterious person whose true face remained hidden.

The ethereal voice of the chairman reached his ears.

"Mithril, I would like to make a trade with you."

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

Chapter 331 - 315: Passing Away

Byrne, left alone, was filled with vigilance, fearing that if the guild leader suddenly attacked, it might take only one blow to kill him, and he might not even have time to react or negotiate.

Despite his extreme nervousness, Byrne still nodded respectfully on the surface, smiling as he bowed deeply.

"May I ask what you need of me, esteemed guild leader, that I should remain alone?"

Seated above, the mysterious and inscrutable guild leader was silent for a long time before finally speaking, "I am about to breakthrough to a higher level and will need your power at that time."

Upon hearing this, Byrne fell silent for a moment before taking a deep breath and saying with a resolute look in his eyes,

"You mean my 'Destiny's Trajectory'?"

The guild leader nodded gently and continued, "Yes, I can see it, your key can help me overcome the first great challenge."

"I see."

Byrne realized that his own power was also effective in breaking through to Heavenly Enlightenment, and after remembering this information, he still shook his head.

He calmly stated, "The 'Treasure Key' of 'Destiny's Trajectory' can only take effect if I willingly use it, no one can force me if I am unwilling."

"I am sorry, esteemed guild leader, but your strength is too great, and my 'Treasure Key' will consume my lifespan."

"If it is a 'great help' in breaking through to the Heavenly Enlightenment Level, it might directly take my life... so I do not wish to do so."

After expressing his thoughts, Byrne pondered within, uncertain of the guild leader's next attitude, whether it would be coercion or enticement with bargaining chips?

Either scenario would reveal the guild leader's true character, and it would also determine the different approaches Byrne would have to take.

Ultimately, he did not want to break the contracts with families like the Romanns; if he were to sacrifice all his lifespan for the guild leader, even if he stood to gain handsomely, it did not align with Byrne's personal principles of conduct.

The guild leader's voice came once more, still as ethereal and profound as an unfathomable cloud.

"Mithril, you have not yet heard my specific requests and conditions, so why reject so hastily? But never mind, should you need this deal in the future, you can always come to find me."

"..."

Byrne was silent for a while before he nodded gently and said, "I understand."

The absence of threats or bribes only intensified the sense of danger he felt.

Before Byrne was sent away, the guild leader's voice came for one last time.

"And you must understand one thing, I may not necessarily need all your lifespan..."

Byrne felt a slight stir in his heart upon hearing these words.

In the southern part of Cyart.

Inside a manor in Emerald Lake Province.

The interior of the manor featured immaculately trimmed lawns, surrounded by numerous elaborate fountains and powerful stone sculptures made of marble.

Wide paths meandered through the manor, leading to fragrant gardens.

In the garden, brimming with floral fragrances, blossomed flowers of starkly different types, filling the entire manor with intoxicating aromas.

The scent was delightful, soothing, and steadying the heart; standing in any corner of the manor was enough to feel its tranquility and serenity, as if time stood still there.

An elderly man in black clothing and with a determined expression stood placidly in the manor, his eyes calmly fixed on the sun in the sky.

And there stood the "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich, "Stars Mortal" Ariel, and "Blazing Fire" Amos, who was about to break through to Monarch, all looking towards the man they deeply admired with sorrowful expressions.

Duke Black Iron.

The most legendary figure of Cyart, revered by many across the four eastern nations, even enemies could not help but praise him.

But now, he was preparing to make arrangements for his own final affairs.

In fact, ever since he was defeated and expelled by Lorne citizens, no one truly defeated Duke Black Iron again, and his eventual death was certainly not due to losing to someone, but to time itself.

Like many legends before him.

The highly esteemed elderly man with a tranquil expression began to speak slowly,

"The most disheartened I ever felt was a hundred years ago when the Ten Great Families were disastrously defeated by the Lorne citizens. At that time, many warriors of our Ten Great Families fell in battle, and the Heavenly Enlightenment powerful experts of both the Hovern family and the Adley family were tricked into vanishing without a trace..."

"To this day, no one knows their whereabouts."

"If it hadn't been for the gods issuing an oracle to bring an end to the war, the ten great pillars of the East would have been completely eradicated by 'Iron Blood Marshal' Horatio Wesley back then. At that time, I had just stepped into becoming a Monarch and witnessed the deaths of most of my family members in the war. My heart was almost in despair."

"I was filled with hatred for the Lorne citizens, yet I also failed to understand that I, alone, was utterly powerless and that I had to continue the family legacy; only then would there be a chance for a comeback."

He paused for a moment, then continued, "Taking revenge on an empire of such magnitude could take hundreds, or even thousands of years..."

"Thus, I supported the Cyart King and fought alongside him, leading the people of those territories to migrate eastward across the continent, eradicated the barbaric natives, and eventually founded a new country."

The three listened silently; they all knew that history—every Cyart person was well aware.

"As of today, my life is also coming to an end, and the landscape of the East that has been in place for a hundred years is probably about to change... Haha, well done, kids of Fischer!"

Duke Black Iron took a deep breath.

"In fact, I must tell you something; that is, the Cyart King's mental state is not quite right."

"This matter is of utmost importance!"

The three were startled, then Aldrich immediately asked, calmly, "I'd like to know, exactly which aspect you're referring to that is not right?"

Duke Black Iron turned and looked at the three, saying, "In the war against the Rhea, he used a mighty Forbidden rare artifact, at the cost of permanent distortion to his mental state."

Aldrich nodded thoughtfully.

"I see, that explains it..."

"No wonder in recent years, you haven't visited him, and rumors about your falling out have been spreading from the outside world..."

Suddenly, the old man's voice grew louder, and his speech was filled with strength.

"No matter what, you must all remember one thing, that is, to remain loyal to Cyart and our King. The Romann family needs to help the King manage the country properly; that is the mission of our Cyart nobility!"

"Even if his mind is a bit unstable, still, I know very clearly that the Cyart King's heart for the country is unchanging; no one cherishes this country more than him!"

Aldrich nodded earnestly and said, "I understand, unless it's absolutely necessary, the Romann family will definitely not betray the Cyart King."

The voice of Duke Black Iron was low as he slowly said, "If there's room for reservation in loyalty, then it's not true loyalty, Aldrich."

Loyalty that is not absolute, is absolutely not loyalty.

However, Aldrich firmly said:

"Should the Cyart King betray us first, I will not allow the Romann family to fall into hell!"

"Alright."

Finally, Duke Black Iron conceded and continued, "Ariel, from today onwards, you are the head of the Romann family; you must always remember not to act out of anger, but to think for the benefit of the family."

Ariel took a deep breath, opened her mouth, and finally nodded her eyes already slightly moist.

"I understand."

The old man nodded gently and then looked towards the youngest, "Blazing Fire" Amos.

"Forge your own path."

He did not close his eyes but focused again on the sun in the sky.

Years had gradually passed, filled with countless events, be it slain enemies or departed loved ones—each one surfaced one by one before his eyes.

What the old man found most unforgettable was the time spent migrating east with the Cyart King; Duke Black Iron always remembered their words.

"Do not be blinded by hatred and dejection anymore, Romann, you are a strong person; if that is so, then forget the failures of the past, and use your own strength to create a new future."

At that time, Duke Black Iron was still a young man, and he looked at the equally young, confident, and proud man, a questioning expression on his face.

"Who are you?"

The young, confident, and proud man laughed heartily and continued.

"Actually, we have met before; can't believe you really forgot who I am?"

"Alright, let me formally tell you, I am the new head of the Adley family, who will also be the future Cyart King, the man with the God of Salvation's blood running through my veins. Romann, join me in building a new country!"

"And you shall become a part of the legend!"

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

Chapter 332 - 316 Funeral (4k Single Update)

Cyart Royal Capital.

Within the vast and magnificent royal palace, an old man with a pale face and tired demeanour, wearing a splendid robe, slowly opened his eyes, full of sorrow, on the cold throne.

"I can feel it, he has left..."

The Cyart King's expression was filled with sadness and pain, and even a hint of despair.

He recalled his interactions with Duke Black Iron over more than a hundred years, those moments they had advanced side by side, events that the Cyart King would never forget for as long as he lived.

In fact, compared to many later achievements and glorious moments, the time when he truly felt the most joyous, the happiest, was when he officially announced the establishment of the Cyart Kingdom.

Back then, both of them were in the prime of life, with Romann breaking through to mid-level Monarch before him in the brutal war, followed by his own breakthrough.

The encirclement formed by the Monarch powerful experts among the East Coast Natives was thus directly shattered by the two top experts face to face.

"That old fellow has already left, from now on who can stop...me?"

"Hehehe..."

Suddenly, a surprising change appeared in the Cyart King's eyes.

In his aged eyes, where weariness and pain had once been, there now emerged a non-human coldness and decisiveness.

He stood up from the cold throne, his voice resonating through the spacious hall.

"Silver Poet, the plan that has been shelved for many years, it is time to start it again.

Since he has already gone, and the 'Silver Hermit' has almost completely lost his extraordinary power due to excessive use of Forbidden rare artifacts, he is not to be feared."

The Cyart King paused, his eyes shifting from cold to fiery, he shook his head and continued, "So, there's no one left who can stop me."

"But my time is also running out, I must act quickly..."

After a while, the court mage "Silver Poet" Aphrodus walked out from the shadows in the corner.

The woman with silver-white hair was silent, nodding gently.

"I understand."

The Cyart King took a deep breath, the determination and resolve in his eyes like a blade forged from steel, capable of cutting through any thorns that lay ahead.

"The Lorne citizens are coming, they have driven us for a hundred years, and we have made this place into a new homeland, and now the church has colluded with the Lorne people, those Lorne citizens greedily wanting to get their hands on the east of the continent."

"Sooner or later they will see Cyart as something within their grasp, wanting to take everything here away!"

"I am very clear they will do so because conquest and plunder are in the very bones of the Lorne people."

"Every citizen of this nation is my subject and child, it needs to be saved by me, even at the cost of some sacrifices, we cannot become another Vallere."

The Cyart King gazed out of the great hall, his mind already fully made up.

"Absolutely not!"

The news of Duke Black Iron's death quickly spread throughout the entire Cyart Kingdom.

The message instantly shocked many, in the minds of many, Duke Black Iron, the legendary figure who had lived for centuries.

He was thought to be immortal.

Why would such a person die?

It was an unbelievable thing, he was not defeated by someone stronger, nor did he die in an epic battle, his end was merely to be murdered by time.

Regardless, people had to accept the reality.

The great Cyart co-founder, the legendary hero Duke Black Iron, had truly passed away.

His funeral invited most of the nobility from throughout Cyart, with thousands of Extraordinary nobility rushing in from all over Cyart, so the entire city was bustling with people.

Apart from the many invited nobles, a large number of people from Emerald Lake Province also came spontaneously, they were people who had grown up listening to the stories of Duke Black Iron and had received his kindness in Emerald Lake Province.

People genuinely worshipped this departed hero.

Without him, there would undoubtedly be no Cyart of today.

Many wise individuals were full of emotion, Duke Black Iron's passing may signify that Cyart, and even the Eastern Four Kingdoms, are about to enter a new era...

However, for the influential Romann family in Cyart, Duke Black Iron's death was almost a fatal blow.

In fact, as long as Duke Black Iron lived another day, the Romann family's status would be second only to the Cyart Royal Family. However, his death directly caused the Romann family's influence to be halved.

Duke Black Iron himself was a peak mid-level Monarch with extensive connections to speak of, almost spanning the Ten Great Pillars families of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

"Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich and "Stars Mortal" Ariel, although both Monarch powerful experts, could not defeat the mighty Duke Black Iron even if they joined forces, and the gap in connections and influence was even greater.

In the first few years immediately after Duke Black Iron's death, the favors he had left behind could still be utilized, but Aldrich knew in his heart that in just another decade or so, those so-called relationships would gradually fade away.

By then, the attitude of other major families towards the Romann family would largely depend on the value he and Ariel had, as well as whether "Blazing Fire" Amos himself could become a Monarch.

In the luxurious parlor of the Romann family, the servants had all very considerably left, leaving only six people to conduct a secret meeting.

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

Chapter 333 - 316 Funeral (4k Single Update)_2

...

Present were Aldrich, Ariel, and Amos from the Romann family, Bishop Zane from the Frosac family, as well as Byrne and Chris from the Fischer family, a total of six individuals.

Chris calmly took a corner position, an act that would be considered very rude by others, but most of the people present were entirely accustomed to it.

Zane hugged the youthfully restored Byrne with glee and said, "It looks like I won't have to attend your funeral after all, Byrne. This is the only good news in recent times."

"Congratulations, Byrne!"

Aldrich sincerely reached out his hand, smiling as he shook Byrne's hand, happily saying, "You've successfully ascended to Monarch without leaving us so easily."

Ariel nodded slightly, speaking indifferently, "Good, you're a man of your word."

"Yes, I've survived, and now I can carry out the plan we agreed upon a long time ago."

Byrne smiled at Amos, the once haughty genius who had looked down on socializing with inferiors, now bowing and nodding respectfully to him as a strong man.

"Let me thank you in advance, Your Excellency Byrne. If I manage to break through to the Monarch Level, I will remember your kindness for a lifetime," Amos said with sincere tone and humble attitude.

Byrne could understand the other man's thoughts, knowing well that breaking through to the Monarch Level was the dream of every Extraordinary Exponent, and thus his aid was indeed something they yearned for in their dreams.

Aldrich suddenly spoke up, "Amos must break through as soon as possible, the situation with the Romann family is not too good right now."

Byrne immediately inquired, "What do you mean?"

Aldrich said calmly, "Just two days ago, I received news that the 'Fog Wayfarer' Abernathy family and the 'Flaming Blood Proud Dragon' Castleton family have already started to move against us in many of our industries..."

"So soon?" Ariel was taken aback.

She was about to formally inherit the position of the head of the Romann family and the duke's title, yet many things she still learned only after Aldrich did.

Byrne sighed, shaking his head, "The funeral of the duke has not yet concluded, and those people are already impatient."

He thought back to the head of the Castletons, Marquis Vlad Castleton.

The man's way of doing things was indeed very domineering and extreme; acting swiftly after the death of Duke Black Iron was thoroughly unsurprising.

As for the "Fog Wayfarer" Abernathy family, being allies with the "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family, they would of course act jointly in many decisions.

Aldrich continued, "Between the 'Flaming Blood Proud Dragon' and 'Fog Wayfarer' families, both heads are mid-level Monarchs, second in strength only to the Cyart King."

"Combined, their power far surpasses the Romann family as it stands today."

"While for now it's only some of our industries that have been taken by those two families, and we are far from a full-scale confrontation, if internal strife within Cyart worsens over the next decade or so, even erupting into a civil war, then the Romann family must have the power to strike back."

Byrne also agreed with Aldrich's viewpoint, believing the most important thing wasn't necessarily initiating a battle but always having the strength to join one.

Classes, order, etiquette—all of these have shown tendencies of gradually breaking down over the decades without the gods issuing any divine mandates.

The most significant changes, in fact, stemmed from the True Gods Church's increasing corruption and worldly involvement.

Both Byrne and Aldrich could faintly sense that an era of immense chaos was approaching.

Even the late Duke Black Iron had already perceived this terrifying matter.

Aldrich nodded with a smile, "Byrne, with the opportunity of your assistance, we will be able to quickly overcome this period of weakness. Actually, the most challenging part will be the next twenty years. As long as I can reach the level of a mid-level Monarch within these twenty years, the Romann family can return to its former glory."

Ariel sighed, the so-called former glory had not been gone long, just a few months, and the future glory of the Romann family seemed to have nothing to do with her.

Although she had finally obtained the position of family head, she couldn't deny that she was only the head in name; that man Aldrich, whether in terms of strength or wisdom, was completely superior to her.

Moreover, his talent in the power of the Bloodline seemed to be slightly better than hers as well.

Ariel felt crushed in every aspect, her inner discontent still lingered, but she also knew that, in reality, this was a good thing for the Romann family.

At that moment, Aldrich received intelligence delivered by a subordinate and immediately relayed it to everyone present.

"The Cyart King has entered the city."

The funeral officially began.

The person presiding over the funeral of Duke Black Iron was the Cardinal of the Salvation Church in Cyart, the "Silver Hermit."

She was an aged woman with white hair, clad in silver clothes and seldom seen by the public. The last time she had appeared had been during the Rhea war.

Within the Salvation Church, aside from the Pope, who was regarded as an 'Earthly Divine Being,' there were four powerful Cardinals, and the "Silver Hermit" was one of them.

In the past, she had led the Cyart people to settle in this land, fulfilling the oracle of the Lord of Salvation, and had long been revered by the people.

...

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

Chapter 334 - 316 Funeral (4k Single Update)_3

In the territory of the Eastern Four Kingdoms, there are only two Cardinals of the True Gods Church: one is the "Pitch Black Tidal Surge" from the Tempest Church in Carnia, and the other is the "Silver Hermit" from the Salvation Church.

Among the open ranks of high-level Monarchs, extraordinary exponents in the Eastern Four Kingdoms, other than the founding king of Carnia, they are the only two.

Standing before the familiar corpse, the elderly woman known as the hermit looked down with a silent gaze.

"The Lord of Salvation will shelter your soul, Duke. I'm not actually worried about you, but what will become of the future of the Romann family and Cyart?"

She sighed and said, "Regardless, I no longer have the strength to concern myself with those matters."

Numerous nobles took turns coming forward to pay their respects, and a great number of Cyart commoners were crying in the city for the legendary hero; almost everyone was praying for him.

However, an old man with burns all over his body silently drank in the tavern, the corners of his mouth unable to stop curling into a smile, taking great pleasure in the death of Duke Black Iron.

Fifty years ago, he had been one of the East Coast Natives and had managed to blend in with the Cyart people only after removing his tattoos from the burns. He had harbored a deep hatred for Duke Black Iron in the depths of his heart.

"You're finally dead, at last. I didn't think I'd live to see this day, haha, it's just a shame it came too late."

For the Cyart people, Duke Black Iron was undeniably a great hero of nation-building; however, for the East Coast Natives, whose numbers were becoming increasingly rare and most of whom had assimilated into the Four Kingdoms, that man was the most terrifying demon!

At the funeral, there was a sudden silence, and the mood became even more solemn.

All eyes turned toward the entrance.

With white hair and a slow, steady pace, the Cyart King approached the Romann family with sorrow and calmness. Byrne and Chris were there too, along with many nobles who had come over.

His gaze was filled with depth and sincerity, looking at Aldrich and Ariel as if they were his own dear children.

"My best brother has left us, and from now on, Aldrich, Ariel, you two are my children."

The voice of the Cyart King grew louder.

"Just like every person in this country, each one of you is in my heart, like children who need my careful protection and guidance." [Read exclusive content at empire](#)

"Rest assured, I will lead this nation down a better path."

The crowd bowed in respect.

Calmly, the Cyart King reached out and took out an ancient bronze bracelet, a Forbidden rare artifact numbered in three digits, "Return to Ruins," capable of gathering a great amount of seawater in a short time. Although it was not powerful enough to harm the strong, it even had the potential to destroy a city.

"You will need my support in the coming period; take it."

Aldrich nodded, gratefully accepting the Forbidden rare artifact, and said, "Thank you for your kindness, Your Majesty."

Looking calmly around, the Cyart King announced loudly, "Whenever the time, the Adley family will always stand together with the loyal Romann family! That is a bond of friendship I will never forget, as strong as cast iron and steel!"

The crowd understood—the Cyart King was protecting the vulnerable Romann family.

Then, the Cyart King turned and said in a low voice:

"Aldrich, Ariel, and Amos, after the funeral, you must visit the Royal Capital. There, I have many important matters to discuss with you in detail."

Ariel looked puzzled and asked, "But can't it be here?"

The Cyart King shook his head and said, "No, that matter is very important, and it also concerns some secrets beneath the Royal City, which I simply cannot explain to you here."

"It involves the legend of the... Lord of the Lost."

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

Chapter 335 - 317: The Dream of Reforging

After the Duke's funeral had concluded, the crowds that had converged from all corners of the country gradually dissipated. Their presence had made the city unbearably congested, but their departure left behind many matters to be dealt with.

Although it was just a grand funeral, organizing it took as much time as commanding a battle.

Inside the mansion's great hall, the members of the Romann and Fischer families all turned their attention to Aldrich, having just witnessed something peculiar.

That was Aldrich and King Cyart's lengthy private conversation, which, for reasons unknown, ended with Cyart leaving the funeral visibly upset.

Given King Cyart's known favoritism towards the Romann family, Aldrich must have said something quite offensive to anger the King.

Byrne was very curious and asked Aldrich, "Lord Aldrich, what exactly did you say just now? Why did you anger His Majesty?"

He remembered Aldrich as a man full of wisdom and high emotional intelligence, who never easily lost his temper nor provoked those around him.

Such a person choosing to anger King Cyart surely had a crucial reason.

Aldrich pondered for a moment, then nodded and said, "I merely mentioned that the family's situation had changed greatly and that Amos was about to make a breakthrough as a Monarch and couldn't travel to the Royal Capital for the time being."

He calmly continued, "But King Cyart became unstable just hearing this, growing more and more irate until he finally didn't want to hear another word and stormed off."

People looked at each other, and Ariel said after a long silence, "So, did you just refuse His Majesty's invitation?"

Aldrich shook his head and replied, "Indeed, I did."

"The current situation feels amiss. I think we shouldn't go to the Royal Capital. It would be best for the members of the Romann family to stay in Emerald Lake Province for the time being, and if possible, not to leave the city at all."

Zayne couldn't help but say, "Although Cyart is a relatively loose country, the King of Cyart is still the most powerful and influential noble leader. He openly declared his protection over the weakening Romann family during the funeral, and you've immediately affronted him."

He stopped there without finishing, and Ariel asked with a frown,

"Aldrich, did you perhaps give this too little thought? Shouldn't the Romann family be seeking good graces with King Cyart especially at this moment?"

Aldrich insisted, "Sorry, but I truly feel that there's something off about King Cyart's situation, so I refused his request."

Looking resolutely at everyone, there was undeniable determination in his eyes.

"I can't produce any concrete evidence. It is only my vast experience and intuition, along with certain subtle clues, that have alerted me to danger. If the Romann family really accepted the invitation to the Royal Capital, it's highly likely that something bad would happen."

After hearing what could not really be called reasons, everyone could only exchange glances, but ultimately, Ariel nodded.

"Aldrich, your judgment has always been spot-on, so I'll trust you this time, but next time, you better listen to my advice before making a decision."

"Thank you," said Aldrich, finally letting out a sigh of relief as he nodded lightly.

Though offending King Cyart seemed unwise, Aldrich's wisdom was always high, a fact even Ariel acknowledged.

Therefore, his refusal must have its reasons, and deep down, everyone was inclined to believe just that.

Aldrich then turned to Byrne, nodding very seriously and respectfully, "The best time would probably be in a year. Your Excellency Bain, please come to assist Amos in his Monarch breakthrough then."

Byrne nodded in understanding, "Alright, I see. During this year, let's all be cautious and vigilant."

"This period will be the Romann family's most vulnerable."

Once the members of the Fischer family returned to the East Coast, they first visited Fein City and then took the train back to Nasir City.

As they disembarked, they found the station swarming with people, and many citizens of Nasir City lined up to welcome them, eyes aglow with admiration.

The people of Nasir City regarded the rising Fischer family as a heroic family. Virtually everyone in the city, regardless of age or gender, held them in high esteem.

After all, without the efforts of the Fischer family, the citizens of Nasir would not have their current lives, a sentiment that every Nasir citizen recognized.

Byrne didn't leave immediately upon exiting the train but instead surveyed the station's situation and nodded lightly.

"The situation isn't bad."

Currently, the 2nd and 3rd railways are under construction, both originating from Nasir City. One leads to the towns in the Sunrise Lake area, while the other, much longer, extends directly to Phelps Port in the Southern East Coast Province. Find adventures on empire

If both railways could be completed, the development speed of the East Coast Province would ascend to a new level. At present, other provinces in Cyart are still in the initial stages of railway construction, and the railway from Fein City to Nasir City remains the only line in Cyart.

It was at this moment that Byrne and company saw Theo coming to greet them.

The elderly butler, still sprightly, walked up calmly and produced a letter.

"His Excellency Byrne, you have a letter."

"Who is it from?"

The butler nodded and said, "It's a letter from Mr. Kano."

Byrne was momentarily taken aback, then nodded lightly and said, "I understand."

Upon opening the envelope and reading its contents, his brow furrowed immediately. What Kano had written was indeed too horrifying.

"What on earth is this about..."

Byrne was well aware of Kano's character. Although unsuitable for any group, his judgment and the extraordinary power he possessed were beyond question.

"From where does the danger come?"

Inside the Fischer family estate, Felix, Byrne's grandson and Darren's eldest son, was sitting upright in his seat, seriously assembling a new mechanical clock.

"Whew... Done."

He had mastered a little more of the Power of Consecution of the 2nd Rank and felt that in no more than two years, he could attempt the ascension ceremony to the 3rd Rank of the Path of Reforging.

Cold sweat had broken out on his forehead. He reached up subconsciously to touch it and found it strange at heart. For some reason, these past few days, he'd been restless deep inside, and he kept having strange dreams.

In those dreams, Felix often saw many springs and treads, as well as an abundance of gears spread across the sky.

Underneath his feet was a desolate earth, full of steel and stone.

Those springs, treads, and gears made Felix's breathing oppressive. He always felt as if he could merge with them at any moment.

He didn't understand what these dreams meant.

What did they mean, exactly?

However, after each dream, Felix would wake up feeling spiritually weak and physically exhausted, as if he had been through a battle.

He knew something was very wrong but didn't know the exact reason.

"What's happening to me? Why do I keep having these dreams?"

He raised his hand calmly, and suddenly noticed something very strange, even hair-raising.

A golden gear mark with a metallic texture was slowly emerging on the palm of his hand, seemingly a symbolic mark of the new True God, the Master of Reforging.

What shocked Felix the most, however, was that, inexplicably, it coexisted with the hidden mark of the Lord of the Lost without any rejection!

"Great Lord of the Lost, what on earth is happening?"

Meanwhile, Karl also sensed something unusual.

A certain special existence had imparted a sort of... power into Felix's soul.

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

Chapter 336 - 318 You Turn Traitor

"That is, that is the mark of the God of Reforging!"

Felix's eyes widened in the room as he took a deep breath, filled with disbelief.

His entire being felt as if he had plummeted into the deep sea, his footing unsteady, a sensation of suffocation surging in his chest, nearly preventing him from breathing normally.

If not for the rock-solid rationality that still held on, he feared he might just collapse to the ground, the ossifying despair bringing a tingling of nerves.

He stared at the mark on his palm, pondered for a moment, then rose from the bed and made his way to the dark cabinet, slowly opening it completely, before tremblingly taking out a bottle of half-transparent light green potion.

Felix took a deep breath, then poured the half-transparent light green potion onto his palm, afterwards feeling a mild itching sting.

Next, the disguise potion on the back of his hand vanished, revealing the complex red mark of the great Lord of the Lost.

Felix's heart instantly relaxed somewhat, a strong sense of relief washing over him, thankfully the mark of the Lord of the Lost was still there, which also meant he had not been forsaken.

"..."

He took another deep breath, not understanding what was happening at all.

Hmm...

Hadn't he been forsaken?

He was indeed of the true bloodline of the Fischer family, and the Fischer family was the only favored clan of the Lord of the Lost! Why! Why on earth would the mark of the God of Reforging appear on him?

It was beyond him.

What on earth was happening?

"Sigh..."

Could it be that I am no longer pure, about to become a heretic?

Just the thought of it filled him with a fear so deep inside, if he inexplicably became a heretic, then his entire life would be utterly destroyed.

It was a terrifying conjecture.

"I have not betrayed the Lord of the Lost! Definitely not! Why is this happening!" Felix yelled out!

He always used to be quite steady, and since becoming an adult, had never lost his composure like this, but he felt somewhat on the verge of a breakdown at the moment.

Because if he claimed he had not betrayed the Lord of the Lost, who would believe him?

Probably very few.

Because it was simply an inexplicable matter, the mark of the God of Reforging could almost be called ironclad proof.

To think that even the common priests in the various churches could not obtain such a divine mark. Your next read is at empire

Within the many True Gods Churches, only those Cardinals and saints had the chance to receive such distinction.

Some claimed they did nothing, yet mysteriously became a favored one of a deity.

Who would believe that?

Felix's vision darkened, feeling dizzy and bloated, even thinking he might be assumed to have betrayed his family or was replaced by something the instant he exposed the mark of the God of Reforging.

Then, it was possible they would act decisively, launching a devastating attack.

The more he thought about it, the deeper he sank into despair.

"Ah!"

He gritted his teeth angrily and suddenly swept all the mechanical parts on the table to the floor with a crash.

"Why? Why would such a thing appear on my hand, I am a believer of the Lord of the Lost, why on Earth has the God of Reforging entangled me!"

Felix had always been a serious and earnest man, never encountering such incomprehensible situations, breathing wildly, wanting to curse someone, but incapable of doing so usefully because he had never learned to.

He stared intently at the different marks on both sides of his palm, frowning tightly.

He couldn't just be doomed like this, there was so much of his life ahead, so much he still had to do; to make his father, his mother, and his grandfather Byrne proud...

Given the circumstances, there was only one thing to do.

He knelt on the ground, eyes closed, praying earnestly.

"Oh great Lord of the Lost, please guide me, your wayward child. I, Felix, I have never betrayed you!"

"I just don't understand why the mark of the God of Reforging would appear on my body!"

With tears brimming in his eyes, Felix opened his eyes and roared:

"Please, rescue me!"

At the same time.

Karl had already noticed the particularity of the situation.

His intangible will had taken possession of Felix, and at this moment, he was silently observing the almost emotionally collapsed Felix.

"Interesting."

Karl could feel a power from that mark, distinct from the many he had encountered before, of considerable substance and exclusivity, and it was very heavy.

This extraordinary power must be what people refer to as "Divine Power."

Though it was not one of the four fundamental forces, "Divine Power" was still a pivotally important force among the myriad extraordinary powers, arguably the most significant just under the four fundamental forces.

Phillips knelt on the ground, his whole body trembling continuously, clearly on the verge of emotional collapse.

But Karl found it very amusing because, normally, divine marks carry a very strong exclusivity and it is impossible for two divine marks to appear on one person—a bizarre situation.

Just like how Chris once faced the Chaos Constellation of the otherworldly gods and nearly got stamped with that otherworldly god's frightful mark, but in the end, his own mark erased it, which is actually the most normal development.

"Why is this happening to Felix? Huh, the power of the God of Reforging is very strange."

Karl suddenly uttered a sound of curiosity.

He could detect an almost but not quite element in the Divine Power of the God of Reforging's mark, but still could not fully understand the specific circumstances.

"Why not let Felix give it a try... to see what can eventually be discovered."

Kneeling on the ground, Felix continued to pray, nearly in despair, hoping for salvation from the Lord of the Lost, yet even after several dozen minutes, he heard no divine decree, and a growing sense of despair welled up inside the young man.

Could it be that the great Lord of the Lost has indeed chosen to abandon me?

Am I viewed as a traitor who has turned to the God of Reforging in His eyes?

"There's no way that's true, oh great Lord of the Lost! Please believe me, I have never betrayed you. As a member of the Fischer family, serving you loyally all my life is my mission and duty!"

Felix greatly valued duty; in fact, the person he despised the most was his uncle Karno. He always thought that the man who left the family of his own accord and disappeared was a shame to the Fischer family.

If he were the next head of the Fischer family, he would definitely have Karno's name removed from the family records, as a warning to other family members!

He was full of loyalty to the great Lord of the Lost because the Lord had given too much to the Fischers, and Felix felt that all members of the Fischer family had an obligation to repay that great god.

For Felix, the spirit of the contract and the duty of obligation were very important things, not noble virtues, but basic lines that should not be crossed.

The despair in Felix was growing, but at that moment, the door was pushed open.

He turned in panic to look outside and was startled to see that it was his Aunt Lilian who had come in.

"Aunt Lilian, listen to me!"

Felix subconsciously wanted to hide his hands behind his back but resisted, showing the mark instead. He was just about to begin his explanations when he saw Aunt Lilian gently shake her head.

"You need not explain, Felix. The great Lord of the Lost has issued a divine decree."

"A divine decree?"

Felix was completely stunned, then overjoyed, realizing that he most likely wouldn't be in trouble.

He just didn't understand what the decree could be, deeply puzzled in his heart.

"Yes, that is His divine decree."

Lilian nodded gently, her gaze on Felix was very serious as she said, "You must understand this is a very important mission, do you understand?"

"I understand!"

Kneeling on the ground, Felix nodded earnestly, and Lilian finally revealed the content of the Lord of the Lost's divine decree.

"Go join the church of the God of Reforging!"

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

Chapter 337 The Prototype of the World

"What are you talking about? Aunt Lilian, wait a second, did I just mishear that?"

Felix sat on the ground, his face filled with disbelief, his eyes wide as he looked towards Aunt Lilian, initially unable to react and simply incredulous.

After all, it was the most devout Aunt Lilian, how could she possibly speak such heretical words? Could it be that he was hallucinating or hadn't heard clearly?

His approach to matters had always been solid and steady, with few experiences to draw upon, so when faced with an urgent situation, his thinking wasn't very flexible, unable for a moment to accept the current circumstance.

What's going on?

Why would Aunt Lilian ask him to betray his faith?

She said it was the great Oracle of the Lord of the Lost, what did that mean exactly?

He found it somewhat impossible to understand the current status, which was too advanced and baffling.

Aunt Lilian's expression was very calm as she shook her head and said indifferently, "Felix, listen, even I, in my weakness, cannot fathom the great depths of His grand designs and strategies, but I have always known one thing, that each oracle surely has its own profound and significant directives."

"Felix, you have the mark of the God of Reforging on your hand... that's a very abnormal thing, and even you are afraid of it; I can understand how you feel right now."

She paused for a moment before continuing,

"But what I want to say is, you shouldn't be afraid but rather rejoice and accept its presence. I think it's very possible that it is also something the Lord of the Lost has given you."

Felix went blank for a long while, muttering to himself, "The mark of the God of Reforging, is it also something given to me by the Lord of the Lost?"

"Yes!"

Aunt Lilian pondered for a moment before finally nodding affirmatively, "It must be that the great Lord of the Lost wants you to successfully infiltrate the Reforging Church, so He gave you a mark of the God of Reforging."

She thought this line of reasoning was quite plausible.

Felix still couldn't understand and shook his head, saying, "Please wait, Aunt Lilian, there is one thing I really don't understand, why would the Lord of the Lost give the mark of the God of Reforging?"

Aunt Lilian answered very seriously,

"You don't need to understand, the great God possesses power beyond our comprehension. It's very normal that you can't fathom His capabilities."

Felix was convinced by such reasoning.

Even Karl, who had been listening silently, was nearly persuaded, despite knowing clearly that the mark wasn't something he had given, but finding a reason for it with Lilian was also good.

"Perhaps this is what zealous believers are like; after the 'arrow' appears, they always have a certain 'self-targeting' ability in their hearts."

The more Felix thought about it, the more "enlightened" he became, gradually "understanding" and slowly he breathed a sigh of relief.

I understand!

So that's how it is! I shouldn't worry but instead be glad!

Yes, I have been chosen by the great Lord of the Lost, and to infiltrate the Reforging Church, He has even given me that mark which should belong to the God of Reforging.

That's excellent, I'm even more special than the other members of the family!

He finally came to a conclusion.

"I am important in the heart of the Lord!"

Aunt Lilian shook her head and spoke very solemnly,

"Never think that way; Felix, you must learn to be humble in order to maintain your devotion... Whether you are important in the heart of the Lord should not affect your devotion. You should think more about how you can repay the Lord rather than speculate about your status in the heart of the Lord of the Lost."

"Yes, I understand now."

Felix bowed his head slightly, indicating he would be more humble.

Then, he asked a more substantial question.

"So how can I join the Reforging Church?"

Aunt Lilian paced back and forth in place for a while before continuing,

"It's simple, Felix, the people of the Reforging Church have always been recruiting those interested in knowledge and mechanics and such matters, they are almost indiscriminate towards all kinds of scholars, so you just need to find that Reforging Priest in Nasir City and have a chat with him."

"Once you join the Reforging Church, reveal your mark at the critical moment."

Felix suddenly understood and nodded.

"So what exactly do I need to do after I join the Reforging Church?"

"You only need to ascend to a high position within the Reforging Church and collect as much intelligence as possible," Lilian answered calmly.

Felix nodded again to show he would definitely remember Lilian's instructions.

He soon felt ashamed, acknowledging he was quite incapable and not particularly intelligent. Yet, he was chosen by the great Lord of the Lost—it seemed somewhat unfair to the other members of the Fischer family.

Felix thought to himself that he must accomplish this task completely—collect enough intelligence and ascend to the upper echelons of the Reforging Church.

"Okay, I've got it all down, Aunt Lilian."

"That's good."

After Aunt Lilian left the room, Felix sat on the bed, nervous and excited. He swallowed, let out a sigh of relief, and then started to ponder what to do next.

He had just relaxed for a moment, but thinking too much now made his mind tense again.

"So what exactly should I do? Could there be oversights and accidents? What's the situation with the Reforging Church like, and how should I disguise myself?"

Having experienced too little, yet hoping to cover every base, his mind became a mess. He couldn't help but stand up and pace back and forth, feeling the need to alleviate the anxiety deep within him.

To ease his anxiety, Felix couldn't resist investigating the Reforging Church. He wanted to understand all there was to know about this rising power of the recent decades overnight.

Thus, he left his room and went to Morning Light University in Nasir City, quickly entering the library of Morning Light University. He pulled a religious studies book titled "Reforging: The Archetype of the World" from the shelf.

Under the moonlight, Felix leaned against the wall reading the book.

"For followers of the Reforging Church, the world was originally a giant black sphere. It was only with power borrowed from other gods by the God of Reforging that the world was crafted into its present shape."

"The followers of the Reforging Church believe that the current world is far from perfect; it's filled with countless flaws. One day, the God of Reforging will descend upon the world and use infinite might to reforge everything, transforming it into an absolutely perfect world."

"So that's what they think. I've never paid attention to the ideas of these heretics before...I never imagined there would be such legends."

Felix rarely came into contact with the beliefs of followers of other deities. After reading, he just found it all very strange.

The more information he grasped about the Reforging Church, the more relaxed he felt.

After hastily supplementing his knowledge on the many mysteries of the Reforging Church, Felix finally returned home, by which time the sky was gradually brightening.

He told the servants he wasn't feeling well and wouldn't have breakfast, opting to sleep straight through to noon. Then he went to bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Dreams.

Felix once again encountered that bizarre dream.

Within the strange lucid dream were still many gears and conveyor belts, with even the sky filled with numerous gears and other assorted parts.

He took a deep breath and realized that the ground beneath his feet was still desolate, consisting of large amounts of hard, black steel and stone.

"What place is this?"

"And what can be done here..."

There were many questions, but no way or possibility for answers.

Felix stood there for a long time, looking at the familiar gears, springs, conveyor belts, and many parts. He subconsciously wanted to assemble them.

In the next moment, those parts in the sky started to move and assemble together according to his will.

Huh?

Felix was stunned for a moment, suddenly realizing that he had grasped a bit of the Power of Consecution. He immediately became ecstatic!

What was happening?

In his excitement, he immediately recalled Uncle Chris's experiences and took a deep breath.

"Wait a minute, I get it now. Could this place be a special area similar to 'White Bones Canyon'?"

At the same time, Felix found that his energy in this place was incredibly abundant, almost as if he couldn't get tired. He didn't dare waste a single moment, afraid of waking up from his dream. He immediately began assembling the numerous parts floating in the sky.

The Power of Consecution was rapidly coming under his control.

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

Chapter 338 Natural Talent

The Reforging Church provided considerable assistance during the railroad construction in Nasir City and, in return, made a few relatively reasonable demands.

One demand was the construction of a church for the Reforging Church within Nasir City.

Considering the request to be fair and sensible, Byrne thus represented the Fischer family in agreeing to it.

After Nasir City officially transitioned from a town to a city, several other churches also sent representatives and consecutively built their own churches within Nasir City.

Though the majority of the East Coast's populace worshiped the Tempest Overlord and the Lord of Salvation, every city in Cyart had a church for all the True Gods Church, considered standard configuration, so of course the Fischer family did not refuse them.

Even though Lilian was rather displeased, she did not reject the churches.

One could easily imagine that if one dared to refuse the True Gods Church, the so-called "suspicions of heresy" would skyrocket immediately.

The gloomy sky today seemed to be shrouded by dense, pitch-black clouds, and the glorious Blazing Sun had already disappeared amidst the dismal cloud cover, casting the whole world in a somewhat somber light.

"Pitter-patter."

Raindrops fell from the pitch-black clouds, landing in puddles and producing a gentle sound.

Black boots stepped on the ground as Felix raised a homemade black umbrella and, dressed in brown clothes, arrived directly in front of the Reforging Church, his expression growing increasingly solemn.

"This is it."

Here stood the false god's church. Though he had visited the Tempest Overlord's church and met with Lord Zayne previously, this was his first time setting foot in the God of Reforging's church grounds, harboring considerably "ill-intentions".

The style of the Reforging Church's architecture differed greatly from that of other True Gods Church buildings; it was a tall structure adorned with many gears, without any vegetation around, just smooth mud terrain, giving off an immediate and chilling sensation.

He looked up calmly to see the clock tower atop the church, a vast and precise mechanical clock slowly turning, possessing a unique beauty.

Then, Felix lowered his head, raised his hand, and saw the fully disguised marks on both sides of his hand.

"Lord of the Lost, please protect me."

"Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

Dong!"

The mechanical clock struck seven times in a row, signaling it was seven o'clock in the morning.

Upon entering the Reforging Church's church, Felix immediately saw some worshippers of the God of Reforging murmuring prayers, most of them being workers, craftsmen, and scholars.

They were highly interested in the knowledge held by the Reforging Church, and most had not joined with the purest of intentions to begin with.

Furthermore, joining the Reforging Church meant receiving mechanical prosthetics for free, which also attracted many disabled people to join.

He saw a large dark gold gear placed at the very center of the church, constantly rotating in mid-air, from any angle exuding a beauty of motion while being utterly lifeless.

That was the sculpture symbolizing the God of Reforging.

Felix took a deep breath, suppressing his discomfort, walked forward, closed his eyes, and pretended to pray to the dark gold gear.

Deep down, he felt a bit scared too.

After all, this was the church of the God of Reforging! And he was facing the god's idol!

If his abnormality were detected by that false god, the situation would be incredibly dangerous!

No, he mustn't panic; everything had been ordained by the great Lord of the Lost! Having been bestowed with that mark, it meant that coming here to pray to the God of Reforging wouldn't trigger any dangers!

He would definitely be safe!

Felix firmly believed in this.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Felix of the Fischer family?"

It was at that moment that the Reforging Church Priest, who had demonstrated what an automobile was with one arm replaced by a mechanical one, walked over with an eager look in his eyes.

"Yes, I am," Felix opened his eyes and nodded, acknowledging his identity.

In Nasir City, no one was unfamiliar with the members of the Fischer family.

The followers of the God of Reforging all looked at him with respectful eyes.

The priest with the mechanical arm nodded calmly and continued, "You should remember me, Mr. Felix."

"I am the priest of this church, my name is Gareth. May I ask why you have come to this church of the God of Reforging? I apologize, but to my knowledge, your Fischer family has always been followers of the Lord of Salvation."

Felix hesitated for a moment, then looked earnestly at Priest Gareth and said, "Priest Gareth, you might not know this, but the philosophy of the Reforging Church actually suits me better."

Priest Gareth nodded and responded:

"I've heard as much, I understand you're someone who's very fond of machinery."

That was indeed true; Felix had always been seriously dedicated to assembling and studying machinery, not just in pursuit of greater Power of Consecution, but also because of a genuine love for mechanics.

"Indeed, I do love machinery and am susceptible to those precise instruments. Their meticulous operation according to the laws of the world thrills me more than humans and other creatures do."

"Although many find machinery cold and lifeless, soulless even, I truly believe in my heart that they possess a unique charm."

His words were spoken from the soul, with absolutely no hint of a lie.

Usually, he would have to keep these thoughts to himself, and he certainly wouldn't dare to voice them out loud; at this moment, Felix felt incredibly refreshed.

After hearing this, Priest Gareth was dumbfounded for quite some time before snapping back to reality, and even the usually expressionless face managed to squeeze out an awkward smile.

"You are absolutely right, Mr. Felix! Those people simply don't understand the beauty of machinery!"

He nodded vigorously and said:

"Indeed, the Lord of Salvation does not suit you at all. The Reforging Church is where you truly belong!"

It seemed like a success.

Felix breathed a sigh of relief, gaining Priest Gareth's trust appeared easier than he had imagined.

However, deep down, he felt their mutual trust was not quite sufficient. Therefore, he took out a mechanical clock and calmly handed it to Priest Gareth.

"Priest Gareth, this is a creation I made in private. Please accept it as a gift from me. If it could be offered as a sacrifice to the precise God of Reforging, it would be an absolute pleasure for me!"

Priest Gareth trembled, taking the mechanical clock while nodding his head repeatedly and exclaimed loudly, "So it is, you really are a genius in mechanics, come on! I want to discuss more about machinery with you!"

He paused for a moment and smiled, "Moreover, there is much knowledge in the oracles of the God of Reforging that you may find interesting."

"They are destined to change, no, to reforge the entire world!"

Time quickly passed, and within half a year Felix visited the Reforging Church every day, earnestly exchanging ideas with Priest Gareth of the Reforging Church. Initially, he felt somewhat nervous about this process, but then all that remained were excitement and joy.

Firstly, he found the knowledge of the Reforging Church to be truly fascinating!

And most importantly, by conversing with Priest Gareth, Felix was able to further master the Power of Consecution of the Path of Forging!

At night, when sleeping and dreaming, he diligently assembled various mechanisms in his dreams, constantly improving his grasp of the Power of Consecution.

If there was anything within the Fischer family that Felix could be called the first at, it was probably his serious and strenuous diligence.

Hence, what would have taken years to master, Felix grasped the 2nd Rank Power of Consecution entirely within just half a year.

After a family ritual, he successfully advanced to the 3rd Rank "Sculptor," gaining the abilities of Barehand Blade and Stone Sculpting.

"Finally, I've reached this stage. It's a small Transmutation within the Extraordinary ecosystem of the Consecution," Felix thought, excited by the new powers he received after the ritual. Now that he had reached the 3rd Rank, he could finally have his wedding with Sunny of the Frosac family!

Inside the great hall of the Fischer Manor, Byrne and others looked at Felix with satisfaction, adding to his already joyful mood.

A few days later, inside the church, Priest Gareth of the Reforging Church found Felix in private and calmly said, "Mr. Felix, I would like to introduce you to someone. Meeting him would indeed be fortunate for you."

"He is a high ranking official from the Reforging Church!"

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

Chapter 339 Incarnation as Gear

"A big shot?"

Felix was initially stunned after hearing that, then nodded slightly, unabashedly revealing his excitement and agitation.

He was truly excited because getting close to a big shot of the Reforging Church undoubtedly presented him with a better chance to accomplish the great mission of the Lord of the Lost.

A few days later.

Under the introduction of Priest Gareth, Felix made contact with a big shot of the Reforging Church.

It was a pitch-black night without a star in sight when he, dressed in dark brown clothes, arrived at a newly opened tavern in Nasir City. Guided by Priest Gareth, he handed a letter to the grizzled bartender there.

The bartender was a cyclops. After taking the letter and looking at Felix, he bowed and said, "Master Felix of the Fischer family, may I ask who this letter is for?"

Felix glanced around at the disordered surroundings and shook his head, saying,

"It is for you, take a look."

The old bartender nodded, calmly opened the letter, and then a peculiar smile appeared on his face.

"I see, please come in."

Felix followed the bartender to the back of the tavern and from there into the tavern's basement.

The basement was brightly lit, and someone was already sitting there. The moment he saw that person, a respectful glint appeared in the cyclops bartender's sole eye.

She appeared to be a woman in her thirties, though her actual age was indeterminate. She looked suave and energetic, dressed in a bishop's robe of red and black, her face quite delicate, yet her right eye was replaced by an alchemical prosthetic eye.

Sitting with her hands behind her back, she was quite tall, at over one meter seventy and even approaching one eighty, with slightly broad shoulders, giving off a very gallant appearance.

Felix was taken aback for a moment; it was indeed rare to see such a "dominating" woman on regular days.

The woman's gaze and movements were akin to those of a seasoned general commanding troops, embodying a powerful charm usually associated with men, despite being a woman.

She slowly stood up and serenely extended her hand, saying, "Hello, Mr. Felix Fischer, I am Isabel."

Felix, who had already gathered intelligence in advance, immediately recognized who she was—Isabel, the Reforging Bishop of Glenborough Province!

In the Cyart Kingdom, there were a total of three bishops from the Reforging Church, located in Glenborough Province, Ahornblatt Province, and Elphinia Province respectively.

Isabel was a very mysterious bishop, nicknamed the "One-Eyed," having lost an eye fighting a giant dragon before reaching the low-level Monarch status and subsequently embedding a high-level alchemical prosthetic eye into her body.

"Hello, Bishop Isabel, I am Felix of the Fischer family. It is my honor to meet you!"

Felix was excited and agitated, and this was no act; only his excitement wasn't as a disciple of the God of Reforging, meeting a bishop of the Reforging Church, but as an 'undercover agent' having reached out to a target high up in the hierarchy.

Isabel nodded and continued, "I heard you have quite a fondness for machinery, are you interested in worshipping the God of Reforging?"

He nodded lightly, pondered for a moment, and then said,

"Of course! In fact, from the moment I met Priest Gareth, I have been hoping to convert to the God of Reforging. Although the majority of my family are disciples of the Lord of Salvation, I always felt that only the God of Reforging represents the true essence of this world!"

Felix had easily captivated Priest Gareth at the beginning, hence he thought this speech would work well on the followers of the God of Reforging.

However, what happened next took Felix by surprise. The gallant Isabel, after hearing this, seemed very calm, showing no sign of excitement, and merely said indifferently,

"Is that so?"

"Do you truly believe that?"

"Yes."

Unsure of her emotions, Felix didn't dare to speak recklessly.

Isabel nodded and said, "Alright, Mr. Fischer, I can officiate the ceremony to welcome you into the Reforging Church, but I would like you to come with me to Glenborough Province."

"What?"

The previously excited Felix was immediately stunned. Was she asking him to leave the East Coast for Glenborough Province?

Isabel continued calmly, "Yes, because I hope to focus on cultivating you. Given your exceptional talents, Mr. Fischer, you might even have the chance to take my place in the future. So, I regard you highly and want to take you with me for training."

Well...

Felix hesitated.

Being sent to Glenborough Province for focused training seemed somewhat similar to the situation of the former Bishop Zane, who had become an Assistant Priest to a Tempest Bishop immediately after joining the Tempest Church.

After pondering for a while, he finally nodded to express his willingness to agree.

"Alright, Bishop Isabel, I am very willing to accompany you to Glenborough Province, it's just that this matter is very important, so I must inform my family about it. I can't simply leave like this," he said.

"Please allow me some time to prepare."

Isabel smiled faintly and nodded lightly, saying, "That's fine, go and speak with Mr. Byrne and Mr. Chris. Although I have not communicated with them, I have heard of their deeds. The friendship between Mr. Byrne and the Reforging Church is profound; your family should agree to it."

Felix nodded.

After he left the tavern, he sought out his grandfather Byrne right away and told him about his conversation with Isabel and his wish to leave the East Coast.

Isabel? Byrne sank into deep thought.

Eventually, frowning, he said, "Isabel is a relatively mysterious bishop within the Reforging Church. I know very little about that woman, Felix. After you leave the East Coast with her, you must absolutely be cautious for your safety."

Then, Byrne retrieved a treasure of mysterious rare artifact level and handed it to Felix.

The treasure of mysterious rare artifact level appeared to be a green cloak called "Cloak of Disappearance." The function of the "Cloak of Disappearance" was to briefly obscure the wearer's form, although it could not conceal smell and sound.

Byrne said, "Your rune power is 'Counterattack Shield,' which already gives you the strength to fight against powerful opponents in battle. This cloak is to help you survive in danger."

Felix accepted the cloak, his heart pounding with excitement, "Thank you, grandfather. I will definitely reach a high-level position within the Reforging Church and complete the mission bestowed upon us by the great Lord of the Lost!"

The effect of the "Counterattack Shield" is to release a semi-circular protective shield that blocks and reflects attacks from one direction for a few seconds.

Its drawback is that it can only be deployed three times a day, and the maximum it can withstand are attacks from low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents.

With the "Counterattack Shield," even if Felix encountered a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, he could still put up a fight against three attacks, which actually made his combat strength quite decent.

Half a month later, Felix arrived in Glenborough Province by sea route, reaching a remote town there and made his way to the local cathedral of the Reforging Church in the town.

Though it was just a church in the town, it was nevertheless Cyart's largest cathedral of the Reforging Church.

Moreover, Felix quickly noticed that the overall style of the town was somewhat unsettling, with a seemingly oppressive atmosphere.

He felt that the people lived in suppression and that there were mechanical creations everywhere. Many wealthy people were using automobiles, which was a sharp contrast to the preference for horse carriages in Nasir City, as automobiles were ugly, bumpy, and prone to breakdowns, making them inferior to horse carriages in all respects.

At present, if nobles were to use those unsightly and cumbersome automobiles instead of the more luxurious horse carriages, they would certainly be subject to ridicule.

Inside the grand cathedral of the Reforging Church, Felix bore the discomfort as he knelt beneath the gears while Bishop Isabel, who was a Reforging Bishop herself, personally presided over his initiation ceremony.

The cathedral radiated with a golden light, and surrounded by many who had modified their own bodies, the woman stood calmly behind Felix, saying loudly,

"Oh precise God of Reforging! Please offer your protection to your new follower! He will add strength to the reforging of this world and become the gear that you require!"

"Hmm..."

Felix closed his eyes, knowing he had officially become a follower of the God of Reforging and also successfully joined the Reforging Church, with the position as one of Isabel's assistants.

"Very well, I have finally taken an important step..."

Isabel then said,

"Remember, Felix, the Reforging Church is primarily divided into three parts, namely 'mechanics,' 'alchemy,' and 'life,' and I am a bishop who specializes in the 'mechanics' part."

Felix immediately said, "Mechanics, alchemy, life, I have an understanding of all three. Our Reforging Church has a greater emphasis on the study of mechanics, while those belonging to the alchemy and life parts are fewer. Moreover, it is said that there are many commonalities between the alchemy and life parts."

Isabel nodded slightly and said, "Actually, there is an overlap among the three parts of the Reforging Church, but the focus is different from one another. We all think about how to reforge ourselves as well as the entire world..."

As she spoke, she narrowed her eyes, her gaze revealing subtle emotions.

However, Felix, who still lacked an understanding of people's hearts, did not notice anything unusual about Isabel.

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

Chapter 340 Triple Identity

The name of this Glenborough town is "Meteor," and the total population is a mere five to six thousand people, yet they openly display great reverence for the Reforging Church, although everyone seems quite listless every day.

The use of machinery is very common in the town, with many townspeople having undergone mechanical modifications, even some of those who were originally hale would willingly amputate parts of their own bodies to replace with machinery.

Almost every year, the Reforging God would bestow new oracles upon the "Chief" of the Reforging Church, and these oracles contained new knowledge, which the chief, as the leader of the church, would then convey to the various bishops, who in turn would pass it on to the numerous Reforging Priests.

The knowledge contained within those oracles was extremely useful, and the priests of the Reforging Church never felt the need to keep it secret. Instead, the Chief would have the priests find ways to spread that knowledge and its corresponding applications as widely as possible.

It was for this reason that many lords and nobles welcomed them, so the spread of the Reforging Church accelerated, and what had been an unacknowledged heretical cult

just a few decades ago was gradually catching up with the weakest among them, the Silver Moon Church.

After arriving at this town, Felix also came across much new knowledge, and his mechanical skills improved day by day.

He suddenly felt that joining the Reforging Church seemed to benefit those on the Path of Forging and the Path of Knowledge who were Consecution Extraordinary Exponents.

In his dreams at night, Felix would continuously assemble machinery, mastering more Power of Consecution.

As one of Bishop Isabel's assistant priests, he began to take charge of helping her manage some affairs, but compared to the other two assistant priests, the matters Felix dealt with were always a bit more peripheral.

He never got access to some of the core secrets about Isabel herself.

However, not long after joining the Reforging Church, Isabel began to frequently speak of some... very strange things to Felix.

According to her, Felix could try to learn about and understand the knowledge of other religions; "learning" was highly encouraged by the Reforging Church, so he was completely free to study that heretical knowledge.

Isabel said with her arms crossed and in a cold voice,

"Go and learn more. With my approval, it won't be a violation for you to delve into those heretical things."

Then, Isabel took him to a basement beneath a large cathedral, where many heretical texts collected by the Reforging Church quickly came into Felix's view.

"Alright, I understand. Thank you for your guidance, Bishop Isabel."

That night, Felix began studying the numerous texts here and came across a book called "Those Great Beings Beyond the World."

"Those Great Beings Beyond the World" chronicled the known twenty-four otherworldly gods, each representing a moment, from zero to twenty-three hours, with each hour marked by a symbolic deity.

So that's how it is, the Tranquility Songster, the Chaos Constellation, are all otherworldly gods...

Hmm, dreams also have their deity, the Eternal Nightmare Sovereign...

Felix took a deep breath and silently read through the names, not voicing them out loud, because right at the beginning of the book, there was a warning written in bold red letters.

"Do not speak Their names!"

Perhaps, just by speaking Their names, one might draw Their gaze...

The Lord of Ashes at zero hour, symbolizing chaos and destruction.

The Eternal Moon at one o'clock, representing feminine energy.

The Tranquility Songster at two o'clock, symbolizing death and silence.

The Eternal Nightmare Sovereign at three o'clock, representing the realm of dreams.

...

The last is the Fog of the White Beyond at twenty-three o'clock, symbolizing knowledge.

"Phew."

When Felix had thoroughly finished reading the book, he felt a shiver run down his spine, as each of the otherworldly gods described in it seemed utterly terrifying.

According to the book, the powers possessed by the otherworldly gods might even be a tier stronger than those of the True Gods.

After some time, he gradually felt that there was something not quite right with Isabel.

One day, Isabel casually mentioned that the Chaos Constellation, the deity worshiped by the Stars Embrace Order, might also bring positive meanings, and a strong sense of unease grew inside Felix.

"Why would she say that?"

"What exactly is she hinting at?"

He pondered.

In the time that followed, Isabel often discussed matters related to the otherworldly gods with Felix, even voluntarily extolling Their grandeur.

She said coldly,

"Although as a follower of the God of Reforging, I don't want to admit it, it's the otherworldly gods who are the most powerful deities, inducing fear among all beings in the multiverse with Their tremendous powers."

Felix asked, "Those so-called otherworldly gods, the Evil Gods, do they really possess such formidable power?"

Isabel nodded and said, "Indeed, as much as I am reluctant to truly admit it, both the Reforging Church and the God of Reforging encourage us to pursue the laws of the world and objective facts."

"Since objective facts are such, then we should not avoid them."

"Yes, I understand."

Felix nodded slightly, yet deep inside he felt quite strange because most followers of the Reforging Church believed that the God of Reforging was the most powerful deity.

The situation with Isabel was somewhat different from theirs; although she was a bishop of the Reforging Church, many of her actions and words contained a sense of "disharmony," an oddity that didn't quite fit.

Several days later, on a pitch-black night.

Felix walked calmly along the road when he suddenly encountered Isabel approaching from the other direction. The woman was wearing black and red armor today, her gaze icy cold, and she was dragging a battered corpse behind her.

Blood kept flowing from the body, and Felix froze, staring at her.

"Bishop Isabel?"

Isabel nodded slightly, tossed the body on the ground, and said, "Felix, come and help me deal with him... Quick, he is a traitor!"

"Alright, I understand!"

Felix immediately went over and was shocked to discover the true identity of the corpse; it was actually one of the two Assistant Priests besides himself!

"Why him?"

"Don't ask."

Although his heart was full of confusion and doubt, when he saw the icy look in Isabel's eyes, he knew he couldn't refuse, so he silently dealt with the body.

"Very good."

"Don't speak of this to anyone."

Felix fell into deep thought, faintly sensing that he had fallen into a trap.

He could only pray to the great Lord of the Lost.

Sure enough, Isabel began seeking out Felix frequently afterward, propagating some affairs about the... Chaos Constellation, often with positive comments!

Late at night, Isabel led Felix out of the church.

"Rather than making the world perfect, it might be a better choice to go to a perfect world."

"There exists a perfect world upon the Chaos Constellation and those who believe in it will obtain a perfect life after death..."

Felix felt a cold sweat soaking his back, his Adam's apple bobbing, he wanted to speak, but feeling as though he could say nothing.

Suddenly, Isabel said with an oppressive tone, "Join the Stars Embrace Order, Felix."

Felix looked into the woman's eyes, sensing an exaggerated display of power, knowing that to refuse would mean death.

Although puzzled by the Stars Embrace Order's crude method of recruitment, wondering how loyalty could be ensured, he still had no choice but to nod.

"I am willing."

Isabel calmly took out a black stone heptagram.

"Raise your head."

Felix paused, then lifted his head, and was astonished to see what seemed like a massive black constellation in the sky.

That black constellation's surface was covered with numerous giant eyes, gazing upon all things in the world as if encompassing past and future within it, no one's fate could escape its grasp; the chaos power emanating from the stars was infinite, plunging all things into frenzied turmoil!

"Ahhh!"

Felix's heart raced, and he cried out, his mind overwhelmed with indescribable and unspeakable information that nearly devoured his self.

He collapsed, a black heptagram filled with chaos energy appearing on his chest.

Isabel, expression calm, took the unconscious Felix to a room in the great cathedral and said indifferently:

"You will become one of us, transform into a child of the constellations!"

Only after she left did the red brand on Felix's hand suddenly glow, and a miraculous scene unfolded; the black heptagram gradually faded until it completely disappeared.

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