

From Secret Clan to the Divine Dynasty

Chapter 341 The Death of the Cyart King

In the dimly-lit basement of the Fischer Manor, the terrifying black light in the clear bottle flickered incessantly.

If the power within were to surge into the outside world, it would probably be unstoppable by anyone.

At this moment, Karl calmly sensed his followers all over the world with his intangible consciousness.

"In this period, not only in Cyart, but my followers around the world have become more and more numerous, and some of them have gradually been brought into the fold by the members of the Fischer family that I sent."

"Yes, the number of Proselytes is gradually increasing, with more than a hundred people added in just a few years."

"Although the total number of Daybreakers and Proselytes, the two types of Blood Receivers, is still not large, a secret church possessing several hundred Extraordinary Exponents is actually considered a formidable and vast organization."

"Moreover, Lilian and others have already begun to try to contact and woo some of the noble family members from the East Coast Province, especially those nobles who are born without the power of Bloodline and are discriminated against and excluded by mainstream values."

He pondered for a moment.

"So far, there haven't been any mistakes or chaos, and the 'problems' that occasionally emerged have all been 'corrected' in time."

"Very good."

Karl was pleased with the current situation, fully feeling that the Fischer's status as a secret clan had moved beyond the initial stage and entered a completely new phase.

For now, this phase could be called the "growth" stage.

In the "growth" stage, the members of the Fischer family were still perfecting all aspects of the entire family and the Dawn Church. Once everything was in place, the Fischer

family would enter the "consolidation" phase. By then, the foundation of the Fischer family and the Dawn Church would truly be on par with, or even surpass, the Ten Great Pillar Families of the Eastern Four Kingdoms.

The various aspects of the Fischer family were brimming with an upward momentum, but he felt in his heart that if this development continued, conflict with the Ten Great Families would be inevitable sooner or later.

"Because the positions of power are always limited, and the strong who rise later always want to or are forced to take those few positions of control."

Karl was all too clear about this.

Resources and power are always limited, and conflict and war are inevitable. They are the main themes of the material world.

When that time comes, it will be the real test for the Fischer family.

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The hot summer arrived.

An extremely important piece of news swiftly traveled from the Cyart Royal Capital, gradually reaching the major families of Cyart through one royal messenger after another.

Then, the important news quickly spread throughout the country.

It was a shocking piece of bad news that made all the Cyart people astonished, and even the Lorne citizens of the Eastern Four Kingdoms were surprised for a long time.

"Have you heard? The Cyart King has died!"

"Quick, look at the newspaper, the Cyart King has passed away!"

"The King is dead? Is it true?"

"Newspapers are going up in price today! The Cyart King has passed away! A national mourning will soon be held!"

The sudden death of the Cyart King, like a massive bombshell, instantly set all of Cyart abuzz.

The great nobility across the land fell into deep silence. However, logically speaking, given that the Cyart King was the same age as Duke Black Iron, it was about time for

him to pass away. Moreover, the most common price for using Forbidden rare artifacts is the cost of one's lifespan, so his sudden death was objectively quite normal.

For most Cyart people, the Cyart King was a legendary figure, a founding Monarch who reigned for a century. Although his prestige was slightly less than Duke Black Iron's, he still commanded the adoration of many.

For a while, the people who had once wept for Duke Black Iron, many now cried in grief over the news of the Cyart King's death.

Then, the circle of nobility received new information. It turned out the Adley Royal Family had issued a command, calling for many important individuals from various great families, including the Fischer family, to gather in the Cyart Royal Capital. Following that, a new Cyart King was to be chosen from among the members of the Royal Family in their presence!

This matter once again shocked everyone. For the many great nobles, the selection of this new King was of utmost importance.

They were all considering how the ascension of the new Cyart King would affect the interests of each family.

Meanwhile, in Nasir City, the Fischer family also received the news promptly.

In the grand hall of the family manor, Byrne held a newspaper, discussing the matter with Chris, Darren, and Vanessa.

Byrne deeply furrowed his brow.

"How could this be?"

"The Cyart King just died like that?"

He looked towards his family members and calmly said,

"I still remember when Duke Black Iron passed away, the Cyart King was at the funeral and invited the Romann family to the Cyart Royal Capital, then faced rejection from Aldrich, after which the Cyart King stormed off in a raging fury."

Darren nodded and said, "Aldrich always said to be wary of the Cyart King. I thought the Cyart King would do something once he returned to the Royal Capital, but I didn't expect him to pass away so suddenly."

Vanessa said, "It's possible he really wanted to do something but simply didn't have the chance."

Byrne looked at his son and indifferently said, "Darren, who do you think will be the new King after the Cyart King's death?"

After pondering for a moment, Darren replied to his father, "Father, currently in the Cyart's Adley Royal Family, apart from the court mage known as Silver Poet, who is an outsider, there are two Monarch powerful experts who belong to the Adley Royal Family."

"The first is the low-level Monarch, 'Boulder Sledge Hammer' Prince Baine, who is a distant relative of the deceased Cyart King and possesses terrifying power and defensive strength, especially notable in terms of sheer force."

He paused, then continued,

"However, Boulder Sledge Hammer is already over two hundred years old, and it's unlikely he'll have the opportunity to break through to a Middle Rank Monarch, so he seems to have less chance of inheriting the throne compared to the other candidate."

"The second person is 'Sword of Salvation' Noah, one of the grandsons of the Cyart King. He is also a low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponent, inheriting the same Blood of Salvation and power of Bloodline as divine blood through the Cyart King."

"Sword of Salvation..."

Upon hearing this name, Byrne fell into thought.

He was a powerful expert infatuated with the pursuit of personal power, not often participating in noble gatherings and generally not engaging in social activities. The Fischer family didn't have a deep impression of this man, only knowing that "Sword of Salvation" Noah was very strong, wielding the blade "Death's Breath," a three-digit Forbidden rare artifact.

He could even be the strongest among all the low-level Monarch Extraordinary Exponents in the Cyart Kingdom.

Suddenly, Vanessa said, "It should be Noah."

Byrne nodded, saying, "I also think it will be Noah."

Just at that moment, Darren suddenly proposed a strange idea.

"Do you think the Cyart King is really dead?"

Everyone looked at him as he nodded and said,

"It must be true, because there is a joint announcement from the Salvation Church, and the person who issued the announcement is none other than the Cardinal 'Silver Hermit,' a high-level Monarch and the invisible guardian deity of Cyart."

Everyone suddenly realized.

The credibility of the "Silver Hermit," as a Cardinal of the Salvation Church, was very high, and it was almost impossible for her to lie about such a significant event.

Byrne nodded, as the Lord of Salvation is the most common belief in Cyart, and everyone had faith in the Cardinal who is one of the "Silver Hermits."

He paused, then spoke in a grave tone, "The public proclamation and invitation from the Adley Royal Family this time symbolizes that we're officially accepted as a member of the great families! I think this is extremely important!"

"It seems a visit is in order. We must attend the King's funeral and the selection of the new successor."

Just then, Christine, in her wheelchair, and Andre entered.

"That's right, all members of the great families will arrive, and we can't be absent," she said.

Vanessa asked with a bit of confusion, "Will the Romann family attend?"

Byrne shook his head and answered, "Aldrich is very suspicious by nature, so he might not want to go, but in the end, he and Ariel will still attend, because with such a major event, the Romann family, as an important member of the great families, must be present, unless they wish to completely sever ties with the Cyart nobility."

"After this event concludes, I will assist Amos of the 'Blazing Fire' from the Romann family in ascending as a Monarch."

A few days later, members of the Fischer family, including Byrne, Chris, and Darren, once again set sail, and after some time, they once again arrived at the Royal Capital in the southernmost Elphinia Province.

The port was clear and sunny, with the Fischer family's steamship slowly approaching the shore.

For some reason, Chris frowned on the deck, feeling a very uneasy presence.

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The news of the Cyart King's death spread and immediately caused a tremendous shock.

After the news of the new king's selection was announced, the major families of Cyart immediately took notice, and after careful consideration, they all sent important members to the Royal Capital.

The election of the new king was extremely significant, as it could potentially lead to changes in Cyart's power structure, so they all took it very seriously.

Meanwhile, another covert matter also caught the attention of many.

With both the Cyart King and Duke Romann dead, there were only two mid-level Monarchs with extraordinary powers left among the noble class of Cyart: "Volcano Dragon" Marquis Vlad and "White Spirit" Marquis Samuel of the Castleton family.

The relationship between these two families was very good, and their combined power has effectively become the strongest in the country.

Currently, the Hovern family's status in Cyart has been completely taken over by the Fischer family, not to mention the Adley Royal Family who reside permanently in the Royal Capital.

Therefore, there are a total of seven major families that have arrived at the Cyart Royal Capital.

These families are the "Dark Night Angel" Romann family, "Fog Wayfarer" Abernathy family, "Flaming Blood Proud Dragon" Castleton family, "Wrathful Angel" Jones family, "Ruins Song Spirit" Middell family, "Wasteland Beast" Frosac family, and the Fischer family, rising from the East Coast.

Because the power of Bloodline exhibited by the Fischer family has always been somewhat chaotic, the nicknames the public use to refer to them tend to be equally disorganized, usually something like "Fisherman," "Fisherman of the East Coast," "Newcomer," or "Up-and-comer," which aren't taken very seriously.

Once again arriving in the Royal Capital via sea routes, the members of the Fischer family encountered the largest city in Cyart just as bustling and tranquil as ever, giving the impression of a vivid historical scroll upon their entrance to the city.

Darren took a deep breath.

"Here we are in this city again," he said.

The Royal Capital of Cyart lies in a basin surrounded by mountains, with ancient towering city walls standing tall, and the streets paved with blue stone slabs crisscrossing like serpents twisting and coiling.

A river known as "Adley's River" runs through the city, its waters so clear the bottom can be seen, glistening under the sunlight, with boats laden with goods occasionally gliding across.

Byrne, Chris, Darren, and several attendants from the Fischer family arrived together in the finest district of the Royal City, staying in the luxurious villas meant for receiving visiting nobles.

In seven days' time, the funeral of the Cyart King would be held.

Since the nobility need to travel from all corners of the world and require various lengths of time to reach, there is a long interval between the death of the Cyart King and the funeral ceremony.

The Fischer family resided temporarily in the villa, aware that in the next few days, there might be some private exchanges among the major families in the city.

Even every individual might have their own ulterior motives.

The next day, "Dragon Taming Lord" Aldrich Romann of the Romann family arrived.

In the villa's great hall, Byrne approached with a smile, nodding and saying,

"Lord Aldrich, it's been a long time."

Aldrich, still dressed very gentlemanly and appropriately, first responded to the greeting, then frowned and shook his head, saying, "It's a pity, we all still came."

Darren also approached and calmly greeted Lord Aldrich.

With a slight smile, Byrne continued, "It seems you are still very wary of the Adley Royal Family, never wanting to come here, but in the end, you had to come to the Royal Capital of Cyart."

"Must be because of pressure within your family, right?"

Aldrich could not help but concede, nodding slightly and saying, "Indeed, the selection of a new king is of such great impact on the interests of the Romann family that, despite my desire not to be involved, all members of my family opposed my view."

"Some of them believe that if the Romann family doesn't gain the favor of the new king immediately, it will be detrimental to our future."

He paused for a moment and added calmly, "I, on the other hand, believe that whether the new king will favor the Romann family largely depends on the power that the Romann family itself possesses."

Aldrich was still opposed to the Romann family members coming to the Royal Capital of Cyart, but the selection of a new king was too important, and there was even the possibility of the Romann family being excluded from the power center.

Thus, his unsubstantiated proposal was immediately met with strong opposition from family members.

The last time he offended the Cyart King had already made him subject to doubt, and now with the Cyart King deceased, Aldrich had no new arguments to offer.

Even though he felt the Cyart King might be feigning death, the announcement issued by the "Silver Hermit" Cardinal of the Salvation Church carried a great deal of credibility.

So, under pressure from within his family, he had no choice but to travel to the Royal Capital of Cyart with "Blazing Fire" Amos, having forcefully left Ariel behind in their territory, so that if anything happened to either of them, there would be something to fall back on.

At that moment, Darren suddenly asked, "Mr. Aldrich, why exactly do you suspect there is something wrong with the Cyart King?"

Aldrich paused for a moment before answering calmly, "After the incident with the Tranquility Order, I returned and compiled all the clues I had and handed them over to the Cyart King."

"The Cyart King sent the competent 'Silver Poet' Madam Aphrodus to investigate, but in the end, she found nothing."

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"Even the various clues we previously uncovered were erased at the first opportunity."

He paused, frowning as he said, "The Tranquility Order's reaction was too quick, I've always been wondering if the Cyart King could be in collusion with the Tranquility Order."

"It's just a pity that I've been speculating without any evidence."

"I see."

Byrne and his son Darren exchanged glances, both deep in thought.

Three days later.

A heavy downpour swept through the entire Cyart Royal Capital.

The raindrops pelted the ground like dense bullets, creating countless tiny splashes that twinkled mid-air like fleeting fireworks.

The deluge streamed down the eaves and along the trees at the sides of the streets, forming thin curtains of water that intertwined with the puddles on the ground, making a fluid painting.

The streetlights on either side appeared hazy and mysterious in the rain, their light soft and mottled due to the refraction through the raindrops. Buildings in the distance loomed through the curtain of rain, as if veiled by a light gossamer, adding a sense of hazy beauty.

"Patter, patter, patter, patter!"

Rain continuously struck against the windows, creating a pitter-patter sound that mingled with the distant thunder, composing a stirring symphony.

Outside the villa temporarily housing the three members of the Fischer family, people in rubber raincoats were running through the pouring rain.

A brown-haired young man, dressed in a grey cloak already soaked by the rain, kept one hand hidden beneath his cloak.

Below his cloak were plain but sturdy clothes, rainwater dripping down from the black brim of his hat, tracing icy trails on his cheeks, yet he seemed unconcerned, his eyes resolutely fixed ahead as if the letter in his hand was the only thing of importance in the storm.

His breathing was slightly rapid but steady, his steps quick and forceful, each one landing in the muddy puddles and sending up splashes. Rain beat against his back, making a "pattering" noise.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew fiercely, causing the brown-haired youth to tightly grasp the letter in his hand, fearing it would be swept away by the raging wind and rain.

He leaned forward against the wind and rain, struggling with every step, each one difficult yet resolute.

Finally, the courier arrived at the entrance of the villa and knocked on the door.

He saw a servant emerge from within, a familiar Daybreaker, even from his own batch.

The drenched courier nodded and said, "This urgent letter has been sent from the family with utmost speed, please ensure it's delivered to His Excellency Bain immediately!"

"Understood."

The Daybreaker took the letter and then went up to the second floor of the villa, knocking on Bain's room door.

At that moment, inside the room, Bain and Darren were discussing the affairs of the Ten Great Pillars family.

"Come in."

Soon, the Daybreaker opened the door and came in, bringing the still dry letter.

"His Excellency Bain, this is your letter, it's an urgent missive sent swiftly from the family!"

"Good, thank the messenger for me, go and take care of him for a bit."

Bain smiled as he took the letter, but after opening it, he was frozen still, staying silent for a long while even after reading it.

Darren suddenly noticed his father's unusual behavior; at that moment, he seemed to have truly aged, standing there without moving for a long time.

Bain set down the letter, covered his head with his hands, and paced on the spot, feeling somewhat helpless inside.

Although he had anticipated it, he never thought the day would actually come.

After a long while, Bain turned to look at Darren who seemed more like a brother than a son, opened his mouth to speak of the letter's contents, yet the words seemed to choke in his throat, unutterable.

"What's wrong, Father?"

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"Margaret..." Byrne's voice was soft yet hoarse as he spoke the significant name, his hands trembling uncontrollably.

"Your mother, passed away in her sleep, she..."

Darren froze upon hearing this, took a deep breath, and tears began to stream uncontrollably from his eyes.

Byrne approached, gently patted his son's shoulder, then walked unsteadily to the bedside, gazing out at the pouring rain, his emotions incredibly complex deep within.

Outside on the street, people hurried along the drenched roads under black umbrellas that danced in the rain like blooming black flowers.

The sound of raindrops hitting the umbrellas was clear and crisp, and occasionally a gust of wind would bring a chill, dispelling the air's stuffiness and humidity.

After staring out the window for a long time, he took another deep breath, knowing in the depths of his heart that Margaret had remained a faithful devotee of the Moonshadow Lady until the very end.

That woman was the only heretic Lilian would ever love.

He felt the same, still loving her.

"Margaret..."

"I've never regretted falling in love with you, never have, but I want to confess to you... I should have never fallen for you, because the me who fell in love with you could not give you all of my love."

The last time the two met was years ago, during the birth of Darren's third child...

He had survived alone by reaching the 5th Rank.

Since then, he already knew such a day would come, didn't he?

Such is an Extraordinary Exponent.

So that's how it is.

Those who transcend the mundane, once they step into the ranks of the extraordinary, their lives' rhythms will never again align with those of ordinary people.

Extraordinary Exponents lead their own lives, worlds, and destinies, becoming more estranged from ordinary people as they grow stronger, until they are so powerful that they no longer share any commonalities with the mundane world.

"Byrne, I'm pregnant! It's true! I'm really pregnant!"

Margaret's joyful voice suddenly echoed in his mind.

He felt a sudden discomfort, his body shaking uncontrollably as scenes from decades ago with Margaret flashed through his mind, and tears finally began to flow from the corners of his eyes.

Love seemed like a curse, all memories of her so vivid, making forgetting her an impossible task.

At this very moment, those memories surged up one after another, her voice echoing endlessly.

"Byrne, I really like you!"

"Kiss me, Byrne!"

"Why do you always push yourself so hard?"

"I'm kind of curious to know what you've been up to lately?"

"Byrne, are you keeping something from me?"

"Why won't you ever speak clearly! I've never hidden anything from you!"

"Shall we have another child, okay?"

"Sorry, Byrne, I've just been a little tired lately."

"..."

"Yes, I'm going to rest up over in Fein City for a while, and I'll return to Nasir once I'm rested... I should be back soon."

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

